There's Really No Cure For Golf

A recent news story stated that the wife of a well known golf professional was suing for divorce because the game took him away from home so much.

Commenting on the story, one daily suggests that it would be unfortunate to let golf break up an otherwise happy marriage; and it presents what it considers a way to cure the golf addict of his obsession. It is for the wife to go out to play with her husband—and to make a nuisance of herself by humming a little tune when he is preparing to make a shot, systematically topping or slicing her ball, losing it in the rough and in every possible way relaying him on the round until in sheer disgust he will quit the game. In the alternative, if he refuses to play with her, the suggestion is that she organize a foursome with some of her non-playing friends, start out just ahead of his party and refuse to let them through.

Well, that might work with some unfortunate henpecked apology for a man; but our own notion is that it would work with reverse English. For unless it is caught in the very earliest stage there is no cure for golf. Any woman who tried that sort of obstruction would, we fear, soon find herself excessively disliked by her "worser half". He would hardly resort to violence; but he would take refuge in guile and deception. As soon as he "got wise" to her little scheme he would sneak his clubs out of the house and hie him away to another course where he could be reasonably sure of not being followed. And, being denied the pleasure of telling friend wife all about the wonderful drive he got at the 10th and his marvellous recovery from the bunker at the 15th and all the rest of it—talking about it is half the fun of golf—he would develop an ingrowing grouch which would be more than liable to break up the happy home.

But could a woman carry a scheme like that through? We doubt it. If she had any pep at all she would not be satisfied to be a hopeless dub; she would catch the fever and work her hardest to improve her game, so that hubby would not mind playing with her.

No; there is no real cure for golf. The nearest to it is a bad case of chronic arthritis.

Dentist — You needn't open your mouth any wider. When I pull your tooth I expect to stand outside.

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Alleged WIT

A fly was walking with her daughter on the head of a man who was very bald.

"How things change, my dear," she said, "when I was your age, this was only a footpath."

Busy Man — Young man, my time is worth $10 an hour, but I'll give you five minutes of it.

Young salesman — In cash, sir?

TRAVEL WITH A SMILE

Life is like a journey taken on a train,
With a stranger passenger at each window pane,
I may sit beside you all the journey through,
Or I may sit elsewhere, never knowing you;
But if fate decree that I sit by your side,
Let's be pleasant travelers, for it's so short a ride.

Man — I'm sorry, but I made it a rule never to lend money. It ruins friendship.

Friend — That's O.K. But we were never what you might call close friends, were we?

The fabled goose that laid the golden egg, got killed, but the stork continues to do business unmolested.

Polite Waitress — Lovely weather we are having today, sir.

Absent-minded Patron — All right, bring me some.

READ IT OR NOT

In Manhattan, New York, annually there are approximately 44,199 births, 37,516 marriages and 32,122 deaths.

A trifle more expended for goodwill ointment and not quite so much for sandpaper would make things run a lot smoother in this old world.

Boarder — We've had chicken four times this week.

Visitor — Four chickens! This must be a great boarding place!

Boarder — Oh, it was the same chicken.

The man who does his best today will be a hard man to beat tomorrow.

Most lawyers you see with the information you want at their finger tips are thumbing a volume in the supreme court library.

It is too bad so many people give up dancing after they are married. That's about the only times they put their arms around each other.

First Office Boy — The boss called me into consultation today.

Second Office Boy — G'wah!

First Office Boy — The boss had a dispute with his general manager as to who was leading the league just now in batting.

Diner — Waiter, I want fresh eggs or none at all.

Waiter — Yes, sir. We have some nice pork sausages.

Time is one of the most precious things on earth, yet most people spend it lavishly.

Twins were born on a farm of Watson brothers, near Conrich, Alta. The proud mother is a Percheron mare. Dual births among horses average about one in 10,000, livestock records show.

SCOUTING Here There Everywhere

A brother to every other Scout, without regard to race or creed

Contests in bridge building and tent-pitching were competition items of a Brantford District Boy Scout Jamboree. The bridge-building contest was won by the 7th Brantford (Saint Jude's) Troop, and the 10th Troop proved the speediest in erecting the tent.

A Northern Ontario country boy accidentally wounded by a gun-shot bled to death because no one knew how to apply a tourniquet. The average Boy Scout knows all about such First Aid, and one on the scene probably could have saved this boy's life. Which indicate the desirability of having all lads enrolled in an organization that provides this necessary training. — The Peel Gazette.

Continued evident of the practical practical value of the Boy Scout training has recently brought the gift of Headquarters Building to Scouts in three Ontario towns. A new clubhouse for the Scouts of Parry Sound was recently opened by His Worship Mayor Jackson and members of the town council, the building in Agricultura Park having been given the Scouts by the Council. At Sarnia Mrs. W. J. Hanna presented a frame building at Elgin Street for use as a Headquarters for the Local Boy Scouts Association, to be known as Coronation Hall. At Tillsonburg the Bell Telephone Company were the donors of a building on the condition that the Scouts removed it to a site given by Miss Cora Anderson. The structure was frame, with a brick veneer. The thrifty Scouts negotiated a sale of the bricks, and at once began stripping them off.

When presenting a large Union Jack to the town of Brampton at a meeting of the town council, Mrs. M. Sharpe, Regent of Peel Regiment Chapter I. O. D. E., paid a tribute to the loyal services rendered by the Boy Scouts in each day raising and lowering the flags for several years. The new flag is presented the town each year by the I.O.D.E.

Following the example of Scout Reforestration Work carried out for some years at Angus, Ont., the Scouts of Fort Erie this spring planted 700 young saplings near the Scout Cabin on Ridge Road, and the Boys of the 1st Beamsville Troop planted 600 trees in the game preserve south of that town.

Social Credit Leaders

G. L. MacLachlan, chairman of Alberta's Social Credit Board is shown above at left as he arrived on the Cunarder Aurania, with C. F. Powell, personal representative of Major Douglas, founder of the Social Credit Theory. Mr. Powell said that he was certain that Social Credit should be brought into being in Alberta.

Raising Colts Is No Cinch As Luck Plays A Big Part

(By Rusticus, in the Stratford Beacon-Herald.)

Horses like men, get old. No one would expect an old man to be able to keep up his end of the day's work as easily as a young man. Nor can we expect an old horse to pull the plow up and down the field with quite the speed and keenness of a five-year-old. Just as age creeps upon a man and weakens him long ere he is quite ready to admit that he is getting old, so age comes to our horses while we still think there should be a few good years left in them.

During the winter one of the older horses on the farm came to the end of the number of days that were allotted to him. Two more of the farm horses are getting to be very near the same age, and a day's work tells on them to a far greater extent than it does on the younger animals. At best it will be only a few more years till they, too will have reached the end of their period of labor.

On farms where no colts are raised the death of one horse usually means the purchase of another and younger one to take his place. Reasonably sound and typy horses are in good demand and good prices are realized on this class of stock. In theory at least it should be a good policy to raise a few colts to replace the worn out animals. In fact, if colts are regularly raised there ought to be a horse to sell every year or so, and none of the animals need be kept until old age weakens and finally kills them.

* * *

Now mind, that is all theory. It doesn't take into account the number of colts that will for some reason or other, not survive those first trying days of childhood. Raising a colt, as we understand it, is a very different matter from raising a calf. The birth of a foal is a real event on farms where they are raised. Perhaps that is because farmers are more attached to their horses than to any other class of stock they keep.

This spring it was necessary for us to buy another horse. Realizing that in a few more years other horses must be replaced, we decided to find out if raising our own work horses would work out in actual practice as attractively as it does in theory. An in-foal mare was therefore purchased and a week or ten days ago, she presented us with what promises to be a fairly good colt. This youngster is the first foal to be born on this farm in the last 30 years.

Normally the foal should grow and in two or three years become a valuable work horse. That is according to theory, but theory doesn't take into consideration the diseases and accidents that may be visited upon a farm horse of the youngest generation. Today though she is a playsome colt, that shares the box stall with her mother or gallops round while the mare is out on grass a few hours each day, up to date the experiment is 100 per cent successful.

* * *

When you buy a horse you can always ask the previous owner what he calls it, for a horse must have a name. With the foal you raise one has the privilege of picking a name. Now a horse does not want a big family name. Something short and easy to say is far more appropriate. Some horses are inclined to be a bit lazy at times and the driver may feel inclined to give them a yell. At such times a short name like "Mike," "Bill" or "Tom" comes in very nice. If the teamster is inclined to do a of "cussing" should one of the plow steam step over the traces, he does not want to be bothered with a "sissified" name.

So here we are right up against a brand new experiment, as far as this farm is concerned, and since we bought that brood mare we have received as much advice about raising a foal as any city man starting out farming. The general opinion seems to be that there is a good deal of luck attached to the business. Everyone expresses the opinion, that it pays to raise colts, "providing you have luck." In the next year or two we will try to find out if we have any "luck" in raising our own work horses.

Four Cylinder Wins Again!

For the fourth year in succession, a car powered by a four cylinder engine won the American racing classic at Indianapolis, at the rate of 113.580 miles per hour for the 500 miles. The second winning car in this race was similarly powered; the third car had an eight cylinder engine. The real importance of these wins is the stamina and durability over the competing six and eight cylinder cars. These qualities can be readily seen when the Willys 37 engine is studied against other engines of similar capacity.

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Weird Collection Shipped to C.N.E. Zoo

There is now being assembled in Georgetown, Demerara, South America, a large consignment of strange animals and birds for the children's zoo at the Canadian National Exhibition. Native hunters and trappers have been engaged for months in the rounding up of the collection. It will include giant ant-eaters, jaguars, tapirs, many specimens of gaily plumaged birds and a wide variety of reptiles.

A feature of the collection that promises to "steal the show" as far as the children are concerned is a shipment of tiny marmosets, smallest of the monkey family. The consignment comes in compliance with the request of William Charles, Canadian representative of Booker Bros. & McConnell, Limited, of Georgetown. After the Exhibition the animals and birds will find a home in the Riverdale Zoo.

The Empire's Way

Another coronation visitor from South Africa belongs in a different class from King Yeta III of Barotseland. He is General J. B. M. Hertzog, Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa. He seems to be enjoying himself greatly in the picture with George VI and a couple of other Prime Ministers, Stanley Baldwin and Mackenzie King, all in civilian morning dress.

Thirty-five years ago, more or less, General Hertzog, at the head of a Boer commando, was doing his best to make himself disagreeable to George VI's great-grandmother, Victoria, and her son and successor, Edward VII. The best British Prime Ministers that South Africa has produced got their start in life fighting the British Empire and almost fighting it to a standstill; like General Smuts. After the war General Hertzog went into politics and continued to make himself disagreeable as the leader of the Nationalist opposition. But time has been known to work wonders and the British Empire has a way with it.—New York Times.

Ton of Pancreas For One Pound of Insulin

TORONTO.—The chemical process by which a ton of beef pancreas is transformed into a pound of insulin, invaluable in the treatment of diabetes, was described by D. A. Scott of the University of Toronto before the American Institute of Chemical Engineers in convention here.

Insulin has been a household word since 1922, when it was discovered by Sir Frederick G. Banting and Dr. C. H. Best, University of Toronto researchers. Diabetes sufferers in all parts of the world are treated with it, but the substance must pass rigorous tests before it leaves the laboratory for distribution, Mr. Scott explained.

In 100-pound lots, pancreas from freshly killed beeves is minced and put through a purifying process. The purified insulin is dissolved and sterilized in a gold-plated filter which prevents a metallic contamination. The potency of the insulin solution is measured by the reactions of rabbits and mice inoculated with it.

Still more tests follow and the insulin is passed upon by a committee when the tests are duplicated. Bulk insulin is diluted to the desired strength and the solution is again filtered and assayed. It is then filled into hard glass vials, tested for sterility once more and is finally ready for distribution.

The Skunk as a Pet

. . . And the skunk, whatever his virtues, is not just the kind of a pet one would like to have running around the garden. He is reputed, among other things, to be a great raider of chicken-coops.

It is with his bad habits, not his virtues, that we have unfortunately become familiar in this province. At the last session of the Legislature there was a somewhat heated debate as to whether the Minister of Agriculture was not being "gypped" in paying the provincial bounty on skunk snouts bootlegged in from the other provinces.

This was a question affecting solely the value received from the money expended. Nobody suggested that the bounty should be abolished for the skunk's benefit.— Charlottetown Guardian.

Nice Headwork

When two Philadelphia reporters were recently caught in a wholesale raid of a night club, they whipped out their pencils, showed their police cards and convinced the cops they were only covering the event.

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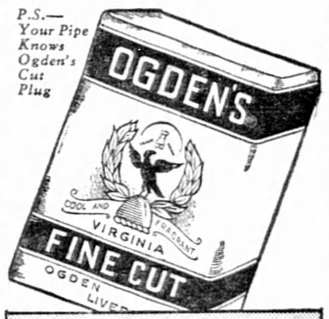

OGDEN'S FINE CUT

Arousing Child's Interest in Work

It's One of the Many Duties Parents Must Undertake

To get children to tackle a job often takes all the ingenuity the mother can summon, not because they are children, but because they are human, and for every child who hates to pitch in, there is his counterpart in the adult world.

There are two kinds of work, the routine occupations of daily life that become second nature and require no particular shove, and the extra-routine tasks that take will and determination.

Now, all children will do the former rather willingly, according to training. Nothing becomes routine, or habit, unless repeated until it becomes part of life. But the trouble with the exceptional job is legion.

School, errands and a few easy chores comprise the child's usual program. Such things are good for him, for otherwise, he would never establish any work habit at all. He is likely, however, to consider any added task outside of his expected responsibilities an imposition.

There are several ways of getting 'round his prejudice, but each mother will have to study her child's disposition and reach deep into his interest and emotional make-up.

Scadding's Nerve

When it comes to "nerve", Alfred Scadding, survivor of the memorable Moose River mine rescue, may be regarded as exceptional. Notwithstanding his experience at Moose River, Scadding celebrated the first anniversary of his rescue by going down 1,200 feet in a coal mine at Stellarton, N.S., and never batted an eyelash. — Prockville Recorder and Times.

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