NEWSY NATURE NOTES

By Stuart L. Thompson

Copy for Week Ending November 30th, 1940

SHREWS AND SHREWS

Did you ever meet a shrew? I am not thinking of the kind of shrew spoken of by Shakespeare. There are shrew and shrews. And Dame Nature has shrews of her own. There in her world, are tiny mouse-like animals which scramble about in the forest. So small and secretive are they, and so much of their activity is carried on during the hours of darkness, that few people even among outdoor folks knew of them, and if by chance one of these little creatures should be seen, anyone would be quite justified in calling it a mouse.

But the naturalist knows better. Mice and shrews certainly resemble each other, but only superficially. There are many differences, but the principal one lies in the information of the teeth. All mice have large incisor teeth and do a great deal of gnawing. The teeth of a shrew are almost microscopic and are fitted for biting cuting, tearing and holding. This sounds very savage does it not? And indeed the shrew is! Of all the animal nature kingdom, this little mite is perhaps the most voracious. Anything of an animal nature that happens in its way is eagerly devoured. Worms, slugs, snails, grubs, insects and even freshly killed birds or animals are on its bill of fare. A naturalist friend once told me of three shrews being confined with insufficient provender in a small cage. The next day there were only two — one had been devoured. The following day there was only one left. The survivor had found competition too keen and had duly absorbed his competitors.

Shrews are close relatives of both bats and moles. And in a way that is strangely symbolising. Their place in the outdoors is between the air and underground. Amid the trash and tangle of grass, leaves and roots on the floor of the forest they spend their lives. Their eyesight may not be of the sharpest, but their long delicate snouts, keen in both feeling and scent, enable them to find their way amid the gloomy mazes where their semi-creeping and crawling prey abounds.

One dull dark November day I happened to be out in the woods. Things were all very still and silent, but nearby a slight rustle caught my ear. Looking in that direction I saw several of the dead leaves moving. I drew them apart, and found a shrew trying hard to get out of sight. I caught him and took him home. In a wooden box appropriately fitted up to resemble his natural home I kept him to study his habits or better perhaps, his actions. He was a most restless little captive, forever pushing his way through and through the mass of dead leaves of his den. He seemed to be forever searching for something that he had lost there. Seldom did he show himself, and never once did I hear even the faintest squeak from him. He lived and labored in silence, but his most surprising feat was eating. He ate everything of the nature of flesh I fed him, even cured bacon, and all except the bones and feathers of a freshly-killed sparrow. And yet, strange to say he refused to touch cheese. Now who can say shrews and mice are related? How much more I might have learned from my little captive is difficult to say. His last lesson ended our acquaintance. I learned that he could climb. He made his way somehow up the rough sides of the box and made good his escape into the garden to be seen no more.

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W. C. T. U. NOTES

SCOTT PENS NEW POEM

Verses Mark Agreement Between Britain and U. S.

QUEBEC, Aug. 29 (CP) —Archdeacon Frederick George Scott, popular Canadian padre of the First Great War, has written the following poem entitled "The Alliance," on recent cooperative defence measures concluded between Britain and the United States.

THE ALLIANCE

Heart unto heart unfolding one great aim—
A world redeemed from tyrants and their shame.
Americans and British side by side
Breast now the floor of wrong's unhallowed tide.

Brothers in blood, brothers in mind and soul,
Your phalanxed strength in one long battle roll
Is herald of the dawn that ends the night
And phantom forms of evil puts to fight.

Out of the wrack and turmoil of the time,
With strong endeavor in a cause sublime,
Ye are God's pledge that men shall one day see
The downfall of man's blood-red tyranny.

WHAT EDUCATION MEANS TO THE WORLD TODAY

(By ADELINE RILEY)

More than at any other time, education is of the greatest importance during war time. During the last World War, children were released from school under age and were overworked. This did not help matters any for it injured the coming generation to a large extent. Democratic countries have problems because they have to teach the importance of toleration, liberty, freedom to young people who never knew anything else.

To-day, young people look ahead to see no work after High School is over, so they discontinue to go, thinking it of no use to them. This is an ill that we must overcome. It is one of the hardest problems of today. However, we must make the young people realize the importance of education to a democracy of today.

We must make education the study of man's physical and social well-being. This should be the basic rule. We should make the youth feel that education will help to lighten all his burdens through life instead of being just a boring pastime. By educating ourselves, we would be learning more about our country and the form of democratic government by which we are ruled. I am sure we all would wish a knowledge of our own country affairs.

Education can be used to a great extent in our leisure time. We are taught the truth of tobacco and intoxicating liquors in our school chemistry and science. That is if we know the truth about these things we will be less apt to use them ourselves. Then again, how can we read, and concentrate on world affairs if we have no education? Do not think education sheer waste of time. It is the base of everything in the world. Without it can we exist? Education will teach us the formation of good habits of body, mind and morals. It will teach health instead of invalidism, and success in all our doings instead of failure.

(This article was taken from "The Black and Gold," Hantsport High School publication. Being written by a young lady, age fourteen. It was considered worthy of notice—Page Editor)

TRAFFIC DEATHS AND LIQUOR SALES MOUNT TOGETHER

Local, state and Federal governments are vitaly concerned about America's shameful record of highway tragedies. Millions of dollars are expended in road improvements, and safety devices, warning signs announce dangerous curves and hills, reflector and flasher lights are erected to guide the driver at night, guard rails are built to keep him on the road, traffic regulations demand more and more precaution of divers, driving licenses are required in many states and attest the endorsement by the highway departments of the driver's proficiency, and yet,—these same governments continue to sanction the indiscriminate distribution of alcoholic beverages which safety directors and traffic experts generally recognize as one of the chief contributing factors in highway tragedies. More liquor means more accidents, as the records show.

The American Business Men's Research Foundation in a recent press release reports a 25.6 per cent increase in automobile deaths during the first nine weeks of 1940, recorded in twelve leading cities of the country.

"These twelve cities (total population exceeding 18,321,000) are New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, St. Louis, Baltimore Boston Pittsburgh San Francisco, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, and New Orleans." The report continues:

"The same rate of increase for the entire country would mean a record-breaking death roll of 40,945 traffic fatalities by the end of 1940.

"As alcohol, according to many traffic experts, is now recognized as a responsible factor in at least 25 per cent of all highway accidents, it is estimated that John Barleycorn has been a partial or major cause in at least 350 traffic deaths in 149 cities during the first 63 days of 1940.

"This increase is being accompanied by a radically upward trend in liquor consumption. From July, 1939, to February 1, 1940, there was an increase of 22,260,000 gallons of domestic distilled and malt liquors compared with the same period (first seven months) of the fiscal year 1939."

'NOBODY HAS EVER KNOWN A TIME LIKE THIS'

This is to give notice that I have been moved from Putien Hinghwa to Foochow and that I am no longer able to supervise the work of the Ling Mi and Hong Deng lepers in the Sienyu district . . . Rice is 3 lbs. a dollar. It used to be 18 lbs. a dollar. Nobody has ever known a time like this in China or in this province, at any rate. The other food which people might eat, potatoes, is correspondingly dear, so that people are slowly starving.

The lepers at Ling Mi are visited by nurses from the Union Hospital, Sienyu, periodically. This is a Christian hospital, so that now the lepers have some medical attention to help them out. We pay for the drugs used, but service is free.

I think I told you that we had to stop the building of the Church at Ling Mi owing to the sudden rise of prices. The roof is on, so the building will not come to harm. I hope it will get finished after the war; there is no hope of doing it until the price of rice comes down. In conclusion may I add that after being associated with your Mission for over ten years, I have nothing but admiration for its work. —Rev. J. H. Pratt, B. Litt.

OUR WHITE RIBBON

Frances Willard at the National Convention in Philadelphia in 1885, gave an account of the origin of our White Ribbon badge.

A pledge-signing campaign, probably about 1876, had used the red and blue ribbon as badges, and it was suggested that the third national color, white, be used for the women's organization, as white stood for purity and peace.

A union in Massachusetts was the first to use the white ribbon as a badge.

Before the National W. C. T. U. Convention, many colors were suggested. Since white is a combination of all the colors, the white ribbon badge most fittingly represents the ideals for which the W. C. T. U. stands.

Since that time the white ribbon bow has been the emblem of our organization not only in the United States, but around the world.

DO YOU KNOW?

That Frances E. Willard is to have a Commemorative stamp? On July 19, Postmaster-General Farley, at Washington, made public the list of famous Americans in the realm of letters, art, and sciences, for whom a series of postage stamps are to be issued in the coming year. In the group of educators we find the name of Frances E. Willard, along with Horace Mann, Charles W. Eliot, Boker T. Washington, and Mark Hopkins. The names of two other women are found in the list: Louisa Alcott, as an author, and Jane Addams, as a scientist.

In Montreal
THE Windsor
ON DOMINION SQUARE
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WS

THE Gift Wife

By RUPERT HUGHES

Jebb had rehearsed his French in the cab, and he began smoothly:

"Monsieur thought I had rested at his hotel, is it not?"

"I was sure of it, Monsieur. You look most like that miserable pigdog of a Pierpont. I see now that you are not the man—he was much thinner and not at all like you. I alologize humbly."

"When was Mr. Pierpont here?"

"It was two weeks, monsieur. He arrives in state. He seems to have a little too much of the gin or the wiskee, but we others always expect that from the English and Americans. He orders the best room in the house, the best food, and he drinks much of the wiskee. Then one day—his room is empty. He does not come back."

"How much was his bill?'

"Five pounds Turkish."

"Is it that he left of the baggage?"

"No, monsieur. He brought nothing with him. He said he expected his yacht to come for him. He bought fresh linen here in the shops and threw the old away."

Jebb smiled sadly. The portrait sounded familiar.

"Did Mr. Pierpont register?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"May I see the signature?"

"But yes, monsieur."

Mme. Carolet whisked the little book from a drawer and Jebb recognized his own writing with a conflict of relief and shame. The name was Vanderbilt Pierpont, but the hand was the hand of Jebb.

"One more question. Is it that Mr. Pierpont had a child with him—a little girl?"

"No, monsieur, not one."

"From what city was he come?"

"That he did not say, monsieur, and he had not of the baggage, monsieur. He talked very little and his tongue was a little thick."

"I will pay his bill."

"Nom de Dieu, you will pay the bill! But why should monsieur pay the bill of that gentleman?"

"It is my whim. He was an American. I am an American. For the honor of the country — but if you would prefer not. I will not pay the bill."

"Oh, monsieur, I do not question you. I thank you."

He paid the bill and went back to the cab. He had found a clew to himself at last. So the devil in him had taken the name of Vanderbilt Pierpont, and raised large and lived high.

But having found his alias, how was he to retrace his route? Long after midnight he sat in his room pounding his forehead with his fist to beat out an idea, and finally one came like a spark from a smitten anvil.

"The teskere!"

He could hardly endure the delay till morning, and he was waiting at the station when the fat recorder of passports waddled in and squeezed into his chair.

And at length after much delay he unearthed the document.

"Yes, effendim, here is the permission for V. Pierpont Effendi to travel from Constantinople into the interior. It carries the visa of Salonica in the writing of my assistant, I was absent that day."

"May I ask the date, and the name of the man who issued the teskere."

The recorder held it out for him to see, and Jebb wrote down the name of the official and hisaddress in Constantinople. He could hardly control his excitement as he said:

"One more question, effendim, when is the next train to Constantinople? Shall I have time to go back to my hotel before it leaves?"

"I think so, effendim," smiled the Turk, shaking like a vat of jelly: "the train to Constantinople runs three times every week, and the next train leaves tomorrow."

Another twenty-four hours of action! It seemed that he could not tolerate the delay. He was finished with Salonica, so impatient to be quit of it that he was tempted to set out for Constantinople on foot. He actually climbed the steep hillside, through the Turkish quarter.

Young girls hung about the fountains filling their jugs, and a dozen times Jebb saw some profile, some little form that suggested Cynthia. But he was all too well assured that she was not in Salonica.

He kept walking and late in the afternoon he reached the southern limits of the city, where houses were few and fields broad. In the distance he saw a splendid palace in a great garden surrounded by a high wall. He skirted the edges and continued on his way till it began to grow dark. Seeing that the sunset was purpling Mt. Olympus and that night would soon be upon him, he turned back.

He was startled by distant cries. He saw people running here and there. Suddenly a little veiled figure came out of the twilight and the shrubbery close to him. Jebb thought that some poor Turkish wife was fleeing from murder or persecution. He determined to offer her his protection. He ran towards her shouting in English. As he came up the little veiled figure drew two revolvers and fired at him.

The bullets whirred past his ears. He would have been glad to retreat but his impetus carried him forward than any foo hardy bravery that led him to leap at the murderous lady and wrestle with her for her revolvers, which continued to spit fire in a very feminine way and fortunately with feminine aim.

In the highly indecorous wrestle for life, the fugitive's thick yashmak was torn loose, and Jebb saw to his infinite amazement that the little lady wore a heavy beard, and was a little old man.

The captive kept uttering violent things in a violent way; then he began to plead shrilly. But Jebb had lost his Turkish along with his breath and his patience; and he simply held his prisoner fast, till the pursuers arrived. They gazed with awe at the scene, pouring forth horrified sentences in which Jebb caught the word "Padishah!"

He nearly swooned as it came over him that the little old gentleman in the disheveled ferije and veil was no less — and no more — than Abdul Hamid I.

Each of the breathless pursuers laid hold on the royal captive, till he looked as many-limbed as the spider he had been always called. Turning to Jebb, the Turks, with such hands as were free, lifted the imaginary dust of homage to their breasts and brows.

Then in a cloud of real dust a mounted officer thundered up. He insisted that he was the dust under Jebb's feet, and introduced himself as Raouf Bey, a cavalry colonel of Miralay detailed as the guardian of the Sultan.

When the Allatini villa was reached and the Sultan snugly restored to his nest, Raouf invited Jebb to enter the carriage with him, and returned him to his hotel in state.

That night he was the guest at dinner of a group of Young Turkish leaders. The dinner was given in the home, the selamlik, of the wealthy Chekub Pasha. It was a stately affair—a procession of luxuries.

At Jebb's request Cranford Banbury was asked to attend as interpreter, though there was little need of him in this respect, since all of the Young Turks spoke French and German and some of them English.

(To be Continued)

Excessive Worry Saps the Nervous System

Worry over business or household duties, sudden shock, distressing news, the foolish attempt to put a week of normal life into 24 hours all put a strain on the nervous system it cannot stand.

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...is Rubber Conducts Electricity

It sounds startling. Any school boy knows, of course, that one of the most valuable properties of rubber is its electrical non-conductivity or its ability to "insulate" electrical conductors.

Now comes the Dunlop Company and deliberately compounds a rubber that will conduct a certain amount of electricity. It doesn't seem to make sense but it's an actual fact....and turns out to be a very valuable safety measure too. Although still in somewhat of an experimental stage, results to date has possessed definite practical value and point to the complete elimination of a number of hazard which, while the average man on the street thinks little about them, are none the less quite serious.

Just think back a moment. Do you remember how you used to rub your feet on the carpet — a good insulater — and get a spark from the radiator, which was a good "ground"? Very harmless, of course, but what would happen if there were explosive solids, liquids or gases present? Quite possibly a terrific explosion, with serious loss of life, property and consequent interruption of vital war effort. Now, if the floor covering had been a conductor of electricity, no explosion could take place because there would be no spark to cause it. That, then, is one application of conductive rubber.

Here is another. Did you ever notice the short chain that bounces along behind the big gasoline tank trucks? That is, of ccurse, to "ground" any static and let it run away before it "builds up" to form a spark, when someone touches the tank, which might cause a terrific explosion. The same hazard is present when an aeroplane is landing if the tires on the gasoline truck or the tires on the plane were made of the Dunlop conductive rubber, this electrical charge would escape harmlessly as the wheel touches the ground.

Other uses for this conductive rubber are suggesting themselves every day, such as taking the static electricity out of factory belting, gasoline hose, automobile engine mountaings and all types of buses, trucks and passenger cars.

It has, of course, always been possible to make rubber conductive to some degree by the addition of considerable graphite, powered charcoal, etc., but other desirable qualities of the rubber suffered very severely in consequence. However, the important feature of the new technique as developed in the Dunlop laboratories is that there is no sacrifice of the normal properties of flexibility and resistance, cracking and wear. It is now possible to produce rubber with good mechanical properties with any required specific electrical resistance between the limits of one ohm to 1,000,000,000,000,000,000 ohms (1015 ohms) per cubic centimetre, the latter figure representing almost perfect insulation. Although each different application of conductive rubber presents its own problem, it has been possible to produce for a considerable variety of applications, rubber of the desired conductivity and the necessary degree of hardness. Much work has yet to be done in this field but the results to date are highly gratifying.

New Cheese Pact With Great Britain

CORNWALL, Ont., Nov. 28—(CP)—Under the new cheese agreement with the United Kingdom, Canada agrees to ship more cheese than last year across the Atlantic, but her production this winter probably will be lower than it was last, J. F. Singleton of the Department of Agriculture said in an address prepared for delivery today at the eastern Ontario cheesemakers' convention.

Mr. Singleton, associated director of the dairy products marketing service, said that in addition to increased export demand for cheese, there is a domestic need in Canada for more butter.

Demand for more butter would divert milk from the cheese industry.

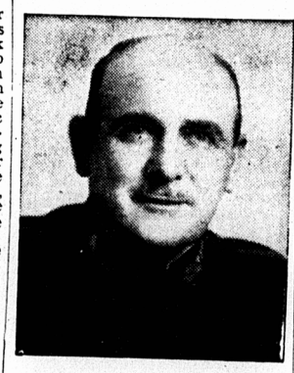
Mr. Singleton said the new cheese agreement with the United Kingdom calls for 112,000,000 pounds of cheese from Canada during the year starting April 1 next. This would be about 15,000,000 pounds more than the estimated shipments during the year ending next March 31. This increase would require 172,500,000 pounds more milk.

In addition, 234,000,000 pounds more milk would be required during 1941 to increase butter production by 10,000,000 pounds.

"Whether 10,000,000 pounds more butter is sufficient to meet Canadian requirements is yet unknown," Mr. Singleton said. "The figure is used only for illustrative purposes."

"But in any case, it is quite clear that 500,000,000 pounds increase in milk production during 1941 over that of 1940 can be used advantageously for increased production of cheese and butter."

Total milk production in Canada was about 16,000,000,000 pounds a week, he said, and 500,000,000 pounds increase would be equivalent to 3.1 per cent.



Lt.-Col. H. Chas. Tutte, public relations secretary to Salvation Army for Canada, who is again this year appointed to the position of national campaign director for the Salvation Army in its drive for $1,500,000 for War and Home service next March. Sir Edward Beatty is the national campaign chairman for the drive.

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Airman Has Diphtheria

YARMOUTH, N. S., Nov. 28—(CP)—The Royal Canadian Air Force barracks here was quarantined today after the discovery of a mild case of diphtheria at the station. The airman who contracted the disease was able to leave hospital but military authorities applied the quarantine to make sure it spread no further.

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BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

TIPPLE AND "CAP" STUBBS

By Edwina

TILLIE THE TOILER — WHILE THE CAT'S AWAY—

By Westover