

### Forest to Newspaper in One Week

One week a stately growing tree flourishing in the primal fastness of some Canadian forest; the next, a newspaper, quickly perused and care- lessly thrown away by readers in United States cities. This is the brief inner history of a great industry and the record of Canadian enterprise and transportation.

The Chicago Tribune faced a sudden newsprint shortage which demanded immediate remedying if their readers were to receive their newspapers as usual. A serious situation for any newspaper. Canada was the source of its newsprint supply and an S.O.S. was sent to the Abitibi Company at Troquois Falls in Northern Ontario.

The paper company passed the S.O.S. on to the Canadian Pacific Railway at North Bay and, as soon as they could be collected, forty cars were despatched over the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway through two hundred miles of forest and plain to the mill. Their arrival was eagerly awaited and in record time the forty cars were loaded with a thousand tons of newsprint, a goodly cargo but merely two days output of the giant plant. Away to the border thundered seventy thousand dollars worth of em- bryo newspapers. This was at five p.m. Friday, March 10th. A fresh engine was awaiting the

Canadian Pacific lines at North Bay and it continued on its way taking precedence over all but passenger trains and making, in fact, fast passenger time. Lately it changed to the lines of the Michigan Central and arrived in Chicago on Sunday afternoon March 12th, having accomplished the trip of 1,669 miles in fifty hours. On Monday afternoon newsboys were carrying a part of the shipment about Chicago streets in the shape of newspapers. Readers in the great city received their papers just as usual, little realizing how close they had been to having the publication interrupted, and without a thought they were thrown away.

The wood which was pulped and latterly became the paper to constitute this expedition's shipment, had come to the mill but a few days previous to the urgent demand so that a spruce or pine standing in stately dignity in a Canadian forest this week, may be- fore the next elapses, be in the waste- paper baskets of a dozen cities of the United States.

It has become a great industry in Canada, the manufacture of newsprint, accounting for a production of about 2,500 tons every day, of which the forests of Northern Ontario supply half. Taking a strip a yard wide, about the size of an opened newspaper, Canadian newsprint mills each day en- circle the globe with their product.

### Tricks of the Land Swindler.

The land swindler is busy again, and is engaged in skinning the unfortunate emigrant in quite the old-time fashion, says an English writer. A British ex- officer, who was induced by one of these gentry to spend £1,500 on forty acres of orange land in California two years ago, has now discovered that not a tree will grow on his property.

If all is not gold that glitters, most certainly all is not farming land which looks like it. Even in England, one of the most fertile countries in the world, there is much land which will not pay for cultivation. In the United States of America there are vast tracts which are absolutely valueless for agricul- ture.

In some parts of the south there are enormous areas which, at first sight, look to be fairly good soil, yet which are underlain with what is called "hard-pan," a thin but tough layer of yellowish rock, which is absolutely water-proof.

Plant fruit-trees on such soil, they flourish for a year or two, then come to a dead stop, turn yellow, and slowly die. Dig one up, and you find that the tap-root, unable to penetrate the hard-pan, has mushroomed out. Hundreds of young Britons have been trapped into buying hard-pan, and so have lost all that they possessed.

But your land swindler does not stop at tricks like this. His impudence knows no bounds. Some years ago it was a good while before the war—this country was deluged with circulars most attractively printed, setting forth the advantages of a new settle- ment on the Gulf Coast of Florida. It was called St. Andrew's Bay, and was alleged to be a perfect climate and a perfect soil for orange growing. There were pictures of a growing town, a map showing where building lots were still to be purchased, and the prices were quite low.

Scores of people were caught, and invested from twenty pounds upwards in lots of fruit land, and the curious point is that a large number of New Englanders, usually considered as long-headed as any people in the world, also bought lots.

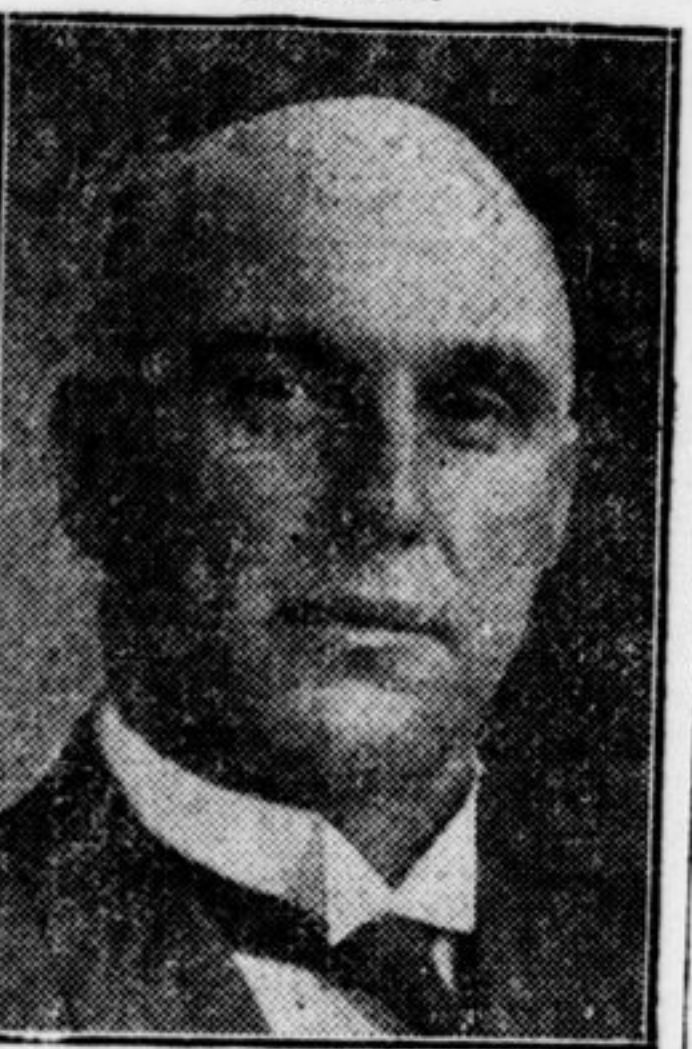
Arriving on the spot, the unfortunate purchasers found that the land was pure white sand—"scrub-land," as they call it in Florida—and as useless as the sea beach so far as growing any- thing was concerned.

Even this is not the limit. There is a good-sized lake in Orange County, which is called Lake Swindle. The reason of this name is that the whole of it—some three hundred acres in extent—was once sold to a "tenderfoot" as land suitable for a sugar-cane plan- tation.

Second Sight. Little Brother—"Mr. Johnson, won't you go and stand before the window?" Mr. Johnson—"Certainly, my little man; but why?" Little Brother—"Oh, ma says she can see through you, and I want to see if I can."

A clergyman has invented a type- writer which will print music.

### AN ONTARIO FARMER IN THE CABINET.



Honorable Charles Stewart.

Minister of the Interior, Minister of Immigration and Colonization, Super- intendent-General of Indian Affairs, and Minister of Mines is the heavy share of administrative responsibility borne by the Honorable Charles Stewart in the new federal ministry. The functions of Mr. Stewart's depart- ments, and the problems with which they are concerned, are chiefly de- velopmental. On these departments, perhaps more than on any other gov- ernmental agencies, the Canadian people are depending for the initiation of policies which will hasten business recovery and the return to substantial national growth.

To his new posts Mr. Stewart brings personal and public experience of singularly practical value. Born at Strabane, Ontario, in 1868, he removed to the west in 1905, homesteading near Killam, Alberta. As a pioneer western farmer Mr. Stewart acquired, first hand, the intimate knowledge of settlement conditions which is essential to a clear understanding of immigration and colonization problems. He appreciates, as only a successful pioneer farmer can appreciate, the diffi- culties that face the individual settler and the lines along which public policies in regard to land settlement must be directed to ensure sound develop- ment.

Mr. Stewart entered the Alberta legislature in 1909, being elected by acclamation in that year and again in 1913. In 1917 he became Premier of Alberta, succeeding the late Hon- orable A. L. Sifton. At various periods during his provincial career Mr. Stewart held the portfolios of Minister of Municipal Affairs, Minister of Public Works and Minister of Railways and Telephones. He has, therefore, enjoyed an exceptionally broad administrative experience and is, in addition, credited with much progressive legislation de- signed to meet the peculiar needs of Western Canada.

Mr. Stewart has assumed office at a period when the public mind has fastened greater hopes and expecta- tions upon his post than on any other as a factor in solving the Dominion's most pressing problems. The char- acter of his private and public ex- perience will be a source of public assurance that the policies of his de- partments will be shaped by a thor- ough practical understanding of the services they must render.



This is no known a job.

### The Important Job.

I may fall to be as clever as my neigh- bor down the street. I may fall to be as wealthy as some other men I meet. I may never win the glory which a lot of men have had. But I've got to be successful as a little fellow's dad!

There are certain dreams I cherish which I'd like to see come true. There are things I would accomplish ere my time of life is through. But the task my heart is set on is to guide a little lad And to make myself successful as that little fellow's dad.

I may never come to glory, I may never gather gold. Men may list me with the failures when my business life is told. But if he who follows after shall be manly, I'll be glad. For I'll know I've been successful as that little fellow's dad.

It's the one job that I dream of, it's the task I think of most. If I failed that growing youngster I'd have nothing else to boast. For though wealth and fame I'd gather- ed, all my future would be sad. If I'd failed to be successful as that little fellow's dad.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Spiders, tree-frogs, lizards, and snakes are often found concealed in cargoes of pineapples, bananas, and other fruits from the Tropics.

### Showers Above, Fine Below.

It may seem singular, but it is true that showers of rain occur without a single drop reaching the earth. This happens when the rain falls from a high cloud and meets on its downward journey a layer of very warm air. This warm air causes the rain to evap- orate long before it has the chance of getting even into the lower levels of the atmosphere, say, as low down as ten thousand feet above the ground.

Sometimes these overhead showers are distinctly visible from below, as a sort of dark fringe to a still darker cloud. Often the fringe takes a twisted form, as though the cloud were mov- ing forward and leaving the lower part of the shower behind.

In the same way, a snowstorm fre- quently occurs in the higher regions of the atmosphere without a single flake reaching ground level. The snow has melted, and the moisture has evap- orated in mid-air.

These overhead snowstorms are not to be supposed as occurring only in the winter-time, for at a very great height above the earth it is always "winter." Hence, an overhead snowstorm may be seen, even in the height of sum- mer, taking place five miles, or even less, above the earth.

The writer, during the winter, has observed snowstorms raging at only a few thousand feet up, while merely a sprinkling of flakes has reached the ground.

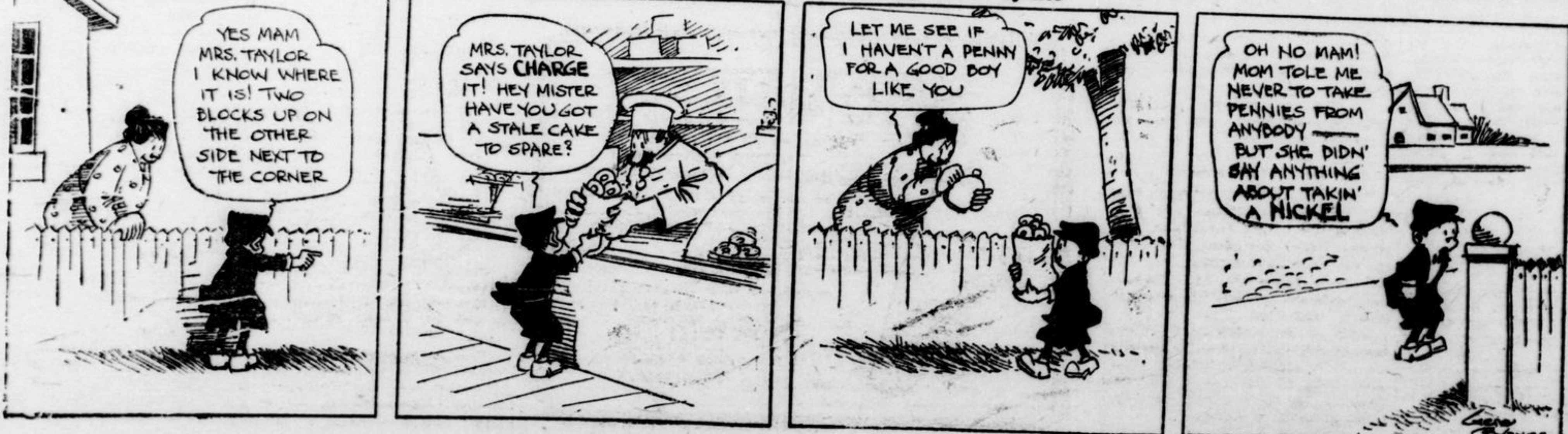
An oak tree of average size, with 700,000 leaves, lifts from the earth into the air about 123 tons of water during the five months it is in leaf.



### A GOOD WORLD.

Oh, everything is bully in this gay world of ours, and all my paths are fully begarlanded with flowers. It's true I have the measles, the shingles and a wen, and bobcats, skunks or weasles have killed my old gray hen; but illness or reverse can't make me sprinkle tears, or hand out vulgar curses that might offend your ears. Cold winds no longer sound, and balmy winds come through. The day is bright and smiling, and any man's a swine who stands around reviling a world so good and fine. It's true my teeth are aching, and certain joints are sore, where rheumatism is making itself a beastly bore; it's true my spotted heifer has foot and mouth disease—but oh, that scented zephyr, that fragrant vernal breeze! It comes from lands of spices, from islands in the sea, and in a brace of trices, it brings relief to me! This good old world we dwell in, in which we play our game, and paw around and yell in, is all the blue prints claim. Sometimes the skies are cloudy, and winds chant sad laments, sometimes the days are dowdy, and look like fourteen cents; but take things all together, the world is bright and fair; and much I question whether it's equalled anywhere.

### REGLAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes



### Stories of Famous People

Some good stories are told about General Birdwood. One day he was going through the trenches with his helmet in one hand, revealing his closely-cropped hair. One of his staff, noticing that a certain sentry did not salute as the corps commander passed, asked the reason, the man reply- ing that he didn't know who it was. The staff officer, walking away, heard the sentry say to himself, "How can I tell with his head like that? Why doesn't he wear feathers, as any other bird would!"

Birdwood once told a friend that while he was in the trenches a sentry shouted to him, "Duck your blinking head, Birdie."

"Great Scott!" said the friend, "that was a 'let off,' and what did you do?" "I ducked my blinking head!" the General replied.

It is said that Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the tele- phone, finds that device a nuisance, and will not have one in his own house!

In confirmation, a lady has told the story of how she met him at a recep- tion given in his honor at Washing- ton.

When she was introduced to the in- ventor some imp of mischief, she re- lates, made her say to him, "Glad to meet you, but sometimes I wish you had never been born."

For an instant her heart stood still as she realized what she had said and as she noted the wave of displeas- ure that passed across the face of her hostess.

She could hear people about her ex- pressing their astonishment with a quick, gasping intake of their breath.

But after a second's hesitation— for he was himself taken aback by the unexpected remark—Dr. Bell an- swered with a merry twinkle in his eyes: "I don't blame you; I never use the beast!"

Mr. H. G. Wells, the novelist, who has never forgotten his early days as a shop assistant, sent a lively let- ter to the members of the National Amalgamated Union of Shop Assis- tants, Warehousemen, and Clerks, as- sembled at their thirty-first annual conference dinner.

"As you know," wrote Mr. Wells, "I began life behind the counter (a drap- er's counter) when I was thirteen, and I suppose if I had had a normal ability to pack parcels and respect my shopwalker, I should have been a draper's assistant all my life. What got me out of business was nothing but incompetence. I couldn't handle the stuff skillfully and I couldn't keep bright and attentive for long spells.

"If I were talking to young assist- ants and trying to be fatherly and helpful, I should say: Read all you can and keep adaptable; learn every- thing you can of the story of the stuff you handle before you get into the shop, and get back towards the whole- sale if you can.

"The greatest danger that threatens a shop assistant is routine."

The youngest wireless operator in the world is Robert Garcia, the seven- year-old son of Charlie Chaplin's dir- ector, Mr. Allen Garcia.

Ever since his fifth year Robert has been keenly interested in wire- less. He persuaded his father, who is also a keen operator, to teach him to work his set, and he soon knew as much about it as his parent. Then he de- cided to go in for the examination for an operator's licence. He had only five weeks in which to work, but he passed the examination with ninety- two per cent. of marks. Many men failed at the same examination.

Robert is now building, unaided, a set for himself.

### Man-Power

There is no completely self-suffi- cient mechanical substitute for a man. From time to time the seoffer has arisen to tell us how he would improve the human machine were he the Creator; but he never has been able to demonstrate by means of a work- ing model. Behind every improve- ment history records there are the thinking mind and the toiling hand of a human being. All the labor-saving devices cannot dispense with a human prime mover, a personal agent. The course of affairs is still powerfully affected as one man arises, asserts himself, and sways others to his plan.

Nor does this mean the man who stands up and talks smoothly, at any length desired. For a while Keresky stamped Russia with his passionate monologues. But mere talk would not serve; there had to be substance be- hind and foundation below the "beau- tiful diction."

In fact, the mass of mankind, as education proceeds, becomes increas- ingly mistrustful of mere oratory. They ask not merely what, but who is behind the words. A single senti- mentous remark, offered by a man who does and is, has been known to over- throw an extended, elaborate argu- ment offered by one of those who in vulgar parlance are styled "hot-air merchants."

Man-power is manifest in the habi- tual conduct of life and the answer to the call of duty. It is not possible to imagine any career in which char- acter does not count. If it is a bad business, a bad man can do it best; if it is a good business, it needs good men to run it. The able administrator knows that if he surrounds himself with incompetency the product of his plant will be mediocre. He picks his staff from those he has learned to trust. All the physical equipment of building and apparatus cannot make a going concern—whether it be a col- lege for education or a factory for material production—without capable workmen, who have respect for them- selves, a pride in their work, an active conscience to instruct them in their wage-earning obligation to the con- cern they are hired to serve.

Therefore let no man think that the contrivance of his own hand dispen- seses him of his place and his neces- sary function in the universe. Things never will do his thinking for him. It is for him to direct and to plan, to imagine greatly and to fulfill his dreams. The paramount operative power is not electric energy or any force into which energy is transmuted. Beyond the power of the sea, or of the sun, or of the wind, or of radio- activity, is the power of man.

### Alumni Bulletins.

Three additional bulletins of the series published by the Alumni Fed- eration of the University of Toronto have recently appeared. Number four deals with the university's situation with regard to buildings and points out how carefully and economically the University is managed. The need for four additional buildings is stressed. Bulletin number five tells of the original method of financing the pro- vincial university and goes on to answer certain criticisms recently made regarding the "results" that the university's work is producing. This bulletin makes the statement that "the provincial university is the greatest single asset in the possession of the people of Ontario" and gives reasons why this is so. The sixth bulletin deals with the immediate financial needs of the university and compares the an- nual spent on the University of To- ronto with expenditures on similar universities in Great Britain and the United States. As the university problem is very much to the fore in Canada at the present time, those in- terested in this problem might do well to secure copies of these bulletins so as to be thoroughly informed on both sides of the case.

### "Direct-Positive" Home-Movie Camera.

An interesting development arising out of the invention of the so-called "direct-positive" photographic paper is the direct-positive motion-picture camera. This camera, in operation and appearance, resembles the ordinary one, but instead of the celluloid negative film, it uses the new paper, which eliminates printing and makes it possible to show the pictures within three minutes after the exposure has been made. The camera also offers a ready means of satisfying the curiosity of thousands of potential movie stars—not to mention the millions of "fans"—who are anxious to see how they themselves "register."

To show the subject in continuous motion, the "film" is punched and cut into separate pictures by a special device, and the cut pictures inserted into a booklet provided for the purpose. By running the booklet pictures be- tween the thumb and index finger, the illusion of motion is produced, as in the almost-forgotten Edison "auto- scopes" of the early nineties. The machine utilizes perforated paper of the same width as the regular motion- picture film. However, it is not re- stricted to the use of perforated paper; an additional device incorporated in the camera enables the operator to use plain paper at will, which, in many cases, is a desirable advantage.

### Keep Canada's Cash at Home.

Realizing that Canada has been paying annually millions of dollars for steel products purchased in the United States, and that steel plants in the interior of Canada have been dependent upon the United States for their supplies of iron ores, the Coun- cil for Scientific and Industrial Re- search at Ottawa has been investigat- ing the native iron ore resources, and has secured reports from its commit- tees to the effect that it is time to undertake the special treatment which the Canadian ores require to fit them for commercial reduction to pig iron. It is hoped thereby to establish a new and important home industry.

### Three Words.

Three words fall sweetly on my ear As music from an angel lyre: That bid my spirit spurn control And upward to its source aspire; The sweetest sounds to mortals given: Are heard in Mother, Home and Heaven. —William Goldsmith Browne.

### A Difficult Course.

An astronomer was entertaining a Scotch friend. He showed his visitor the moon through a telescope and asked him what he thought of the satellite. "It's a right," replied the Scot, who was an enthusiastic potter, "but it's swifter than a buckskin."