

Listen, World!



WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ELSIE ROBINSON

THIS TALK IS ABOUT FAMILIES

Why does mother wash the dishes and let her complexion go to the dogs when she might be earning her forty dollars a week in single blessedness as the belle of Exchange Row?

Why does father wear his faded last year's suit and plaster a mortgage on the home so that young Percy may go through college? "Love!"

I thought you'd say so. Love has become a regular patent medicine formula as applied to all human eccentricities. But you're not going to escape that easily. Love—yes. But why is love?

Have you ever thought of the true beginnings of this thing we call family life? Do you know the vital motive that underlies marriage and the breeding and education of children? Do you know why "free love" in its commonly accepted interpretation, implying freedom from all social bonds and domestic restrictions, actually violates Nature? It is all because

Man isn't a Snake. No, I'm not writing copybook axioms. I'm stating a biological fact. The reason that men have families and take care of those families and build a social code for the protection of families in general is because man is a mammal—and the essential attribute of a Mammal as differentiated from the next lower evolution of life, the Reptile, is his propensity to have families and his dependence on families.

"The mammal is a family animal!"—there you have it in a nutshell, and when you have assimilated that much you'll regard Mary's dishwashing and John Henry's mortgages in quite a different light. Wells tells us about it in his "Outline of History." Up from the slime he traces life and the things Nature did to life. She was a versatile schemer, was Old Madam Nature, in those first upheaving days. The world was in a mulligan and infinite contriving

was necessary to keep life going at all.

First it was only a quivering jelly swayed by a steaming tide. Then gradually, through countless ages of darkness and light, heat and cold, the earth shaped into the form we know to-day. With each evolution there were radical adaptations, to suit altered circumstances. Always there was a distinction both in form and function. Centering at first in the water, life gradually drew itself up on the bank. Noses and lungs formed in those masses of jelly. Scales and scales appeared. Scales, in turn, gave way to hair. Fins turned into wings. Once you were proudest

proud of your tail, my friend. Once the world revolved around your claws. Gradually such things were shed, but always something better came in its place. Always the new form or the new function made for fuller and freer life. Always it provided better defence for the species and larger health and happiness for the individual.

For a long time the reptile ruled and was the latest word in the natural plan. Then something happened. The Great Ice Age began, and the Great Ice Age raised Hob with local society. Some of the Best Fins were wiped clean off the map and the Noblest Tails took up wait-

er's jobs. A form of life which had seemed unimportant in the more torrid days when living came easy and soft and warm, now leaped ahead and became indeed the One Great Idea on the programme. The Age of Mammals arrived, and before them everything else gave way.

Now the Theriomorph, that first wee Mammal, did not outstrip the Snake by sheer size or strength. His beginnings were indeed infinitely weak and lowly. He outstripped the reptile because he represented a bigger idea. Life was no longer a by-product of a general explosion. It was becoming highly specialized and more valuable, and as its function

increased it was facing more and more difficult conditions. Some expedient had to be adopted which would protect this precious thing against its environment. That expedient was the Mammal.

Wells says: "A mammal is really a sort of reptile that has developed a peculiarly effective protective covering, hair; and that also retains its eggs in the body until they hatch so that it brings forth living young (viviparous), and even after birth it cares for them and feeds them by its mammae for a longer or shorter period. Some reptiles, some vipers for example, are viviparous, but none stand by their young as the real mammals do. Both the birds and the mammals, which escaped whatever destructive forces made an end to the Mesozoic reptiles, and which survived to dominate the Cretaceous world, have these two things in common: first, a far more effective protection against changes of temperature than any other variation of the reptile type ever produced; and, secondly, a peculiar care for their eggs, the bird by incubation and the mammal by retention, and a disposition to look after the young for a certain period after hatching or birth. There is by comparison the greatest carelessness about offspring in the reptile."

So came the Mammal. So came the family idea. Not because it was a pretty idea, not because it was more respectable—but because it saved life. Therein lay the reason for families forty million years ago. Therein lies the reason for them now. And that is why Mary's dishwashing and John Henry's mortgages are supremely beautiful and dignified; why, indeed, they surpass all other national functions in importance. The marriage law may be, and undoubtedly is, a faulty arrangement, but the Family Idea is the Hand of God on the Spawn of a shaping World.

Next Week—"This Talk is About Marriage." (Copyright, 1922, George Matthew)

SAID THE TRACHODON TO THE THERIOMORPH, WHEN THE WORLD WAS WARM AND NEW, THE SWAMP BELONGS TO THE REPTILE CLAN, WHAT USE IS THERE HERE FOR YOU?

BUT THE ICE CAP CAME & THE ICE CAP WENT, AND THE HAUGHTY REPTILES FROZE, AND THE THERIOMORPH HE RULED THE EARTH WHEN THE SUN ONCE MORE UPROSE!

"OH, HOW DID YOU TURN THE TRICK, THEY CRIED WHEN THE REST OF US GOT THE CAN?" "BECAUSE, SAID THE THERIOMORPH WITH A GRIN, I AM A FAMILY MAN!"



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AS PLEASANT TO TAKE AS SUGAR THOROUGH IN THEIR WORK
MILLER'S WORM POWDERS
CONTAIN NO NARCOTICS EFFICIENT AND PROMPT TO ACT

THE MAN ON WATCH

Politics in municipal affairs might yield a snappy election, but that is the extent of the yield. With a large women's vote the contest might be still snappier, but the female vote in municipal elections is very limited.

The trouble about the city council of late years has been that those who are well qualified to be aldermen will not offer themselves, but will only criticize. Those who are serving are doing their best.

To cut the pastor's salary is about as dirty an act as a church can do if it can afford to pay and the minister is satisfactory. Of course a people can do what it wishes, even up in London, Ont.

That was a pretty thing to attempt to do—to cut dancing out of Queen's college curriculum just when the football team won the championship. If ever there was a time the students wanted to dance it is this week, and perhaps next.

Everybody has been talking about Boo-hoo, the Queen's cub bear, and its antics at Montreal last Saturday. It must be remembered that Boo-hoo was not in a dry town as it was in Kingston the previous Saturday, and someone may have mixed Boo-hoo's drinks.

If the church folk who turned out to welcome the championship footballers last Sunday gave the stranger as hearty a welcome as they did the pigskin boys, there would be some life in the local congregations.

Catarraqui is reported to be short of water. Is that all the shortage out there? Kingston also has its shortages, and "good" water is one of them.

Our old friend, Professor D. H. Marshall has a good daylight saving scheme for adults, but it would not be any better than the old one as far as the kids are concerned. The Lampman has no particular love for daylight saving, but he is convinced that it is in the interests of the large majority in Kingston, and therefore he will vote for retaining it next year.

Now they say that the anti-dancing motion introduced at Queen's alma mater society meeting was just a fake and made only to increase interest in the sessions.

Sometimes the effort of well-meaning people in trying to clean up a town in regard to the social evil is like sweeping dirt from the centre of the floor to the corners and leaving it there. It just transfers it elsewhere.

—THE TOWN WATCHMAN.

Hadn't Told the Bull. A story is told of a certain English politician who thought everybody knew or ought to know him. One day he was walking through a field when a bull addressed him in an undertone and made for him with his head down.

The politician was a man of dignity and political power. But he ran. He ran surprisingly well and reached the fence before the bull. He

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Mr. Wm. Kruschel, Morden, Man., writes:—"Some time ago I had quite a serious case of stomach trouble, indigestion. I could scarcely eat anything, outside of some light food, and even then I generally had pains after each meal. I tried many different medicines, but without any improvement, and had almost given up hope of ever being well. A neighbor recommended Burdock Blood Bitters, and after using it a short time I felt much better, so I continued to use it until I was completely relieved. I can honestly say that B. B. B. has done wonders for me after all other medicines failed."

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clambered over, out of breath and dignity, and found the owner of the bull contemplating the operation.

"What do you mean, sir," asked the irate politician, "by having an infuriated animal like that roaming about the field?"

"Well, I suppose the bull has some right in the field," said the farmer.

"Right? Do you know who I am, sir?" gasped the politician.

"I am the Right Honourable Sir."

"Then, why on earth didn't you tell the bull?" said the farmer.

Gorilla in a London Flat.

Three months ago Chula, an attractive four-year-old gorilla with ears as perfect as a child's, lived with his parents in the West African forest. To-day he passes a luxurious existence in a Knightsbridge flat, and eats with a spoon. Chula likes London food, but not the London climate. "He cries the moment I leave him," says Miss Alys Cunningham, who has adopted him, "and he spent most of his first night in London in tears. Chula hates men. He associates them all with African natives, who are so cruel to animals. Chula, whose diet is hot milk and bananas, will be taught table manners in the same way as John Daniels, the gorilla to whose room, bed, and blankets he has succeeded."

DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS
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THE SLENDER LORIS.

"All things in the Jungle creeping Have their purpose and their place; While a tired world is sleeping Strange forms join the nightly chase."

"Another curious pet that you might have, Teddy," said Uncle Frank, "is mostly eyes. That is one of the peculiarities of the Slender Loris. They have eyes about ten times too big for their small bodies and such surprised looking eyes at that. Another peculiarity is the slowness of their movements, for they look exactly like some very small kind of monkey until one examines them very closely. I was quite at a loss to know what to do with the first one I had. I expected her to eat fruit and all the sort of things a monkey would eat, but she would not look at anything like that. I had a number of doves in the aviary at that time, and one by one they were killed at night. It took me quite a number of days to realize that Mrs. Slender Loris was the culprit. Firstly I could not understand how anything moving so slowly could catch a bird, and then I misjudged her in thinking that she lived on fruit. The loris lives on beetles and insects, but to look at one you would never suspect it."

"I guess I would like a loris," said Teddy, "but I wish they did not eat beetles. They must be quicker at snapping up their food than one would think or they would never be able to get anything."

"That is correct, Teddy, and I also expect that those big goosoo eyes have something to say in the matter. Fascination plays a big part in the deaths that occur in the jungle."

Another Naughty Pet.

"Then you might have a peacock, Teddy, although they make rather dangerous pets for a boy. I used to live not very far from the low-country where peafowl were running wild, and I have often had a peacock brought me—did you ever hear the word 'peachicken' before? I do not think you have. One of these birds I remember very distinctly. He had a most miserable time from the fowls when he was young, as they used to chase him and pull the little tuft on his head. When he grew up, he got all his own back with interest. He was a great swell as he strutted about with his tail extended, and he became so conceited that he would fly at my horse, chase the dogs, and even attack strangers coming to the bungalow. He would assassinate the roosters and murder the hens if he got the chance, and he even went so far as to try conclusions with Taina, my pet Wanderer monkey."

"I bet he got it hot from the monkey—didn't he, Uncle?"

"He certainly did, Teddy, and he did not try it twice. He lost quite a lot of his tail feathers and very nearly lost his life into the bargain. He sure learnt about the meaning of a 'monkey-business.' I had to keep him in a cage eventually, but one day an Afghan trader brought me up a peahen. Mr. Peacock behaved after that. He spent all his time showing off to the hen, who did not seem to think very much of him when all was said and done. It is rather difficult to shoot a peacock in its natural state as the birds are mostly feathers. The best way to shoot them is with a pea-rifle, taking aim at some vital part. That's all for to-night, Teddy."

A baby kangaroo is not much bigger than a man's thumb.

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The Paxton Twins Will Go to College

AMONG the applications recently received at our Head Office, were two on the same date, signed by a Mr. Joseph Paxton. They were for Child's Endowment Policies for two children of Mr. Paxton; and it was noted that the birthday was the same for each.

Feeling there might be an interesting story behind so unusual an application, we interviewed Mr. Paxton.

"Yes, they are twins," he said, "and although one is a girl, I feel she is just as much entitled to a university education as her brother Peter. I've seen so much of parents' plans miscarrying, that I determined to make sure my debt to my little ones would be paid. I figured that by little economies here and there, I could pay the annual premiums that would ensure a college education for Peter and Patsy."

It transpired that when Mr. Paxton looked into the matter he found the premium on Child's Endowment Insurance much less than he had imagined.

This is one of the many practical applications of the Life Insurance Idea—investigate its possibilities for your children. Write for our Booklet on "Child's Endowment Policy."

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