

At Home Come in & Chat Awhile

—Ruth Raeburn.

Continuing the review of the books of the Bible in "Among the Immortals" by Rev. R. Walter Wright.

Joel

This poem entitled "The Promise of the Spirit" is what the author found in Joel's prophecies and it is a promise worth reading and digesting.

A promise of the Spirit

By prophets long foretold,
Which we today inherit

In blessing manifold:
Blest Spirit, who art dwelling
In each believing soul,
And joy and peace outwelling
As living waters roll.

Then the author enumerates the many works of the Spirit to the believing soul.—"He leadeth," "He feedeth," "He heareth," "He cheereth," "He brings repentance," "gives pardon," "nerves with strong endurance," and "brings divine assurance of God the Father's love." The promise is encouraging.—

"And till this earth shall crumble
Beneath the powers of doom,
God's Spirit upon the humble
In tongues of fire shall come."

Amos

The message from Amos is entitled "God's Plumb-line," and begins with this great fact:

"O God of Righteousness, the same
Through all the flying centuries."
After we are given a glimpse of the many "mammon Gods of time" before which we fall, the author asks God to "Lay to Thy plumb-line, God of right,
To walls of heart and state and church,

Reveal the secret sins that blight,
The public follies that besmirch,
The cant, the sleek hypocrisy,
Which build the towers of truth
Awry:

In riot, wreck and wild debris,
Will topple o'er our glories high,
If with our tangled lines we mar
Heaven's silent perpendicular."

Obadiah

This message from Obadiah is a brief biography of Esau and a description in a few words of his progeny.

"He sold his birthright, haughtily he struck
God's pledges from his life's book
out, and so
Leaped down the mountain-side of
time a flow
Of godlessness: wild men of lust and
luck
Were Esau's progeny, who ran amuck

Amid the nations, smote with crash—
blow
Earth's Holy things, and God's great
promise bow.
O'erarching Israel sought from hea-
ven to pluck
Edom; exalted as the eagle high,
Nesting in confidence amid the
stars—"

Edomites dwelt in the rocky passes
south of Judah and felt that no God
was necessary for their protection,
hence the author's words "Nesting in
confidence amid the stars."

The Edomites hated the Israelites be-
cause they worshipped Jehovah. They
refused them passage through their
borders when returning from Egypt.
Obadiah prophesied the way in which
the Edomites would gloat over the de-
struction of Jerusalem and its captivity,
and wrote to warn them against this
policy of vindictive hatred. Obadiah
says "Thy dealing shall return upon
thine own head." In the words of R.
Walter Wright they "shall fall in ruin
wild and stark, while awe-struck ages
pass in silence by."

A greater than Obadiah expressed
the same eternal truth in the words,
"With what measure ye mete it shall
be measured to you again."

Jonah

Most readers are familiar with the
story of Jonah and we, like him—
"I have fled from Thy presence, O Lord.
Like Thy weak, faltering prophet of
old,

When I heard the clear voice of Thy
word,
Unmistakable duty unfold."
What a depth of understanding of
frail human nature the author finds in
this book.

"We start on the highways of sin
Never meaning all goddesses to be;
With the thoughts of rebellion begin
We drift out on an uncharted sea.

"But costly the fare in its ill,
In its heart-sighs, its moaning, and
tears,
As we set the proud sails of self-will,
And the shoreland of truth disap-
pears.

"Great crises like Joppas today
Here and there o'er life's pathway
are strayed,
Some Tarshish to death leads away,
Some Ninevah backward to God.

"Yet Jehovah delights to forbear,
His miracles still bring release;
From the black dungeon-depths of de-
spair
He leads to the haven of peace."

Micah

This prophet was the people's friend
and his championship for the common
people against those who wronged them
politically, economically and religiously
made him their friend. Micah had a
vision of a better day, a day of uni-

versal peace and good-will.
O who is like Jehovah? He doth smite
A sinful land till molten mountains
leap
Valleyward, boils as a cauldron the
great deep
And blinded midday sobs and shrieks
with fright.

Yet high o'er all, oft veiled from hu-
man sight
Rises the mount of God with beacon-
sweep
Of mercy—eyes that o'er immortals
weep

Like a mother's yonder, in the infinite.
So thou, O Jesus, Bethlehem's King,
art stern
To smite with two-edged sword our sin,
and burn

With eyes of flame, and tread with
frozen feet.
Still weepst Thou on mercy's Olivet
With love divine lost o'er the city
yearn,
Though Thou art crucified on every
street.

DISCLOSING THE BUNK ABOUT PANAMA HATS

(By Bob Davis in Toronto Star Weekly)

Four hundred and fifty miles off the
pre-arranged route; three days behind
in the schedule, but with the full in-
tention of getting the truth, the whole
truth and nothing but the truth touch-
ing on and appertaining to the so-called
Panama hat, I landed at the port of
Manta, Ecuador, motored twenty
miles through a cloud of continuously
restless dust and reached Montecristi
which is recognized as the luxury-lid
capital of the world.

All my life I had been led to believe
that the Panama hat was made in Pan-
ama. Friends, Romans and country-
club members, that is bunk. However,
Panama was the first open market
through which it reached the outer
world. From time immemorial the
apocryphal rumor has gone forth that
Panama hats are woven under water.
More bunk; the crowning bunk. 'S'all
wrong. The mere wetting of the weav-
er's fingers is the beginning and the
end of this fake deluge. Here in Monte-
cristi, according to Jose Isaac Santana,
the Grand Vizor of the village of four
thousand souls, and the largest export-
er of the finest fabrications born of the
cream colored fibre, I was personally
conducted by none other than Jose Is-
aac himself. Much to my surprise there
is no central hat factory in Montecristi;
no humid sweat shops; no fixed
working hours; no sign of the activity
that produces throughout the hat re-
gions of Ecuador half a million som-
breros per annum. Every one of the
thousand or more bamboo and grass
shacks that stand on platforms twenty
feet above the ground and reached by
a staircase shelters a hat maker's
family. Here where the art reaches its
highest development, from four to ten
people weaving hats in various stages
of completion, sit in front of blocks
braiding with nimble fingers; first the
crown centre, which, when it reaches
the proportions of a trade dollar is set
aside pending the arrival of the ex-
porter, who examines the texture of the
weave which determines the grade of
each hat—that once begun cannot be
changed—and makes the price. The
weaver is paid at rates ranging from
\$1 to \$10 per lid, on which the weaver
may spend from one to six months,
working only during the cool of the
morning and afternoon, preferably in
dimly lighted rooms, sunlight being un-
friendly to the Panama.

Beside each weaver is half a cocoa-
nut shell filled with water in which
the finger tips are moistened; a pre-
caution necessary to render the grass
pliable and to prevent it from crack-
ing. The finer the weave the more deli-
cately this moisture is applied. This
is as near as the Panama hat comes to
being woven under water. At the be-
ginning of the operation of making a
Montecristi about sixty strands of fibre
are united, increasing in number as the
crown grows, until after building the
sides and extending to the edge of the
brim, it reaches a total of about one
thousand fibres. Such a creation sells,
or did sell before the worldwide de-
pression altered the ambition of the
spenders, at from \$250 to \$500 a copy,
and in a few instances hit a top of
\$1,000. The hat presented to President
Hoover by the Montecristi people in
commemoration of his pre-inaugura-
tion trip through South America is said
to be valued at \$750. Into the crown,
woven in colors, is a reproduction of
the Seal of the United States.

So fine is the mesh of a perfect
specimen—that is to say one which
can stand the supreme test of being
rolled into a quill and drawn through
a wedding ring—that the finished ar-
ticle more closely resembles a fine
cloth fabric, than a product of woven
grass.

Mistress—"So your matrimonial life
was very unhappy? What was the
trouble—December wedded to May?"

Chloe Johnson—"Lan' sake, no, ma-
am! It was Labor Day ma'led to Day
of Rest."

THE LAST STAND OF THE MUSK-OX

(By W. J. Banks)

Arctic Canada boasts an animal
which for the purposes of domestication
would combine many of the best points
of cattle and sheep; far exceed them,
indeed, from the point of view of the
far north and its needs. This, of course,
is the musk-ox. The cows give milk
which is comparable in quality and
richness if not in quantity to that of
our familiar breeds. Though lighter
than any but the smallest Scotch and
Welsh cattle, the musk-ox will yield
two or three times more meat per ani-
mal than will sheep, and the meat is
of excellent quality. The wool is plenti-
ful and though its value has not yet
been definitely settled, it is certainly
not entirely useless. It is shrink-proof,
and has been occasionally used to knit
socks and mitts for arctic wear. The
musk-ox bulls are not as dangerously
apt to attack on scant provocation as
those more familiar to us.

And they have other virtues which
put them in a class by themselves so
far as utility in northern regions is
concerned. No blizzard ever howled
over the arctic prairies which was cold
enough to inconvenience a shelterless
musk-ox herd. Then they are proof
against slaughter by that demon killer
of the north, the wolf. Finally, they
are perhaps the only herbivori in the
world which do not roam in search of
pasture, so long as any is at hand. A
herd in plentiful pasture would not
likely move five miles in a month. No
fences, or even cowbells, would be
needed by the musk-ox rancher. Young
musk-oxen are easily tamed; in fact,
they are really tame to start with.
They have often followed voluntarily
the men who have slain their parents.
Specimens in zoos have shown ability
to thrive even in temperate regions.

There are probably not more than
ten or twelve thousand musk-oxen in
the world. Except for a thousand or so
in northeast Greenland and a few
hundred on the northern Canadian
mainland, they are all on islands of
the Canadian arctic archipelago. It is
thought that the musk-oxen, unlike
caribou, polar bear and other north-
ern animals, do not travel over the sea
ice from island to island, and from
some of the islands they have been
exterminated by the hand of man.

The probable reason for the disap-
pearance of musk-oxen from Banks
Island, a particularly fertile arctic re-
gion where countless musk-ox skele-
tons are to be found, is of interest.
When McClure's ship Investigator was
abandoned in Mercy Bay, the Eskimos
discovered it, and to them it repre-
sented a treasure-house of wood and
iron. For two or three decades hun-
dreds of natives made annual pilgrim-
ages to the district and lived almost
entirely on the easily obtained musk-
oxen of Banks Island, until their num-
bers were sadly decimated, and later
expeditions accounted for the remain-
der. Similar native gatherings for var-
ious reasons probably account for the
extermination of the musk-oxen from
other islands where skeletons indicate
earlier abundance.

So the musk-ox is making his last
stand, he who once, as we know by fos-
sil remains, roamed half this contin-
ent as well as northern Europe and
Asia. Within the period of recorded
history no musk-oxen have been found
alive except in the Arctic, and sub-
Arctic America, but only a century ago
their range included a vast area of the
mainland of northern Canada and their
numbers may still have approached the
million mark. The Dominion govern-
ment, by stringent regulations against
the killing of musk-oxen and the sale
of hides, is now making every effort
to save the remaining herds. A vast
game preserve of 15,000 square miles,
protected by mounted police and game
wardens, has been set aside. It is in the
vicinity of the Thelon and Hanbury
Rivers, northeast of Great Slave Lake,
where two or three hundred musk-
oxen, almost the last on the mainland,
were recently located.

With no cunning for concealment,
and evidently little temperament for
either flight or attack, the musk-oxen
are easy prey for the Eskimo or white
hunter. Their method of defence is ef-
fective against wolves. The herd forms
itself into a rough circle or square,
calves and cows in the centre, bulls
facing outward in all directions. If
there are only two animals they will
stand back to back; three will form a
three-pointed star. And Mr. Wolf is
satisfied to let it go at that. A strag-
gling calf or decrepit old animal sep-
arated from the herd, is the best that
he can ever hope for. But all the hu-
man hunter has to do is to sick his dogs
on the herd, which forms its wolf-proof
defence, only to find that the weapons
of man are an entirely different propo-
sition.

With copper-pointed arrows or even
lances made with hunting knives lashed
to sticks, the Eskimos could kill the

herd to the last animal. Today, when
most of the natives have rifles, the
preservation of game in the Arctic is
a more serious problem than ever. The
Eskimo is by nature improvident with
regard to food supply, and has reck-
lessly killed whole herds of musk-oxen
without thought of future needs. It is
a curious fact that the Eskimo mind
cannot conceive of game being exter-
minated from a region by his own kill-
ings; his explanation is always that
the animals have "moved away," prob-
ably offended because of some mystical
taboo having been injudiciously broken
by the inhabitants.

Though he stands only four to five
feet at the shoulders and seldom exceeds
600 pounds live weight, the full-grown
musk-ox is given a more formidable
appearance than is really justified by
reason of his thick coat of hair and
wool. The wool which in season bulges
out all over the animal in great mass-
es is overlain by the coarse hair which
in places reaches a length of almost
two feet. Sometimes a side view of the
musk-ox fails to disclose his short,
stocky legs at all, because of the
curtains of hair and shedding wool
which sweep the ground. Masses of
wool on the shoulder give the musk-
ox a false blon-like appearance,
though he is not really humped. Both
sexes carry the distinctive horns, with
their wide, downward sweep, though
the bulls' are more massive and spread
out across the forehead.

Just how the name musk-oxen was
bestowed is a mystery; it is now gen-
erally regarded as a libel, for the re-
puted musk odor, and taste in the
meat, is not noticeable except in the
case, perhaps, of old bulls in the rut-
ting season. Most northern explorers
prefer to call the animals "polar oxen"
or "polar cattle," or to use the scien-
tific name, ovibos, "sheep cattle." Be-
cause of the wool, some have favored
the designation "polar sheep," but in
reality the ovibos have more charac-
teristics in common with the cattle
than with the sheep, and the name
"polar cattle" is perhaps the best of
all. But the term "musk-oxen" is thor-
oughly established.

Not only for reasons scientific and
sentimental, but for economic ones as
well, it is to be hoped that efforts to
save the musk-ox from extinction will
meet with success. For his presence is
a vital factor in a region where hunger
is the most relentless enemy of man.

"We need enthusiasm, imagination
and the ability to face facts even un-
pleasant ones, bravely."—Franklin D.
Roosevelt.

"The more ignorant the man, the
more sure he is of everything."—Henry
L. Mencken.

A Walk Through Durham

(By RAMBLER)

We rambled up the hill the other
night. Boy, oh boy! Say, do you folks
up there realize it's haying time? Or
do you keep it to play hide-and-seek
in? It's a great entrance to a town.
We're sure the tourists or motorists
coming from the north read "welcome"
on every hay field, on the rocky boule-
vards and unkempt buildings. Of course
it's not our intention to suggest the
tearing down of buildings, but you
must admit that some dynamite could
do a lot of improving up there—on
some of those old shacks.

But we must commend the work be-
ing done on the boulevards on the hill.
Some are being filled in, others plowed
and levelled. It makes a great improve-
ment.

And now, how about the library? Did
anyone ever see a more shaggy-look-
ing library in any place? We think
Carnegie would turn over in his grave
if he knew about it. What is the mat-
ter with the library board? Are they
asleep or blind? Or have they no re-
spect for the finer things of life? Do
they not care to encourage the children
of the town to read good literature?
Most towns see to it that the library
property is well kept. But alas! the
great philosopher's gift to Durham is
sadly neglected. We wondered as we
gazed on it in pity, how much the local
citizens appreciate their reading sup-
ply-house. Evidently the people in au-
thority in this town are not enthusias-
tic readers; for how could anyone of
influence go up those steps, past that
stony, weed-infested surrounding and
into that building, and not instigate
something in the direction of its im-
provement. Be fair! Don't you think
that the public library is important
enough to be looked after and kept neat
and clean in appearance? It is a dis-
grace to the town to let an institution
of that kind go so rough-looking.

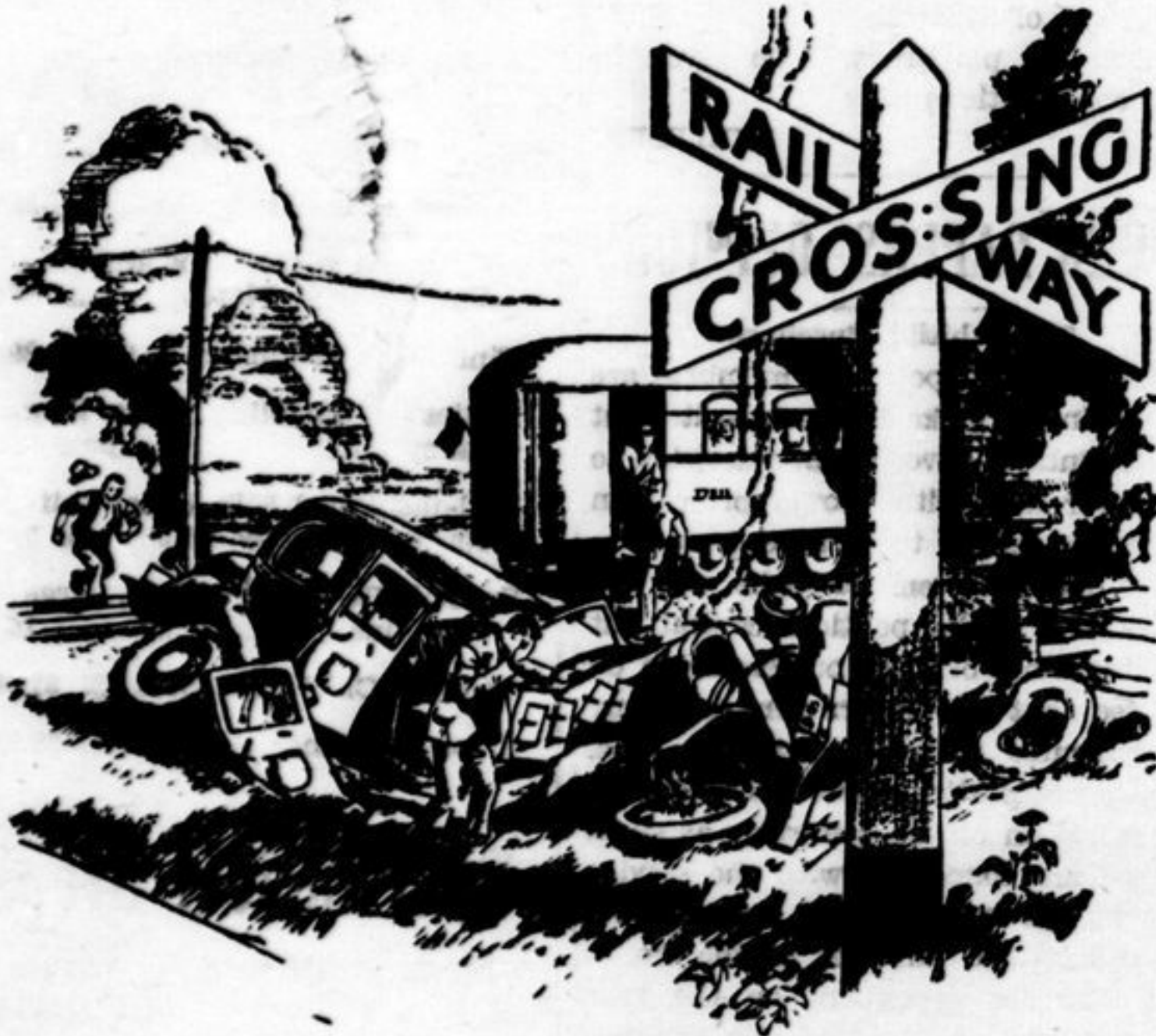
We think it's high time someone
looked into this. Think it over, natives.

"Currency is like the blood in the
human body; you can have too much
or too little. If you have too much,
you have apoplexy; if you have too little
you have anaemia."—Sir Robert Hor-
ner.

"The most depressing social force in
America right now is the motion pic-
tures."—Ida M. Tarbell.

"In any labour policy the human con-
siderations are basic."—Charles M.
Schwab.

Ontario's 1931 Record



62 Killed —
153 Injured —
at Railway Crossings!

Every railway crossing in Ontario is
marked by a warning sign. Watch
for these signs—heed them! 29 out of
every 100 persons injured at railway
crossings, died. The man or woman
driver who never takes a chance will
never be a railway crossing victim.

Never Cross Till You're Sure!

MOTOR VEHICLES BRANCH
ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF HIGHWAYS

Leopold Macaulay
MINISTER



"Yes—they're fine
young chickens!"

It was Joe Kingsmill's wife who
spotted the advertisement — a
firm in town offering to buy 60
young chickens. She showed it
to Joe.

"Every poultry farmer in the
province will be writing," Joe
said. "I'll telephone right now
and beat the crowd."

So he did. And got the business
too for his alertness. The Long
Distance telephone call cost him
35 cents.



Low evening rates
on Station-to-Station
Calls begin
7:00 p.m. Still
lower night rates
at 8:30 p.m.