

The Quiet Observer

The New Oil Field.

With the discovery of oil in the basin of the Mackenzie River, a discovery which like coal in Northern Ontario, has long been anticipated, an assurance has been given that the camp may still hold out for some time. Just what the cost of keeping it lighted is an entirely different matter. The oil is of a very high quality with a high proportion of gasoline, but some further confirmations have yet to be made to quantities and accessibility. The Imperial Oil Co. which has been the means of bringing about the discovery, and which its officials declare believe such exploration to be part of its public trust as the pioneer of the oil interest in Canada, believes that there is a rich field in the territory indicated. If the discovery proves out the company is quite willing to build a railway or a pipeline, which ever is the better, to develop the wells. A pipeline over the enormous distance would cost \$50,000,000. There are considerable variations of climate and temperature to be considered as well, but with the value at present set on oil, no obstacle would be allowed to stand in the way of securing the product of this region. Some curiosity is felt concerning the attitude of the Government towards the property as a national trust for the people. So very little is left of the public domain in Canada, that it is not surprising that some control for the benefit of the people is expected to be established over it. The magnitude of the investment required constitutes the whole interest as specially adapted to monopoly treatment, and no doubt an equitable arrangement can be arrived at which will protect the interests of the people.

Some Farm Notes.

An October of unusual mildness has given opportunity for the clearing up of an exceptional crop of the only regret, a wide and pitiful one for the lamentable waste of fruit. Apples and peaches in tons are rotting in the orchards everywhere for want of help to pick them or containers to pack them in. Cooperation to the end that such waste shall never occur again is imperative, and fruit-growers' associations should be organized everywhere that orchards exist. The sugar market has been crippled by the shortage of cans, but are said to have a surplus in Essex the cider mills are taking apples. In Lincoln the Grape Growers' Association has handled 75 per cent of the crop. Potatoes are stiffening in price and traces of rot are reported. Wheat is showing vigorous growth, even the latest snow coming on strong. The mild weather has maintained pasturage in good condition with beneficial results on the milk supply. Hay runs from \$25 to \$30 a ton. In threshing tractors are widely used. T. Russell, of Toronto, had a barn and the crop from 200 acres burned down, eighty head of short horns having been saved from the barn basement. It was supposed that the bearings got heated, as flames burst from the blower and set the straw on fire. The present writer while stacking straw in Scarborough township in front of the blower saw sparks issue with the straw and a fellow like an Indian to stop the engine. It was found that binder twine had got twisted and heated in the blower and the sparks were coming from the twine. Another minute and there would have been flames, and the barn could not have been saved, and it is possible the men would have had difficulty in escaping.

Henry Ford's Wage Policy.

Henry Ford has probably had as much to do with the new point of view of the Labor man as any Bolshevik in Russia, and Henry is no Bolshevik but a thoroughly well-grounded capitalist. So much is the capitalist that he very early felt it to be necessary to be independent of other capitalists. Consequently he is largely his own banker. He seems to think that economic freedom for the employer is impossible otherwise. But he is a believer in economic freedom for the worker as well as for the employer. Consequently he set a minimum wage scale that set every heart in business palpitating, the workers with hope, the employers with anxiety. He placed the unskilled man on the same minimum level as the skilled man because he thought every man who did an honest day's work was entitled to sufficient food for himself and his family, so that he would not have to send his children to work before they had finished their schooling, and so that he might save enough to make his old age independent. Mr. Ford does not believe in pensions or charities or hand-outs of any description. His men he thinks should have enough money in their pockets to do as they need and like.

and he thinks a bath tub in a man's own house is far ahead of a dozen institutional shower-baths in the factory. This is a policy of independence for the working man, and Henry Ford has not lost by it.

Russian Soldiers in Canada.

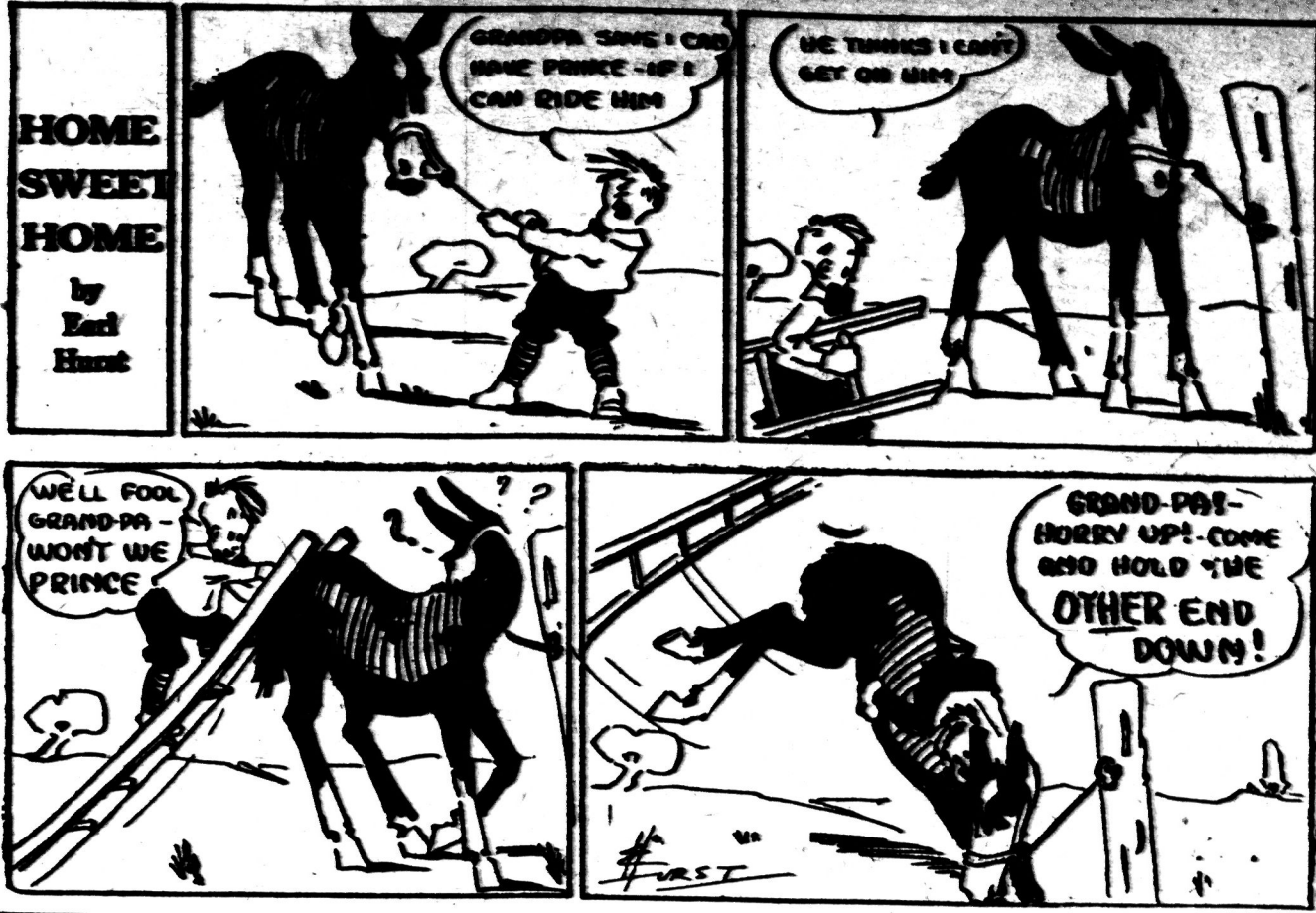
Another possible basis for the widespread story during the war of movements of Russian soldiers having been transported through Canada from Siberia to the French front, has been discovered. The Russian soldiers were a very persistent fiction. Ever so many people saw them—or thought they did, or said they did. Even in Britain stories were current of great bodies of men landed in Scotland from Russia and coming by rail south for France. An origin of this story was suggested by the assertion that when many train loads of great, massive soldiers had passed through a certain place in England, some bystander asked where they were from. The reply was: "From Russia." In gutters the Canadian legend may have originated from rumors of the treasure now described as having arrived in Canada from the far east on a Japanese warship, which, being transhipped in mid-ocean to the Canadian cruiser Rainier, how and carried across to Ottawa, have suggested Russian soldiers as on their way. The money was put on a train disguised as a silk train with special express cars. The utmost precautions were taken, and the cars were never opened when the train was at a stand-still. On three subsequent occasions sums totalling \$21,000,000 were passed through Canada in this way, making \$22,000,000 altogether. Then the Bolsheviks took hold and made an end of Russia.

Flammarrion Condemns Mediumship.

Camille Flammarrion is one of the most notable of the psychic researchers of Europe. By-the-way, why do the Toronto newspapers mispell psychic as psychic? The correct is psychic. Flammarrion is the author of much literature on this subject which so markedly holds the attention of the world at present. His standing as a man of science and his long experience therefore render his opinion valuable, and his recent declaration that intermediary communication with the "spirits" of the dead is an "impossible method." This disposes of most of the spiritualistic claims, while it is in agreement with ancient testimonies and his profound philosophies of the east which have dealt with the subjects. It leaves the belief in human immortality unassailed, and strengthens the "Pantheistic" view that "spirit with spirit will meet." In discussing the report that Edison proposed to telephone for spiritualistic communications, Flammarrion said it seemed to him the smallest human brain, or the brains of a dog or a creature, dog or cat, would be more sensitive than any mechanical medium. "In our heads, within our skulls," he declared, "we already have the instrument which enables us to communicate with the dead. No human invention will ever surpass it. We don't know how to use it yet. But that will come in time." It is the assertion of all Oriental metaphysicians that such sensitiveness and susceptibility to the impression of the finer thought forces of the universe is the result of high morality, purity of life, temperance and self-control. Such development has nothing in common with the mediumship, the communication and revelations of irresponsible psychics and the vagaries of curiosity or self-interest. Only the pure can approach the realm of purities, and other realms are not desirable as regions with which to be allied. The least of the vices these lower influences awaken is an insistent egotism, characteristic of the psychic world.

Coffee Bavarian Cream.

Put two cups of rice milk, or part milk and part cream, in a double boiler to scald, when hot add half a cup of freshly-made, very strong coffee. Beat yolks of two eggs with half a cup of sugar until light and add to the milk and coffee. Soak a third of a box of gelatine in half a cup of cold water for an hour; then dissolve over boiling water and stir into the custard and cook and stir until a custard spoon. Remove from the fire and turn into a basin and set in ice water and let cool, stirring occasionally, then as it begins to stiffen stir in the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth and half a pint of whipped cream. Turn into moulds and place on ice. Let stand for three hours.



A JEWEL IN THE ROUGH

"How can she like to come here alone?" exclaimed Stephen, with a shudder. "I wonder she is not afraid. I'm surprised she has not come to some harm long ago."

Talbot smiled to himself inside his fur collar and said nothing. The girl's absolute fearlessness was the point which he admired most in her character, and the immunity from danger seemed in her case, as in others, the natural accompaniment of it. Fortune is said to favor the brave. Misfortune certainly seems to spare them.

"I think this is the place," said Talbot at last, and they stopped before a large but old and dirty looking cabin. It was sunk beneath the usual level of the ground, and reached by some crooked, slippery steps. At the foot of these steps was a sort of yard, which you had to cross before reaching the cabin door itself. The windows of the cabin in front gave out no light whatever, but that there was light inside, and very bright life, was evidenced by that which burst through the chinks all over it.

"I shouldn't wonder if I stumbled over a cobra next," muttered Talbot, as he slipped and almost fell in the darkness on a slimy something under his feet that reminded him of blood. They got up to the door and tried the latch. It would not yield; then they thumped on it with their gloved fists.

The latch was drawn back by some hand inside, and the door opened just wide enough to admit them, and was pushed to again. Stephen and Talbot found themselves in a crowd of loiterers inside the door, who apparently took no notice of them beyond a sullen stare.

It was a long, low room that they entered, so low that it seemed to Talbot the ceiling was almost upon their heads. The atmosphere was stifling, evil-smelling beyond endurance, and so clouded with tobacco smoke that they could not see the further end.

A long table covered with green cloth took up the centre of the room, and all round the walls were ranged smaller ones. The place was full when the two men entered; all the space at the centre table was occupied; the side tables were filled, and men standing up between blocked the way over boiling water and stir into the custard and cook and stir until a custard spoon. Remove from the fire and turn into a basin and set in ice water and let cool, stirring occasionally, then as it begins to stiffen stir in the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth and half a pint of whipped cream. Turn into moulds and place on ice. Let stand for three hours.

quabbles over the tables were of such common occurrence, they ceased to excite any curiosity.

"I shan't," returned Katrine, shaking herself free.

The oily, smoky light from above fell across her face; it seemed to bloom through the foul, dusky air like a rose.

"It's my money—I want it."

"Yes, by cheating!" shouted the miner, forgetting everything but the approaching loss he foresaw of the shining pile.

"You lie!" said Stephen, hoarsely. "She has not cheated you."

The miner staggered to his feet, and before any of them realized it he had drawn his pistol and fired. His hand was unsteady from drink and rage, and the ball passed over Stephen's shoulder and went into the wall behind him. Talbot tried to draw Stephen to one side. The miner, blind with anger, half-conscious only of what he was about, and drawing almost at random, turned his revolver on Talbot. Like a flash Katrine interposed between them, and Jim's bullet found a lodgement in her lungs. She had fired also. The shots had been simultaneous, and the miner fell, without a groan, without a murmur, forward across the table, carrying it with him to the floor. The gold pile scattered among the filthy sawdust on the ground. Katrine sunk backward into Talbot's arms, and her head fell to his shoulder like that of a tired child falling to sleep.

In an instant they were surrounded by an eager, inquiring throng. All the tables, with some few exceptions, were deserted; the players all crowded up to the end of the room, and Stephen and Talbot were carried back to the wall by the pressing crowd. Some of the men raised the body of the miner; he was dead. The people pressed round, and one glance at the set face told them. A momentary awe spread among them, and the men who had raised the body carried it to a bench and laid it there. Stephen, pallid as the dead man himself, looked round in desperation on the staring crowd.

"Is there a surgeon or a doctor here?" he asked.

Katrine heard him, and raised herself a little in Talbot's arms—he was standing against the wall now. She turned her eyes toward Stephen and stretched out her hand.

"It's no use, Steve dear," she said. "I'm done for. Don't worry with a doctor. I shall be gone in five minutes."

(To be continued.)

things that make life decent, things that we carry away with our own immortal soul. The honest things, like honesty and self-respect and contentment of mind. And we've got to cut close to the bone before we can square up our ledger of life, let's start the carving while we have the chance. Let's get our conscience clear and know we're playing the game."

Lady Alicia had announced her intention of coming for the winter to try the Canadian climate. Chaddie insisted that Casa Grande be handed over to her, "back and baggage."

According to the McKalls migrate to the run-down Harris ranch, and start anew. Lady Alicia arrives with her English maid and eleven trunks and takes possession of Casa Grande. She also takes possession of McKall, an estrangement between him and his wife follows. Comes into the picture and into Chaddie's life Peter Kettle, a young man from the East—splendid type. From this imperfect outline it will be seen that the author has set the stage for actions which bode good or ill for four people.

The turnings of the plot must be left to the reader's discovery and enjoyment. Mr. Stringer's public is accustomed to expect good work from his pen and we venture the opinion that in "The Prairie Mother" he has surpassed himself. In Chaddie McKall, with her saving pride, her courage and loyalty, and her inflexible will toward the right, he has drawn an appealing portrait.

Destructive Earthquake.

One of the most destructive earthquakes in the world's history was that which occurred in Yeddo, in the year 1703, when 150,000 people were killed.

According to statistics collected by the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, there were in British Columbia, in 1918 44,139 horses; 50,965 milch cows; 195,145 other cattle; 45,291 sheep and 38,805 swine. There was an increase in every class except that of horses, where there was a decrease of 16,574 as compared with the number given for 1914.

The receipts of the Provincial Government of New Brunswick during the year 1918 amounted to \$9,087,889 being \$30,951 more than the expenditure.

COTTON PICKING BY MACHINE IS PERF.

It looks as though science had at last developed a machine that would displace human hands in the cotton field. The machine above is the development of a cotton-picking device invented 20 years ago by Angus Campbell, a Scotchman, and is being used successfully, picking 1200 pounds of cotton an hour, which equals the work of 60 men. It has cost about one million dollars to develop the apparatus to its present state of perfection.

Motor World

When the leather fan belt develops considerable slippage it is probably because the rough side of the leather is against the pulley surface. The smooth side of the leather has a much greater traction adherence.

Whenever your car has suffered a bump of any kind, a crash against the curb or anything of that sort, the wheels should immediately be tested for alignment as a bump of this kind is quite enough to force them out of correct alignment, which will lead to excessive wear.

Batteries should never be tested with a screw-driver as it causes a great drain on the batteries. It is always best to use a hydrometer, and if the liquid reads 1.275 to 1.300 all is well. If it gets down to 1.200 have the system looked over by an expert.

Throwing the ignition switch to "off" position and then leaving the keys in place does not insure the car from theft. Always make it a rule to take the keys with you no matter how short a time you are leaving the car unguarded.

When the tires are being inflated in a public garage the figures on the gauge should not be accepted as accurate. The gauge usually registers about twenty pounds more per inch than is in the tire, since it takes that amount of pressure to open the valve.

If you have detached wheels remember that the metal parts may rust. Occasionally, when you change a wheel, cover the metal contact surface with grease, otherwise the detachable wheel will no longer be a detachable wheel.

When the car owner is confronted with the condition of excessive oil consumption and no reasonable explanation is forthcoming, it is well to suspect the rear crank shaft bearing. Looseness in the fit of the bearing permits the oil to work out and materially increases the consumption.

From the man who wants to get maximum mileage from his tires, the habit of using a spare tire to afford regular changes, beginning at the right front and progressing around the car, is a valuable one to form. In this way each tire nets a week's rest during the winter months. It should be gone over carefully and have any cuts and abrasions vulcanized.

The continued use of rims that have become bent or badly dented will invariably cause rim cutting, which means the end of the casing's usefulness. Another error is to neglect to keep the valve stems and gaskets tight. When this is not done, water will get into the casing on wet roads and cause no end of trouble.

If in a hurry to stop a spring from squeaking pour a little kerosene over it, guiding the oil down the sides with finger so it will run in between the leaves. Wipe off the excess. Pour cylinder oil over the springs the same way, then shake the car, so the oil will be drawn in.

Never add acid to a storage battery. If the solution is weak it means that the acid has entered the plates and the battery needs recharging. Adding acid will sulphate the battery and ruin it.

When the motor shows any tendency to labor on driving upgrade on hills gear which has been provided for just such a purpose.

A self-lubricating bushing for a spring bolt can easily be made by drilling, say eight holes, each 1/16 of an inch in diameter, through a new bronze bushing. These holes are packed with graphite, which is being in place. Then by reaming the spring bolts every six months repacking the bushing with graphite.

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