

Personal Glimpses of Other Lands

The past week or so we have had the privilege of perusing letters from folks with whom most of our readers are acquainted, written to friends in Acton. We would like to publish them in full, but will give extracts from these letters, descriptive of conditions in which these folks are visiting. No doubt you will enjoy them as much as we did.

From Liverpool, England, Mrs. George W. Benton's sister, writes a letter full of interest. Miss B. Burns is an exchange teacher from Canada and writes under date of January 20th:

"Well, I'm once more a resident of Liverpool. I was to begin home teaching yesterday, but on account of the huge winter we have been having here the schools are closed for two days. The weather has been very cold and over the week-end two feet or more of snow fell—that is two feet on the level—snow banks six feet high. They say it is a hundred years since the likes of it has been known here. Mr. Lynch thinks the world must be coming to an end. It's most amusing to see everyone in it. You see they are not prepared for this—no snow plows, no shovels, no nothing—and of course they wouldn't invest and store for the next hundred years. As a result the whole city is tied up. We got on a tram car Saturday night at 9.30 and arrived home at 10 to 12—a twenty minute ride in normal times. The lady I sat next said she had been on from seven p.m. It was very cold and a sleety snow was falling, plus a very cold wind.

The radio announced heavy snowfalls 'somewhere in England.' I believe it has been general. To say it is still freezing and slushy snow, about a foot deep, on the streets. See, they don't shovel away (too much, I guess). They are expecting a thaw which should have come directly after the snow fall.

Monday a.m.—No tram cars; no buses; no taxis. People just didn't move out. I walked to the school—around ten, to find no school for two days.

How's the weather in Canada? There is positively no shortage of food here, and that's not propaganda. The stores are packed and you can buy any amount. As far as that goes, you would never know there was a war."

From St. Petersburg, Florida, Rev. I. M. Moyer wrote to Mr. A. T. Brown of conditions there, as follows:

"How thankful we are to-day that the cold spell is over and the weather is getting mild again. You people are enjoying the nice warm weather, while for the last three weeks we have been freezing. It has been the longest cold spell ever known in Florida and results have been disastrous to fruit and vegetable growers. On Saturday and Sunday evenings, January 27th and 28th, the thermometer registered here, and even as far south as Miami and Key West, from 28 to 30 degrees, destroying all vegetables, such as tomatoes, beans, also flowers, shrubs, flowering hedges; and damaging orange and grapefruit crops to the extent of millions of dollars in Florida alone. In Texas, Alabama, Louisiana, Georgia, etc., the damage is even greater.

We northerners minded the cold at 30 to 40 degrees here more than we do in Ontario when mercury is down to 20 or even 10 degrees. This damp, salty air just plagues you. The homes here are only shacks, not built to keep out cold. It is not supposed to get cold. And many have no proper means of heating. Have had to pile more covers on the bed at night than at home, and still we were cold. For the past week or more we have gone back to heavy winter underwear, heavy suits, overcoats, and with many others, have been wearing spats. The break came this morning and in a week or more we will be going to the beaches to bathe.

For the past two weeks the schools of Miami and many other places, have been closed—not having any heating system. It was too cold for the children. Tonight for tea we had a fine mess of fish—given to us by our landlady. They were smelt—not like our big fish by that name, but these are more the size of our speckled trout. There was a warm water fish. The cold weather numbed them so that they could not swim. People have picked them out of the water with their hands by basketfuls. It is a closed season for net fishing, but there is no law against catching them with the hands.

As to the cost, if you plan carefully, it is not high. If I were to go to Toronto, rent a room at Royal York or King Edward hotels, or get a high class apartment in a seclusive district, then get all meals at best restaurants, it would cost plenty. So it does here, and that is what many people do. But having our cottage, with all conveniences, we have a quieter life—make our own choices as to what we will do: enjoy the bright sunshine and the clear, pure air, and are only five minutes away from what we want to see downtown."

Ex-Rieve C. H. Harrison, who is wintering in the south has had a trip to Cuba, and writes the editor of some of the things of interest there. The date is February 12th:

"We had a wonderful trip to this tropical country. Everything was so different to our way of living that it made it very interesting. There sure is one true saying, and that is that one half the world does not know how the other half lives. While there are piles of wealth in the city of Havana, yet no one can ever have any idea of living in

poverty until you have driven through the rural part of Cuba and see the huts, supplied by the city, for their poor, to live in.

We arrived in Havana on Sunday night, about 5.30 p.m. Had our dinner at the Ingleters Hotel, where we had registered for our week's visit. After dinner, we stepped out into the street to find out what it was all about. This was Sunday night and it is the real night in the week when the Cubans make whoopee. Everything was wide open, and practically every other place of business seems to be a drinking den. The streets were packed with people, yelling their heads off. There is to be a Federal election here in May, and there were candidates speaking in the park. All night long it kept up.

The hotel we stayed at was built 100 years ago, and it is where the Spanish Royalty stayed when in Cuba. My room did not have a glass window, and the ceiling was 24 feet high. Not a rug on the floor in the whole hotel, but all marble floors. There was one man in the hotel could understand English and that was the head waiter. The dining room opened right on the street and there never was one minute but what we had three musicians, singing and playing at the entrances. And could they sing or play. It was wonderful. Of course it was all in Spanish, but the harmony was great.

We had good meals all the week we were there, with the exception of one meal, and that was when the head waiter asked us the privilege of letting him choose our meals for the week. We were sure done the Spanish way. Our first course consisted of spiced meats and bologna. I ate a couple of ribs and that was enough for me. The next course was black bean soup, and it was so much like tar that it was impossible to tell the difference, only in taste. The next course consisted of fried chicken, all covered up with corn and rice, and full of peppers, pimientos, and other spiced vegetables. That was terrible, and to make it worse, the whole mixture was soaked in olive oil.

On Monday we took in a trip in a motor launch across the Bay to Morro Castle. This was one of their old forts, built in pirate days. The whole city is surrounded with forts. In the afternoon we visited the wealthy cathedral, the cemetery where they bury everyone on top of the ground, the tropical gardens, with every flower in beautiful bloom, and the large tropical trees. It was a beautiful place, and beer was served to all. We were taken through the largest cigar factory and also the largest rum distillery. That evening we attended the Spanish Club, with its membership at 43,000, at a cost of \$2.00 per month, for all recreation. It was a gorgeous building, with its marble floors and vast chandeliers and painted ceilings and walls.

The next morning we visited the \$27,000,000 capital building and it is some building. We think we are over-governed in Canada, with our 245 members in the House of Commons and a population of around 12,000,000, but Cuba, with a population of 4,000,000, has 162 Congressmen and 43 in the Senate. The Congressmen receive \$3,000 per year salary, and also \$3,000 per year living allowance. They have three Negro members of Congress, but they can never become Senators or Presidents. Then we visited Chinatown and the shopping district.

The next day we took a coast to coast trip and visited the Carribean Sea at Batabano. This is where you get a glimpse of how the other half of the world lives. Of all the villages we passed through, we never saw a house or hut that had a window with a glass in it. It was simply iron bars and the sun shone in between the bars.

We visited three of such huts, and they certainly house the whole family, along with the milk, goat, black pigs and hens and chickens. They are all under the same roof. We saw pineapple, banana, yuca and sugar cane growing, acres and acres of each, owned by the wealthy in the city, and worked by the very poor living in the villages.

That night we visited the Casino, which is the second largest in the world, and only slightly smaller than Monte Carlo. It is very interesting, with its very narrow streets and the beggars and junk salesmen on the streets.

Altogether it was a very interesting trip, and well to go and see, but deliver me from living there. I was glad to get back to the U.S.A., and will still be more glad to get back to Canada.

We are having beautiful weather here now, only it is very hot."

A QUEER BIRD

Owls' eyes are different from those of most other creatures, since they are fixed in the "sockets" by strong muscles and cannot move. This would mean that the birds would be greatly at the mercy of their enemies if Nature had not arranged some way of balancing matters. What she has done is to allow the owl to turn its head round in almost a complete circle, without moving its body at all.

TRUE ENOUGH

"A man's occupation affects his attitude in general." "Sure; just compare the manners of a salesman with those of a purchasing agent!"

APPOINTED TO SENATE



CHARLES B. HOWARD
Sherbrooke, Quebec



L. ATHANASE DAVID
Montreal, Quebec



NORMAN McL. PATERSON
Fort William, Ontario



SALTER A. HAYDEN
Toronto, Ontario

A SHARER MYSTERY

Little Winnie had evidently been thinking hard as she sat on mother's knee before the fire. Presently she asked: "Mother, why did you marry Daddy?" Mother looked at her sadly, and sighed. "So you've begun to wonder, too, have you?"

PROGRESS INDICATED

"Are you sure she intends to marry him?" "Absolutely! Just the other night I heard her correcting his grammar."

RATHER CHILLING

Joan—I'm sorry, I quite forgot your party last night. "Jill—Oh, weren't you there?"

FOOD BY THE TON

The daily use of foodstuffs to feed an army division of, for instance, 16,000 men, takes on gigantic proportions. Eight tons each of beef, bread and potatoes, one ton of jam, another of butter, as well as 28 pounds of pepper are required.

WHAT A LIFE!

Manager interviewing applicant for job—And how long have you been out of work? Applicant—Well, I couldn't just say, sir. I've lost my birth certificate.

A TOUCHY FELLOW

"What do you mean by saying that Henry is a three-liter man?" "Oh, he's always giving his friends L.O.U.'s."

Letters to the Editor

Dear Free Press: Some time ago I was warned not to make my letter too long or I'd run out of material, and I wonder sometimes just what I can say that's authentic and still interesting.

But, in thinking it over, they say, "An Irishman for wit; a Scotsman for thought; an Englishman to stick" and "a Yankee to take a chance." Now, my mother was born in Canada, of Scotch and Irish parents; my father was born in England, of English and Scotch parents, and I was born in U.S.A., but lived in Canada all my life, except for the first few months. Now, isn't that some mixture. But it must account for the lingo I hand out occasionally.

But, after all, anyone these days who is observant and can read and understand, has great advantages, and I get so much good, just from being observant, then writing about it in this way. A farmer hasn't quite the same advantages as one who travels around more, but we have our angles of usefulness, too.

Even though not actively engaged in farming while living at Limehouse, I was always sympathetic and chored around here and there, to keep my hand in and in shape. Went to the shows, where good horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry and produce were exhibited, and now, since coming here and being actively engaged, I find there's a lot more to farming than I ever dreamed. It would be out of place to enumerate some of the things, but all the farmers, and some others who have been, will understand. But one thing is a well cow, and another is a sick one. We had one last week, and when first noticed we decided the veterinary was out of the question. We tried that twice and the cow died both times, and a healthy bill had to be paid each time. So decided this time a good healthy dose of salts was first, so we remembered a friend saying nothing less than two pounds. So in the pan it went, and then into a bottle and, after some difficulty, it was administered through the mouth. Waited five hours and no result.

The supply was exhausted, so I went to village and got more, and followed same procedure with two additional pounds. Waited another 12 hours and still no result.

Well, we became anxious and instead of salts, we went again to the village and got some of a well-known medicine—2 one pound packages. Before we finished the sick cow was given both packages. We got results, and I think she'll live too, as she's commencing to eat and drink again. Our experience reminds me of a veterinary who was appealed to by telephone for a remedy for a sick calf, and not hearing properly, thought it was a sick calf, and prescribed two pounds of salts.

The lady thanked him and proceeded to doctor her cat. A few hours after, she and the lady said "calf, why what calf? Why, says the vet, the one you gave the salt to. Why, she says, it wasn't a calf, it was a cat. Well, he said, where is it now. She said, out in the back yard, with eight others. Four are digging and four are covering.

We're having real nice winter weather. A nice lot of snow came after Christmas to cover the ground, and make good sleighing. It has also been easy to keep the highway open. So that those who are close enough, or have a place to keep their car or truck at the highway, have been able to go any time.

For my experience with winter driving, it's too costly and uncomfortable, and we put our car away after Christmas, and have used horses and train since. A lot of folk still drive to market and think it a convenience. But even driving isn't convenient some times, as one man living a few miles from us discovered. He drove up Saturday morning about 6.00 miles, arriving there before 6.00 a.m. The market space was being moved into winter quarters and was at a premium, and of course there were considerable adjustments necessary to make room. In the commotion our neighbor forgot to remove the keys from his truck loaded with 3 crates of eggs, 150 pounds dressed poultry, a dressed carcass each of beef and pork and some bags of vegetables, and after just a few minutes' absence, and after having his stall allotted, he went to get his produce and truck, but all had disappeared. Of course the police were notified, but a good getaway truck was found empty and abandoned, over in Quebec, late Sunday. Those who go on the train haven't that anxiety and nuisance to contend with. Paid trucks meet the train and take the produce right to the market, and it's there to accept it as unloaded, so I say to drive one's own vehicle isn't always a convenience.

The market hasn't been so good this fall, due principally to reduced staffs in the mines and unrest for fear of a lay-off among those who are still working. Buying is curtailed and in spite of advanced prices on numbers of commodities, prices of farm produce are not in accord. But possibly before long, this condition will be balanced.

When we came here the stock was a good grade of Holstein cattle, and during the four years we have tried to keep them good. But ever-changing conditions have made the returns questionable. We haven't (so called) modern sanitary equipment, and that seems a necessary factor in supplying a dairy product. Compulsory pasteurizing is law, and dairy butter is no longer wanted. This, in turn, is intended to drive the cream producer to the creamery. But my experi-

ence is lots of work for little returns, so we decided, this fall, to change breeds, and as our cows freshened we sold them, till we had enough to buy others. Then we went and looked for the best we could buy at the price we had to pay. We got four pure-bred registered Shorthorns, due to freshen. Then our next problem was a sire, and lo and behold, we found a lovely young animal for sale at beef price, but eligible for registration, from excellent stock. The owner agreed to get the papers and make the transfer and gave me the honor to name him, and, believe me, it is an honor. So he is to be "Thornoe" Chief, and his name will be among all those famous ones, owned by Duncan Campbell, Amos & Sox, S. E. Griffin, Pearson, Swackhamer, etc.

Who knows, he might be father or grandfather, or great-great-great to some great male or female in the future. Now, I think this sufficient for this time.

Cordially yours,
R. W. JOHNSON.
R. R. No. 1, Thornloe.

RIDDLES

Why is the letter "E" like despair?
It is the end of hope.
Why is a tight-rope walker popular?
He is always on cord (encored).
Everything has what a pudding has.
What is it?
A name.
Which flower does a shoemaker like best?
Lady's slipper.

Canadian Educator Honored at Temple



Dr. Robert C. Wallace, Principal of Queen's University, Kingston, received his honorary Doctor of Laws degree from Dr. Charles E. Beury, President of Temple University, at the mid-year-commencement ceremonies at Temple, in Philadelphia.

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