

THE AUTOMOBILE

AUTO-LOCKING DEVICES NEED SPECIAL CARE.

A dog readily recognizes the sound of his master's voice. And the people of the neighborhood in which I live easily recognize the sound of John Smith's car by its various and sundry rattles. For John Smith is one of those motorists who never has three to tighten up a loose bolt.

The manufacturers of cars have done their best to turn out machines with all bolts tightened up and the vibration due to the rotation of parts reduced to a minimum.

The only advantage that attaches itself to John Smith's car is the fact that no thief would ever consider stealing it. The clatter of such a car would readily be recognized and would be a dead giveaway. The noise of such a car, however, is wise if after driving it for a few days he either goes over it carefully to check up on the locking devices or takes it to a service station for this purpose.

LOCK NUTS OF THE PAST.

Numerous parts of a car are made fast through the use of bolts with threads on them and nuts that turn on the threads and make the parts tight. In the past more than at present it was the practice to have the bolts long enough so that two nuts could be put on. One was jammed against another in order to lock them in such a way that it would be impossible for them to come off. Then to make doubly sure the nuts would not fall off a hole was drilled into the bolt and a split steel pin, called a "cotter," would be inserted. Thus even though the nuts became loosened the cotter pin would prevent them from getting off the bolt.

In other instances instead of using two nuts a single nut with notches in the head of it, called a "constellated" nut, was employed. When this nut was in place a hole was drilled through the bolt and the cotter pin was inserted in the head of it, called a "constellated" nut, was employed. When this nut was in place a hole was drilled through the bolt and the cotter pin was inserted in the head of it, called a "constellated" nut, was employed.

Tools of God.

The child, the seed, the grain of corn, The acorn on the hill, Each for some separate end is born In season fit and still, Each must in strength arise to work the Almighty will.

So from the hearth the children flee, By that Almighty hand Austerly led, so one by sea Goes forth; and one by land; Nor ought of all men's sons escape from that command.

So from the sally each obeys The unseen Almighty nod; So till the ending of all ways Blind-folded each have trod, Nor knew their task at all, nor were the tools of God.



The Prince of Wales makes his first appearance since he was thrown from his mount, on the occasion of a benefit football game between Oxford University and the Tottenham Hotspurs.

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM OF THE MENTALLY HANDICAPPED

By Dr. J. G. Shearer.

The late Dr. C. K. Clarke was a pioneer and a prophet in the field of Mental Hygiene and therefore in the field of Social Service.

Note these pithy and striking statements of his:—

"Fifty per cent. of all crime, sixty-six per cent. of all prostitution, forty per cent. of all venereal disease is due to the non-care of mental defectives."

"The whole future of our nation depends upon the careful selection of immigrants we admit into the country."

"Child immigration needs more careful supervision than any other as it so frequently includes physical and mental weaklings."

"The 20% of school children who are above the average have been neglected, while the 20% below the line have not received intelligent treatment."

The Mental Hygiene Movement, now led by the Canadian National Committee and backed by the Social Service Council, owes much to the late Dr. Clarke. He was one of the first advocates of occupational therapy in mental hospitals. He established one of the first training schools for mental hospital nurses.

Although Dr. C. K. Clarke was an authority of continental reputation on the subject of mental diseases, he was also an educational reformer, a naturalist, and an authority on birds. Sir Robert Falconer summed up Dr. Clarke's outstanding merits, when at his funeral he said: "Dr. Clarke was one of the best men I ever knew." Possibly his death may disturb the lethargy regarding the imperative need for the segregation of many and the specialized training and care of those others who are mentally weak and who have a bent for crime, vice, prostitution, social disease, illegitimacy, and who for this reason ought not to have their liberty.

Prevention is vastly better than cure.

The committing of the horrible brutal murders and other unmentionable crimes of violence that frequently cause the whole nation to shudder, ought, by social forethought and the necessary legislative or government action, to be prevented. It can be prevented. It is a social and industrial farm training-schools for this purpose. The truth is they cannot afford not to do so. These things cost much less than hospitals to cure venereal disease, highly-expensive criminal trials, prisons, penitentiaries, executions, made unavoidable by letting these unfortunates run at large making their terrible havoc. Moreover, they themselves are never happy or contented except in the protected atmosphere of restricted liberty.

Obedient Boy!

Little Tommy Truffle had made a discovery, and, being of a very generous disposition, was eager to share it with others.

"It is," he began.

Teacher swooped down at once, that superior smile, so irritating to the sensitive mind of youth, upon her lips.

"I am, not 'it' is," she corrected.

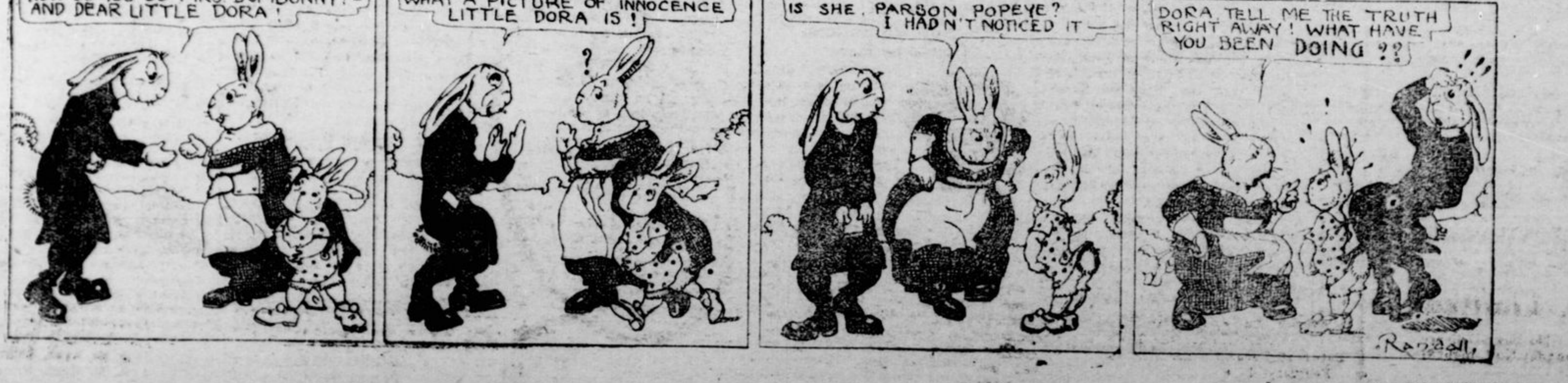
Tommy looked a little pained; almost, perhaps, a little doubtful. But he was an obedient little boy.

"I am the ninth letter of the alphabet," he announced.

Near acquaintance doth diminish reverent fear.

French farmers whose families have cultivated the same soil for over three hundred years are to receive a new decoration, the Croix de Chevalier. Over seven hundred and fifty have qualified, the record tenure being since A.D. 772, over eleven centuries.

IN RABBITBORO



Window Songs.

I. When over the hills of Carmel the dawn like a poppy peers The sun strides in at my windows with a cry that bids me rouse— The sun that shatters the darkness as though with a thousand spears; "The Lord loves not the laggard," it says, "in His golden house!"

My windows look to the east; they look to the south and the sea; My windows look to the west where the sun toward China goes; And the sweep of the scene I view for ever entrances me; It has taken hold of my heart with a clutch that a lover knows.

II. Beyond where Pescadero's spray is iridescent all the day, The sea beneath my dreaming eye is level lapis lazuli.

Some spacious morning I am sure That I shall yield me to its lure. My friendly windows leave behind, Lift sail before a favoring wind.

And blithesomely adventuring go To seek the beckoning Hoang-Ho.

III. My wonder windows yield to me Ships that voyage up and down the And pines at pulse eternally.

These pines, in their druidic dress, Have a perpetual statelyness; Their beauty holds me in dures.

Against rich sunsets overlaid With hues of every rainbow shade They are like ecstasies done in jade.

IV. The butterflies wing by in the azure and amber weather; They weave through airy loops, as light as a wind-tossed feather; Forth from my windows I fare, and we are away together.

Nimble the measures we tread out of and in and over The braided cypress boughs—dart and dip and hover. Oh, it is good sometimes to be just a buoyant rover!

And then—and then—and then—from the vagrant ranging and roaming Above the kept-strewn sands where the berry waves are combing, Back from the wild free flight how happy to be homing!

V. I love my windows when the dark Shadows the whole earth like a boon; They show me on the sky's wide arc Belted Orion and the moon.

And when on slumber I embark, Lulled by the sea surf's drowsy tang, Drifting across my dreams I mark Belted Orion and the moon.

—Clifton Scottard.

Why Daddy Washed.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones had been invited out to tea.

"Come along, dearie," said Mrs. Jones to her three-year-old son, "and have your face washed."

"Don't want to be washed," came the reply.

"But," said mother, "you don't want to be dirty, do you? I want my little boy to have a nice clean face for the ladies to kiss."

Upon this persuasion he gave way and was washed.

A few minutes later he stood watching his father washing.

"Daddy!" he cried, "I know why you're washing!"

"That's what they all say."

"I can't keep visitors from coming up," said the office boy dejectedly to the president. "When I say you're out they simply say they must see you."

"Well," said the president, "just tell them that's what they all say."

That afternoon there called at the office a young lady. The boy assured her it was impossible to see the president.

"But I'm his wife," said the lady.

"Oh, that's what they all say," said the boy.

When good will is taken away the name of friendship is gone.

If you wish to subject all things to yourself subject yourself to reason.

They take the sunshine from the world who take friendship from life.

THE BLIND HOME WORKER

Blind.

A prisoner held within dark walls, A dungeon where no shadow falls To mark the change 'twixt day and night, Crippled with chains of blinded sight, So live I on.

Full busy do my fingers fly, Their touch can give what eyes deny, But my stand, where glowing lies To feast itself, where glowing lies God's wondrous world.

The joy of old-remembered things Sings yet on memory's muted strings, To-day, my longing heart does cry To see, once more, the sunlight lie On grassy banks.

—Mary E. Hayhurst.

Who and what are these blind home workers, who for so long lacked opportunity for expression to their pent-up energy and now are numbered among the busiest and happiest of this broad Canada of ours? For answer, they come from every walk in life and we find them everywhere. Here we have a bread winner living in the crowded and busiest section of some of our great cities; the next resides in a comfortable little cottage on a quiet suburban street; the next in a prosperous farming district; another on a lonely farm in a north country, pioneer settlement, and still another in the isolated prairie home. Some are men still in their youth, others in middle age, while still others have passed that point where strenuous exertion is still possible. Many of these have led busy and active lives, toiling hard and providing living for their families until sight was lost. Others worked in offices or industry. Some were found who are mothers and still carry on in large part, their household duties, while finding time to busy themselves on products, the returns from which may add to the family income. To use a simile coined by the late Sir Arthur Pearson, it is a case of "new lamps for old." From the former state of partial or complete blindness and indifference or hopeless dejection, they have been brought to a realization of the opportunities that lay before them and in most cases have been encouraged to grasp these firmly with both hands. As in the past when Alladin trudged the streets of Bagdad crying, "new lamps for old," we now see the vision of blind people rejuvenated. Their lamp is now filled with the oil of contentment while the wick of endeavor is kept trimmed and burning brightly. May we who share in the privilege of assisting in this work ever keep before the mind's eye the glowing torch of hope and be strong and tireless in our efforts to renew and light more and still more of the lamps which were so long neglected.

Let us picture for a moment the active young farmer who in the prime of life has suddenly lost that of neglected and thoughtlessly possessed, though priceless possession, sight. After his physician and later the specialist have reluctantly given up all hope of recovery and the family counsels have eventually led to no definite decision for the hopeless future, a neighbor appears and volunteers in-



A combination knife and fork, made with the fork at the extreme end of the tool and a razor-edge knife on the curved side, has been designed for the use of veterans of the war who lost an arm.

Natural Resources Bulletin.

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

Ontario gives serious thought to her coal supply from the standpoint of its need as fuel for heating purposes. Her coal supply must all be brought into the province.

Not so in Nova Scotia. There 130,000 men find employment in and about the coal mines of which 10,000 work underground and many of them under the sea. This number would make a considerable city of itself; in fact, the mines themselves are not unlike the layout of our cities. They are laid out to a plan, with streets and lanes, with railway tracks, with horses and mules for transportation purposes.

Thomas J. Brown, Dep. Minister of Mines of Nova Scotia, in a recent address, said: "We hear now and then of great feats of railway construction on the surface in God's own daylight, but their performance all sink into insignificance when we consider the work of the citizens of the great black cities of Nova Scotia. Tunneling underground in the darkness and surrounded by all the danger and drawback which accompany coal mining, they are excavating one mile of tunnel out of the solid coal every day, transporting it for miles underground, and constructing a railway track in every foot of it at the same time."

It is thus that Canada's natural resources are being developed, and a supply of coal produced for Canadian industry.

Down Hill.

What is the first cause of that subsidence, in physical force and in mental acumen, which makes some people old before their time?

Others are hale and hearty far beyond the Scriptural allotment of life's term. They carry on with unimpaired vitality. They seem as young in spirit as those who stand in the first sunrises of life's morning. They welcome new ideas, sympathize with youthful aspiration. Years do not mean that their minds dry up, their spiritual arteries harden or their enthusiasms ossify into rigid forms that never change and never yield.

Whether life, after the first era of youth, goes down hill or continues to ascend to a far-seen culmination depends chiefly on the disposition to continue climbing. Some love the risks and the rewards of mountaineering; others, for all their lives, abide contentedly on low levels and abhor the heights.

The most pathetic sight in the world is the man who acquiesces and relapses because it is trouble to change. He craves to be let alone. He does not want to be fussed with. Affectionate, constructive criticism he calls "nagging"—an easy word to bestow on any deliberate, thoughtful effort to improve him.

In the complacent retrospect of the past he is satisfied with what he did and was, as determining the sort of human being he is to-day. Now he wants most of all to be comfortable in mind and body. If he is in business, it is easier for him to criticize his superior officers than it is to produce and originate and thereby make himself more valuable.

Before all things, he wishes to evade responsibility. Let others have the blame, if they will also shoulder the credit. He means to be safe and shielded. Not for him are the hard knocks of persons, in the open.

So the easy-going, apathetic one, in whose sluggish blood there is no stir of great awakenings, lets himself go on from day to day in the fixed round he knows. He never asks himself what he is doing with his life. He resists any reforming hand, as an unwarrantable interference with his personal liberty. To do as he chooses, to look as he pleases, to go and come willfully; and this he calls "to live and to let live."

He who does not care is he who goes down hill. He needs the incentive of a strong desire to please some one other than himself. Unless this spur shall rouse him from his lassitude, he will merely be one more among "the forgotten millions." He will have spent his years on earth and counted for nothing in a toiling, heavy-laden generation that needs the whole value of every man and all that he can do.

EXPECT HEAVY SUMMER TRAFFIC

ATLANTIC LINE ANTICIPATE BUSY

British Empire Opening in May at Will Attract of Tourist

Atlantic steamship line putting an important increase in travel during the summer months as a result of the Empire Exhibition in London, which will open on May 1st of this year. This attraction is expected to draw thousands of people from all quarters of the mother country. Many friends and relatives of the United Kingdom are seeing the exhibition.

Bring Colonies to the Exhibition. The British Empire Exhibition will represent an area of almost 500,000,000, including the dominions into closer develop trade among the countries of the empire. Important islands included in the exhibition will be represented with life, civilized and uncivilized, and a typical village interest in the exhibition. The exhibition will have an area of over 200 acres. Effort has been made to make the exhibition a picture of the British Empire. The exhibition will be a reproduction of the Agra, a masterpiece of architecture. East Africa will be represented by a typical village with a typical village, surrounded by a wall of barbaric mud walls. The exhibition will be a copy of the Temple at Kandi and the Chinese tea garden. Other features of the exhibition include palaces of engineering art and art, a stadium, 125,000, where a number of contests will take place. The exhibition will be a picture of the British Empire. The exhibition will be a reproduction of the Agra, a masterpiece of architecture. East Africa will be represented by a typical village with a typical village, surrounded by a wall of barbaric mud walls. The exhibition will be a copy of the Temple at Kandi and the Chinese tea garden.

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Trees as Water. There are many ways water, but the natural element of farthest west of seems to be the most water. But for the thirsty tree would perish from drought great trees grow in hollow rain collectors during the season, which lasts all through August. The enormous trunks soon as the rain begins to gather up the water goes with a rope to which is a prelude bag; he looks it up and empties the water into trunk. The hollowness is a result of age or disease, and rounding wood is absolutely tight. Each little group of trees possesses its own tree. A contents the people live the ten dry months. The thirsty tree is a fruit of trouble. Many tribes waged solely because a village is believed to have climbing the trees of an trees belonging to a village of "inkle" are not public dwellers in that group, and his family have the first water, and their share to a decimal point. Another have a family claim, through several generations in proportion.

Get to Work. "An' what's your job as young feller?" asked the official in a big city railway. "I'm the train caller," answered dignitary. "Well, call me one, then hurry."

There's a Reason. "So you're smoking the cigars your wife gave you for Christmas?" "Oh, yes, indeed. She's improved wonderfully in judging tobacco of late."

Language is but a poor bull's-eye lantern wherewith to show off the cast cathedral of the world.—Stevenson.