The Georgetown Herald

Sixty-Sixth Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, July 6th, 1932. | $1.50 per Annum in Advance; $2.00 to U.S.A.

The Georgetown Herald
J. M. MOORE
Publisher and Proprietor
Member Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

C.N.R. Time Table

(Standard Time)

Going East	
Passenger and Mail	10.20 a.m.
Passenger	2.39 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.30 p.m.
Passenger, stops for passengers going East and Toronto	9.55 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	2.39 p.m.
Passenger	8.12 p.m.
Passenger	9.55 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger and Mail	7.25 a.m.
Passenger	8.54 a.m.
Passenger	2.08 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.25 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	8.31 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.22 p.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8.55 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6.28 p.m.

ARROW
INCREASED **BUS** SERVICE
Eastern Standard Time

Westbound
8.55 a.m. 10.55 a.m. 12.55 a.m.
3.55 p.m. 5.55 p.m. (8.25 p.m. Sat. only) (9.55 p.m. daily except Sat.) (11.55 p.m. Saturday only)

Eastbound
6.15 a.m. daily except Sun. 9.50 a.m.
1.15 p.m. 4.40 p.m. (6.07 p.m. stops only on flag signal) 9.15 p.m.
8.15 p.m. Sundays and Holidays only.

Reduced Fares to Holders of Season Tickets
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LONG'S

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Georgetown, Ontario
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Offices—O'Neill Block, Georgetown
Telephone 158

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COLLECTIONS

A Bouquet from a Brampton Client

"Your services have been greatly appreciated, results extremely gratifying. Can't stress my thanks too highly."
June 10, 1932.

We can help you with your collection troubles too.

Kelly & Aiken
The Reliable Collectors
ORANGEVILLE, ONTARIO

BOOST CANADIAN TOURIST TRADE

The following paragraph is going the rounds of the Canadian press:

"The French, Germans, Cubans, Italians, Swiss and a dozen other people are actively engaged in competing for the American tourist trade. This year steamship fares have been reduced to so low a level that Canada must face competition from tourist resorts across the Atlantic. Then why not make a virtue of the Atlantic shipping fares, and attract more tourists to Canada from Europe this summer? Canada needs the tourist, our shipping companies need the passengers."

The World's Grain Exhibition and Conference to open in July at Regina will be Canada's big tourist attraction next year. A boost for the World's Grain Show of 1933 will be a Boost to the tourist trade.

It was past midnight. "I wish I had money," droped the boy. "I'd travel." "Well," said she, reaching for her purse, "how much do you need?"

"Why don't you go and find a job," demanded the boy's father. "When I was your age I was working as a shop assistant at ten dollars a week, and in five years I owned the shop." "It can't be done nowadays, dad; they have cash registers."

"SALADA" ICED TEA is delicious
(Write Salada, Toronto, for excellent recipe) 248

OTTAWA
AND RETURN
FRIDAY, JULY 15th — BARGAIN FARE SPECIAL

Going:
Friday, July 15th
Lv.: 2.39 6.30 p.m.
Ar.: 11.40 p.m. 6.30 a.m.
Fri. Sat.
Tickets good in coaches only. No baggage checked.

$5.00
Children 5 years and under 12, half fare.

Returning:
On all regular trains July 16th and 17th—also on special train 6.00 p.m., leaving Ottawa, Saturday, July 16th for Toronto. Bargain rates for room and meals at "Chateau Laurier" Hotel.

See Canada's Capital arrayed for the Empire Economic Conference. Parliament Bldgs., Peace Tower, Royal Mint, etc.
Take the children for an inspiring trip of a lifetime!
STANDARD TIME
Secure tickets and information from Town and Depot Ticket Offices.
T-72
Canadian National

The Cool Way to Cook in Summer!

With a Silent Glow Range Burner in your present kitchen range, you can get heat when you want it, and then turn it off when your cooking is finished. A coal fire heats up your kitchen between meals and wastes fuel, besides making all kinds of extra work from dirt and ashes.
More than 125,000 homes have chosen Silent Glow because it is the no-trouble burner. It *lights quicker, gives more heat* and *burns less oil* than any other range burner. Fits your Quebec heater or furnace too. Let us show you the "Reversflo" oil filter, the "Microfeed" Valve and other patented and exclusive Silent Glow features that assure you dependable service for cooking and heating.

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OIL BURNER
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Approved by National Board of Fire Underwriters
Makers also of Pilgrim Heaters for your home, summer cottage or garage; and Silent Glow Power Burners for large residences, schools, churches, etc. 108
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WHY SUFFER WITH STOMACH DISORDERS
SUCH AS
Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Overacidity, Sour Stomach, Distress after Eating, Heartburn, or Fluttering of the Heart Caused by Gas. Use
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A harmless Antacid powder specially prepared for the relief of such trouble.
THE FIRST DOSE GIVES INSTANT RELIEF
LARGE BOX 50c
Sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded
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Rings that Signify
We are featuring Rings that will mean something momentous to the fortunate women who acquire them. They are Rings designed by master craftsmen whose efforts are centered on producing a limited number of unusual creations each year. This will be evident when you view our offerings. The prices signify an opportunity!
Expert Repairs Watchmaker
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Choice Meats, Poultry, Butter and Eggs at Right Prices
WE DELIVER EVERY SATURDAY—PHONE GEORGETOWN 141 r 11
N. A. ROBINSON — Butcher — NORVAL, ONT.

SEND THEM TO BED WITH A KISS

O mothers, so weary, discouraged,
Worn out with the cares of the day,
You often grow cross and impatient,
Complain of the noise and the play;
For the day brings so many vexations,
So many things going amiss;
But, mothers, whatever may vex you,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

The dear little feet often wander,
Perhaps, from the pathway of right,
The dear little hands find new mischief
To try you from morning till night;
But think of the desolate mothers
Who'd give all the world for your bliss;
And, as thanks for your infinite blessings,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

For, some day their noise will not vex you,
The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for their sweet childish voices,
For a sweet childish face at the door;
And to press a child's face to your bosom,
You'd give all the world for just this!
For the comfort I will bring you in sorrow,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

BOB'S "ZEPHYR OF A SCRAP"

By E. E. Harriman

"BOB," said Abe Fletcher to one of his 'cow-punchers,' a red-haired young giant with a square jaw and blue eyes that had a twinkle of humor in them, "you ketch that eleven-forty and get over to Wolford's after that three-year-old bull I bought. Get him in a car by himself, and you can stay with him. Don't take him in a box car if you can get a cattle car; it's too hot in a box. Keep him tied in one end and you bunk in the other end so you can see him. I guess you know a six-hundred-dollar bull is worth looking after."

Bob caught the eleven-forty and started after the bull.

"I ain't struck on this bein' a valet to a Hereford bull that ain't been dehorned yet," said Bob to frank Marcy who rode over to the station with him, "but it's better than fence building and that's the alternative if I stayed."

It was three hundred and sixty miles to Wolford's, and the train crossed the pass at an elevation of six thousand feet. The journey would take Bob down among the orange groves of San Bernadino, and he was glad of a change from the plains of Nevada.

The ride to Wolford's was entirely uneventful. Bob, who disliked inaction, yawned many times and wished himself back with the fence gang. But at last the train brought him to his destination. He got off at the station and walked the two miles to the Wolford ranch. At sight of the neat barn and stables, the painted fences and the attractive bungalow, he woke up a little. He had never seen a ranch like that on his side of the mountains.

Mr. Wolford made Bob welcome and told him to look around all he wished. The main business of the ranch was dairying and selling blooded stock. To Bob, who had been raised on a stock ranch of the old style, the Wolford ranch, ran on modern scientific principles, was a revelation. He watched the electric milkers in dumb amazement, and was astonished to observe that before the cow was milked, the men brushed her sides and washed and dried her udder.

About ten o'clock the next morning the station agent telephoned that the cattle car had been set in on the switch, but Mr. Wolford decided not to load Plutto, the bull, until the afternoon. The train that was to pick up the car was not due until a quarter after five, and there was no use in making the bull stand in the car any longer than was necessary. By the end of his journey the beast would be tired enough of his quarters.

About half past three Mr. Wolford rode out of his gate, holding the rope that was fast to Plutto's nose ring; Bob rode behind on a borrowed horse. They let the bull take his own gait to the station for they wished to humor the beast in every way possible, so that he would be in an aimable mood on the trip. The loading chute did not dismay the animal in the least, and he was soon standing in a thick straw carpet, tied in one end of the car. In the other end, on a lot of loosely piled straw, Bob spread his blankets.

At twenty minutes after five the car rolled out on the main line at the rear of a heavy freight train. Bob tried to establish friendly relations with his travelling companion, and, for awhile he talked to the bull and scratched his neck; he found the beast quite ready to accept his little attentions. When Bob tired of that, he sat on his blankets and sang three of four of the lugubrious songs that cowboys delight in. Even that amusement palled on him after forty or fifty verses, and he lay back with his hands under his head. He could see the stars through the openwork sides of the cattle car.

"We ain't goin' to lack for oxygen, my ol' bullygen," he remarked to Plutto. "G'night, you white-faced hyprocrite, pretendin' you like this kind of travellin'."

Pulling the blankets over himself Bob yawned widely and loudly and was asleep before his teeth clicked together.

Clanking along the grades the engine toiled and snorted through the night. So long as the train kept moving, Bob, sleeping in the cattle car, heard not a sound; but every time the train stopped, his eyes fairly flew open, and he stayed awake until the train was moving again. At those times he always took a look at Pluto.

Well along in the night the train pulled its heavy length up to the level at the head of the pass and there found a signal to stop. The whistle yelled and screeched staccato notes across the ridges among the peaks and canons, and the brakes squealed complainingly.

"Pluto, old boy, this isn't no station," said Bob, unrolling himself from his blankets and going to the side door, which he pushed open. "By golly, the summit of the pass! what in time has hit us now."

He jumped to the ground, and, reaching backward, pulled the door shut, then he struck off up the track to where he could see two lanterns bobbing beside the train. He found the conductor and two brakemen talking with another man, who proved to be the signalman from a wreck that lay half a mile ahead.

"She bucked plunk cross the right of way and lies there all mixed up, waiting for the wrecker," The signalman was saying. "The wrecker ought to be along in an hour, and then it will take a couple more to clear the track. You boys might as well set a signal and take a nap. I'm going to crawl into the bushes for a moose right now."

As Bob stood listening the conductor turned his lantern on him.

"Who the dickens are you?" he demanded.

"Jest the cow-punch actin' as valet to the bull in the rear car."

"Oh, yes, I remember you now! I didn't recognize you at first."

So Bob came into theringo flight and sat on the ground with them. Thoroughly happy and care free, he talked and laughed with the trainmen told stories of the plains, and listened to others of wrecks and adventures from their railway experiences; the time passed quickly and pleasantly. After an hour or so they heard sounds from below that told them that the wrecker was at work. Then the signalman came out of the bushes and, picked up his lantern, walked off to his wrecked train. After another long wait the signals from the wrecker engine told them that the track was clear; the conductor looked at his watch and turned to Bob.

"Hit the grit for your palace car. We're going to move right pronto. Can you flip her if she is rolling a bit?"

"Sure, Mike!" said Bob. "Let her roll!"

He started to run back alongside the train. The clank of the couplings and the jar as the train started came when he was not more than a third of the way, and he ran faster. He knew that he should have to reach high to get a grip on the side of the car, and that he must not let go his grip when he once got it. By the faint moonlight he could see the cattle car coming to meet him; he stopped short, wrecked and began to run with the train. When the cattle car overtook him he reached up and caught the latticed side.

As he drew his body up he noticed for the first time that the side door which he had shut, was standing half open. He could see the bull with his white face turned toward him, and felt thankful that the creature was still safe and sound, but he could not imagine how the door had gotten open.

Shifting his weight a little to one side, he slipped in through the door. Then he saw that the bull was greatly excited. Yanking the door shut and fastening it, at the same time, he started toward the beast; but he had taken only a step of two when a sound from the other end of the car made him turn.

Beside his blanket stood a bear, growling and showing its white teeth. Bob felt his red hair rising, and panic almost seized him. He looked away toward the bull, but when he came within reach of the excited animal, which was now bellowing in thunderous tones, the creature gave a quick thrust forward and thrust viciously with his horns.

One horn caught the seat of Bob's overalls and flung him against the side of the car. The shock woke him from his daze, and he knew what to do. Stepping quickly in close to Pluto he unsnapped the line from the nose ring. Now that the bull was free he became more confident and, stepping out farther from the side, lowered his head and pawed the straw. The bear started to rise on its haunches, changed its mind and, growling fiercely, waddled toward Pluto.

"Oh, if I only had a six-gun!" groaned Bob. "If I get out of this I'll never be ketched without one again."

He ran his hands through his pockets, and his fingers touched a clasp knife. It was not much of a weapon with which to fight a bear, but it was better than nothing.

Opening the knife, he stepped close to Pluto. Teamwork was the only thing that would count now.

When the bear reached the middle of the floor, Pluto charged. As the bull went forward with his tail held high, the bear started to rise on its haunches in order to have its forearms free for striking. But it was too slow. The bull hit the great beast with its left shoulder at the base of the neck and knocked it fairly over on the other side. Bob heard the bear snarl with rage and pain as the bull pressed his advantages with heavy strokes of his hard white horns. Then came the sounds of heavy slaps as the bear struck at the bull's neck. In sudden panic, Bob realized that one of those slaps might break the bull's powerful neck. He thought not so much of his own danger if he were left alone with the bear as of the fact that he must save the bull, which was in his charge.

Clasping the knife handle he sailed in. As he threw his body forward, he struck—and struck hard. he felt the blade go home, and quickly drew it back for another stroke. The train had hit the down grade now and was fast gathering speed; the cattle car was rocking and lurching, the fighters nearly rolled in a heap. Three times Bob struck before he received any hurt; then a paw came down across his right forearm and the claws tore long slits in his flesh.

Thankful that the blow had not made him drop his knife, he shifted it to his left hand and again threw himself into the fight. As he struck and gouged, he could see the white face of the bull swing from side to side; then the face grew dark with blood that flowed from the bull and the bear. The whole fight seemed one great hideous round of snarls, bellows, growls and yelps. Bob's arm rose and fell twice more; then he forgot everything.

When the train stopped at a siding to switch two carloads of ranch machinery and supplies, a brakeman held a lantern at the side door of the cattle car. What he saw made him shout to the conductor and the other brakeman. They opened the door and carried the red-headed "cow-puncher" toward the caboose; then they tied up a badly scratched bull and looked curiously at a bloody mass of fur that had onite been a bear weighing seven hundred pounds.

When the doctor had finished sewing and patching and sterilizing the claw cuts on Bob's arms, and the two that ran all the way from the back of his head to his shoulder blades, the "cow-puncher's" blue eyes peered at him from among the bandages. "Well doc," Bob chuckled, "it was sure some zephyr of a scrap."

WHY NOT TO GEORGETOWN?

The railways are getting good business by advertising cheap week-end excursions to Toronto from all along their lines. Why not have cheap week-end trips from Toronto to all outlying points? People would be glad to get out of the city to visit their friends and to spend a quiet day in the towns, villages and country places, if tempted by cheap fares. It would also be safer, cheaper and less tiring than making long auto trips, and should help to fill up the trains both ways.

It is suggested that our Town Council and Business Men's Association should take up the matter with a view to bringing some of the city dollars to the town, instead of having the tide flowing all the other way.

The Passing of the Crossroads Store

The loafers, seated on the long benches before a New Hampshire country store, stopped their whittling and desultory gossip and indolently sat up. Even the farmers horses, nuzzling their soft noses in the three gnawed and weather-beaten feed trough raised their heads. An important event was about to happen, for the stage-coach which carried the mail and an occasional passenger to the mountain village was due on one of its tri-weekly trips. The rattle of the huge wagon and the clipclop of the horses' feet sounded down the narrow, dusty road.

With a flourish of the whip and a steadying of reins that almost swung the leaders to their haunches, the driver brought the stage to a standstill. He flung off the leather bag, and the storekeeper, who combined the duties of postmaster with those of village trader, carried it inside the dimly lighted store. There was an excited buzz of expectancy as the few letters from the outside world were sorted. The storekeeper, however, was not allowed to read his two letters from Boston! He owed his community another duty. Since he was the only man in town who subscribed to a newspaper, he must first read to the assembled group the news.

The storekeeper himself was a man of parts. Shrewd at a bargain, keen-minded, just, kindly, he was a leader in the vicinity. Among his neighbors he was known as a rich man. His house was the largest in the village and boasted steel engravings and horsehair furniture in the parlor. He had sent his children away to school. His wife's black Sunday silk was rich and heavy. He was a deacon in the church, a justice of the peace, first selectman, chairman of the school committee, and had represented his town at the general court.

In 1840 he had opened a small general store. Now, in the sixties, he had taken his young son into the business, and had moved to larger quarters, taking it for granted that he would pass his trade down to his son and his son's son. He never thought of this village where his personality and individuality were so strongly felt, without his store.

Twice a year the storekeeper went to Boston to stock up. He was thrifty and careful in buying; blue drilling for overalls, thirty pieces of calico, hoop skirts and bustles, cotton thread knotted in "hanks", red and white spotted bandana handkerchiefs, cotton batting, "factory yarn," quaint buttons pieces of glassware made by that "new company down on Cape Cod", a few webs of lawn, a piece or two of sprigged muslin some webs of lace, needles, pins, an occasoinal piece of silk, hard candies for the children, as well as groceries, and hardware needed in the daily life of the village. Finally he added a few wallpapers.

The following years after the storekeeper's son had inherited his business found the village growing. Small lumber mills were bringing workers from outlying districts. Summer boarders were migrating in increasing numbers from the cities. The country store grew to meet demands.

Then appeared two factors which have sounded the knell of the general store as it was known twenty-five years ago—the automobile and the mail order house. There still remain stores, one is willing to admit, where everything is handled, from "knitting needles to plow points," but the crossroads store as it was, is soon to be a thing of the past.—From "About Antiques," by Ella Shannon Bowles.

THE MOTOR CAR ON THE FRONTIERS

So reliable and versatile are the automobiles of today that they are doing useful work not only on the highways of the metropolitan areas, but on the frontiers as well, where the pack trail used to be the only means of communication. This is particularly true in Canada, and is illustrated by the decision of Philip K. Saunders, well-known London and South African mining engineer, to use a Chevrolet truck for a tour of the mining areas of the Dominion. Engineer Saunders made his purchase from M. L. Leo, salesman of Chevrolet Motor Sales Company of Montreal, Limited. He chose a de luxe model and had it specially fitted with sleeping accomodation, a primus stove, and cooking facilities. The tour, on which Mr. Saunders will be accompanied by his wife, will cover all the leading mining camps of Canada, from the rocks of Rouyn, Quebec to the old Caribou trail in British Columbia.

AN ONTARIO HOLIDAY REGION

Georgian Bay, in reality a huge arm of lake Huron stretching far inland towards the Highlands of Ontario, is a magnificent sheet of water with a length of one hundred and twenty miles and an average width of about fifty miles. It is joined to its parent lake by two comparatively narrow ship channels, one to the north and one to the south of Manitoulin island. The entire shore line is broken up into hundreds of deep, sheltered bays and narrow inlets, while the surface of the bay is strewn with islands. All along the north-eastern shore, from Midland to Parry Sound and beyond, stretches an unbroken succession of islands, almost as numberless as the pebbles of the sea shore. "The 30,000 Islands of Georgian Bay" they are called, but already 48,000 are marked on Government charts, with hundreds more as yet unnamed. All shapes and sizes they are, but each is a masterpiece of Nature's art. Both as a fishing ground and as a general summer play-land the Georgian Bay country has many advantages.

PRINTERS MISTAKE HELPED

How a typographical error put over a C.N.R. excursion from Toronto to Detroit is told by the Toronto Mail and Empire. A few weeks ago, the Canadian National Railways had not the highest idea of running a bargain trip from Toronto to Detroit. The big idea was to entice some hundreds of Detroit people to Toronto with a cheap rate good for a week end and a formal announcement was made. But the announcement in the news columns of the Mail and Empire appearing inconspicuously read:—"from Toronto to Detroit." The ticket offices of the railway were besieged with telephone calls. Officials got angry, became frantic—and finally began to see light. The excursion was put on and more than 1,000 Toronto and Hamilton citizens boarded the train for Detroit. Railway officials congratulated the paper on "knowing when to do the wrong thing at the right time."

People who have brains most always get real value for their use.

JULY SIXTEEN WILL BE FARMERS' DAY AT OTTAWA

Mass Meeting in Coliseum at Exhibition Grounds

On Saturday morning, July 16, every road leading to Ottawa from Ontario and Quebec will provide its quota of motor cars coming from the rural townships to swell the ranks of the former's delegation. The farmers have some recommendations to make to the Government concerning the Empire Conference and they are going to the capital to speak for themselves. Every train will also bring additional numbers. When the farmers' special arrives from Ontario around 7.30 or 8 a.m. daylight saving time, Ottawa will awake to find that, for one day at least, agriculture will occupy the limelight. The Imperial Conference which has dominated the talk of the town for weeks will find itself subordinated to that of "The Farmer." Surely the breadwinner in an agricultural country like yours deserves that recognition and more.

Final arrangements are being completed for the farmers' "On to Ottawa" trip. Quebec farmers are joining with their Ontario neighbors. Each of the three prairie provinces is sending a spokesman to present its views. In fact, there is a possibility that Saskatchewan farmers will secure an excursion rate and bring down a representative group, and Manitoba may do likewise. The delegation is, therefore, rapidly taking on the form of a national movement. Undoubtedly agriculture has decided to speak its mind.

In Ottawa the farmers will gather at the Exhibition Park (also known as Lansdowne Park) and will hold a mass meeting in the Coliseum which has seating capacity for 8000 people. The meeting will open at 9.30 a.m. daylight saving time. The grounds surrounding the Coliseum provide ample parking space for motors. There will be a booth at the Coliseum where light lunches may be procured.

Four rest rooms—two for men and two for ladies—will be provided at the Chateau Laurier for farm people, which is just across the street from the station.

If programmes for the day's proceedings are prepared they will be distributed at the door of the hall.

FRESH EMPIRE-GROWN PEARS REACH CANADA FROM AUSTRALIA

Historians will be shocked. Several thousand Napoleons accompanied by several thousand Josephines recently disembarked here from the Canadian National freighter, Canadian Conqueror, after a voyage half wy round the world, 10,000 miles 72 days from Australia.

Apart from their names, the new comers are remarkable because they are not canned or dried. They are fresh pears, Empire-grown pears, the first to enter Canada from such a distance.

The shipment totals 90,000 pears in all. Other pear varieties included are beurrer bosc, a familiar name here; Packham's triumph, resembling the bartlett pear; Madame Cole; Lawrence and Keiffer. The shipment travelled in a refrigerated chamber and is said to be a marked advance in modern food transportation.

A WARNING THAT DID NOT WORK

Police in some provinces of the Dominion find their courses in traffic education cannot always be assimulated by motorists. A case in point in Ontario was made public about the time that one-eyed drivers were superseded by summonses. It was not the case of a warning being ignored, either. A motorist with one headlight was admonished and given the usual warning. He misunderstood, however, the constable's instructions to leave his license dumber, went to a garage and there took off his license plates, and left them with the garage man. Soon afterwards, travelling without license plates, he was stopped by another constable and sent back to get the plates.

BUILDING PASTURES

Ontario needs better pastures. This is apparent to anyone driving across the great pasture lands of the western part of the Provinbo at this time of the year. Where there should be good, luxuriant grass, in many cases, growth of inferior herbage is found.

When the Canadian farmer speaks of pastures, he has in mind three kinds. First, permanent pastures, which in the main consist of lands which have rarely been plowed, but have been in grass ever since the forest was cleared; second, land which has been under the plow but which has been sown to a mixture of grass and clovers and left as permanent pasture for a long period of years; third, grass land in the rotation from which, last year, hay was cut but which this year is left for pasture and next year will be plowed and sown to cultivated crops. This note deals with the first type of pasture only.

For the past three years, tests of the effect of dressing natural permanent pasture have been carried out by the Department of Chemistry, Ontario Agricultural College. A mineral application was made for a four year period and the nitrogen is applied annually in the spring. The first cutting results for 1932 are in accord with those harvested other years. The minerals alone show a material increase in clover in the early pasture, while the addition of nitrogen tends to increase the grass at the expense of the clover in the early pasturage. Later cuttings in pervious years show a material net increase in pasturage where nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash have been applied. At this date it is impossible to give a comparison of pasture days, since the stock have not, as yet, been over the entire fertilized and unfertilized areas. It is interesting to note that last year's records show an increase of almost 60% in pasture days where complete fertilizers were used, and 23% where minerals alone were applied.

In one pasture recently examined, evidence is accumulating as to the effectiveness of treating many of the permanent pastures. A splendid example occurs in south central Bruce where minerals were applied early in 1930 and supplemented with a dressing of nitrogen carrier shortly after. A week ago, just before the livestock were turned into the fertilized area, the clover which had almost taken possession of the area, stood nearly knee high and actual cuttings showed over six times the pasturage on the fertilized area as compared with the unfertilized. Such results have been noted in a number of cases.

Improved pasture means more beef and more milk at less cost per unit.

THE COUNTRY TOWN

I love a little country town,
With drowsy shaded streets,
Where there are few who know renown,
But each his neighbor greets.

Where daily at the old depot,
In sunshine or in rain,
The same old gang I used to know,
Await the daily train.

Where Fair day, with all its blare
And air of jollity,
Lures friendly folk from far and near
The wondrous sight to see.

I love its streets, its quiet ways,
Its buildings, old and new;
For there, in dear old golden days,
It was that I met you.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE law says: "Every occupant of land, or if the land is unoccupied, the owner, shall destroy all weeds designated noxious by the regulations as often in every year as is sufficient to prevent the ripening of seed." Weeds are unsightly and a public nuisance. Cut them, as well as the long grass on the street fronting your property, and do your part to make the town more attractive.

PEOPLE don't go into a store and ask for goods for nothing, but they often expect a newspaper's valuable white space for nothing. They don't order bags of flour that they pay for and expect bags of sugar free, yet they look for free reading notices with paid display advertisements. As Mr. J. A. Lambert used to say newspaper white space is the publisher's bread and butter. He gives away a lot of it in news in which there is no monetary interest to anyone, but when there is monetary interest direct or indirect, space is sold.

IN a statement of earnings just issued the net revenue of the Canadian National Railways for the month of May, 1932, showed an increase over the corresponding month last year of $29-1,105, or 60 per cent. The Canadian National Railways expenses of $731,-794, operating expenses having been reduced $4,260378, as compared with May, 1931. The full effects of the economies applied by the Management and the Board of Directors business situation, are perhaps more strikingly illustrated in the May earnings than in any other month to date. The operating expenses of the System in the year 1931, as compared with 1930, were reduced by $36,000,000 and the operating expenses in 1932 will, it is believed be at least $50,000,000 under the 1930 operating expenses.

CROP REPORT

Below will be found a brief synopsis of telegraphic reports received at the Head Office of the Bank of Montreal from its Branches.

Crops in every part of the Dominion have made rapid growth during the past week. Weather conditions have been favorable with no important setback reported from any district. Throughout the Prairie Provinces the growth of all grains has been hastened by the warm showery weather of the past two weeks. Wheat is now commencing to head and conditions generally are satisfactory. There is sufficient moisture for the present but general rain would be beneficial in southern Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Damage from pests is confined to scattered localities. In Quebec rains have benefited crops in practically every section. In Ontario good rains have occurred during the past week and all crops are making satisfactory progress. In the Maratime Provinces the outlook has been improved by rains and warmer weather and in British Columbia all crops are growing well.

Province of Ontario—Fall wheat is exceptionally heavy. Damage from smut and lodging is not important. Spring grains show average promise. In Western Ontario cutting of a heavy hay crop is under way. In the Eastern section the yield will be light. Canning peas, which are in small acreage, show only fair promise. The yield of strawberries has been heavy. The condition of other small fruits is promising. Apples suffered a heavy June drop and the outlook is for a yield under average. Pastures are in a satisfactory condition. The stand of tobacco on the whole is good but high winds have caused some damage to plants on high lands.

CANADIAN STAMPS

Intricate Process of Engraving and Printing Described

More than 1,400,000,000 Canadian postage stamps were used last year, and if they were placed side by side they would stretch a distance of 19,-750 miles, it was stated in the course of an address by Mr. C. G. Cowan, vice-president of the British American Bank Note Company, printers of stamps for the Dominion Government, delivered at the eighth annual banquet of the St. Lawrence Stamp Collectors' Club of Montreal. About ninety tons of paper were used in the manufacture of these stamps, which were stuck on 1,400,000,000 envelopes with thirty-five tons of glue.

The intricate process of engraving and printing postage stamps was described step by step by the speaker, who pointed that the first Canadian stamp was printed in Canada in 1868. There are two methods used, the surface and recessed. The first method is used for printing stamps on postal cards, while all the Canadian stamps are made by the second process which permits sharper and finer work.

In the recessed process the design is first cut on soft steel, reversed. Then the die is hardened and the design is transferred to a roll from which plates are made. The plates are machined and bent until they will fit the rollers of the press. The stamp paper is then run through the presses and receives the imprint of the design, following which it receives a coating of glue on the reverse side and then is cut into squares of four hundred stamps ready for delivery. Proofs are made of the stamp at different intervals to ensure a perfect product.

Mr. Cowan had proofs of new Canadian stamps which will be placed in circulation soon. A new 13-cent stamp bears a picture of the Citadel at Quebec, colored in green. A new one-dollar stamp represents a mountain peak in the Canadian Rockies, while other issues represent agricultural scenes. The pictures on these stamps are engraved from diminished photographs.