

Plan For British Community Settlements in Canada

Hon. W. A. Gordon, Minister of Labor, has intimated that a policy of immigration must soon be started again in Canada because of the railway debt. "Whether we like it or not," he said, "if we are going to pay off that huge debt we must get over to the positive side of immigration as soon as possible. That opens up a serious problem as to where we are to get people who will be acceptable to this country, and who will be easily assimilated into our national life."

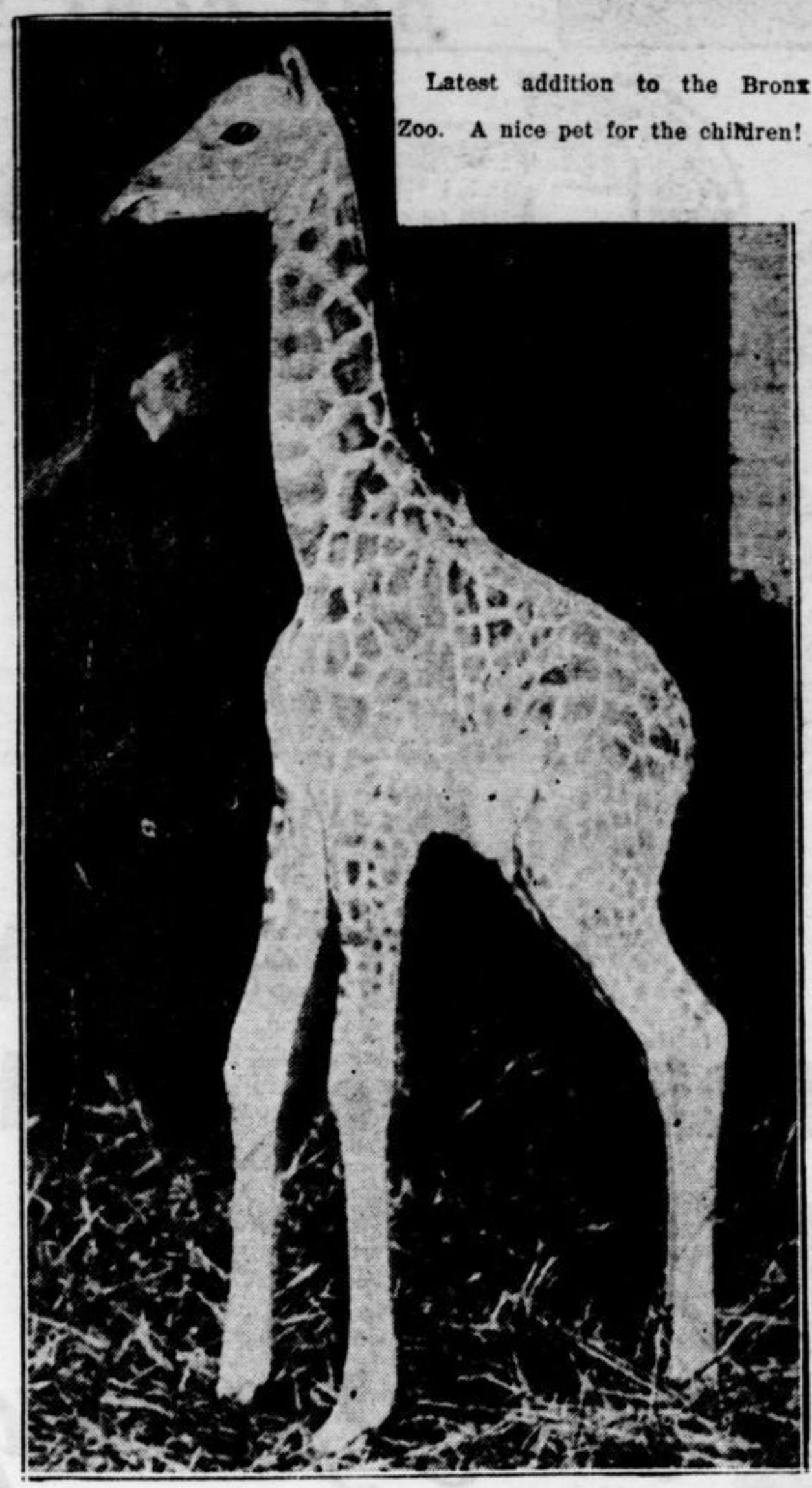
Among those who have given thought to the resumption of immigration is Brigadier-General M. L. Hornby, of the Hornby Farms, Lethbridge, Alberta. After 30 years of Empire service he came to Canada in 1924 to farm, develop and settle his properties. But he has found that the majority of those around him are not British. In Southern Alberta, where some of his properties lie, Central Europeans have constituted the bulk of the immigrants. New British settlers have been comparatively few.

"Let me make it quite clear," he says, "that I am not out to knock the 'foreign' settlers. Far from it—I admire them as workers and colonizers; I can see how much they are doing to develop this Western country. Nor have I anything against the Government of Canada for admitting them, for I know that the Government has always offered every possible inducement and advantage to British migrants from England to come in and settle on her vacant lands. But the cold fact is that England has been too slow to take advantage of Canada's invitation and offers, whereas 'foreigners' have been quick to step in, and have eagerly acquired the good lands open to them."

General Hornby puts forward the following scheme of immigration: (a) The settlement of new British immigrants in Canada should be confined to the already developed and proven mixed-farm districts. (b) Any description of settlement by contract is

a mistake. England has a direct responsibility for the settlement of her immigrants in new homes overseas. She must shoulder this responsibility directly. (c) Migration and settlement should be carried out by Old Country communities—counties and towns—with the object of bringing into play the very strong county and town spirit, which exists through the United Kingdom—the "team spirit," which has stood us in good stead in former days, and which is exactly what is needed to help new settlers over the first and most difficult years of their new life. (d) The communities, or the community organizations, sending out new settlers should be also responsible for establishing them on the land and for their "after-care"—that is to say for their agricultural supervision and financial support, if necessary, for the first two or three years, until they are thoroughly on their feet. (e) The new settlers should be established by their Old Country communities on these farms and small holdings, as tenants, not as owners. After having made good as tenants, the new settlers should be encouraged and assisted to move off and acquire farms of their own—thus making room for further relays of new settlers from the same Old Country community to occupy the vacated tenanted farms. In this way a continuous and automatic flow of new settlers will take place. (f) New settlers who fail to "make good" must be returned to the Old Country county or town which sent them out. It will therefore be in the interests of the Old Country town or county to send out to Canada only those who are likely to succeed.

General Hornby thinks that the approach of the Imperial Economic Conference is an appropriate time to invite attention to the unsatisfactory state of British settlement in Canada and to urge an improvement in it.—The Mail & Empire, Toronto.



Latest addition to the Bronx Zoo. A nice pet for the children!

7) but it was not yet his. His life in Canaan was well-rounded. In v. 8 we learn that he pitched his tent, thus setting up family life; he had Bethel on the west and Hai on the east, and so entered into social relations; he built an altar, nurturing his religious life. The family, the community and the Church were all benefited by him.

"The danger in going away into a strange life does not have to do with geography. It is not that a man is in danger in a different land. It is that he is in danger of becoming a different man. A good deal which we consider a part of our deepest life is just the reflection of our surroundings. When we change our surroundings it is startling and disconcerting to watch the change in ourselves. We can be stronger than any strange environment if we build an altar to God wherever the sun rises in the morning and wherever the sun sets at night."—Lynn Harold Hough.

Experiments With Cancer Promising, Says Anatomist

London.—Experiments being conducted here by a young man named Sir Arthur Keith, famous anatomist, revealed recently.

"This young man really has got hold of something big towards control of growth," Sir Arthur said. "He is working with parathyroid extract, with which he experiments on rats and can develop or retard the growth as he wishes."

Sir Arthur did not reveal the man's name, but said he was working secretly in specially constructed laboratories on top of the Royal College of Surgeons.

An autopsy was performed and the notes were recovered.

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Oak Bluffs, Mass.—The last health hen in the world, after four years of presumably carefree bachelorhood on quaint Martha's Vineyard, is to be provided with a mate.

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The play-goer may plug-in his own instrument or rent one at the box office, adjust the ear-pieces and hear

U.S. Air Manoeuvres Face Economy Cut

Washington.—This year's manoeuvres of the Army Air Corps may be canceled to save money.

War Department officials said they had been discussing manoeuvre plans, but had not reached a decision. Indications point, they added, either to cancellation or great curtailment.

Fox Farm Started in Chile

Magallanes, Chile.—A valuable consignment of 14 silver foxes has arrived here from Hamburg. The importer, Herr Gustav Jeken, who intends to start the first experimental fox farm in Chilean Patagonia, has selected for the site "Los Robles," in the neighborhood of Rio Seco.

Denmark to Banish Solid-Tired Vehicles

Copenhagen.—Solid rubber-tired motor vehicles are to be prohibited on the roads of Denmark after 1934 by a law which has been passed here following experiments with different kinds of wheels coverings and road materials.

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Threepence A Bunch

All the tradition of old London and Springtime is embodied in this delightful sketch and is particularly appropriate and will have special appeal now when Canadian fields are again feeling the touch of the sun's warm arm.

At the crossroads of two busy arteries—one running down to the City, the other racing towards the heart of Kent—I waited for a friend who had invited me to share the stillness of the country with her for twenty-four hours.

Under the archway of an unfrequented door sat a rosy-faced old lady on a camp stool, at her feet a large, round basket, still partially filled with daffodils.

"Daffodils, threepence a bunch. Fresh daffodils." She need not have told us they were fresh, for the whole air was pungent with that spring fragrance which fresh daffodils always bring with them.

"Threepence a bunch!" I said to myself. "Fancy getting all that gold for threepence!" And, even though I was actually on my way to the land of daffodils, I edged over to the archway and bought two bunches.

While she was wrapping them up a shrill voice behind piped: "Daffodils! I wonder how much!"

"Threepence a bunch," came the voice from the camp stool.

"Oh, Freddie! You buy a bunch for Mummy and I'll get a bunch for Dad."

In a moment one felt that spring had met spring! They seemed to be dancing with the daffodils and sunbeams! Two diminutive pocket-books flashed out and pennies were counted; then off up the street frolicked the daffodils.

A workman passed with his bag of tools; passed, but turned and came back.

"How much are they, Missus?"

"Threepence a bunch."

He laid down his tools gently, fumbled for his threepence, found it, and smilingly took his sheet of gold.

"Daffodils, threepence a bunch. Fresh daffodils," sang the rosy-faced old lady.

A couple wandered over to the archway, the young man taking a bunch

out of the basket. I felt as he gazed at them that he was seeing much more than a handful of daffodils. He asked the price.

"Threepence a bunch."

"Oh, Ernest!" protested his sweet little helpmeet, "don't spend money on unnecessary things. We must save if we want to have a home of our own."

"I feel that they are necessary," he replied quietly, and picked out two lovely bunches which she took reluctantly. How I longed to tell her that he was building their home by buying those daffodils!

Then a girl came along, who might have been considered smart. Her hat looked like Paris, and everything else was in keeping with her hat.

"How much are the daffodils?" she said in a voice which sounded like pent-up streams let loose. "And how many bunches have you got?"

The old lady counted her remaining treasures slowly: "Threepence a bunch, and there are seven bunches," she said, smiling.

"I always take a bunch home on Saturday myself," she added.

"I'll take all that you can let me have," said the smart girl.

The old lady had come to the end of her wrapping paper, so the girl held the daffodils on her arm. I had no idea until that moment how becoming daffodils could be!

And now the old lady was folding her camp stool, and picking up her basket with its one solitary bunch of daffodils. I should like to have spoken to her, for I felt in a vague way that she was doing her bit for humanity—and had helped me to go ahead and do mine—but at that moment a cheery voice rang out. It was my friend calling from her car, so I turned and scrambled in beside her.

As we drove away, I looked back. The old lady was starting, too. Over her arm was the rough basket and camp stool, but in her other hand she clasped her bunch of daffodils. Our eyes met and we smiled to one another. I felt she understood, for she stood there smiling and waving her bunch of daffodils till we were out of sight.—S. F. C.

Look Pleasant

No temperamental strawberry blonde was ever a more difficult camera subject than just a plain strawberry; and asking the plain to look pleasant is easier said than done.

The fragrant, steaming cup of coffee, exuding a delicate aroma in an advertisement, "probably had its picture taken several hundred times before being pronounced good enough for publication," Geraldine Sartain reports in the New York "World-Telegram."

"Took 600 shots to get it right," mourns Victor Kessler, advertising photographer, according to her account.

"Food is much more temperamental than any live model. As for strawberries—it's harder to get a perfect thirty-six strawberry than to find a natural platinum blonde. Why, I once picked through ten boxes of strawberries to find just six models."

When goes on behind the scenes in an advertising photographer's studio "is really startling. A glance at the picture of a sparkling glass of ginger ale, a dish of ice cream, a nice red tomato, a plate of sausages and scrambled eggs would never reveal the agonies the cameraman may have gone through to obtain that perfection of light and shadow." Miss Sartain assures us as she continues:

An advertising photographer's studio looks for all the world like a medieval torture chamber.

There's an alarming assemblage of metal containers shaped like torpedo tubes that hold rows of electric bulbs, batteries of steel-hooded arc lights, and metallic piping running around the ceiling to form a trolley for more movable lights.

When all these scorching lights, from thirty-five to fifty of them of around 10,000 watts collectively, are focused on the model saucer of broccoli or slice of layer cake, things just naturally happen to the contents—they start shrivelling or getting drippy. Icings fall away, and after very short must be repaired.

If there are too many shots there isn't cake enough left.

Sausages have the meanest trick. They bleach to a dainty ecru shade, dry up and roll themselves into the counterpart of a slice of crisp fried bacon.

So to counteract their temperament, they are painted with oil just before the camera clicks.

Jelly loves to take on the consistency of golf balls, and as for silverware—it usually photographs black.

To overcome the darkness, the strongest light imaginable must be used; then a worse problem presents itself.

The silver catches reflections of all the lights, of the paraphernalia around, even of the photographer's countenance.

Once an advertising photographer had to build a special room for a silver job—a room with a black velvet floor and walls hung with white Chinese silk.

The only opening was a tiny slit in the ceiling through which could blink the eye of the waiting camera.

But for a real trouble-maker, Miss Sartain invites us to consider ice cream.

The photographer pulled all his tricks, experimenting for days. Finally he hit upon the idea of "dry ice."

It was alternated, in layers, with ice cream in a sherbet glass, and wrapped in a towel for an hour, thereby freezing as solid as marble and notwithstanding the 212 degree Fahrenheit temperature of the lights for the few seconds necessary to have its features photographed for posterity.

Ginger-ale campaigns presented a grave problem.

Ice cubes in a glass look like nothing at all, pictured—just a blank.

But one of the best commercial photographers in New York discovered that a layer of hard coal placed in the back of the glass brings out lights and shadows, and outlines the stragglers at the ice. Now every ice cube in a glass that you see in a picture has been photographed that way.

Another difficult model was a white dish on a white tablecloth, filled with spinach. This was a problem of lighting, to bring out the different planes of white and to give the spinach character enough.

The commercial advertising cameraman has to build many sets, and he must keep as many theatrical props as the Shuberts.

"A great life we lead," any advertising photographer will tell you, "especially in the summer, when we have all these lamps on at terrific heat, working on all these cooling beverages that are so technically difficult to shoot."

News Oddities

Man Commits Suicide By Swallowing Savings

Lyons, France.—Jean Coffier, 42, attempted to commit suicide and take his money with him.

He succeeded in killing himself by swallowing his life savings which consisted of several 1,000, 100, 10 and 5 franc notes.

An autopsy was performed and the notes were recovered.

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Voting On Mountain Top

Of the thousands and thousands of polling booths which were used throughout the German Reich during the presidential election, there was one which occupied a unique position because of its altitude. This was the booth which had been established on the top of the Zugspitz Mountain, near the terminus of the recently constructed cog railway from Garmisch-Partenkirchen, at a height of over 8,000 feet above sea level. Undoubtedly there were a number of people who, in order to make the ascent of the Zugspitz on the day of the presidential election (which like all election days in Germany, was on a Sunday) left Munich too early in the morning to go to the poll in the Bavarian capital, but who were thus afforded an opportunity of recording their vote amid the snow-covered peaks of Germany's loftiest mountain.



"How long have they been married?"

"About five years."

"Did she make him a good wife?"

"No, but she made him an awfully good husband."

FAITH.

The union of profound knowledge with divine faith, and the recognition and perception of their unity, is the mind's first step within the domain of truth, and of the consciousness of it; or, rather, the first step in that gradation by which the mind and consciousness advance towards verity.

When is a pie like a poet?—When it's browning.

Sunday School Lesson

April 17, Lesson III—The Call of Abram—Genesis 12: 1-9. Golden Text—Thou shalt be a blessing—Genesis 12: 2.

ANALYSIS.

- I. THE CALL, vs. 1-3.
- II. THE CALL OBEYED, vs. 4-6.
- III. WANDERING AND WORSHIPPING, vs. 6-9.

INTRODUCTION.—The book of Genesis opens with stories of the beginnings of mankind as a whole, but quickly narrows its interest to the family springing from Noah's son, Shem, of whom Abram was regarded as a lineal descendant. It treats history genealogically. When Abram is reached, the story expands to considerable length because he was regarded not only as the first patriarch of the nation, but as the ideal Israelite. His faith in God, his ready obedience to God's will, his generosity, his love of peace and his noble bearing under trying circumstances—all this fitted him to become a bright and shining light to remote generations. He has been called "the father of the Faithful." A pioneer in the exercise of faith, he taught men by living example how to practice it. There are many New Testament references to Abram. He is honored by Jews, Mohammedans and Christians.

I. THE CALL, vs. 1-3.

At the outset of his career Abram lived among people who neither knew nor worshipped the true God, and he was himself, perhaps, little better than his neighbors. How God's call came to him we do not know, but come it did with a heavy demand. He was required to leave his native Ur (15: 7) in southern Babylonia, with its sure prosperity and advanced civilization, and to break the ties that held him to his kindred. We, in our ordered society, can scarcely realize what this meant for him. In his turbulent age, to separate oneself from one's tribes and to be without protection in a war-like world. Further, God called him away from home without indicating at first his destination. He had merely the promise of divine guidance

"I will shew thee." It required great faith to obey so difficult a call. Now faith is never aimless; it does not operate in a vacuum. It serves a purpose, and the greater the faith the loftier the purpose. God's purpose with Abram was to isolate him from his old, idolatrous environment in order, through him, to found a new order—a nation great, because it would be the bearer of the divine revelation. This sounds like national egoism, but its offensive feature is offset by a wide universalism. Through Abram and his descendants the blessing of God would flow out to all the nations of the earth. At any rate, the severity of God's command is more than compensated for by the promise of rich reward for the obedience of faith.

II. THE CALL OBEYED, vs. 4-6.

Without question or complaint Abram responded to God's call. At the age of seventy-five most men would wish to settle down comfortably, but here was one willing to pioneer! Such faith is infectious; it draws others into its company. It is not surprising, therefore, that a considerable number, chiefly of relatives, followed Abram out of Ur. Nothing is told us of the long and hazardous journey across the desert which stretches between Haran, in the north-west of Mesopotamia, and in estimating Abram's obedience this should not be forgotten. On the way to Canaan a stop seems to have been made for some time at Haran, in the north-west of Mesopotamia, which probably formed a regular resting-place for caravans on the great trade route.

III. WANDERING AND WORSHIPPING, vs. 6-9.

Abram did not come to an unoccupied country. It had long been inhabited by a people known as Canaanites, who had attained a fairly high civilization, but were, of course, worshippers of strange gods. Abram traversed the country, remaining for some time in the two important towns, Shechem and Bethel. He had not left his home in Ur for worldly gain, and hence he did not seek it in Canaan. What he sought was the opportunity to worship God. This opportunity he seized at Shechem and Bethel, both of which had long been shrines for Canaanite worship. The higher faith of Abram was thus to displace eventually the lower faith of the Canaanites at places which from ancient times had had sacred associations. Not until he had arrived in Canaan did he know that this was the promised land (v.



"DeBare called on you last evening! I suppose you didn't get a chance to open your mouth."

"Oh, yes I did, I yawned several times."

Fiddlesticks

It was at an orchestral concert, and after gazing for some time at the bass fiddle player in the stalls muttering, "He'll never do it; he'll never do it."

At length the title of the first number was announced, whereupon the nuttier continued his remark, louder each time.

This was too much for a man in the row in front, and eventually he turned and said, angrily, "Confound you and your mutterings, sir!"

"Well, he can't do it, I tell you. I'll bet you he can't!" was the reply.

"Can't do what?"

"Put that big fiddle under his chin."

MUTT AND JEFF— By BUD FISHER



The Conductor Never Takes Up this Ticket.



Roumanian Teachers Receive Higher Salaries Than Army

Bucharest, Roumania.—For what is believed to be the first time in history, the March budgetary allowance for the Ministry of Public Instruction in Roumania exceeded figures for the Ministry of War.

Hitherto when salaries of state employees have had to lag behind it has not been the soldiers and officers who went unpaid, but the teachers. The latest distribution figures for March recently announced by Mr. C. Argetoianu, Minister of Finance and Industry, allot 351,000,000 lei (about \$30,000,000) to the teachers as against 330,000,000 lei to the army.