Where They Reap Harvests Of Cork

producing country in the world, and many lives and fortunes are irrevocably bound up with these weird and hardy trees.

One summer I was invited for a day or two to a country house right in the middle of vast cork orests, to watch the bark-stripping process, an interesting busi-ness which — like all country eraftsmanship - looks as easy as chopping up firewood. Yet it s one of the most skilled jobs n all tree cultivation, and the men who practise the art are paid far more than the ordinary labourer. The particular ones I saw came from the province of the Algarve in the south, travelling to the Alentejo with their headman or overseer, who has been coming to this forest every year for as long as anyone re-

He was a typical old country character, with deep-set shrewd eyes, and a rather reserved but very great affection for the employers with whom he has worked for so many years.

These strippers from the Algarve lived in the open, under trees of the cork forest. As this job always takes place a ter the hot weather has set i (from June onwards) this is generally fairly pleasant. Their beds consist of rugs and blankets placed on the ground, the bed often bounded by long strips of cork bark. I must say they looked very comfortable, and even if a thunderstorm arrived in the night, they could always hoist the inevitable umbrella, so general among all peasant workers in the country.

All the paraphernalia of camping hung in the trees - extra clothes, food containers, sheepskin trousers, umbrellas, oddments of all sorts. Earthenware water-jars were placed here in the shade of the trees, and a the edge of the camp was the fire for cooking. When I arrived, a woman was busy watching the fire, while the men were away at work.

The evening meal was being cooked in a large number of earthenware pots, placed along an extended fire. One's usual idea of a camp fire is circular, but owing to each individua having his own pot, it was obvious that a long narrow fire was the answer, and it looked unique

At night we sat on the veranda of the pleasant country house situated on a hill above



"About this morning's argu ment, where did we leave

the forests, listening to the nightingales and other birds, listening also to the intense peace of the cork forests, with their tops silhouetted against a clear moon-lit sky. Those unmistakable green arms, so carefully prun ed and tended all their livesthe great silent population of the Alentejo. — From "The Hills of Alentejo," by Huldine V. Beam-

No Wife-Beating After Nine O'Clock

Some of the ancient street cries of London are being revived by enterprising street traders who have found that their sentimental appeal is very good for but

One young woman with a large basket on her hip regularly walks with grace and dignity through some of the Mayfair streets, as other pretty girls did when the first Queen Elizabeth was on the throne, singing tunefully: "Won't you buy my sweet blooming lavender? You buy it once, you buy it twice - it makes you clothes smell very nice."

Heard once again, too, in 1959 are the cries of the watercress man the winkle man and the muffin sellers - especially week-ends.

In West London an elderly man often sits on the kerb recaning seats and stools and chanting from time to time "Chairs to mend" and there's a barrowboy who cries, as his great-greatgrandparents probably did before him: "Pots and pans to mend,

scissors to grind."

The "come and buy" street cries of old London were successfully revived during the Fes-tival of Britain in 1951 when pretty girls in Restoration cos-tumes chanted sales-talk used in

Nell Gwynn's day.
Rags and bones, fresh mackerel peanuts, hot dogs and baked chestnuts are the themes of men and women who cry their wares in the suburbs of London and other big cities nowadays and they manage to make themselve heard despite the roaring traffic. Some cries in Elizabethean

times seem to have got or people's nerves, for laws were introduced to limit them and no man was allowed "to whistle or blow a horn or sing his wares after nine o'clock or to beat his wife or cause a sudden outcry.

It's Enough To Make You Blink

When the average motorist drives at twenty miles an hour for a period of five hours, he drives for at least ten and a half miles of his journey with his eyes shut! Staggering, isn't it? But it's true.

Scientists who have been conducting research into the unconscious blink that our eyes perform daily reached that conclusion after extensive surveys on the subject. It has been estimated that at that rate, in the course of fifty years a man would blink a total of 7,000 miles. The average blink means that for one-fifth of a second, 50,000 times a day and 19,000,000 times

a year, we are momentarily

when we are gathering our wits

YES, WE HAVE BANANAS - It's easy to grow a banana tree,

according to Ralph Harmon. Harmon, manager of a grocery

store in Cincinnati, got the tree from his father's place in

Florida. In Ohio, the tree was planted and grew from six

inches to 12 feet in seven months But fall air began nipping

at the plant and Harmon decided to winter it in the store. He's

thinking of cutting a section from the store cailing to see how

well it'll do indoors.

we blink once a second. lord and master.

With the accusing eyes of a prophetess, one of the women rose from the pyre, pointed to them, and shrieked: "Woe to the Khalsa! Before a year be out they will be overthrown and their wives will be widows!" Then she fell back into the flames and was consumed. But only too well was her prophecy to be fulfilled.

would they not be destroyed and no longer dominate the State? Her crafty lover needed mo urging, any more than Tej Singh. Both saw in the treacherou move a path to power. They would make all the military blunders possible while ensuring their own safety and winning British goodwill, and under Brit ish influence rule the Punjab

Ripe for plunder, the army crossed the Sutlej in December, 1845, and might have swept all before it, but for the betraval. At Mukdi, Lal Singh ordered it



TEACHER'S PET? - This car belongs to a driving school in Rome, Italy. The couple in the back seat seem to be learning something about the clutch.

Dancing Girl's Plot **Doomed Thousands**

Four wives and seven slavegirls perished as sacrifices on the funeral pyre of the fabulous Maharajah Ranjit Singh. But not his favourite wife, Jindan, who had won her way to power as an alluring dancing girl at the court of Lahore.

She was far too shrewd for that. Go to the flames for the sake of an old profligate? Not Hadn't she a small son, Dulip Singh, who would one day rule as Maharajah? Couldn't she as Regent wield power through her lover, Lal Singh, and her brother, Jamahar Singh, both leaders in the State?

She was a past-mistress at intrigue "I have only to bide my time, set one man against another," she told herself, "and everything will fall into my hands and my son's."

After Ranjit's death the Punjab suffered under a succession of rulers and pretenders, each in turn dying a violent death at the hands of his usurpers, Jindan, pulling a string here, a strangulating cord there, watched it all with a cynical smile on her rouged lips. The privileged "Khalsa" Sikh

army built up by Ranjit really ruled the State, making and unmaking maharajas at will. In the 1840s many chiefs, jealous of the army's power, anxious overthrow it, intrigued secretly with the British beyond the border. Jindan encouraged brother, the Wazer Jamahar, to do so. "The Khalsa stands in our way," she said. "It must be curbed." But the army got wind of the intrigue, secretly sentenced him to death, and ordered him to appear before them. He came with his nephew, the boy

Maharajah. "Stand aside from the boy! they ordered. A file of soldiers then took up position and shot him dead.

Incensed by rage and grief if the the grief was genuine — the Maharani ordered his wretched women, two wives and three slave-girls, to fling themselves on his pyre. According to custom, they had to go mourningfully in procession, distributing from trays the jewels and gifts deemed sacred because they came from a sati about to die for her

Forming ranks either side, the Sikhs compelled them to pass between, snatching at their gifts, ripping off their ear-rings and ther adornments, mocking their entreaties with coarse ribaldry When the flames began licking heir agonized bodies, the soldiers even tried to snatch the gold fringing from their trousers.

Jindan saw to that. The grim spectacle shocked even her and she had seen many in violent, untamed Lahore. She would be avenged. If the Khalsa, in of the popular feeling against the British, could be incited to cross the Sutlej border and attack them . . . if, under the leadership of her lover, Lal Singh, and a fellow-conspirator, Tej Singh, they were betrayed,

unhampered by Khalsa interfer-

into battle, then callously left is to blunder into defeat. Ferozshah was one of the bloodiest engagements in Brit-ish-Indian history, but when,

with large Sikh reinforcements,

Tej Singh had the British at his mercy, he fled from the field, turning sure victory into disaster. The eight weeks' war ended at Sobraon, where again he fled, though his forces showed themselves superior. He even damaged a bridge over the Sutlej, to hamper his own troops following. When they fell back on it, fighting desperately, it gave way, plunging them into the swollen

Many thousands of Sikhs per-ished in this last stand, including Sirdar Sham Singh, a spectral figure in white, with white beard, who rode about on a white mare leading a remnant in a final charge in which he was killed. After the battle his servants

found his body, placed it reverently on a raft, swam across the river with it and bore it with them on a three-day trek back to his home. But his widow, hearing dread tidings of the battle, had already

committed herself to the pyre, clasping of the clothes he had worn at their wedding. She was the last sati to kill herself by traditional Punjab custom, and a pillar marks the spot outside the Back in Lahore, surrounded by court magnificence, dressed in

precious silks decked with jew-

els, the Maharani Jindan hugged

her triumph. The dying sati's

prophecy had indeed been ful-When the victorious British garrisoned the city they found the Council of State virtually ruled by her as Regent for her eight-year-old son, with the treacherous Lal Singh as her chief minister and the other wily, shifty members under her sway. No woman wielded such power as this former dancing girl, none

so abused it. One of her favourite sports was pushing her slave-girls into a pool, ducking them and laughing at their cries as they struggle

But intrigue proved first her lover's undoing, then her own. Lal Singh might use the British

When he began plotting

gainst them in turn, with Jindan's encouragement, they expelled him. Still the intrigues went on behind palace walls. She even plotted to murder the Resident and free her capital of British con-

That was too much for the authorities. They expelled her out of harm's way, too. She had to leave her beloved Lahore, fo!lowing her lover into exile though not to be with him, which might have been some consola-

Frenziedly, she threatened to cratch the eves out of any one of her enemies who came within reach of those acquisitive taloned hands, as delicate as they were merciless.

When her protests were of no avail and she had to go, she clamoured to take all her serv ants and slave-girls with her asisted on being escorted as befitted a queen, and complained loudly about the quarters allot The British found that they

had taken on more than they had bargained for. In 1848 the Sikh rebelled and the Khalsa became active again A powerful chieftain threatened o march on Lahore and restore Jindan to power. But the exdancing-girl was finished. She had climbed from obscurty, using all her seductive wiles Into obscurity she now faded with her spoilt son.

"The man I want," said th employer, "must be capable of earning ten thousand a year and silly enough to do it willingly for

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TABLE TALKS

ted with % c. bulk or canned ready-mixed cut-up candied fruits be substituted).

Add milk mixture to second

bowl. Mix with spoon, then with

hands till crumbs are moistened.

Press firmly into pan. Top with
fruit and nuts. Cover lightly.

Chill for two days before slicing.

Keep in cool place of the country of

Keep in cool place afterwards. Makes one 21/4 lb. fruit cake.

(Some use whole maraschino cherries, blanched almonds and

colored candied pineapple cut in

NAMES AND ASSESSED ASSESSED.

CHRISTMAS SHORTBREAD

Cream butter well. Gradu-

ally add sugar and continue to

cream until granules are no

longer visible. Sift together flour

and salt, gradually add to sugar

mixture, mixing thoroughly with

hands after each addition. Turn

out on bread board lightle

sprinkled with icing sugar. Knead until mixture cracks

slightly. Form into rolls, wrap in

wax paper and chill. Slice and

bake on greased sheet at 400 de-

grees for 20-30 minutes. Baking

time depends on thickness of

cookies. When kneading cherri

or walnuts may be worked int

CHRISTMAS PIE

Pastry for 2-crust 9-inch pie

s tablespoons quick-cooking

1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups fresh cranberries

11/2 cups moist mincemeat

15 to 20 pastry Holly Leaves

Combine tapioca, sugar, sal

nincemeat in saucepan. Coo

and stir over medium heat un-

til mixture comes to a boil. Cool

Roll half the pastry 1/2 inch thick. Line a 9-inch pie pan and

trim pastry at edge of rim. Ro

remaining pastry 1/8 inch this

shell with fruit mixture. Mois

and cut several 2-inch slits or

fancy design near centre. Fill pie

stirring occasionally.

2 cups cranberries, water ar

34 c. icing sugar 2c. sifted all purpose flour

pieces and pressed into top

cake for decoration)

½ tsp. salt

mixture.

tapioca

34 cup water

CHRISTMAS CAKE

1 lb. currants
1 lb. dates cut fine

1 lb. brown sugar 1 lb. mixed peel Half cup almonds 1 tsp. cinnamon 1 tsp. nutmeg ½ tsp. baking soda in little

1 lb. butter 1 doz. eggs 1bottle cherries, red 1 c. milk 1 c. molass 3 c. flour

1 tsp. cloves 2 tsps. baking powder Mix all together well and bake in slow oven, 250 degrees for three hours. Makes three different size cakes. Do not open oven until after the first hour.

FRUIT CAKE

1 lb. butter 1 lb. flour

1 tsp. salt

1 tsp. soda 2 boxes raisins seeded and

seedless 3 oz. each citron, lemon peel candied cherries, pineapple, orange peel 12 eggs

1 qt. nuts, walnuts-peca ½ glass lemon juice, orange juice, grape jelly Cream butter and sugar. Sif flour with soda. Mix fruit in with flour. Add eggs one at time to mixture of butter and

degrees for four or five hours. UNBAKED FRUIT CAKE

sugar, stirring after each addi-

tion. Mix fruits with first mix-ture. Bake in slow oven 250

Line with waxed paper, bottom and sides of five-cup loaf or tube pan. Put into a bowl and let stand until needed:

½ c. evaporated milk 16 marshmallows (large) 3 thsps. orange juice Put into another large bowl

4 doz. regular graham crackers 4 tsp. cinnamon 4 tsp. nutmeg & tsp. cloves

1 c. seedless raisins (light and dark) % c. walnuts broken & c. candied pineapple finely

2 tbsp. candied orange peel (Candied fruits may be omit-

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edge of bottom crust. To adjust top crust, fold pastry in half or roll loosely on rolling pin; centream to spawn. Old yarns like that are a dime a dozen around Maine, where lumbering and lumber-ing stories had their beginnings. tre on filling. Open slits with knife. (Well-opened slits are important to permit escape of ste during baking.) Trim top er letting it extend 1/2 inch ov

There is one about the barrel of split peas. Snowbound, a cook had to make do until a thaw, and all he had left was a barrel split peas. He'd serve pea fritters, stewed peas, and hash. Next pea soup again, nd so on. Afterward, the crew gave the cook much the credit. Said if he hadn't varied the servings that way, the monot would have been unbearable

But molasses cookies were aland never did a woodsman com-plain. You can still find these lumber camp mol cookies on certain tables in Maine, and I imagine the mi-grating timberjacks took them West with them. They are not dainty cookie for party manters; they are a rough and imble cookie, made for he-men with enormous appetites brought on by big deeds. They were also one of those

hings made in the top of a

ahead of the lumbering appetites, mixed his liquids in a bowl and then dumped things an old-time Maine logging camp alled for a special kind of geni-ss which has mostly passed. around until the liquid picked up just the right amount of lour, and he'd bring everything forth in a monumental gob and slap it down on the board for rolling and cutting. Saved time. It might make a mess in a modern kitchen if some schooltrained homemaker tried it without special instruction -

-air work kept the

open air work help picky, and tomers from getting picky, and tomers from serving too

urbance came from serving to frequent fish or venison. One of

the earliest "fringe benefits,"

gerhaps, was the guarantee by the boss that men signing up would not get trout more than once a week, and things like that. Yet there was never any sisting to molasses cookies.

objection to molasses cookies, and every lumber camp served them every meal, every day.

We do know, of course, that

the old-time lumbering crews included one man known as a

the cookee, who was the cook's

chore boy, could jig trout and

salmon between meals and keep

a tendency to over-emphasize

However, while epicures might

light up their eyes at this pros-

pect, both items have an odd capacity for jading the appetite quickly. Venison, besides being a lean meat and quick to digest

on you, is something you wouldn't want over and over. Trout and salmon are much the

same. There is one old story about a lumbering crew that ran short of food, and the men

had eaten so much trout

their jaws, at last, refused to

ing they could do. They'd lift

beautifully fried to a gourmet's

perfection, and not one of the

Sagely, the cook used his las

scrapings of flour to make each man a biscuit, and instead of

eating this biscuit, the fellow would use it for a decoy. He'd hold the biscuit up to his lips.

and when his mouth popped open to eat it, he'd pull it back and pop in a chunk of trout in-

tead. They managed to oper-

ate three weeks on the biscuits,

and then a supply sled got

brough to them.

delicately pinkish trout-

open for more. There was noth-

"meat hunter." His job was to

The right consistency was important. These cookies are soft when baked, an inch and more thick, and about three inches across. There was a bakingpowder can just the right size for cutting them. They are not snappy cookies, Thin snappies have their place, but it wasn't in a lumber camp. A real woods cook recipe

of sour milk.

Put the soda in the molasses and whip it good. Then everything else, and afterward add what flour it needs to make a soft but workable mass. Have it so it will drop off a knife, but not much more than that. Roll, cut and bake - oven cught to be about 350 degrees. Acres upon endless acres of

there weren't any. - By John Gould in The Christian Science

When the spring freshets came, and the lumbering crews of Maine all started downstream on the log drives, this crew, it is said, turned in the other direction and went up-

When guests of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh stay at Balmoral a cinema show is customary entertainment after dinner. Until recently a temporary fireproof structure had to be erected in the middle of the ballroom before films could be shown, but now a cinema pro-

> sible to seat more of the Queen's guests for a cinema show. The Queen has always had an interest in films. Only recently she and Prince Charles surprised the cast of technicians of the

Studios.

The first film ever seen by Queen Victoria was shown in the autumn of 1897. "The Queen likes numour and was delighted with snowballing scene and even with a bicycle spill," said one of her Court. "But when some pictures of the Gordon Highpictures of the Gordon High-landers were put on the screen her Majesty's gratification was something to remember."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE						7. Roman garment 8. Smaller 9. Everlasting 10. Measure of yarn 11. Creativeness				32. Irreverent 34. Free 37. Walk laboriously 39. Beetlelike talisman 41. To sharpen a razor				
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te mencing sword	100	100	3	1	1000	20			10	14	_	_	_	

4. Ego

Answer elsewhere on this page

flour barrel. The cook, always working at frantic speed to keep but then, who has a barrel of flour now?

keep deer hanging in the dingle, and he had nothing else to do. probably never existed, and if many years, and no lumber or there should be one, it would sporting camp may serve any game on its menu. But long ago make a batch big enough to feed the Seventh Army for a month - or a woods crew for two days. Actually, the recipe is basic, and can be found in fishbox full. There was, then, almost any cookbook. However, two of the ingredients call for comment: first, good unsulphured molasses was standard, and second sour milk was the kind that had followed the natural processes of nature without assistance. Otherwise, try it something like this: Two cups of molasses: 21/2 teaspoons of soda: a cup of shortening; maybe four teaspoons of dry ginger; two teaspoons of salt; and two cups

these swamped roads, felled logs, and drove the rivers of Maine. Every lumber-camp cook could make them, not only the great two-sided ranges, but also over open fires on the drives, using a kind of sheet metal portable oven called baker. And while venison and trout cloyed and were object to, molasses cookies went on and on, and squawks came where

Queen Elizabeth Likes The Movies

tion room has been built on to the end of the ballroom.

This means that no cumber-some projection box has to be removed before dancing can take place. It also makes it pos-

by paying a sudden visit to watch them at work at Pinewood

of a broadcast by the Editor of the world - many millions of them, in Asia, as a matter fact - who have moral scruples against taking life even at the lower and humbler levels. What dering over. A suggested title rights do they have in trying to preserve their moral princi-ples? Do others elsewhere in the world have the right to impose a contrary view on those with such scruples? . . .

may well be blasted into the open by the protests of the hitherto uninformed but now hitherto uninformed but how awakening public as well as by the interested parties. The new chemicals and the so-called "wonder drugs," the additives and the special feeds for poultry and livestock, the sprays and poisons, are taking us into a sit-uation of unknown and unwilling medication - or, if that word is too strong, of unknown and unwilling chemical expo-None but a supremely wellinformed chemist or drug spe-cialist can have any accurate idea of just what has gone into or onto the public's food and

who are impelling us into this drink these days. Some of the new way of life. new chemicals are to stimulate . . . pid growth - sometimes sensationally rapid growth, a little like Jack's fabulous beanstock. Some of the new chemicals are weed killers, insecticides, and so on. There is fluoridation. which among all the many sprays, additives, and foods of the period, has actually received

Now suddenly, Secretary Flemming in warning housewives, grocery stores, and growers against some possibly con-taminated cranberries, has perhaps unintentionally drawn ope a curtain on a broad, uncharted area. There is bitter controvers over the wisdom and method this action. The cranberry try appears to be hard hit, although every political candidate now out on the stump feels impelled to eat or drink a large amount of cranberries, just to show that he is against the bureaucrats. This odd political reaction em-

a lot of publicity.

phasizes the human response to Secretary Flemming's blanket warning. It raises the question "When does vigilance become excessive?" But the question the public really needs to have explored is the total problem of sprays, additives, and feeds. Are we quite sure what the total effects of this age of drugs and chemicals will be? The problem ranges all the way from the effect of DDT and other insecticides on the bugs that nourish our songbirds or pollinate our blossoms to the strontium 90 that may pollute our general atmosphere and alter the gen-

. . . In short, what are we doing to ourselves? Are we upsetting

etic future of the human race.

grown as cheaply or more cheap ly than a quarter of a century Such poultry raising is spreading rapidly in Western Europe But is there a point at which the new feeds become more monsure somebody will find out, and **British Squirrels And Their Habits**

PASSED-OVER PICKINGS - Wet fall weather gives farmers an opportunity to see how well they are picking corn. Ralph Roling examines sprouted corn in the Missouri River bottom. This field was harvested early with a picker-sheller and the stalks shredded. Yet the field is green with young stalks that have sprouted from corn missed by the picker



The Christian Science Monitor.

I don't believe it was heard in

Canada, but even if it was it

is well worth reading, and pon-

might be "Are We Letting Our-

Behind the cranberry contro-

versy there is a situation which

selves Be Over Governed."

The following is a transcript | the balance of nature? Are we sure we are not? There are some deeply religious people in

> Are moral principles decided by majorities? Does the indi-vidual have a right to know the habitat. what he is eating and drinking, and of deciding for himself whether he wishes to dose himself with chemicals? Are those charged with the job of policing the public's welfare in the United States - the Food and Drug Administration - actually able to cope with the huge task which confronts them, and are the rules and objectives by which they should act perfectly clear and understood by us — the guinea pigs of the drug age?
> There is no questioning the
> motives and marvels of many

gains for sanitation, for hygiene, and for well-being. But where do we draw the line against compulsory drugging of the in-dividual and his food? Is there any question about the wonder feeds, by which a chicken, a pig, or a steer may be made to grow twice or three times as fast as n the slow old days, and with much less fodder? The poultry ndustry is one of the marvel of the decade, and chicken is one of the meats which can be

TESLINDAY SCHOOL s obviously advantaged Rev & Burelay Warren, No Partiality With God Acts 11: 1-18

found living in rabbit holes, in houses and out-buildings, and even in hayricks; but the conventional home for a squirrel is a tree. Where they can, squir-rels will make dens inside the tree; if the tree has no hollows then they make a nest of cut twigs - where a branch forks

out from the trunk, or in the smalled branches in the crown. The tree is not only of vital importance as a home; it also provides the staple foods. Pines, larch, and spruce supply the red and chestnuts are very necessary to the grey, and also help stock the red's larder. Again, trees are the squirrels' highway: efinite routes are used from the home centres to feeding sites, and a squirrel in a hurry will show signs of confusion when confronted with a gap where a tree en route has been felled o blown down. Trees give shelter in times of severe cold or high winds; this is perhaps especially nportant to the red squirrel. Grey squirrels flourish in places where oaks are plentiful, and if hazels are present as well

the habitat is very favourable for them. They do very well in beechwoods, too; but they are not restricted to these types of en-vironment. Mixed woodlands often support large populations.

I have found them nesting in holly trees, in larches of 60 ft. and in hawthorn bushes of only 12 ft., and in coppiced hazel. Spanish chestnuts are popular trees for nesting and the nuts are highly prized as food. At Bramshill in Surrey grey squirrels live and breed in large stands of pure pine; they turn up sometimes in plantations of Douglas fir, and in others of Japanese and European larch. Sometimes they are found living on the fringes of woodland bor-dering agricultural land, where their diet includes grain, roots and green vegetable crops. . .

. . .

In America the main foodbearing trees for the grey squir rel are oak, walnut, hickory, beech, chestnut, maple and elm: roughly in that order. Water is said to add to the attractions of

It is usually agreed that the ancestral home of the red squire rels was dense secluded conifer-ous woodland. When the red became very abundant at the be-ginning of this century it could be found in most of the types of habitat now used by the grey; in fact, either species can live in a variety of conditions.

The red squirrel seems to seek more sheltered nesting places than does the grey those greys I found which were not in the favoured conifers were placed so that climbing ivy, evergreen the nest-tree itself provided shel-ter from prevailing winds. I have rows, hawthorn, hornbeam, holly, beach, hazel and in a hole in a re tree. Being more timid than the American species, our squirrel seems to thrive best in places that are secluded as well as sheltered. — From "Squirrels,"

The R.C.M.P.'s famous track-The R.C.M.P.'s famous track-ing dogs average about nine years on the force and in that time each dog is trained, cared for, exercised, fed and taken out on assignments by only one

Memory Selection: Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecier of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him. Acts 10: 34-35. It took a special vision to pre-

pare Peter to take God's Word to the Gentiles. While preaching in the home of Cornelius, a Ro-man centurion, the Holy Spirit came upon all that heard. There was no laying on of hands. The people were ready and so God was willing. Peter was convinced that the Gospel with all its attendant blessings was for the Gentiles just as much as for the Jews. He explained this to the apostles and brethren at Jerusalem and later before the council of apostles and elders. He said, "God which knoweth the hearts, bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as he did unto us; and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith." Peter by his understandfaith." Peter by his understanding and persuasion did much to prevent a cleavage between the Jews and Gentiles who believed on Jesus Christ. There is only one body of Christ. We, of whatever colour, race or religious denomination, who are really disciples of Jesus Christ. "are memciples of Jesus Christ, "are mem-bers of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." Ephesians 5:30. This intimate relation with the one Saviour makes us "members one of another." Ephesians 4:25.

How many of us are without partiality in some form. James warns against it, saying, "Have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons. For if there come unto your assembly a man come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly ap-parel, and there comes in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit under my footstool: are ye not then partial in yourselves, and then partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts?" (2:2-4). Often the learned despise the illiterate and those of social rank despise those beneath them. It is easy to talk of the prejudices in the southern United States and in South Africa. What about our own heart? Do we recognize that every in-dividual is entitled to receive the Good News of Jesus Christ? How much are we doing to see that it is given to them? May we truthfully say, "The love of Christ constraineth us." 2 Cor-inthians 5:14.

The total of personal savings made by Canadians in 1958 was \$2,096 million, more than twice the \$1,005 million saved ten

Canadian Prime Minister Sir John Thompson died at Windsor Castle while on a visit to Queen Victoria, in 1894.





SNOW BELOW ZERO — Main Street in Helena, Mont., is covered with snow as the temperature dropped below zero in all parts of the state. The lowest reading was at Butter minus 37.