

### Saving the Forests For the Future

A recent editorial in "American Forests" criticized the removal of part of the restrictions on the importation of Canadian lumber on the ground that it would discourage the growth of timber within the United States. As ardent advocates of sound conservation policies, we cannot feel that a direct relation between these two things actually exists. Some of the American lumber companies have suffered from low prices for their products. Naturally they do not care to see foreign lumber admitted to compete with their own products. This, however, is a problem of the moment. The growing of trees for future harvesting does not become an economic problem until the trees are ready for the market—which means a generation or two hence. No one has yet effectively proved that reforestation is not desirable and does not promise to be economically profitable when the trees ripen.

The facts are so simple that they speak for themselves; the United States is the largest single consumer of wood and lumber in the world. The lumber companies have rapidly depleted their private holdings of timber. In many cases they have created low prices by excessive cutting. In the meantime the area of good timber has steadily decreased. Much of the land in the national forests is privately owned and can be cut at will. And much of the land in the state forests has already been cut over. In parts of the West important stands of virgin timber belong to the Federal government. A few scattering stands of good timber are found East of the Rockies.

But east and west the forests have been stripped ruthlessly. There has been no attempt to harvest them. Rather has everything been cut and slashed, and often afterward turned over. The result, as has been clearly pointed out in letters printed recently about conditions in Northern Michigan, is appalling waste and destruction. Soils that are not fit for anything but the growth of forests are denuded of trees and subjected to erosion. Wild life is driven out. What might have been a source of permanent wealth to the nation becomes a direct liability.

Donald R. Cotton, writing last November, made the plea that the Federal government acquire the remaining tracts of uncut land—notably the fine stand of hardwood timber in Gogebic and Outanog Counties in Michigan. He advocated acquiring land of this sort instead of buying cut over lands. The obvious difficulty is the expense. But it is altogether probable that more money spent in buying good timber stands in the long run would be of greater benefit to the nation than the present sums that are spent in acquiring used lands.

There is still much to be done in developing a sound forestry policy in this country. The National Forest Service has made important strides. The states have added to their forest lands. Private owners have been encouraged to plant trees. To lay conservationists it would seem advantageous to the present conservation movement if for a time, at least, America's lumber and pulp supplies might come in larger proportions from foreign countries. Only if the prices of these imports were to be so much lower than American prices that they would stimulate fresh cut-throat competition and mass cutting in American forest lands would the effect be bad.

The essential thing is to preserve our existing forests so that they may be wisely harvested in coming generations. The more stands of good timber can be saved from present ruthless cutting the better—whether they be in Michigan or elsewhere in the United States.

### How Different It Would Have Been

- "If you had only kept silent,
- "If you had been a little more patient.
- "If you had listened to good advice.
- "If you had promptly apologized.
- "If you had acted with prudence.
- "If you had taken daily exercise.
- "If you had avoided that accident.
- "If you had controlled your temper.
- "If you had not run into debt.
- "If you had always been on time.
- "If you had said "No."
- "If you had started early.
- "If you had put it into writing.
- "If you had said the timely word.
- "If you had eaten in moderation.
- "If you had stayed at home.
- "If you had guarded your health.
- "If you had recognized your fault.
- "If you had generously acquiesced.
- "If you had not blundered.
- "If you had persevered.
- "If you had daily prayed."

—By Grenville Kleiser.

### The Saucy Little Bird On Nellie's Hat

The parrot appears in Paris mid-season fashions. One modiste has launched a little, flat-crowned, black felt sailor hat with a green parrot head and wings perched on the brim and a new print is patterned in tiny colorful parrots.

# 'SALADA' TEA

is delicious

## EVERY DAY LIVING

A WEEKLY TONIC  
By Dr. M. M. Lappin

### SOME THINGS SHOULD NOT BE TOLD

How many men and women are there who would like to have their past recalled? Very few, I fancy. And yet, every now and then we come across someone who wants to rake up the past in somebody else's life. Human nature is indeed strange.



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have a letter before me now from a young college girl, and it raises a problem which has all the marks of "the eternal triangle" about it. The sort of problem which provides good working capital for novelists and story writers.

Without actually quoting from the letter let me state briefly the problem. Apparently there is a young man from the same town as my correspondent who is a student at the same college. He comes from a very respectable family. He is keeping company with another girl student in the college who has confided to my correspondent an incident in her life which belongs to the past. The companionship between this other girl and the young man seems to rile (I think that is the most appropriate word) my correspondent. She writes me asking me if I would advise her to tell the young man what the other girl has confided to her and adds—"I somehow feel it is my duty to tell him."

I often wonder how many souls have been irreparably damaged by others who have excused their conduct and appeased their consciences by trying to persuade themselves and others that it was all done in the sacred name of duty. Again and again I have to try and get correspondents to see what duty really is. It seems to me to be summer up in those words of Malachi written so long ago—"What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" If that does not sum up one's duty, then what does?

But come back to my correspondent's problem. What is the true motive that is prompting her to tell? Has she herself got a boy friend? Has she an eye on this young man herself? These are items concerning which her letter is silent. It may be that if she will sit down quietly and consider this whole matter, she will discover that, perhaps unconsciously, the motive prompting her to tell emanates from this direction.

The trouble with us is that we so often confuse duty with a petty desire to gain some end of our own—and an essentially selfish end it so often happens to be. We need to carefully examine the inner motives which prompt us to do things before we act. We need to be sure that what we propose to do is right. If it is not right, then it cannot be our duty. And nothing can ever be right which inevitably works harm for another person.

I would like to put one or two questions to my correspondent. Would she like to have her own past recalled in detail? How would she feel if someone betrayed her confidences? Has she considered what the young man's reaction would be? If he is an honorable young man—and she seems to think that he is—then his reaction would probably be to regard her with scorn for having betrayed a confidence. Look squarely at this thing. One person regards another person as a friend. Because of the friendship a confidence is given, but the one to whom it is given betrays it. What is she or he? A traitor! I am quite sure no young lady would like to be known as such.

Take another point of view. Has the young lady with the past incident in her life nothing worth while in her make-up to commend her? Surely she has! Why, everybody has. There is good even in the worst if we try to find it. Then, if there are good points in a person's character, why talk as though one indiscretion—probably it was only a trifling matter after all—were all that there is to that person's

life? Why not emphasize the good instead of the bad? But then, folks who feel like my correspondent are likely to try and justify themselves and they usually come back with the question—"But mustn't I tell the truth?" Why, of course, we should all tell the truth, but we can at least wait until we are asked for information and even then we can be discreet, and use common sense and, at the same time, be truthful. Long ago the Wise Man wrote in his Proverbs, "There is a time to speak, and there is a time to keep silence." I think this young lady should keep silent.

You recall that poem "Worth While" by Ella Wheeler Wilcox; "It is easy enough to be prudent. When nothing tempts you to stray, When without or within no voice of sin, Is luring your soul away; But it's only a negative virtue Until it is tried by fire, And the life that is worth the honor on earth, Is the one that resists the desire."

For the one indiscretion that we know of in a person's life, we do not know how often they have struggled against temptation and resisted it to overcoming. If we did, we would be more prone to admire than to condemn. Let us try to keep that in our mind, and remember that the business of every man and woman is to discover the purpose behind his or her life, and by quiet, honest perseverance, to try to achieve that purpose. Only by so doing can we contribute our best to the good of the whole. Why waste time trying to run other people's lives? We have each our own life to live. Let us live it as well as we can.

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# Rainbow Gold

by  
E. C. BULEY

### SYNOPSIS

Dan Prescott and Gordon Westerby find gold in the arid bush of Australia. They stake their claim and start the long journey to the coast.

Westerby has a fiancée, Gladys Clements in England, but when they arrive in Sydney he marries a pretty blonde Gordon forwards a photo of Dan to former fiancée, Gladys Clements, in London and when Dan arrives she believes he is Gordon. Eve Gilchrist, a typist, obtains work in Medlicott's office, the broker who is floating the mine. Eve and Dan fall in love but when Eve is confronted by Gladys she believes in Dan's duplicity.

"I had Dan here last night," Mrs. Medlicott continued pensively. "And I turned him inside out. I had to ask ever so many questions before I could find out just what happened. Men don't know how to tell a story like that. I'll be bound that you haven't the faintest idea of the real truth."

"I know all that I want to know," Eve said loftily.

"Nonsense, my dear," replied this astonishing woman. You are dying to hear something in Dan's favour. Don't tell me. I saw you diving into ice-cold water just to show him what you could do. It gave me gooseflesh to see you; but I'd have done the same thing myself, I suppose."

"How dare you say . . ." Eve started; but to her own ears her protest sounded feeble.

"Now, listen," Mrs. Medlicott said, impressively. "Prescott owes all his trouble to this snake Westerby. I'll tell you how it began. Westerby shows Dan a picture of a girl, all very droopy and pathetic. "Now I can marry the girl who's been waiting in England for me for years!" he says.

"Oh, but . . ."

"Sh-sh! I'm telling this. Of course, he'd never even seen her, and she's never seen him. We know how they got to writing letters, don't we? But Dan was touched by the picture, and the lie. Very well, when they got to Sydney, Westerby booked his passage to England, and the one thing he wanted from his dear friend Dan was

his photograph, to show to the girl whom Dan had helped to make so happy."

"I wondered about that," Eve confessed.

"Then he wrote to this Gladys girl, to say he was a rich man, and coming home by the Moonalong to marry her, and he sent Dan's photograph just to show her what he might expect. The next reel shows him the day before he's due to sail, with a smart girl, that he says is his bride. And about that, my dear, you and I may have our own opinion, I think, knowing the sort of excrement this man Westerby is."

"You make him sound very real," Eve remarked. "I'm afraid I was beginning to doubt his existence."

"He's no Mrs. Arris," Mrs. Medlicott said positively. "So, Dan must go to England instead of him, and Dan must see the girl who had been waiting patiently for years. Dan must explain, and make any amends possible. And, like the soft-hearted fool he is, Dan agreed."

"But why did Westerby do this?" Eve asked.

"Because, my dear, those two men left a whole lot of gold, just covered by some loose sand, when they departed from their mine in such a hurry. Mr. Gordon Westerby knew just where to go, and where to dig; and with Dan well out of the way, he planned a nice little steal."

"But why wasn't I told of this?" Eve asked.

"Maybe you were too high and mighty to listen," the other woman suggested. "Though it took a lot of persuasion to worm the details out of Dan Prescott. And now we come to the climax. Dan calls for the forsaken maiden, and she at once drapes herself around his neck with a glad cry. Dan sees his own face staring at him on the mantelpiece, and like the idiot he is, postpones a denial, and the nasty job of breaking the bad news."

"That's what I'll never understand," Eve said. "That awful girl told me that she showed her love for him, being of a warm-hearted disposition herself. And my office still reeks of the scent she uses. Where do they get stuff like that?"

"Never mind that. She was a gold-digger, and she made Dan buy a ring and a watch, and praded him. Not nice for you; but what you have to remember was that he ran away after two days."

"That's one point in his favour. The second is that as soon as he met you he fell down and worshipped. That same day he went to Cairns, the solicitor, to clear up this mess with the Gladys girl."

"And what happened?"

"Clever Mr. Westerby, over in Australia, has gone missing, and remains missing. That's why this newspaper is able to print what it likes about our menfolk. They cannot hit back, and you and I are among the things that tie their hands. So we have got to do something, haven't we?"

"But how do we tie their hands?" Eve asked. "I'm ready to help, if I thought I could."

"And you can," her hostess said emphatically. "Dan is no help, because he will not put his mind to business. The only side of this affair that matters to him is that he has put himself in the wrong with you. So don't be a meanie any longer. Eve dear. You know that you mean to have him, and that you'd tear the eyes out of any woman that tried to come between you."

"You make me feel very paltry," Eve faltered. "If you know where he

is, I'll humble myself before him. I knew how cruel and heartless I was; but I didn't seem to be able to help myself."

(To Be Continued)

## The Book Shelf

BY MAIR M. MORGAN

POLITICAL HANDBOOK OF THE WORLD, 1936, edited by Walter H. Mallory, (Harper and Brothers, New York). Do you know what were the results of the recent general election in Great Britain? What country returned to a monarchy in 1935? Last fall the Liberals won an overwhelming majority in the general election in Canada. How is this likely to affect Canadian tariff policy? How many United States papers and there in the United States and in how many cities are they published? Light is thrown on these and

similar fundamental questions by referring to this handbook.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS  
"Once We Had a Child" — by Hans Fallada (Mussons), March.  
"Ladies of the Press" — by Isabel Ross (Mussons), March.  
"Paulina" — by L. H. Hyeys. (Geo. J. MacLeod), March.

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## Christie's Biscuits

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## Your Birthday Reveals Your Vocation

By ANN PENNINGTON

One problem of vital importance that confronts young people, is to determine the vocation, profession or trade for which he or she is best suited. The purpose of this column is to be of service to those who are now seeking help in this important matter. Your birthday can be used as a guide to a proper decision.

Let us suppose that you, or someone in whom you are interested, were born between February 19th and the 29th. Such a person should seek an occupation in which personality can find expression. The home will be linked up with the work in some way perhaps as business headquarters. The work of persons born in this period should involve contact with people and such will find a special satisfaction in social service work and will be happiest in those endeavours

which call upon the emotions. Some of the most successful kindergarten teachers are born in this period. They have the faculty of teaching through love and understanding and appreciation of the needs of their young charges. A man in this category would be successful in horticulture, particularly in research, finding his greatest satisfaction in producing a new variety of vegetable or more beautiful flower. Fullest success will come through quiet persistence in the selected vocation.

A personal reply dealing with one important question will be mailed to anyone sending the day, month, and year of birth together with 25c and stamped and addressed envelope for reply. Address all correspondence to Ann Pennington, Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Ontario.

### Bulletin

Mildred Weston in the New York Sun.

Of changing seasons  
This is true:  
The heart must have  
Its Winter, too.  
As well as stream  
Or mountain lake,  
Be frosted over  
And opaque,  
But though the mind  
Tonight reports  
Conditions right  
For Winter sports,  
Beware the heart!  
The ice is thin  
And he who ventures  
May fall in.

### It Pays To Advertise

The following ditty was read recently by the Lord Mayor of London:

The codfish lays ten thousand eggs,  
The homely hen lays but one;  
The codfish never cackles,  
To tell what she has done;  
And so we scorn the codfish,  
And the homely hen we prize;  
Which demonstrates to you and me,  
That it pays to advertise.

is, I'll humble myself before him. I knew how cruel and heartless I was; but I didn't seem to be able to help myself."

(To Be Continued)

"The pains of sense are salutary, if they wrench away false pleasures, false beliefs and transplant the affections from sense to Soul, where the creations of God are good, rejoicing the heart."—Mary Baker Eddy.

"It is dangerous to abandon one's self to the luxury of grief; it deprives one of courage, and even of the wish for recovery."—Amiel.

### Those Leisure Hours

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