THE STRUGGLE UPWARD

O God! Must life be ever thus—
To toil amid unnumbered failures,
While ever and anon across my spirit's vision
Flits the image of my perfect self?
Perchance the sculptor, toiling o'er the stone
May finish his hard-chiseled task,
And gaze with solemn rapture on the image that fulfills
The loftiest day-dream of his artist's soul;
Or the painter say of his masterpiece,
"'Tis finished! Not the slightest touch
Could add to its perfect loveliness."
But who at any time,
Amid the efforts of his will or faith,
To make out of himself,
The ideal of his heart,
Can pause, step back,
And gaze upon his work and say,
"Now 'tis complete! and ever
From this time forth,
There shall stand upon the pedestal of time,
For men to gaze upon and copy from—
A perfect man!"
And yet despair not, O my soul,
One such has lived,
And if with Him before thy face
Thou cease not in thy toil,
Perchance some time in earth or heaven
The voice of God may say,
"Here once more is the image of Ourself."

—A. D. Burkett.

A Beaver Pond Tragedy

Clayton H. Ernest

THAT night when young Sidney Gledhill, the deputy sheriff and game warden, stopped in old Peter Dunbar's trapping cabin on Cacajou Lake he was too sleepy to listen to what the veteran trapper had to say about beavers. Peter, who had not talked to a soul for a month, eagerly seized the opportunity to exercise his tongue—and what he did not know about the lives of the four-footed forest dwellers you could write down on a postage stamp.

"Even when the ice is froze thick over a pond and covered with snow it's likely to be as thin as a shingle in front of a beaver house," said Peter. "The bubbles of air them critters breathe out keeps the ice from freezin', I guess. Many a man has fell through into deep water front of a beaver house, and some of 'em drowned, too."

Sidney, comfortably rolled in his blankets and settling down to a good sleep after his twenty-five-mile tramp on snowshoes, heard old Peter's words, but he was so drowsy that at the time they made no special impression on him. He did not think of them again until thirty-six hours later.

At nine o'clock the next morning Sidney said "So long!" to old Peter and went on about his business. He was making for Sharp Angle Stream to find Jack and Louis Nelhootus, who, according to report, were slaughtering moose and hauling the meat across the border.

All day the young warden went steadily toward the north. At night he made an open camp, and in the morning, when the first light glimmered, he went down to the headwaters of the Sharp Angle. Eleven o'clock found him gazing at a double line of snowshoe tracks, and within half an hour he stood in the shelter of a spruce tree looking at a cabin from the fir-pole chimney of which rose blue smoke. Evidently the Nelhootus boys were cooking breakfast. Outside the cabin were piled five moose carcasses, and near by stood the sledge that the lawbreakers were using to haul out their plunder. Just beyond the cabin Sidney could see the smooth, snow-covered surface of a pond made by beavers that had dammed the stream.

Slipping the thongs of his snowshoes down over his heels so that he could step quickly off them if need be, he silently aproached the cabin. Without pausing he opened the door, looked in and said: "Hello, boys!"

Jack Nelhootus, who was frying meat at the fireplace, whirled round and leaped toward a rifle that leaned against a bunk. Louis, who was on his knees making up a pack, jumped to his feet and snatched at the sheath knife in his belt.

It was a moment for action, not for words. In a flash Sidney had his six-shooter in his hand and was pulling the trigger. In quick succession he fired three shots—one over Jack's head, one close beside Louis, and the third into the roof of the cabin. The effect was instantaneous: with a curse Jack ceased his movement toward the rifle and dropped to the floor to escape the flying bullets; Louis also dropped.

"You two come out here and hold up your hands!" ordered Sidney. "And just keep this in mind: if you start anything, I'll have to shoot to hit next time."

The two lawbreakers came out with their hands above their heads, and after Sidney had taken the knife from Louis and had made sure that neither of them carried a concealed weapon, he said:

"Now, boys, stay here in front of the door while I get your coats and snowshoes. Then we'll start; we've got quite a little trip before us."

Stepping inside the cabin, Sidney quickly gathered up the two Mackinaw coats and two pairs of snowshoes. He tossed them out of the door and a second later brought out the mitts and the caps. All the while he kept an eye on the two men, giving them no opportunity for a hostile move.

Sullenly the Nelhootus brothers put on their snowshoes and slipped into their coats.

"Now, we're ready," said the young warden. "You two move on ahead and step lively. We'll follow my track back."

But as they turned to go, Sidney's eyes fell on the beaver pond. Many tracks led back and forth between the cabin and its smooth surface. Immediately he slipped his pack from his shoulders and set it down beside the door.

"Wait a minute!" he commanded. "We'll take a look round here first, I guess. Turn round and go down toward the pond. Step lively now! You've been trapping beaver, haven't you?"

Neither of the men made answer, but they exchanged significant glances. As he approached the pond with the brothers ahead of him, Sidney saw that his surmise was correct. Near the shore was a place where they had cut a large hole in the ice and had built an underwater stockade. It was evident that they had looked at the trap that morning, for the ice that had formed over the hole had been freshly chopped away. Sidney pulled on a stake that protruded above the surface, hauled out the steel trap, and tossed it into the snow.

"That's one more count against you," he said. "I suppose you've been dynamiting the houses, too. Let's take a look at this one down here."

Twenty yards away was a mound of snow that the warden knew indicated a beaver house. From the shore side he climbed upon it, looking for signs of dynamiting. Apparently there were none.

"No!" said Jack Nelhootus, walking up beside the warden. "Never used no dynamite. See?"

As the lawbreaker spoke he lunged at the warden and gave him a push that threw him backward off the mound. It was done so suddenly that Sidney had no time to draw his six-shooter. Nevertheless, he got his hand to the gun and was pulling it out of the holster as he struck the snow on his back. There was a soft cracking of ice, and he found himself sinking into water that sent a shock of cold through his body.

Thrusting out both arms, he tried to save himself, but failed to find support; worse yet, his hand cracking against the ice, lost its grip on the six-shooter, and the gun sank in the black water. Out of sight went the warden. The beavers had built their house at the edge of a steep underwater ledge, and the pond at that point was ten feet deep.

One thought filled Sidney's mind; he would clamber out and right there in the snow he would fight those two lawbreakers with his bare hands. Doubling like an otter, he slipped the thongs of his snowshoes and freed his feet; that was the first thing to do, for otherwise he could not climb out. Then he came to the surface. An unexpected reception was awaiting him.

Jack Nelhootus had slipped off one of his snowshoes and was lying flat on top of the mound. Louis was holding his feet to prevent him from slipping into the water. As Sidney came to the top, the moose killer raised his snowshoe and brought it down heavily on the warden's head. Sidney grasped for the edge of the beaver house, missed his hold, and with ringing head sank a second time. He realized suddenly that he was face to face with death; he could expect no mercy from the Nelhootus brothers. To save themselves they would finish him, and no one would ever know what had happened.

Again he came to the surface, and this time he tried to seize the snowshoe that the lawbreaker was wielding. But Jack was wily; he lifted the weapon out of reach and waited until Sidney had grasped at the house. He then rained such a shower of blows that the warden, unable to dodge them effectively, sank back.

As Sidney went down, his eyes swept once along the curve of the shore, and he took a great breath of air. He saw his only chance for life—a slender one, to be sure, but anything in this extremity was worth trying. In that one comprehensive glance he had caught sight of the spot where the poachers had cut the hole in the ice to set their beaver trap. It was sixty feet straight to the right.

Turning under the water as nearly as he could judge in that direction, Sidney took a powerful stroke and set out to test his forlorn hope. At the Kineo water-sports meet the summer before he had won the swimming race, and he had mastered the art of swimming under the surface; but this water was ice-cold, and his head was still ringing from the murderous blows that Jack Nelhootus had dealt him. With eyes wide open, searching for the spot of light that would tell him where the opening was, he swam on in a freezing world of watery darkness. Gradually his strength ebbed.

No light. It was too long a chance; anyway, it would be a quick death. But he would fight to the end. Where was the opening? Was that a glimmer of light over there, or was it only the dancing fire in his eyes? He swam toward it, reached it and feebly thrust his hands upward. They met the open air and touched the edge of broken ice. His head came out and his bursting lungs filled with the breath of life.

The young warden was weak from the strain of his struggle, but he knew that he had not a second to lose. He glanced back, and saw the two moose killers leaning over the beaver house and peering into the water where they believed their victim to have sunk for the last time. As yet they had not glanced toward the trap hole.

Putting both hands on the thick edge of the ice, Sidney gave a mighty heave and drew himself out of the water. His knees touched the edge of thick ice and he staggered to his feet. His face was toward the cabin; there against the bunk rested a rifle. That was his goal.

As he took his first running steps, a shout sounded behind him, and he knew that he had been sighted. It was a race to the cabin, and although he had a start, the odds were against him; for the snow was deep and the lawbreakers had on their snowshoes, whereas he was running in his moccasins, sinking twelve inches at every stride. Moreover, he was nearly spent and they were fresh. Behind him he could hear the quick, chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck! of his pursuers' snowshoes and knew that they were coming nearer and nearer.

Putting forth every atom of energy, he ran on, realizing only too well that, once he was overtaken, the lawbreakers would quickly overpower him. Evidently Louis was the leader of the two, for Sidney could hear Jack yelling:

"Get him! Get him! You've got him!"

Now the door was almost within reach. He leaped for it with the dregs of his strength, threw it open, and plunged through. A clawing hand descended on his shoulder—and slid off. Like a football player making a headlong dive, he plunged for the rifle, gathered it into his hands and swung round—all in the same fraction of a second.

Louis Nelhootus had stumbled in the doorway; he was now inside the cabin on his knees with his snowshoes still fastened to his moccasins. Behind him his brother, seeing what had happened, was in the act of throwing up his hands. Sidney sat with his back against the bunk and with the rifle pointing at the brothers. There was no need to give any command.

"You win," said Jack, with a curse.

"You bet—I do," said Sidney, whose breath was coming in gasps. "One little false move from you boys—and I'll have to waste some good lead. Come inside—you standing in the door and sit down beside your brother—while I get my wind."

For an hour they stayed in the cabin, while Sidney wrung the water from his clothes and put on dry socks and heavy underclothes from his pack. Then, attired in an old sweater and a pair of overalls that he found in the cabin, and carrying his wet clothing on his pack, he took Jack and Louis down to the pond and had them fish his snowshoes out of the hole in front of the beaver house. They had floated to the surface and were none the worse for the wetting. As soon as he had adjusted the thongs he set out with his two captives for old Peter Dunbar's. At six o'clock that evening they reached the trapper's cabin and stopped for the night.

"Them beaver ponds is dangerous places in winter," said Peter, when he had heard Sidney's experience.

"You've spoken the truth," said Sidney, "At least when there are any Nelhootuses round—eh, Jack?"

The lawbreaker made no answer.

"Say, Gledhill," said old Peter, "I was calLatin' to go out for some chuck last of the week. Guess I'll go 'long with ye. I don't love them beggars any more'n you do."

"Come along," said the young warden. "Four'll make a sociable little party."

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FATTENING THE SURPLUS COCKERELS

The demand for the well finished, milk fed, crate fattened, chicken has always been in excess of the supply and where this condition exists, it goes without saying, that the price must be enticing or attractive to the careful and systematic farmer, who prepares his product for market, in the most economical and attractive manner, and who reaps his reward in an enhanced price and a ready demand for what he has to offer.

The marketing of lean, scraggy chickens, straight off the range, allows but a small profit, or possibly no profit at all, and is decidedly unsatisfactory to the farmer, the dealer and the consumer.

The consumer is gradually realizing that he is the greatest loser, as the offal and waste from the unfinished chicken is the same as from the well fattened bird. In the first condition this waste may run to fifty or sixty per cent. of the whole carcass, while in the fattened bird it will not exceed thirty per cent.

This convincing economy, and the improved texture and delicate flavor of the meat, of the milk fattened chickens, has created an unlimited demand at home and abroad. It is therefore, well worth while to consider the following simple method of fattening when it is time to market, either large or small quantities of poultry.

Crate Feeding.—Crate feeding has proved the most satisfactory method of preparing poultry for market with the exception of broilers, turkeys and waterfowl, which are usually considered to do better in limited pens.

Construction of Crates.—The large metal commercial batteries, usually used where great numbers are available, can be purchased, but for home use, crates can be made measuring about 6 feet long, 16 inches wide and 20 inches high, divided by two tight partitions into three compartments, each capable of holding four birds of from 4 to 6 pounds each.

The frame, of 2 inch by 1 inch material, is covered by slats 1 inch wide set 2 inches apart and running lengthwise, on three sides and perpendicular on the front, to allow the chickens to feed from a V shaped trough, made from two pieces of 3 inch by ½ inch board, nailed together and set on protruding brackets, so as to leave the bottom of the trough about 4 inches above the bottom of the crate, and the upper edge about 3 inches from the front.

The bottom slats of the crate should be nailed on the upper part of the frame, to prevent injury to the chickens feet should the crate be stood upon the ground. The crates should be placed on stands 16 inches from the ground, and some absorbent, such as ashes or sand spread underneath to catch the droppings. The crate should be placed in some rough shelter, preferably, where most of the light can be excluded when the birds are not feeding.

Vermin.—Before being placed in the crate, the birds should be well dusted with fine sulphur.

Feeding.—They should be starved for 24 hours and then fed only sparingly for the first two days, gradually increasing the quantity, up till the third day, when the troughs should be kept filled until they settle down and refuse to take more.

Food twice a day, with as long an interval between feeds as possible commensurate with light, and immediately remove or empty trough after feeding. If possible, darken the crate and leave birds quiet till the next feed.

Ration.—A satisfactory ration should be exceptionally palatable, and one that will produce the whitest and finest texture of flesh, in the shortest period. For this purpose, finely ground oats, mixed with sour skimmed milk or buttermilk, to the consistency of thin porridge, so that it will pour into the troughs is best.

If a quicker gain in weight is desired, corn meal or buckwheat flour may be added, but it must be remembered, that the addition of either to save time, is at the expense of "texture" in the finish of the flesh.

The addition of corn to the ration will put on fat, but in some markets a fat chicken will be accepted as equal to the best finished poultry.

The fattening period will vary from 10 days to 3 weeks and the gains will be from 1 lb. to 3 lbs. on good robust chickens, that have been carefully fed.

As it is possible to put on a pound of gain to 3 to 4 pounds of grain consumed, plus sour skimmed milk, it is easy to see that the successful fattening of poultry is a profitable undertaking.—W. T. Scott, Poultry Division, Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

Firmness of purpose is one of the most necessary sinews of character, and one of the best instruments of success. Without it genius wastes its efforts in a maze of inconsistencies.—Chesterfield.

We are very much what others think of us. The reception our observations meet with gives us courage to proceed or damps our efforts.—Hazlitt.

Nothing is so easy as to deceive one's self; for what we wish, that we readily believe.—Demosthenes.

Whatever are the benefits of fortune, they yet require a palate fit to relish and taste them.—Montaigne.

Remember that what you believe will depend very much upon what you are.—Noah Porter.

Let us watch well our beginnings and results will manage themselves.—Alex. Clark.

The Gospel of Christ is the world's only social hope and the sole promise of world-peace. It is a crusade to which I urge you, a crusade not having for its object the redemption of a single city, however holy, but the freeing of the whole world from the devastating scourge of war.—Marshall Haig.

DESCRIBED

"And now," said the monocled gentleman who had grabbed a match from the traffic cop, "I suppose you would like to know who I am."

"Sure."

"I am Sir T. Willy Rockinghorse, knight of the Bath, knight of the Garter, knight of the Double Eagle, and knight of the Golden Cross."

"And I," said the cop, "am James Murphy, to-night, last night, to-morrow night and every other night."

WOODSMEN'S LINGO

Workmen in the great woods of British Columbia, have a language all their own that is not understood by the uninitiated.

A "faller" is the workman who "falls" the trees, and a good faller can always fall his tree so that it will drive a stake that he has previously set into the ground.

A "bucker" saws the tree into logs and the process is called "bucking a log." A "sawyer" always works in the lumber mill, and he saws the logs into lumber.

The "hooktender" in a logging camp puts the chain around the logs so they may be hauled in with a donkey engine. A "chaser" follows the log as it is being dragged in, a "swamper" keeps the roadway clear for the logs, and a "sniper" cuts off the sharp corners of the logs so they will drag more easily. A "choker" is the cable link placed about a log.

A "high-climber" in a logging camp is the workman who goes up the logging mast to place "high lines" from the donkey engine. The "skid greaser" puts grease upon skid roads so the logs will slide more readily. The "whistle punk" operates the donkey engine whistle and signals the workman with it. A "donkey" is a stationary engine with cables that long ago replaced oxen in log handling in the West.

A "boom" is a number of logs in the water held in place by "boom sticks."

In former times the word "bull fighter" was commonly heard. It applied to the man in a logging camp who had demonstrated his superior ability with his fists in numerous encounters with his fellow workers. This expression is no longer heard, loggers say, because fighting in logging camps is a pastime in which workmen no longer indulge. A fight is now a rare occurrence in the woods of the coast.

WOMANHOOD IN THE BALANCE

Is the standard of American womanhood going up or down? The almost century-old struggle for suffrage has at last won its victory, and women are everywhere taking their rightful places on an equality with men. But does this mean that woman is to come down to the level of man's weaknesses and bad habits, or does it mean that she is to acquire his political powers and still maintain her traditional high morality?

It is generally admitted that the use of tobacco is at best an unclean habit, and observation proves that it coarsens the finer spiritual nature. Yet more and more what are known as cultured ladies are taking to smoking. And increasingly the so-called higher classes of educated, refined women are turning to rough slang and "polite swearing" to emphasize their sentences. Again, sex subjects of the greatest delicacy are being handled about in the most indelicate and flippant manner by the girls of this generation, and this in the presence of men. There is a way to escape being a prude and yet not become lewd; but many of the women of our day do not seem to find it as they hurry to adjust themselves to their new and larger status.

Is this what it is going to mean for women to be equal with men? All that is highest and best in us forbids. Many a falling or fallen man has tied his hopes to a noble woman and has risen again. The pure, tender hearts and self-effacing life of mother or sister or wife are the salt of the earth. Let it not lose its savor. If the purity of womanhood must give way to the vote, better relinquish the vote.

Woman, may she ever be equal with man—and higher.—The Watchman.

WHEN SON WANTS A CONFIDANT

Wonder how many fathers feel jealous of the way the grown-up son goes to mother if he wants a confidant? I dont suppose we'll ever know, for most of them would die rather than admit they cared. But all the same, if the truth were known, father would give a great deal if son came to him for advice. As a rule, son goes anywhere else except to father, doesn't he?

It's too late to help the fathers with grown sons. But here's the secret for the benefit of young fathers with sons who are just beginning to jabber. Listen to sonny when he wants to talk to you. Don't tell him to stop his noise or run and tell mother. That is, if you really want to be in on his secrets after he grows up.

It's very simple, isn't it? And easy to understand. You don't bother to talk much to folks who aren't a bit interested in you. And son is exactly like you. You may be inordinately proud of him, you may love him till it hurts, but he has no way of knowing it unless you pal around with him. And the time to begin to be chums with your boy is right now.

DEFENDING "CANNED MUSIC"

"In our more or less witty slang," says a United States newspaper, "the product of the phonograph is frequently referred to as "canned music." The phrase is commonly used disparagingly. But "canning" is one of the most useful art that civilization has developed and it takes one of its highest forms in the mechanism of the phonograph.

"A leisurely half-hour might be spent pleasantly, and not unprofitably, in recalling some of the uses of "canning," but many things that make life worth while are "canned" products that would otherwise not have been available. Books are the "canned" wisdom or foolishness of the ages. Without this canned process the wisdom of Solomon would have died on the eastern winds, and Shakespeare, and Longfellow, and Milton and Bancroft and all the scientists and seers and singers would have died with their own generation.

CHARITY

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And so much that is good in the worst of us
That it doesn't behoove any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

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CRISP COMMENT

Never send a man on a fools errand. Go yourself.—Guelph Herald.

Anyway, we say a chicken is dressed if it has nothing on.—Brandon Sun.

It takes a lot of horse sense to maintain a stable government.—Indianapolis Star.

Women talk more than men because there are more women.—Bay City Times-Tribune.

There's an axe in taxes if our Government authorities will only use it.—Boston Transcript.

No coward is small enough to hide behind a woman's skirts, to-day.—Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.

If there is anything that is more beneficial than prosperity, we want it.—Ozark Spectator.

Man reaps what he sows unless he is an amateur gardener.—Washington Herald.

Lower wages and lower profits are much better than no wages and no profits.—Chicago News.

St. Thomas may be called the Flower City, but London is rapidly coming to the front as the Flour City.—London Advertiser.

Patches on the knees don't indicate prayer, any more than patches on the seat indicate backsliding.—Kingston Whig.

Some Ontario jails "leak." When the doors, bars, locks, etc., are being fixed it might be just as well to examine the heads of the attendants.—Ottawa Journal.

Somehow or other the fellow who is always proposing three cheers for somebody or something never seems to be willing to contribute anything else.—Edgar A. Guest.

There are so many unemployed because, for one reason, employers cannot afford to pay the price that idlers can afford to accept for their services.—Nashville Banner.

DICTIONARY'S LAST WORD

For a long time dictionary makers were content to stop at Zymology and zymurgy, words which have to do with the science of fermentation. Then somebody came along with zyxomma. Now the compilers of the Oxford dictionary, begun in 1844 by the English Philological Society, have found still another last word: Zyxt. This is a Kentish dialect word, coming down from the fifteenth century, and it means "seest." It hardly seems likely that zyxt will ever be ousted from its place as the last word in the English language.

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