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**CANADIAN TURKEYS POPULAR**

Canadian turkeys continue to be popular in Great Britain, the Canadian exports to the British market from January 1 to February 23, 1939, totalling 5,139 boxes, compared with 300 boxes during the corresponding period of 1938, and with the hitherto highest record for the period of 1,784 boxes in 1937. Further, the position in which Canadian turkeys have become established in the British market is shown by the fact that Canadian turkeys have been selling at five cents more per pound than other birds.

"Rock-a-bye baby in the tree-top," said the old song. Baby doesn't get rocked in the tree-top now, though she gets rocked quite a bit when Ma puts her in the car and steps on the gas.

**"30"**

From time to time radio broadcasters and occasionally other speakers and writers send their addresses by the word thirty and no doubt many wonder why. There are a number of explanations but the one that seems most reliable is that a young man, a telegraph operator, who was sent to take charge of a small village station in a bush country on a big railway. As was the custom of the road he was given a number to use instead of his name and he was number "30." All his messages to head office were therefor signed "30." He was supposed to stay only a short time, but apparently he forgot to make any arrangements for his stay lengthened into years. He became intimately acquainted with all the people of the village—men, women and children; knew the baby's name almost as soon as did its mother. One day an alarm came that the forest was on fire and the flames were sweeping towards the village. It seemed the little place was doomed. Number "30" sent distress messages for relief but it was slow in coming. Nearer and nearer came the fire. At last a train was sent and number "30" ran from the station making sure that everyone was aboard. Steam up ready for the dash. The little station itself was blazing when the agent ran to his instrument and ticked off the message "Pulling out, All safe, '30." He then ran from the burning building. Overcome by smoke and flames he perished before reaching the train. When, therefore a speaker uses thirty to end his address he is doing honor to one who gave his life to save others. "30."—The Bracobridge Gazette.

**A Bit Sarcastic**

The stranger ambled into the farm yard and was challenged by the farmer. With an air of great importance the stranger produced his card and remarked:

"I am a government inspector, and am entitled to inspect your farm."

Half an hour later the farmer saw the inspector being chased by the gull in the field. Leaning over the gate as the inspector dashed toward him, the farmer cried: "Show him your card, mister—show him your card."

**For the Blind**

The proprietor of a small store to the surprise of his neighbors suddenly decorated his window with a fashionable new blind.

"Nice blind," said a friend. "How'd you get it?"

"Easily enough," replied the storekeeper. "My customers very kindly paid for it."

"What induced them to do that?"

"Oh, I just put a little box on my counter with a placard 'For the Blind' and they paid for it."

Knitting does for women what smoking does for men. Except that dropped stitches don't show on the carpet.

**Little White Windmill**

By DOROTHY PIPER

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JACK was a good-looking young lawyer, and Jill was an equally good-looking young lady, who stayed at home and kept house for her old dad. Every pleasant afternoon, Jack and Jill went up the hill, not to fetch a pail of water, but to get an excellent view of the harbor, which was obtained from a certain high point of land.

Jill's father was a maker of novelties and his shop was a familiar landmark on Main street. Even the old-fashioned front-yard was a toyland in itself, for a dozen little Indians paddled their own canoes, jolly Jack tars juggled miniature oars, and gaily painted windmills spun merrily in the breeze, all for the benefit of the passerby.

The old toy manufacturer carved his toys in the rear of the store, while his lovely daughter attended to the customers. And business was exceedingly good, for a vacationist seldom left Seaport without buying a souvenir of the quaint little village. That was how Jack had become acquainted with Jill. He

**SHORT SHORT STORY**

Complete in This Issue

dropped in one day to purchase a sailor boy to do police duty atop his private garage. One glimpse of Jill, and Jack bought a small navy of sailor boys.

It was almost a fortnight, however, before he plucked up enough courage to invite Jill to go riding. Jill was willing, but her father was skeptical.

"Better stick to your own kind," was his simple logic. "These city fellers are all right in their place, but when they take up with a poor little country girl, no good can come of it."

At length the old man, too, was won over by Jack's steady brown eyes and Jill experienced the first thrill of her lifetime.

Jill couldn't dance; she didn't aspire to wear Parisian gowns; but she was real, and she knew the rough coast-country as a mariner knows the seven seas. Under her guidance, Jack piloted his car over miles and miles of sand dunes. Together they "picnicked" in quiet coves, together they swam in sun-kissed bays, and Jack marveled at Jill's dexterity and fearlessness in the water. She was a graceful, untamed gull, that describes her, and in the privacy of his room, an enchanting young bachelor found himself whistling, "I'm Falling in Love With Someone."

Jill never guessed that Jack's friendship was of a deeper nature until the afternoon they discovered the hill. The girl had sighted a big liner, and with childish glee was picturing herself aboard it, bound, perhaps, for foreign lands. Jack hadn't even seen the steamer, but was content to gaze upon the delightful contour of Jill's wistful little face.

Quite abruptly, he seized her in his arms and cried: "Jill, I love you, I've got to have you, say you will be mine always!"

The girl's surprise overpowered her emotions; she had no sense of joy or dismay. "I'll see," she said, and her voice sounded far away.

October came, and Jack's return to the city was imperative. He called his last day in Seaport, he called with the car to take Jill for a final spin. When she joined him, she carried a tiny white windmill under her arm. "Please take me to our hill," she exclaimed, as she seated herself beside him. "I want to stake my claim."

Jack wondered all the way to their destination, but he asked no questions. When they reached the top of the hill, Jill produced two nails, and with the aid of a stone she fastened the windmill in a branch of a sturdy oak tree. Then, with a piece of red crayon, she wrote, "Jack and Jill" upon one side of the windmill.

"What's the big idea?" asked Jack, impatiently.

"I'm going to let fate decide our destinies," Jill replied, solemnly.

"Two months from now I want you to come back to Seaport. If our names have weathered the storms, why, I'll be yours for always. But if—"

Just two months later Jack returned to Seaport. The roads were snowbound, almost impassable, so he and Jill made the trip to the hill on snowshoes. The inscription on the windmill was as clear as the day Jill had written it.

No one saw the lovers embrace. Nothing broke the silence save the intermittent whir of the little white windmill. And no one, except Jill, knew of the tramp she had taken the day before, for the purpose of retracing the words, "Jack and Jill."

Which only goes to prove that, city girls or country girls, there's a little bit of schemer in them all.

**THE POPULATION CHANGES**

At the end of 1938, Canada had a total population of 11,200,000, and less than half of them live in the rural section of the Dominion.

This is quite a change from the position which once prevailed in Canada. Sixty years ago, over 80 per cent. of Canadians lived on farms, and even by the beginning of the present century 63 per cent. of the people lived on farms. But the proportion has gradually decreased, and in 1931, for the first time, there were more people in towns and cities than on the farms, being 5,572,068 urban and 4,604,728 rural.

The change is further emphasized by the fact that in 1871 there were only 14 cities, 79 towns and 134 villages in Canada, and 60 years later there were 112 cities, 478 towns and 1,017 villages. And the cities grew tremendously. In these sixty years, Montreal gained in population, from 256,000 to 818,000; Toronto from 181,000 to 631,000; and Vancouver, which had only 13,000 people in 1871, is now the third largest city, with a population of 246,000. Closer to home we find that Kitchener, a town of 7,000 in 1871, went up to over 30,000 in 1931, and Port William gained from a town smaller than Hanover of today to be a city of 26,000 people.

It is interesting to recall, by the way, that over 1,000 people in Canada, 518 were males and 482 females.

—Hanover Post.

Ding—"So your grandfather is a sure-enough old timer?"

Dong—"Yes. He says he can remember when baking powder outsold face powder."

Poultry in Canada in 1938, including chickens, hens, turkeys, geese and ducks, estimated to number 57,237,000 head, with a value of \$42,250,000. The estimate for 1937 was 57,510,100 birds valued at \$42,954,000.

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— TRY —

**THE HERALD**

New Advertisement Column

PHONE No. 8

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**The SNAPSHOT GUILD**

SUNNY PICTURES INDOORS



An afternoon nap—and an indoor-sunlight picture of rare charm. Note how reflecting surfaces, the light walls, the bed spread, the white dress, soften and brighten the shadows. Exposure 1/10 second at f.8.

Do not feel, fellow snapshotors, that just because the sun stays out of doors you cannot make sunlight pictures inside.

Wherever sunlight streams through a window, there is a setting for a picture, often an extremely good picture, because of the play of light and shadow from the window-framing and curtains.

In a light-walled room, especially one with plain plaster walls or patternless wallpaper, the shadows in such an indoor-sunlight picture have a soft, luminous quality which gives the prints unusual delicacy and appeal. However, unless it is a sun-room that has windows facing in several directions, it is necessary to aid the shadow illumination with reflectors. These can be white sheets or pillowcases draped over a chair, white cardboard or blotter-paper, or anything else that will pick up the sunlight and cast it toward the subject's shadow side.

In addition, the light may be pleasingly softened by a close-mesh window curtain through which the sunbeams pass. With such a diffuser, exposure should be about double what you would give outside in the sun. The sunlight should come from above, slanting downward upon the subject and amateur floodlight bulbs can be used to soften shadows where reflectors are insufficient.

John van Guilder.