

THE AUTOMOBILE

FIRST TRIP OVER NEW CANADIAN HIGHWAY.

The service of the improved road in facilitating intercourse between the different provinces of the Dominion, and so strengthening the bond of national brotherhood which unites them, was interestingly recognized recently in the letter which Dr. Perry E. Doolittle, president of the Canadian Automobile Association, carried from Premier E. H. Armstrong of Nova Scotia to Premier G. H. Ferguson of Ontario, when he made the first through journey over the eastern section of the Trans-Canada Highway, from Halifax to the Soo. Hon. Mr. Armstrong's letter read in part:

"I am advised by Dr. Doolittle that he expects to accomplish this trip within a period of ten days. If his anticipations in this respect are realized, and I think they will be, it is a feat that should be of some public significance. It indicates that in this matter of highway transportation some very satisfactory progress has been made during recent years. Your province and all the intervening provinces, including our own, are naturally interested in the development of this trans-Canada highway system. We are also equally interested in the economic and social advantages which a proper solution of this modern problem will mean for us all.

"In expressing my pleasure in acceding to the request of Dr. Doolittle to transmit this note of greeting to

Ontario, let me express a hope that it may mean something more than a mere formal letter. Let us hope and believe that as this trans-Canada highway connects the Atlantic provinces with the interior of our common country and facilitates intercourse, it may be but a beginning of more cordial, more intimate, and more frequent relations between the various provinces, which have so many problems in common, and accomplish much to bring about greater reciprocity, and still further cement the sentiment of unity that must and should prevail between all the provinces."

In reply to this communication Premier Ferguson wrote:

"You will be interested to know that Dr. Doolittle accomplished his feat and reached the Soo in nine days and four hours. He reports that the trip might easily have been accomplished in nine days if they had not been held up on a portion of the road on account of blockade."

"I greatly appreciate the expression of good-will from yourself and the citizens of the Province of Nova Scotia to me and to my fellow-citizens in Ontario. There can be no doubt in the world that the development of a modern system of highway transportation will do as much, if not more, than anything else to bring our people closer together and promote the feeling of good will that will be to our mutual advantage."

Intelligence Service for Readers

Our financial and commercial interests are demanding the more energetic development of our natural resources to assist in the liquidation of our war debt. This recognition of the value of our national heritage has created and intensified the demand from Canadian and foreign manufacturers for accurate information as to the local resources in development of these resources, especially as they pertain to our forests, minerals and water-powers. Raw materials and power supply are the first necessity of industry, and the Department of the Interior at Ottawa, through its Natural Resources Intelligence Service, reports an increasing number of requests regarding these. This branch, fortunately, is in a position to answer such enquiries, and has also issued a series of resource maps and other literature of value to the commercial interests. These are available on application, and it is suggested that our readers make themselves familiar with the services which the Natural Resources Intelligence Service

The House of Dreams.

A little back from the street it stands Where the sunlight flashes in shining bands Over its gables and through its trees, Stirred by a wandering wraith of breeze;

Laughter echoes along its hall, Love has walked by its garden wall Where the hydrangea blossoms blow In summer white as the winter's snow.

Many the folk who go by its door, Many the folk that have passed of yore Who saw just a plain house standing there—

No more. To us it is ever fair, For all in life we have counted dear Its heart was sheltered many a year; Beneath its roof hide the glints and gleams

Of those frail, intangible things called dreams.

And though in the days that are to be We may only walk there in memory, On the road that runs beyond the skies

Another House of Dreams will rise— The counterpart of this house on earth— To hold new joy and to harbor mirth Where the love we dreamed of yet never knew

Will bloom in our House of Dreams come true.

—Elizabeth Scollard.

Singing Lamp Warns Miners.

Miners fear fire damp probably more than any other menace of their calling. Its presence leads to explosions, breathing it is dangerous and its approach is so insidious that the damage may be done before it is discovered. Safely lamps have been in common use for many years to prevent fire damp explosions, the famous Davies lamp being the one best known. Now comes an improvement on the Davies lamp and also the invention of a Briton.

This new lamp not only is a safety lamp from the explosive side of mining and a real illuminating lamp, but it is also a fire damp protector. Its peculiar frame resembles a bunch of tuning forks and they are made so sensitive that the presence of even so small an amount of fire damp in the air as two per cent. will cause the lamp to sing, or vibrate a musical note. As the fire damp increases in the air, the lamp sings more loudly and more shrilly, affording ample warning to the underground worker of the deadly menace.

The Dreamer.

He caught the rainbow's gleams And wove them into dreams;

He dared to die, or do, And all his dreams came true.

—Ellot Kays Stone.



WHEN THE WORM TURNED!

—From London Opinion.

The Little Kindness That Made a Great Man.

"He is the most stupid boy in school. I can't drive anything into his head," said the teacher of an English lad to a visitor to the school the lad was attending. The visitor made a little talk to the scholars and then passed into another room. In leaving the school, however, he made an opportunity to speak to the so-called stupid boy. Patting him on the head, he said, "Never mind, my boy, you may be a great scholar some day. Do not be discouraged, but try hard, and keep on trying."

The boy had been told so often that he was a stupid good-for-nothing that he had begun to think it true. But the words of the great man who had spoken so encouragingly to him set his ambition aflame and filled him with a new hope. They kept ringing in his ears, and he said to himself, "I will show my teacher and others who have so long regarded me as a stupid good-for-nothing that there is something in me." The boy became the famous Dr. Adam Clark, author of the great "Commentary on the Holy Bible" and other important works.

A momentary, casual word of encouragement by a passing stranger was more than enough to overcome years of disparagement and ridicule.

The Easiest Way Out.

Very Young Policeman (who has broken up a fight between foreign seamen at docks)—"Where do you live?" Lascar—"Calcutta."

Policeman—"And where do you live?" Chinaman—"Shanghai."

Policeman—"I'm—well, the best thing you two can do is to pop off home to bed."

Plenty of Copper.

A million pounds of copper was used in the construction of New York's tallest skyscraper.

Pentecost.

The summer long, the tall trees prayed in all the speech they knew, Uplifting tremulous hands of green To Heaven's eternal blue.

God heard, and on the waiting wood His sudden glory came. The trees in buff and crimson, stood And spoke with tongues of flame.

—Claribel Weeks Avery.

What's in a Name?

An English woman recently wrote to a newspaper, saying that she was born A. Mann (Alice Mann). She married a Mr. Husband, and so became A. Husband. He died, and she married again, this time to a Mr. Maiden. Becoming a widow for a second time, she concludes that though born A. Mann, she will die A. Maiden.



The Forger

"You say he's a forger?" "Yep."

"Then why isn't he working in the pen?" "Because he works in the foundry."

Things that are easy to do are seldom worth the effort.

Ceilings which have become blackened with smoke may be cleaned with a cloth dampened in warm water and soda.

Autumn Mist.

All seasons have their beauties. It is a sad mistake to neglect or to undervalue any one of them. Even the bleak sincerity of winter is redeemed by the overwhelming splendor of unveiled, unbroken light.

Spring is the time of turbulence of fresh, exuberant, youthful ardor. Great fertilizing rains stir the richness of the abundant earth. Then the clear, bright north winds, harsh with the last touch of the melting ice fields, fill young veins and young hearts with stimulus and energy.

Summer is the time of ripeness, when the incredible wealth of nature's production matches, teases and inspires every resource of the matured, balanced, perfect human body and soul.

But autumn is mellow and fruitful, full of suggestion and reflection for nature and humanity alike. At its best autumn does not mean decay or senility, but just the faintly melancholy sense of life long lived, of rich stored beauty past, of memory with all its depths of desire and regret. Autumn has its winds and storms, great sweeping gusts that shatter the summer world with bursts of rain and swift, compelling tempest. But its typical days are those of mid-October—"dream days." Longfellow delighted to call them in his diary—days when the low sun cannot quite dispel the creeping, tender grace of mists that are scarcely more than an entrancing haze. Quiet, windless quiet, and tranquility, those are the words of autumn—not perhaps the words for eager youth, but of a curious and satisfying charm for softly settling age.

Quiet comes His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings He furthest close, contented so to look On mists in idleness—to let fair things Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.

We have in mind a broad, open hillside on an October afternoon. The cloud shadows drift gently over the peaceful landscape. In the foreground is a wilderness of red clover and snapdragon, and swarms of pale yellow butterflies float and waver and quiver over it, like slow, clinging delicate thoughts That have kept watch o'er man's mortality.

There could be no more restful image of heaven for a weary heart.—Youth's Companion.

Watchmen of the Sea.

More than a thousand lighthouses and lightships guard the coasts of the British Isles, and all are under the control, direct or indirect, of Trinity House. For the purpose of control the coast is divided into districts, of which the London District is the most important. It extends from Southwold in Suffolk to the North Foreland in Kent.

The stores for this district are kept at Trinity Wharf, at Blackwell, and here are to be seen casks of oil, anchors, mooring chains, complete lanterns, and machinery of many sorts, as well as quantities of buoys of different sizes, shapes, and colors.

The anchors used for mooring lightships are huge implements of iron shaped like great umbrellas, and as for the mooring chains, these are tested by hydraulic power up to 300 tons.

Can buoys, spherical buoys, wreck buoys, bell and gas buoys are here by the score. Some are new; others are old and battered, and have been brought in for painting and repair.

Painting buoys goes on all the year round, and the work is done by the men who are ashore from lightships or lighthouses. Life on a lightship is no joke, especially in bad weather, and each man after two months aloft gets a month ashore.

Since accidents sometimes happen to lightships, a relief-ship is always kept moored at the wharf ready to start at a moment's notice to replace any vessel which has drifted from her moorings or been sunk in collision.

Schoolroom Mottos.

Persistence is the road to success. Patience is powerful. Look before you leap. Life is short, so improve each minute. Practice makes perfect.

Who never tries will never win. All's well that ends well. Speak only the truth. Make hay while the sun shines. Constant occupation prevents temptation.

A poor workman quarrels with his tools. One cannot make all shoes over the same last.

Youth should be a savings bank. Youth is life's seed time. We shall never be younger.

Natural Resources Bulletin

The Natural Resources Intelligence Service of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa says:

Ontario has a natural resource of which little is known. In many of the inland streams large quantities of clam shells may be found. From the Grand River, in southwestern Ontario, many tons of these shells have been taken. A use has been found for these shells in the manufacture of fresh-water pearl buttons. For this purpose two or three hundred tons are used annually, a large portion of which comes from the United States. The buttons are cut in discs from the shell by rotary cutters, some of the discs being almost one-half inch thick. They are afterwards split to the thickness required for buttons. After the discs are cut from the shell the waste is ground up and sold for poultry grit, for which it is admirably adapted.

Words We Want.

Every now and then a prize is offered for a new word to describe a new invention. Quite recently a London paper had such a competition for the purpose of finding a name for the new motor-glider. But words of this sort have a way of supplying themselves. What Briton, for instance, thinks of calling an automobile anything but a "car" or a heavier-than-air flying machine by any other name than "plane"?

Yet, while English is the most prolific language in existence, there are still a few words which are badly wanted, and which would be vastly appreciated by everyone who wields a pen.

One crying need is for a pronoun which will mean equally "he" or "she." Take an example in point. A doctor is writing directions as to the use of a liniment. "The patient must apply the liniment wherever he (or she) is in pain; but at the same time, it is necessary to caution him (or her), etc."

Such a pronoun would save the writing of millions of unnecessary words in the course of a year. Will some kindly philologist oblige?

Other languages are less well-found than our own, and have absolutely no equivalent for many words which we use every day of our lives.

"Upstairs" and "downstairs" are words which have no direct equivalents in French, nor is there any French word for "comfort." The verb "to kick" has to be paraphrased, if you wish to put it into French, and expressed as "to strike with the foot."

Before the war the Germans had adopted bodily a number of English words for which they had no equivalents in their own cumbersome tongue.

"Tailor-made," "lawn-tennis," and "sport" are among the terms which were thus appropriated. It would have been pathetic, if it had not been comic, to see their struggles in the early part of the war to find German substitutes of less than seven syllables for these words.

The Germans have always used substitutes for the names of a good many articles in everyday use. A glove is in German a "hand-shoe," a thimble a "finger-hat," while a grasshopper is a "hay-horse," and chickens are feather-cattle.

A Useful Device.

Slamming and rattling doors are simply eliminated by means of a small pneumatic cushion, described and illustrated in Popular Mechanics. The device consists of an angular piece of metal with a hollow hemisphere of rubber inserted in the larger side lying against the door jamb and a smaller similarly shaped piece in the other side which projects at right angles to the jamb. The air inside the spherical rubber pieces exerts the force of the impact.

Great Discovery Prof. Bug—"I must be in Egypt, here's a sphinx!"



"Showing" the Man From Missouri

"Yes, we want settlers," said the red-faced man from British Columbia in the smoker of the westbound limited. "And we have something to offer them. Canada is able to support and is going to have a bigger population than the United States."

"Isn't that statement a little strong?" asked the man from Missouri.

"No, sir," was the confident reply. "Look at our size in the first place. The area of Canada is larger by over a hundred thousand square miles than the United States and Alaska put together."

"Didn't know that, but I'll take your word for it," said the Missourian. "But a lot of your acreage is round the Arctic Circle. Climate is against you. Why, you sometimes have August frosts in the southern part of your prairie wheat belt."

"Tut, tut!" snorted the man from B.C. "Can you grow wheat right up to the Arctic Circle. The name sounds colder than it is. Ever hear of the new development in the Peace River Valley, top side of Alberta? That's hundreds of miles north of the southern prairie wheat district, and they grow wheat up there without ever a frost. Chinook wind gives 'em a mild climate, same as in southern B.C. Millions of virgin acres that will yield thirty-five bushels to the acre. A great country for cattle too."

"You said a bigger population than the United States," reminded the Missourian. "Maybe you can grow enough wheat to feed them bread. But how about meat? Those cattle of yours have to be fattened in our Corn Belt."

"No, they don't," asserted the other. "We're developing a short-season corn. Already grow about 15,000,000 bushels a year, and a lot of fodder in addition. And there are other feeds besides corn to finish cattle. Take sunflower, oats and barley."

"Maybe so. But when Canada gets too hot in summer, account of that Chinook wind," grinned the American, "you feel like eating a watermelon. Where do you get it?"

"We grow watermelons along the southern border, east and west. Musk-melons too. Also plenty of all the small fruits and over 3,000,000 barrels of apples."

"Well," said the native of Missouri, after pondering awhile, "a large population like you're going to have is bound to have some personal habits unless stopped by the constitution. I mean tobacco. You'll have to come to us for your chewing and smoking."

"I guess we could get along if we had to," replied the Canadian, "seeing that we now grow towards 60,000,000 pounds of tobacco in Ontario and Quebec."

"You don't say! Well, well! The climate must be different in some parts from what they taught me. But look here, friend. You say Canada has about everything we have. Now I'll bet we have a livestock animal in Texas and Florida that you can't match."

"What is it?"

"It's a weatherproof and tickproof cow—a cross between our native stock and a sacred Hindu cow."

"Huh!" sniffed the Canadian. "We have a better mix than that in Alberta. Its name is cattalo. It is a cross between a regular cow and a bison. Stand any kind of weather up to the North Pole. Ought to make a great beef animal."

"Are you kidding me?" asked the American.

"Pardon? No, sir. You will find the cattalo in the national park near Wainwright, where there is a herd of about 6,000 bison or buffalo."

Everybody in the smoker enjoyed the debate, and for the rest of the trip the term cattalo became a sort of password.—John E. McMahon, in The Country Gentleman.

Explosions That Shock the World.

Since the invention of high explosives the world has suffered from many dangerous explosions. One of the worst was the blowing up of an ammunition ship in Halifax harbor. The sound was heard nearly two hundred and fifty miles away, while the shock was felt at an even greater distance.

Two thousand people killed, five thousand injured, and twenty thousand rendered homeless was the sum total of this great disaster.

Another colossal bang was that resulting from the explosion of fifty tons of dynamite at Johannesburg. The explosive was loaded in trucks in a railway siding and was detonated through careless handling.

In less than a second damage was done to the tune of more than a million pounds, while some scores of lives were lost. The bang was heard eighty miles away.

Some years ago a barge laden with gunpowder was gliding leisurely along the Regent's Canal, near the London Zoo, when, without warning, it was blown sky-high.

Not many lives were lost, but a vast amount of damage was done to property in the neighborhood, while some of the Zoo animals were literally frightened to death.

The sound of this explosion was heard far beyond the limits of London.

The man who has no faith in human nature is not to be trusted.

No Pain is Past Time's Mending.

No grief but has its ending; No pain is past Time's mending. Great griefs and little griefs Hinder our way—

Great griefs and little griefs— Day after day, But they can all be borne if we recall This truest truth of all: No grief but has its ending; No pain is past Time's mending.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.



Protected

Mary had a little lamb, But soon it grew to mutton; 'Twas of the kind that dearly loved A something hard to butt on. Said Mary: "When I go to school With my pet ram, I reckon That smart old teacher'll have to find Somebody else to peck on."

OH FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! HERE COMES DORA!

THIS WILL BE A GOOD PLACE FOR US TO HAVE A LIL GOODBYE SPOON, FANNY!

HERE'S TWO CENTS, DORA! GO AN' BUY AN ALL-DAY SUCKER!

I DON'T WANTA SUCKER!

HERE'S A NICKEL; GO AWAY!

I DON'T WANTA NICKEL!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT—YOU LITTLE PEST?

NOTHIN' I'M JUST LONESOME!!

—Randall.