

You be the judge



Protect Mourning Doves Living on Weed Seeds

The value of mourning doves to the agricultural community was investigated recently by Jack Miner, the well-known naturalist of Kingsville. One of these birds only four weeks old flew against a telephone wire and was killed. It was sent to Western University at London for an analysis of the stomach contents. Here is the significant report:

	Seeds	Per cent.
Green foxtail	1,854	91.3
Yellow foxtail	40	5.1
Sweet clover	7	.08
Wheat	3	2.4
Sand		.1
Miscellaneous vegetable matter		.04

This, comments Mr. Miner, is information that every citizen should have at a time when farmers are battling with the weed evil. The mourning dove costs no one anything, but lives practically entirely on weed seed. In so doing it performs an invaluable service to the whole agricultural population. It is one of the farmers' best friends.

Mr. Miner and his son are making a really fine contribution to the community in carrying on their work of research into the feeding habits of Ontario birds. His bird sanctuary at Kingsville, which is favorably known all over the continent, from the Arctic circle to the Gulf of Mexico, has done a great deal to acquaint the public with the importance of preserving wild life. It was in recognition of his activities that the newly-formed Lions Club of his own home town of Kingsville recently tendered him a testimonial banquet, attended by all the prominent personages of the neighborhood. Mr. Miner has been the honored guest at many festivals in different parts of North America, at which such men as former President Hoover and Hon. Alfred E. Smith have been fellow guests. But it is probable that he enjoyed and appreciated the dinner given to him by his immediate neighbors more than any of the others.—Toronto Mail & Empire.

London Flood Lights For Ceremonial Events

London.—Prominent buildings here are to be flood-lighted on ceremonial occasions, as a result of a project which the Incorporated Association of Architects and Surveyors has in hand.

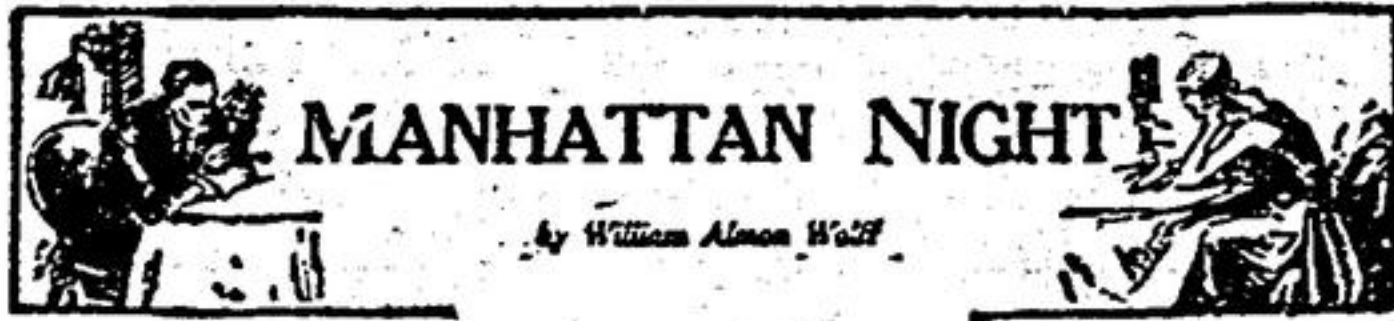
Richest Farm Manure

Poultry manure is undoubtedly the richest produced on the farm. Poultry manure, however, ferments very quickly, losing, if left exposed, a large proportion of its nitrogen as ammonia. This fact emphasizes the desirability of systematically and frequently cleaning out the boards beneath the roosts a plan that also conducts to the general good health and thrift of the fowl. In summer the manure, previously mixed with loam to destroy stickiness and facilitate distribution, may be applied directly to the land and worked with the surface soil—its best preservative. In winter (and at other seasons when the manure cannot be used directly) it should be mixed with a fair proportion of loam, dried peat, muck, sawdust together with a little land plaster or superphosphate to fix the nitrogen. It should then be packed tightly in barrels or boxes and stored protected from rain until required in the spring. Lime and wood ashes should not be used for this purpose as they set free nitrogen. Poultry manure being essentially nitrogenous, is particularly valuable for garden and leafy crops generally, and the majority of poultry keepers will no doubt do well to reserve it for this use. However, if the amount available permits, it can be profitably employed for the cereals, roots and corn.

Not So Bad After All (London Daily Express.)

Robinson Crusoe, cast on a desert isle, made a balance sheet of his fortunes, good and evil. Robinson wrote: "I am cast on a horrible desert isle." "But I am not drowned, as all my ship's company was." "I have no clothes to cover me." "But in this hot climate, if I had them I could hardly wear them." "I am without defence against man or beast." "But what if I had been shipwrecked on the coast of Africa, where I saw beasts?" "I have no soul to speak to me." "But I have gotten enough to supply my wants as long as I live." Unemployment is heavy. But trade is expanding. Taxation is high. But the revenue is rising. The world is full of sorrows. But it is pretty good to be alive this morning.

Burned saucepans should never be cleaned with soda. Although it will remove the burned portions, it will also make the saucepans liable to burn again.



MANHATTAN NIGHT

By William Almon Wolf

SYNOPSIS. Detective-Sergeant Charlie Mitchell, in Benny's night club, has just arrested Benny Rufano, Evan Ross and Dr. Meyer Kahn, the Park Avenue set's psychoanalyst, for the murder of Tack Thayer in his penthouse apartment. Inspector Connolly had suspected Martha Thayer, Tack's wife, and Ross, with whom she was in love. Peter Wayne, Tack's college mate, was in love with Martha. Benny, who had been blackmailing Martha after Tack's Wall Street job had been jeopardized by heavy losses in a club game at Emma's, told Peter he must have "five grand" or Connolly's suspicions would be corroborated and he would learn where the pistol used by the murderer was hidden. Charlie had found the pistol in a concealed safe in the Thayer fireplace. Both Martha and Ross had been patients of Dr. Kahn, who protested when Charlie snapped the handcuffs on him. "Really, Sergeant, I have some small standing in this city, after all—"

CHAPTER XXIX.

"So did lots of guys that landed in the Tombs before you, Doc. Meyer Kahn, I'm putting you under arrest as an accessory before and after the fact in the murder of Tasker Thayer. Anything you say?" "Please—please—I know the formula! Need we have all this melodrama? I—"

"Anything you say may be used against you," Charlie went on. "I shall say nothing here—naturally," said Kahn. "The charge is obviously absurd. But—" He shrugged his shoulders. "Best way to take it," Charlie agreed. "You!" His voice was full of scorn. "You're a doctor—a big man, like you say. You was makin' your fifty grand a year—clean enough money, I guess, the way money goes in this man's town. But that wasn't enough for you. You wasn't satisfied to have half the women in town with too much money and too little to do to keep them busy for patients."

"No. You soaked in all they told you about themselves and their husbands and their boy friends—and passed it on to the scum that did your blackmailin' for you! And when you found one that was decent you tried to get her in wrong—like when you set this Ross here on to makin' love to—oh, hell, never mind that! We knew what was goin' on—oh, we been on your trail a long time, Doc! But we couldn't get to you because the suckers you was bleedin' was too scared to come to us. And you was smart, Doc—I'll hand you that. You covered yourself pretty well. Only you wasn't smart enough to know you was bound to get caught in the end, was you?"

"Really—this is edifying!" said Kahn. "A lecture on ethics from a New York policeman!" "Yeah—that's right. That gives you a laugh, don't it, Doc? I'm a cop all right. Listen, I don't say there ain't cops that'll take graft. But not for helpin' a blackmailer do his stuff—and not for coverin' a murderer! It's because I'm a cop that you're headed for the chair this minute. You can sneer all you please—but who's the sucker, Doc, you or me?"

"You pick a rat like Ross to work for you because you've got somethin' on him—and you ain't got sense enough to see you're given him twice as much on you—nor to know that the first time he's in a hole he'll turn himself inside out. And you use a sap like Benny for a collector—who's so dumb he takes a watch off a guy after croakin' him and keeps it in his own pocket for me to find!" Now, for the first time, Zahn flinched. Peter saw a look of venomous hate in his eyes—but he saw fear, too. A policeman came in.

"The wagon's downstairs, Sarge," he said. "All right," said Charlie. "Take the Doc here with you. Take the three of them over to the house—I'm sick of the sight of them. Zahn—He turned to the bar. "Go along, you. You're clean—except as a witness. I'll need you to testify to Benny's being out here the night Thayer was killed. I'll be along pretty quick and attend to the complaints."

Zahn, quiet, unresisting, let himself be led out to the elevator. Zahn, looking bored, followed. Charlie sank into a chair, wearily. "Very nice," said Purdy. "Very nice indeed. Of course it's pretty much a Chinese puzzle to me, but I haven't been in on it." He smiled. "Benny came through, did he?" "I'll tell the world," said Charlie. "He's going to burn, and he knows it—and he won't want to go alone. Pete—you better beat it. You don't want to go over to the house—it'll be crawlin' with reporters; ten minutes after the squeals are booked. Your sister down at your place, is she?"

"I suppose so," said Peter. "Look here—do you think I know what it all means? Because I don't." "It's as plain as the nose on your face!" said Charlie. "I've got a few little things to clean up. One of them is seein' that what Ross tells the D. A. don't drag the madam in—and Connolly and Barclay owe her somethin' for the deal they tried to hand her! Get hold of Bouton and go on down and tell her it's O.K.—I'll be along if I can, but I've half a night's work ahead of me yet."

"But—" "Oh—want me to spell it out for you? The Doc was usin' what he found out for blackmail. Benny was one of his collectors—we'll get the others. He had Ross sewn up, and he used him to start somethin' with a dame that hadn't started somethin' herself first. Like he tried to with Mrs. Thayer. Only she was straight, as it happened—and, besides, Ross fell for this Gould woman and had to do some two-timin' on his own account."

"They tried to work the Thayers both ways. Benny was gettin' all he could from the madam to cover up that cheque business—and at the same time he was workin' Thayer on account of Ross and the madam. Only Thayer was too smart for them. He pretended to be fallin' for it, and he came across—but all the time he was workin' to get back to the Doc. He did it, too—that was why he was put out. The Doc was smart. He figured out that he was in a jam from what Benny told him. The Doc was the one planned the killin'—that was why he had to know where every one was that night."

"Benny gave the cheque back to Thayer here. Then he trailed him home, went up the fire escape, and got in and shot him. It was Benny burned those papers—little idea of his own, that was. He had another bright idea, too. Thayer had that safe back of the fireplace open, and Benny wiped the gun clean and stuck it in there. But it was the Doc who figured out how to use that to frame the madam. That line Benny pulled on you was a stall—they never figured on gettin' any five grand out of you. They wanted you to tell the madam about the gun bein' there—and then they was goin' to tip Connolly off, so he'd give her a chance to get it and pinch her as she did it—when it wouldn't have any prints on it but hers—see?"

"You got to hand it to the Doc. He's full of smart ideas. He might have pulled a fast one there but for two things. One was that you and me was workin' together, and the other was that Connolly was ready to pinch Mrs. Thayer without any tip from him. But the thing that beat him was what always beats that particular kind of smart guy—that he has to work with dumb ones like Benny. I had Benny sewn up before I ever found the watch."

"Something to do with that stunt you pulled down in Mercer Street—firing that gun at the pillows?" "Right. I got a break there—two or three breaks. But I had them coming to me. First off, I wanted to check up on whether that gun was the one that had been used to kill Thayer. Then there was something else. I'd been figuring on Benny's being the one who bumped him off. And I had something up here a while back. Benny plugged a guy one night. Self-defence—no argument about that. I didn't pinch Benny, an' I even let him keep his cannon. But I got the bullet out of the fella's arm that was shot. Seemed to me it might come in handy some time, Benny being the sort of gorilla he was."

"Maybe you don't know it, but every bullet, that's fired carries the signature of the gun that fired it. There's markin's from the riflin' of the barrel that's as easy to read as fingerprints when you know how. So, this afternoon, I had three bullets. The one we knew had killed Thayer, the one I knew Benny had pumped into this guy's arm, and the one you saw me shoot into those pillows. I had them all checked up while you waited for me, before we ate. We got a lot of experts down at Headquarters that can do anything from read a Chinese laundry ticket to tellin' you was a button sewn on to a pair of pants here or in Scotland. They eat their heads off, mostly, but they come in handy, every so often."

"Well—I had Benny, the minute I knew about those three bullets. But I didn't have the Doc—see? That was why I pulled the grand stand stuff with the watch. It took somethin' like that to make Benny crumple up and come across. He'll tell a story now that all the lawyers the Doc can hire can't break."

"Thayer—well, I guess he had his faults. But his number went up because he was game enough to go up against a blackmailin' gang that was tryin' to do his wife dirt. When you come down to it, he was the one broke"

THE "MINING ANALYST"

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Telescopes Reveal Old Catastrophe Mt. Wilson, Calif.—A catastrophe on a star that happened about the time King Solomon was born, some 3,000 years ago, is being watched with great interest by astronomers here.

The star, listed in astronomical catalogues as Nova Ophiuchi No. 3, is many times the size of the sun and some 18,000,000,000 miles from the earth. This is so far that what the telescopes reveal is something that happened 30 centuries ago, for the light travels at the rate of six million miles a year.

With a great explosion of gas, apparently, the star has flared from one of the 12th magnitude to the brilliance of one of the fifth magnitude. This is the second known time this has been observed, on this particular star, the earlier observation having been 25 years ago.

When the English-speaking world thinks of Armistice Day, it thinks of that best known of all war poems: "In Flanders Fields," which was written by Lieut.-Col. John McCrae, M.D. of Montreal, during the most serious phase of the Second Battle of Ypres. The poem gave expression to a mood which was at the time universal. The letters which the author wrote about that time to his mother, Mrs. David McCrae, of Guelph, Ontario, reveal the critical position of the Allied forces.

Colonel McCrae, who had been a fellow in pathology at McGill University and pathologist at the Montreal General Hospital, had his dressing station in a hole dug in the bank of the Ypres Canal, and it was while men who had been shot, rolled down the bank into his dressing station, that the immortal poem was written.

The author sent "In Flanders Fields" to Punch during April, 1915, and it was published December 8, of that year. It became the poem of the army—the soldiers learned it "with their hearts." It has been said.

This was not McCrae's first venture as a poet. He had written some excellent verse for the University Magazine of which Sir Andrew Macphail was editor, and when "In Flanders Fields" appeared in Punch without the author's name, Sir Andrew, who was also at the front, wrote to McCrae and charged him with being the author. John McCrae died of double pneumonia on January 28, 1918, at No. 3 General Hospital, Boulogne, of which he was in charge. He was only 44 years of age and had been through two wars, having served as an artillery subaltern in the Canadian Contingent in the South African War.

He was buried in the military cemetery of Wimereux, and on his monument, a simple stone framed in briar roses, above the maple leaf of Canada, British veterans of the region of Boulogne place a crown of Flanders poppies, every Armistice Day.

No Woodsmen in the World Better Than Canadians In discussing Old Country markets for Canadian timber, the statement has sometimes been made that there is something about the United Kingdom timber trade that calls for a special kind of woods operation, and a special sawing specification that Canadians have difficulty in meeting. This statement is denied emphatically by Mr. George B. Nicholson, M.P., Chairman. In an article contributed to the Canada Lumberman he says:

"No greater fallacy could be imagined. There are no woodsmen in the world more efficient than Canadian woodsmen. They can take out sawlogs to any specification required and Canada grows the timber; and when the logs come to the mill, Canadian sawmills can saw the timber into any size required, with the slightest change in machinery or personnel. These facts cannot be stressed too strongly in any discussion or consideration concerning the Canadian-United Kingdom timber trade."

Mr. Nicholson is convinced that, with patience and proper sales methods, Eastern Canada will regain a substantial volume of the United Kingdom timber trade. He believes that the British Government will honor the undertaking given under Article 21 of the Ottawa agreement and that the present cut-throat methods employed by the Soviets will be controlled.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Depression Has Made Young People Dance New York.—Mrs. Monte Beach, of Houston, Texas, first woman to head the dancing masters of America, believes the depression has made the young people dance more.

"Maybe they dance to keep up their spirits," she said. "But dancing has changed a lot—for the better, I think. Maybe that is because the times are different. No more of this wild, abandoned dancing. You know, it used to seem the young people had a devil in them they had to get rid of. Now they have poise and dignity, they are more subdued, they dance more smoothly and gracefully." Mrs. Beach admits she is proud of her new office—"not proud for myself, but for all women."

The stouter a girl is the less weight she has with some men.

To My Mother

By E. Ludwig Franz Meyer Student of Law, Freiburg i. Br. Born Dec. 9, 1894. Killed May 3, 1915, at Sochajew. Krolowa Wala, February, 1915.

Not we who fight, attack, and win or die,
Bear the most tragic wounds in this our fight,
For us full many an hour is gay and bright,
But from the mothers comes a bitter cry.

For if our life is hard, early and late,
Custom soon blunts us, and we little care,
It is the Mother who has most to bear,
Trembling and thinking always of our fate.

Sadly she turns away from dainty fare,
(To us dry bread is a delicious thing,
When all else fails 'tis food fit for a king!)

"Perhaps my son is hungry over there!"
"Where lies my son upon this bitter night?"
The pale dawn shines upon her sleepless head,
Cold 'neath the fleecy coverings of her bed,
She cannot rest for thinking of his plight.

We do not heed the noise of war and strife,
We do not heed the passing shells' shrill scream;
Each night she hears them whistle in a dream
And thinks each one has robbed her son of life.

Swiftly will peace our present ill repair,
Suffering and wounds will swiftly lose their powers,
She still will bear the trace of those sad hours:
In sorrows, sively sheen on her soft hair.

I think that if some day we meet again,
Upon my knees I must fall humbly down
And kiss those silvered strands that form her crown,
"O Mother, see the fruit of all your pain!"

"Let me kiss your dear white hands and say,
'Oh my sweet Mother, dearest of my heart,
In all this combat you have borne a part,
You are the greatest heroine of this day!"

General Television

BOUGHT SOLD QUOTED

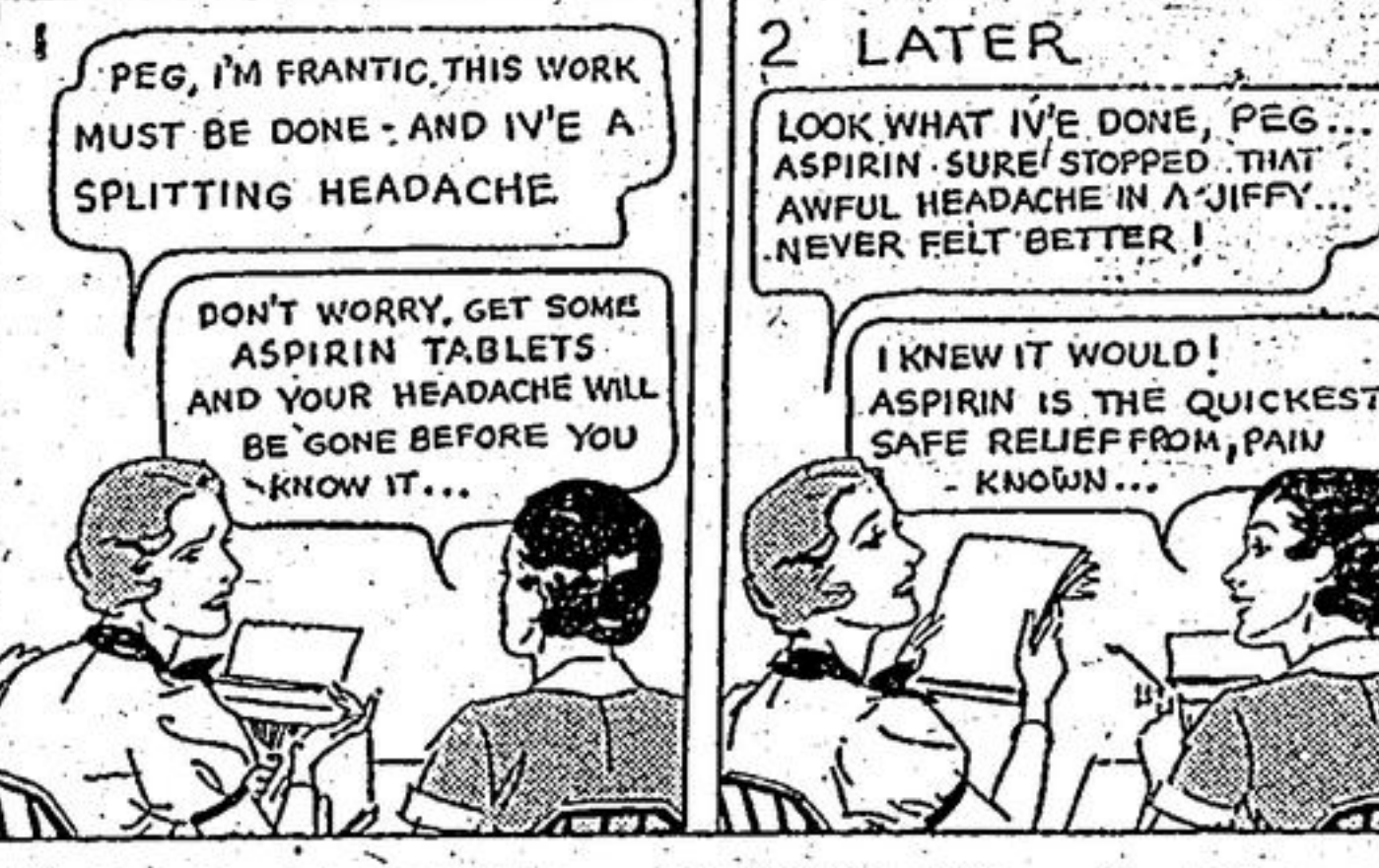
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BABY'S OWN SOAP

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