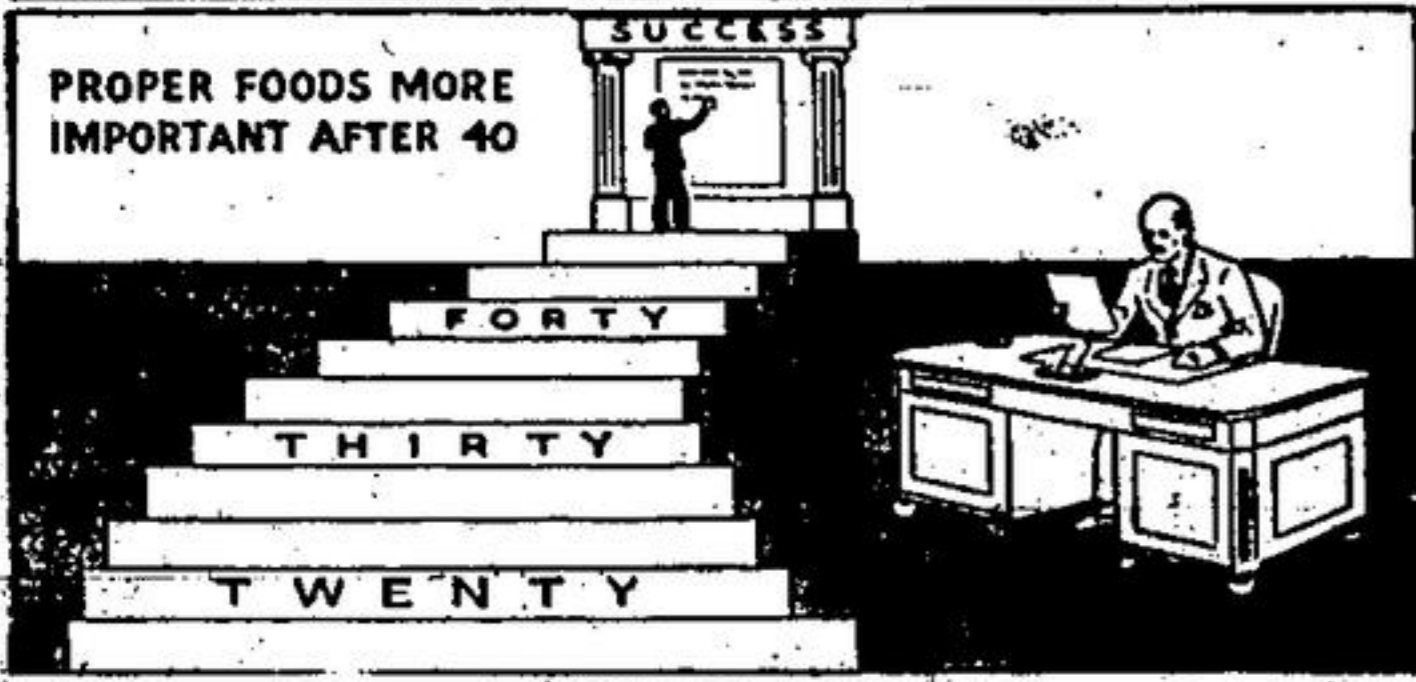


**Diet Promotes Success**

PROPER FOODS MORE IMPORTANT AFTER 40



By BETTY BARCLAY

So much is being written these days about the opportunities for men and women who have reached the 40-year milestone, and how outstanding some persons beyond that age have been in business and professions, that my curiosity was aroused when at a tea party yesterday I was introduced to a well-known publisher who has become identified with that subject.

"It is really astonishing what a large percentage of the important accomplishments in business and the arts are being done these days by men and women over 40," he said in answer to my question. "At one time, the age of 40 was considered to mark the beginning of declining years. Now the contrary is true. Carefully planned meals have played a large part in the improvement," he added with a smile.

"Do American housewives show much interest in the subject?" I asked, and upon being told that it was now one of the most popular topics, I said I'd appreciate some anecdotes for my readers. Whereupon this famous publisher talked with great enthusiasm on his favorite theme.

"Take the story of Mrs. Harriet Packard of the town of Kent, Ohio. She took a course in writing at 50. She felt she could write. She had a wealth of material in the experiences women of her age have had. She learned to type her articles. She has since written newspaper and magazine articles, a book, a verse, a book of reminiscences

**A PLAN FOR THE WOODLOT**

By I. C. Marritt

Many farmers do not have a plan for the woodlot. It is known as the bush and they cut their fuelwood and timber from it as long as it lasts. They don't realize that if managed well it will produce fuel and swamps yearly in perpetuity. A common practice is to cut all trees of the more valuable species and the inferior species are left to seed up the open places. The stock are allowed the run of many woodlots. Many farms are without a woodlot today because former owners pastured the woodlot and it is a sure prophecy to make that many more farms will be without woodlots soon as in many sections 75 percent of the woodlots are pastured. The stock browse the seedlings each year and as a result of this browsing and small trees to take the place of the trees that are cut or fall as a result of decay. A woodlot without young growth is like a community of old people; it will die out. Pasturing favors inferior species usually as stock will browse and eat and browse off all the valuable maple, beech, white ash and oak.

A woodlot has a definite place in the economic set-up of a farm as it provides cheap fuel and timber. Also it is accepted as a fact that there should be a percentage of an agricultural country in woodland, because if there is not there is sure to be discomforts and financial losses when the land is largely cleared.

The first decision on the part of the owner is to decide on the part to be left in woodland. The type of soil will be given consideration as sand, shallow soil and steep hillsides should usually be growing trees as their value for cropping and pasture is negligible. Another question that many owners will have to answer is, should fine agricultural land be left to grow trees? In answer to this question has often been, no, but to day many owners envy their neighbors with their woodlots. They realize that it would have been a better policy if all farms had reserved 5-10 acres at least as a woodlot in order to provide fuel, as windbreaks for agricultural crops, natural reservoirs for springs, and as a help to prevent floods and to beautify the countryside.

Suggestions on woodlot management:

1. Fence the stock from the area that is to be left in trees. The fence will provide seed that will fall to the ground, and soon there will be thousands of seedlings. Reforestation by nature is much cheaper and more sure than by planting.
2. Secure fuelwood by cutting desirable trees and thinning second growth stands.
3. Reserve the healthy 4-inch to 10-inch trees as they are ones that will grow the maximum growth of wood during the next fifty years rather than the saplings and old mature trees.
4. Utilize trees before decay starts as the decay lowers the quality of the wood and thus reduces the financial returns from the woodlot.
5. The reproduction of the more valuable species should be secured if possible and this object may be obtained by cutting the inferior species and leaving some of the more valuable ones to seed up openings.
6. Plant trees in the open woodlot that has been pastured. This speeds up the restocking of the woodlot and introduces valuable species that have disappeared or never grew there previously. The trees must be secured for by applying to The Forestry Branch, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

**MANY BIRDS WINTER IN CANADA**

Contrary to the popular belief that a general exodus of Canadian bird life takes place in the fall, many birds remain in this country even in mid-winter, as is shown by the annual surveys held around Christmas by observers in various parts of the Dominion. The greatest variety for any area was found about Toronto where the survey parties discovered no fewer than 9,234 birds, of 58 different kinds, on December 26th last. These included seven kinds of wild ducks, six kinds of hawks, a snipe, four kinds of woodpecker, two robins, two meadow larks, eight cardinals, and twenty-five song sparrows. Hamilton, Ontario, with 9,511 birds, of 57 different kinds, was in second place for variety. Especially interesting birds noted near that city were the winter wren and brown thrasher. In this district we have the advantage of a comparatively southern position and of having large areas of open water near them so that our winter bird population includes large numbers of both water birds and land birds.

Surveys have been taken at a time when the birds were stationary—the southward movement was over, and the northward flight was not yet under way. Some of the birds noted in this district, such as the snipe, robins, meadow larks, wren and brown thrasher, normally winter farther south, and those seen in Canada during Christmas week may be regarded as stragglers left behind. A winter population of ducks, hawks, gulls, owls, woodpeckers, cardinals and song sparrows, on the contrary, may be regarded as normal along the shores of the more southern Great Lakes.

**THREADS OF LIFE**

It's odd. A man thinks his own will guides his own life. But the world is full of human lives; a man is bound to blunder into some of them, weave his own with them, in dissolubly, or touch and drift away and touch again, or narrowly miss touching and maybe never know. The pattern is on the loom. And sometimes, looking back, you see a part of it. A thread weaves in and out and disappears; it is not broken but still weaving somewhere. Is it incidence when it appears again? Unknown or unconscious forces.

**Solomon**

By MILDRED WELLS  
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WNU Service.

"SOLOMON," murmured the red-haired girl, "there is no Santa Claus."

Solomon splashed violently in the dim recesses of the tin pail and gasped at the blasphemy.

"Furthermore," she continued as the street car lurched around a corner, "life is a delusion and a snare. It was meant enough of Mr. Perkins to sell you while I was out, without making me be delivery boy."

Solomon and the two other goldfish, being engaged with the arduous business of trying not to batter their tails against the cover, paid little or no attention to the latter remark.

The car groaned to a shrieking stop, discharged a crowd of passengers, and ravenously engulfed another. The red-haired girl paid no attention, engrossed as she was in her own thoughts. With a grunt and a scream, the car reluctantly dragged itself into motion.

It was as she gazed absently at the floor that they came within the range of her vision. Brown they were, and well-polished; the shoes

**SHORT SHORT STORY**

Complete in This Issue

of a prosperous man, and conscious of their social position; draped tastefully around the top with the folds of nicely tailored trousers, also evidently aware of their exalted status in a world of ready-made suits.

Halting in front of her, the shoes settled themselves into the position of the shoes of an accomplished straphanger.

For a while she watched them absently; then her gaze traveled slowly upward. Her expression was only that of idle curiosity; but as she glimpsed the face under the soft hat, she gave a start that sent Solomon and his friends into splashing frenzies.

"Solomon," she confided ungrammatically as she took a renewed grip on the tin pail, "Solomon, it's him; it's Clifford Wayne himself, in person! He hasn't seen me," after a second stolen glance. "Or perhaps he didn't know me," she added as a less pleasant afterthought.

Crash! The sudden impact threw the passengers into scrambling, screaming confusion. Hoarse shouts of men and shrill cries of women arose from inside and outside. The truck which had caused the accident roared deafeningly in its attempt to drown out the others; excited spectators gabbled and pushed.

It is at such moments of excitement that we lose our heads. Solomon was no exception. Bruised and battered, he flung himself against the roof of his churning prison. It moved, slipped, gave way; the pail tilted, and Solomon felt himself being carried away bodily in a rush of water that swept him along in spite of his mad struggles to hold back. There was no time to waste; he must save himself from being trampled beneath the feet of the crowd.

Only one way offered; he must jump; jump as he never had in his young days in the shop, when they had been forced to cover the tank to discourage his aerial ambitions. And jump he did, with a mighty effort, a twist of his shining, supple body, a slap of his tail, he left the foamy deluge, and soared into the air as if released from a spring. In a graceful, gleaming curve, he swept upward. For a second the arch of his flight was a golden-red rainbow. Then he came to rest in a place totally different from any which he had before known.

Half-strangled, he wriggled further into the retreat in which he found himself; then resorted to agonized twisting and gasping as that retreat seemed to be taken with violent convulsions. Something prodded at him, tried to dislodge him. He was choking; the world was growing blacker. He gasped intermittently, with distended gills. His struggles grew more feeble.

"A fish!" the man stared blankly at the wet, slippery body which he had with difficulty removed from between his collar and his neck. "What—"

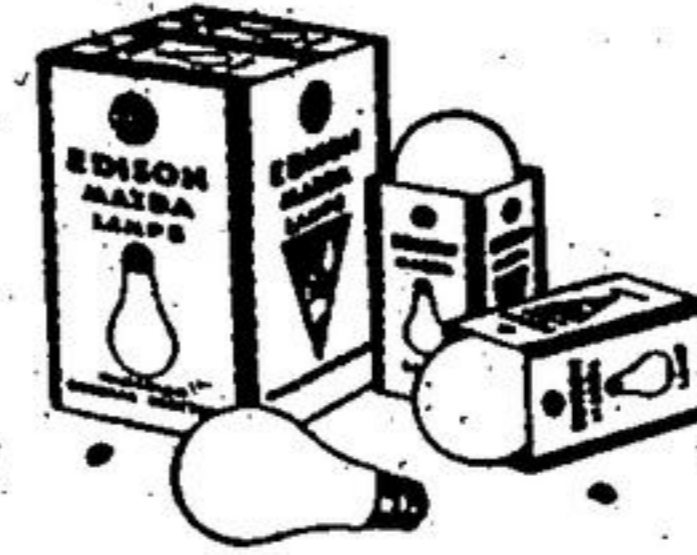
The red-haired girl was scarlet with embarrassment as she rose to her feet, having released her death grip on the portly gentleman's knees. "He's mine." The words were very faint as she held out the tin pail, in which Solomon's panic-stricken friends were hiding motionless. "I'm sorry; he got out of here."

"I say, you're the girl I met at Joan French's party who ran away before I could get more than one dance with you. No explanations accepted," as she laughed and started to speak. "I know when I've been snubbed. But tell me this—where have you been keeping yourself? I've been looking for you ever since."

"Solomon," murmured the red-haired girl, as the man sat down beside her, disregarding the excitement and confusion around them, "there is a Santa Claus. You're it."

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