THIRD PRIZE ESSAY

By Mabel Shaw, Kinburn, Ont., Aged Sixteen Years. "Canada."

At the present time, when elaborate preparations are under way for the celebration of that momentous event in Canadian history, the passing of the British North Amrica Act, which linked together and co-ordinated the destines of the several British Dominions in the North America continent. It is most fitting that we, as young Canadians, should give more than a passing thought to what we may justly claim as our common heritage. Tennyson has said, "Let the dead past bury its dead." But a little retrospect can serve at least one useful purpose, in so much as the progress we have made in the past, furnishes us a yard stick by which, we may measure what the future may reasonably be expected to hold in store for us.

Historians differ as to who was the first European to set foot on Canadian soil, but the first successful effort at permanent settlement was made in 1603 by Samuel de Champlain, when he established a settlement at what is now the town of Annapolis in Nova Scotia. The history of the colony from this date was one of almost continual warfare, between the French settlers and the Indians, and also between the French and the English settlers in the New England States.

At the conclusion of war between England and France in 1713 England received by the Treaty of Utrecht, Newfoundland and Acadia, which is now the provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. The Seven Year War between England and France brought about a renewal of hostilities in Canada, culminating in the memorable combat on the Plains of Abraham on September 13th, and the surrender of Vaudreuil at Montreal. By the Treaty of Paris which closed this war England secured possession of practically the entire North American Continent.

Considerable difficulty was at first experienced in trying to adapt British customs to the new colonies. By the Quebec Act of 1774 the French-Canadians were given the freedom to enjoy their own religion, and their own civil laws. In 1791 Quebec was divided into Upper and Lower Canada, the name Canada being derived from the Indian word Canatha, meaning a collection of huts. Each province was given a separate parliament but this arrangement proved unsatisfactory, finally resulting in the Rebellion of 1837 and 1838 following which the two provinces were reunited by the Act of Union of 1840.

At this time Upper Canada had a population of four hundred and fifty thousand, mostly English speaking, while Lower Canada had a population of six hundred and fifty thousand, mainly French-Canadians.

While the foregoing events were transpiring in Upper and Lower Canada, the colonies on the Atlantic Coast (now known as the Maritime Provinces), were rapidly growing in importance. The discovery of gold on the Pacific Coast led to a rapid increase in population there, and in 1858 British Columbia was made a crown colony.

It became increasing apparent to each of those widely separated colonies that some form of co-operation or unity was absolutely essential, if really satisfactory progress was to be made. According a conference was held in the City of Quebec in 1864 followed by one in London in 1866, the deliberations of those two conferences being crystalized into law by the passing of the British North America Act in 1867, which united the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada (which were then changed to Ontario and Quebec), Nova Scotia and New Brunswick under the name of the Dominion of Canada. In 1868 the North West Territorries were added, in 1870 Manitoba, in 1871 British Columbia and in 1873 Prince Edward Island joined the Confederation making Canada a solid block of territory from coast to coast.

Since Confederation Canada's progress has been phenomenal. Her millions of acres of firtile soil has attracted a very desirable type of agricultural immigrant, and to-day Canada is referred to as the granary of the Empire, and takes first place amongst the wheat exporting nations of the world, while Canadian cheese, butter, bacon and apples are held in high esteem in the markets of the world.

Industrial development has kept pace with agricultural development. We have now the greatest publicly owned transportation system in the world. Canadian electrical developments exceed in horsepower those of any other nation, while the as yet undeveloped power resources are practically unlimited. While the value of our annual production of pulp wood, lumber and minerals almost equals the value of our agriculture production, our resources are estimated to be the largest in the world. All public services essential to the transaction of business or the pleasures of life, are as thoroughly developed and as efficient as are to be found in any part of the world, while our educational facilities are unsurpassed.

One of the greater advantages which Canada possesses is the type of Canadian citizenship. There is a respect for law and order a security of life and property which is the envy of many less fortunate people. In no other place is better provision made for the care of the afflicted.

There is a most commendable spirit of National pride coupled with unswerving loyalty to the British Crown, a desire to be in the forefront of the commonwealth of nations forming the British Empire. In all, peaceful pursuits of life, Canada's sons uphold her honor, while when put to the supreme test on the blood stained fields of Flanders they won undying fame.

There is every reason to believe that the coming years will demonstrate to the world the truth of Sir Wilfred Laurier's famous utterance "The Twentieth Century belongs to Canada."

BROADCASTING

The "Listener In" Has No Defence Except to Switch Off.

GOOD ANNOUNCERS ARE LACKING.

British and American writers are at last recording a protest which we in Ontario can heartily endorse. Good entertainment from our Canadian stations is not lacking, but we certainly have to endure our share of "announcer evil." We append an article appearing in the current Literary Digest which certainly is worth close attention by our broadcasting companies. The announcers, we suppose, will each and every one say "This applies to the other fellow," where as a matter of fact they could all read and profit, naturally some more than others.

The Broadcasting "Moron."

"A moron broadcasting for morons" is the unflattering description given of the "announced" of some, if not many, of our broadcasting stations. The Vigilant (New York), which describes itself as "a journal of opinion," is frank in its indictment of this functionary, and lays the blame at his door for the revulsion of sentiment against what seemed, so short a time ago, a "magic toy." H. G. Wells has reported on the same state of mind in England, while here, the writer in The Vigilant declares that "radio as an entertainment is losing caste." Notwithstanding occasional programs of real distinction—and it is reported that the National Broadcasting Company will spend this year $2,700,000 for talent — "many listeners financially able to purchase the finest equipments are stigmatizing radio broadcasts as 'vulgur beyond description,' 'offensive,' 'tedious,' 'intrusive,' and 'mediocre.'"

The Main Issue.

It is the announcers who come in for criticism because they intrude "into all programs their own uninteresting personalities, their manalities, and their gratuitous misinformation." "The 'announcer' is a misnomer. More and more he assumes to be a composite of patronizing tutor, amateur entertainer, after-dinner wit, and the 'life of the party.'" "There are a scant few among the announcers who obviously have sufficient acquaintance with cultural subjects to make them admissible in some of the gatherings, which, unseen, they address.' Yet—

How True.

"In radio, all announcements are elaborated, reiterated, explained, and qualified; broadcasting for morons, frequently by morons. Facetious comments, redolent of the smoking-room, sometimes punctuate otherwise innocuous programs. Intimate personalities of the jazz-band personnel, their infants, their families, even their hangovers, are interluded in the programs, as though of any interest. Every moment is filled with chatter.

"It is obvious that announcers are striving not to announce but to popularize themselves after the fashion of some well-known columnists. Forgetting that the columnnist even in his egotism has a grace of utterance; at least a modicum of wit; always a timeliness; and that he is an adept in the business of writing entertainingly. Also—and this is not entirely unimportant—the columnist is an educated man! When the journalistic vices of the columnists are imitated by announcers possessing none of their virtues, the result is execrable.

Too Much Talk.

"The redundancy—plus—of radio announcers is as great a detriment to broadcasting as is their spurious wit. The circumlocution of announcements is reminiscent of the old childish doggerel 'The flea on the hair of the tail of the dog of the chikl of the wife of the wild man of Borneo!' Thirty words are used where six would suffice. Superlatives never come singly but in pairs. Numbers are named both before and after delivery; names are reiterated; artists are flattered ad nauseum irrespective of professional standing; every song is very, very famous and all unknowns are celebrated or very, very famous and all unknowns are celebrated or very, very wonderful artists condescending to perform for a palpitating, breathless audience.

Why, Oh Why?

"Audiences are instructed to signify, not their approval but their appreciation, their great appreciation, their very great appreciation of hearing Madam Gazink of Podunk, or a would-be prima donna or some has-been tenor. 'It is my honor and privilege to introduce' is frequently followed within a few moments with 'it is again my very great honor and privilege to introduce," to be followed at the conclusion of an off key solo by 'you have just enjoyed the great privilege of hearing.' And the unworthy thought persists that the radio announcer is a little claque all by himself!

Broadcasting companies expending vast sums for entertainment should realize that the personal opinions of announcers concerning current events, the musical classics, prominent persons, or nonentities, are both offensive and intrusive. To listen to music is one thing, to have every five minutes of a musical program freighted with three minutes of mispronunciation, moronic wit, cheap flattery, or misinformation is something else.

Listeners Know a Little.

The uncomplimentary assumption that radio listeners are ignorant and uninformed is wearisome. Discovering for the first time some standard composer, announcers proceed to 'instruct' audiences, either by reading Grove's Dictionary without due credit, or with many inaccuracies of their own fertile imagination.

We are told, for example, that Smetana's 'Bartered Bride' is a 'new opera' given its 'first production last season'; the history of Elgar's 'Pomp and Circumstances' is related a dozen times a month, with some change of facts and dates; sometimes Sir Edward's march is announced as composed for the coronation of Queen Victoria, at other times King Edward or King George share credit for the assignment."

Mispronunciation of the most commonplace English words, uncouth enunciation and a halting or nasal delivery, are things charged against the announcer, if his back is able to bear any more stripes:

Educationally Wrong.

"Announcements are made inattentively, with pauses to alter the original words. Songs are ADOPTED, not ADAPTED; unprejudiced becomes inprejudiced; the superlative 'excellent' is qualified by very, very; we are told of the 'charming nayvette' of some naive diplomat. We learn that Micareme is Known to these widely read announcers as 'micarmay.' We are 'treated' to a mazzed 'paraphrase' of the prison scene from 'Faust,' to be 'followed by a rather different type of number called Bamboouai!' An occasion becomes an 'O cash on'; an orchestra is an 'or-KES-tra,' pos-i-TIVEly; and so on ad infinitum.

"Added to these is the atrocity of garbled foreign titles. French, Spanish, Italian, and German are attempted brazenly by these persons, and the result is an insult to adult intelligence. 'Free translations 'are made regardless of accuracy.

"News items read from a legitimate news service are elaborated with the announcer's personal opinion. During the early weeks of the coal strike last year, the New York American news service was read over the radio by an accredited broadcasting station announcer. The Union League Club meeting between operators and miners was announced with the statement, 'This of course ends the coal strike because, etc., etc., etc. An astonished audience heard the merits and demerits of the controversy summed up by an announcer supposedly reading The American's 'copy.' Both the problem and its solution were expounded in a tone of finality. Just like that! As an afterthought the announcer made the casual mention, 'That of course is my own opinion; it is not contained in The American's report, but there is no doubt that the strike is over and that the settlement will be as I have explained to you.' Thereupon this modest statesman and executive genius, temporarily incognito as an announcer, continued his reading of the news service.

"Tell the psuedo-scientists and linguists, the counterfeit encyclopedias and men of letters who are announcing your programs, that the 'unseen' audience is competent to do its own thinking. It is not as ignorant as the announcer credits it with being. Nor does it, despite his amusing affectations, estimate the announcer at more than his correct cultural rating.

"Radio is the greatest boon ever vouchafed to the sick, to dwellers in remote places, to the lonely, the aged, and the imprisoned. Its repertorial agency, coupled with its possible entertainment value, should make the radio an important if not a necessary adjunct in every home. Some notably fine programs come over the ether; each week more artists of high calibre are added to radio's roster. In many respects programs have been bettered. With increasing frequence events of national importance are broadcast."

Do Those Who Do.

"Though this is strictly a mill-town there must be people here who don't work in the mills. What do they do?"

"Do the people who work in the mills."

A witty marquis was asked by Louis XV. for an epigram. "Give me a subject, Sire," said the nobleman. "Name it on myself," said Louis. "Sire, the king is not a subject," was the pleasant reply.

SHEEP RAISING

Short Courses in This Valuable Husbandry Held During Season Just Passed.

An interesting series of short courses in sheep raising has recently been concluded in Western and Northern Ontario. Commencing in January, courses were held at twenty points and were concluded late in April.

The courses in the older parts of the province were held in conjunction with the short courses organized by the Ontario Department of Agriculture. In the newer country, farther north, the meetings were planned and conducted by the Live Stock Branch of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, under the immediate direction of Mr. James A. Telfer, Sheep Promotor, of the Branch at Paris, Ontario.

The interest in sheep raising was unusually keen ,and as high as 300 were present at some of the meetings. Particularly in the north country, farmers travelled long distances under difficult conditions to attend the lectures and demonstrations. In the district west of Fort William great interest was shown, as in that district clovers do particularly well, providing the best possible sort of sheep fodder. Marketing here is a matter of no great difficulty, as by co-operating one with the other shipments may be sent either to Toronto, or west to Winnipeg.

The courses were for the most part of two days duration, morning and afternoon sessions being held. Programs for the first morning consisted usually of lectures and discussions on sheep raising in general, breeds of sheep, and selections for establishing flocks, feeds and feeding. In the afternoons local sheep men usually brought specimens of their flocks which were used to demonstrate the handling of sheep, and to provide material for discussion of market types, and to show proper methods in shearing and slaughtering.

On the second morning opportunity was taken to discuss external parasites and to explain how these may be overcome. Docking and other necessary sheep surgery was also taken up. The afternoon lectures of the second day included the grading and cutting up of lamb carcasses, questions relaing o he fleece, and is preparation for marketing.

At almost every meeting inquiry was keen as to where breeding stock to establish new flocks may be procured.

Cost of Apple Thinning.

To thin or not to thin is necessarily a question of importance to growers of apples for commercial purposes. In his latest report, the Dominion Horticulturist goes some what exhaustively into the subject based upon experiments conducted with the Wealthy variety. Not only is the question considered as regards quantity and qaulity but also in reference to cost and profit. As or the commercial grower the latter is the leading point to be considered the following remarks from the reports are quoted pretty well in full as indicating the conclusions reached. "It should be pointed out," he says, "htat the operation o thinning does not cost the grower any more than not thinning. The apples on the trees must be picked at harvest time. If a certain numbers are picked in early summer and dropped these do not have to be picked again. It is easy to see that picking and dropping the fruit on the ground is much less expensive than picking in the fall, careful placing in a basket, handling to the packed shed, grading and packing. If a large number of these apples are threes and culls and have to be discarded or sold as cider apples it is apparent that this expensive handling can come to more than the small price received for such produce. Here in the Horticulturist opinion lies the great advantage of thinning—by reducing the number of culls the cost of handling and picking is bhought down to the minimum. Growers do not always appreciate this point, holding that the cost of removing the fruit in the summer must be added to the cost of picking had the trees not been thinned. If this were the case the thinnd crop would be asked to bear the cost of picking a percentage of the fruit twice, which does not happen.

A Home Made Aquarium Castle.

You can buy all sorts of castles for aquariums, but a homemade model of cement is just as good. First, make a form by twisting cardboard into the frustum of a cone with a base diameter of 3½ inches, a top diameter of 2 inches and a height of 4 inches. Then mix sand and cement, equal parts, and add enough water to make a stiff mixture. Build up the castle walls around the cardboard form, with corner towers. Allow the cement to set, but before it has become very hard take an old knife and a sharpened stick, and scoop out the arched doorways and the windows and finish off the surfaces.

Divide and Conquer.

Washington Post: When the Cantonese were about to receive a jolt from the powers they suddenly divided into so many factions that the powers didn't know where to shoot. It's the Chinese method of applying the rule, "divide and conquer."

POPULARITY MAY BE ACQUIRED BY GIRLS WHO FOLLOW RULES

The Rules by Which This Desirable Characteristic Can be Had.

BE ROMANTIC AND LET WHO WILL BE WELL DRESSED.

By Kathleen Norris

Here is one of the simplest rules for popularity ever discovered. Be romantic!

Be romantic and you don't have to be pretty, or smart, or successful, or rich, or well-dressed. The romantic women have always caught he men, in droves and dozens—and the other women, no mater what else they have, have always been wallflowers.

When men don't like a girl they frequently don't appreciate the real reason. They simply know that—somehow—they don't like her. But the reason always is the same. She lacks that sweet, elusive, variable quality we call romance.

But don't confuse romance with sentimentalism, or sensibility, or emotionalism, or hysteria, or any of the other unfortunate characteristics that we sum up in the term "old maidish." Romance is a very definite and healthy and beautiful thing, a legitimate thing, and—literally—the thing that makes the world go round.

Romance! That's what a we seek eternally in books and plays, that's what we travel for; all our lives long we are true to the quest; we are searching he beauiful, the lovable, the fragrant and sweet and dear and perishable ingredient that turns humdrum life to a fairly tale—romance.

Nature, who is a much more just and impartial mother than we generally give her credit for being, strews romance everywhere. In slums and factories and humble little villages the priceless harvest is casually sown—and the little girl at a loom or in a cottage gets twice her share, and the little girl at the palace gets nothing at all—starts innocently and unconsciously into life without one grain—one tinge—of romance in her make-up.

Don't we all know girls of both types? Almost every girl belongs very decidedly and distinctly to one of the other.

For instance, there is Mary Gray. Mary has lovely regular features, big, clear eyes and bright, well-brushed, well-bobbed hair; she has a nice brother, with whom she is merry and companionabe; she always is charmingly and correctly dressed, she has a brilliant college record behind her, a fine home, and an intelligent interest in every sport, every current political issue, books, music, languages and the arts.

And yet nobody ever says that Mary is pretty, nobody invites her to anything but the largest and least interesting parties, and, while the girls "in a way" like Mary, the boys simply take no interes in her at all. Dainty, chic, her big eyes eager, and her ready flow of pleasant conversation going on smoothly, Mary has the supreme humiliation of seeing the boy to whom she is talking look beyond her—look toward the door where other girls are entering the room, she hears his vague uninterested replies.

On the other hand, there is Betty Smith—but we don't have to waste words describing the woman who is romantic! She exists in all countries and in all groups of society, factory worker or queen, she personifies romance, and the world kneels down and kisses her little shabby shoe, or her sabot or her sandal or her jeweled silver slipper.

Betty Smith has straight hair and wide mouth and she dresses in any casual makeshift—a middy blouse with a velvet skirt and sport stockings, or an evening gown that was just six yards of cheesecloth three hours ago. Her family doesn't amount to anything, and she works in a paper mill.

But what of it? The boys surround her like bees, driving her home in their rattling cars, crowding about her in a black mob at dances, packing her little kitchen jealously when she scrambles eggs and cuts bread for one of her higgledy-piggledy parties.

And as nothing succeeds like success, every new boy who comes into the group falls a victim, in turn, to this deliciously friendly, gay, confident, confiding, popular little Betty Smith, and whatever Betty's later troubles may be in life, she can always look back to the glory of a brimming and cloudless girlhood.

Every woman ought to have that memory. And every woman could if she would. Because the only person responsible for Mary Gray's lack of popularity is Mary Gray.

She isn't sincere. She isn't simple. She isn't really interested in what boys say to her, in what her friends' problems are. She isn't a good listener. She is anxious—first, last and all the time—to make an impression herself, rather than to take an impression from somebody else.

Deep in her heart Mary Gray feels herself superior. Her intellect makes these boys appear like mere children; her college achievements and her knowledge of languages and plays and pictures are always in the background of her thoughts.

To appear popular, she will pretend she likes Tom and Jack and Billy, but while her physical eyes are so dutifully, so attentively fixed upon them, her mental vision is looking far beyond; she is saying in her soul: "This small-town riffraff is all very well, I'll have to keep in touch with this group until something better offers—but imagine marrying one of these yokels!"

The boys sense this, although they couldn't define it exactly. And they cordially dislike Mary, just as Mary, for all her pretty, chummy, responsive air of being all the boys' confidante, and no boy's sweetheart, despises them.

Nobody need be unpopular; nobody need be alone. The world is full of hearts seeking and hungering for what only other hearts can give them. We all want more love and understanding and companionship, more sympathy and color and change in our lives.

A demure embroidery collar on the office dress that used to be so dark—a friendly little note to the man who showed some timid signs of wanting to follow up the acquainance—he disfiguring glasses off, and the heavy, plain hair arranged more informally—a burst of ready laughter at weak witticism—a little discriminating flattery spread over clumsiness and shyness—an innocent, "Now, how did you ever chance to hear that?" instead of the old, arrogant, "Well, of course, if you'd studied philosophy as we had to at college—"

These are homely things, aren't they? Trifles? But the world is made up of trifles. And taken all together these things and a thousand others like them spell something that is not a rifle. They spell one of the great forces of the universe:

Romance!

—Philo. Ledger.

The Strawberry Weevil.

If the blossom buds of your strawberry plants are wilting and dropping off before opening, and the flower petals of the early blossoms have one or two "shot-holes" in them, the strawberry weevil is around. It is a small reddish-brown or blackish snout beetle about one-tenth o an inch long, which cuts off blossom buds. The weevils appear on the strawberry plants about the time the buds are forming. Instructions for controlling weevils are given in a new bulletin on The Strawberry and Its Cultivation in Canada, available on application to the Publication Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. In combatting the insect it is very important to secure as clean conditions as possible in and around the strawberry plantations. All weeds, rubbish and anything that will afford winter protection to the weevil should be destroyed. It is aso advisable not to plant strawberries near bush or waste land. Almost complete protection from the weevil may be obtained by coating the plants with a dust composed of sulphur and arsenate of lead, either a 90-10 or 85-15 mixture. Two applications are usually sufficient, the first when weevil feeding begins, and the second immediately after a washing rain, or seven days later than the first application, if the weather is dry. The buds should be kept coated with the dust until they open, and the dust should always be applied with either a power duster or a good make of hand-blower.

"I'm sorry," said the pitcher, "but if Biggins is going to umpire to-day, I don't think I'd better pitch."

"Why not?" inquired the manager.

"Well," explained the pitcher, "last winter when I was down in Florida I sold him a lot."

MacDONALD GLAD TO JOIN BATTLE

Former Premier Condemns Trade Unions Bill and Soviet House Raid.

London—Ramsay MacDonald, returning from a visit to the United States abroad the steamship Berengaria, sent a radio message to the Daily Herald, the Labor organ, that he was delighted to be coming home to participate in the fight against reaction which "is damaging the national well being and, as I know, lowering it in the esteem of other people."

He said that he was amazed at the raid on Soviet House in London which was a "gross violation of the trade agreement.

"The Tory Government shows an utter disregard for law and the constitution and a wanton indifference to British trade interests," he declared.

Prince to Dedicate Prescott Highway.

Ottawa—An attempt is to be made by the Automobile Club of Ottawa to have the Prescitt Highway recognized by its official name "Prince of Wales Highway." This name was given to the road same years ago but is seldom applied. At the annual meeting of the Automobile Club recently the suggestion was advanced that when the Prince of Wales comes to Canada this year he be asked to officially open and dedicate the highway that links the Canadian capital with the United States.

"What are those cans of oil doing in the corners?" "I put 'em out for the mice. I hate to hear them squeak."