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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1924

TRUE CANADIANISM

This week the Scotsmen of this province celebrated with justifiable pride the one hundredth Anniversary of their national society, the Caledonian Club of Prince Edward Island. The boast that the organization has functioned unbroken for a century, the greatest century in the world's history, is one that may well be tolerated by those who are not of the blood. The Caledonian Club has the distinction of being the oldest fraternal society in the province but on this score it has only a narrow margin to boast of; the Benevolent Irish Society is a very close second and is already planning the celebration of its one hundredth Anniversary in 1925. The two other national societies, The Sons of England and the Societe de L'Assomption are considerably younger the former about thirty and the latter about twenty years of age. These four societies represent the four nationalities comprising almost the entire population of the province. There are a number of Welsh descent but very few of any nationality other than British and French.

It is a gratifying fact that, although these societies were originally organized and are being maintained to cherish the traditions, the memories and the glories of their respective motherlands they are living under the common bond of Canadian fraternity and allegiance to the British flag under the protecting folds of which each Canadianized nationality and creed enjoys British and perfect freedom. A pleasing feature of the recent Scottish centennial celebration was the presence by invitation gratefully accepted, of representatives of the other sister societies a fact which more than anything else symbolizes the unification and the Canadianization of the races which make up this Canada of ours.

LIBERALS NOW SCARED

After naming some half dozen or more real or imaginary possible candidates for nomination at the coming Conservative nominating Convention, the Patriot declares "it is a splendid tribute to the Liberal party to see so many political aspirants in the Conservative camp."

Hence forward according to this reasoning any one who finds himself chased by an irate pursuer with a club in his hand may regard the demonstration as a splendid tribute! This beats the reasoning of the man who, when kicked down stairs, declared it was no matter, as he was coming down anyway!

It is quite true that there are many Conservatives who are prepared to go after the King Government with a club. The party is exceptionally rich in capable men and the fact that so many of them are prepared to take up the cudgels at present is conclusive proof that there never was a more opportune time than now to win the seats held by Liberal representatives. If there were any doubts about the result of the coming election there would be fewer aspirants in the Conservative ranks. The fact is that the whole country, including many former Liberals, is determined that the King Government must be driven out bag and baggage. Hence the number of Conservative candidates who are ready to do the trick.

to oust a government that has brought little but harm to Canada since it came into office.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Roads are just nice for sleighing. Been lots of business done these past few days, many farmers and their wives enjoying their first sleighing for this season.

Brazil has decided to exclude until further notice all Japanese emigrants, and the Japanese Foreign Office says the situation presents itself in a decidedly serious aspect to the Japanese nation.

To develop Maritime ports let the National Railway sell their Portland branch line to Americans, suggests Hon. Mr. Pugsley. That certainly would be the simplest way out. Probably it would mean a temporary sacrifice but in the long run Canada, and especially the Maritimes, would benefit.

The firm handling of the Egyptian situation by the British Government has already been completely justified by results. The Egyptian Premier, Ziwar Pasha, has informed Lord Allenby, High Commissioner, in reply to the British Government's note that "the council of ministers, bowing to necessity and impelled by a great desire for pacification and good understanding, accepts the conditions integrally and without reserve."

Senator Belcourt has been offered the position of Canadian Minister at Ottawa, but is delaying acceptance until he knows how he'll stand in the event of his losing his job by resignation or otherwise. The Senator wishes either to be allowed to retain his seat in the Senate or to be provided with an adequate pension should he vacate the appointment at Washington. It is better to have the matter settled definitely now than to have misunderstanding and recriminations afterwards.

"Lou Keyto" alias Leo Koretz, the one time Halifax millionaire, has turned out to be a very mild and conciliatory delinquent. Not only did he waive all extradition proceedings, but when he reached Chicago and was charged on three counts with obtaining \$200,000 from the public by fraud, he pleaded guilty to all three, though the maximum penalty is forty years. Leo informed one of the detectives who arrested him that he was glad the end had come as he could not have stood the strain much longer. A guilty conscience to a sensitive man is the worst hell conceivable.

The Spectator dealing with the reduced postage question in Great Britain says: "Signs are gathering that the new Postmaster-General Sir William Mitchell-Thomson will be urged when Parliament meets to restore penny postage. As the Post Office has a surplus there is no reason at all why he should not do this. If, however, the principle on which the Post Office should work is properly regarded it will be seen that the justification of the penny post even in these days does not come from the mere existence of a surplus. Rowland Hill made the great discovery that the Postal service did not pay simply because the charges were excessive. He did not say "To reduce the charge nine-fold will mean a nine-fold loss." That is an argument worthy only of men who base their policy on paper arguments. He said rather, "The Postal Service is utterly inadequate and does not pay simply because too much is charged. If we reduce the postage to 1d. the vastly increased use of the Post Office will bring in such a revenue as was never dreamed of."

Notes By The Way

The defeat sustained by the Liberal Government in Moncton was very similar to that which recently befell the Oliver Liberal Government in British Columbia. Premier Oliver, whose majority in the legislature is a very narrow one, appointed Dr. Macdonald, of Okanagan, a member of his cabinet, but when the doctor resigned his seat in order to qualify for office the electors returned a Conservative member instead. His defeat leaves the Oliver Government shivering on the brink probably soon to be submerged.

The last of the Federal by-elections that were due was held in Temiscouata, Quebec, the other day. The county has a long record as a Liberal one, and only two candidates were nominated, both of whom professed to be Liberals in a general way. One was the choice of the Liberal convention and was recognized by the Ottawa Government as its standard bearer. The other opposed him as an independent, and was elected. The railway town of Riviere du Loup is in the county, and the railway vote went largely to support the independent candidate, who also got the Conservative vote. There is no rejoicing in official Ottawa over the by-election in Temiscouata.

Premier Armstrong, backed by a company of Liberal members, has been at Ottawa asking for additional duties on coal, increased assistance from the federal treasury to send Nova Scotia coal as far west as Port Arthur, and additional orders for steel rails sufficient to start the Sydney steel works going again. It is a pretty large order, and quite protectionist in color, but supported by statistics of alarming unemployment in the steel and coal industries. Premier Armstrong is reported as saying that the interview with Premier King and his colleagues was very satisfactory.

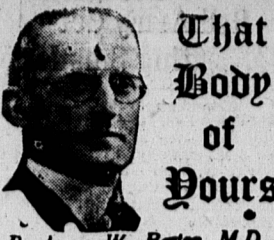
The "death knell of protection" finds but small support among the miners and steel workers of Nova Scotia, or the fruit-growers of Okanagan, B.C., or the factory workers of Ontario and Quebec, so many of whom were deprived of employment and sent into exile by the Robb tariff. Just now with unemployment increasing in all the larger Canadian cities, with diminished receipts on the Canadian National Railways, customs revenue falling from diminished imports, and deflation of values, and a serious decrease in receipts from income taxes, the financial outlook for the federal treasury is far from rosy.

The question is often asked, Why is business not so good in Canada as it was before the war? The answer is easy enough. Capital was then pouring into the Dominion, and immigrants as well for a time at the rate of 400,000 a year, and then there was very little emigration. With business getting 400,000 new customers yearly, and good customers too, the home market—always the best market, was in splendid condition. Now, owing to inefficiency and neglect at Ottawa, immigration has fallen to one-third of what it then was and is still decreasing, while the exodus of the past few years, stimulated by the Robb tariff, has been alarming.

Business is reviving in the States since the Presidential election—always unfavorable to trade and industry—is over. Our southern neighbors have also this year had a much better harvest than Canada, which conditions are the reverse of those of 1923. Owing to increased prices the Canadian harvest is as valuable as that of last year, but our neighbors have the better prices upon much larger production. And they have their home market fenced and guarded by protective walls as we have not. That is why trade revival across the border precedes its advent to Canada. It will come to us in time, but has been delayed by the obstructive and destructive tariff tinkering of the King Government.

Your Birthday

Owing to delay in arrival the following Birthdays are given for the benefit of those interested. DECEMBER 1.—You have plenty of pluck, and are determined, rather quiet and reserved, but full of fun. Your friends often follow your lead. You are kind and lovable, affectionate in your home, and always looking for an opportunity to add to the happiness of those you love. Beware of conceit and distrust those you love. Your birthstone is the turquoise which means prosperity. Your flower is holly. Your lucky color is pink. DECEMBER 2.—You are per-



By James W. Barton, M.D.

YOUR STOMACH MUSCLES

You have been having "stomach trouble" for years. Your family doctor has pointed out to you that it could not be a serious matter or you would have been dead ere this. He has perhaps had an X Ray examination made, and has pointed out that if it were an ulcer or a cancer, that it would have been discovered by this method.

However, you are not satisfied and have worried about it considerably. You have an uncomfortable feeling after eating, your stomach seems to swell, perhaps to burn, and you have belching of gas. What is the matter? Well, it has perhaps never occurred to you that your stomach has muscles just the same as your arms and legs.

It is not exactly the same kind of muscle because it is not under the control of your will, as is the muscle of your arms and legs, but it can get tired, can be overworked, and can have things interfere with it to such an extent that it can't do its work properly. You see the job of the muscles in your stomach is to churn up your food, so that the stomach juice can get properly mixed with the food. In order to do this work Nature has been very generous and has supplied the stomach with muscles running lengthwise, crosswise and obliquely.

When these muscles all get working the food certainly gets well mixed with the stomach juice, is brought to a liquid state, and is in shape for digestion. But if anything interferes with these muscles, then that food already in the stomach is going to lie there and ferment, and gases form which render you uncomfortable, unless you can get them moved upwards or downwards.

What is the likeliest thing to interfere with the action of the stomach muscles? Too much food will do it. Too much liquid will also dilute the stomach, and keep muscles stretched too long at a time. If a person worries too much, there is bound to be interference with the flow of juice, and the muscles also. Frequently it is because the muscles of the stomach are in poor condition, because all the rest of the muscles are in poor condition. You are below par everywhere, and the stomach shares in the weakness.

Sometimes the front abdominal wall—also muscle—is weak and allows the stomach to sag, thus interfering with muscular action. Chew your food, eat small meals even if you eat often, and try to tone up your body. Be patient and ambitious, but you are rather inclined to be hard on wrong doers. You are fond of going out and enjoy entertaining, and you love music. You are rather dreamy, and sometimes allow your temper to get the upper hand of you. You are loving and helpful, and happy most of the time. Yours should be an ideal marriage.

Your birthstone is the turquoise, which means prosperity. Your flower is holly. Your lucky color is pink. DECEMBER 3.—You are impatient, and too hasty in your judgment, and plan many things which you tire of before they are completed. You have a strong will, a bright mind, and hold your friends in a strong grasp. Beware of jealousy and spiteful gossip. Your birthstone is the turquoise, which means prosperity. Your flower is holly. Your lucky color is pink.

DECEMBER 4.—You are shrewd, capable, and energetic. You believe in yourself, and you have quite a bit of it to do. You are well liked by all who know you, but you form very few really deep friendships, and very good-natured. When love comes to you, do not trifle with it, which means prosperity. Your flower is holly. Your lucky color is pink.

DECEMBER 5.—You are sincere, and scrupulously honest, and have a quiet, happy disposition that wins you many friends, and makes you a general favorite. You love out-of-door, country life. You are proud and careful of appearances, and like to dress well. You should marry young, but do not take the step blindly. Never give way to jealousy. Your birthstone is the turquoise, which means prosperity. Your flower is holly. Your lucky color is pink.

CHEAP AT THE PRICE A Chinese truckman in San Francisco sent the following bill to a hardware dealer for delivering orders. 10 Goes At 50c a Went ..... \$5 Good Hardware.

NOT A PROPHET He asked the old actor when he thought he might possibly repay an ancient debt. "Can't say, old boy. I'm an actor, not a prophet."—Good Hardware. But know not what's resisted.

The Public Forum

This column is open for the discussion by correspondents of questions of interest in The Charlottetown Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinions of correspondents.

REV. PRINCIPAL FRASER PRESENTS.

Sir—May I enter my protest against being labelled "Modernist" by many ardent Church Unionists. I have seen myself so characterized in newspapers from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia. The fact that I am put in excellent company only slightly mitigates the offence. I am fundamentalist and modernist when these words are not spelt with Capital letters; but I am not a "Fundamentalist" or a "Modernist" in the sense in which these terms are being bandied about in the present acrimonious debate; and I hope that those who have brought my name into the discussion will accept this caveat in the spirit in which it is offered. If during this distressing controversy you continue to classify me as "Modernist," they will be applying to me a label with a sinister dogmatic significance which I repudiate, and I shall regard them as guilty of an unjust and unworthy act. I am, Sir, etc.

W. M. MULLIGAN, Montreal, December 1, 1924.

UNION 1875-1924

Sir,—In today's issue of your esteemed Journal is a letter from the Rev. Mr. Christie of Alberton in which he states that the Presbyterian Church in Canada from the first has been headed for "Organic" Union. (He does not say "Organic," though!) In support of his statement he gives an extract from a speech delivered by the first moderator of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, Dr. Cook, on June 16th, 1875, and reported in the Toronto Globe on 16th June, 1875. That is an unwarrantable assumption in the present case. Dr. Cook was only expressing a personal opinion on an important occasion. He was not expressing the considered, resolved, official opinion of the Church on "Organic" Union with other denominations. Anyone can delve into the minutes and reports of any of the churches and find that some of the speakers voiced similar glittering generalities and pious platitudes on like occasions. Away back in 1843 when the "Soloma League and Covenant" was signed, one part of the first clause in that historic document might be stretched by those wishing to justify a course of action, into being "headed for Organic Union." And no doubt we shall hear a great deal more such generalities on and after 10th June 1925!

That the Presbyterian Church in Canada has been headed for "Organic" Union since 1875 is sheer unwarrantable assumption. Does any one think for a moment that in 1875, the people—not merely the ministers—had in view a church organized to the limit and virtually controlled by a highly centralized bureaucracy in Toronto directing all its activities? The facts of the Church's history and methods up until 1902 and 1912 are all against such a statement. Why Sir, in 1911 after nearly ten years talk, discussion and agitation for "Organic" Union the Presbyterian Church

was not meeting with encouragement. The proposal of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A. in favour of an organic union of all the evangelical bodies resulted in a proposed creed which was anti-theistic anti-Christ, anti-Scriptural, and anti-evangelical. It could not secure a decent vote in our own denomination, and was ignored by the other denominations. The effort at union in Canada between the Methodist, Congregationalist and Presbyterian has resulted in a division in the Presbyterian Church, with an appeal to civil law for the protection of rights. The result in Australia, Victoria, and New South Wales is a complete failure. Even some of the liberals opposed it because of its mechanicalness.

The promoters of organic union have appealed to our Lord's great intercessory prayer when he prayed for his Father that they might "all be one." Any earnest student of that prayer will see that Christ was praying for oneness of life, nature and spirit, after the nature of the union between Christ and his Father which could not be organic, and to quote this prayer as one for mere organic union is well nigh blasphemous. The purpose of the leading advocates of forced organic union is mechanical. They conceive the power of the church to consist mainly in corporate action. They want a big machine, so that one few men can touch the button and the whole church move at their will. The church is not to be moved by mechanical force, but by compulsion, but by persuasion. The children of God are to be set at liberty, and they must ever be vigilant lest they be entangled with the yoke of bondage. If in any case two bodies of Christians, through close association, full agreement and natural growth come together with peace and unanimity, that is well and may be profitable. But when the union is simply a splitting off of a part of one body to enlarge another, such unions have never done well and cannot be called Christian and should be avoided. When a union of organization is accomplished by suppression of truth and testimony it destroys men and dishonors God.—The Presbyterian, United States.

Daily Selections for Guardian Readers

DECEMBER 5, 1924

FEAR NOT—Thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel. Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. Isaiah 43:1.

PRAYER:—And now Lord what wait I for, My hope is in Thee.

THE UNCO GUID

By Robert Burns

O ye wha are sae guid yerse', Sae pious and sae holy, Ye've naught to do but mark and tell Your neebours' faults and follies! Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill, Supp'd wi' store o' water. The heaped happer's ebbing aill, And still the clapp lays clatter.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared, And shudder at the niffer. But cast a moment's fair regard, What mak's the mighty differ; Discount what scant occasion gave That purity ye pride in, And (what's at mair than a' the lave) Your better art o' hiding.

Then gently scan your brother man, Still gentler sister woman; Though they may gang a kennin' wrang, To step aside is human; One point must still be greatly dark.

The moving why they do it! And just as lamely can ye mark How far, perhaps, they rue it. Who made the heart, 'tis He alone Decidedly can try us, He knows each chord—its various tone, Each spring—its various bias; Then at the balance let's be mute, We never can adjust it; What's don we partly may compute, But know not what's resisted.

The Land of The Heather

A Hundred Years Ago

At the St. Andrew's Centenary dinner of the Caledonian Club in the Hotel Victoria on Tuesday the toast of "The Land of the Heather" was responded to by Ex-Chief J. R. Burnett in the unavoidable absence of Rev. George C. Taylor. Mr. Burnett said: "I am sorry, and I am sure you are still more sorry—the Rev. Mr. Taylor is not here to reply to this, to our minds, the second most important toast of the evening. He could have discoursed upon it better than any one I know. I was looking forward to the pleasure of listening to his pawk humour and glowing eloquent periods, so characteristic of his after-dinner oratory."

AFTER THE WAR

"The Land of the Heather"—A Hundred Years Ago and Now. It may be a coincidence but it is worth noting that one hundred years ago our forefathers celebrated their first St. Andrew's supper, just six years after the close of the Napoleonic Wars. Today we their descendants, celebrate the hundredth anniversary just six years after the close of the Great War. What are the conditions then and now? My father fought in the Peninsular and French wars, and he used to picture to us the conditions prevailing after demobilization. The troops were brought to the Port of Leith, highly-pigilgy in sailing dresses, and methods of the high seas. They were demobilized in that port. Their arms taken from them, they were allowed to find their way as best they could in the rags of what had once been uniforms and on almost shoeless feet to their homes with no pensions, no back pay even, until long after the close of the war. It was to be wondered at that the high ways and byways were for years infested with returned soldiers, many of them wrecks, not a few able bodied, who acted the part of highway robbers to keep soul and body together? The greater portion, however, made their way as speedily as possible to their old homes where they found them selves practically strangers through their long absence and the filling of their jobs by others. Not a few of these soldiers ultimately came to Canada and to this island to provide our foundation stock.

AGRICULTURE THEN

One Hundred Years Ago and Now. Take agriculture. In the beginning of the nineteenth century, there were no thrashing mills nor farmers. Farmers thrashed all their oats, corn, as we call it in Scotland, by means of a flail, which consisted of two sticks fastened to each other's ends by a piece of sheep's skin, one stick being held in the hands and the other used for beating out the grain. The oats were next carried outside and the chaff separated from the grain by pouring it down a place where it could catch a good blow of wind. Of course, the chaff blew away while the heavy grain fell to the ground. My mother's father was the first to introduce flannery into the Glen of Cuminstown at Turiff, and the whole population of the Glen was like a "standing in the Glen," by means of a "presuming" to procure machine-made wind opposition to the wind heaven had provided. The Minister was consulted on the subject. But my grandfather, being an elder of the Kirk and a man of standing in the Glen, he was "wonder ower betime" and his neighbors began to send their oats to be cleaned by the "new wind," as they called it. The milling of the oats was another great affair. There was only one meal mill in the whole Glen and a most humble edifice it was. They had no false notions of voluntary co-operation in those days. Before the Lord would consent to put up the mill, which cost somewhere about £20, the whole of the farmers of the Glen were bound by deed of contract to have all their meal made at it so long as they were his tenants. The country was scarcely any iron used in those days. Wooden ploughs (except for a small horse on the point of the sock), wooden harrows, wooden axes, no iron about the carns, no leather about the horses' harness, no shoes on the horses' feet, except on the fore feet on the Laird's black mare.

SCOTLAND INTELLECTUALLY.

Such was the primitive state of agricultural implements in the old Sod when our forefathers sat down here to their first St. Andrew's Night supper to do honor to this toast "The Land of the Heather."

But if agricultural development was backward, if material things were not over plentiful, if luxuries were few and far between, what about things mental and educational? Here you find a contrast indeed. Scotland intellectually in her hey-day. Its universities were seats of learning not only for her natives but for continental students who sought to sit at the feet of the learned, as Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel, Italy sent a delegation to study the university systems of France, England and Scotland, and it reported back in favor of our democratic institutions in preference to the aristocratic and exclusive systems of Oxford and Cambridge, or the nondescript system favored in France.

Then what of the literatures of a hundred years ago? Robert Burns had just passed to his reward and his influence was beginning to be felt beyond Galloway. Dumfries and the Capital, Sir Walter Scott, Aytoun, Tannahill and Baroness Nairne were the sweet singers; while Sir Walter was also publishing anonymously his remarkable series of Waverley Novels. Byron, though not himself purely Scottish, was the son of a Scotch mother, Miss Gordon of Gight, and spent

The Old Sod itself.

The land itself was then, as now, mountain ranges of lofty aspect—descending into precipices, or running into pillars like the sentinels—embosoming lakes of the purest and most limpid water, or giving birth to the cataracts which rush over the precipices—insightful, it may seem, to those who have seen the Niagara—but magnificent only "The Land of the Heather" can provide with such a respondent grandeur. The rivers and streams are a never-ending wonder, forming a land both rugged and pastoral, as with a wealth of agricultural produce second not even to our beloved island. Her scenery is at once picture and poetic, her herds clothed with soft heath, there say the crevice of the rock peep out its cramped and wild vegetation, and at another the river bank displays its embroidery of birch and oak, while the flanks of the hills retire into purple shadow, invested with the folds of the gloomy and stately pines. And, amidst these the youth of Scotland are cradled. Is it any wonder, the memory haunts the emigrant, and the exile dreams dream? Is it any wonder that her children's children far beyond her shores still cherish these memories and traditions and seek to revive them on an occasion like this?

If I were old, a broken man and blind, And one should lead me to Mid-Eildon's crest, And leave me there a little time to rest, Sharing the hill-top with the Bort, Or whirling heather, and the Curlew's cry, I know the blind dark could not be so deep, So cruel and so clinging, but that I should see the sunlit curve of Cheviot's steep Rise, blue and friendly on the distant sky!

There is no darkness—God! there cannot be— So heavy as to curtain from my sight The beauty of those Scottish slopes that lie Far off beyond me, and a love-flood light Would shine upon the slow Tweed, lathering by With gift of song and silver, to the sea! No dark can ever hide that dear loved land from me.

TWO KINDS OF SELLING On a certain Saturday afternoon a bootblack stood at a downtown corner and shouted "Shine!" But across the street, another bootblack was capturing most of the trade. Instead of merely crying out "Shine!" this second follower of the Horatio Alger legend was employing the power of suggestion or imagination. "Get your Sunday shine today!" was his invitation.—The Progressive Grocer.

his boyhood days and was educated in my native city of Aberdeen. The very time our predecessors here were holding their first St. Andrew's Night, Byron was travelling in his critics in a coruscating article in "The Edinburgh Review" entitled "English Bards and Scottish Reviewers." Southey, though not Scottish, was trifling his lyrics as Scott magnanimously declined the wreath and its £400 per annum as he felt Southey would not be more than he did.

His Quincey "The Opium Eater" was settled in his lovely home at Lasswade, Mid Lothian producing his marvellous works under the influence of what we now call dope, Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt—all were writing a hundred years ago poems and essays which still charm us and have attained the oneness of classic. Adam Smith had just passed to the beyond, and his marvellous work on Political Economy was the subject of the keenest controversy in the schools. Sir William Hamilton was the leading Scottish Philosopher and had just published his novel work, "The Doctrine of the Conditional," according to which all knowledge is knowledge of the conditional only. This led to a keen theological controversy which attracted much more serious attention than do the petty theological controversies of today.

That was what I may call the animated and vibrant "Land of the Heather" one hundred years ago.

The Old Sod itself, the mountain ranges of lofty aspect—descending into precipices, or running into pillars like the sentinels—embosoming lakes of the purest and most limpid water, or giving birth to the cataracts which rush over the precipices—insightful, it may seem, to those who have seen the Niagara—but magnificent only "The Land of the Heather" can provide with such a respondent grandeur. The rivers and streams are a never-ending wonder, forming a land both rugged and pastoral, as with a wealth of agricultural produce second not even to our beloved island. Her scenery is at once picture and poetic, her herds clothed with soft heath, there say the crevice of the rock peep out its cramped and wild vegetation, and at another the river bank displays its embroidery of birch and oak, while the flanks of the hills retire into purple shadow, invested with the folds of the gloomy and stately pines. And, amidst these the youth of Scotland are cradled. Is it any wonder, the memory haunts the emigrant, and the exile dreams dream? Is it any wonder that her children's children far beyond her shores still cherish these memories and traditions and seek to revive them on an occasion like this?

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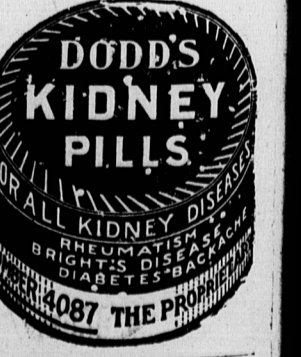
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