

# KINGHAM HILL MAGAZINE

No. 42.

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## CHRONICLE OF EVENTS.

The School Examination took place during the second and third weeks of December, the Rev. W. Mitchell-Carruthers and Mr. Young being the examiners.

The opening game of the House Competition took place on Saturday, December 18th. The opposing teams were Durham and Sheffield. Some very good play was witnessed. The Durham goalkeeper brought off some capital saves. The Sheffield Eleven were beaten by their opponents being smarter on the ball, the result being: Durham 5, Sheffield 1.

The Chapel was most beautifully decorated by the boys and their teachers for Christmas.

On Christmas Day the Service in the morning was taken by our Chaplain. The Holy Communion was celebrated after the Service.

Mr. Young paid his customary visit to each of the Houses. He partook his usual portion of the ample Christmas fare, and wished one and all the compliments of the season.

The boys did full justice to the good things provided, and all spent a happy afternoon in games, songs, etc.

Our Carol Singing took place on Sunday afternoon, December 26th. A great number of carols were sung by the boys, and once again we had the pleasure of listening to Mr. A. Cave, who rendered the carols, "There came a little Child to Earth" and "Hail, sweet Babe, so pure and holy," in his usual effective manner. Mr. Young read a portion of Scripture from St. John i., and afterwards spoke a few appropriate words to all.

On Sunday morning, January 2nd, the Rev. W. Mitchell-Carruthers took for his text, "My Presence shall go with thee" (Exodus xxxiii. 14). This thought for the New Year, and also that "man was created for God's Presence," should help us continually through the coming year.

At the afternoon Service, Mr. Young gave us this motto for the New Year, "Looking unto Jesus" (Hebrews xii. 2). He urged all to follow the exhortation, "To lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race that is set before us."

The Annual Prize-giving took place on Saturday, January 8th, at 3 p.m. We were pleased to have with us on this occasion Mrs. and Miss Carruthers and the Rev. E. Dibben, of Daylesford. Mr. Young, after giving his report on the work of the Vth and VIth Forms, gave a few words of encouragement to boys and teachers. Prizes were then distributed, after which our Chaplain spoke of the work done by both divisions of the Fourth Form and, as usual, gave the boys something to think about and help them. This year he took the word "Prize,"

each letter of which stood for a word : Perseverance, Ready, Industry, Zealous, Energetic.

The Rev. E. Dibben congratulated the prize-winners. From his own experience he showed how much help could be derived from prayer, in their examinations and in all details of daily life. Several stories conveying useful lessons were listened to with great interest.

R. Abbott (Durham) came out " Head " of the School. R. Watkins (Bradford) took the prize for Form V, and A. Collins the Upper IVth Form prize. The Scripture prizes went to R. Abbott, Form VI, S. Mead (Bradford), Form V, and J. Middlecoat, Upper Form IV. Prizes for Drawing were gained by J. Pearce (Bradford), Form VI, O. Williams (Durham), Form V, and F. Reekie, Upper IV. The " Tidy " Prizes were won by J. Thompson (Durham) and P. Anderson (Sheffield), and the " Conduct " prizes by O. Williams (Durham) and A. Newman (Sheffield).

The final match for the House competition took place on February 5th. The ground was very heavy owing to the previous rains. Fortunately, the thick fog cleared off just as the match commenced. Mr. Harwood, who takes a keen interest in these contests, again acted as referee. It was soon evident that it was going to be a fast game, and play took place in rapid succession in front of both goals. Bradford at times pressed hard, but seemed unable to make use of their advantages. Durham were quicker on the ball and were able to score. The score was : Durham 2, Bradford 0. The Durham Captain, J. Thompson, did great and good work for his side, while Hastilow, Griffin, Nash and Middlecoat deserved great praise. J. Pearce and G. Titchener were perhaps the best of the Bradford Eleven.

Mr. Young presented the " Cup " to the winners, and congratulated them on their victory, and he also praised the play of both sides—one of the best-fought games for some years.

Cheers were then given for the victors, and counter cheers for Bradford.

Confirmation Classes have been held during the last few weeks by our Chaplain. The Confirmation Service will take place at Chipping Norton Parish Church on March 17th.

Mr. F. Rose, the Honorary Secretary of the Kingham Hill Football, supplies the following note :—As the football season is now nearing its close and only a few matches remain to be played, a full report of the doings of the Football Eleven during the season 1926 and 1927 will be given in our next issue. A cricket meeting was held at Norwich House in January, when Mr. F. G. Goddard was elected Captain, Mr. Michie, Vice-Captain, and Mr. F. Rose, Honorary Secretary. J. Johnson was elected Captain of Second Eleven, with H. Jenkins as Vice-Captain.

The following were elected to serve on the Committee :—Messrs. Goddard, Rose, Michie, Harwood, Dupre, and Johnson.

The residents of the Hill wish V. Balfour (Durham), J. Bunting (Bradford), E. Lambley (Durham), W. Lane (Sheffield), P. Medcalf (Sheffield), T. Pitt (Clyde), R. White (Durham), E. Williams (Sheffield), and C. Aylott (Sheffield), (who is re-

turning after holiday), a pleasant and safe voyage to Canada, and prosperity and happiness in their life in the new country.

T. W. SCARFE.

The Canadian party started from Liverpool on March 11th by the Candian-Pacific steamer, "Montclare," for St. John, New Brunswick, and by the time these lines appear in print they should have arrived at their destination. They were in very good spirits, and a small crowd of friends collected at Euston Station to see them off. We wish them all God-speed in the new careers which lie before them.

## FRIENDS OF MAN.

### I.—THE WASP.

I have a vivid recollection of one of my Home-mates tearing along the Bathfield by the brook, chased by a swarm of wasps, while two other companions and myself roared with laughter, until I felt a pain like a red-hot needle run into my neck, then it was my turn to flee. Before we were clear of these infuriated insects we were a pitiful sight. I had been stung twice on the neck, once just above my right eye, and once on the nose. Strange to say, the chap who was chased by the swarm had only received one sting, and that on the hand. He laughed last and, of course, longest.

Another time we found a nest on the bank by the Pitch and instantly attacked it. This time, about a dozen or more were stung, including old Neil Bridge, a dear old estate labourer, several being quite innocent as far as interfering with the nest goes.

We were certainly not the first to mob a wasps' nest, and I suppose up to the present day it is still looked upon as good fun.

Our chief reason for hating a wasp at that time was because of his dangerous sting. In fact, the majority of people will kill a wasp on sight and destroy any nests they happen to come in contact with. Yet I have never heard of a wasp stinging a human being without provocation. True, cases have been known of wasps being swallowed with jam, and stinging the tongue or throat; also of wasps stinging a person who has accidentally squashed him; but these cases are very rare.

Nature has given a wasp a colouring so outstanding that there is no excuse for not recognising it; if we interfere with it, then we must expect trouble.

How would we like someone to come along, smash up our home, and kill our babies, etc.? We should want to do a bit of stinging in return!

Unlike the fly, the wasp is a very clean insect. I would sooner have twenty wasps settle on my jam than one house fly. He abhors all dirt and filth and keeps himself and his citadel in the grass scrupulously clean.

His chief food consists of insects and caterpillars. He feeds his young entirely on insects, which he catches on the wing and renders helpless by stinging them in a certain nerve, thus keeping them fresh for use; also caterpillars and

grubs. He certainly takes his toll of fruit when ripe, but does next to no damage compared with the enormous amount of good he does.

When at school and helping in the wholesale destruction of wasps, I had not the faintest idea that wasps caught flies and ate them or fed their young with them. Had I known, probably I should have been more reluctant in destroying his nest.

Everyone loves a bee, yet, if disturbed, the bee will sting just as hard as a wasp.

There are two classes of wasp in England, namely. Social and Solitary. The former nest in colonies, and the latter in families only. There are several kinds of wasp in each class.

The hornet is the largest of the Social group. He is much more dangerous than the common wasp when disturbed. He builds his nest in such places as out-houses, barns, or hollow trees. Like the common wasp, he feeds his young and himself mainly on other insects.

He is striped like the common wasp, and coloured yellow and brown. As already stated, he is much larger and has a very nasty sting.

The common wasp chooses a hole in the earth as a nesting site, preferably a disused mouse hole in a sunny spot and light soil.

Briefly, the life history of a typical wasp is as follows:—As winter sets in, all the female workers and males (who do not work) die off. Previous to dying, they carry out any grubs which are not likely to reach maturity, and drop them near the nest, when they are quickly devoured by birds.

The larger females, or queens, which were hatched out towards the end of the season, fortify themselves with plenty of food, then find a warm spot and sleep the winter through.

In early spring these females wake up, and at once set about forming a colony. Each female acts independently. A nest site is found and cleared out. Pieces of soft wood are bitten off suitable pieces of timber and made into wood pulp, which in turn is made into cells hanging from the roof of the hole. Into each cell an egg is laid. The work of cell making and egg laying goes on until the first eggs hatch out into larvæ. The mother's task is now doubled, as she has to provide insects for their enormous appetite. She sticks to her job, providing enormous quantities of flies, caterpillars, etc., till the grubs reach nearly full growth, when the top of the cell is closed by them with a white web. In a short time they emerge as wasps, smaller and not so perfectly developed as their mother.

The mother now has an easier time, the feeding and nursing being undertaken by her offspring, leaving her to devote her time mainly to egg laying.

The cells are made into tiers, called combs, each tier being attached above and below by pillars fastened to the edge of cells.

Towards the end of the season, larger cells are made for the reception of the large females, or queens, and males. When these hatch out, the dying-off process, as stated above, commences.

According to a nature book which I possess, as many as one hundred and eighteen small green caterpillars of a harmful disposition were found in a solitary

wasp's nest. The chief food of two kinds of wasps is the dreaded weevil, which eats into apples, grain, etc.

Except when wasps breed in such numbers that they become a positive nuisance, they should be encouraged, and not destroyed.

DOUGLAS BOARD.

### HOMESTEADING IN NORTHERN ONTARIO.

I would like to give you an idea of the life in Northern Ontario, or New Ont, as it is commonly called, but not having writer's cramp, I thought an outline of my first year here would answer the purpose.

What made me decide to go? I can't definitely say. A friend mentioned the subject, and that's all. It was late before our arrangements were made to leave for the North, some four hundred miles away, but a day and a half finally saw us in the new country, to stay or leave, to be decided later. The country looked rather desperate after living in civilisation; nothing but bush, Jack pine, spruce, balsam, poplar, and birch; small patches of cleared land showing where some settler was trying to make a home in the wilderness. Conditions, however, didn't discourage us; we were too anxious to get at it and show what we could do. The lot we had in mind was two miles from the railway, but the road wasn't a road—just a trail. Our P.O. was four miles, and our nearest town was about ten miles by road. Our mail came in three times a week, and out the same number of times. There being no buildings on this lot, we had to look around for a temporary home till such time as we could build one. We found one on the next farm. (Referring to these lots as farms, that is their future, and it isn't far away now.) Our next task was to discover the boundaries of the lot, North, South, East, and West. Being greenhorns, we had to keep an eye open for landmarks, besides taking an axe along to blaze a tree or two to help us out again. Until you get your sense of direction in the bush, it is very easy to get lost. We couldn't waste much time at this, the season being too far advanced, and no crop in, or land ready, being covered with undergrowth, poplar suckers, burnt logs, and stumps. All of this had to be taken off or burnt, the stumps pulled, and the land ploughed, then sowed with oats. We were meeting lots of original settlers by this time, in the shape of mosquitoes, black flies, and sand flies, the latter noted for their minute size, "not being as big as a pin's head," and the size of their bite and numbers. Every log or stump we moved, we roused a million or so of flies; almost everyone was reeking of some vile smell, the fruits of the drug store or a fertile mind to combat the flies; while at the house a smudge pail was always in evidence after supper, to smoke them away so that we could get a night's sleep. We eventually got about two acres cleared, ploughed, and sowed to oats, for green feed; the season being too late for them to ripen for this year, provision had to be made for the coming year's crop. Finances were getting low by this time, and pulpwood being the main harvest, we had to get busy at that. The axe and saw being strange tools, we had to get acquainted right soon. I know the beaver would be ashamed of such work as we did chopping.

Poplar and spruce are the pulp trees; while the trees are green and full of sap, they are cut down and peeled, the bark being taken off with a spud—that is, a flat-bladed instrument inserted under the bark, and with a few twists back and forth, the tree is peeled. We worked at this as long as the trees would peel, then the trees are sawed into four-foot lengths and piled into cords or half-cords, as the case may be, until the winter, when it is drawn by sleigh out to the siding and shipped to the buyer who bought the wood in the summer. Our time is fully occupied with keeping the neighbours' cattle out of the oats and small garden stuff, the cattle being allowed to run the roads and bush for feed, and we having no fences to protect our bit. Our next job was a harder one; that was to build a house, and how to start at it took some figuring, for we were surely amateurs at that game. We decided to build a log house eventually, and got busy cutting straight spruce logs, 16 feet and 20 feet long, that being the regulation size house required by the Government in complying with the homestead duties. While we had unlimited quantities of work, we took spells at cutting wild hay and picking raspberries and blackberries, which grow wild on the rocks, some ten or twelve miles away. These berries are about the size of black currants, and grow in bunches like grapes, on dwarf bushes. How they thrive on the rocks as they do, is a mystery. To return to our house building. We dug a cellar and walled it up with boards. (Anything is a cellar—a hole in the ground, boxed in; just as you like.) As I said before, our education was slack with regard to house building and our supply of tools was meagre—axe, hand-saw, hammer comprising our kit. As occasion for a plumb called, we used a hammer suspended on a string, which, while crude, answered the purpose, like many more emergencies which cropped up in this new country. We were, without a doubt, back to Nature, but had no time to regret the step we had made, though it would have been the simplest of matters to get discouraged. After some time and patience, we got the frame of the house done, and the doors and windows in place; the windows and frames were bought, the doors and frames we made ourselves, having bought some second or cull lumber for the second storey and roof. Our next job, and a very important one, was the chinking and plastering of the house. We collected moss from the bush, off trees, or any place we could find it, and rammed it between the logs with a stick as tight as possible. Then we got clay or mud and plastered over that on the outside. That completed our work on the house for that year.

The year is rapidly going—no faster than anywhere else, I know; yet it seemed the days must surely be shorter here in Northern Ontario. The cause was, we were so fully occupied with our work, we had no thought of days—or weeks, for that matter—so much to do and so few to do it. We are now into October, and our pulpwood had to be finished, sawing up and piling, and roads to be cut to it, so as to get it to the track. We worked on till the end of October when we had a fall of snow, which sent us hurrying and scurrying to get our wood finished before winter came to stay. We were rewarded, however, with about two weeks of fine weather yet, so we got done. You can depend on it, we were doing some speculation as to the kind of country we had adopted, and our experience during the ensuing winter taught us a lot more about it. With

the snow, we drew the pulp to the track and loaded it, shipped it to the dealer who had bought it in the summer, then waited until the returns came back from the pulp mill: that finishes the peeled pulp for that season. The winter has some months to go yet, so we turn to rough pulp—that is, spruce cut with the bark on, and peeled by machines at the mill. We finished the winter helping to make ties or sleepers for the railway, and cutting some logs for lumber for ourselves. The cost is very small, taking the logs from your own bush and getting lumber sawed from them by a small custom mill; there are several of these mills through the country. With the winter ended and spring on the way, we start the routine again, except by profiting from our former mistakes. The country now, after living here for six years, is different in nearly every way to the time when we first arrived. Good gravel roads, schools, churches, stores and all kinds of motor-cars are here now; settlers are coming in all the time, and very few going. We are in the richest mining district known; gold, silver, nickel, and I venture to say, almost any material, known or unknown, is found in this country. It is virgin land, and crop failure is practically unknown, except for some products that are tender, like garden stuff: beans, corn, tomatoes, and cucumbers are in danger from summer frosts; potatoes do well unless the frost is too severe. Every year we profit by the last year's experience, unless we have a few acres more to be tilled, a few more cows or horses, a bigger barn or stable, and conditions are quite a lot different to the hard sledding of the earlier years. Taking up a homestead calls for lots of hard work, with very little pay at the time; you reap your harvest later, when you have proved up and got your title deed. The days are not measured by hours, but by light and dark; the wages are better health and an independent spirit. It is a great life for anyone who takes to it.

JOHN GILKES.

### HOW'S THAT?

“Now you watch Alfie Gregory bowl this ball. Doesn't he throw himself with it?” said a spectator to his chum.

“Gosh! How that one whizzed down,” said another; “but the wicket-keeper's got it.”

“How's that?” came ringing across the beautifully green and well-kept cricket pitch.

And, sad to relate, before the umpire had an opportunity to state his decision, first one shouted “OUT!” whilst another shouted “NO! NO!” and in a second quite a little commotion and hubbub was in being about the wicket.

Rather confused at the bother made over a difficult appeal—difficult because it was a very smart bit of wicket-keeping, and at the moment of the catch, although watching the game, his mind was more occupied with Willie Raymond, the batsman, than with the game which was being played—the umpire now came forward and waited for quietness. In a moment or so all were on the “qui vive” for the verdict.

In addition to being slightly confused, the umpire was honestly undecided as to what actually occurred, and was about to say “NOT OUT,” giving the bats-



man the benefit of the doubt, when he happened to look into Willie's eyes with the slightly puzzled look which is common to anyone trying to decide something uncertain.

Willie, seeing the puzzled look, and thinking the umpire was asking him if he had touched the swiftly moving ball with his bat, nodded his head, indicating that he had. Whereupon the umpire, almost before he realised that Willie's self-renouncing action had influenced his decision, changed the verdict he was about to utter, and quietly said "OUT."

Amid cheers, much cap-throwing, and tempestuous yells of delight from the fielders and their supporters, because they had won this much-anticipated match by the narrow margin of three runs, Willie, with great regret that he had not made a single run and had not even "kept his end up" to enable his partner to score the necessary four runs to win for his side, was greeted in silence by his mates and their supporters, who were naturally very disappointed at their loss. When they ascertained that Willie had himself told the umpire he touched the ball and thus gave himself out, he was the instant object of a very noisy greeting which was all unpleasant, and by his own house fellows and chums he was many times called a fool.

A fool because he had thought the umpire had asked a question and he had given an honest answer.

A fool because he would not let a mistake or a misunderstanding give his team a chance to win unfairly.

If he had kept still, and the umpire had said "NOT OUT," and his side had scored the four necessary runs, he knew in his heart it would be cheating, because by the rules of the game he was out. He touched the ball with his bat deliberately and had tried to score, and it was caught by the wicket-keeper; therefore he was out, and the game lost.

Still, it was hard to be called a fool by his own mates and to be left alone for the rest of the day, for being honest. And when Willie went to bed at night, his pillow was wet with the tears he quietly shed, the tears he was ashamed to let his school-mates see.

He dreamed, and in his dream he saw little else but a large score-board which read:—

Batsman : Willie Raymond, caught. Last man out, 0.

\* \* \*

We left Willie Raymond, on the night of his cricket match, with a wet pillow, wondering if strict honesty is best. He was then fourteen years of age.

We find him now, after seven years, a very trusted clerk in the employ of an important firm of electrical engineers. It was not easy to reach such a position. He had started as general odd-job boy, and though not altogether liked by his mates on account of his honesty, won the esteem of his superiors, and so got promotion. His mates at first thought he pretended to be so honest to curry favour with the "Heads" of the business, but they soon discovered he would not book up time he did not work, would not leave a job imperfectly finished and call it

done, would not put in inferior material and so pocket a few shillings in the difference of the cost, and he would not take home any material left after a job, simply because he knew it was dishonest. Yet Willie and all the managers knew this kind of thing went on daily, and it was even allowed for by most firms.

Willie thought it dishonest to do any or all of these things, and that was sufficient for him. He was simple, you will say. Well, even so. But he could not get his conscience to admit it was right to do something dishonest merely because most people did it.

As we have seen, he did not altogether lose by it, as he was looked upon as a man to be absolutely trusted, to be honest, and to deal honestly with others, and as such was respected by all.

One day the senior partner of his firm had agreed terms of a big contract for equipment to be installed into a new factory. It was a huge order and meant hundreds of pounds' profit if the contract was signed. Everything had been agreed upon between the two parties when Willie was called to his chief's office.

"Raymond," said the chief, "take this contract note to Milliway's, and Mr. Ralph Milliway will sign it. You know what it is all about and what we are contracting to do, because you have been present at our meetings to take notes of what was agreed. It will be very good business for us, as, apart from supplying the motors, we shall later have to connect them up to the main supply station and supply all connections. That, however, is another matter."

"But, sir," said Willie, "does not the contract say 'To supply and fix forty motors, these to be left in working order by April 30'?"

"Yes, my boy," replied the chief, "we'll do all that. They will be left in *working order*, but they will not work till they are connected to the power station, and that will be another little job out of which we shall receive a very nice little profit. I know Milliway's expect them to be connected, but that's not in the contract. We do not say *left working*, but *left in working order*. Now run along and get the paper signed, and when you return with it I'll give you ten pounds for the extra work you have had to do over this job."

Willie went on his way, but his mind was greatly troubled. He now knew the contract was tricky and that the price agreed upon did not include what Milliway's and himself quite thought was included. All was not quite above board.

However, before he could decide his course of action, he found himself gripped by Mr. Ralph Milliway, who had just stepped from his car to see how his new factory was progressing.

"Ah, Raymond!" he said cheerfully. "The contract, eh? I'll be glad to have those motors in. Come inside, and I'll sign. I shall be able to start work on the 1st of May, eh?"

Willie hesitated. He knew—none better—that it would take another fortnight or a month to get those forty motors connected, and would cost a large sum, and by hesitating to reply at once he aroused the suspicions of Ralph Milliway, as hesitations in business always cause men to find out the reasons of hesitation before they commit themselves to any undertaking.

He did not show he was suspicious, however, but said, "Oh, look here, Raymond; leave the old thing with me. I've an appointment to get through now. I'll send it to your people later on," and, going to his car, he was driven away.

Willie returned to his office and related all that had occurred, and although his chief said nothing, he certainly wondered if things would go as he wished.

Taking no risks, Mr. Millaway took the contract note to a friend who was versed in electrical contracts, and got him to look over it. The result was the return of the note with a polite letter saying: "If the note is made to read, 'To supply, fix and connect, and leave working by April 30,' it would be signed."

Willie's chief was furious. Hundreds of pounds of profit lost because Willie hesitated through being too honest. Willie was promptly called in, severely rated, and told to leave at the end of the week.

On reaching home, he wondered once more if honesty was best.

That night he dreamed he was playing cricket in a huge factory, with three electric standards for wicket, a contract note for bat; and when a bag of money was swiftly bowled at him, it knocked his bat from his hand and the money was caught by Mr. Ralph Millaway, the wicket-keeper, who said, "How's that?" and the umpire, his late chief, with a wicked grin said, "OUT, you fool!" When he turned to reach the dressing-room, he saw a huge electrical score-board, which read:—

Batsman: Willie Raymond, "caught" after seven years. Last man out, 0.

\* \* \*

Willie, because of his honesty, which was well known, soon got another job, although much inferior to that which he had held and with less money. He was now known as "Honest Willie."

Oft-times he wondered if he would do better if dishonest a little as others were, and could not decide. He knew he had been shunned by his school-mates, sacked from his work, and now receiving much less money each week through honesty. It was most disheartening and bewildering, but he still kept honest because he could not be otherwise; he was *made* honest, he thought.

One night, seeking a little entertainment, he went to the cinema. Half-way through the performance he saw smoke, then flames, and then came a fearful, terrified cry, "Fire! Fire!" People jumped up and were about to rush the exits, which undoubtedly would have caused much injury and loss of life in the panic crush.

Willie, seeing what would happen, jumped on his seat and shouted, "Keep still! Keep still!" and waved his arms violently at the same time.

This caused a momentary attraction, and in the second of comparative quietness he continued:

"Many of you here know me. I am Willie Raymond, who is known to others of you as 'Honest Willie.' I assure you, if you will go out quietly row by row, and do not push or crush others, you will all get out safely before the fire can harm you. But if you crush, many will be killed and injured. I am telling you the truth, and you know I am always strictly honest."

People who knew Willie personally cried he was right and "Willie was a good sort." The upshot was, that these supporters stationed themselves at the exits and told the rows of now waiting people how, when, and where to get out; Willie being last to leave.

All were safely outside before the fire got such a hold on the building that it was burnt to the ground.

Willie was famous. All agreed he had acted courageously and thoughtfully, and it was generally admitted that no other man would have been listened to and his words so believed. As so many knew he would not act dishonestly in any way or under any circumstances, and others had heard such good reports of his strict honesty, all listened to him and believed him, and thus scores, if not hundreds, of lives were saved by him.

Willie slipped away as soon as he could, and at last everything became perfectly clear to him.

He had been persecuted for being honest, but what a glorious thought he would always have in the knowledge that but for his honesty many would have been killed. He had found out that honesty does pay, and pays enormously well, although we may not see in what way it is going to pay or at what time we shall receive the reward. All those years of honesty, when things seemed wrong and he thought he was losing, were all gradually convincing others of his truth, and when honest truth was needed, Willie had it to give and no one doubted but what it was genuine. What a reward!

That night Willie dreamed. Playing in a huge cave, with three flaring jets of flame for stumps, and a piece of cinema film for bat, he struck at a meteor which he thought was the ball, but next saw it in the hands of an angel wicket-keeper, whilst a demon umpire with gnashing teeth muttered, "OUT, you fool!" And there on a huge screen appeared:—

Batsman: Willie Raymond. Honestly held. *Last man out.* Love.

Next week he had the offer of his old job, besides offers from many well-known firms who required a man who could keep his head and his honesty.

F. G. MARLEY.

