

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 re-forestation 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 lumber. 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—namely the fine stand of hardwood timber in Gogebic and Ontonagon 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."

The Sassy 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

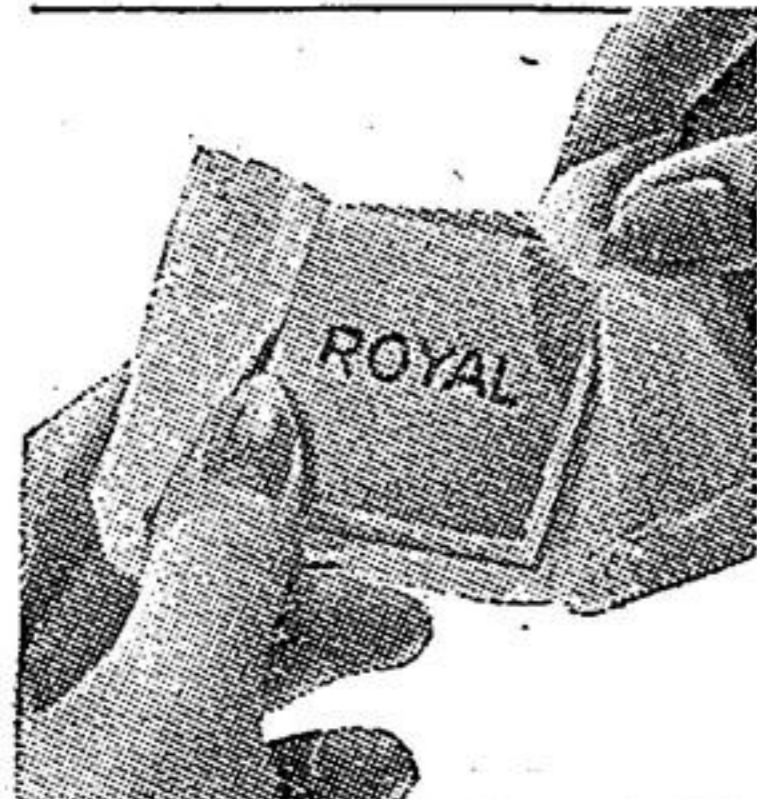
is delicious

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 rite (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 humbly 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 young 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

THE REMARKABLE ROMANCE OF AN INDUSTRIAL DICTATOR

Velvet and Steel

By PEARL BELLAIRS

SYNOPSIS
Joan Denby of humble origin, is introduced as a social equal of Miss Georgina La Fontaine, rather than as her secretary. She meets Piers Hannen, millionaire, who forces his attentions on her. Lord Edwards proposes to Joan.

Joan leaves Miss La Fontaine to become a mannequin at the Salon Celeste. Piers Hannen takes Joan and her family for a cruise aboard his yacht.

"Indifference? It isn't indifference to dislike a person heartily. But now I feel that I've treated him badly; I hadn't really any justification for showing my dislike so much, because, after all, he isn't so bad, is he? He would never do anything wrong or ungenerous. I do feel that—and that I was unjust. And so the thought of him worries me, and I can't help wishing that I'd never met him!"

"A very reasonable explanation!" said Miss La Fontaine, drily, and her remark concluded the conversation.

Joan had the Navy ball to look forward to when she went away; and she did look forward to it with genuine pleasure, for it was a long time since she had been to a dance.

She had a fortnight to wait; and more than once she wondered whether Piers Hannen might be there. She pictured herself explaining to him how he had misunderstood her about Al Brooks, and conveying by a few tactful words that she was sorry for her past treatment of him—up to a point. It was to be a very sisterly confession of regret and he was to take it as such; quietly, and with humiliation on both sides, they would part as friends, and as friends they would remain. Only he must not on any account renew his persecution, and then, she was sure, there might be kindness both sides.

But on the morning of the day preceding the Navy ball something happened which shattered all her moderate intentions. A note arrived for her at the Salon Celeste asking Miss Joan Denby "to be so good as to call

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 silent." 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 peoples' lives? We have each our own life to live. Let us live it as well as we can.

at the head office of the Hannen Iron and Steel Manufactory Co., in Leadenhall Street, at one-thirty that day at the request of Mr. P. H. Hannen." The note was signed by a secretary.

Joan was astonished, disturbed and annoyed. All her kind intentions staggered under the shock of being coolly "requested" to go to see Piers Hannen at his office. It might be a mistake, perhaps; and yet it seemed very odd. When he had so often had difficulty in persuading her to allow him to take her anywhere—to order her to go and see him!

Half of her insisted that there was nothing unnatural in this proceeding; the other half was uneasy with a sense of ill-omen. The power of this curt invitation was too conscious to be ignored. What on earth did it mean?

She was worried, and so she went. At one o'clock she set off for Leadenhall Street.

CHAPTER XVII CORNERED

When Joan arrived at the great entrance hall of the Hannen building the immensity and activity of the place did nothing to decrease her nervousness. He, Piers, was at the head of this tremendously powerful organization, whose ramifications extended far outside the iron and steel industry. She felt so lost and insignificant under the domed roof, standing on a sea of shining parquet, where clerks, typists, business men and porters hurried to and fro about their work.

She handed her note to one of the porters, who showed her into an ante-room. She sat there for ten minutes; after which the porter came back, told her that Mr. Hannen would see her now, and escorted her up three floors in a lift.

He showed her into a palatial office where three typists were tapping away on machines. A neatly dressed competent looking woman secretary took charge of her, and showed her into an inner room.

Joan went in, facing her behind a magnificent walnut desk sat Piers Hannen. The secretary closed the door behind her, while Hannen rose, and without a smile or a word of greeting said:

"Please sit down!"
Thoroughly ill at ease by now, Joan was glad to sink into the chair which he indicated, facing the desk. His unsmiling attitude, his formality here in this great office where his word was law, and where everything was silent and velvet footed with respect for his power overawed her. She wondered what he wanted, and it did not add to her confidence when he sat down again, and went on writing as though she had not been there. She gazed at the short, curling ruddy hair on the top of his head, as he bent over his papers, with increasing discomfort and annoyance.

Suddenly he threw down his pen, sat back, and looked at her.

"Well?" said Joan, with a different smile.

And then she saw how changed he was. His face was paler, set in harder lines, and the cruelty which she had so often fancied in it was there in dreadful reality now. He did not smile. There was no smile in him, not even his eyes; and these had a tired, cynical look which made her think at once of Lydia—Lydia as she used to be when she believed that there was nothing worth while in the world.

Yet his look as he gazed at her was not indifferent. There was something



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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.

cold and brutal in his regard. Joan knew by instinct when he was disliked and suddenly she knew it now—he disliked her.
(To be Continued)

"The pains of sense are salutary, if they wrench away false pleasurable 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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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 Hearst newspapers 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. Myers, (Geo. J. MacLeod), March.

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