CARE OF PIGS IN WINTER

SUBSTITUTES FOR GREEN FEED OF SUMMER ARE NEEDED.

Diet Is an Important Factor In Preventing Rickets—Also Something About How "Thumps" Are Caused and Combatted.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

Considerable effort has been expended in attempts to discover suitable winter rations for young pigs. During the summer when pigs are at pasture, rickets and osteoporosis are quite rare occurrences. Pasture grass yields an abundance of all the recently studied vitamines, and so as part of the ration supplies the needs in metabolism and prevents the condition known as rickets. Winter pigs need a winter substitute for pasture or a feed that resembles green growing grass and can be fed in a practical way. This is best supplied by a leafy legume as well cured second crop alfalfa hay. If the leaves of the alfalfa are well preserved, and of a green color, then feed a quantity equal to five per cent. by weight of the grain ration. Minerals such as ground limestone, ground phosphate rock, and ground bone-meal should also be fed in total quantity not necessarily exceeding two per cent. of the total ration. The alfalfa and the minerals will be very efficient in preventing lameness, rickets and paralysis in winter pigs.—L. Stevenson, O. A. College, Guelph.

"THUMPS" IN YOUNG PIGS.

Caused By the Round Worm, Ascaris Lumbricoides.

The term "Thumps" is used by most farmers to describe a lung disease of pigs. There is a quickened breathing and rapid heart action. Many little pigs become unthrifty and others die as a result of the infestation. It is during the first few weeks of the pigs' life that the round worms do most of their particularly destructive work. Older pigs seem more resistant to the effect of worms.

Infestation.

The pens and yards in which the brood sow and her young are kept are frequently well supplied with worm eggs, particularly so if they have been used by pigs for any length of time. The worm eggs lying on the floor or in the yard are picked up by the pigs, either while rooting or nursing. The sow's udder is frequently wet and in contact with the floor, thereby gathering the eggs, if present, on the teats, ready to be passed on to the little pig during the next feeding.

How the Worms Cause "Thumps."

Soon after the eggs are swallowed by the young pig they hatch if ripe, and the young worms are liberated in the stomach and intestine. These very minute young worms burrow into the wall of the bowel and reach the blood stream, eventually reaching the heart and lungs. This takes about twenty-four hours from time of hatching. Once the worms reach the lungs they grow and develop quietly for about a week, then they narrow their way into the large air passages. This causes an irritation with coughing. The coughing brings up mucous and worms, which are swallowed by the pig. The worms pass on to the intestine, where they become attached and remain until they reach maturity. On maturity the females lay millions of eggs, which are passed from the intestine and eventually infest the yards and pens. The presence of the worms in the heart and lungs is responsible for the disordered breathing and heart action seen in the condition that we call "Thumps."

Prevention.

Cleanliness is the keynote in prevention of ascarid or round worm infestation. Get the sow and her family out on the green grass away from old buildings and pens if possible. If necessary to use pens scrub the floors with hot lye solution and clean up generally. See that the sow is clean outside and in. Arrange for the cleaning of the pen and a supply of clean straw every day. Sunshine and clean ground to range over are great aids to the prevention of "thumps."—L. Stevenson, O. A. College, Guelph.

NOT MUCH FOR A CENT.

Writer Shows Some Concern Over the Use of the Cent.

In view of the higher cost of living since the war, a writer in the New York World shows some concern over the use of the cent—or penny, as they call it across the line—in these days.

Meditating on daily affairs, we finger a bright new penny and suddenly a thought arises. What can this penny say? What was said at love? A few years ago it could have a nickel's purchasing power. It would buy a pea shooter, a stick of licorice, six gumdrops, a hundred of BB shot.

A little later it was still worth something. It could buy a wine gum and a brace of cigarettes in the days when the corner smokehouse used to keep a loose package on the shelves for sporty young men of thirteen who didn't bother with a whole package. And a few years later it would buy some things to others one cannot just remember what. But now? Its purchasing power is as mythical as that of the French centime.

One racks the brain in vain to think of something it will buy. It might buy a box of matches, but the cigar stores give them away free, and one would walk a long way to find a place that did not give them for sale. Time passes. We install the voting machine, and the time-honored privilege of the citizen to write his name on a blank pasteboard at least get one vote for coefficient has vanished. Has the penny vanished also except as a means of making change? Then the last pillar of our democracy has crumbled. Give us back our bright new penny, and give us something to buy with it.

Delhi's Mystery Pillar.

Among the chemical wonders of the world is the famous Iron Pillar of Delhi, which was erected about A.D. 300. The pillar, which weighs about six tons and is over 23 feet high, presents one of the conundrums of metallurgical science. As there were no steam hammers or suitable forging presses at the time of its erection, it is not known how such a wonderful object could have been produced.

The Family Tree.

Two Negroes were discussing family trees.

"Yes," said Ambrose, "I can trace my relatives back to a family tree."

"Chase 'em back to a family tree," said Mose.

"No—trace 'em, trace 'em."

"Well, then ain't but two kinds of things dat lives in trees—birds and monkeys—and you shu' ain't got no feathers on you."

When Nature Plays Pranks

A man's two throats were recently sold to the British Medical Association for some thousands of pounds. The freak throat has two sets of vocal chords, one deep bass and the other soprano, and it belongs to an American pastor who will cause it to be handed over to the experts on his death.

In this case nature's freakishness was not an inconvenience, but that is not always so.

Only recently, for instance, a Paris professor discovered a man who was luminous. He was an Italian wine merchant, who also considered himself a medium. He was stripped, washed, and subjected to severe X-ray tests to see if he was secreting or had swallowed any luminous substance, but the authorities were satisfied that his case was genuine.

Whenever he went into a trance a bluish light surrounded him like a halo. A darkened room showed him as a ghostlike luminous shape, and photographic plates exposed in his presence registered the same effect as if they had been exposed in daylight.

Experts considered that his emotions produced high electric tension and resultant illumination, but it is one of the most extraordinary cases of human freaks on records.

Another case authenticated by Paris experts is that of a "human whale." A man of twenty-three, he is able to swallow seven pints of liquid and then eject it when he wishes just like a whale spouts out water.

Examination showed that the man's stomach was quite normal, but that he could dilate it to almost any extent whenever he wished. This man, who lived in Marseilles, has often "spouted" liquid to a height of over seven feet from his mouth.

There have been several cases in England where men have turned black or blue without any apparent cause, but a boy's freak skin was nearly responsible for condemning a London teacher only a short time ago.

A boy had been caned for good reason, but he showed marks that pointed to such violence that the teacher was convicted and fined.

At the appeal it was proved that the boy had an abnormal skin—probably one instead of two—and it was possible to write one's name on his arm with a finger and the words would show for ten to twenty minutes.

Still, such a strange possession is nothing to the nature of the Russian wonder child discovered last year. He is five years of age, has a childish intellect, but the physical strength of a full-grown man. He has a large moustache and beard, and boasts a deep bass voice.

But all these cases cannot compare with the amazing baby of Burma who, during the past few months, has addressed huge audiences and expounded deep moral philosophy.

He is Tun Kyine, the five-year-old son of a Burmese fish dealer. He has addressed meetings so great that the railways have had to put on special trains to accommodate the crowds. He speaks brilliant Burmese, is an accomplished orator, and can talk for hours on end.

There have been equal prodigies, intellectual and musical, but such are the amazing qualities of Tun Kyine that one can forgive the superstitious natives for hailing him as the reincarnation of some Buddhist preacher.

BARLEY.

Delicious Cereal Is One of the Oldest Grains.

Barley, that delicious cereal, is an example of a food which has "gone out of style" and just now is coming back.

One of the oldest grains in the world, it is mentioned in the Bible. The ancient Egyptians grew it. Pliny thought it to be the oldest food of mankind, and certainly the wide range of climates in which it can be grown would seem to bear out that assertion. A native of Asia, it was grown in China in 2000 B.C., according to one of the Chinese sacred books. The grain was found in the Stone Age deposits of the Lake Dwellers of Switzerland. Barley was the staple cereal of many of the armies of golden times, and was the most common grain down to the sixteenth century. Because it will grow in such widely different climates it can be produced in Iceland and Alaska, as well as in warmer countries such as Egypt and those in the temperate zone.

Barley, when sprouted, is called malted barley or simply malt, and is used in the making of alcoholic beverages. So well known is it in this connection that an old English phrase "to wear the barley cap," is a common expression for being tipsy.

Distinct Loss to the World.

The world is very much poorer today because so much classical literature of the early centuries has been lost.

Aeschylus is said to have written from 70 to 90 dramas, but only seven, in a complete state, have been handed down to us. Only seven, too, of the 120 tragedies written by Sophocles are known, with, perhaps, 100 fragments of the others. Of the dramatic works of Euripides, which are said to have totalled 92, only 17 tragedies and a play, dealing with satyrs, also a few fragments of the other compositions, now remain. These losses, also of Greek lyrical works, are due to the destruction by fire of the two great libraries of Alexandria in 47 B.C., when the city was besieged by Julian Caesar. In this fire 700,000 volumes were destroyed.

Grapes.

From earliest time grapes were grown in the East and in southern Europe. The grape vine was introduced into England in 1552, being first planted at Bloxhall, in Suffolk. In the gardens of Hampton Court Palace there was a vine that in its best days was said to surpass any in Europe. Its length was 72 feet and its height 20 feet. In one season it produced 2,272 bunches of grapes, weighing 18 tons. The stem was 13 inches in girth. It was planted in 1769.

Oranges Came From China.

Oranges were first brought to Europe from China by the Portuguese in 1547. An orange tree was planted in the garden of a nobleman near Lisbon, and it continued to bear fruit for generations.

Fish That Never Sleep.

Salmon, pike, ad goldfish are said to be the only fish that never sleep.

GREATEST OF BUILDERS

YORKSHIRE LAD MADE MILLIONS IN UNITED STATES.

Harry Wardman, Who Built Five Thousand Houses, Will Finish Hotel In London Started Before the Great War.

Hundreds of thousands of Canadians, most of them in khaki, have seen on Piccadilly, near Hyde Park, London, the gigantic skeleton of a still uncompleted building. It looks like a ruin, but as a matter of fact it is part of a huge hotel that was to have been built had the war not broken out. It adjoins the home of the Duke of Devonshire and the property is owned by the Sutton family, people of wealth and leisure for generations. One of them decided he would go into business and built a hotel on the property. His partner was to be an Austrian hotel manager who had lived many years in London. They cleared the ground, ran up the steel work for ten stories and were getting the lower floors ready for occupancy when the Austrian went to his native land to buy some fittings that could be had nowhere else. When he was there war broke out. The Austrian was imprisoned because he said that he desired to become a British subject. In the meantime young Sutton had joined the army and the hotel project came to a sudden halt. Months passed and the Austrian was sent back to England in return for an Austrian prisoner. But it was no time for hotel projects.

To make matters worse he fell under the suspicion of British secret service agents. They declared that he was an Austrian spy. Once more he was interned and from this confinement he never again emerged. Young Sutton returned but broken in health and it was not long before he died. There being nobody else to take hold of the hotel project the building has stood for twelve years now. But it is about to be pushed forward to completion. It has attracted the attention of Harry Wardman, one of the most remarkable builders since Cheops. With certain English associates he has bought the place and will make it one of the best hotels in England.

Harry Wardman was born in Yorkshire and went to the United States when he was seventeen. He landed in New York with seven shillings and immediately went to work. He held various unimportant jobs, the one he kept longest being that of timekeeper for a Philadelphia contractor. There he got an insight into the building business, and when he left he apprenticed himself to a carpenter. He learned the trade and looked forward contentedly to a life of industry, modestly rewarded. He was thirty years old when he went to Washington and began to take small carpentering contracts. Then he met another Englishman with a little money to invest, and the two built a small row of houses. They sold them and made a profit of $5,000 each. It was Wardman's first lesson in the art of making money and he was hungry for other ventures. But his partner had enough. He wanted to go home to England and get married.

Wardman put his profits in other building speculations and sold out at a profit. After each deal, living as before, he expanded his operations and soon was building large rows of houses. He broadened out, and bought subdivisions on which he built. Sometimes he sold out and sometimes he held on and took his profits out of rentals. In all he built between 4,500 and 5,000 houses. Years ago Washington used to be a city of boarding houses. Wardman thought that Government clerks would rather own modest homes of their own than live in boarding houses and this thought is what made him wealthy. He built all kinds of places to live in from bungalows to huge apartment houses. His peculiar pride is the Wardman Park Inn, which has all the features of a resort hotel though it is an urban establishment. It has twenty acres of ground about it and is made up of wings that stroll out into the sunlight in a most picturesque and delightful manner. It has swimming pools, tennis courts, garages, a theatre and stables. It will house 2,000 people.

He made another stroke one time when he bought a rocky hill out on Connecticut avenue, near Cleveland Park. Others had refused to touch it because the cost of levelling it would be too great. But Wardman saw another tract of land not far away which was full of gullies and hollows. He made a deal with the owner whereby he got his own lot levelled and the surplus earth and rock carted away to fill in the gullies. The operation cost him nothing. When the war broke out and there was the greatest rush of people to Washington in that city's history, rents were shot skyward by most landlords. Some of them proved to be hoggish profiteers. But not Wardman. He did not advance his rents a dollar. He appeared before Government agencies and said that five per cent. net profit was enough for him. Others got 25 per cent. Others doubled or trebled their rents. But Wardman was not envious, and Washington has not forgotten him. Now he has gone back to England, where he expects to spend the rest of his days. He is only fifty-three years old, and is wiry of body as he is keen of mind. He will continue his building operations in the Old Country, where he believes there will be an appreciative market for many American ideas in apartment house and hotel building. The Hotel Curzon will be his first great job.

A Well-timed Sermon.

"That certainly was a fine sermon," said an enthusiastic church member who was an ardent admirer of the minister. "A fine sermon, and well-timed, too."

"Yes," answered his unadmiring neighbor, "it certainly was well-timed. Fully half the congregation had their watches out."

The Good and the Clever.

If only the Good were clever,
And only the Clever were good,
This world would be very much better
Than ever we thought that it could.

But alas! it is seldom, if ever,
That the two hit it off as they should,
For the Good are so harsh with the Clever,
And the Clever so rude to the Good.

The Yukon.

The area of the Yukon Territory is 207,076 square miles, which is only 44,756 square miles less than the area of Manitoba. The population is about 4,500.

Crippled.

Man (standing on corner)—"Could you give a poor cripple enough for a cup of coffee and a sandwich?"

Generous Old Lady—"Why, my poor fellow, how are you crippled?"

"Financially."

Sensations In Society

"My dearest, though imprudent little girl—for such I see you are determined to remain, in spite of admonition and experience—why will you direct to me in my own name when the other answers just as well? Letters may miscarry. I have not heard from her lately. She may be on the way to me. . . . My dear, for Heaven's sake, be guarded."

When, just a century ago, Edmund Kean, the great tragedian, penned this letter to Charlotte Cox, wife of a London merchant and alderman, he little thought that the epistle, among others, would one day be cited as an example of what a leading newspaper termed his "brutality, obscenity, perfidy, and hypocrisy."

Kean's love affair with the merchant's wife was an episode that even in these days of sensations would have created a stir.

The two had met in unusual circumstances; the lady, watching a play at Taunton one night, fainted and was carried behind the curtain for attention. Kean, setting eyes on her, was strongly attracted by her personality. As for the lady's husband, he was so gratified by the actor's kindness that he invited Kean to visit them at their hotel after the play.

The friendship thus begun was to have an unhappy sequel. Kean made violent love to Mrs. Cox, who, it must be said, was willing death. Her husband, unsuspicious of an intrigue, was neglectful and allowed the tragedian the run of his household.

Even when confronted by Mrs. Kean, who insisted that the close friendship between the two should cease, he did little more than shrug his shoulders, remarking when it came to his knowledge that his wife, who was supposed to be staying with her mother at Brighton, was in reality sharing lodgings with Kean at Birmingham: "My Charlotte must have her fun. Edmund means no harm."

One day, however, he found a bundle of Kean's letters—"and the scales fell from his eyes," as Mr. Horace Wyndham tells us in his fascinating new book, "The Mayfair Calendar."

Shortly afterwards Kean found himself cast for the role of defendant in an action brought by Robert Albion Cox for alienating the affections of Mrs. Cox. The case was heard before the Lord Chief Justice and a jury in the King's Bench on January 17th, 1825, a brilliant array of counsel appearing for the respective parties.

Kean's letters, read in court, created a great stir. The upshot was that Ald. Cox was awarded £800 of the £2,000 damages he had claimed, while Kean's reputation was torn to shreds.

"Kean, the idol, fell crashing from his pedestal." Audiences which formerly had clamored for him, now hissed and booed when he appeared; even America, where he went on tour, would have none of him. In more than one theatre where he was playing, the curtain had to be dropped to quell a riot.

He sought relief in hard drinking, and by doing so hastened his end. It came on the stage of the Covent Garden Theatre, where, one March night, he fell dying. And the woman who was his lawful wife—she whom he had spurned in favor of another—rushed nobly to his side and stayed there until he passed away.

Another case of last century that excited not less public interest than any similar lawsuit of recent years was that in which the protagonists were Lord and Lady Colin Campbell, who had become engaged within two days of their first meeting.

The son of the Duke of Argyll, Lord Colin became suspicious of his wife soon after returning from the honeymoon. There were bitter quarrels, and the wife launched proceedings for a judicial separation. Her husband, in turn, took steps to divorce her, and cited four co-respondents—the Duke of Marlborough, Sir William Butler, Capt. Shaw, of the London Fire Brigade, and Dr. Bird, a West-end physician.

The case, "reeking of the hospital and suggestive of the stye," lasted nineteen days, the costs amounting to £20,000, the result being, says the author, that two people who were obviously unsuited to live together as husband and wife had to continue living as such. The jury found that in neither case were the charges based on fact.

The author also re-tells, with a wealth of interesting detail, the astonishing case of Lady Mordaunt, one of the beautiful Moncrieffe sisters, who made to her husband a confession in which the names of several men of high social standing were mentioned, one of them, Lord Cole, being cited as co-respondent in the divorce case that followed.

The view taken by members of Lady Mordaunt's family was that she was mentally afflicted when she made her confession. This was confirmed by eminent specialists.

During the case, which attracted world-wide attention, the name of King Edward, then Prince of Wales, was mentioned, and a number of letters written by him to Lady Mordaunt were read in court. In addition, the prince himself went into the witness-box and denied the charges, although the judge reminded him that he was exempt by law from giving evidence.

The verdict of the jury was that Lady Mordaunt was of unsound mind. Some time later her husband brought a fresh action, again with Lord Cole as co-respondent. The case was not defended, and the plaintiff was granted a decree.

The Mackenzie River.

The Mackenzie river is 2,525 miles long.

Why Go?

Some people cannot understand why anyone should try to swim the English Channel. A Frenchman once exclaimed, before one of Burgess' attempts:

"'E will swim across?"

"He'll try," nodded his companion.

"And zen what?"

"Oh, he'll come back again."

The Frenchman threw up his hands as he cried:

"Zen why go?"—Answers.

Wealth In Italian Mountain.

Aluminium, manganese, and mercury have all been discovered in one Italian mountain. It is believed that this mountain, which apparently consists of nothing but metal, contains gold also.

Keep eggs in the coolest place possible and market them often in hot weather. Eggs that are fertile will begin to spoil in twenty-four hours or less if the temperature is as high as 80 degrees.

LONDON'S NEW TUBE

HOW BRITISH POST OFFICE DOES ITS WORK.

Automatic Railway Relieves Congestion—6,000 Million Packages Handled In London—Talking From Scotland to Switzerland.

Buried beneath the bustle of London's traffic is a railway that drives itself, says a writer in Tit-Bits. It carries the packages that the postman delivers at your door.

When it is in full swing—it is now on the point of completion — this miniature railway will be the only one of its kind in the world. Its double track stretches from Whitechapel to Paddington, a distance of 6½ miles in a straight line, and there are several stations at principal points along its route.

At each station, under a roof about twenty feet high, is a tiny cabin from which one man, with the aid of a few levers, will direct each train to the next halt. Although the vehicles will travel at a speed of thirty-five miles an hour, there is little fear of accident, for a dead section behind each train makes collisions almost impossible. The Post Office deals with about 6,000 million packages a year, and this automatic railway will relieve the congestion, especially at Christmas time.

Near Wood Street, a tunnel is being bored that is to run along London Wall to Moorgate. This tube will contain nearly sixty highly-colored telephone and telegraph cables, leaving a small passage to enable repairs to be done. In Great Britain there are 4,720,657 miles of telephone and teelgraph wires, and more than three-quarters of this wire has now been placed underground.

Storms are responsible for most of the damage to overhead wires, but although many miles may thus be rendered temporarily useless, none of the 70,000,000 telegrams sent by people in the course of last year failed to arrive on this account, although many a message from London to Swindon was diverted and sent via Birmingham.

The wealth that passes through the post is incalculable. Nearly fifteen million money orders are purchased every year, and 115 million postal orders are sold.

Romance lurks in many of the Post Office departments. If you venture up a dark staircase in an ugly, black building close to Blackfriars Bridge, you will come abruptly to a spot where the word "distance" is not understood, and the laws of sound are defied.

On the walls of a long room, small green and red lights flicker in and out like winking eyes; while around and above, but within easy reach, are thousands of tiny holes into which young women are continually thrusting little plugs.

This is the great trunk line exchange, which disposes of thousands of calls daily. At a centre table sit a number of girls chosen for their remarkable knowledge of geography. From a tube close at hand queer arrow-shaped slips are shot out by compressed air. Each slip is marked with the details of some trunk call that is being put through.

These girls decide how the connection shall be made. When they have finished with a slip, it is put in one of many tubes, each with its distinctive label. The slip then disappears, for it is blown to its destination.

The preservation of the loudness and quality of a voice between such distant places as John o' Groat's and Geneva is another marvel of the Post Office. It is accomplished by amplifiers situated at the principal stations on the route. They receive the weak voices, but send them forth at full strength. The amplifiers work by valves similar to those used for operating a wireless loud speaker.

In another part of the trunk exchange is the inquiry department. The operators here are armed with directories which give the name and number of every subscriber in the kingdom. If you have a friend in Scotland, but do not know his number, they will tell you quickly. And for this no charge is made.

Beat!

An American tourist, whilst staying in his English host's house, was wont to crack jokes with the gardener, who, by the way, was an Irishman.

"You've sure got some splendid plants there, Pat," he observed one day, "but I guess we can beat 'em hands down on the other side. Why, I remember once growing a cabbage which, when cut in two and the heart removed, made an excellent cradle for my two kiddies."

"Fancy that!" answered Pat. "But I think we can beat that."

"Oh?" inquired the visitor.

"Yes, sorr," repiled Pat. "In Ireland we have some splendid vegetables. I once saw three men sleeping on one beet."

"Three men?" gasped the American incredulously.

"Sure!" retorted Pat. "Policemen!"

Always Make Room For the Opinions of Others.

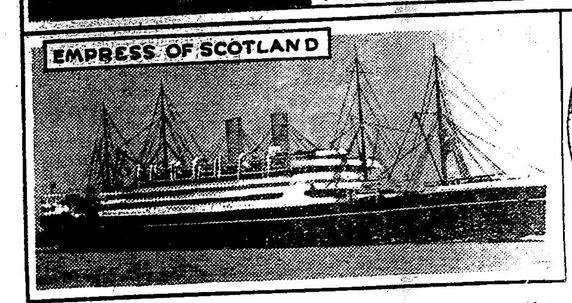
Lord Riddell, in John o' London's Weekly, presents a fresh point of view on the subject of conversation from the positive side:

"Much has been written regarding the essentials of good conversation. These being matters of taste, who shall decide? Therefore, persons able to impart a conversational tonic are universally popular. Vivacity is a rare but popular gift. . . . But vivacious people usually talk twaddle. They may not be clever or learned; they may say nothing you can carry away; but they have the priceless gift of brightening things up. Amusing back-chat is a gift possessed by few. Unless spontaneous and witty, it is a complete failure. Talk that smells of the lamp is usually poor stuff. The premeditated impromptu rarely succeeds. Spontaneity and variety are the charms of conversation. Skilful talkers know instinctively when a subject has been exhausted, and gracefully and unobtrusively pass to another. They never engage in the depressing task of 'dogging a dead horse.'

"If sparingly used, the anecdote is a valuable ally; but a continuous succession of anecdotes is a nuisance. To be at its best the anecdote should arise out of the context, or, at any rate, have some connection with it. Anecdotes dragged in by the heels are usually severely mauled in the process. A good talker is not necessarily a good conversationalist. Most good talkers want the floor to themselves. Conversation, as the word implies, consists in the interchange of ideas. This often involves self-restraint and self-impression, so that every member of the company may have his fair share in the discussion. We should always reserve a corner in our minds in which to make room for the opinions of others."

"Don't You Hear The East A-calling"

TAJ MAHAL - AGRA INDIA



EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND

The Immemorial East has from the beginning of time exercised its fascination on the West. Color movement, mystery, strange creeds and stranger races; the cradle of civilizations with mighty monuments of the past to attest their reality; customs that are so old that they seem new; costumes that look as though their wearers had stepped out of some masquerade, and even no costumes at all; immense multitudes speaking strange languages; the whole making up into a picture that is so alluring, so utterly different, so incomprehensible to the Westerner that it seems as if he had been transported into another planet where only the stars, the sun, moon and sky remind him that he is still standing on mother earth. Add to all this the fact that the North Temperate Zone of America is left thousands of miles behind and you step into the land of eternal summer, where you have the widest range of emotional and climatic change that this world has to offer.

This shedding of every-day usage and spectacle is provided by the "Round the World Cruise" on the Canadian Pacific liner Empress of Scotland which sails from New York, December 3rd next. For the following 128 days there is a never ending and shifting panorama of utterly new things presented to the passenger on this cruise. What he or she has before only read of in books and seen in illustrations unrolls itself [illegible] competent [illegible] visited and [illegible] is no let-up [illegible] presented a[illegible] period of [illegible] life time.

Some few [illegible] illustration. [illegible] shown as she [illegible] comes that [illegible] in sunshine, [illegible] and of a civi[illegible] as when it w[illegible] Yet another [illegible] city where [illegible] kneeling t[illegible] Rajah.

These are [illegible] is crammed w[illegible] to undertake [illegible] cost the [illegible] that he [illegible] press [illegible] certainly [illegible] and h[illegible] of a [illegible] of his

THE CERAMIC ART.

Clays of Very Good Quality Obtainable In Canada.

The ceramic art is the art of manufacturing all sorts of objects from clay, such objects being generally called pottery, but including porcelain and terra cotta; and the term also includes the decorating of pottery by painting and modelling. The basis of the art is clay, but only certain kinds of clay answer and without them the ceramic art cannot flourish, or, to use the more common term, the pottery industry. Clay is its foundation.

A large variety of clays is employed, ranging from impure brick clays to high grade white china clay. A recent Natural Resources Bulletin, issued by the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, gives much information respecting the deposits of ceramic clays throughout Canada. It is stated that clays and shales suitable for making common brick and high grade face brick are plentiful and widely distributed throughout Canada. The bricks produced from these clays are not only of good strength and form but also embrace a wide range of color; and they are manufactured in an assortment of surface textures. There is little need for importing any building brick into the country since almost any desired artistic effect may be obtained by the use of brick made from Canadian clays.

Other kinds of clays are then considered. Pottery clays of very good quality are obtainable in Alberta, Saskatchewan, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. Those of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, and also some from Nova Scotia are red burning and produce a good body for art pottery, while in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Nova Scotia, there are deposits of light-colored stoneware clays. The deposits in southern Saskatchewan supply the requirements of a pottery at Medicine Hat, Alberta, and the Musquodoboit deposits in Nova Scotia are being worked as a source of raw material for a pottery at St. John, New Brunswick.

In the southern Saskatchewan field a high grade ball clay is also being worked, and shipments are made to various points in Canada. This clay is refractory, highly plastic, and burns to a very good white. It may be regarded as one of our most valuable clay resources.

China clay is known to occur in only a few localities in Canada. In fact, it has only been found in quantities sufficient for commercial use in one place, which is the Parish of St. Remi, Napierville County, Quebec, about thirty-five miles southwest of Montreal. A deposit of China clay or Kaolin is known to exist in Northern Ontario but until railway facilities are provided the deposit cannot become producers. There is also a deposit near Williams Lake in British Columbia.

Fireclays occur in British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Ontario, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. Firebrick and refractory shapes are made from local clays in British Columbia, Saskatchewan, and Nova Scotia. Such firebricks as are manufactured elsewhere in Canada are made from imported fireclays on account of the remoteness of domestic deposits.

One of the most important raw materials at present produced in Canada for use in ceramic industries is feldspar. There are extensive deposits of this mineral, especially in Ontario and Quebec, producing a large tonnage annually of high grade potash feldspar. The major portion of this goes to the United States, where it is ground and used in the manufacture of porcelain, vitreous enamels, and glass.

Other mine products are used extensively in the ceramic industries, many of which are found in Canada, but for various reasons their production from the ceramic use is limited at present.

Railway News

Montreal.—The Canadian Pa[illegible] line announces several appoint[illegible] to positions in the British Is[illegible] Europe. They are as follows: [illegible]liam Stewart, to be [illegible] senger agent, with [illegible] Bothwell Street, Glasgow; [illegible] Webb, destined for the post[illegible] senger agent at Southampton; [illegible] A. L. Rawlinson, stationed [illegible]werp, where he will take charge [illegible] the passenger offices.

Sudbury.—Tuesday, August [illegible] was the dawn of a new day [illegible] ern Ontario railroading, [illegible] tween seventy-five and eighty [illegible] and employees of the C. P. R. [illegible] ered in Sudbury and organized [illegible] will be known as the Algoma [illegible] trict Employees' Association [illegible] Canadian Pacific Railway [illegible] branch of the service. [illegible] superintendent down, [illegible] sented. The object of [illegible] sociation is to meet at regular [illegible] tervals to discuss all subjects [illegible] to the better serving of the [illegible] and thereby be of greater [illegible] Canada, and naturally, the [illegible] Pacific Railway.

Banff.—The American Bar [illegible] sociation, travelling east [illegible] recent convention at San Francisco, [illegible] spent two days in the Canadian Rockies. The party travelled [illegible] special trains over the Canadian Pacific and Soo Line [illegible] where it dissolved.

Several notable citizens of the United States were among the [illegible] there being Vice-President [illegible] his wife and two sons; John W. Davis, former ambassador [illegible] Britain, and John W. [illegible] former governor of New York. The party expressed delight at the wonderful grandeur of the Rockies, Lake Louise, where two days were spent.

Montreal.—Despite warnings by the efforts of the railways to prevent them, accidents are [illegible] at railway crossings. If mobile drivers were a little [illegible]tious they would save [illegible] a great deal of trouble [illegible] their cars from a great [illegible] damage. Of course there are [illegible] cases where it is difficult [illegible] accidents, but most accidents happen are avoidable. They have just come to hand of a [illegible]rence in New Brunswick:

An Overland automobile, [illegible] 12,717 N. B., owned by [illegible] Jones, of Perth Junction, [illegible] driven by R. Anderson, a [illegible] Perth Junction, ran into [illegible] train No. 152 at the crossing [illegible] north of Andover Bridge, N.B. The engine had already passed over the crossing and the auto struck the side of the tender. Mr. Anderson claims that he did not see or hear the train in time to stop, although his car was going very slowly. The car was considerably damaged, but happily nobody was hurt.

Good Business.

Pat entered the dairy.

"And what can I do for you?" asked the Canadian behind the counter.

"I want a dozen eggs laid by a black hen," said Pat.

The dairyman replied that he could not possibly tell an egg laid by a black hen from one laid by a bird of any other color.

"But, if you can," he went on, "you had better pick them out for yourself."

Pat set to and picked out the eggs from a large basket which the dairyman put before him. When he had finished the man asked him how he could distinguish eggs laid by a black hen.

"Oh, shure, man!" answered Pat. "They're a ways the biggest!"

Cook's Regulat[illegible]