



**Ma's Chocolate Cake.**  
My ma can do most anything,  
Bake, and sew, and paint, and sing.  
But oh! her cookin' takes your eye,  
And people praise it to the sky.  
And when she asks, "What shall I  
bake?"  
I answer quick, "A chocolate cake!"

Her pastry sure is famous, boy!  
And when you eat, it gives you joy.  
Her lemon pie with thick meringue,  
And little cakes with spicy tang—  
But when she asks, "What shall I  
bake?"  
I answer quick, "A chocolate cake!"

A stranger, tasting, smacks his lips  
just so—  
And then he murmurs, "Some grand  
dough!"  
For it ain't the fillin' that makes her  
cake,  
It's the dough itself, the stuff you  
make  
Oh! when ma asks, "What shall I  
bake?"  
I answer quick, "A chocolate cake!"

**The Habit of Learning.**

The most important thing in school  
is not the information you acquire but  
the habit of learning that you estab-  
lish. Here is a man with no education.  
He has never learned how to solve  
problems. Some trouble comes up in  
his life—it may be a comparatively  
simple matter—but he is helpless,  
can't see any way out of his difficul-  
ties. The same situation confronts a  
man with an education—a trained  
mind—and he begins to put things to-  
gether, and figure and scheme and  
soon has a solution to the problem,  
because he has learned how to solve  
problems by going to school.

**Mother.**

Boys and girls, don't you think it  
would be a good idea to try to make  
mother's lot a little more pleasant?  
Why not plant a few flowers outside  
the kitchen windows so that their  
fragrance will refresh her during the  
hard work-a-day tasks? Nothing can

equal flowers as emblems of love.  
Mother will appreciate their message  
quicker than anything else. Then,  
wouldn't it be nice to keep the grass  
around the farmhouse neatly trimmed  
so that in the evenings, when mother  
comes out to her rocking-chair, she  
will find the surroundings good to look  
at. These little acts of love seem  
very small, but to mother they will  
appear very big indeed. Your mother  
was your first love. Show that you  
love her still.

**The Grasshopper.**

Have you ever tried to catch a  
grasshopper? If so you will know  
it is not easy. Just as you think you  
have him, you will find he is quite a  
distance away, chirping merrily, as if  
to say, "You are not nearly clever  
enough to catch a fellow who has six  
long legs, four wings, and a body as  
light as air."

If you do catch one, put him under  
a glass and examine him. You will  
see that his body is ringed, that his  
shoulders are covered by a shield, and  
that he has a large mouth, in which,  
could you see them, he has two pairs  
of strong jaws, one for holding and  
cutting his food, and the other for  
chewing it. He gives them plenty of  
work, for he eats all that comes his  
way.

The chest is formed of three rings,  
each of which bears a pair of legs, and  
the two hinder ones two pairs of  
wings. The abdomen is also ringed,  
and on the side of each ring you will  
see a dark spot. These spots are the  
breathing holes.

How surprised you would be if you  
could see inside the grasshopper. From  
each breathing hole runs a tube which  
branches off into hundreds of tiny  
tubes that are kept in shape by a stiff  
thread which winds round and round.  
You will see the abdomen move up and  
down as it pumps air through the  
holes into the tubes.

So now you know the secret why  
Mr. Grasshopper can leap so quickly  
when he has spied you with his big  
fixed eyes, which have hundreds of  
windows.

the cliff has slid down over the mouth  
of the cavern.

There are thousands of tons of de-  
bris to be removed before the cache  
can be reached, but the proposed ex-  
pedition of treasure-hunters has some-  
thing to go on with, the previous party  
having left enough evidence of the  
site of their labors.

The wealthiest of all the Cocos'  
hoards is, undoubtedly, that of the  
Peruvians' millions, hidden in 1855;  
and it is interesting to note that as  
late as 1913 the Panama authorities  
heard that a United States steamer  
had left the island with a large quan-  
tity of treasure-trove aboard. Later  
on, collectors in the United States  
were finding that golden pieces of the  
early Peruvian Republic were not so  
very rare.

Undoubtedly these coins came from  
the 1855 cache, or from the smallest  
sum secreted on the Cocos ten years  
earlier by the defaulting heads of a  
revolutionary junta in Peru, two of  
whom met unknown deaths on board  
their vessel, the third being killed at  
Valparaiso.

**Lost Landmarks.**

In 1855 the Peruvians, hard pressed  
by Chile's troops, sent the contents of  
the national till on board the U.S.A.  
barque Mary Dyer, lying in Calloa  
Roads. Her hands, three nights later,  
while the mate was ashore owing to  
the skipper's sudden and strange  
death, slipped anchor, and escaped to  
sea before the forts could hold up the  
vessel.

When she was captured a few weeks  
later by a Peruvian warship, the na-  
tional riches had disappeared. Three  
of the crew escaped being hanged at  
the yard-arm—two seamen, who pro-  
mised to reveal the cache, and another,  
Thomson, who had been seriously un-  
well at the time and in his bunk.  
Subsequently, the two seamen, on try-  
ing to prove that the treasure was  
hidden on one of the Galapagos, were  
shot as liars.

Thomson escaped at Panama, and at  
Colon found a kind Newfoundland-  
er, Keating, who smuggled him on  
board his vessel, bound for Kingston,  
Jamaica. There Thomson disappeared  
for ever; but in 1863 and 1866  
Keating visited the Cocos and lifted  
some of the treasure.

These treasures of the Cocos are not  
mere myths. An Englishman in the  
early forties of last century enriched  
himself from a hoard there; two  
separate American expeditions, a na-  
tive of Lima, and Joseph Keating  
have done likewise.

**Not Fit for Company.**

Jane—"Please, ma'am, I've broken  
something."

Mistress—"Well, Jane, what is it?"

Jane (erying)—"I'm very sorry. I  
couldn't help it."

Mistress—"Don't be silly, Jane;  
tell me what it is."

Jane—"Oh, ma'am, the cucumber  
was crooked, and seeing you had com-  
pany I tried to bend it straight."

Stop a minute and say "Halloa,"  
As down Life's Road you go;  
For a kindly word and a cheery smile  
Will shorten the way by many a mile  
For some poor fellow who's moving  
slow.  
Stop a minute—and say, "Halloa!"

The salmon can travel in the water  
at the rate of twenty-five miles an  
hour.

**THE SWITHIN MYTH**

The recurrence of "St. Swithin's  
Day" is a reminder of a superstition  
which is at once one of the most wide-  
spread and persistent of all, and one  
of the most falsely founded and ob-  
viously most foolish. There are thou-  
sands of persons who have no fear of  
breaking a mirror, or spilling the salt,  
or walking under a ladder, but con-  
demn such superstitions as unworthy  
of intelligent persons, who yet seem  
to believe that there is something in  
the St. Swithin legend, and who every  
year, if the weather on July 16 is the  
same as it was on July 15, say, "See!  
It's coming true!"

Yet the facts are that in all the cen-  
turies since Swithin's reburial there  
is no record of its ever having once  
come true, and that almost every de-  
tail of the legend upon which it is  
founded is notoriously untrue. The one  
really interesting feature of it, and  
the only one worthy of serious con-  
sideration, is the number of days in-  
volved. But that, as Kipling says, is  
another story.

As July 15, 1921, is the 915th anni-  
versary of the perfectly authentic re-  
moval of the remains of Bishop Swithin  
from the grave in the churchyard to  
a tomb in the nave in Winchester  
Cathedral, it may be worth while to re-  
call some of the facts in the case, as  
contrasted with the falsehoods of the  
legend.

The legend is that St. Swithin was  
a "drunken saint," that he was buried  
at his own command in the church-  
yard with an injunction never to dis-  
turb his repose, that when long after-  
ward impious men sought to remove  
his remains they were prevented by  
a tremendous thunderstorm which  
continued for forty days, and that ever  
since whatever weather there is on  
July 15 continues for forty days there-  
after.

Now for the true story, perfectly  
authenticated in history.

There was a Swithin, or rather  
Swithun—in Latin, Swithunus. He  
was not a "drunken" saint, but a most  
temperate and pious man. He was  
not a "saint" at all, never having been  
formally canonized. But he was a  
deacon under Bishop Elmstan, and  
then succeeded the latter as Bishop  
of Winchester, in which office he great-  
ly distinguished himself by his piety.

He died in the year 862, and at his  
own wish was buried in the church-  
yard, at the north side of Winchester  
Cathedral, close to the wall and under  
the eaves of the building. He desig-  
nated that place in order to break  
down a superstitious prejudice which  
had arisen against it, and which had  
made his parishioners unwilling to  
have any of their dead laid in that  
part of the grounds.

There he rested for more than a hun-  
dred years. Then the famous Arch-  
bishop Dunstan of Canterbury, aided  
by his friend Bishop Ethelwold of  
Winchester, conceived the scheme of  
transferring his remains to a fine  
tomb within the cathedral.

So, on July 15, in the year 971, by  
royal command of King Edgar, the re-  
mains of Swithin were transferred  
from the humble grave in the church-  
yard to a splendid tomb in the nave  
of the rebuilt cathedral. A little later  
the cathedral itself was named for  
Swithin. It had originally been called  
the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul.

Now, as to the thunder storm story.  
According to the pious monk Wolstan  
and other historians of that time,  
there was no storm at all, and no in-  
terruption of the work. It was a clear  
and beautiful day, a vast concourse of  
people was in attendance, a great out-  
doors feast was held in honor of  
Swithin, and the whole splendid cere-  
monial went through without a hitch  
and with the apparent high favor of  
the elements.

Of course, such a thing as either  
forty days of rain or forty days with-  
out rain, is quite unknown at that time  
of year; at least in Winchester, or in  
Toronto. To demonstrate the fallacy  
of the prediction, note was taken at  
the Greenwich Observatory of the  
character of the weather on July 15  
and the forty days following, during  
a period of twenty years. In six of  
those years St. Swithin's Day was  
rainy, and in the forty days following  
there were respectively 13, 14, 16, 18,  
23 and 26 rainy days, so that in most  
cases the majority of the forty days,  
all of which should have been rainy,  
were in fact, rainless. In the other  
fourteen years St. Swithin's Day was  
rainless, and, of course, the forty fol-  
lowing days should all have been rain-  
less. But, in fact, in one year 12 of  
them were rainy, in one 13, in two 14  
each, in two 17 each, in one 18, in one  
19, in two 20 each, and in the remain-  
ing four respectively 21, 23, 29 and 31  
were rainy. So the greatest number  
of rainy days in that forty-day period,  
in twenty years, followed a rainless  
St. Swithin's Day.

**Cultivation of Flax.**

The opportunity that exists for the  
cultivation of flax and the probability  
of a ready market being found for all  
that Canada can produce is suggested  
by the fact that the production of flax  
in Russia fell from 1,151,998,320 lbs.  
in 1913 to 90,232,000 lbs. in 1920, a  
drop of over a billion pounds.

In view of this state of affairs  
increased attention is being given  
by scientists in this country to  
research regarding the growth of  
flax. A series of plots of new  
varieties have been sown at Ot-  
tawa to be harvested for fibre pur-  
poses. Arrangements have been made  
to carry on the retting under suitable  
conditions so that the quality of the  
fibre may be fairly representative in  
order that the different sorts can be  
easily compared. There are two prin-  
cipal grades of flax fibre, warp and  
weft, which are further divided ac-  
cording to qualities. Warp is generally  
broader fibred, stronger and more rib-  
bony flax, and the yarn spun from  
this is used by weavers for the longi-  
tudinal threads of the cloth. Weft is  
soft, more pliable flax, not necessarily  
so strong as warp and is used for the  
yarn which grows in the shuttle run-  
ning across the cloth to fill it up. The  
value of flax is primarily dependent  
on its strength. The color should be  
uniform, but spinners do not attach  
so much importance to color as they  
used to do, provided that the substance  
has the required strength and quality.  
Silkiness and oiliness are essential to  
a high standard. The removal of all  
slime and dirt from the flax, especially  
at the root ends, is another necessity.

**Pure Milk Products.**

The necessity for purity and clean-  
liness in food cannot be over-empha-  
sized. Any steps taken in any coun-  
try to further this desirable end are  
therefore of much importance to Can-  
ada. Particularly is this the case  
when action is taken in the country  
to the south of us.

There has lately been put on the  
market an article of food under var-  
ious trade names, but which is be-  
coming best known as "filled milk."  
Filled milk is a mixture of skim milk  
and some vegetable oil, which takes  
the place of the pure butter fat.

An investigation is now going on  
before the Agricultural Committee of  
the House of Representatives at  
Washington as to the advisability of  
suppressing or regulating filled milk  
by law. A number of experts have  
been summoned to give evidence as to  
the results of their investigations and  
research in the matter of protective  
foods. The first witness called was  
Dr. E. V. McCollum of Johns Hopkins  
University, Baltimore, a scientist  
whose name is well known in Canada.

Dr. McCollum testified that his  
studies convinced him that dairy pro-  
ducts supply the only protective foods  
likely to be used in sufficient quan-  
tities in the diet to promote normal  
growth in children, optimum well-be-  
ing in adults, and to prevent the ad-  
vance of senile decay. The great races  
of the world are those who are large  
users of milk and its products. The  
use of any substitutes in a milk pro-  
duct should be discouraged as having  
a tendency towards weakened disease  
resistance, and the encouragement of  
rickets, among other complaints. In  
Dr. McCollum's opinion every person  
could use two quarts of pure milk per  
day with advantage.

He favored the prohibition of the  
sale of filled milk.

Certain forms of seaweed contain as  
much as forty per cent. of sugar.

**THE REAL "MONTE  
CRISTO'S" ISLAND**

**HIDDEN TREASURES OF  
OLD BUCCANEERS.**

**Fabulous Wealth Discovered  
on Cocos Island in Southern  
Pacific Ocean.**

That very useful island, where Du-  
mas' famous hero, Monte Cristo, found  
fabulous wealth, had its position in  
the celebrated author's imagination.

What would he have written had he  
known that the real thing was then in  
existence and within easy reach of  
those who liked to look for it?

An Englishman, in the year of Du-  
mas' death, filled his pockets from one  
of the many hoards there. In the last  
seventy years, at least twenty-nine  
known expeditions have visited this  
treasure-strewn locality; and more  
than one have returned with retrieved  
riches.

**Pacific Phantoms.**

The island is to be investigated  
again by a party made up, not of har-

um-scarum treasure-seekers or ama-  
teur diggers, but of ex-British and  
United States naval officers, assisted  
by others with an intimate knowledge  
of mining. Hitherto operations have  
been on primitive lines, or, at the best,  
with spades and explosives. This new  
party, with a substantial financial  
backing, proposes to make full use of  
up-to-date scientific and mining engi-  
neering appliances, and to provide for  
a long stay.

Some of the "dumps" which have so  
long defied discovery may be brought  
to light.

Real Treasure Island is no barren,  
sterile spot. Early last century it had  
a solitary settler, and before that  
others. What became of them neither  
history nor tradition hints, but if  
ghosts haunt any spot it ought to be  
this romantic island. Wild pigs and  
goats, doves, and other native fauna  
are in abundance; and the shore wa-  
ters swarm with fish and sharks.

They who, two centuries or so ago,  
set up their palisades and brushwood  
huts, dug wells and made use of the  
island for obtaining fresh stores of  
water and food, were like others who  
followed them, keen judges of a handy  
and comfortable rendezvous. Whether  
in the East or the West Indies, the  
northern Indian Ocean or the West  
Pacific, the Black Flag pirates had  
the knack of choosing a pleasing base for  
drinking and murder.

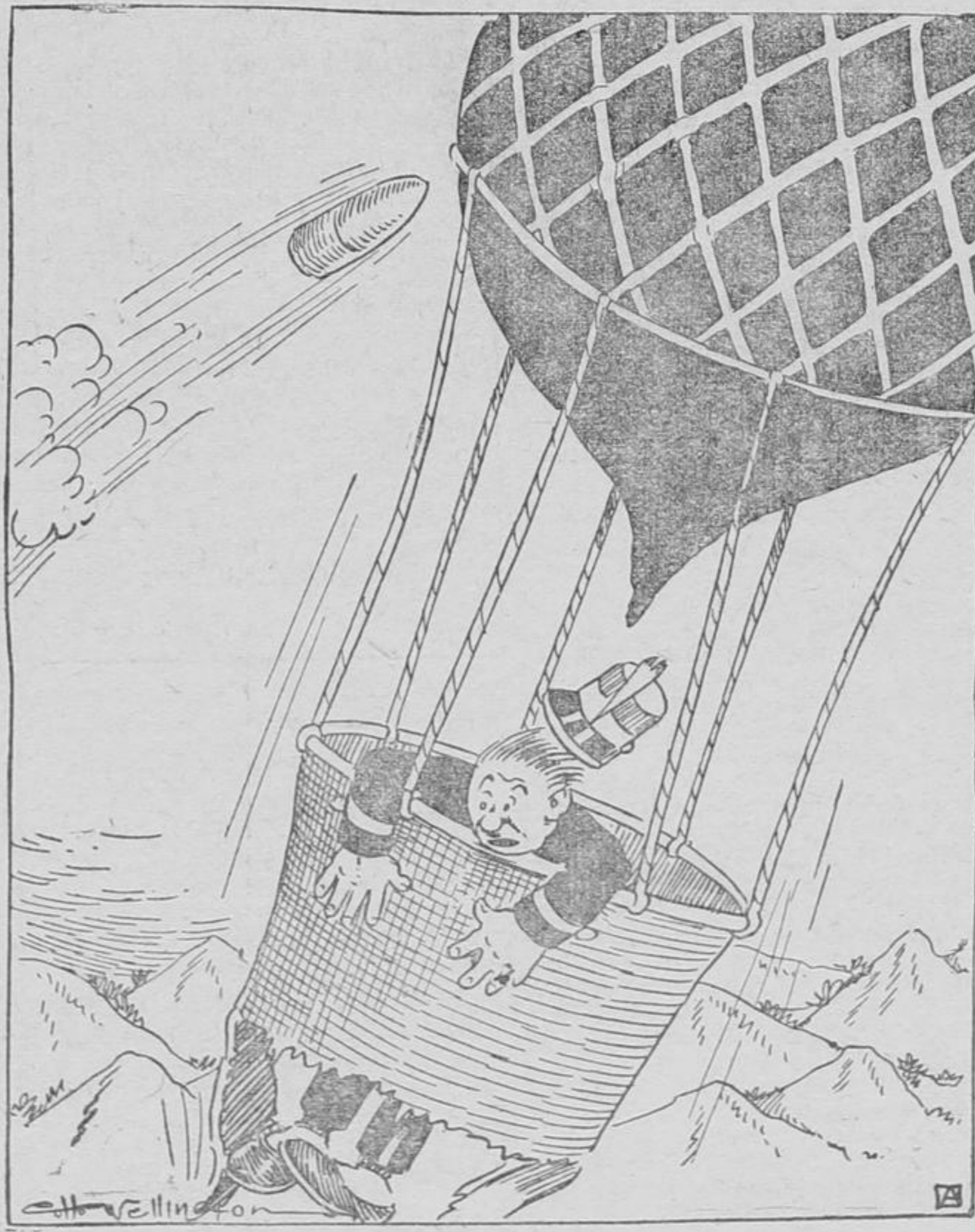
Since these bold bad men of the  
seventeenth century hid their valu-  
ables and specie, down to as late as  
1835, many millions' worth of treasure  
have been hidden for safety on Cocos  
Island. Among the principal hoards  
is that of pirate Bonita.

This Spaniard, traditions say, hid  
over \$5,000,000 of gold and silver in  
coinage, ingots, jewels, and plate, ob-  
tained from rifled merchantmen and  
looted towns. Yellow Jack claimed  
him suddenly at Panama, and he, with  
his dying breath, divulged to his chief  
officers the whereabouts of the  
"dump." Before the vessel set sail,  
both of them were killed in a drunken  
fray, and all knowledge of the trea-  
sure was lost.

**Caches of Gold.**

Plans and documents indicating an-  
other great cache came into the pos-  
session of two English women, two  
years before the war, and their trea-  
sure hunt on the Cocos lasted for  
seven weeks. The expedition dis-  
covered the well-defined rocks which  
are supposed to indicate the treasure-  
cave's entrance; also the creek, the  
waterfall, and several other marks of  
location, but unfortunately the face of

and the worst is yet to come



**3 Critical  
Periods  
for FALL WHEAT**

1. At Seeding Time.  
Delay seeding to escape the  
Hessian Fly. Use fertilizers  
to catch up wheat growth.
2. In Winter  
Produce good top to protect  
wheat, and good rooting to  
overcome spring heaving.  
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roots.
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and heat injury.

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