

The AUTOMOBILE

THE CUT PRICE FIEND.
I picked up a lot of good bargains to-day.
At prices unheard of before;
A corking fine wrench and a vise for the bench.
And a pan to keep oil off the floor.
A sponge and a chamois that's softer than silk.
And a hose, quite the best ever known;
Just the things, I would say, that I'd use every day.
If I had a garage of my own,
I got a reduction on packing for pumps.
And then they were having a sale of bumpers that soften the hardest of bumps.
All guaranteed never to fail.
I selected a tire for use for a spare that hadn't been run very far;
And for one forty-five got a book—"How to Drive";
Now all that I need is a car.
—H. S. Osborne.

NOW IS THE TIME TO MAKE REPAIRS ON YOUR CAR.
Many thrifty car owners plan to have their motor-driven vehicles overhauled during the winter, when there is the least temptation to drive, and when the car can be spared best. One of the advantages of this is that garage mechanics are not likely to be hurried, and so better attention can be secured at this time.
When an engine has done good service it is good economy to have it replaced, every worn part replaced, loose parts tightened up, and the entire construction put in "apple pie" order at least once a year. To run an engine as long as it will go is a mistake. The valves should be ground, loose connecting rods tightened up, wheels properly aligned, steering gear tightened, and worn bushings or broken ball bearings replaced.
The most satisfactory way to use a car is to have the mechanical part as correctly adjusted as a fine watch. To give it timely attention is really a saving of unnecessary repair expense, and prevents over-rapid deterioration. It is decidedly better to have an engine taken down and put in first-class condition than to run the risk of accident or to be subjected to

the continual annoyance of frequent tie-ups and repairs.
Many a perfectly good car from the mechanical standpoint grows shabby in outward appearance when the finish becomes streaked or marred, or top becomes faded and the upholstery worn. Repair work of this kind takes time, and refinish jobs need a period of hardening. The best plan is to have such work done in winter, when there is little dust flying.
There are various types of refinish jobs. It is safe to say that a cheap job seldom gives satisfaction. A man who is equipped to do the work, and who will guarantee results, is the most economical man in the end. Get him to estimate on the work which ought to be done, and what he will charge for doing it thoroughly, for doing a fairly good job, or doing it so that it will just get by.
Oftentimes refinishing the wheels, touching up a few scratches on the body, and refinishing the fenders will work wonders. It is not expensive to have the top dyed or redressed, and to permit windows to remain oil is shiftless in the extreme.
New rugs for the car floor or well-made slip covers will all help to put your last year's "flivver" into satisfactory condition for another season.
Usually the most satisfactory way is to have an expert do the necessary work, whatever it may be, but if it is possible to warm the garage a good deal may be done by a handy man on the stormy days when other work does not press. One man used an ordinary, rather small-sized, double-boarded barn for a garage. He watched his opportunity and bought a fairly good second-hand furnace, and set it up with little trouble. In this he had a giant stove that will heat the place up quickly and with little fuel. Here he worked on his car, truck, and tractor, and soon saved much more than the price of the furnace he bought. A couple of heating pipes were extended to the floor above, and here he did lots of repair and repaint jobs on other farm machinery, getting all of it in shape for the coming spring.
Winter repairs on the car should be carefully planned. It is poor policy, for example, to paint and then overhaul the engine or adjust some mechanical part, for the finish is sure to become marred.

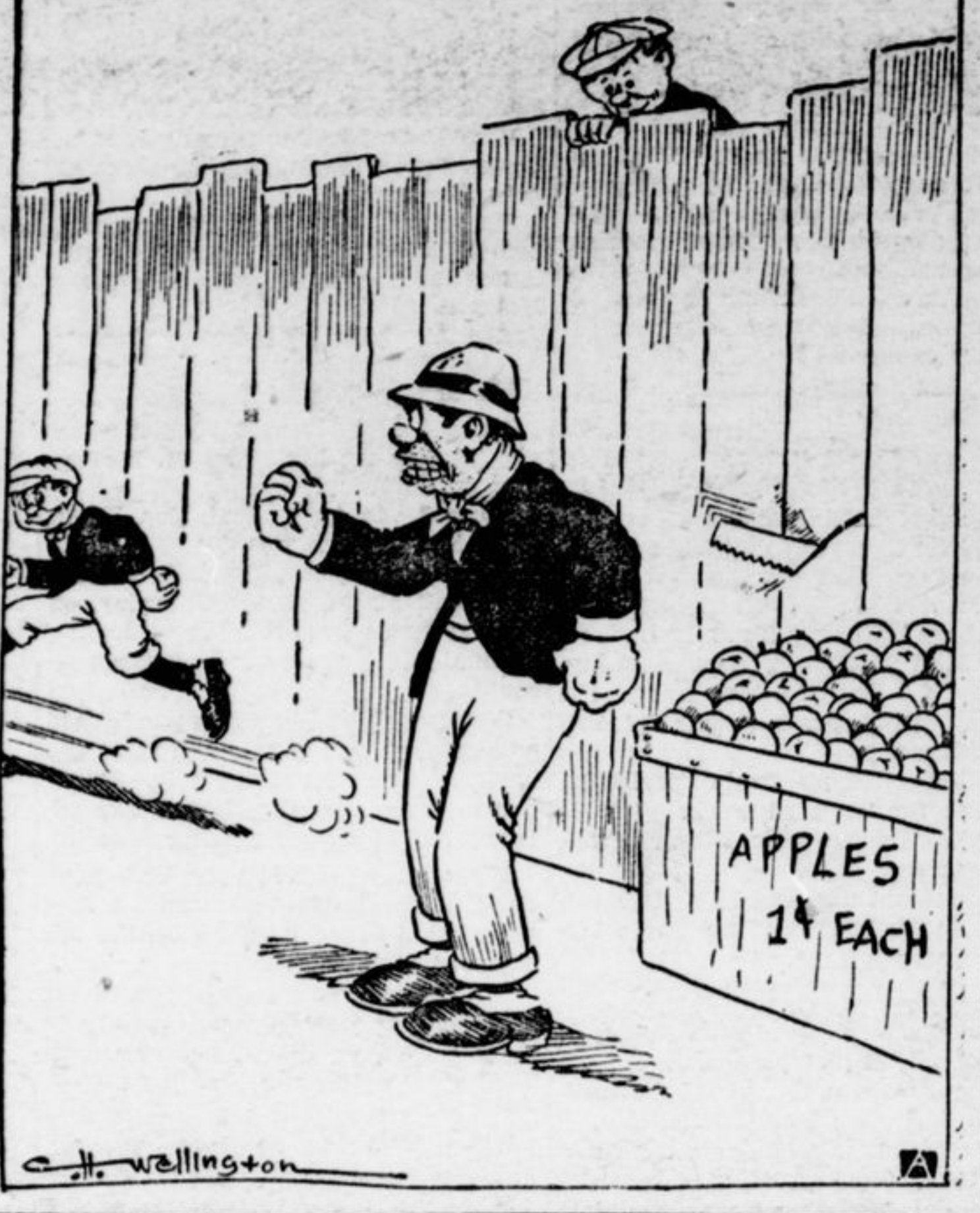
Linking the East to the West.
At the semi-monthly meeting on Thursday, February 14th, the Board of Governors of the University of Toronto heard with a great deal of gratification that the seven Fellowships for graduate students have been renewed for another year. For some years the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. has provided three of these Fellowships and one Fellowship has been provided by the Imperial Oil Co., one by Sir Edmund Osler, one by Sir Edward Kemp, and one by Colonel R. W. Leonard. These Fellowships are of the annual value of \$500 each and are intended for men and women who have graduated from some Canadian University outside of Ontario and who wish to take post-graduate work at the University of Toronto.
The intention of these Fellowships is to strengthen Canadian national ties by linking the East to the West and, in the opinion of the authorities of the provincial university of Ontario, this purpose is being well served. The students who have benefited by these Fellowships during the years that they have been given have been students of excellent calibre. The Fellowships have been awarded this year to five young women and two young men, of whom four have come from British Columbia, one from Saskatchewan, one from Manitoba, and one from Nova Scotia. The subjects in which these students are taking post-graduate work are English, History, Political Science, Romance Languages, Educational Theory and Biochemistry.
The donors of the graduate Fellowships have the satisfaction of knowing that they are doing work of national importance and that they are also assisting the School of Graduate Studies of the University of Toronto to develop the excellent service that it is rendering to the Dominion. The two Alexander MacKenzie Fellowships have this year been awarded to a young man from Manitoba who is

studying Political Science and to a young woman from Saskatchewan who is studying History.
Have Such Good Roads.
1st Motorist—"My, what good time these airplanes are able to make!"
2nd Ditto (sighing)—"Yes, they have such good roads."
Windshield Resistance.
Have you ever thought, while driving down the road in a windstorm, what pressure would be necessary to shatter the windshield? You could park some cars in the middle of a Kansas cyclone and the windshield would resist the force of a tornado with a velocity in excess of 193 miles an hour, until recently the world's speed record for airplanes.
Swallowed the Object.
It was the "Object" drawing lesson, where the boys were supposed to bring some article—a hammer, a top, a box or what not—with them to school to serve as model.
One boy presented himself at the master's desk with the tearful announcement, "Please sir, I've swallowed the object."
"Swallowed it!" cried the master, in alarm. "Whatever was it?"
"Please, sir, with a gulp, "a banana."

IN RABBITBORO
CARRIE COTTONTAIL AN' THAT FOOL HUSBAND OF HERS—DAN DOEBOY—WERE VISITIN' HER MOTHER LAST MONDAY:
THEY HAD THE NEW BABY WITH 'EM, AN' SUCH A PRETTY NURSE! CARRIE SAYS—"NURSE IS SO SCIENTIFIC!"
SHE NEVER LETS ANYONE KISS THE BABY WHEN SHE'S AROUND!
AN' DON SAYS—"WELL WHO'D WANT TO?"—AN' NOW THEY HAVE A NEW NURSE!!



—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



The Will to Live.

All round about us are tired and discouraged souls confronted by problems which nothing that is read in a book or heard from a pulpit seems to reach and to dispel. Doctors, lawyers, ministers, writers do the best they can to imagine the plight of the lonely and distraught and to administer the prescription. Frequently there is success, and the condition of those who come in quest of comfort is alleviated, if not healed. The chief joy of a man in a calling that brings him into contact with human woe and need—such a calling as that of medicine or the ministry—is to know the good he has done, which is the reward superior to any payment that can be made in money.
Besides such professional aid as may be received from those who are consulted in doctor's office or minister's study—or even between the pages of a noble book—there is the incalculable help to be found in the tender sympathies of friendship. A man may be rich in friends and little else; and he is never poor while he can go to a few and divulge the contents of his mind with no fear of misinterpretation.
Yet with all the assistance to live that may come from the science of professional men or the affectionate concern of those who personally care for us and want to further our designs, there must be—in the last analysis—the strength of will on a man's own part to live his life, to face his duty and his destiny, to make the best of things with a high courage that never recognizes defeat and never will haul down the flag in surrender. We think we suffer alone because we know so little of the lives of all the rest. Nature has no pets. Fate plays no favorites. It only seems so because of our ignorance. The cross that we have to be aware of; but we cannot feel the weight that millions of others are bearing.
Look about you, and the brave, the tranquil, the cheerful whom you see are likely to be the very ones who have come out of great tribulation or at this very moment are passing through the valley of the shadow. The solace and the strength they be-

stow are theirs to give because whatever life brought they faced in an unconquerable spirit. They made up their minds to meet life "adequate, erect, with will to choose or to reject." Out of their very failures are built the foundations of the ultimate victory which depends not on a blind hazard of fortune but on a man's indomitable will.
In An Old Street.
The twilight gathers here like brooding thought,
Haunting each shadowed dooryard and its door,
With gone, forgotten beauty that was wrought,
Of hands and hearts that come this way no more.
Here an Intenser quiet stills the air
With old remembering of what is not
Of silver slippers gone from every stair,
And silver laughter long and long forgot.
Deeper and deeper where this dusk is drifted,
Gathers a sense of waiting through the night,
About old doors whose latch is never lifted,
And dusty windows vacant of a light.
Deeper and deeper, till the grey turns blue,
And one by one the patient stars peer through.
—David Morton.

A Prayer.
It is my joy in life to find
At every turning of the road,
The strong arm of a comrade kind
To help me onward with my load.
And since I have no gold to give,
And love alone must make amends
My only prayer is while I live—
God make me worthy of my friends!
—Frank Dempster Sherman.
Costly Advice.
Young Man—"I should like to ask your advice, sir, as to whether you think your daughter would make me a suitable wife?"
Lawyer (ironically)—"No, I don't think she would! \$10, for my advice, please."



This huge 2-ton aerial bomb, said to be the largest in the world, has just been completed by the U.S. government. When dropped from a plane it can make a hole 150 feet wide.

The World of the Blind and Canada's Effort

Before the outbreak of the Great War, work on behalf of the adult blind of Canada was non-existent in the national aspect of the case. A few scattered organizations were located in certain centres, but the scope of their activities and appeal was purely local. The result was that general lack of knowledge regarding people without sight prevailed among the great body of sighted citizenry.
The war came and changed all this. Our blinded men soon began to come home to us. The admiration of heroic service to the country and sympathy for the loss of the greatest physical blessing known to man aroused an interest in their welfare which with their assistance, was extended to benefit civilian blind as well. It was at this stage that the Canadian National Institute for the Blind was organized and chartered March 31, 1918. Readers should therefore note that the Institute was formed through the efforts of blinded soldiers, blind civilians, patriotic and unselfish women and interested business men. Its objects were to furnish in every way possible the health, happiness, education and economic independence of the adult blind of Canada, and to prevent needless blindness. To this end it has established factories of various kinds employing blind men and women; has trained and employed home teachers who travel about the country visiting people in their own homes and giving useful instruction in many lines; has taken over the Canadian National Lib-

rary for the Blind and made it its library and publishing department; has organized a wonderfully efficient salesroom department to furnish at cost supplies required by blind workers in their homes, and to buy back large quantities of finished and saleable articles. The Institute has established a department to co-operate with sighted bodies in the campaign to conserve vision and prevent the increase of blindness. It has taken by liable census of the blind ever taken in the Dominion. It has given timely and needed relief to many individuals and families whom without this assistance might have become public charges and have lost that priceless quality of good citizenship—self-respect. The Institute has done many great and noble things, but perhaps the achievement which will speak to the public and general understanding with the loudest and clearest voice is that which tells of the increase, in five years, of the total value of work produced by the Canadian blind from \$40,990 to \$460,000 a year.
Is it not a good thing, is it not a sane thing to be a sharer in such a work, both as a buyer of goods made by hands unguided by eyes, and as a giver to the funds of the Institute—for the field is yet new and the outgo is much greater than the income.
Donations of time, effort and funds are promptly acknowledged by the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, Pearson Hall, Toronto, Ont.

Crowds Attend Health Exhibit.
That both men and women are eager for health instruction has been proven by a unique free health exhibition which has been running in Toronto for the past month. It has been attended by over 15,000 people.
Prepared by the Social Hygiene Council with the co-operation of the Federal, Provincial and City Departments of Health, the exhibit was thrown open first for women, 5,000 of whom attended in the first fortnight. Then it was opened for men, who have been crowding its daily sessions at the rate of 5,000 a week.
The exhibit consists of wax models, posters, lantern slides, literature and moving pictures accompanied by addresses explanatory of their nature or of present social conditions which are in need of remedy through an extension of knowledge. The exhibition was opened by Mayor Hiltz, who with Dr. J. W. S. McCulloch of the Provincial Dept. of Health and Dr. C. J. O. Hastings, Medical Health Officer of Toronto, laid emphasis on the essentially national aspects of the whole social hygiene movement and paid tribute to Dr. Gordon Bates its founder in Canada. Dr. Hastings referred to the lamentable and costly penalties of an ill-conceived, ill-advised mock modesty, which in the past had borne such bitter fruit, and advised knowledge as the great preventive of social diseases.
Other speakers at the Exhibit included foremost hygienists, medical men and women, social workers, clergymen, magistrates, educationalists, and physical directors, all of whom delivered notable addresses on a wide range of subjects, but each bearing directly on what makes for or against community health and social hygiene.
Those who attended the Exhibit were drawn from all classes. During the fortnight's showing for women, rich ladies in their furs rubbed elbows with rather poorly clad factory operatives, and the average home-making mother of a family was as conspicuous as the many professional or business women to be seen in every audience. At the showing for men those

who came to demonstrate the old adage, "Seeing is believing," were similarly democratic, but a very gratifying aspect of the men's exhibit was that so many laboring men attended, while all the big men's clubs, such as Rotary, Kiwanis, Y.M.C.A., Big Brothers, Lions and Knights of Columbus turned in with corps of assistants to

act as guides for the various departments, and two doctors were in charge for each day.
Over 100,000 pieces of instructive literature were given away or sold during the month, and lectures were listened to with the closest attention, while the remarkable films shown every evening attracted packed audiences.
Though the Exhibit was free, men and women grateful for the information gained, donated enough to pay all expenses, and it was shown clearly that a Social Hygiene demonstration of this character would be useful as a permanent agency in all large centres of population.
The Exhibit will be shown in other parts of Ontario after it closes in Toronto. Six towns have already applied for it.
"The true end of education is to unfold and direct aright our whole nature. Its office is to call forth power of every kind—power of thought, affection, will and outward action; power to observe, to reason, to judge, to contrive; power to adopt good ends firmly, and to pursue them efficiently; power to govern ourselves, and to influence others; power to gain and to spread happiness."—W. E. Channing.

Unafraid.
I who was once afraid to die,
Who listened tense, with indrawn breath,
To mark the onward feet of death,
Go lightly now beneath the sky,
Since you have filled my heart with spring,
And set it free, and made it sing.
For song is theirs who love too much
To walk in beauty and be mute;
My body is a silver lure;
That melts in music at your touch,
Your kiss is life's eternal breath.
—Winifred Lockhart Wills.
An Old Species.
It happened in the Adirondacks.
"What," demanded the amateur hunter of his guide, "what is the name of the species I just shot?"
"Well, sir," returned the guide suavely, "I've just been investigating and he says his name is Smith."
A goose egg, exhibited at the market in Yarmouth, England, weighed fourteen ounces and was ten inches in circumference. Who can beat it?
The public library may become for many of us a university, and it is a university which fortunately we need never leave.—Hon. E. Wood, M.P.

Natural Resources Bulletin.

The Natural Resources Intelligence Service of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa says:—
During the year 1923 Canada's fire loss amounted to over \$24,619,000. This covers losses of created resources only—buildings, merchandise, furniture, etc. There are no figures available of the loss through forest fires, but it is known that the amount was tremendous.
What this loss of \$24,619,000 means to Canada can only be realized by comparison. Capitalized at 5 per cent, it represents the earnings of \$680,000,000, or \$174,000,000 more than the total amount of all Canadian bonds sold in 1923. It also represents 5 per cent of Canada's total export trade for 1923.
This fire loss is value gone forever. It cannot be recovered. Only new construction and new manufactures can take its place. And the material for this replacement must be purchased in the open market in competition with requirements for new construction, the increased demand affecting the cost of the latter.
And who pays for this fire loss? There is no supply of capital available to provide for it. It must be paid by the public in general, and in its distribution it constitutes a charge upon everything we buy. As insurance premiums it is included in the cost of all manufactures and produce, collected and distributed by the insurance companies who also at the same time collect sufficient to cover the cost of management. During the year 1922 insurance companies registered with the Dominion Superintendent of Insurance collected in premiums \$51,038,206 and paid losses amounting to \$35,174,538. While undoubtedly a certain amount of fire loss is unavoidable, such enormous amounts show a degree of carelessness that is deplorable.

"My Shadow," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

One of the first to recognize the genius of Sir James Barrie was Robert Louis Stevenson, and Barrie repaid him by using one of Stevenson's quaintest ideas in "Peter Pan." Every child knows that it is for his lost "shadow" that Peter returns to the Darling children's bedroom.
The following poem is from Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses," the greatest contribution to child literature since Blake's "Songs of Innocence":—

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see;
He is very, very like me, from the heels up to the head,
And I see him jump before me when I jump into my bed.
The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow,
Not at all like proper children, which is very, very slow,
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.
He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way;
He stays so close beside me; he's a coward, you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nurse as that shadow sticks to me.
One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arant sleepy head,
Has stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.
I who was once afraid to die,
Who listened tense, with indrawn breath,
To mark the onward feet of death,
Go lightly now beneath the sky,
Since you have filled my heart with spring,
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The beautiful horses of the Royal Winter Fair are what can be done by feeding, exercising, etc. The who owns a delivery horse, "Yes, but I have no time to feed him, and I cannot afford to employ a boy who will merely employ a sort of conveyance from one place to another, you may as well not spend any more money on him. The horse is hung up without looking fed, slumped down in formal; a pell of water at his nose, perhaps two or three with a brush—and he gets ready for the market. On the other hand, a boy is to feed horses, and make one he drives, he will be five extra minutes spent caring for a horse is a horse-lover, as well as a person who have done as while in this world, as whose work has been all. They have not counted clove time, and made fine days Bridges of Six them with the ceilings really lived, there are horses, boys and men around an animal they to a show; boys who are uncomfortable themselves the horse they drive. We have seen them only a matter of selected man who selects a boy man either) who is a horse, does not deserve are so many little value kind in the stable—a job from a fork, a round of the little attention of the only happiness in a A friendly pat, a chuck the flask, an apple or a sugar means as much a newspaper eulogy to a croub bed on a cold night a good grooming—these that a good horseman being told. He will do loves the horse, and the not love a horse should to drive it.

Until recent years the education of children as to be the cause of by educators. According standards, every child's aesthetic inheritance, the introduction of the and reproducing piano, little music education was in the home. When the number of children took lessons in music the percentage is five a great many years ago of this country have a carrying on the bottle way. It is true that the been encouraging, but, less the work is carried home, very little can be done.
The problem of music should not be left on schools. The modern been to carry whatever done during school hours home. There has been deny on the part of fathers to include simple instruments in school toys in systems where pupils books they may have the playing accompaniment school songs at home. Immediately establishes the part of parents. This not be reiterated too often.
For many curious education was not considered training. Although culture, it was not illiberalism, but merely a junct of home life. Yet not educated in mathematics desire to make of ants; or in literature I pet them to become then do we always expect to become music term is used in the accepted sense—either the exceptional talk yet it is true—if the were left to decide music would discredit it, large the non-utilitarian was placed on it as a me capacity.—George H. G. Coe Courter.
The human race is in classes; those who go something, and those who quite why it was not way.—Oliver Wendell.

HORSES

All ineffective, unexercising led the patient, restless, and—
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