Dynamo Victor, bred by Malcolm McGregor of Brandon, Manitoba, was shown by Col. R. M. (Bob) Smith, Oshawa, at the 1946 Royal Winter Fair where he was chosen Reserve Champion Hereford steer.

Rupert Eugene, chosen in May 1947 by the Australian delegation to Canada, to head leading herd of Herefords in Australia, is considered the best Hereford bull ever to be imported into Australia.

SHORT STORY

Meddling Stranger

By Annie Wilson

The broken down bus was no longer in sight when Hollis Chandler looked back from the top of the hill. This was the second hill he had climbed since he left the other passengers down there huddled together like children waiting for Santa Claus or somone, to come along and give them a lift.

Perhaps he would have done just as well to wait, but it was only an hour until time for his appointment with Mr. Sanders of the Interstate Bus Lines. He looked at his watch and his jaw set in a determined line—four miles yet to the next stop. The pain shot through his knee again and sweat stood out on his forehead. He slowed his walk and set his foot more carefully each time.

It was then he saw the car parked beside the concrete road at the foot of the hill. Now he would get a ride if the driver didn't leave before he got there—the car was headed the other way. He tried to walk faster, then slowed down, the man was sitting on the fender, a big man, a fat man, as still as an Indian in the sun.

"Hi young fellow," he called when Hollis came near. "Stop and rest awhile."

He motioned to the fender beside him but made no move to give room except lean his knee a little to one side.

"How far have you walked?" The mild blue eyes looked Hollis over.

"About a mile." The man nodded his head. "Bus broke down." Hollis said disgustedly. like—"

"Where are the other passengers?" the man interrupted.

"Back there," Hollis motioned the way he had come, "waiting for another bus or ride—"

"Hmmm—why didn't you wait?"

"I have to be in town in less than an hour," he said shortly.

The big man shut one eye and blew out a puff of smoke that blotted out his face. "Any important-looking people on the bus?"

"One man got off at the last stop and took a taxi. The driver warned us the bus might not get in." Hollis forced his voice under control.

"How did you come to stick with it?" He leaned forward and his eyes lost their mildness.

"I'm interested in this line for one thing," Hollis' words came slowly, "and—my finances don't run to big taxi bills."

"What's your hurry to get to the next town, young fellow?"

Hollis settled himself again resignedly and pushed an ant off his sore knee with a blade of grass. "I'm going to meet a man connected with this bus line, and—" he stuck out his chin and his voice was hard as nails, "tell him what's wrong with it."

"Such as?" The fat man leaned forward eagerly.

"This—" Hollis made a wild gesture, "Sit on the road two hours waiting—just waiting—" He forgot he was talking to a meddlesome stranger and it all came pouring out. There would be a communication system like in the army, with the exact location of buses charted on maps at frequent intervals, someone to be there quickly in time of trouble. Bus travel in the future must be dependable; the fixtures to be comfortable and durable, nothing elaborate.

"People who want luxuries use their own cars, or ride trains or planes—it's the common people who need buses," Hollis finished out of breath.

Another car came roaring over the hill. Hollis stood up and stuck his foot out a time or two to test it before he stepped toward the car. The driver slackened his speed and waved at the man on the fender as he went by.

The fat man laughed.

Hollis whirled on him with a white face. "So—it's funny, is it?"

The big man looked at his watch. "Guess you're the only one impatient to get where he's going."

Hollis watched with a grin of relief as the fat man in one easy motion shifted his huge bulk to a standing position and put out his hand to open the door.

"Get in," he motioned Hollis to the other side.

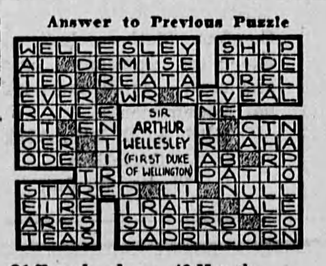
But Hollis stood transfixed and felt even the back of his neck getting red. For there on the door hidden by the man's body were the words: "J. R. Sanders, Interstate Bus Lines."

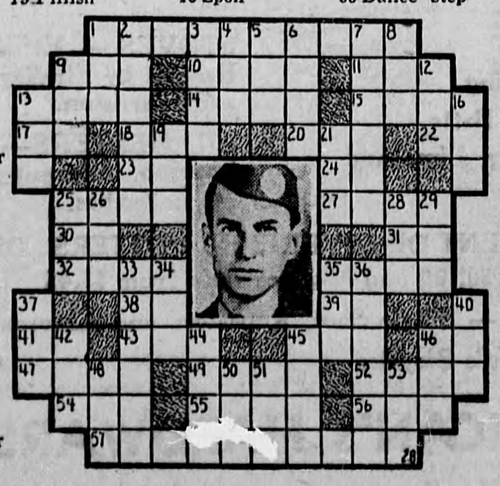
U. S. Army Man

HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured commander of U.S. 82nd Airborne Division, Maj.-Gen.
9 Raced
10 Stagger
11 Novel
13 Directs fire
14 Seines
15 Turn
17 North Dakota (ab.)
18 Tiny
20 Lyric poem
22 Toward
23 Half-em
24 Upon
25 Flock
27 Engrave
30 Chaldean city
31 Account of (ab.)
33 Infant
35 Canvas shelter
38 Either
39 Erbium (symbol)
41 British (ab.)
43 Permit
45 Meadow
46 Musical note
47 Low
49 Sicilian volcano
52 Mast
54 Standard of value
55 English river
56 Auricle
57 He is one of the U. S. Army Air Forces'

VERTICAL
1 Jelly
2 Reply
3 Sea eagle
4 Observe
5 Obtain
6 Too
7 Discover
8 Born
9 Disencumbered
12 Moist
13 Also
16 Steal
19 Finish
21 Female deer
25 Center
26 Age
28 Is able
29 Torrid
33 Spanish dance
34 Before
35 Golf device
36 Eradicator
37 Recede
40 Spoil
42 Knock
44 Squad
45 Earth
46 Distant
48 Membranous pouch
50 Tennessee Valley Authority (ab.)
51 Negative word
53 Dance step

Answer to Previous Puzzle





Pre-Paid Medical Plan for Ontario

A pre-paid medical care plan for Ontario residents has been issued a charter and is expected to go into operation about Nov. 1, it was announced.

The announcement said the non-profit health organization is intended to bring the benefits of advanced medical care to the people of Ontario on a group insurance basis. It will be open to residents in all parts of the province.

The charter granted by the Ontario Government provides that the medical care organization will be directed by nine members of a board of governors, three of whom may be laymen.

Dr. Melville C. Watson of Toronto is chairman of the present board, on which all sections of the province are represented The other members are: Dr. F. Brockenshire, Windsor; Dr. A. F. Dunn, Ottawa; Dr. Milne Harvey, Kitchener; Dr. Maurice Kelly, Timmins; Dr H. D. Logan, Lindsay; Dr. A. D. Pollock, Owen Sound; Dr. Lorne Whittaker, St. Catharines; and Dr. John Oille, Toronto.

It is intended that the health organization work in close co-operation with the Plan for Hospital Care, which also was started on a group insurance plan and has enrolled about 800,000 members.

A general manager has yet to be appointed for the project.

"Costs will be as low as we can make them," an official said. "Our ultimate object is to give complete medical and surgical care at the lowest minimum cost."

The Ontario Medical Association at its May meeting endorsed by more than 40 to one in a standing vote a proposal that it sponsor a plan of prepaid medical care.

Australia Imports Canadian Herefords

Malcolm McGregor of Brandon, Manitoba, has gained an enviable reputation as a breeder of fine Herefords. His herd Topper, Dynamo Rupert, is proving a sire of unusual merit.

Two of his get are rightfully famous, Dynamo Victor, shown by Col. R. M. (Bob) Smith, of Oshawa at the Royal Winter Fair last year, was Reserve Champion Hereford steer.

Rupert Eugene was selected from all Canadian offerings by the Australian delegation to Canada to purchase foundation stock for export to Australia. He was chosen to head the herd of Dr. N. F. Leake, which is rated the leading Hereford herd "down under."

Mr. McGregor is planning to hold a sale of young stock on October 20 which should be an unusual opportunity for Canadian breeders.

FREE OFFER: The Quaker Oats Company of Canada Limited, Peterborough, Ontario, offers free of charge the booklet, "Raise Sound Profitable Pullets".

★

Little Bobby had fallen down a flight of stairs and lay at the bottom sobbing. His mother ran over to him and asked: "Bob, did you miss a step?"

"No," replied the lad through his tears, "I hit them all."

★

Fadeout — To satisfy a lifelong ambition to be a fashion designer, comely screen actress Martha Vickers has decided to abandon her film career. Above, the 22-year-old beauty, who has accepted a position on the editorial staff of a national fashion magazine, symbolically tears up a movie script.

★

All Ready

George was sitting reading the newspaper when his wife entered.

"George," she said, "what do you think? Mother wants to be cremated."

"Right!" said George, briskly, throwing his paper to one side and springing to his feet. "Where is she? Tell her to put her things on!"

★

Time Flew

Two small boys had taken the clock apart to see "what made it tick." After examining each part very carefully, they put the clock back together again.

During the night their father was awakened from his sleep when the clock began striking. It struck 117 times without stopping.

★

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Quickly Relieve SOUR STOMACH
NEUTRALIZE EXCESS ACID

Rotenore Kills Cattle Lice

Following numerous experiments agricultural scientists have developed a commercial product which has found wide use among livestock men to rid their cattle of lice, says The St. Thomas Times-Journal. The active ingredients of this animal insect powder are rotenore and sulphur, both of which are safe to use and harmless to livestock.

While lice are not much of a problem during summer months, when autumn comes they lay their eggs and multiply. When the eggs hatch and the larvae begin to feed cattle try to destroy them by rubbing against stanchions anad other stable supports. This results in un-sightly hairless patches and breaking of skin which affords an opportunity for infectious disease to enter.

Lice usually first appear on the withers, neck and tailhead. The dust should be rubbed into the affected parts with a brush or by hand until the area is thoroughly covered. Since the powder will not kill eggs, it is necessary to dust again in approximately two weeks and a third time in another week. This should catch all species in their adult stage.

★

An employer, interviewing an applicant, remarked: "You ask high wages for a man with no experience."

"Well," the prospect replied, "it's so much harder work when you don't know anything about it."

★

FREE OFFER: The Quaker Oats Company of Canada Limited, Peterborough, Ontario, offers free of charge the booklet, "Save Milk and Raise Good Calves."

Grand Relief FROM SNIFFLY, STUFFY DISTRESS OF Head Colds!

Instantly relief from head cold distress starts to come when you put a little Va-tro-nol in each nostril. Also—it helps prevent colds from developing if used in time! Try it! Works fine! You'll like it!

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

Mother Braves Cement Incline, Fast Current, in Daring Rescue

WINS DOW AWARD

Mrs. JESSIE MAUDSLEY OF LONDON, ONTARIO

saves life of 7-year-old boy

The two young boys had been wading in the shallow water of the Thames River at Cherry Avenue in London, Ontario, when the current caught them by surprise and carried them into mid-stream. One of the lads was able to fight his way safely back to the shallow water, but 7-year-old Bobbie Nestie was carried farther and farther away by the current.

WOMAN HEARS CRIES

Hearing the shouts of onlookers, Mrs. Maudsley, mother of two children, ran from her house to the river. By this time the boy had been swept almost 100 yards by the current. Mrs. Maudsley raced along the sidewalk, climbed through a fence and then, disregarding the risk to herself, scrambled down the 60-degree-angle cement embankment and leaped into the rapidly-flowing river. Within a few minutes she had reached the frantic youngster and dragged him safely to shore.

GALLANTRY RECOGNIZED

Due to the prompt and daring action of this brave Canadian mother, young Bobbie Nestie's life was saved. We are proud indeed to pay tribute to Mrs. Jessie Maudsley of London, Ontario, through the presentation of The Dow Award.

From her home near the embankment, Mrs. Maudsley heard the shouts of spectators. Immediately, she raced to the rescue of the drowning boy.

After an exhausting swim through the swift current of the Thames River, the brave woman managed to get the youngster safely to shore.

THE DOW AWARD is a citation for outstanding heroism and includes, as a tangible expression of appreciation, a $100 Canada Savings Bond. Winners are selected by the Dow Award Committee, a group of editors of leading Canadian daily newspapers.

The DOW AWARD
DOW BREWERY • MONTREAL

POP— Some Difference!

By J. MILLAR WATT