

ONLY SHORT TIME LEFT TO WIN VALUABLE CASH PRIZES In the Guardian's Great Subscription Contest

The Extra Prizes This Week

The Contestants turning in the most cash for subscriptions dating from September 21st and up to Saturday night, September 30th will win the following Extra Cash Prizes:

The First	— — — —	\$20.00 Cash
The Second	— — — —	\$10.00 Cash
The Third	— — — —	\$10.00 Cash
The Fourth	— — — —	\$10.00 Cash
The Fifth	— — — —	\$ 5.00 Cash
The Six	— — — —	\$ 5.00 Cash
The Seventh	— — — —	\$ 5.00 Cash
The Eighth	— — — —	\$ 5.00 Cash
The Ninth	— — — —	\$ 5.00 Cash
The Tenth	— — — —	\$ 5.00 Cash

AND

70,000 EXTRA Votes for each \$10.00 worth of subscriptions turned in up to Saturday night, September 30th.

No extra Club Votes will be given during the last ten days of the contest—
Most Votes are given NOW and most Votes will win the Grand Prizes.

THE GRAND PRIZES

The Contestants having the highest total of Votes at the close of the Contest will win the following Grand Cash Prizes:—

FIRST GRAND PRIZE	— —	\$600 Cash
SECOND GRAND PRIZE	— —	\$300 Cash
THIRD GRAND PRIZE	— —	\$200 Cash
FOURTH GRAND PRIZE	— —	\$100 Cash
FIFTH GRAND PRIZE	— —	\$100 Cash
SIXTH GRAND PRIZE	— —	\$ 50 Cash
SEVENTH GRAND PRIZE	— —	\$ 50 Cash

Contestants who fail to win one of the Grand Cash Prizes get at least 20% Cash Commission on the total amount of cash they collect, plus the extra prizes they win during the special cash offers.

Approximately fifty contestants have already drawn weekly commission cheques and thirty-five extra cash prizes have been given to active contestants.

Which Contestants will win the Extra Cash Prizes Saturday night, September 30th and the Grand Cash Prizes at the close of the big Contest?

Newsy Notes

(Continued From Page 11)

a rosy hue, the common tint of the winter evenings there. In the south of England, I was told, the winter was so mild that only about once in ten years was there sufficient frost to injure the geraniums climbing on the walls outside. Many of our pioneers came from that mild region, and must have felt the change profoundly.

Our friend notes that the "natives" and old residents wear fur caps and gloves, but the Englishman, when he first goes out, feels no necessity for any change in his apparel. This is due to the fact that one never feels in Canada, the raw chilling cold, associated with the easterly winds from Scandinavia and Russia, which pierces through the whole frame in England. In a few years, however, the stranger is glad to adopt the customs of the country: and this I have heard explained as "because the blood turns thinner after prolonged residence in Canada."

This traveller afterwards explored the western United States which were just being settled at that time; and had many strange adventures which, however, are outside the scope of these notes.

ODDS AND ENDS

The Reward of Music: That was a fine editorial which appeared in The Guardian, on this subject. It would indeed make a lengthy "note" if one enumerated all the benefits which follow on the study of music, either vocal or instrumental; but one great function must not be overlooked. Carry your memory back to the dark days of the War, and you find that it was thought necessary to have a per-
fect of vocal music to open the

day's work in the factories and stores. That lifted the gloom, and that, be it noted, is in itself a strong reason for the study. It was for this end that David harped before Saul; and in fiction, which was however derived from facts, Charles Reade, in his "Never too Late to Mend," makes a clergyman recall the soul of poor, brutalized old Strutt by the strains of the violin.

Part—and some say half—of the now passing "depression" was in the state of mind; but the lessons of the War were forgotten and no national "sing-song" alleviated the gloom.

When I was a school boy, considerably over half a century ago, the rural schools of England were centres from which the love of vocal music radiated, to the great benefit of young and old; and just by that number of years are we here behind "those slow English." A prominent Educationalist in Nova Scotia, according to a paragraph in The Guardian last winter, deplored the fact that little had been done to imbue the rural schools with an appreciation of the art, and I presume, was about to inaugurate a movement to remedy the deficiency.

Criticism. In Captain Oriabar's able and interesting lecture on "Our duties and privileges," he anticipated criticism even when his ideas were beneficial. The average person is too apt to resent any questioning of his principles or his actions. He regards it as a personal attack rather than an effort to bring about a better state of things. He forgets that we may "love the sinner though we hate the sin." This impatience of criticism is a great foe to progress, for no advance is possible till we learn to look squarely on our faults, no matter who points them out.

Herony at Souris. Last Satur-

day's Newsy Notes intimated that the Department of the Interior contemplated making a motion picture of the herony "near Souris." This should have read "near Souris."

Garden Beans. This summer we tried five different varieties of garden beans (Phaseolus) but liked the Penold Pod Wax best of all. The pod is very "meaty" and tender, and quite round, "almost double-barrelled" in section. Everybody who sampled this bean pronounced it very sweet to the taste and one enthusiast was of the opinion that it could be eaten raw! The flowers are pink, and the pods, which average six inches, are a clear yellow, which is very attractive. It is classed as a medium early bean but extends over a long season; it is well suited for the home and market garden. As the seeds are of a shiny black color this bean is sometimes listed as "Black Pencil Pod Wax."

The School Fairs. Besides the merely utilitarian aspect of our School Fairs, there is the immense influence they are bringing to bear on the study of nature in its various manifestations. I write with knowledge for within the last couple of weeks I have seen several good collections intended for the School Fairs; both of insects and plants. The children concerned are laying up for themselves an interest which will never depart from them. May it be with them as Longfellow sings of Agassiz:

"And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: 'Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.'"

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

Jack Miner and the Birds

(Continued From Page 11)

Well, the feed racks did not seem to fill the bill in every way, so in a year or so I decided to try another scheme. I loaded up all the old junk lumber I could find and hauled it to the woods, and in one day another man and I completed ten little bungalows-in-the-rough. They are about one foot high in the rear, and four to five feet high in the front, with from five to six feet ground space.

Then, to complete my experiment I begged ten bags of weed-seed from a neighbor who was hulling clover. I threw a bagful in each house, and then threw in, on top of the weed-seed, corn, wheat and buckwheat. In less than a week the birds visited every house, and on a cold, zero day I believe I have seen as high as fifty quail buzz out of one of these little, unpainted shacks. And best of all, they scratched right down through the grain and ate the weed-seeds first. I soon found I had made a hit, as the shacks furnished the birds shelter as well as food in the time of need, and a certain amount of protection from their natural enemies.

OLD FRUIT FOR NUDISTS URGED

Nudists should be covered—with well-aimed pieces of turf and over-ripe fruit, according to the Rev. Harold D. Muellet, vicar of St. Matthews Church in Ponders End, England. He has been filling a pulpit in the Broadlands district. "In my many visits to the Canary Islands, South African ports and watering places I never saw so many bare bodies as I saw in one hour on the Broad," he declared.

But these birds down in the woods remained quite wild. So I got several quiet bantam hens and kept them ready, and when any neighbor farmer disturbed a quail's nest I had a place for the eggs. In this way I have had some enjoyable experiences.

I first set the hen in a small box on the ground, on a nice cushion of soft grass, pet her lots and let her eat from my hand; I push her feathers forward and pepper her just full of Prussian insect powder, and sprinkle a little in the nest, also. Now I am all ready for some one to phone that they have disturbed a quail's nest.

If you take eggs from a nest that is not disturbed, never, never take them until the bird has finished laying and has started to set, for if you take the eight or ten she will built another nest and finish laying, then put in her valuable time with only half a brood, whereas if she has started to set she will only lay off a few days, then will build a new nest and raise a full brood. A quail will lay from fifteen to twenty-two, and sometimes as high as twenty-five eggs.

Quail eggs all hatch, and hatch very suddenly. One year I looked at a nest at ten o'clock and there was nothing doing, and when I came by, at twelve o'clock the old hen scolded, so I took another peep; all hands had apparently opened the door at once, and the cluster of pure-white eggs had changed so that they resembled a live bumble-bee's nest.

Quail have no trouble hatching, like some of our domestic fowl; they just simply open the door and jump out.

Pat once asked a little boy what

he came for. The little chap in his bashful way replied: "Oh, nothing." Again Pat took his pipe from between his teeth, as he said, "Well, you'll find that in the jug behind the door, where the whiskey was." So we can say the same thing; it is where the little quail were.

When they are about to hatch, shut the door of the box so as to keep the tiny pets in. When they are from twenty to thirty-six hours old, move all hands to a dry coop near the garden, or in the back yard near shrubbery. The coop should be from eighteen to twenty-four inches square inside, built with a shed roof ten to twelve inches high in the rear and eighteen to twenty inches high in the front, with a board floor so that the old hen cannot scratch and be on damp ground. Now take three boards about one foot wide and two feet long, tack them in front of the old hen's coop for a playground for the quail. Leave the hen in the coop and she will put her head out and talk to her family, who cannot get over two feet away from her. Feed them a little custard (one egg to half a cup of milk; no sugar.) Feed tiny bits five times a day, always tapping the tin with the spoon as you go near them. In three or four days they will accept the hen as their step-mother, and you as their step-father. Now draw the two walls (which are only partially driven in) and pull the three boards quietly away, leaving the hen in the permanent coop, but giving the quail their liberty.

Now don't run after them if they run away; just tap the tin a little, as you drop a little custard in front of their mother so she can call them. Let me say right here: Never try to drive any bird. They can hide where you can't, and experience has proven to my entire satisfaction that they can fly faster than I can

run. Always throw feed and kindness at them, and watch results.

In about a week, let the hen out a few minutes before sundown, so she hasn't time to stray far from home and will go back into the roost. In about another week the hen can run all the time with her family. Feed at the back door, or any place you want the quail to come, and your pets will be there. Remember that it is the human race that is wild, not the birds. Birds are wild because they have to be, and we are wild because we prefer to be. Any creature that is intelligent enough to fly or run from you for self-preservation, will come to you for food and protection from all other enemies.

As to the value of quail, I know this, that they are the farmer's friends; that they cannot live in the dense wilderness and that they do follow up the pioneer's axe where climate will allow; and that fully seventy-five per cent of their diet consist of weed seed and insects that are injurious to the production of food stuffs for the human race. The small amount of wheat they eat is most all gathered from the stubble field, and as for the few kernels of corn, this is mostly taken during the winter; and we all know that a farmer who makes a practice of leaving his corn out, is an undesirable heavy weight and possibly has no appreciation of Bob White's beautiful note ringing in the country, and the sooner he moves to town and joins the "Retired Failures' Association" the better for the country.

Many farmers in Victoria, Australia, are storing tractors and using horses.

Motor trucks of Genoa, Italy, are giving wram competition to railroads.

MT. MELLIK W. I.

The regular monthly meeting of the Mount Mellick Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. W. H. Wood on Thursday evening, Sept. 14th. Twelve members answered roll call and there were six visitors present. Meeting opened by singing Ode, followed by repeating the Creed in unison. The minutes of last meeting were read and adopted. Mrs. Wilfred Wood and Miss Viola Ballen were appointed to see that school be thoroughly cleaned during the Fall vacation and regular School Committee is to have lockers provided for school doors. Two dollars and fifty cents was then voted for School Fair prizes. Letters of thanks from Mrs. Harold Smith and Mr. John Cannon were read. Collection amounted to 85 cents.

Mrs. W. J. Mutch kindly invited next meeting, roll call to be answered by a verse of poetry. A delicious lunch was served by the hostess and the remainder of the evening was spent in music and social chat.

Afghanistan has barred all love talkies.

Luxemburg now has work for all its people and 6,000 aliens in addition.

Japan is increasing its exports to China.

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