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 Grade IV—1 Helene Dolron; 2 Marie Blanchard; 3 Prescilla Dolron.
 Grade IV—1 Catherine Gallant; 2 Olive Gallant; 3 Bert Pitre.
 Teacher, Marie A. Doucette.
 Primary Department:
 Grade III—1 Eveline Gallant; 2 Theodore Gallant; 3 Joseph Blanchard.
 Grade II (a)—1 Rita Pitre; 2 Clarisse Blanchard; 3 Marie E. Richard.
 Grade II (b)—1 Yvonne Gallant; 2 Emmanuel Gallant; 3 Marie Dolron.
 Grade I (a)—1 Rose Richard; 2 Pius Pitre; 3 Robert Dolron.
 Grade I (b)—1 Alice Blanchard; 2 Joseph Blanchard; 3 Bernice Gallant.
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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1929

OUR WINTER EVENINGS
 As Autumn merges into Winter the perennial question arises, what are we to do with our long winter evenings? Already arrangements are being made for the formation of the usual study classes, lecture courses, debating clubs, amateur theatricals, musical organizations, etc., and it is gratifying to note that this movement is not confined to the urban centres. Many of our rural districts are also making preparation along similar lines, and there is every reason to believe that during the coming winter the number of mutual improvement organizations will exceed that of former winters.

While such organizations as those mentioned are helpful, and in some cases indispensable, it will be found in the last analysis that the greatest benefit to be obtained from the judicious use of our winter evenings, will depend upon individual effort. History abounds with the names of men and women in all ages and in all civilized countries who have laid the foundations of brilliant and useful careers by study in their spare hours. Some of the world's greatest scientists began and continued their studies during the long winter evenings after their bread-earning hours of duty, and the road to such fame and success as they have achieved is open to every one who chooses to pursue it. The ability to read, even in an elementary way, opens the door to a storehouse of knowledge and education and culture, and to the things which most matter in life.

The world is full of books and every conceivable subject of usefulness and uselessness is within reach of all who choose to take advantage of it. The matter of selection will depend upon individual taste and inclination, and the wise young man and woman will select wisely and profit accordingly. Companionship with the world's best men and women of all ages is possible to everyone, and men and women are always known by the company they keep. The company is not confined to the immediate environment, but may be selected from among the great in all ages and in all countries, and intimate association with these cannot fail to produce such greatness and usefulness and culture as the best have achieved.

We would strongly urge upon our young people everywhere the necessity of making good use of their long winter evenings, and of selecting specific course of study while they have the opportunity. The opportunity is now theirs and every means is at their disposal for reaching out to the cultural and educational influences with which the world of today is so plentifully endowed.

UTILIZATION OF WHEAT STRAW
 Thousands of tons of wheat straw have been burned in past years simply to get rid of it. This tremendous waste of material is now, thanks to research and experimentation, about to be eliminated.

One mile north of Regina, says a western exchange, machinery is making lumber. Boards of 14 feet long, five feet wide and two inches thick, are being created out of ordinary wheat straw. The straw is compressed under a pressure of 100 pounds to the square inch, is laced with wire, and presto! there's building-lumber of unique quality.

A company has been incorporated. Patent rights have been acquired. The lumber is being produced. A new industry, promising to be of revolutionary importance to western Canada, has been born.

It seems that straw can do more than show the wind. Thanks to skilled chemists it is now being transformed into lumber. The tough, long, cellular fibres of wheat straw possess virtues hitherto unsuspected. The straw-made lumber is virtually fire-proof, and its only rival is asbestos. It is claimed to excel all known insulating materials, and is almost

Notes By The Way

"The Great Canadian Fallacy," as discussed in MacLean's for October 15 by B. K. Sandwell, is of timely interest just now. This writer suggests that it is possible for Canada to produce too much food. In its simplest form the great fallacy is that Canada ought to have a great many more farmers than she has. Another way of stating the fallacy is that there are too many of every kind of people in the country, except farmers. Plenty of people have advocated the application of persuasion and pressure to those who are not farming, to induce them to become farmers. "Back to the land" came into vogue while ago as a slogan to the people of our rapidly growing cities.

In the meantime the city population has grown toward equality with the country side at the rate of some 50,000 yearly. It also transpires that the average farmer in Canada, by the use of greatly improved machinery and methods of cultivation, tills much more land and produces a much larger amount of foodstuffs than did the average farmer in the years before the War. And this is true of all the great wheat-growing counties of the world.

Official figures compiled by Mr. Sandwell from the Canadian Year Book and from reports of the League of Nations, prove conclusively that the possible wheat consumption of the world is rigidly limited, and that it can only be expanded by a drastic fall in price which would be ruinous to the wheat-growers of the west, if not to Canadian agriculture.

It is not only in wheat, but also in meats that the average farmer produces much more than he formerly did in the great agricultural countries of the world, notably in Argentina, as well as in Canada and the United States. And the increased consumption of meats, poultry and eggs lessens the demand for wheat. Apparently the world is being surfeited with a mass of foodstuffs in unprecedented magnitude.

Do we need more farmers to produce more food, to their own undoing? Do we not rather need more artisans in our cities and towns to expand other industries than those of tilling the soil; to create home markets for farm products at the farmers' doors; more consumers rather than more producers of the products of the farm? Surely this would be a good thing for the farmers of Canada.

Canada holds a place in a world bristling with high protective tariffs on every side, the highest of them all being that of the United States, in touch with our Dominion along a boundary 4,000 miles in length. Under such conditions the crude notion that Canadian farmers and industrial workers do not need protection is too absurd for serious discussion. Our farmers need protection for their home market against invasion just as much as they need fences to enclose their growing crops from invasion by their own cattle or those of their neighbors.

Our farmers need protection against our next neighbors to the south, but our pro-American Government at Ottawa has so far refused to raise the tariff against the American farmer to half the height of the American tariff against the Canadian farmer. Nor is this all. By trade treaties with Australia and New Zealand the Ottawa enemies of the Canadian farmer have opened another sluice gate by which the Canadian dairyman's home market is being deluged with New Zealand butter at prices lower than the cost of production in Canada.

The Ottawa authorities, looking to Washington with admiring gaze, are apparently well content if the States buy half as much from us as they sell to us, and the disparity continues to grow. It cannot be otherwise until either a change of heart and a change of policy—a hopeless prospect—comes over the King Government, or it is overthrown by the votes of the electors of Canada.

And the hope for a change of Government at Ottawa has grown brighter from year to year as province after province has fallen into the Conservative column. The evidential Premier King over the situation at present existing strengthens Conservative hopes, as well as their confidence in their brilliant leader, Hon. R. B. Bennett is rarely equipped for the task he has undertaken; he has able lieutenants in every province of the country, and the electors have heard him gladly wherever he has spoken.

That Body of Yours
 By James W. Barton, M.D.
HALF OF SMALL INTESTINE REMOVED

I often speak of Nature's care of us in spite of some of the foolish things we do. Also of how Nature is always just a little ahead of our needs. Every organ in the body is capable of doing much more work than is ordinarily required of it, and when everything extraordinary is required that body of yours is usually able to withstand it. Thus you may live with just one lung or kidney, or about half the liver, and so forth.

And now we read of the surgical removal of almost half of the small intestine. As you know it is into the small intestine that the stomach empties the food after it has churned it for two to four hours, mixing it with the stomach digestive juice. Just after leaving the stomach the food is met in the small intestine by those other two digestive juices—the pancreatic juice from the pancreas, and the bile from the liver. After being mixed with these juices it is ready to be absorbed into the blood. Now in order that it will have plenty of time to be absorbed it has to travel a course of twenty feet, up and down little hills and valleys the surface of which is covered with little projections which select and absorb the food into the blood stream.

And yet as Dr. A. G. Brenizer, Charlotte, N. C., reports a case in which he removed 9 1/2 feet of the small intestine, and made a side to side junction of the small intestine with the large intestine. Liquids were given for the first four days, and a soft diet for the remainder of the three weeks in the hospital. The patient returned for examination in three months, having eaten, after six weeks, practically a full diet. His weight had increased from 102 to 172 pounds.

Now why do I write about this? Simply to show that you and I were given a small intestine because it was expected that we would use all the huge muscles covering the body. This would mean that we would need plenty of food. Further that food would have a large amount of material that would be slow in getting absorbed, and the long small intestine would give plenty of surface for this purpose.

Nowadays we eat food that is free from much of this material and we do not do much hard physical work. Hence it is possible to get along with about half the usual length of small intestine.

The Poet's Corner
MEMORY

Ah, slow soft rain of Memory
 That moistens green the sod;
 Thro' many rains to come to thee,
 My tired feet have trod.

The cold rain of the north land
 Was of the past a part;
 It drove with keen and bracing wind,
 Yet chilled mine inmost heart.

The torrent of the south land
 Swept o'er me; yet its tide,
 Drawn earthward, left my parching soul
 The sullen swamp beside.

But the soft mist of Memory
 Now veils what once has been;
 And thro' that veil I only see
 A field of living green.
 —O. E. Lindsay, in "A Little Rhyme."

THE LAND WE LOVE
 By FRANK YEIGH

PEACE RIVER PROSPECTS

Q. What are the present prospects of the Peace River?
 A. The Peace River District is evidently prospering. It is stated that the wheat crop of the Peace River District in 1929 will average 26 bushels to the acre, which, with the high prices prevailing for Canadian wheat, will insure a very prosperous year for the settlers. The area in the Peace River District suitable for agricultural purposes is estimated at 47,000,000 acres. This is more than twice the total area under wheat crop in Western Canada last year when over 500,000,000 bushels of wheat were grown. Six years ago there were only 23 grain elevators in the Peace River District; today there are 124. The annual wheat production of the Peace River Country is now almost equal to the total export wheat crop of all Canada in 1900.

Keyserling And The U. S.

Count Hermann Keyserling of Germany, who is rated as a philosopher, has been visiting the United States and expresses his views of the people and their ways in a manner more critical than philosophical. He asserts, for example, that the Americans are "singularly lacking in a sense of humor," a charge which, coming from a Teuton and a philosopher, ought to make even stolid "Main Street" sit up and laugh.

We are not told the kind of company the noble and reflective count has been keeping in his travels, but the retort which will doubtless suggest itself to some of our American friends is that, if he talks as he writes, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the high-brows of Boston, New York and Chicago seemed to him rather mirthless and dull. For, who could be expected to betray a sense of humor in the presence of one who solemnly declares that "the only has humor in the real sense who knows how to give expression to a profound and even tragic opposition from the point of view of a benevolent and serene mind?"

Our suspicion is that Count Keyserling has gone to the wrong source in his efforts to discover what evidently he had been led to believe was a highly developed gift of the American people. To one who defines humor as "a sense of proportion ruled from within by a keen appreciation of spiritual and intellectual values," the effusions of Life would naturally seem flat and the jokes of the highly paid columnists of the big daily newspapers somewhat depressing. But if the German sage had looked in other directions he would probably have reached the conclusion that there is a form of American humor which is none the less amusing because it lacks what he terms "the keynote of intellectual understanding" and is sublimely unconscious.

To find it one has only to read some of the editorial comments that appear in New York and Chicago journals on European politics. Or it may be enjoyed in still fuller measure in the pages of the numerous weekly reviews and literary supplements that advise the great American book-loving public what it should read. The standard of many of these publications is admittedly high. The contributors, as a class, are writers of repute and, in some cases, of rare ability; and considering the pace at which they have to work to cope with the rush of new books, the reviewers cannot be blamed if occasionally they nod or are guilty of a lapse.

Where the humor manifests itself is in the utterly false sense of literary values so often displayed, in the frequent distortion of historical facts, particularly when they relate to other countries and remote periods; and in the assumption of a knowledge on the part of some reviewers, concerning certain departments and phases of literature of which it is very evident they know little or nothing. For the purpose of illustration, a few instances, picked at random, may suffice.


Comment has already been made in these columns upon the kind of hallyhoo which stampedes the reading public into buying as works of genius books of very ordinary merit. It is a form of art, or imposition, that offers a somewhat sad commentary upon modern literary criticism; and yet it has a ludicrous side calculated to make even a German philosopher smile. There are times when actually he might be tempted to guffaw.

Take the case of a book, just published, dealing with the stormy period of American history following the assassination of Lincoln. To judge from the reviews and extracts which have appeared, the work is a lurid exposure of political intrigue and corruption—melodrama rather than history; yet we are asked to believe that the author, a New York newspaperman, who writes in the most approved reportorial style, "has restored history to the commanding position that it enjoyed in the days of MacAulay, Prescott and Parkman."

Again a book on Napoleon, by an unknown writer, makes its appearance and is hailed by authoritative reviewers as a masterly psychological study of the great soldier-emperor, presenting him in an aspect never before revealed. The joke, in this, as well as the nerve of the author, becomes apparent when a correspondent points out that some of the most vital passages in the work acclaimed as a valuable addition to Napoleonic literature have been cribbed, word for word, sentence by sentence, from Rosebery's "Last Phase."

The palm for mixing humor with criticism, however, must go to the reviewer who, in his (or her) appraisal of a recently published romance of England under the Protectorate of Cromwell, discovered that there were Jacobites at that period "who remembered Bonnie Prince Charlie," and who, from other allusions, was evidently firmly persuaded that the Commonwealth belonged to the eighteenth century.

In the light of these and other literary gems of mirth production, the assertion of Count Keyserling that the Americans are lacking in humor seems to be in the nature of a libel.

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