

"As We See It"

By J. A. Burns

THERE IS QUITE A knack in packing fruit in baskets to make it look attractive to the purchaser. We had been taught to pack fruit one at a time and not just all the basket. Picking it that way it is very easy to make the fruit fit tightly in the container and when it arrives at its destination it would not be bruised. Again a container packed in that manner holds some fruit than does a basket that has just been rolled in and not placed. As you know baskets are slightly narrower at the bottom than they are at the top and when packing peaches we found that in order to get them in three rows across and three deep that we had to pick the ones that were slightly smaller for the bottom and then had the larger ones for the top layer. It sounds like facing slightly on in other words it looked as though we were placing the larger peaches on the top and thus were deceiving the consumer, however that was the way that we had been taught to pack peaches so that they would carry in good condition. At that time all fruit was shipped by either freight or express and we were packing baskets and covering them with patent tops. In fact the heaped loads were not used very much in those days. There were fruit inspectors at almost every loading platform and we remember one occasion particularly. The inspector dumped one of our baskets that we had packed in the manner noted above and of course he accused us of facing. We explained to him why we had packed them the way we did, however he dumped the way the basket and then rolled them in loosely and showed us the correct way that they should be packed according to his idea. Of course he was unable to get

as to the peaches back in the basket when packed that way, however the time was missed through some peaches than they had been the way we had packed it, and would be a more honest packer, but the consumer wouldn't get as many peaches per basket as he would have the way we had packed them.

FRUIT INSPECTORS must be short sighted this year though. With the peach crop short as it is this year it seems that almost everything goes as No. 1 quality. We purchased a basket of No. 1's the other day and it had been grown and packed by a reliable grower in the St. David District. As you know St. David's is just the side of Queenston and the fruit from that part of the peninsula is usually of fine quality. Upon opening the basket we found that at least half of the peaches were not No. 1's. Several of them were wormy and some had spots on them. At the price asked for peaches this year the fruit ought to be of the best quality. However the short crop promises the farmer to lower the quality when packing. The worst part of that system is that it not only harms that one grower who actually packed that particular quality of fruit as of being No. 1 but it hurts every grower in the peninsula more or less. Of course when we get along on a basket of fruit like that the first thought is to go back to the dealer that we purchased it from and return it. However the dealer purchased it in good faith according to the way it was marked and he can scarcely be expected to open each basket of fruit to see that it is of proper quality. The proper way of course would be to report the grower but most of us dislike doing anything like that and let it go. We still are of the opinion that the fruit growers of Ontario have a lot to learn. When purchasing California fruit, such as oranges or lemons or any other fruit from that locality you can depend on the quality of it every time

as to the end count. The same applies to fruit from British Columbia. They know how to pack an honest package that opens up attractive and satisfactory but the Ontario packed fruit is often far from satisfactory. Peaches are often packed far too green and the same applies to other fruits as well. Even potatoes are often marketed without any attempt at grading. A better method of packing would mean a better return for the producer.

DURING THE EARLY DAYS of the invasion of Sicily the overseas mail wasn't coming through as promptly as it had been and we wondered if some of the boats that usually carry mail had been transferred to the Sicily invasion convoy. Again with the invasion of Italy proper the same condition occurs and we again wonder if our mail boats are being used in the Mediterranean again. Apparently Italy doesn't mind being invaded at all, in fact the news makes one think that they rather like the idea. Our report had it that the Canadians had made a wrong turn and were fired upon. When they attacked those that had been doing the firing the Italians explained that they had noticed that they had made the wrong turn and were merely firing near them to let them know where to come and get them. In many ways it seems to be a very unusual war doesn't it?

THE ARMY CARRIES ON

BRAVE bands marching men off to war may cloak its music with harp, martial strains, shifting feet on crowded pavements may suffice its trumpet, many-colored uniforms of half the world now on the addresses of Nova Scotia towns may subdue its one-unique uniforms—but the Salvation Army band, like the great force it symbolizes in the public mind, still carries on.

In war, as in peace, it summons to thought; it is the outward evidence of a great work that silently and ceaselessly goes on in the world—among men broken by adversity and their own weaknesses, among children who are weak, among mothers, the aged, the sick or the despairing.

The Salvation Army is an amazing organization, though today its achievements, no longer unexpected, may often be overlooked. It is backed by no church, but is possessed of faith. It boasts no titans of finance or industry among its leaders, but is built instead, upon the broad shoulders of common, Christian folk.

Started in a London slum degradation, it reaches today of the topmost levels of a thousand communities in a hundred countries.

Survivor of One Great War, it finds in this second world conflict new trials and greater opportunities to serve. With all it is doing for men and women in the armed services of the United Nations in enemy lands it is hampered because Christian and democratic it has not neglected the field to serve which it began, the meeting of human emergencies wherever and whenever found with an understanding and compassion born of experience and with practical measurable help.

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War calls must come first...

which means that we should reduce our non-essential use of the telephone to the minimum. Present facilities cannot be increased; your co-operation is needed if war calls are to go through promptly. Please remember that the wasteful use of telephone time can hold up war business—and that every second you save counts.



On Victor Service Giving Wings to Words

Lieut. Nursing Sister Helen Lane Charmed with Scottish Hospitality

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was at nine—usually stayed in bed until the last minute—8:45 which gave me time, hurrying a little. Our breakfasts were usually about the same, porridge, egg toast, marmalade and coffee, but the coffee is not like what we are used to at home. By 10:10, Mrs. Whitlaw, Doris and I were out and away down town, as we were going to the town at 10:40 bus. Miss Sutherland, a friend of Mrs. Whitlaw's, was going in on the bus and she kindly helped us to find our way. The trip to Inverness is picture-postcard many farms along the way—and they were enjoyed at the quietest. For the latter part of the drive the road follows the water when there are fishing boats which are very dirty looking. Arriving in the town at 2, Mrs. Sutherland showed us a few of the important centres. Then she kindly took us to a hotel nearby to meet Miss McEwen and Mrs. Donald, who are in the Women's Voluntary Service who were responsible at that time for arranging our leave. They were all very kind in giving us suggestions as to the beauty spots, also where best to shop for socks and underwear. Our lunch, at one of the hotels in the town, was excellent but I did have to wait for a time. While waiting, two lads asked us to have a cup of tea with them—they were civilians and we were in uniform and thought if very kind of them but refused—one reason being the lack of time, as we wanted to get on as soon as possible and sight see. After looking at the stores for a time and not seeing anything we wanted, took the bus out about a mile to Holm Mills where we visited the wooden mills and I bought a lovely piece of material for my hat. I think it will have to be his birthday present for next December. Hope it will make a little coat. The bus does not run very often from Holm Mills and Inverness so decided to walk back, and it is really a long walk, along the river Ness. Arrived at Dinehall as we had heard about this beautiful place. The bus was late and it was a very lovely drive following Beaulieu Firth with hills all around; also saw some real highland cattle—long hair and long horns—and am sorry I can't think of the name of them. Dinehall had our attention from 6:30 to 6:30. Had a most wonderful tea at the Caledonia Hotel—we had real scrambled egg, sausage, potato chips, toast, marmalade and cake with tea. Walking back to the bus we looked for the town over the one around but found out it was early closing day! Then a chemist window was displaying some Elizabeth Arden preparations and in I went—you I got some powder but oh the price—think it was the size box we used to get at home for \$1.25, that I got and paid this for that is \$2.50—but I do like the powder! Our ride back was so interesting—oh, forgot on the way up the bus conductor talked to us all the time, telling us about different parts of the country even showed us some roads built by the Canadians. It was about 7:30 when we arrived back in the town—what to do until the 9:10 bus was the question. Decided to visit, if we could find her, a Mrs. MacRae, whose name and address was given to Doris by a patient, who was in No. 2 G.O.S. when we were discussing our leave. Found her home after three quarters of an hour hunt, and she made us most welcome—had a hard time to keep her from making a cup of tea for us. My husband and one of her daughters. Our visit was very short but she did want us to come and stay over night sometime—Sunday night was mentioned because our bus for Ford Wil-

ham left at 9 a.m. Monday. We left early, as the queue for the last bus is terrific and we couldn't miss it—which meant we stood for half an hour waiting but had plenty of company. It was indeed rather late to be arriving back after 10, but had had a most interesting day. Mrs. Whitlaw had the cook have us some dinner which we really didn't need but felt we should eat when she had been so kind. Friday found us refreshed after a good sleep, tea in bed, a bath and breakfast at nine. Eight was our destination which is not on the water, but on the main land. After an hour's bus ride, uneventful, arrived about 10:30. Looked at a few stores and then started to look for Austins—the restaurant had been recommended to me and I was not disappointed in it—very much like ours at home. We were in civies that day—that is our khaki, sport blouse, raincoat, and so on at a table with two other ladies. When the meal was half over the lady asked us if we were from America, so I told her by speech—They had a brother who has lived in Toronto a number of years and is over here now in the Canadian Army. They kindly invited us for dinner that night but we couldn't accept because of getting back to Main. By two we were on our way to visit a cathedral, which I don't know a great deal about it except it was burnt about 100 years ago and the walls and tombstones, tower and chapel are still standing. After viewing this a short walk through the city park, we were back in town, window shopping, then at 4:30 we were having tea as we planned to take the 5:10 bus back. Oh, the town was very crowded, alive with people—two reasons, one it was "Wings for Victory Week" and also market day. We were in the queue at 4:30 but that wasn't too much, and the bus left, crowded at 5:10. Here we were still in a long queue but near the front waiting for the 6:20 but afraid to leave so stood there, first on one foot and then the other—very thankful I had my comfortable duty shoes on—Then when the bus arrived, it was in need of repair, which meant it was 6:40 when we left—kosh, we were worried as Mrs. Whitlaw was having a chicken dinner for us—Yes—we just made it, but didn't leave us much time to get cleaned up for dinner. Now my idea of chicken is to have a bone to eat at, as I desire only one glass needed. But no such chance—didn't even see a bone but the chicken was delicious.

(Continued in our next issue)

FALL FAIR DATES OF EVENTS FOR THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD

- Following are the dates of Fall Fairs in which The Herald readers will be interested. GEORGETOWN—Sept. 10 and 11. Pergus—Sept. 10 and 11. Acton—September 17 and 18. Orangeville—Sept. 14 and 15. Galt—Sept. 23 to 25. Milton—Sept. 24 and 25. Shelburne—Sept. 21 and 22. Arthur—Sept. 30 and Oct. 1. Bolton—Sept. 29 and 30. Caledon—Oct. 1 and 2. Cookville—Sept. 28 and 29. Markham—Sept. 31, Oct. 1 and 2. Erin—Oct. 9 and 11. Streetsville—Oct. 8 and 9. Woodbridge—Oct. 9 and 11. Grand Valley—Sept. 24 and 25.

More than 30,000,000 pieces of mail were despatched to members of the Armed Forces Overseas in 1942.

GLEANED FROM THE PAST

TWENTY YEARS AGO—Miss Irene Binclair left on Monday for Toronto where she has accepted a position as teacher in the Public School staff—Misses Nina and Pearl Saxe have returned after spending several weeks in New York—Chief Jackson's flower beds at the town hall are very attractive—The Horticultural Society are arranging for a flower show—a new station is being erected on the C.N.R. at Terra Cotta—Sir Donald Mann, a native of Esquimaux has just returned from a trip to Russia.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO—Mr. Ralph Ross, principal of the High School, returned home on Sunday after a pleasant tour through England, France and Italy—Mr. John Campbell carried away first prize in the work ring at Toronto Exhibition this week with his fine pair of matched trotters—Carroll's cash and carry will open a branch in the Bailey Block in about two weeks—Georgetown "Old Boys" are planning a big time at Georgetown Fair—The High School opened yesterday morning with about the usual attendance. There have been 2 changes on the staff, Mr. L. Curtin, B.A. has been appointed an additional teacher and Mr. A. O. Hume, B.A. Sc. will teach the mathematics in place of Mr. Bishop who has gone to Pembroke—Lord Lovat was a visitor at the Boy's Hostel in Norval last week.

TEN YEARS AGO—The Bell Telephone Co. have a gang of men in town preparing to lay the new cable and remove their poles off of Main St.—Miss Evelyn Sanderson and Clifford Armstrong will be Georgetown representatives at the Wexley Anniversary for 500 children at Toronto Exhibition Friday and Saturday.

FIVE YEARS AGO—Mr. Bert Lumby, manager of Dominion Stores, is holidaying in the United States—Mr. Elmer Thompson and daughter Miss Isabel are holidaying at Mimaki Lodge, Winnipeg—August relief was \$138.92.—Lorne Scots band won second place in class "A" band competition at Toronto Exhibition—Bill Collier defeated U. S. ace Miller, Glen Cunningham, at Toronto exhibition—Mrs. Agnes Young celebrated her 106th birthday at Balmain last Thursday.

JUST LAST YEAR—The peach crops are bountiful this year and even more luscious than ever. (Does your mouth water this year?)—Norma Edith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Wrigglesworth, became the bride of Pte. Chester DeForest at a ceremony at the home of the bride's parents—Opl. Ed. Francis, Pte. James Gillevot and Pte. John O'Kane formed the firing party at the funeral of their companion, Sgt. "Sheeny" Toak overseas.

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Advertisement for Old Chum. Text: "CUT CORNERS FOR THE PAST OLD CHUM CUT ANTS FOR CALAMITY". Includes illustration of a man's face.