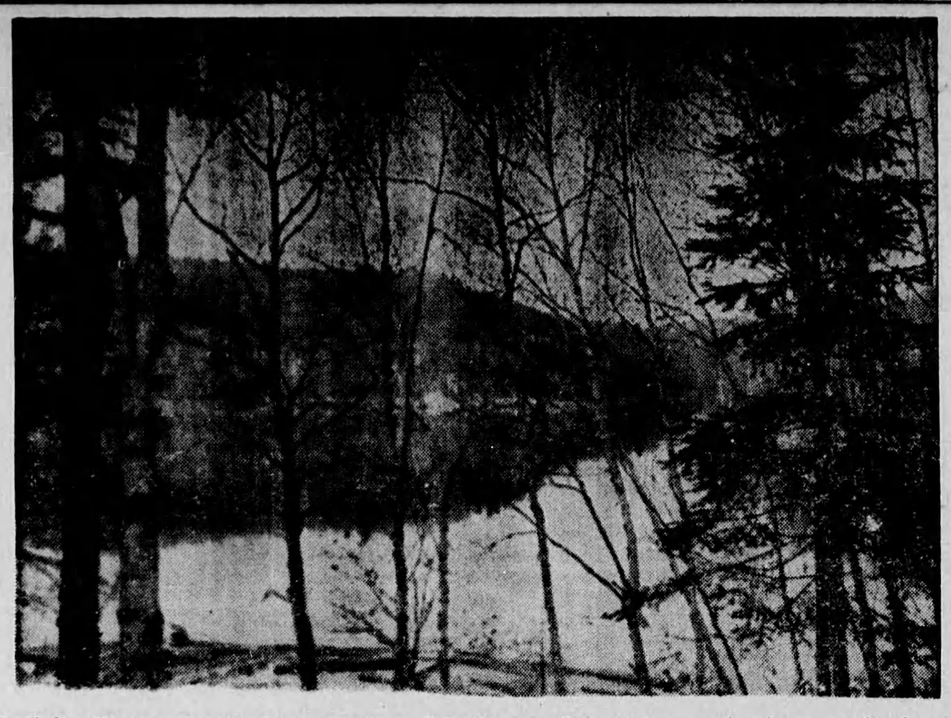

Uraninite Find in Haliburton—Northern Haliburton County is experiencing a rush of prospectors since the proving of a commercial ore body of uraninite at Wilberforce, on the property of Fission Mines. This property may be producing uranium by the end of the year. Radium Lake (above) is on the Fission Mines property. Gravel and silt on the lake bottom have been found to be radio-active. The ore is flurospar and uranium, the lighter ore with purplish tinge indicating the presence of fluorite, from which flurospar is obtained.

Three Minutes of Fiction Fun

SHORT SHORT STORY

Secret Of the Locket

By EDWARD LEE

Silas Henbury, wedged into a chair tilted against the counter, was slipping into his regular after-dinner snooze when the door opened. The customer was an elderly woman.

Silas rose and the chair creaked its relief. He clumped behind the counter and said: "Good evening, ma'am. Something I can do for you?"

"Why-why, yes, I suppose so. At least, I hope so."

"Anything within reason. That's why I'm called 'Uncle Silas.' My customers are just like relatives to me."

"That makes it easier. I never had to pawn anything before. But . . ."

Her voice trailed into silence. Silas knew that when she continued, throughout her story would run the same theme as countless others to which he had listened during his 40 years in the pawnbroker business. He nodded his head encouragingly.

"This gold locket," she said, unfolding her hands to reveal the trinket, "was presented to me by my husband when we were married. No matter how often we moved trying to better our circumstances, they never improved. After his death last year things became worse. I sold most of my valuables. But this . . . I just couldn't. I only want a loan on this locket, for some day I shall redeem it.

"But to every pawn shop I've gone, they refuse to lend me any money. They say it is not valuable enough to be held as security.

"We'll soon see," said Silas. He lightly scratched the surface of the locket with a penknife. Into that shallow furrow he let fall a few drops of acid, then shook his head as a greenish tinge appeared, saying: "I'm sorry, but this locket's only value is as a keepsake. It's tin."

The woman looked bewildered. "I . . . I can't understand it. There must be some mistake. Look here," she directed, unfastening the trinket. It's two heart-shaped halves swung open and she pointed to metal that encircled two miniature portraits. "See how bright and solid that is?"

"That photograph favors you, ma'am, even though it was taken when you were younger."

"Forty years younger, to be exact, when I was married. The opposite one is of my husband. It favors him too."

"I'm sure it does. Looks like he was a fine man."

"He was. Folks said he was unreliable and irresponsible. I suppose Henry was, in a way. But they were his only faults."

"Pardon my asking, but, you loved him a great deal?"

"Yes, and, I still do," she answered. Then, regarding him with a quizzical look, said: "Why did you ask?"

"Well, I just kind of thought a woman wouldn't stay married forty years unless she loved her husband a great deal."

"You make me feel noble," she replied. "Now concerning this locket."

Her words recalled Silas to the business at hand. He said: "I was mistaken. The inside was what convinced me."

Silas gave her the money she requested and closed the deal. Her fervent thanks made him glad that he had gone through with the deception.

For, he had recognized Agnes Trumbull's picture. That was how she had looked when she had rejected him to marry his cousin, Henry, whose photograph appeared in the locket's other half.

Silas had known Henry was unreliable and irresponsible but he did not criticize him to her. Leaving home, he had never written or returned. Thus, Silas had lost all trace of Henry and Agnes until tonight when he had recognized her picture in the locket.

Silas knew Agnes still loved Henry and would be hurt to learn the truth. And, Silas still loved her so much that he had created a certain way to insure her remaining ignorant of Henry's deception. That was, to advance so large an amount on the locket that she would never be able to redeem it.

Argentine Keen Competitor In Cattle Market

Those who have been arguing that Canada is chasing a will o' the wisp in trying to hold any part of the British market for surplus Canadian beef will find their argument strengthened in a Buenos Aires dispatch stating that a new high for Argentine cattle was established the other day. The price was 58.6 centavos as against an average of 38 centavos in 1945-46. Which according to the Lethbridge Herald, means that the Argentinians are now getting 6.3 cents live weight per pound for their beef cattle as against a former price of four cents.

Alberta cattle producers, who are telling us that they cannot feed coarse grains at present prices to 15-cent beef and make ends meet, will wonder how Argentina ranchres can sell for 6.3 cents a pound. Argentina is a South American country of just over 13,000,000 people, mostly of Spanish descent. It is a great livestock producer and has some 33,000,000 cattle and 44,000,000 sheep as against our 8,000,000 cattle and barely 3,000,000 sheep.

Being in the northern part of the South Temperate zone, it has no Winter feeding problem so far as livestock are concerned, producing them very cheaply on native grass of the range lands, called the Pampas, on alfalfa, and on rye and oats cereal pasture grown for winter pasture and used in much the same way as we use our cover crop while the native grasslands are resting.

Canada's only outlet for our surplus of good beef animals is the United States. Uncle Sam has offered us a quota of 400,000 head a year at a duty of 1½ cents a pound liveweight. We had better forget dreams of the British market for beef and get down to a realistic consideration of the only worthwhile market which is available to us.

Some Notes From The Farm Front

Of Special Interest To Rural Readers

By John Russell

If you want more eggs on less feed — and healthier hens too — keep your layers confined in summer as well as in winter. At least, that's what an expert at a State Agricultural College says.

Experiments recently carried out showed that confined flocks laid 13 eggs more per bird, ate a pound less feed per dozen eggs, returned 18 per cent more profit and had 1.5 per cent less mortality than flocks that were turned out during the summer. The fresh air and sunshine the birds get when outside are not enough to offset the diseases they pick up.

* * *

Here's a tip for orchardists who grow peaches or pears. How the same stunt would work with apple or other fruit trees we cannot say.

Most orchardists try to keep their trees as low as possible, consistent with good yields, in order to make spraying and picking easier. But a man out on the west coast has gone even further. His trees have practically no trunks at all.

When he plants a pear or peach tree he cuts it off, heading it back so that the three to five leaders saved are about eighteen inches from the ground. Then, when the trees mature, they are never so high that he can't pick the fruit with eight-foot ladders.

How about yields? Well, he has ten year old peach trees bearing 18 tons to the acre.

* * *

There's no easier way of starting an argument almost anywhere than to mention Government price controls—and farmers have more reason to take deep interest in such things than most folks. So I thought that you might find worth-while reading in the following quotation from an article by Henry Hazlitt appearing in News Week Magazine. However, before you start, I might warn you that both the magazine and the writer are dead set against every sort of Government control or interference with "free enterprise".

The Argentine Government sells wheat for export at $5.00 or more per bushel in United States dollars — Mr. Hazlitt says. It pays the Argentine farmer the equivalent of $1.59 to $1.83 a bushel and pockets the difference.

The Canadian farmer is allowed only $1.35 a bushel plus a "participation certificate" worth about 20 cents. The United States farmer gets a free market price of about $2.80 a bushel. (Prices cited are those prevailing when the article was written.)

What has been the consequence of these policies? — the writer goes on to ask. In spite of the desperate world shortage of wheat, the 1947 acreage of wheat in Argentina was 22 per cent below the 1935-1939 level. In Canada the 1947 acreage of wheat was down 7 per cent below prewar. Neither decrease can be blamed on the weather; in both countries the acreage for the two preceding years was also below the prewar level.

In the United States, on the other hand, wheat acreage expanded as prices rose. In 1947 it was 29 per cent above the prewar level.

In brief — the writer sums it up — farmers in this hemisphere responded to price incentives or their absence rather than to verbal exhortations. The farmers obliged to take low wheat prices contracted their acreage. The farmers permitted high prices increased theirs.

and whether the writer is right or wrong when he maintains that Government controls spell "disaster" I am not prepared to even guess. Certainly he neglects to mention what would happen to all those U.S. farmers who have sunk their everything into increased wheat acreage should there be a sudden and drastic slump in prices. At all event there's food for thought, and material for argument, in what he says.

It Paid to Insure In Those Days

Back in Colonial days, the fire insurance companies are said to have enjoyed a profitable "tie-in" with some of the early Fire Brigades.

When a house was reported to be on fire, and the brigade came dashing to the scene, the brigade leader would examine the front of the burning house, and take a glance at nearby properties. Then, as like as not, he and his men would just sit down and watch the house burn to the ground.

These doings were caused by a system known as "House Marks". Metal plates bearing the emblem of an insurance company were placed on the fronts of all houses and buildings that were insured. If such a plate was on the burning building, the fire brigade went into action. And if not—not.

Very often the brigade leader was himself an insurance man and if the building was not insured by his own or a friendly company—and if its burning did not endanger the property of any man in the brigade —the fireman simply wouldn't bother to fight the flames.

Next to cotton and jute, iron ranks highest among India's industries.

Skin Eruptions

Here is a clean, stainless, penetrating antiseptic oil that brings speedy relief from the itching and discomfort.

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In skin affections the itching of Eczema is quickly stopped. Pimples—skin eruptions dry up and scale off in a very few days. The same is true of Barber's Itch, Salt Rheum, Itching Toes and Feet and other inflammatory skin disorders.

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Boxer Braves Smoke and Flames to Rescue Child

WINS DOW AWARD

ARMAND SAVOIE

OF MACKAYVILLE, QUE.,

risks life to rescue 3-year-old from burning home

The fire had started between the walls of the two-storey house in Mackayville, a few miles from Montreal. The flames were already spreading rapidly by the time Mrs. Prince had succeeded in getting four of her children to safety. Five of the others were at school — but 3-year-old Gisele was trapped upstairs.

DASHES INTO BUILDING

Running into the house the instant he heard of the child's plight, Armand Savoie climbed up the stairs through the heavy, hot smoke to the bedroom. The little girl had hidden herself in terror behind a bureau . . . and Savoie had to crawl underneath the bed, which was blazing, and then grab the youngster from behind the smouldering furniture. The smoke had become almost impossible to bear . . . and both Savoie and the child were choking by the time they got downstairs and outside. The boxer quickly applied artificial respiration . . . but, in spite of his and the hospital's efforts later, little Gisele died the next day.

The gallant 18-year-old boxer, a member of Griffintown Club, who has just won the Quebec Golden Gloves finals in his weight class, and an Olympic candidate, deserves great praise for his heroic and unselfish action. We are proud to pay tribute to Armand Savoie of Mackayville, Que., through the presentation of The Dow Award.

Hearing that 3-year-old Gisele Prince was trapped in a second-floor bedroom, the young boxer dashed into the burning house and climbed the stairs through dense, hot smoke.

Armand Savoie, after crawling under a blazing bed, managed to grasp the terrified child and carry her, choking and almost suffocated, outside.

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 newspapers.

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