YU'AN HEE SEE LAUGHS

by Sax Rohmer

CHAPTER I.

"Good-bye, then, Eileen. And take great care of yourself. I've probably missed the train and everything—but I don't give a hoot. Be sure to write from Marseilles and cable when you get in. And don't forget I'm coming out in March."

The girl clung desperately to her brother, her soft arms locked about him. Matt Kearney could feel that she was trembling and:

"What's the matter with Kid Sister?" he asked, squeezing her.

"Kid Sister's miserable!"

"Because you don't want to go back?"

No. But because somehow, Matt dear," she whispered very close to his ear, "I feel frightened about this journey. Don't be mad with me. I know it's silly, and I ought to be used to travelling by now. But I've got a weird, funny feeling."

Kearney looked down at the tangled curls nestling upon his shoulder; and in the light shining out from the cosy state-room they gleamed and shimmered like burnished bronze. He hugged her affectionately and told himself that a chill suddenly experienced and resembling cold water trickling down his spine was due physically to the clammy quality of the night, and mentally to the girl's overwrought condition.

But he was used to Eileen's moods, to the odd streak of superstition—a legacy from their Irish-American father—which sometimes he distrusted but always understood.

"Kid dear," he said, and stroked her hair, "play fair. Seeing little girls off is bad enough anyway, without giving a fellow the breeze up."

"I'm sorry, Matt. It was utterly Big Pig of me."

She glanced up, and her blue-grey eyes were calm, except that he had a fleeting, odd impression that something—a shadow—had been banished at that very moment from them.

"No, only Little Pig," he said playfully. "I only wish I were coming with you."

"It wasn't fair, and I shouldn't have said it. It's just this beastly fog and having to let you go alone in it. Give me a kiss, Matt, and we'll go and hunt Jack Rattray—although I really don't know how you're going to get home."

Wisps of mist floated under the lights. Not another soul was in sight on that deck, but there was activity on the deck below, and a tremendous clamor on the dockside. The R.M.S. Wallaroo was going out in the morning—sixteen hours late, thanks to one of these fogs. A London Special, which sometimes held up Thames traffic for whole days. All the other passengers seemed to have retired, with the possible exception of a few stragglers who might have been found in the smoke-room.

On a last lingering glance Kearney went into the cosy stateroom which Eileen was to occupy to Colombo. He would cheerfully have resigned six months' pay to be going too. The ward-robe trunk, which he had labelled himself, a green hat on the rack above the bed, a camera hung on the back of a chair, a dressing case open on the table. The box of a hundred cigarettes which Dawson Haig had brought down to the steamer that morning lay on the turned-back coverlet, and a pile of magazines on top of an unopened cabin trunk; three novels which Matt had brought for Eileen in the rack beside the green hat.

"Ah, well!" he sighed, "you'll be a comfortable Little Pig. Winter, the purser, is a star turn. You're at his table, and he'll see that everything's right. Jack Rattray is an old pal, so that you won't lack company."

"I shan't lack company," said Eileen archly.

Her mood changed, and she smiled mischievously. But Kearney welcomed the change, and:

"You little devil!" he said, and squeezed her hard. "Don't forget there's a spy abaft."

"I might buy him over!" said Eileen.

"I'll tell Billy Haig!"

"Oh, don't please do that!" Eileen exclaimed in mock horror. "He might never run out to Colombo to have a cup of tea with me as he promised!"

But really her heart was very sad. Because she didn't expect ever to see Dawson Haig again.

She made a charming figure in the light streaming from the cabin door, simply dressed though she was in a jumper and tweed skirt. And Matt Kearney felt affectionately proud of his dainty sister. However:

"Come on," said he. "Let's go and dig old Rattray out. I must positively beat it. I've got at least a quarter of an hour's walk through dockland, and failing divine luck, a long voyage by motor bus."

Jack Rattray, chief officer of the Wallaroo, was exchanging a few pleasantries with the boss stevedore by the hatch of Number Three hold. But he broke off this not too parliamentary debate when the charming passenger, now wrapped in a warm fur coat, appeared beside him with Kearney.

"What about a final?" asked Rattray.

"No final for me," Kearney replied. "Just think, old lad. Fortunately, I know the way, but even so, the prospect isn't cheering." He grasped Rattray's hand. "Good night, and all the best. I know you'll look after her."

Rattray, tall, leisurely, taciturn, smiled his slow smile. His teeth were very white and his coloring very fresh, and:

"Sure thing, Bo'!" said he.

"You're mocking me!" Eileen cried, and punched the speaker forcibly in the ribs. "I don't have an accent like that. I speak better English than you do, anyway!"

"You speak more English," Rattray drawled provocatively.

"Very Big Pig," said Eileen.

But Kearney left the ship in a happier mood and experienced no return of that unpleasant chill. Eileen was in good company, and the voyage would pass like three days.

"Thank you, sir," said the man on the gangway as he slipped half-a-crown into his hand. "Good night."

"Good night," Kearney called, and picked his way through litter on the dockside. Just under an arc he paused, turned, and looked back. Jack Rattray and Eileen were standing on the deck by the gangway. Already a curtain of mist obscured the ship from his view, making their figures oddly dim. But he knew they could see him: and standing there he waved his hat and shouted:

"Good-bye until March, and good luck!"

Good-bye, Matt," came the girl's voice and:

"Cherri-ho, old boy."

That was Rattray.

The fascinating activity of these docks claimed Kearney. Here East meets West; produce of the Spice Islands team of Ceylon, the timbers of Burma, jostle ironmongery from Birmingham, lie cheek by jowl with chemical products of Silvertown. At night, especially, under dockland floodlights, amid river noises and the hoarse voices of workers, the mystery of the Port of London, type of a vast and ever-turning wheel of empire, touched the poetry which was part of him. At times he thought of it as a strange, grand song; which he improperly understood, to which he knew that even Kipling had failed to give its true color; which must elude the highest genius, because, although it was the work of man, it transcended man, being a god which man had created but no longer controlled.

He gave up his card to the policeman on duty, and ten paces beyond, looking back, could see merely a dim blur, making the site of the box which that official occupied.

"If this damn fog continues," he reflected, "my prospects are indifferent."

He stood there for a moment looking about him and failing to notice a man who, ten paces away, seemed to be watching the dock gates—a tallish man wearing a white raincoat, collar turned up, and a soft brown hat with the brim pulled down. But the other man had seen Kearney—and the sight of Kearney had set him dreaming....

Misty, wet streets faded from ken with their din of rumbling lorries, and the watcher of the dock gates was transported to Colombo—Colombo a year before. A year! It seemed only like a week! The mist dispersed before the eyes of the dreamer by the gates. He saw Mount Lavinia Hotel, and a petite, slender girl in a blue frock crossing the deserted mahogany dance floor. She had been a sort of revelation, opening his eyes to all that had been lacking. He was among the stars again, could see the winking light house callously stabbing the tropical night, hear the plaintive tremolo of a Tamil love chant floating up from the village....

From these haunting memories he was abruptly jerked back to reality. He withdrew into shadow.

A man was coming out of the gates—so muffled up in a heavy fur-collared coat that his features were indistinguishable. This man turned sharply left, passed Kearney, and was swallowed up in the fog.

And as he vanished, something—an instinct perhaps; or was it a faint odor suggestive of musk?—suddenly brought Kearney an unaccountable return of hat sensation as though cold water trickled down his spine. He stared into the fog. Had someone passed him—or had he imagined it?

He hated this sensation—as of an indefinable dread—which twice, now, had oppressed him.

A hand rested on his shoulder.

Kearney twisted about with a cry. The man in the white raincoat stood just behind him. And, stock still, peering into the other's face:

"Good Lord!" Kearney exclaimed joyfully, "it's Dawson Haig!"

* * *

Eileen watched from the rail until fog hanging over the dockside swallowed up Matt's figure. She turned and looked at Jack Rattray. Seeing her expression:

"Whatever's the matter, Eileen?" said he.

"Oh, I don't know, Jack!" she replied, and swept her hair back from her forehead irritably. She was angry with herself. "I'm behaving like a perfect little idiot tonight. And if you ask me why, I can't tell you. It's just jim-jams. Except that I think it began with a horrible looking man wearing a fur-collared overcoat!"

(To be continued.)

"Why was Tom's engagement to Helen broken."
"She broke him."

With twenty-one children, at least sixty-six grandchildren, and ten great-grandchildren, Mr. Hendon, of Wimbledon, Surrey, has had the biggest family in Britain. Ten children, fifty-four grandchildren, and all the great-grandchildren are still living. The combined age of the family is 927 years.

Printed Where You Used to Live

'Tisn't filled with cuts and pictures,
nor the latest news dispatches,
And the paper's often dampened and
the print is sometimes blurred;
There is only one edition, and the eye
quite often catches,
Traces of a missing letter and at
times a misspelled word.
No cablegrams nor "specials" anywhere the eye engages,
The make-up is maybe a trifle crude
and primitive.
But an atmosphere of home life fills
and permeates the pages,
Of the little country paper printed
where you used to live.

Now the heart grows soft and tender
while its columns you're perusing
Every item is familiar, every name
you know full well.
And a flood of recollections passes
o'er you as you're musing
On the past and weaves about you
an imaginative spell.
You can see the old home village,
once again in fancy, seeming,
To be clasping hand of neighbor, or
friend and relative;
And their faces rise before you, as
you're idly, fondly dreaming
O'er the little country paper printed
where you used to live.

And you note a vine-clad cottage,
with the roses nestling round it;
Hear the voice of mother calling for
the long-gone fugitive.
Like the echo of her pleading, memories repeat and sound it
Through the little country paper
printed where you used to live.

Every printed line reminds you of the
days long since departed;
Here a boyhood's chum is mentioned,
there a schoolmate's name appears;
And the eye grows moist in reading,
while the soul grows heavy-hearted
O'er the changes time has wrought
throughout the swiftly passing
years.

Memory's scroll has deep impressions
stamped upon its face forever,
Of sweet pleasure which the busy city
life can never give;
And in fancy you are roaming
through the quiet town whenever
You peruse the country paper printed
where you used to live.

—Nova Scotia Spectator.

Ensemble For Daughter

By HELEN WILLIAMS.

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

2961

An attractive looking ensemble like this will go a long way towards making her happy. And it's so entirely practical.

The dress is the favored shirtwaist type. And it boasts the newest sailor neckline.

For hardy wear, novelty dark-blue tweed as pictured is smart. The plain vivid red woolen sailor collar is accented by rather wide blue braid trim.

Style No. 2961 is designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

Another darling scheme is plain brown rough woolen coat over red Scotch plaided dress.

Size 8 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch material, with ⅝ yard 39-inch for contrasting collar and cuffs, with ½ yard 35-inch black material.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 15c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Because the Central London Railway station at Chancery Lane is being rebuilt, one hundred telephone cables, carrying 70,000 lines, will have to be diverted and replaced. The work will take nearly a year to complete, alternative lines being used meanwhile.

Little Freddie thinks that an idiom is a person with very low intelligence.

WRINGER ROLLS
Re-Rubbered—Also New Rolls
for any make of electric washer or hand wringer; highest quality, lowest prices. Money-back guarantee.
Coffield Electrical Applicance Company.
387 Yonge St. Toronto

ISSUE No. 45—'33

Let's All Sing Like the Birdies Sing

Theatre-goers in all parts of the globe are now hearing the notes of Canadian feathered songsters singers from Charles Jones' aviaries in Vancouver, who are now in the movies. A choir of the little choristers is shown here investigating the sound equipment before being shot. Lucien Roy and Arnold Hague of Associated Screen News, Montreal, are the bird-decked cameramen.

COMMENTS EVENTS

AROUND THE DIAL

By AUSTIN MORAN

Radio Circus Parades.

For the first time since the inauguration of radio broadcasting the coming of a new program series to the air was heralded by a parade.

Nor was this any ordinary jogging along of this . . . and that, but an honest-to-goodness, authentic circus parade, right up Broadway, New York, from Union Square, to 86th Street—the first circus parade that Manhattan has seen since 1925 when Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey staged the last performance of "the greatest show on earth" in old Madison Square Garden.

How could this outpouring of elephants and equestrians, clowns and cowboys, even to the calliope be an authentic circus parade when it heralded a radio program. . .? Because it was significant of a radio circus, the greatest big-top show ever staged in a radio studio, a series dramatized from Courtney Ryley Cooper's famous "Circus Days" stories and adapted for the air by the author himself.

This new series spots out famous characters of three-ring days . . . the leather larynxed spieler—"Shoe-String Charlie" most glamorous of all circus bosses of fiction . . . other leading players being Wally Maher, Elizabeth Council, Bruce Evans, child actor; Frank Wilson and Ernest Whitman, headline Negro comedians will be held accountable for side-splitting squibs.

* * * * * *

Kids Furnish Baker With Gags.

Comedians of the big net-works pay as high as $1000 weekly for the funny remarks and jokes that set us to laughing during their programs. There are exceptions and one is . . Phil Baker, the Armour Jester who just recently revealed that he manages to get a great many good lines as a result of repartee with street urchins.

When his work in the studios is over, Phil can be found in conversation with newsboys, shoe shine boys and other youngsters who frequent Chicago's streets. The boys have learned to wait for Baker and they know that an apt phrase will bring a bright coin from the air's master comedian.

A smart reply to Phil's "Hello Buddy," brings a gleaming quarter and often a bill changes hands if Baker finds a usable remark for the air.

His liking for kids leads him into strange channels. A group playing football on a corner lot or a crowd around a marble ring will invariably find Phil taking at least one kick or shot before he leaves.

* * * * * *

Post Scripts.

Viola Philo, soprano of Roxy's Gang, at 17 was a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Cliff Soubier at 13 was singing illustrated songs in pictures.

Announcer Ford Bond is trying to diet away fifty pounds.

Arthur Bagley, director of health exercises, has evoked more than a million letters during eight years of broadcasting.

Baby Rose Marie, 9 year-old singing star is studying French at the Professional Children's School in New York.

Charles O'Connor is NBC's youngest announcer, aged 22.

Loretta Clemens, before going on the air with her brother Jack, was a model for hosiery ads.

Al Jolson is rated by fellow performers as one of the stage's most liberal contributors to charity.

Chester Lauck and Norris Goff . . "Lum and Abner", were friends for twenty years before they broke into radio together.

"IN THE AIR"

Radio's All-Star Presentations

WAVE LENGTHS

Station		Metres	Kilo-Cycles
CKNC	Toronto	291	1030
CFCF	Montreal	291	600
CFCH	North Bay	322	930
CFCO	Chatham	297	1210
CFRB	Toronto	425	690
CKAC	Montreal	411	730
CKCR	Waterloo	465	645
CRCT	Toronto	312	960
CHML	Hamilton	840	590
CRCO	Ottawa		1010
CKOC	Hamilton	475	1010
CKPC	Preston	341	930
CKLW	Windsor-London	656	540
CPRY	Toronto	367	840
KDKA	Pittsburg	306	930
KMOX	St. Louis	275	1090
KYW	Chicago	291	1020
WABC	New York	349	860
WBBM	Chicago	339	770
WBEN	Buffalo	333	900
WEAF	New York	452	660
WENR	Chicago	345	870
WGR	Buffalo	545	550
WGY	Schenectady	379	790
WHAM	Rochester	263	1150
WKBW	Buffalo	202	1480
WJZ	New York	394	760
WJR	Detroit	400	750
WLW	Cincinnati	428	700
WMAQ	Chicago	447	670
WTAM	Cleveland	280	1070

These programs are subject to change without notice.

THURSDAY.

Eastern Standard Time.

P.M.
3.00—Rudy Vallee ..... CRCT
Captain Diamond ..... WJZ
3.30—Harlem Serenade ..... CFRB
9.00—Grenadiers ..... CRCT
WJAS Dedication ..... CFRB
Show Boat ..... WBEN
9.30—Dramatic Guild ..... CFRB
10.00—Willard Robinson ..... CFRB
Paul Whiteman ..... CRCT

FRIDAY.

8.00—Rosario Bourdon ..... CRCT
8.30—Jimmie Johnson ..... CKNC
March of Time ..... WGR
9.00—Fred Allen ..... WBEN
Irvin S. Cobb ..... WKBW
9.30—Gems from Lyrics ..... CRCT
Football Show ..... WGR
Victor Young's Orchestra. WBEN
10.00—Olsen and Johnson ..... WKBW
First Nighter ..... WBEN
10.30—Lum and Abner ..... WBEN

SATURDAY.

6.00—Meet the Artist ..... CFRB
8.00—"K-7" ..... WBEN
8.30—Bridges of Paris ..... CRCT
9.00—Triple Bar-X Days ..... CFRB
Baron Munchausen ..... WBEN
9.30—Leo Reisman ..... WBEN
Singing Strings ..... CKNC
10.00—Dancing Party ..... CRCT
10.30—George Jessel ..... CFRB
11.00—Vancouver Frolic ..... CRCT

SUNDAY.

2.00—Broadway Melody ..... CFRB
Gene Arnold ..... WBEN
2.30—Hollywood Show ..... CFRB
8.00—Philharmonic Orchestra .. CFRB
Opera Concert ..... CRCT
4.30—Hoover Sentinels ..... CRCT
5.00—Roses and Drums ..... WKBW
5.30—Crumit and Sanderson ..... WGR
7.30—Joe Penner ..... WJZ
8.00—Jimmie Durante ..... CRCT
Freddie Rich ..... WGR
9.00—Seven Star Revue ..... WGR
9.30—Album of Music ..... CRCT
10.00—Jack Benny ..... WBEN
Sunday Hour ..... CKNC
11.00—Fireside Hour ..... CRCT

MONDAY

8.00—Syrup Symphonies ..... CFRB
Blackfoot Trails ..... CKNC
8.30—Bing Crosby ..... WGR
Canadianettes ..... CRCT
9.00—A. & P. Gypsies ..... WBEN
Gaiety and Romance ..... CRCT
9.30—Big Show ..... CFRB
Ship of Joy ..... WBEN
10.00—Contented Hour ..... CRCT
Wayne King ..... WKBW

TUESDAY.

8.00—Crumit and Sanderson ... WBEN
8.30—Wrigley Hour ..... CFRB
Wayne King ..... WBEN
9.00—Ben Bernie ..... WBEN
California Melodies ..... CFRB
9.30—Nino Martini ..... CFRB
Don Voyhees Orchestra ... WBEN
10.00—Legend of America ..... CFRB
Lives at Stake ..... WGN
11.00—Moonlight on Pacific ..... CRCT

WEDNESDAY.

8.00—Bert Lahr ..... CRCT
8.30—Albert Spalding ..... CFRB
Waltz Time ..... CRCT
9.00—One Hour With You ..... CRCT
9.30—Burns and Allen ..... WKBW
Leo Reisman ..... WBEN
10.00—Ortiz Tirado ..... CRCT
Corn Cob Club ..... WBEN
Harry Richman ..... WKBW

BULOVA correct time daily over Stations CRCT—CKAC.

A Quality Which Is Incomparable

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Dr. W. T. Macoun, Horticulturist

By Prof. C. T. Currelly, in the Toronto Mail and Empire

Some years ago a brilliant writer, the late Peter McArthur, said, "Isn't it time that we Canadians stopped saying, 'Isn't it good for Mary Anne?' I suppose this habit is a hang-over from our early days of struggle to provide the simple necessities of life; but it is certainly time that we looked at Canadian affairs from a world standpoint and said, "Isn't it good for anybody in any country!'

This habit would perhaps not have done us quite so much harm if we had been isolated, but we have been deluged with newspapers, magazines and books that are partly propaganda for the greatness of other peoples and the wonderful men that they have produced. I suppose, for instance, that all upper school children in Canada know something about "the American wizard of horticulture," Burbank; of the things they know about him are uctrue. How many know about the late Dr. W. T. Macoun, Canadian horticulturist, who without question has done more for horticulture than Burbank? But Macoun was a hard-working Government official on a small salary and never thought of advertising himself, and unfortunately we have not yet reached that stage of our national development in which there is full recognition of outstanding scientific work done at home.

One reason why our achievements in horticulture have not gained more publicity is that many of the big things have been done by men generous enough to share thoroughly with their associates. The important fruits produced at Vineland have never been seized upon by the head of the station as his production. Among those who know of them they are always spoken of as, "by Palmer and his associates," or more commonly still, simply as "produced at Vineland."

Predictions are risky but I should like to chance a statement that the Melba apple will be grown and valued long after nearly every other recent production in horticulture will be forgotten—and the Melba is only one of Macoun's great apples. The best collection of hardy apples in America was brought together by him at the Experimental Station at Morden, Manitoba; he was a servant of the whole Dominion and worked as much for the Prairie Provinces as he did for the best fruit lands of the country.

Vegetables, fruits and flowers all responded to the touch of his genius in breeding. His wonderful developments of peas are known to the few who are scientifically interested, as is his incredible development of lilies in respect to the number of flowers borne upon them.

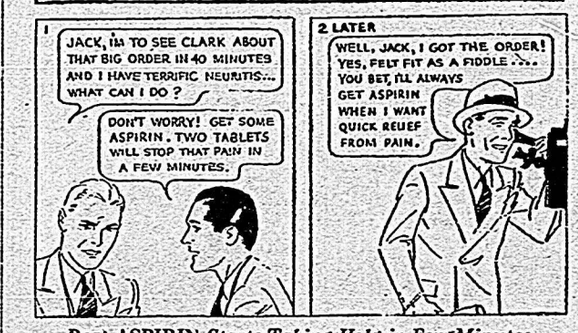
In the profession, of course, Dr. Macoun's position was very high. One of the greatest honors accorded him was that the New York State Fruit Testing Association named its choice apple the Macoun. Many medals were awarded to his productions, including the Grande Medaille de Vermeil from the National Society of France, a gold medal struck by the International Exposition of horticulture at Brussels for the Melba apple alone, medals struck by the American Pomological Society to commemorate the Melba apple and the Lobo apple, another of Dr. Macoun's productions. The first award of the Carter Gold Medal of Honor for the Advancement of Horticulture was to Dr. Macoun, and many other similar honors showed the appreciation of the scientific world of his work.

I feel sorry that Dr. Macoun's name is not known to every Canadian school child. Some years ago I was very much interested to hear a Japanese student speak of a certain compatriot as the greatest blacksmith in Japanese history, and to find that the children of Japan are taught about their great workers. I sincerely hope that the movement now on foot in preparing some of our school books will develop, so that through these books Canadian children will know about those Canadian men of science who have merited world recognition.

Art doesn't pay nowadays—but artfulness pays as well as it ever did.

HEALS PILES
Or Money Back
Absolutely New Patented Medical Discovery Creates Magical Results
Don't let Piles lead to more serious conditions, requiring a dangerous operation. Use HEMICONE SUPPOSITORIES, which quickly heal and strengthen the affected parts.
We know this wonderful remedy will stop that pain and make you feel yourself again. YOU CAN BE SURE OF REAL RESULTS.
OUR GUARANTEE
Send us $2.00 and we will send you one dozen HEMICONE Suppositories, and our CHEQUE for $2.00 on the BANK OF TORONTO, cashable any time within two weeks.
Use HEMICONE—if you are not relieved and feel you have not many times your money's worth, cash our cheque. You will know if you are treating us fairly or not. We trust to your honesty. You are the Judge.
THE HEMICONE CO.,
72 James St. N., Hamilton, Ont

Quick Relief Now From Neuralgia



Real ASPIRIN *Starts Taking Hold in Few Minutes*

Now comes *amazingly quick* relief from headaches, rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia . . . the *fastest safe relief, it is said, yet discovered.*

Those results are due to a scientific discovery by which an Aspirin Tablet begins to dissolve, or disintegrate, in the amazing space of two seconds after touching moisture. And hence to start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The illustration of the glass, here, tells the story. An Aspirin Tablet starts to disintegrate almost instantly you swallow it. *And thus is ready to go to work almost instantly.*

When you buy, though, be on guard against substitutes. To be sure you get ASPIRIN'S *quick relief*, be sure the name Bayer in the form of a cross is on every tablet of Aspirin.

Does Not Harm the Heart

The Dominion Coast-To-Coast

Charlottetown, P.E.I.—Entries of Guernsey cattle at the recent Provincial Fair at Charlottetown were three times as numerous as last year. In a letter read at the opening of the fair, Lieutenant-Governor Dalton stated that it is gratifying to know that farm products, which have been selling on a low basis in recent years are now assured of better prices.

Digby, N.S.—The recently-established Little River Fish Products Co. is now operating twenty-five miles from Digby and will specialize in the manufacture of fish meal and oil products.

Fredericton, N.B.—New Brunswick's mineral production during the first half of 1933 consisted entirely of non-metallics—coal, $557,669; natural gas, $182,300; crude petroleum, $19,898; gypsum, $32,194; making a total of $762,491.

Montreal, Que.—According to estimates appearing in the new directory, Montreal's population increased by about 2,500 during the past year. In Montreal itself there were 1,160,520 persons resident during the census-taking period, compared with 1,160,-185 persons the year before. The population of Greater Montreal, which includes a number of suburbs, is given as 1,339,396, compared with 1,330,959 in the previous year.

Toronto, Ont.—According to an announcement by the Toronto Industrial Commission, one of the foremost manufacturers of pet foods and medicines on the continent, the Justrite Co. of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A., is opening a factory in Toronto to handle its Canadian and export business. A Canadian subsidiary has been formed and 8,000 square feet of floor space has been leased.

Winnipeg, Man.—A report issued by the Industrial Development Board of Manitoba shows Winnipeg to be the largest producer of jute and cotton bags in Canada. The city is also started as the largest manufacturer of shirts and overalls, and has the largest individual plants in the Dominion manufacturing harness and saddlery and ladies' dresses and cloaks.

Regina, Sask.—Saskatchewan's output of creamery butter in the first eight months of the present year was over 1,060,000 pounds, or 5.5 per cent. greater than that of the corresponding period last year. This year the eight months' production amounted to 19,514,685 pounds, compared with 18,502,328 pounds, an increase of 1,012,357 lbs. The August production was 39.3 per cent. greater than that of August, 1932, the former amounting to 2,627,738 pounds against 1,885,708 pounds, a gain of 742,030 pounds.

Saskatoon, Sask.—In the interests of the Saskatchewan swine industry, the Dominion and Provincial Departments of Agriculture have decided to sponsor a winter bacon litter competition open to all bona fide Saskatchewan farmers. The competition is expected to show that this province can produce for market during the winter months large, uniform litters of select bacon hogs, and that such production can be placed on a profitable basis.

Medicine Hat, Alta.—The directors of the Medicine Hat Chamber of Commerce have decided to hold another horse sale next spring. The success of the one held earlier this year convinced them that the city is a favorable centre for the bringing together of buyer and seller.

Edmonton, Alta.—According to the latest annual census figures for the year 1932, more than $28,000,000 are invested in 159 Edmonton manufacturing concerns, which employ 4,084 persons and pay upwards of $5,000,000 a year in wages. Expenditure by the city's industries for manufacturing materials amounted to $10,848,766 while the output of factories and shops was estimated at $20,128,405.

Invermere, B.C.—An official report concerning the growth and evolution of the Lincoln canning pea—which took first prize at the recent World's Grain Exhibition and Conference at Regina and which was grown at the Windermere Experimental Station—shows that the stock now available traces back to samples supplied in 1920 by Mr. T. H. Lincoln, Boston, Lincolnshire, England. Careful cultivation from this sample has resulted in some remarkable crops, including the 30-pound sample of hand-threshed peas that attracted so much attention at the Regina Exhibition.

Victoria, B.C.—With a large output of copper, gold, lead, silver and zinc, British Columbia's production of metallic minerals in the first half of 1933 reached a total of $9,168,578. The addition of $2,393,372 in coal and $175,762 in other non-metallic minerals brought the total up to $11,737,712. In the metallics group copper accounted for $1,139,340; gold, $2,240,682; lead, $2,740,032, silver, $1,145,333; zinc, $1,807,653.

Letter to Santa Claus on Discovering that Christmas Comes on a Wednesday

I'd like a Mediterranean cruise
And a sable coat
And some velvet shoes.

I'd love a couple of million dollars
And some silk nightgowns
With real lace collars.

I'd like a touch of spring in the air
And a brand-new face
And coal-black hair.

But most of all a convincing cough
That will get me Monday
And Tuesday off!

—From "Out of My Head," by Margaret Fishback.

The average family of the professional and middle classes in Gt. Britain consists of just over two children.

England's record hot day was in August, 1911, when the temperature in London touched 100 in the shade.