WORDS

Your soul may be stirred by music,
The plaint of a violin,
Skirl of the Scottish bagpipes
Or a brass band's martial din;
Surge of a mighty organ,
Trill of a soaring bird;
But have you ever harkened
To the lovely lilt of a Word?

Words that the ancient masters
Played with a quaint quill pen,
Words with the rythmic falling
Of streams in a mountain glen;
Lyrical words like "Twilight,"
"Carolling," "Laughter," "Pine,"
Mimicking words like "Tinkle,"
And "Quiver" and "Click" and "Whine."

Magical words are "Galleon,"
"Caravan," "Star," "Lagoon,"
And who can resist the cadence
That lies in "Afternoon."

Lord of the tongues of Babel
Grant us the ear to reach—
That inner hitherto beauty
Haunting the realms of speech.

—Molly Swan.

THE DANGEROUS LEOPARD

The lion, being a larger, nobler and more powerful beast than the leopard, is universally regarded as the most dangerous to mankind of all the great cats. But Mr. Blayney Percival, whose A Game Ranger's Notebook is a delightful record of many years' experience in African bush and veldt, says the leopard is more to be dreaded as a "killer."

We often hear of man-eating leopards, he writes; in fact I think that in Eastern Africa more people are killed by leopards than by lions, for once a leopard takes to man-killing—in many instances it is a man-eater rather than a man-eater—his cunning increases, and he becomes extremely difficult to destroy. As a rule women and children are his victims; he attacks them either while they are working in the shambas—cultivated plots—or traveling on the roads.

The last notorious man-eater of which I heard was one in the Rumuruti district. That leopard killed a number of people and terrorized the whole neighborhood. The tale is worth mention, as there is reason to suppose the Rumuruti man-killer was cured of his propensity. His last exploit was to attack a man as he sat cooking soup. Stealing close up behind, he rushed in and seized his victim in the act of taking the pot off the fire. With great readiness of resource, the man threw the boiling contents of the vessel over his shoulder, and, though his own back was badly scalded, the leopard received his share and fled.

Next day a sportsman who was shooting in the district organized a hunt. All available guns including the local police turned out, and after a drive along the banks of the river shots and shouting from the police guarding the wings of the beat announced that the quarry had broken out and gone back into the bush behind the basket. It was reported that he was wounded, but careful search failed to bring to light any trace of blood spear, and probably the wounds seen were the red welts. Never again was anything heard of that man-killer, and people concluded that the boiling soup or the beating or both had cured him of his taste for human prey.

A FAMOUS PUDDING

Not long ago reports the Manchester Guardian, one of those absurd, queer little sensations that are the condiments of London city life was going on, as it had gone on for generations on the first of October. The Cheshire Cheese Tavern in Fleet Street opened its winter pudding season, and with suitable gravity and muscular dexterity Dean Inge cut the first slice. The Belgian Ambassador was the guest of honor, and both he and the Dean made apt and amusing speeches. Naturally they spoke of Dr. Johnson, whose name is indissolubly associated with the smallest tavern, and in whose chair, reverentially preserved, so many visiting Americans have sealed themselves with eagerness and awe.

The night bore on with old English songs and glees and the famous parrot drawing corks and whistling for policemen. The old low-roofed room with its pictures, ranging from prints of Pepys's time to the steel engraving of Gladstone, glowed in the firelight and the wavering candlelight. Outside the twentieth century roared and clanged in motor buses and there were wireless aerials overhead; but inside the Cheshire Cheese the seventeenth century reigned for the night, with Dean Inge in the chair.

Following the custom at these Cheshire Cheese dinners, the landlord called on the guests to say who had eaten the pudding for the greatest number of years. A Watling Street butcher declared he had partaken of it for twenty-five years; but presently a champion arrayed in black of a ministerial cut and wearing a long white beard, appeared at the doorway and declared that he had eaten the pudding in 1854. He proved to be a most interesting old gentleman, hearty and strong, whose recent achievements included winning a £50 prize for the best suburban garden and his earlier ones a share in the great Australian gold rush of the fifties.

An American who had partaken of the historic pudding served at the Cheshire Cheese declare that it is gastronomically worthy of its fame. It is a huge pudding served from an earthen dish more than twenty-four inches deep and perhaps eighteen inches across. It has a crust compounded of flour, water and suet and is otherwise composed of beefsteak, sheep's kidneys, larks, oysters and freshly gathered mushrooms. For twelve full hours it is boiled slowly and at an even temperature until its various constituents are soothed and blended to perfect tenderness and an ambrosial flavor. In which everything delicious is suggested and nothing predominates.

News and Information for the Busy Farmer

Healthy Pigs

In an address at the outset of the Swine Demonstration Train, Dr. Lionel Stevenson, provincial zoologist, emphasized the importance of health in growing pigs. Healthy pigs, if properly fed, should be ready for market at from six to seven months of age. Pigs that did not reach market weight at this age were either improperly fed or were not healthy. Internal parasites were one of the common causes of unthrifty hogs, and the farmer should always be on the lookout for possible infection from internal parasites. Sanitation and cleanliness were essential in the hog industry. Common treatments were recommended which may be secured by writing the provincial zoologist, Dr. Lionel Stevenson, Ontario Veterinary College, Guelph, Ont.

Soy Beans in Kent

The winner of the soy bean championship, Mr. C. O. Finlay, at the recent International Grain and Hay Show at Chicago, began to grow soy beans as an all round stock food when European corn borer invaded the fields of Kent County in 1923.

Mr. Finlay at that time decided to adopt the O. A. C-211 registered variety of soy bean seed. He sowed ten acres in 1924 and was rewarded with eleven large loads of matured beans, which he found to be palatable by the cattle, hogs, sheep and chickens carried on his farm. The following year, the O.A.C. became interested in his project and, noting his success, devoted their extension educational resources toward the rapid expansion of soy bean growing in Ontario.

He obtained a splendid yield of threshed beans on a seven and a half acre field that in 1930 was in alfalfa. After harvesting two cuttings of alfalfa hay, the third cutting was threshed for seed. The field was then fall ploughed and seeded to beans in late May, 1931. When the beans were harvested, they yielded 33 bushels to the acre.

By securing registered foundation soy bean seed, by annual field inspection, and by carefully selecting his seed each year, Mr. Finlay has raised his seed to a standard of perfection that enabled him to win the championship in the continental competition of the Chicago crops show.

Ontario Apples Only

"As a further indication of the growing demand for graded Ontario-grown apples, J. H. Fairbairn, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, has been advised that still another prominent fruit distributor will, in future, handle graded apples, exclusively.

An inspector of this fruit house, intimated to Mr. Fairbairn that his organization had adopted this policy because of the fact that it is now easy to procure almost unlimited supplies of carefully graded apples grown in Ontario orchards. Another point mentioned was that the public demand for Ontario apples is increasing most noticeably.

Time to Improve

An appeal to farmers to improve their farms and livestock at this time, instead of simply marking time was made by E. C. Hampson, past president of the Ontario Experimental Union in a recent address: "The present is not a time for a negative type of farming. No progress can be made by that method. Probably never has there been a finer opportunity for improving herds with pure-bred foundation stock and field crops with pure seed. Labour is more plentiful and cheap than it has been for years. May not these factors be taken advantage of in making some improvements? Farming in Ontario will be the major industry for many years to come, and we must adopt the long-term vision of it with faith and hope that better times will return."

Grading and Packaging

Result in Better Price

"Much is to be accomplished in the way of grading and packing, before the Ontario farmer can expect prices for his product equal to the 'laid down' value of similar imported products."

New Zealand farmers, or producers on the Pacific Coast, because of their distant markets, perils of transportation, and competition of home-grown products on those markets, are forced to pay more attention to grading, and attractive packing.

Farmers of this Province, however, in most lines have not been forced to do this, except in those products where there is an exportable surplus. Therefore, until the same attention, in packaging and grading is given farm products for domestic consumption, it will be extremely difficult to organize home markets.

Current Reports

Many farmers in Halton County are endeavouring to secure men at this season of the year with the idea of employing them through the summer months if satisfied.

More interest is being shown in Peel County in horses, owing to the low prices of farm products, and bidding at auction sales on horses is reported brisk.

Eggs have been selling on the Hagarville market in Haldimand County at 11c, 12c and 13c according to grade. Egg dealers report difficulty in disposing of the grade "extra," as there is apparently a 'cheap' complex in the mind of the consumer, causing him to buy a cheaper product.

Lincoln County reports that vegetable growers are getting their early cash crops started in greenhouses and there would appear to be at least the usual acreage of cabbage, lettuce and early tomatoes grown.

Livestock in Middlesex is in better than average condition, most feeders having ample feed to carry them through the winter.

There is increased interest manifest in the eradication of tuberculosis in Norfolk County judging by the number of enquiries and new entries under the accredited herd system.

In order to give service to the farmers of Renfrew County, custom seed-cleaning prices at the Renfrew plant are only about half what they were last year.

There has been a movement in pure-bred livestock in Peterborough County, nine good young bulls having been purchased by farmers at prices around $50 each.

Livestock generally is thinner in Glengarry than usual due to scarcity of feeds, as most farmers have been feeding carefully.

Thought She Was a Wise Girl

By RUBY GRUBER

"Will you go with me to the Senior Charity Ball?" Bill Wayne asked the pretty little blond girl seated by his side. They were devouring a sundae special at the corner drug store just off the campus.

"I should love to go with you, but I promised Howard last night." She raised her big blueeyes. "You see . . . I am engaged to Howard Dickson."

"Engaged? Why—you can't do that, Jerry! You are the only reason I ever came to this darned college—and you know it."

"I do know it! But, nevertheless, I am going to marry the estate and stubborn Howard Dickson!"

"See, if I had known—"

"You never would have bought me lower forty acres back on the farm, so I could go to college," Jerry interrupted. "It was mighty good of you that day when you won two thousand at the races and came right over and gave daddy a thousand!"

"Well! The remaining thousand is just about gone. How's yours holding out?"

"It's gone," Jerry Blair admitted. "But I could run now, Billy."

• • • • • • • •

Bill and a red-headed girl were swaying to the low whine of the saxophones when Jerry and Howard came into theatre that night. Over the dancing head, he watched the lithe little figure of the straight-shouldered Jerry.

She wore a plain little sandcrepe evening gown of pale yellow with, but on her shoulder rested two exquisite orchids. Bill glared at the smug, condescending Howard; so awfully correct, in his mechanical, gentlemanly way. His dark hair so smooth, and his assurance so very personally egotistic.

The next day, as Bill Wayne strolled across the campus, Jerry dashed after him. Catching up with him she deftly slipped a slim arm under his, and sauntered close of they walked.

"Say, what's the big idea? Or is this just utterly aWeitzel"

"I'm not going to marry Howard. Judge for yourself!" Jerry smiled happily up at him.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing, Bill. I'm trying to tell you—I don't want to marry anyone—but you," she added, mischievously. "Don't you love me, after the hundreds of times you have told me you did?"

"Of course I do. Let's get off the campus, so I can show you just how much I do love you." He seized her hand, and pulled her along.

"But, my English class!" objected Jerry.

"What do you care about English? We're going back to God's own country where no one cares how you speak. It's what you say that counts back home!"

"It will seem good to be back, won't it? Dad and mother will be thrilled to death to see us."

"I'm going to get my job in Tom Stevens' feed store," he said. "Tom said I could always come back, when I left him to trail off to college with you."

"The old high school education was enough for a couple of kicks like us, wasn't it, darling?" Jerry asked happily. "You still have the forty acres that Dad sold you, haven't you?"

"Sure. But, we aren't going to live out there. We will stay in Fremont, and I'll work at the feed store."

"When will we start home?" practical Jerry asked.

"Say! I've got an idea; let's get married and surprise them!"

Jerry was thoughtful for a few moments. It would be a good idea. Her mind reviewed the letter she had found waiting for her from her mother, as she returned from the dance last night:

"Daughter dear:

"It seems we are the saleriest folks in the world. We scraped enough money together to get the oil men out here, but they say we ain't got any oil on the home place. But, the lower forty, that he sold Bill Wayne, is full of it.

"I get so tired of it all I don't care to go on. Write when you can."

Your Mother."

So Jerry decided to marry Bill, and let him find out for himself about the oil.

• • • • • • • •

They were married, and went to their rooms to pack.

That evening, Jerry stood by the train gate. Bill Wayne was late. The hands of the big clock pointed to three minutes before train time. Angrily, she tapped her trim little slipper. Tardiness was just one of the many faults of the alphabet Bill Wayne—but, oil was money, and his land had oil!

With a sigh of relief, she saw him walking hurriedly toward her; a wide smile on his handsome, ruddy face, and two great long green tickets in his hand.

With wonderment, she watched him. The tickets to Fremont were small white cardboards; a mere two hours' ride on the train. Bill was before her.

"Take a look at this, Mrs. William Wayne—Niagara Falls for two!" He proudly held forth the tickets for inspection. "I just pulled off a great stroke of finance—big business deal—we can go places and see things!"

"What do you mean, Billy"

"I just sold the lower forty to Howard Dickson for $3,000 cash. How's that for profit?"

A Dollar goes a long way

A dollar goes a long long way provided you know how and where to spend it, and perhaps this is why so many Canadian dollars are going four-fifths of the way—right out to Victoria, B.C., this winter. This is by no means many Canadians who formerly "went South" for the winter months have discovered that there are attractions right at home which compare favorably with anything that is offered south of the International Frontier and at a total of one hundred cents to the dollar. People are watching their money and their way homeward these days. It is fashionable to spend the winter in one's own land. Over in England, "we're being done", for the means of fashionable society, headed by H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, has decided that money spent at home is a patriotic and practical measure in these days when everyone is looking for ways to help the Depression, has come and is fashioning the nation to conserve her resources by every possible measure. Here in Canada, the new slogan that has been very generally favoured the last few months and other things are tending to bring more of better things and Mr. and Mrs. Canadian are to emphasizing the family prospects for the winter of '32-'33. The result is that they find that a perfectly good Canadian dollar remains so in Canada, whereas it gets chopped of nearly 15 perfectly good cents elsewhere. The answer is simple. The picture shows the beautiful inner harbor at Victoria, B.C., as viewed from the provincial Parliament Buildings, with the Canadian Pacific Railway's palatial Empress Hotel on the right; and, below, a golfer, playing the 14th at the Oak Bay course. Both scenes might have been taken "down South".

Queen Mary's Advice

Was To Advertise

QUEEN MARY of England herself recently told a charity organization in which she was interested, "Advertise! It pays to advertise." Indeed times have changed. When Queen Mary must talk of advertising, what must the poor mouse-trap builder do? No longer will the world make a beaten path to his door, however wonderful his mouse-trap because his competitors are out telling the world all about their products in advertising. The world is listening. And buying.

For the Best Values Read "The Herald"

There's the situation, and as it may be to some. The most direct, effective, time-tested, economical way of reaching the public is through the medium of a newspaper. In Georgetown and vicinity, the buying public reads "THE HERALD" and uses its advertising columns as a shopping guide. Therefore, you who are trying to sell what the public needs and wants, be it a better mouse-trap or a better pound of cheese, let "THE HERALD" be your salesman.

You can sell it if you tell it in The Herald

Phone 8, Georgetown

WINTER MILLINERY

to sell at the

Very Lowest Prices

ranging from

75c to $2.00

— at —

MISSES CLARIDGE

Upstairs Herald Block

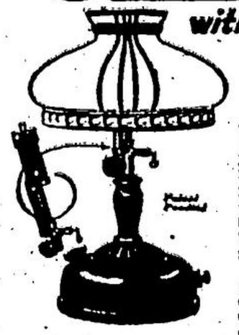
Counter Check Books

Get your supply of COUNTER CHECK BOOKS at "The Herald Office"

THE NEW INSTANT-LITE

Coleman

with ROTO-TYPE BURNER



Test It Yourself!

HERE'S the latest Coleman invention...ready for you to see and test! The New Coleman Lamp with Roto-Type Burner . . . the greatest advance in the history of pressure-gas illumination.

You'll like this new burner improvement. It makes the famous Coleman light better than ever. Clear and steady. Restful to the eyes . . . fine for every household use.

You'll like the way the Coleman lights . . . instantly. Just strike a match and turn a valve! You'll like the new Oversize Generator because it lasts longer. Accommodates a wider variety of fuels. Reduces upkeep and is inexpensive to replace.

You'll like the new Gas Tip Cleaner! It's a regular "carbon chaser". Keeps the gas tip open and clean.

Ask your dealer to let you see the new Coleman. Test it yourself. Make it give you a sample of the fine lighting service it is ready to put in your home.

Here's the Coleman Lantern . . . also with Roto-Type Burner. Easy and economical to operate. Like the Coleman Lamp, it makes and burns its own gas from regular clear-white untreated motor fuel. Always ready with plenty of light for every job, any place, any night. Mica chimney makes it weather-proof.

THE COLEMAN LAMP & STOVE COMPANY, Ltd.
TORONTO, 8, ONTARIO

ASK YOUR DEALER

COULD NOT EXPLAIN

Private Soldier Found Himself Under Superior Officer's Knife.

Speaking at St. Peter's School near York, England, Field Marshal Sir William Birdwood, who was general officer commanding the Australian and New Zealand army corps during the great war, said the men from the Dominions under his command were often endowed with individuality. This was due largely to the Australians living in lonely outpost, he thought.

The Field Marshal related how, when visiting Australia after the war, he was hailed by a man whom he failed to recognize. "You used to remember me because one night when you were going along the trenches I was asleep and you stepped on my stomach," said the man.

"I told him I failed to see how I could be expected to remember his face," the Field Marshal said. "It was more likely I would remember his voice, I told him."

"You never gave me a chance," the soldier replied. "Your other foot was on my mouth."

SIR WILLIAM BIRDWOOD

DUTIES OF LAW-MAKERS

Words of Wisdom From One of Britain's Outstanding Public Men.

Sir John Simon delivered an address recently, in which he said:—

"Our rulers will best promote the improvement of the nation by strictly confining themselves to their own legitimate duties, by leaving capital to find its most lucrative course, commodities their fair price, industry and intelligence their natural reward, idleness and folly their natural punishment, by maintaining peace, by defending property, by maintaining the prime of the law and by observing strict economy in every department of the state."

In these threadbare and dull words is compressed the mistaken opinion of a learned and experienced man on the true functions of government. They comprise a doctrine that every man whose vote is sent to put another to authority should read and ponder. A land ruled in accordance with Sir John Simon's formula would be well ruled; what more can men seek from the rulership under which to live his life?—St. Catharines Standard.

BALDNESS IS INCREASING

Many of Great Leaders Have Smooth Pates.

Baldness is increasing with such alarming rapidity that it is estimated that within a few hundred years all men over the age of 40 will be bald, says a London journalist.

Look down from the gallery of the House of Commons or the House of Lords and you will see a goodly number of bald heads.

Nearly all the famous kings of history have been bald. Once Frank King was actually known as Charles the Bald. And Mussolini has set the fashion for bald-headed dictators. The Pope is also bald.

Nearly all British business magnates are bald. The late Lord Melchett was bald, and so is Sir Harry McGowan, his successor as chairman of the Imperial Chemical Industries.

PICTURE IN SECRET CHAMBER.

An interesting discovery was recently made at Rose Castle, Kilkenny, Ireland. Some workmen, who were making repairs to the old fortress, entered a secret room of the castle and on the wall discovered a mural painting in colors. The figure represents a man with his hands joined as if in prayer. It is thought that the figure represents one of the O'Donoghues, former chieftains of the district. The painting has suffered much from exposure, and parts of the wall, on which the picture is executed, is falling away. It is suggested that the Earl of Kenmare, who now owns the castle, will do something to preserve this very interesting relic.

SALT PLENTIFUL IN CANADA.

Among the natural resources in which Canada is abundantly rich is salt, which is found principally in Ontario and Nova Scotia. In 1930 the total production was 371,655 tons valued at $1,694,631, an average price of $10.05 per ton. In Nova Scotia it is estimated that the Malagash deposit contains 60,000,000 tons of developed salt reserves, sufficiently pure to sell directly after mining and crushing. There is also an additional 365,000,000 tons of slightly lower grade salt. An interesting feature of this deposit is the presence of potassium salts which may ultimately prove of economic importance.

English Birth Rate Low.

English census figures indicate that if present tendencies continue, the population at the end of another twenty years will be on the decline because the birth rate is falling so much faster than the death rate. The present birth rate is less than half that of forty years ago.

IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS WHEN SUMMED UP

All things are but accumulation of little things—Rays of light make up the warmth of the sun; drops of water become rivers; grains of wheat push up the shoots; and all these work silently, almost imperceptibly, until a bounteous harvest is reaped.

Letters are arranged into words; words are formed into thoughts; thoughts are spread on the pages of books; in libraries and in universities intellect develops; and, by the might of intellect, oceans and the sky are spanned, continents are linked, and man is master of the elements.

A sneer of scorn, a smile of encouragement, a kindness or a wrong—from such little things is character molded. Upon the characters of individuals are built the ethics of communities, industries and peoples, and empires rise and fall.

There is no act so slight, no task so trifling, but fills an important niche in the boundless scheme of little things. And in their accumulated accomplishment each man and group and commonwealth and nation and planet moves in the vastness that is the universe.—Daniel Hand, quoted in the Missouri Farmer.