The AUTOMOBILE

CHOOSING A MOTOR CAR.

Having learned what an automobile is, having become acquainted with the latest styles in cars and having looked into the matter of economy, safety, comfort and efficiency in motor vehicles, the prospective owner is now ready to consider the actual purchase of a machine.

Practically every person is a prospective buyer of an auto. If a man does not own one he is certainly giving some thought of acquiring some kind of a gas wagon some time. If he does own a car he is apt to be figuring when he can turn it in for some model he considers a little better, even though it may be made by the same manufacturer as the one he now drives.

Buying a motor is a good deal like getting a suit of clothes when every store a man passes seems to have genuine bargains. There are so many desirable styles and qualities displayed he seems at a loss what to choose. Probably he would get good value for his money in almost any reputable shop.

Hard to Make Decision.

With competition as keen as it is in the automobile trade it is safe to say that a man seeking a car will find excellent value for his money if he buys any of the standard makes of cars. Yet, since a man usually wants a car for some particular purpose and at about some particular price, he may want to give his attention to the selling points in favor of several makes. Each kind of auto has a few unique features which a salesman is always glad to explain.

The prospective owner who can afford an automobile can well afford to take a few factors into consideration before buying. For instance, there is the matter of body design. The man with a large family probably wouldn't get much peace if he drove home a new runabout. On the other hand, a newly married couple might be suited best, temporarily at least, with a two-passenger car. The buyer should inventory his requirements as to passenger space. This may lead him, for instance, to decide on a five-passenger car.

Then he should consider the relative merits of the open or closed car types. Closed cars are becoming more popular every year for several good reasons, but principally because they can be enjoyed in all kinds of weather. They are all-the-year-round vehicles. And since this is the season when winter is on its way, closed cars are receiving special attention and are being sold in large numbers.

Question of Parts.

Another matter to be considered is whether the car is to be used mostly in the city or in the country, and if in the country, whether it is hilly or level. A light, low-geared car has its advantages when it comes to driving in a heavy traffic of the city. It is easy to make a quick get-away in such a car and to make reasonable speed without running the engine to the limit. On the other hand, when it comes to taking long trips through the country a heavier car of the touring type is often better adapted to give satisfactory service. This is especially true if there are many hills to be negotiated.

How accessible are the various parts of a car that, in time, may need adjustment or repairs? This is a question to be considered. Whether the owner does some of his own repairing or whether the work is done at a service station, there is an advantage in being able to get at the parts easily.

EVEN TO MODEST MEN

By Leon W. Dean

Modest folks—except hypocrites—are born, not made. Stephen Myson Pringle, 4th, was a modest youth. That's why he stopped paddling when he saw her. She was sitting on a muskrat house in the middle of the creek, and was looking the other way. Her skirt was short; indeed, it stopped quite abruptly at the knees. Below it, two white and shapely extremities extended down to the water.

Now the creek was Little Otter creek, and the place was where it enters into Lake Champlain. At this place the channel is both broad and fairly deep, and it is lined on each side, deeply lined for miles, with a thick, impregnable growth of reeds and water grasses. The current is sluggish, the bottom is of mud. It is a lonely place. Strange aquatic things live there. Dismal sounds come out of the swamps.

Stephen Myson Pringle, 4th, stopped paddling, and his face grew very red. He reconnoitered cautiously. There was no one to be seen—there was no boat. She couldn't have walked, she couldn't have swum. He couldn't go away and leave her there.

He drew a little nearer and plashed his paddle discreetly. She turned and saw him, tried hastily to arrange her refractory skirt, and only made matters the worse.

"Oh dear," she said, and shyly dropped her eyes.

"Could—could I help you?" he asked.

"I think I can do it myself, if you will just look the other way, please."

Stephen Myson Pringle, 4th, was desperately embarrassed. His cheeks glowed furiously hot. What must she think of him?

"I—I didn't mean that. Do—do you have to stay there on that thing?" he stammered.

"It is the wish of my uncle."

She had a piquant way of expressing herself—a sort of foreign way, yet her face was surely American.

He shook his head in perplexity. "I don't understand," he said.

"I've been naughty. When I am naughty, uncle he has to do things like this."

"What have you done now? You're worse off than old Nappy on his isle of Elba."

"I—what is it you say?—I don't get you," she smiled.

She leaned swiftly toward him.

"Oo-oo-ooh!" she gasped. "Can you keep a secret?"

He nodded. "If it's not too awful."

"There was a little cow—no, a calf, you say, up in the pasture. He—she was sick. I take her to our house-boat. She ate up all of uncle's fishing-lines."

"So he banished you." He felt strangely relieved.

"It make him very angry. He say there are no fish where I am, and put me here where I do no mischief."

Stephen Myson Pringle, 4th, had visions of a weather-beaten old house-boat that for upwards of a week had been moored near the mouth of the creek. It was a French-Canadian craft and its occupants fished for a living.

"Won't you come in?" he asked. "It's more comfortable." He swung the bow of the canoe up against the little mud hut.

She put her feet over the gunwale and slipped obediently aboard. He couldn't have told whether she were twenty or sixteen. She was both.

"What's your uncle's name?" he asked.

"Pierre La Roux. Pierre is a good man. All people say so."

"And yours?"

"My name is Marie."

"Marie? Marie La Roux?" he asked.

"What make you ask that?" she said.

"Why—why just because I wanted to know. I beg your pardon, truly I do; I didn't mean to be intrusive."

Yet why had he asked? Why did he care to know the name of this pretty barefoot girl in her out-grown skirt and boyish blouse?

"I—I like you," she said. "They call me Marie La Roux. I don't know. Sometimes I think it is not that."

"Your uncle is from Canada, isn't he?"

She nodded. "Quebec. I am not like those other girls, my friends. I can not explain. I do not do like them."

"And you do not look like them."

"No?"

"You are not dark like them. You are—you are—why you might be any girl I've known—only your different."

"You don't like me? Sometimes I see them—the kind you know. They are nice girls. I wish I could be like them."

"But I do like you," he protested. "I like you better as you are."

"My uncle is good to me—but sometimes I think—and then I can't think; I can't remember. See, there he comes now."

Stephen 4th turned in his seat. A heavy, flat-bottomed rowboat was rounding a bend in the creek. Pulling at the oars was a short, stout man—a human counterpart.

"Will he be angry now?"

"Oh no, he is never angry for long, my uncle."

The boat labored nearer.

"Bon jour, monsieur," called the little man.

He was possessed of all the vivacity and lavish politeness of his race. He was good-natured. He was profuse in his thanks.

"My niece she good girl, but she eat de fish-line," he explained.

"She's a good girl whatever she eats," answered Stephen Myson Pringle, 4th, as he helped her across to the elderly craft.

She looked at him and smiled—a bit wistfully.

"My name," he said, "is Stephen Pringle."

She glanced back once. They were gone.

* * * *

Out in the lake, not far from the mouth of the creek, lies Garden Island. Garden Island, also the lodge that is built thereon, is owned by Stephen Myson Pringle, 3rd. In summer the lodge is generally occupied by himself and his wife, by their son and their daughter, but their men-servants and maid-servants.

Stephen 3rd and Stephen 4th stood by the window looking out across the water.

"See those lights?" asked Stephen 4th.

"Belong to that antiquated Canuck house-boat. She's a nuisance; spoils the landscape," answered Stephen 3rd.

"There's a girl over there."

"Humph! What of it? I'm not trying to put them out, am I? I don't own the lake."

"That's not the point."

"If I didn't have a million or two I would marry her—if she would let me."

"My word, son," murmured Stephen 3rd. "Don't say things like that. What are you talking about?"

"About a girl. Her name's Marie. I met her to-day, and I'm in love with her to-night."

Stephen 3rd found a switch. The room was flooded with light. "Let me look at you, son," he said.

"I mean it, dad."

"You mean there's a girl over there on that old hulk that you're—er—in love with?"

"That's it."

"But I don't understand. You never took to girls, Stephen."

"I've taken to one now."

"You've always been a decent sort, boy; tell me about it."

There was not much to tell. It was soon told.

"I reckoned it would come sometime," said Stephen 3rd. "I hadn't just figured it out in this way. I'd always planned to be lenient and let things pretty much take their course. But a little French fisher-girl!—My, my, son! My, my!"

"I doubt it, father."

"Well, I don't know as it makes much difference if she is. You stand by me and I'll stand by you; we'll see it through together."

"Thank you, dad." Stephen 4th held out his hand.

* * * *

Just how long he had been asleep Stephen had no means of knowing. He awoke to the murmur of voices in the adjoining room. Was dad telling mother? How would she take it? He was afraid she would not be just like dad about it. Dad was a trump. So was mother, of course, but—

A strange flicker of light in the room attracted his drowsy attention. He thought it was a street-light, then remembered he was no where street-lights abound. It was rather unaccountable. He reared himself on one elbow and looked to the window. There was a fire. Something was all ablaze.

"The house-boat!" The thought struck him like a douche of cold water, contracting his chest.

"No, the house-boat had not been there when he went to sleep. But it might have changed its position, seeking deeper water for its night-time anchorage."

"Dad!" he called. "Dad! The houseboat's a-fire!"

He was in the middle of the floor, reaching for his clothes.

He found himself and his father running for the dock together. The man was not there. They shoved out the launch alone, and set it going. Soon they were racing through the darkness down the mirrored lane that laid its fiery course to the burning house-boat.

Like a good French-Canadian, Pierre had carelessly left his rowboat floating overside instead of bringing it aboard on his return from up the creek. Its painter had burned free, and it was now drifting away, leaving the family helplessly stranded. A group of them was gathered at the stern as the big launch came ploughing up.

There was another. She was apart from the rest. A fluttering, flimsy garment enveloped her.

"Marie!" called the boy.

He looked at the others. They were too much occupied with their own affairs to notice her. At the sound of his voice she ran lightly along the deck, and mounted to the rail. For an instant her slender, girlish figure stood outlined against the leaping flames at her back, then she soared outward, curved downward, and broke the surface of the water with scarcely more than a ripple.

The big launch ran back and forth several times over the spot where she had vanished. No trace of her was to be found.

"We must get the others," said the father.

It was not a difficult task. It would have been less difficult had they been less excitable. There were Pierre and his wife and their two sons. It was only a short drop from the deck of the barge to the launch. A stout rope was sufficient. One by one they slid down it.

"Where was Marie?" They wanted to know.

They were told. A loud lamentation burst from the woman.

"Oh bah gosh," cried Pierre, "what for you make beeg fool of yourself? Little girl she swim like feesh. She go somewhere ashore. She all right."

He seemed more concerned about getting back to the house-boat and trying to save some of his effects. This he was permitted to do, but the launch cruised about for some time near the place where the girl had disappeared. A little, a very little, was saved. The barge was soon burned to the water-line, and Pierre, as he said, was a ruined man.

As there was nothing else to be done the launch headed back for the island. In due time it bumped against the dock and its occupants scrambled ashore. With Stephen Myson Pringle, 3rd, acting as a guide, they set off in the darkness in search of suitable sleeping quarters for the night. Stephen, the younger, alone remained a gloomy, moody figure on the shadowy landing.

Suddenly his eyes were clasped from behind, and near him he felt the wet drip of cool water.

"Don't look, Stephen, please don't," said a voice.

He sat very still.

"Stephen, will you tell your sister I want her?"

The hands left his eyes. For a moment he did not stir. When he did, she was gone.

* * * *

"O Steve, boy, she's a dear!"

"Hush, sis!" He held up a warning finger.

He was at an open window, listening shamelessly. Within were his father and Pierre La Roux.

"Come, come, man," Stephen Myson Pringle, 3rd, was saying, "you don't mean to tell me the girl is your bona-fide niece?"

Pierre La Roux wrung his tasseled cap nervously. Pierre was in a quandary.

"But, monsieur—"

"But me no buts, friend. Out with it. Who is she?"

"Mon Dieu, but I am afraid!"

"Haven't I told you that you would come to no harm? You have lost your boat. Think it over." A roll of bills was tossed upon the table.

The little Frenchman picked them up. The sweat stood out on his forehead. "Mon Dieu," he breathed again. He did not stop to count them. He ran them hastily over in his fingers. "Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" he kept repeating. His hands shook as he beheld their magnitude. He was as one in a palsy. Never in his jovial, drudging life had he beheld such opulence.

"It's yours," said Stephen Myson Pringle, 3rd, not unmoved. "Just say the word. You'll have to anyway."

Then the storm broke. The man went down on his knees. His words overran themselves in eager haste to escape their prison.

"Ah, mon Dieu," he moaned, "spare me, monsieur, spare me! It is fifteen, sixteen years ago, maybe more. Ma woman she lose her babee. We feesh by shore where one big, white farmhouse is. Leetle girl she lie in sand. No one there. Ma woman she look at me. I lookla ma woman. We was take de leetle girl, then we for fear to take her back. Fraid, fraid all de tam. I think some one catch us me. Some tam I go there that house—"

"Do her folks live there still?"

"Oui, oui, monsieur, but yes."

"All right, that will do. To-morrow—"

The listeners heard no more. A door near them had opened, sending a stream of light across the porch from the hall-way. Framed in the casement stood a girl exquisitely gowned in a Pringle frock. The boy started from his seat, taking a quick step toward her.

"Why—why, Mary," he said. And his bashfulness descended upon him.

Helping Providence.

There were two ministers among the passengers who were crossing the lake in a small boat during a storm. When the boat seemed on the point of swamping a woman cried out, "The Two ministers must pray!"

The boatman who was a Scot, turned and looked at them. "Na, na," he said; "the little ane can pray if he likes, but the big ane maun tak an oar."

Premature Wariness.

"What are you going to be when you grow up, Molly?"

"I'm going to be an old maid."

"An old maid, dear. Why?"

"'Cause I don't think I'd like to kiss a man a hundred times and tell him he's handsome every time I do shopping. I'd rather earn money and buy things for myself."

Foreign Language Barred.

The visitor patted little Fred on the head and inquired how he was getting on at school. "I suppose you can spell almost everything?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you spell your own name?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you spell 'Constantinople'?"

"Ah, go on, sir; that's a foreign language!"

The Bird That Sneezes.

Little Ethel had spent the day at her aunt's and had been much interested in the new cuckoo clock. Telling her father about it that evening, she cried excitedly: "Oh, Daddy! Auntie has a new clock and every little while there's a bird comes out and sneezes!"

Right at That.

"What is obscurity, Tommie?" the teacher asked.

"It's a place, I guess," Tommie hazarded.

"No, no! Why do you say that?"

"Must be, because that's where a lot of candidates go after an election."

Non-Co-operation.

Conjurer—"Now, to help me with this next trick, I want the services of a boy—just any boy in the audience—yes, you will do, my little man; come along. Now, you've never seen me before, have you?"

Boy (innocently)—"No, father!"

—and the worst is yet to come

Windbreaks for the Apiary.

A good windbreak is of as much importance in the protection of bees during the winter as packing. Bees in single walled hives well protected from wind will stand a better chance of living through the winter than those in packed hives exposed to cold, penetrating winds. A windbreak is also advisable during the summer, especially where the apiary is situated on a hill or in any exposed locality.

The most perfect windbreak is an enclosure of woods, as a natural windbreak is usually more extensive than one built for that purpose. An evergreen hedge seven or eight feet high makes the best artificial windbreak and when an apiary is permanently located this should be planted. A board fence of the same height is also satisfactory but the boards should be lebt about one inch apart to allow the wind to filter through. A solid fence is not so effective as one that is partly open, as it causes whirls which may strike some of the colonies and destroy them. Quick growing shrubbery or vines are also suitable but if used they should be of such a nature that the branches are thick enough to make a good screen even when the leaves are off. Buildings alone cannot be relied upon for protection, as they often divert the wind and make conditions worse, beside giving too much shade.

The apiary should be protected at least on the sides from which the prevailing winds come, usually the north and west. Sometimes, however, a sudden cold wind may come from the east or south, especially during the spring after the bees have begun to fly and brood rearing has commenced. The bees are attracted out by the bright sun and many will be killed by the wind. At this time the colonies are weak and cannot afford to lose any of their working force, so need all the protection they can get; therefore, it is advisable to have the apiary enclosed on all four sides. The fence should not be high enough to shade the bees until noon or they will not build up as quickly as those that get the morning sun, especially in the spring.

An apiary situated so that it is protected on one or two sides by a hedge and buildings on the others is fairly well protected. Often an apiary can be located so that it is partially protected by a natural rise in the ground on the north side but it would be better if a fence could be erected as well.—C. B. Gooderham, Dominion Apiarist.

The Function of the Forest.

The preservation and enlargement of the forests form the very basis of the whole conservatio movement. Forests add to the fertility of the soil by returning to it more than they take out; they protect the headwaters of our streams and rivers, regulate the run-off, furnish cover for the wild life of the country, and last, but by no means least, promote industrial welfare through the production of lumber.

Where It Happened.

Thursday was one of those frequent rainy days of early spring. Tony had been to school in the morning but absent in the afternoon. Upon his return Friday he brought the following excuse:

"Dear Miss P——: Please excuse Tony for being absent yesterday as he got wet in the a.m. and I had to dry him in the p.m. Yours truly, Mrs. Smith.

Almost As Good

Little Mabel cast an indignant look at her brother, who had got the best of the plateful of cherries that the children were dividing. "You really are a pig, John," she declared.

But her mother did not like the word. "It's not very nice to call your brother a pig, darling," she said.

"All right then," replied Mabel. "But the next time I see a pig I shall call him 'John.'"

Born Talented.

"How you do stutter, my poor boy! Have you ever attended a stammering school?"

"N-n-no. I d-d-d-do this naturally."

Smallest Auto.

With a complete motor weighing only 1,000 pounds, French builders are turning out what is claimed to be the world's smallest practical automobile.

Stories of Famous People

Woman Who Dives for Gold.

A young woman who is really doing a man's job is Miss Margaret Naylor, the woman-diver engaged in recovering the treasure from the sunken Spanish galleon at Tobermory, off the Scottish coast.

She was the first woman to take up deep-sea diving as a profession, and she has proved that the work can be quite efficiently carried out by her sex. The wreck on which she is now working lies in sixty feet of water, and there is probably a million pounds' worth of jewels, plate, and so on to be brought to the surface.

Miss Naylor has had several narrow escapes. Once her feet, encased in heavy diving boots, got caught in the lower rungs of a ladder she was using. The more the men above tried to pull her up, the worse became her plight, for her head was pulled right out of her helmet into the body of her dress. Only her presence of mind saved her.

Had to Walk Back.

General Sir H. E. Burstall, who commanded the Canadian artillery in the late war, was reputed to have an iron nerve, and, in action, to have been one of the coolest men in the army. Nothing, it was said of him, so quickly aroused his anger as to see a man give way to fear, even momentary fear, and he seldom let such action pass in silence.

There was a story of the general and the driver who showed nerves in action under the general's eyes, which officers of his staff were very fond of relating.

It was back in the first years of the war and the general's command was somewhat smaller than it was on November 11, 1918. A battery had just gone into action, had just unlimbered, and sent over a salvo. The drivers, having tethered their horses in a clump of trees a little to the rear of the guns, were moving out into the open again. Nearby, the general and one of his staff sat astride their horses. Suddenly a German shell "swished" overhead and broke in a clump of trees, disemboweling one of the battery horses. The general saw a driver, an awkward country lad, who was near him, throw up his hands and, face blanched, stagger backwards with a moan. For a moment Burstall watched him intently, then he blazed:

"And what is it to you?"

"Noth—noth—nothing, sir," the man stammered, recovering himself somewhat, but shifting nervously from one foot to the other under the general's angry gaze; "noth — noth — nothing, only somebody what rode here has got to walk back."

A Rival to Old Scrooge.

Ebenezer Scrooge that "squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner, hard and sharp as a flint," is our idea of a pretty mean person. Few men, fortunately, are in the same class with him. Yet this incident, which Mr. G. B. Burgin relates in his Memoirs of a Clubman, serves to remind us that now and again in real life we are likely to run upon a rival to the tight-fisted "hand at the grindstone."

While I was one of the editors of a certain magazine, writes Mr. Burgin, my assistant came to me one day and said, "You say I never do a generous thing. Now I am going to tell you of a very generous thing I did this morning."

I said that I was delighted that he had reformed.

"You know Smithson the artist who bolted to America and left a wife and child to starve?" he inquired.

"Yes. What of him?"

"It was very wet this morning, and the poor woman came in drenched with her lovely little girl. She explained that her only means of livelihood was to let the child sit as a model to artists for an infant St. John and all that sort of thing."

"Well?"

"It wasn't well. Don't be so impatient. She asked me to lend her some money, and I refused."

"Of course. You would."

"Though I make it a rule never to lend money, she looked so cold and hungry that I felt sorry for her and asked her if she would like a cup of tea."

"I apologize."

"I thought you would. You may remember that the office boy does a lucrative business by selling you cups of tea in the afternoon; so I discovered his tea caddy—he was out at lunch—and made them each a cup. It occurred to me that they were hungry. I went to the chief's room and found his tin of fancy biscuits. I gave them two each, and they were very happy and thankful, though I think they would have preferred three. Now do I never do a good deed?"

"I never said that you were not capable of doing a kind deed at some one else's expense," I replied.

A fortnight later the chief asked me: "Seen my tin of biscuits?"

I had not. Then I remembered and went to my assistant. "Where are the rest of Mr. Blank's biscuits?" I asked.

He looked a little confused. "I'm very sorry. I meant to return them, but the temptation was too much for me, and I ate them myself."

"And you've gained half a pound of biscuits for doing a kind deed! You'd better buy Mr. Blank a fresh supply."

"Is it absolutely necessary? We are all liable to moments of temptation."

"Absolutely necessary. Run out and get them, and I'll say I've found the tin."

He crawled out and returned with the biscuits. "One must be prepared to suffer for doing good," he moaned.

Seeing the Sights.

English Clergyman—"And when you arrive in London, my dear lady, don't fail to see St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey."

Fair American—"You bet I won't. But what I've been hankering to see, ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper, is the Church of England."

That's Some Service.

"Johnnie, the stork has brought you a little sister."

"Aw g'wan! Stork nothin'. It was the milk man brought it. Doesn't it say on the wagon, 'Families Supplied Daily'?"

Give You One Guess.

"Do Englishmen understand American slang?"

"Some of them do. Why?"

"My daughter is to be married in London, and the earl has cabled me to come across."

The Battle of Chryler's Farm

The monument erected by the Canadian Government in 1895 to commemorate the battle of Chrysler's Farm, about five miles east of Morrisburg, Ontario, adjacent to the Montreal-Toronto Highway, has been taken over by the Canadian National Parks Branch from the Department of Militia and Defence for repair and preservation and a caretaker has been appointed to keep the property in order. The monument consists of a tall red granite obelisk on either side of which are mounted two large guns on concrete bases. The present inscription reads as follows:—

In honor of the brave men who fought and fell in the victory of Chrysler's Farm, on the 11th November, 1813.

The lettering is now somewhat faded and it is proposed to add to the original inscription a new bronze tablet containing the following legend:

BATTLEFIELD OF CHRYSLER'S FARM PRO PATRIA

In Memory of

Captain John Nairn and Lieutenant Williom Claus of the 49th Regiment. Lieutenant Charles de Lorimer of the Canadian Fencible Regiment and the non-commissioned officers and men of the 49th, 89th and Canadian Fencible regiments and the Canadian Voltigeurs killed in acton.

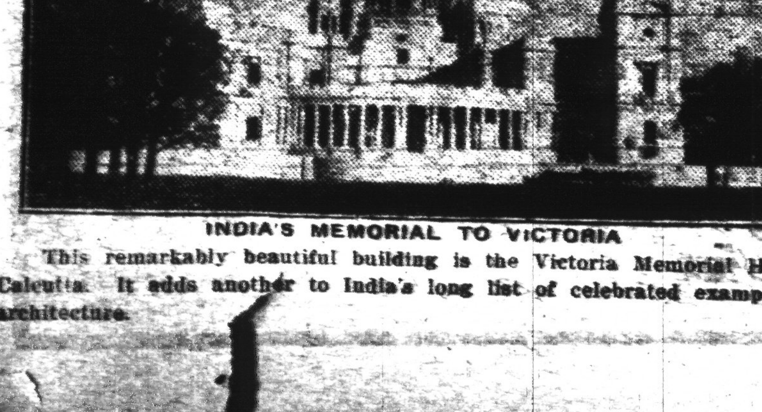
The Battle of Chrysler's Farm was one of the critical events during the American invasion of 1812-14. The advance of the second American army under General Wilkinson from Sackett's Harbor down the St. Lawrence was intended to insure the capture of Montreal and Canada. It is well known that in this Wilkinson failed and at the same time received news of the reverse of Hampton at Chateauguay, when he abandoned the idea of taking Montreal and withdrew across the border.

Banff Golf Course Well Patronized.

Over five thousand persons played over the golf course in Banff National Park during the season just closed according to a report recently received from the Park Superintendent at Banff. Many prominent visitors from nearly every corner of the globe went over the links at "the top of the world," during the summer, including His Excellency Baron Byng of Vimy and party, Mr. Calvin Coolidge, vice-president of the United States, Sir Lionel Guillemarde, Governor of the Straits Settlements, Baron Sanberg of Holland, Premier Greenfield of Alberta and Mr. Rodney C. Wood, Chief Boy Scout Representative of England.

With the assistance of the Seed Branch of the Department of Agriculture, the officials at Banff will begin work this fall on the further improvement of the course. Owing to the severity of the weather during the early winter last year sections of the sod on the fairways and putting greens were winter killed. Certain species of bent grass and fescue, which have been introduced with marked success on golf courses in Eastern Canada and the United States, will be planted and it is expected that the greens and fairways will be in first-class condition for next season's play.

At the present time Commissioner Clarke of the Seed Branch of the Department of Agriculture is endeavoring to secure a supply of the seed of the Prince Edward Island brown top, a more or less well developed bent grass, fine in texture and about the same as the Rhode Island bent grass in habits of growth. If the production of this grass can be stimulated sufficiently to make it available for golf courses, Commissioner Clarke states it will be the most satisfactory grass for fairways that can be obtained for the northern areas of Canada and the United States.



INDIA'S MEMORIAL TO VICTORIA

This remarkably beautiful building is the Victoria Memorial Hall in Calcutta. It adds another to India's long list of celebrated examples of architecture.

WHERE INDIA WILL CONDUCT HER LEGIS[illegible]

The design of the new legislative chambers to be erected at Delhi, [illegible] where the newly constituted government, which [illegible] a form of home rule, will be housed.

CONSERVATIVES [illegible] ELECTIONS [illegible]

A despatch from London [illegible] political parties in the next [illegible] seats, the results of which [illegible] universities and distant sc[illegible] results may not be availab[illegible]

Number of se[illegible]
Seats heard fr[illegible]
Conservatives[illegible]
Labor ......
Liberals ....
Georgians ..
Other groups
To be announ[illegible]

A despatch from Lond[illegible] The long drawn out figh[illegible] former Premier Lloyd Geo[illegible] George Younger has ende[illegible] tory for the chairman of t[illegible] party. Younger and his [illegible] staked their political fort[illegible] famous Carlton Club mee[illegible] smashed the Coalition and [illegible] George into the wilderness [illegible] viction that the country w[illegible] a return to straight party [illegible] in the firm belief that [illegible] would support their co[illegible] sending the Conservativ[illegible] House of Commons with a [illegible] majority.

Their confidence has [illegible] justified. Wednesday's el[illegible] returned a Parliament with [illegible] same overwhelming predo[illegible] Conservatives as the last [illegible] elected in 1918 on a wave [illegible] enthusiasm to Lloyd Geor[illegible]

In the new Parliame[illegible] Bonar Law will command[illegible]

TURKS SNEAK INT[illegible] CONSTANT[illegible]

Strengthen Their [illegible] Daily—Presence o[illegible] Prevent Massa[illegible]

A despatch from Co[illegible] says:—As the Allies have [illegible] vestige of authority over [illegible] police and even co-operat[illegible] the Allied and Turkish [illegible] gone, it is not longer pos[illegible] ercise the slightest cont[illegible] filtration of Nationalist s[illegible] Allied military naval for[illegible] numerous enough to wat[illegible] neutral zone and the [illegible] which is over 20 miles lo[illegible] 700 yards wide at the nar[illegible] so it is very easy for sma[illegible] armed men to cross unob[illegible] Turks thus are able to [illegible] their position daily, whil[illegible] remain spectators.

The Inter-Allied contr[illegible] stantinople has been [illegible] British control, because th[illegible] Italians never wanted to [illegible] the terms of the Mudro[illegible] They wanted nothing m[illegible] purely military occupatio[illegible] It is a deplorable fact [illegible] cupation has been meddle[illegible] truse. Perhaps it was [illegible] win the loyalty of the T[illegible] lation, but certainly it w[illegible] been impossible. Howeve[illegible] attempted. Now, not only [illegible] but even the liberal m[illegible] have been estranged.

The Turks and the Al[illegible] other irreconcilably here [illegible] bridge the gap between [illegible] ever, the occupation of [illegible] armies is shielding seve[illegible] thousand Christians fr[illegible] terror that might even e[illegible] cre. Allied rule at its w[illegible] ably better than Turki[illegible] best, at least for tho[illegible] Turks, and there can be [illegible] of abandoning it at this [illegible]

[illegible]

Alberta-bred Scots' [illegible] stock from the P[illegible] at High River, A[illegible] prices at the recent S[illegible] Calgary. One [illegible] other for $5[illegible] eight animals [illegible] Though he has owned [illegible] his ranch for three yea[illegible] stituted the first con[illegible] the early [illegible] shire sheep wil[illegible] from the E. P. [illegible] the Prince who [illegible] with ranch affairs thro[illegible] ager, is supplementing [illegible] stock with more Shortho[illegible] moor ponies.