

**YES!**  
Cars do need attention in the hot weather

Road dust and grime get into all parts of your motor more quickly than in cooler weather. Blazing sun blisters the paint and checks the top.

**WHAT TO DO TO OVERCOME THIS DESTRUCTION**

1. Change your Oil at least every 500 miles.
2. If you are driving very much have your car greased at least every 2 weeks during August.

Let us dress the top of your car with high-grade Top Dressing. The cost is only \$1.00 and it will save the top on your car.

We also do Simonizing at reasonable prices. It will save the finish of your car.

Install a new Fan Belt and we make no extra charge for flushing out radiator at the same time.

For "Safety's Sake" let us keep in order your, BRAKES, STEERING, HEADLIGHTS, ETC.

**Speight's Garage**  
"BRAKE SPECIALISTS"  
Georgetown  
Phone 279w



**"It's lovely honey—how much do you want?"**

All her neighbors wonder how Ed. Baker's wife gets such good prices for her honey. But Mrs. Baker's secret is simple. She sells by Long Distance telephone.

"It's lovely honey this summer," she telephones to the hotel in town. "Yes—I'll deliver by the end of the week."

Long Distance is quick, easy to use—and profitable.

**Special Summer Display**  
of  
**Trimmed Hats**  
and  
**Sport Hats**  
at greatly Reduced Prices.  
**MISSIS CLARIDGE**  
Upstairs Herald Block

**Counter Check Books**  
Get your supply of COUNTER CHECK BOOKS at "The Herald Office"

**THE COMMON LOT**  
I would not live my life apart in some sequestered place. I would not seek a favored tract in life's exacting race. But the common lot would share. And with my brethren do and dare.

I would not stand upon a peak in loveless solitude. No eminence would ever seek Where those may not intrude Who share the attributes which be The birthright of humanity.

The common lot is all I ask. The common road and air. The common fare, the common task. The common prize and goal—And yet I would, with might and main Uncommon, excellence attain.

**THE LAST STAND OF THE MUSK-OX**  
By W. J. Banks

ARCTIC America boasts an animal which for the purposes of domestication would combine many of the best points of cattle and sheep. It is the musk-ox, which is comparable to that of our familiar breeds of cattle. Though lighter than any but the smallest Welsh and Scottish cattle, the musk-ox weighs two or three times more meat per animal than the sheep, and the meat is of excellent quality. The wool is plentiful and though its value has not been definitely settled, it has been used to make socks and mitts for arctic wear.

And musk-oxen have other virtues which put them in a class by themselves in so far as utility in northern regions is concerned. No blizzard ever howled over the arctic prairies which was not enough to inconvenience a shelterless musk-ox herd. They are proof against slaughter by the demon killer of the north, the wolf. In fact, they are perhaps the only bivouac in the world which do not roam in search of pasture, so long as any food is at hand. A herd in plentiful pasture would not likely move five miles in a month; no fences or even cowbells would be needed by the musk-ox herds. Young musk-oxen are easily tamed; in fact, they are really tame to start with, and often voluntarily follow the men who have slain their parents. The bulls are not so apt to attack dangerously on scant provocation as those more familiar to us.

There are probably not more than ten or twelve thousand musk-oxen alive in the world to-day. Except for a thousand or so in Norway, Greenland and a few hundred on the northern Canadian mainland, they are all located on certain islands of the Canadian archipelago. It is thought that the musk-oxen, unlike caribou, polar bear and other northern animals, do not travel over the sea from island to island and that some of the islands they have been exterminated by the hand of man.

So the musk-ox is making his last stand—he who once, as we know by fossil remains, roamed half the North American continent as well as northern Europe and Asia. The Dominion Government, by stringent regulations, against the killing of musk-oxen and the sale of hides, is now making every effort to save the remaining herd.

A vast game preserve of 15,000 square miles, protected by mounted police and game wardens, has been set aside in the vicinity of the Thelon and Hanbury rivers, north-east of Great Slave Lake, where two or three hundred musk-oxen, almost the last on the mainland, were recently discovered. Another interesting experiment is the importation of a few musk-oxen from Greenland to Alaska, where the authorities hope to parallel their famed success in the domestic reindeer industry.

With no cunning for concealment, and evidently little temperament for their flight or attack, the musk-oxen are easy prey for the Eskimo or white hunter. Their method of defense is indeed effective against the hunter, the approach of the danger the herd forms itself into a rough circle or square, the bulls facing outward in all directions. If there are only two or three males they stand back to back; three will form a three-pointed star. And Mr. Wolf is satisfied to let it be at that. But all the human hunter has to do is set his dogs on the herd, which forms a well-proved defense, only to find that the weapons of war are an entirely different proposition.

Today, when most of the Eskimos are equipped with high-powered rifles, the preservation of game in the arctic is a more serious problem than ever. The Eskimo like the Indian, is by nature improvident with regard to food supply, and has recklessly killed whole herds of musk-oxen, without thought of future needs. It is our fact that the Eskimo mind cannot conceive of game being exterminated by man; his explanation is that the animals have "moved away" from the region, probably offended because of some "tattoo" having been injudiciously broken by the inhabitants.

Though he stands only four to five feet at the shoulders and seldom exceeds 600 pounds live weight, the full-grown musk-ox is given a most formidable appearance by reason of his thick coat of hair and wool. Matted with ice on the shoulders give the animals a false lion-like appearance, but they are not really hunted, but how the name musk-oxen was bestowed is somewhat of a mystery; it is now generally regarded as a libel, for the reputed musk odor and taste in the meat, is not noticeable except, perhaps, in the case of old bulls at certain times. Some northern explorers prefer to call the animals "polar oxen" or "polar cattle," while some use the scientific name, "Oribos," or sheep cattle. At any rate, the name is a detail in comparison with the strength for existence. It is to be hoped that efforts to save the species will be successful, for the otobos is badly needed in a region where grim hunger is the most relentless enemy of man—in "Our Dumb Animals."

**News and Information**  
**For the Busy Farmer**  
Ontario's Four Crops  
Prospects are reported to be exceptionally good for a large pear crop in Ontario. The trees through the winter with very little injury and weather conditions have been favorable for the development of the fruit. Niagara district looks for a yield double that of last year and Burlington also expects to top last year's figures. Taken as a whole, the production for the province should be far in excess of 1931. It is interesting to note the weather conditions have not been so favorable in Nova Scotia, where the crop will be about two-thirds of that of last year, while British Columbia will likely have a crop equal to that of 1931.

**New Tomato Package**  
A report to the Ontario Marketing Board states that a new package for household tomatoes has been devised across the border, bringing a premium of about 12¢ per basket over other packages. The new package is a corrugated aluminum container with a handle, giving it the appearance of a pack basket. Each tomato is individually wrapped in cellophane, and the cellophane wrapper also has other advantages as it keeps the tomato firm and keeps out moisture.

**Current Crop Report**  
Harvesting operations have been delayed by catchy weather in both Western and Eastern Ontario. Pastures in the western part of the province are reported to be excellent. The condition of cattle and sheep is reported to be good. In Eastern Ontario, the condition of the pastures are very poor and the cattle and milk flow are reported to be very low. Some reports practically all early potatoes harvested and sold from the district. Over 1,000 bags from 14 acres. It is reported the demand much greater than was expected, trucks taking them to the city. In fact, the price of early potatoes has risen to \$1.00 per bushel, a record for the district. A tobacco crop of 30,000,000 pounds is expected in Norfolk and harvesting operations are now in full swing. The musk-ox and musk-oxen are now being raised in Ontario and many farms are now up to expectations.

**Manitoba Explores They**  
The unemployment situation has become a matter of increasing concern in Manitoba. The province is a leading producer of agricultural products, and the situation is a matter of concern to the government. The province is a leading producer of agricultural products, and the situation is a matter of concern to the government.

**Ontario Farm Organizations Show Large Annual Turnover**  
Figures reveal that during the past year Ontario farmers' co-operatives transacted \$4,000,000 worth of business. The total turnover for the province is reported to be \$4,000,000. The figures show that the province is a leading producer of agricultural products, and the situation is a matter of concern to the government.

**European Pine Shoot Moth**  
The European pine shoot moth was imported into Canada in recent years and is rapidly becoming a pest. The moth is a pest of pine trees, and the situation is a matter of concern to the government. The province is a leading producer of agricultural products, and the situation is a matter of concern to the government.

**Common Farm Figures**  
Figures released by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics in connection with the census taken last year show that the number of farms in Ontario has decreased from 181,023 in 1921 to 152,179 in 1931, a difference of 5,779 farms. The number of Ontario farms by acreage is given as follows: 1 to 10 acres, 11,924; 11 to 50 acres, 30,605; 51 to 100 acres, 68,230; 101 to 200 acres, 40,815; 201 to 500 acres, 9,441; 500 acres and over, 1,109.

Another report shows the number of automobiles on Canadian farms to have increased from 17,270 in 1921 to 33,300 in 1931. Ontario has by far the largest number of cars, 125,716. It has also 14,588 motor trucks. Other farm machinery is listed as follows: Tractors 19,000, gasoline engines 45,000, binders 12,000, threshing machines 8,000, cream separators 12,000, milking machines 4,000, silos 35,700, electric motors 9,800. A total of 33,294 farms in Ontario have gas or electric light, 41,330 have running water, 30,154 have water piped in the kitchen and 12,179 piped in the bathroom.

**Ensilage Oats, Peas and Vetches**  
The following excerpts form the annual report of the Dominion Field Experiment Station will be of special interest to farmers who include oats, peas and vetches for ensilage in their general crop program. The report states that the best silage is made from a mixture of oats, peas and vetches in the dough stage produce a high yield of good quality ensilage and cutting at this stage is recommended over other methods.

It is not advisable to allow the oats, peas and vetches to mature more than two or three hours before ensiling. Adding water to oats, peas and vetches will not improve the quality of ensilage.

Oats, peas and vetches put into the silo without cutting will produce a silage which is moist and not fit for feed.

The length of time in storage appears to have no effect on the nutritive value of the silage. Oats-peas-vetch ensilage. Lots kept in separate lots through periods of three to six months, respectively, at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, gave excellent results. The length of time in storage appears to have no adverse effect on the nutritive value of the silage.

**THE VISION**  
(Continued from Page 1)  
As she gazed near the house, she heard the strains of Eugene's violin. Then she saw the many people in the house.

"I told Eugene they would love it," she thought.

Outside the door she stopped. She had never heard Eugene play like this before. She listened. The music spoke to her heart, and showed it visions of things she had forgotten. She had forgotten how tired she was, it spoke to her soul, and made her think of un-dreamed heights.

"He has caught it! He has caught it! O God, we think that," she bowed her head in thankfulness.

When Eugene finally came to the door, he found Irene waiting for him. As she lifted her eyes to his, he found in them the same look as that which had been in the eyes of the crippled girl, and something more.

"Oh, 'Gene,' he murmured in a voice which she had never heard before, 'the vision poetek.' The secret of the purpose of music is yours forever and ever."

Eugene looked far off to the summit of one of the highest mountains. "Perhaps I have," he said in a dreamy but quiet voice. "I seem to have found something that is not technique nor expression, it is forget the music, it is the people what they need."

"And that is the 'vision poetek,'" Irene said softly.

"I have scarcely less to the master than to these two, to be able to say what he heard Eugene playing at the house, because he was thinking of them. 'Ach, my boy, you have found it. It is yours, the 'vision poetek.'"

**THROUGH THE CANADIAN ROCKIES**  
(Continued from Page 1)  
capacity of 31,000 horse power are installed in these power houses, supplying a current of 55,000 volts which is transmitted over high tension transmission lines to the city of Calgary. A supply of 4,000 horse power at 12,000 volts is also transmitted to the cement mill at Exshaw.

The upper dam consists of a solid concrete structure 800 feet in length, capable of discharging 40,000 cubic feet of water per second. The dam has completed a third transmission line to the city of Calgary, to meet the growing demand for power.

Next we arrive at Morley, the modern home of the Stoney Indians, once a very war-like race but now the most industrious of red men. The hills are full of Indian life. The whole district was conceived as a great-great-grandfather of the Stoney Indians, the Hand Hills, the Elbow and the Ghost Rivers, and other names equally picturesque. Kanaskas Falls, on the Bow River, were named after a mythical Red chief, the word meaning "a tall straight pine with branches near the top."

Still following the course of the Bow River, we enter the rolling, grassy foothills, rising up upon the base of the great ranges to which they are the outposts. At Cochrane we are well within the foothill country. In the lower valleys can be seen huge branches, for this is a great stock-raising country, and on the higher terraces can be seen great herds of cattle and sheep. These

many people have found out that the only way to escape divorce is to marry your second wife first. Before your conscience be your guide it is a good idea to be sure you have one.

To many young couples come to look upon marriage as an endurance contest.

"Do you like simple things?" "Are you proposing?"

After dinner Irene suggested to Eugene that he might be tired and want to go back to the auto. She was going to get up and go to my violin and go back and play to that little crippled girl. Do you suppose she would like that?

"I like the way you play it," she said, "I can't believe what it will mean to her. 'Gene, perhaps you will be able to realize when you play it. My young girl, you will appreciate your music too."

When the little crippled girl saw Eugene coming again, this time with a violin, she jumped up and ran to him in spite of her twisted limbs. A surging wave of warmth hit Eugene as he stepped over her. He stopped before the child and asked what she wanted him to play. "Play 'Holy, Holy, Holy' first of all," she whispered softly, "in her hands held clasped in front of her. Eugene was surprised at her selection, but he started out on the old hymn. As he played he began to discover new harmonies, new thoughts in the old tune. He felt stealing over him a reverence which he had never felt before. The gentleness of the girl's patience which had been in her eyes before, there was now a look of radiance and of pains forgotten. She was waiting rapidly to play. Eugene thrilled to think that it was he who had brought that look into her eyes.

Then she turned to him and murmured in a husky voice, "And now Schubert's 'My Star,' please."

Eugene was more surprised at this request than at her first selection. He would not have supposed that the child could know of such a composition, having lived in this place all her life.

Eugene's rendition of this selection had always displeased the master, because, he said, "You feel no message. You give no message, you chum play it."

But now, as Eugene raised his bow, he was seeing the sweet, patient child's back of those eyes, and realizing how he might touch the child's soul that soul to brighten and bring forth in happiness and joy. As he played he felt that he had found to this little life in front of him, he finished playing, he did not know that it was the master had not heard him.

As Eugene took his violin from his shoulder, he became conscious of the presence of someone else in the room. This person came forward. He was Irene's young poet.

"You don't mind if I listen, too, do you?" she asked. "I heard you from our house. I just had it come."

A flush of pleasure came over Eugene's face. When had the praise of his friends for his technique given him the joy that these simple words of appreciation did?

With the inspiration of the youth and the child's simple words, Eugene played on and on. He knew that time to time persons were slipping in and standing or sitting quietly in the room he was in and one adjoining. Eugene's friends knew very well how he hated any moving about while he was playing, but now he had no intention to the movements, scarcely thought of them. He was pouring out his music, and he was playing for the young poet. He was engrossed in them and what his music was doing for them. He had no time nor thought to be annoyed because he had forgotten himself. He had forgotten technique, had forgotten effect, only as so much as he felt after he had who needed what he was now so gladly giving them.

It was growing late, and Irene felt that it was time to go home. She wondered if Eugene had gone to the auto, or if he might still be at the house of the crippled girl. She went by the auto, and, finding that he

**THE LAUGH CORNER**  
Othello—"So there was some hog nocking in your house, eh?"  
Esmeralda—"Yeah, Uncle George got too near the gas jet with his celluloid collar."

Dorothy—"How long is it to my birthday?"  
Mother—"Not very long, dear. Dorothy—"Well, is it time for me to begin to be a good girl?"

"Did you share the three sticks of candy between your little brother and yourself?"  
"Yes, but it was awkward to divide the three, so I ate one first."

"There are an awful lot of girls who don't want to get married."  
Dorothy—"How do you know?"  
She—"I've asked them."

New wife—"This is a cottage pudding."  
Old beach guest—"Whew—I think I got a piece of shingle in my mouth."

Dorothy—"And Jack, the darling, told me I was the only girl he ever loved."  
Della—"Yes, and doesn't he say it beautifully?"

She—"Henry, dear, we have been going together now for more than ten years. Don't you think we ought to get married?"  
He—"Yes, you're right—but who'll have us?"

**Changing Conditions**  
A girl may love you from the bottom of her heart, but there's always room for somebody else at the top.

Sunday-school Teacher—"William, can you tell me what we must do before we can expect forgiveness of sin?"  
William—"Yes, sir. We must sin."

Dumb—"Funny, how Fred is so lucky at cards and then loses his winnings at the race track."  
Notso-dumb—"Not so funny? They won't let him shuffle the horses."

Wife—"The couple next door seem to be very devoted. He kisses her every time they meet. Why don't you do that?"  
Husband—"I don't know her well enough yet."

Angry telephone patron who was charged extra for a call, roared: Telephone Patron—"Outrageous! Why, in my home city one can talk to Hades and back for ten cents." Telephone operator (chirping)—"No doubt. That's inside the city limits."

Convalescent (in hospital, to a friend)—"Thanks very much for the brandy peaches. Although the doctor wouldn't let me eat the peaches, I enjoyed the spirit in which they were sent."

Men who stand around waiting for something to turn up should begin with their sleeves.

Movie Director—"Can you act?"  
Applicant—"Act! Why on the stage last week I died so naturally my life insurance agent, who was in the audience, fainted."

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