The Wind.

I love the wind. Sometimes it plays
As softly in the trees
As though a lady gently touched
Our old piano keys.

At dawn it blows my curtains pink;
They gently stir and sway—
That means the wind would have me dress
And come outdoors and play!

The stars and moon and sun are friends
That every child can see,
But best of all I love the wind—
It says so much to me!

The Lost Bedquilt.

Caroline was very much interested when her father bought a piano for her older sister, and when she saw the large box that the piano was packed in she was more interested than ever. She knew right away that the box would make a beautiful playhouse, and she begged so hard for it that her father had it carried down into the orchard and set up, just like a real house, on a foundation of brick. Two stout planks propped it in place, and there was a roof of tarred paper and oilcloth curtains to keep it dry.

Caroline moved into the little house, bag and baggage, and all summer long she played there. The furnishings were a dolls' bed, bureau and table, and a little chair for herself. The thing that she valued most was a colored patchwork quilt that her grandmother had made at the age of eight. The quilt was always neatly spread on the dolls' bed, where it looked very pretty with its pattern of red, white and green stars.

On rainy days Caroline sat snug in her little house and listened to the rain on the orchard leaves; on fine days she and the dolls had birds and bees for company, and now and then a gray squirrel, which came peering about, full of curiosity. Caroline named the squirrel Frisky Tail. When the canning season came, Caroline played that she was canning, too. She gathered bright berries and little wild apples and cooked them in water in the sun on the orchard wall. After that she put them into bottles and then labeled the bottles and set them away on the pantry shelves of her playhouse.

One day toward the end of September Caroline decided to go over to a near-by field and see whether she could find a few more late apples to can. She put her playhouse in order before she left; and as she turned to go she noticed with pleasure how pretty the patchwork quilt looked on the dolls' bed. A ray of sunlight was shining through a crack right on the red star in the centre.

When she came back an hour later the patchwork quilt was gone. Though she turned everything upside down, she could not find it. What could have happened to it? No one ever came to that spot except herself. She searched in vain for days.

One frosty day in November, when the nuts were rattling merrily to the ground, Caroline ran down to the woods to gather chestnuts. The shortest way was through the orchard, for the best chestnut trees grew near the orchard line.

"I must take only a pocketful," she said to herself. "It wouldn't do to rob Mr. Frisky Tail."

As she turned to leave a little later she caught sight of something bright sticking out of a hole just above her head in an old gnarled tree. She went closer and looked carefully. The thing was red and green and white in color, and it had a very familiar look.

Caroline gave a little jump, caught hold of the bright object and jerked it out of the opening. It was the long-lost patchwork quilt!

She was so pleased to find her treasure that she did not stop to wonder about it. But after she had run as far as the orchard a thought struck her. She crept softly back to the woods and hid behind a tree. Presently she saw something appear at the edge of the empty hole—something gray, with two round black spots on it. It might have been almost any squirrel's face, but to Caroline it looked very much like the face of Mr. Frisky Tail.

Her heart smote her. She remembered her sad feelings when she lost the quilt. "I can't take it away from him," she said. "He had tucked it into his house so nicely, and now he looks so sad."

She found a long stick and ran back to the tree. The squirrel darted out of the hole when she came near and dashed to the top branch, where he sat and chattered at her.

When Caroline had pushed the quilt back into the hole she waved her hand to him.

"There's your quilt," she said. "Now do stop scolding!"

Then she went home and made her dolls a tufted blue quilt of cheesecloth. When she next went to the woods only one corner of the patchwork quilt was to be seen. The third time she went even that had disappeared.

But the dolls were well content with the blue cheesecloth quilt; and all winter Caroline liked to think of a certain warm nest in the woods that she had helped to furnish.

Zulus Are Loyal.

The chief of the Zulu nation, his ringed headman and many minor chiefs, recently assembled in the Court House at Maritzburg, South Africa, and delivered speeches of affection and esteem for the retiring Governor-General, and through him, for the British King, for whom they now profess unbounded loyalty, though it is not many years ago that the Zulus were mortal enemies of the British.

There was an enthusiastic demonstration, reports a Durban, Natal, dispatch, and the building was packed with courtly, dignified Zulus, some of them in frock coats and wearing medals received for bravery in the world war, but others, also be-medalled for valor in Europe, had reverted to their primitive native costume.

Chief Manzolwandhli, son of Cetewayo, the chief who fought against the British, as the representative of Zulu royal blood, voiced his thanks "for the beneficent British rule," while Chief Mini declared that as "the Zulus had given assistance in the world war, they were ready to give that assistance again whenever needed, and were prepared to die for their King and country."

The Key.

The tongue is the key of the mind,
And whenever it opens the secret-hung door,
What lies in the storehouse behind,
Whether gems or mere rubbish, is hidden no more. Oriental.

Canada is now the second nation in the world in the manufacture of automobiles, number of cars owned and the per capita distribution.

Romantic Story of Marquis Wheat.

The story of Marquis wheat is as interesting as a plot of a novel, says a writer, for the hundreds of millions of bushels that are now grown annually on the continent of North America are descended from a few isolated grains.

In 1841 a Scotchman who had been working for David Fife, near Peterborough, Ontario, returned to his native country under promise to send to his employer a Scottish bonnet, or Glengarry. As soon as he arrived in Glasgow he bought the bonnet, and while taking a stroll along the Broomielaw came upon a boat unloading a cargo of fine wheat. He filled the bonnet with a sample of the wheat and sent it to his friend Fife in Canada.

Fife sowed the seed in the spring of 1842, but cattle broke into his garden, and only three heads came to maturity. Being interested in his friend's gift, Fife saved the wheat, and in 1843 had a pint of seed, which multiplied as the years went by; and by 1870 Red Fife, as this new wheat was called after its color and its owner, became a favorite in Ontario. It was also known as Scotch Fife and as Glasgow wheat—though it was not grown in Scotland, and the experts, when they examined it, pronounced it a Galician variety. Investigation proved that the vessel in the Glasgow docks in 1841 had come with a cargo of wheat from Danzig, the chief outlet for Galician grain.

Red Fife was the staple Canadian wheat in the seventies, but it was slow to ripen, and the early frosts blackened many a first-class field of it. In 1888 a botanist named Saunders crossed it with more than fifty other varieties, but failed to solve the problem. The flour thus produced was too yellow for the market. In 1903, however, his son, Dr. Charles E. Saunders, chanced to hit on an ear of Red Fife that his father had crossed with Hard Calcutta, and in the following year succeeded in growing twelve plants. The yield was less than a pound of seed, but it ripened early, and the grains were plump. He named it Marquis, after the governor-general of Canada, the Marquis of Lorne.

In 1907 all the seed that could be spared—twenty-three pounds— was sent to the experimental station at Indian Head, Saskatchewan. It lived up to expectations, and two years later four hundred samples were distributed to Canadian farmers. Their reports were enthusiastic. The early wheat, so long sought, had been found. Since then its fame has spread widely, and Marquis wheat is now grown not only in Canada, but in Minnesota and the Dakotas, where rust has hitherto played havoc, and where early harvests prevent losses through frost.

Neighborhood Co-operation.

Farmers are often said to be the most independent folks on earth. In reality we are that all right, but with the first syllable detached from that word. We're dependent.

Not so far from here there is a lawsuit hanging fire that has cost one wealth landowner about $10,000, and the suit is not yet settled. Many others concerned with the same suit are poorer by hundreds of dollars. Lawyers richer—yes. The ditch could have been dug many times over for the amount of cash already spent. And there are dozens of similar cases all over the country.

One man or a set of men may want a ditch cleaned or straightened up. Others do not see that it will benefit them any, and so they fight it. They admit that it will benefit the community, but it would cost them more than they would be benefited. Result—a fight. Later they may want something of the same sort done. Because the first crowd made them pay for what they didn't want, they expect to even things up. Result—another fight.

To-night a neighbor was here with a petition on a township school matter. So far as being a patron of the school is concerned, I am not interested. Yet I signed the petition. I know it will cost some money. Some of my neighbors are doing the same thing to-night. The time will come when we may want a petition signed that will not interest the other fellows. And we will expect them to sign it. It's a poor sport who won't use the golden rule after the other fellow used it first.

In our neighborhood there is an open ditch that has to be cleaned every few years. So far we have arranged between us jointly to hire a surveyor to lay the job out and figure out the portion that each one of us is to clean out. And so far it has always been done. Either we do the actual work ourselves or we hire a ditcher to do it for us. There are some men who are benefited more than others, and some who could get along very well with no ditching done. Yet these fall in line, and we have a satisfactory deal every time.

No matter whether we want to or not, we've got to consider the other fellows' improvements. In any work of this kind the tax that pays it is collected from farms in the county and township that are not benefited. Yet the same farms want improved roads or ditches, and your farm helps to pay. It is only helping each other and distributing the cost over more years. I know of several farmers who refused to sign a stone road petition because they didn't have any use for a road at that point, or not much use. Yet later, when there was a road they did have use for, and they circulated a petition, they expected everyone to sign for accommodation.

This is what I like to hear a man say, and this one has signed three or four road improvement petitions that will cost him extra taxes but give him very little benefit: "Yes, I'll sign that petition. You fellows need a road. Some time I may want a road myself."

Even though it is morally right, it does not pay financially not to come and go with the needs of your neighbors. One can't get along without neighbors very well, though some folks try to. Wait till you get sick and see how it works.

As a Special Favor.

There had been a difference of opinion in the preacher's family, and youthful Elizabeth thought that she had received the worst of it. So at prayer time she was resentful and unhappy, but she went through her usual petitions.

"O Lord," she finally prayed, "make all the bad people good. And, God, if you can, please make all the good people nice."

Poor Father!

Billie: "Pa, what's a dirigible?"

Father: "Now, Willie, haven't I told you not to irrigate your poor father with your questions, and prosecute him with your impositions just as if he were a cyclorama of inflammation!"

Memorial Trees.

A tree to honor soldiers?
Choose it not carelessly;
For the elm, though tall and stately,
Is a lady sort of tree
Droped round with lovely fringes as a lady likes to be.

And the willow, ah, the willow
Old churchyards knew so long,
Too full of tears, too drooping
Is for a soul so strong.
It left, on a poppied hillside, young lips scarce hushed from song.

A good tree for a soldier
Sure is the stalwart oak,
Strong from the time its leaflets
Their acorn sheath have broke
Till the great boughs shout defiance to the north wind's mighty stroke.

And if the twinkling poplar
Recall the pains of France,
It yet is worthy, guarding—
Trim, tapered like a lance—
One who has marched white highways with poplar shades advance.

Then choose we for our soldier
Green boughs where songs may be;
A stem erect, befitting
His body's gallantry,
When (slighting bronze and sculpture) we praise him with a tree!

The Bible and Shakespeare.

Many young writers hear that Lincoln formed his style on the Bible and Shakespeare and think that the wisest course for them is to do likewise. We cannot fill our lives too full of the Bible—at any rate most of us to-day do not; and the stern, rugged, vigorous, or sweet and tender, English of the Scriptures is as fruitful a model for literature as it is for life. But the case with Shakespeare is altogether different. His plays are an exhaustless mine of delight for those who love imaginative beauty, but they are bad models for a young writer. Shakespeare was the richest and most fertile poet the world has ever known. But his merits are inimitable.

If the young author is determined to pick out special models, he cannot do better than to choose the classical prose of the eighteenth century; prose that does not pretend to lofty imagination, but that is eminently simple, supple, easy and vigorous, the prose of Swift, Addison or Goldsmith. Yet far better than any particular models is a wide reading of great writers of very different types. Turn from Chaucer to Thackeray. Mix Dryden with Dickens. And let a sure and adequate English of your own flow out of the blending of the most various styles and temperaments.

But more important than any study of models is the training and disciplining of your own mind. The greatest needs of a writer of the present day, of any day, are brevity and lucidity; and the one essential preliminary to writing clearly is to think clearly. The greatest writer of the world, from this point of view, said that the two main elements of style are precision and color. Color is the gift of God. But precision can be learned, and the way to learn it is to think out your subject clearly and accurately before you put pen to paper.

First, train yourself to the habit of expressing everything simply, energetically and directly. Then fix your whole soul on the great book of life, the inexhaustable record of human passion and emotion and experience. There was never a better precept for an author than the intense, transfiguring line of Sir Philip Sidney:

"'Fool,' said my muse to me, 'look in thy heart and write.'"

Thought He Needed Roses.

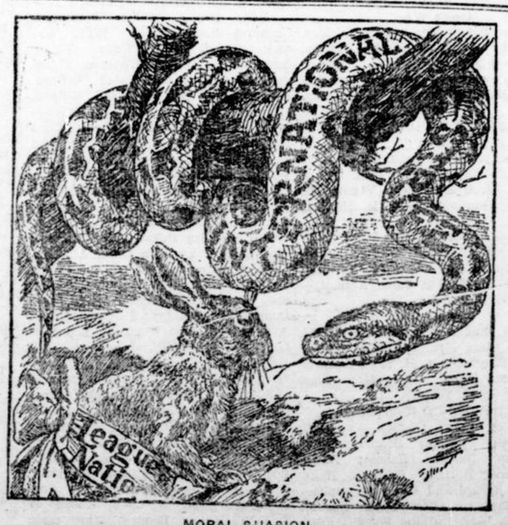
A shy young man had been calling on "the sweetest girl in the world" for many months, but, being bashful, his suit progressed slowly.

Finally she decided she ought to set things going, so the next time he called she pointed to the rose in his coat and said, "I'll give you a kiss for that."

A crimson flush spread over his countenance, but the exchange was made. Then he grabbed his hat and started to leave the room.

"Where are you going?" she asked, in surprise.

"To the—er—florist for more roses," he called back from the front door.



MORAL SUASION.

The Rabbit: My offensive equipment being practically nil, it remains for me to fascinate him with the power of my eye!

Production by Canadian Indians.

The value of the crop taken off the Greater Production farms on the Indian reserves in the prairie provinces this year will be worth, it is estimated, $2,500,000, and the profits on the operations will run to well over $1,000,000. Wheat on these farms in Alberta has threshed as high as 45 bushels to the acre and graded No. 1 Northern. Thus, in times of peace, is the Dominion benefiting from a work inaugurated as a war measure.

In the early part of 1918, it came to the attention of the Government, anxious to bring about the greatest possible production, that only a small proportion of land on the Indian reserves in the west was under cultivation. Arrangements were accordingly made to lease these reserves for cultivation and an appropriation of $300,000 put at the disposal of the Inspector of Indian Agencies to be used in encouraging the Indians to greater production of grain and cattle. Machinery and horses were purchased, reserves fenced where necessary, buildings erected, and sed and livestock secured. The Indian population of the reserves were called upon for every effort and nobly responded by putting in long hours on the Greater Production farms and speeding up production on their own farms.

These Greater Production farms, as they were called, have been successful and, in addition, have encouraged work and effort on the farms the Indians already had under cultivatiin. From the point of view of the money invested, the results have been eminently satisfactory, and they are greater still from the point of view of benefiting and encouraging the Indians to take greater interest in modern and scientific agriculture.

The exact returns for 1920 are not yet available, but there is no doubt that they will surpass the output of 1919, which was gratifying and fully justified the experiment. In 1919 the number of acres operated under the government plan in Alberta and Saskatchewan was 20,448. The effect of the campaign can be seen in the manner in which the Indians increased production on their own farms. The extent of acreage cropped in 1918 showed an increase of 24½ per cent., and in 1919, of 65 per cent. The total increase of acreage by individual Indians and on the Greater Production farms was 24½ per cent. In addition to the crop, the increase in the number of cattle raised was substantially higher.

As an example of the activities of Canada's western Indians, the figures of the Blackfeet reserve at Gleichen may be mentioned, on which area Greater Production farms, two in number, were established, cultivating 8,000 acres. The reserve consists of 175,000 acres and has a population of 685 Indians, of whom 142 are farming, and 120 are in the two boarding schools of the reserve. A total of 8,500 acres are under cultivation exclusive of the Greater Production farms, whilst three coal mines are operated, by the same labor, and owned by the Indians. The tribe owns six threshing machines, seven large tractors as well as much privately-owned farm machinery, on the 147 farms of 160 acres each privately tilled.

The estimated production on this reserve from the farms owned by the tribe, exclusively, is for the year, 150,000 bushels.

Hearing With the Eyes.

Inventions have just been perfected which visualize the sound of human speech.

These are for the instruction and education of deaf-mutes. One apparatus, called a vocal phonoscope, has a circular frame over which a thin membrane is stretched.

A metal plate attached to the membrane bears a pointed pin or thorn. Against this pin rests a small plate of brass. This apparatus can only be used in a dark room.

Words spoken into the funnel cause the membrane to vibrate. The vibrations are transmitted by the pointed pin to the brass plate resting against it. To this plate is attached a tiny mirror, upon which a ray of light is focused.

As the mirror is moved by the vibrations of the membrane, the reflected ray of light draws designs on a screen. Deaf-mute pupils soon learn to recognize sounds by the designs.

Another invention, the drum phonoscope, need not be used only in the dark. A small drum is suspended from two vertical supports. By means of a delicate electrical contact the vibrations of the membrane of the drum are transmitted to a small incandescent lamp fed by a battery. The variations in the intensity and in the rhythm of the glow are interpreted by the pupils and are used, by comparison, as a means of correcting their own sound production. They soon become quite expert in producing similar variations.

Self-Starter Needed.

Father (upstairs): "It is time for that young man to go home."

Young Man: "Your father is a crank."

Father (overhearing): "Well, when you don't have a self-starter a crank comes in handy!"

Buy Thrift Stamps.

Bearers of the Gospel.

These twelve Jesus sent forth, and commanded them, saying, Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not; but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.—St. Matt. 10, 5.

St. Mark tells us that Christ ordained the Twelve Apostles "that they should be with Him, and that He might send them forth to preach" (St. Mark 3, 14). It must have been a denial as well as a joy when He sent them forth; a denial, in that He would be left without their companionship, which was dear to him; a joy, in that they were to go out and proclaim the coming of the kingdom. Our Lord in His humanity loved His companions (St. John 13, 1) and desired to have them with Him as He preached and worked miracles. He was lonely, He loved men, and that blessed fellowship which, since Christianity was established, has created the church and human brotherhood, was a part of His blessed work.

Two Sides of Life.

The apostles had the double privilege of learning from Christ and then going out to preach. It was typical of the Christian life. We are to commune with God and in our individual life learn of Him and find joy in the learning, and then we are to do our work under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, bringing to others the truth we have ben taught. We cannot neglect either side of life. It is impossible to work happily and profitably unless we have first been with Jesus in the Quiet Hour. It is unworthy for us to have the Quiet Hour and hear Christ speak to us and then fail to go at His command and tell men of His love. We must not neglect either of these privileges. They both go together. Back and forth the disciples went, now having the companionship of Jesus, and now going as messengers to tell men that the Messiah had come.

It seems a little strange that Christ told them to confine their preaching at first to the Jews. They were not to go to the Gentiles or to the Samaritans who had separated themselves from the Jews dwelling in Judea and Galilee, but they were to go to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. They were to begin at home. And so must we. It is not easy to lead to Christ and His worship and service those of our own households, but we must begin there. Missionary work in foreign fields must not be neglected, but we must first do all we can to make Canada a Christian land, and I love to think of these men, Peter and John and James, going first to their own homes and then to their brethren of the Jews. The foundation for the Christian church, which would so soon comprise the Gentile world, was to be laid among the people of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, to whom the promises were made.

Christ's Instructions to Us.

Note, first, how the apostles were to throw themselves into the work. Nothing must impede them, no personal interest or burdensome plans must delay them. They must leap, as it were, to the task as if sent out in haste to deliver great news. It is this enthusiasm for the world's conversion that we need now.

Again, they were not to be afraid. They would be called upon to suffer, but no matter, for their names were written in Heaven and cruel men could not hurt their souls.

Thirdly, the value in Christ's sight of those who go out to preach is amply proven by the Master's words. God cares for little birds, though they be sold so cheaply in the market place. How much more must He care for His own children as they go out to bring back home the Father's wandering sheep! The love of Jesus for the twelve is one of the glories of the gospel, and it brings Him very near to every man who tries to make the world better because he has caught a vision from Heaven.

And then finally Christ declares that even the smallest deed of kindness has a blessing. I have found great comfort in those last words about a cup of cold water given to a little one. We long to do some great thing—to sweep a multitude into the Kingdom, to make the world good in a day, to subdue human passions and conquer cruel tongues. And finding that we cannot, we are ashamed. But here is a feeble soul to whom we can speak a word of comfort, with whom we can have a little prayer—and the Master sees and blesses. So holy is the illustration, that whenever any one gives me a glass of water it seems like a sign of hidden grace. We can do no great things as men measure greatness. Nay, we may seem to fail in men's eyes as they turn from us. But if in Heaven some little child shall come and take our hand and say, "You helped me once long ago on earth," what will all the pains and sorrows and disappointments of the world-life matter? To love Christ, to tell the gospel story and to help somebody to come to Him—that is to go out as the apostles did and to know that Jesus sends us.—Rev. F. W. Tomkins.

HOSPITALS FOR RURAL DISTRICTS

MANITOBA LEADS THE N. AM. CONTINENT

Entire Dominion is Waking Up to the Advantage of This National Asset.

A farmer contemplating settlement in a new country has many requisites which must be satisfactorily settled for him before he undertakes the ultimate step. The fact that land is fertile and productive is not sufficient to induce him to make a new home there. He looks to transportation facilities, available markets, proximity of school, social conditions, etc. He must have consideration for his wife and children, if his land selection be far from settlement; he must consider the education of his children and their future prospects. There are a hundred points which must be threshed out.

One of the uppermost considerations in the mind of an intending settler is that of medical attention and hospital accommodation. Farm life, especially in its pioneer stages, is fraught with many petty incidents and annoyances, and inevitable spells of sickness necessitate medical advice and help within reasonable distance.

Manitoba Leads Rural Health Nursing.

Each province of Canada maintains a Department of Public Health, and the western provinces being largely agricultural, the boards of these areas are concerned to a great extent with caring for the well-being of rural settlers and devising means of giving the scattered population the most adequate medical attention available. That the question is admirably solved was evidenced at the recent convention of the American Medical Association at San Francisco, where the consensus of opinion was that Manitoba led the continent in its methods of rural health nursing and other medical measures. Other western provinces have very similar systems, and some but recently established have already proved their worth and are progressing along most advanced lines.

In Alberta, a Municipal Hospitals Act was passed in 1917 and came into active effect in 1918. During the two years the work has gone on in a manner characteristic of the vigorous energy of the Canadian west. The hospital districts where schemes have been ratified comprise an area of 242 townships, including six towns and ten villages. There are eight municipal hospitals operating, whilst ten other districts have been organized and are completing arrangements towards operation.

Guaranteed Hospital Service.

All service at these hospitals since establishment has been provided at an extremely low rate tax, only one district paying more than $4.80 per quarter section. For this small annual expense, ratepayers in municipal hospital districts are guaranteed hospital service for their wives and families at all times at the rate of one dollar per day. That they are being extensively used is evident from the fact that from January 1st to May 31st of the present year, one hospital had 1,281 hospital days, and others 1,353, 995, 538, 863, and 923. The hospitals already in operation account for 192 hospital beds, and this number will be materially increased before the end of the year with other units in operation.

Municipal hospitals are of three types. The first or average type is designed for a well developed community where there is no necessity for outside or district nursing. It contains superintendent's office, operating room, sterilizing room, nursery, three wards, and sun parlor. Next is the type which serves its supporters in the district where there is no physician. This is staffed by graduate nurses at the head of which is a lady superintendent. The third type, such as is situated in mining and other industrial districts, is not only designed to be of service to the town and urban ratepayers, but is equipped with the necessary paraphernalia for aggravated accident cases.

Hospital Board Selects Sites.

Any district which contains sufficient assessable land and a sufficiently large number of ratepayers, may request the establishment of a municipal hospital. When the Minister of Health is assured of the district's financial ability to support the project, he appoints a hospital board who select a site and prepare a scheme for the proposed hospital. This being approved, the building is proceeded with, the board having the power to borrow money and issue debentures.

Though it is only two years since the first of these hospitals came to be built, they are now scattered over the face of the prairie and prove a great benefit to agricultural settlers. Many sick people, who would otherwise have had to endure a long journey into one of the larger centres, have been medically attended and nursed back to health within thier own neighborhoods. Already many young Canadians have made their first appearance in the world within the walls of these rural hospitals. They are a distinct national asset, and a source of extreme consolation to Canada's farming populace.

What makes life dreary is want of motive.—George Eliot.

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