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**CANADIAN
PLOWMEN
ABROAD**
By J. A. CARROLL, Secretary Manager
ONTARIO
PLOWMEN'S ASSOCIATION

Editor's Note:
This is the fifth of a series of weekly stories which John A. Carroll, assistant deputy minister of agriculture for Ontario and formerly secretary manager of the Ontario Plowmen's Association, will write about the visit of Canada's champion plowmen to the British Isles, Germany, Denmark and Sweden.

Newquay, Cornwall — It is after midnight and we have little time to spare if this letter is to catch the overseas plane and our deadlines in Canada.

We have just come from the banquet of the West of England championship plowing match which was held a few miles from here today. The banquet ended in a personal triumph for Gene Timbers, our 18-year old champion horse plowman from Milliken, Ont. He carved another notch in his plow shaft by winning the open class for under 21's in today's tourney. The winners were announced toward the end of the banquet, which was attended by some 350 plowmen and West of England farmers.

The match, at Newlyn East, was held under ideal conditions; the weather was springlike and the ground good. It attracted a large entry.

For the moment that is all on our first venture into competitions on this side of the Atlantic this year. We are now all looking forward to the international match at Belfast next month. I will tell you more about today's exciting events in my next letter. In the meantime I want to bring you up-to-date on the rest of our tour of Europe.

In my last letter I promised to tell you about the two vastly different farms we visited in Denmark. We, I should explain, are Eugene, Norman Tyndall, the champion tractor plowman and myself, John Carroll.

Our visit to these farms was for all of us the agricultural highlight of the Danish tour. The farms were more than ordinarily interesting because they tended to show both ends of the scale in Danish agriculture.

Of the 210,000 farm holdings in Denmark, about half are from one and a half to 25 acres in size, and only another 4,500 are of 100 acres or more. The balance varies between 25 acres to 100 acres. There is very little bush or wasteland so that in most cases the total area is arable. Both farms we visited were above the average size.

The first was owned by an extremely well-to-do couple, Mr. and Mrs. P. Borge Kastberg. Their estate ran to just over 1500 acres, valued at between \$300 to \$400 an acre or something near half a million dollars.

Despite his wealth and the size of his farm, Mr. Kastberg is not an absentee farmer by any means. Not once did he call upon his agent or foreman to answer questions, but enthusiastically explained the farm's operations to us. There was no doubt who was the active master of the Kastberg farm.

Mr. Kastberg has almost completely mechanized his farm. His elaborate horse stables now house only two animals, one a Shetland pony. His prewar 32 draft animals have been replaced by five tractors and three self-propelled combines. Other machinery on the farm includes the latest equipment in sugar beet farming and elevators for passing grass and sugar beet tops into silos. He has one of the finest seed-cleaning plants I have ever seen. It has two divisions; the first to dry and clean grain as it is harvested, and the other to clean small seeds.

Custom cleaning of small seeds is done in winter, and this ingenious Dane even makes use of the chaff and clearings. He blows it through a pipe about 100 yards long to the furnace which heats the

Norman S. Tyndall estate castle. Nothing short of castle can describe the beautiful Kastberg home. Laid out in the familiar European courtyard style, it was first built in 1748, and is still standing as proud as it was the day those 18th Century stonemasons completed it.

The Kastbergs run a mixed farm, supporting 100 milking cows, 120 other cattle and — until they were sold earlier this year, 300 hogs. There are 200 acres in rape — still green when we saw it — and seed of which is pressed for oil. There are 80 acres of beets for sugar and another 80 acres for feed. Mr. Kastberg estimated his wheat yielded 33 times seed sown and other grains

dicates good land — and more important, good farming.

Erik Larsen, our next host, dressed and looked like a young executive, but he was farmer through and through. He rears 440 acre farm from his father, paying \$2,000 annually for land, stock and implement. In addition he pays \$1,000 in taxes.

What the Larsen farm lacks in size it makes up in efficiency, planning and equipment. We marvelled at the large well-equipped buildings; the main barn is 100 feet long with a 50-foot extension. It is all tile-roofed.

Every rod of the Larsen farm is put to work. It supports 20 milk cows and an equal number of young cattle. One hundred bacon hogs had been marketed in the past year. There are seven acres under wheat, five acres of sugar beet, and two and one half acres of sugar beet seed.

Larsen keeps two men on a yearly basis — against 14 on the Kastberg estate — a cowman and a field operator. Their wages average about \$50 a month, with cottage supplied. The overhead and labour bill seemed high to us for a 90-acre homestead, but Mr. Larsen said he made a good profit on his operations last year.

His profit may not be so high this year for his cattle contracted the dread foot-and-mouth disease, which hit about 15 per cent of the Danish herds. Serum was supplied by the government and appears to have checked the epidemic, for the last count reported only 80 new cases compared with 400 a day at the peak about five weeks ago.

While the Danes are mechanizing as rapidly as possible, they have less than 30,000 tractors on farms, and horses are commonly used, the most general being the Jutland breed. On some small holdings we saw a Norwegian type, about the size of Welsh ponies.

Our trip from Copenhagen to Stockholm — by air, was uneventful, except that the plane was late and by the time we reached Sweden our schedule was shot. We immediately entered a round of visiting local officials and held a press conference. The interest shown by European newspapermen in their Canadian guests and Canada continues to amaze us.

The fields of Sweden gave us our first sight of snow since leaving Canada, and we felt quite at home when we saw the Swedes wearing clothing similar to our own winter dress. An immediate contrast to Denmark was the number of new cars on Stockholm streets and others offered for sale — none has been imported in Denmark since 1933.

The days in Sweden were short, for darkness came on about 4 p.m. and it was still dark at 9 a.m. in dull weather. This is not surprising when it is remembered that Stockholm is on a latitude of 59 compared to Toronto's 43 and Vancouver's 49. On a Canadian map, Stockholm would be about the middle of Hudson Bay.

Our jaunt into Europe has given us many a chuckle, trying to adjust to strange facilities and new customs. All Europeans hotels ask guests to leave footwear outside the door for cleaning overnight. Since we are travelling light with only one pair each, we have been afraid to take advantage of this. One night — at 2 a.m. — I was awakened with the thought we were being burgled. It was only the frustrated shoe porter creeping around my room seeking my shoes!

A bath incidentally is not just a bath. In London it was six and one half feet long; my first chance for a full stretch since swimming in the "crick." In Hamburg we had a man-sized tub, but not so big as London's; in Stockholm the bath resembled a milk cooling vat, and in Copenhagen it was a sit-down tub shaped like a chair. An extremely cold seat first thing in the morning.

Our hotel towels have varied as much as the baths. Perhaps a psychiatrist could interpret national traits from this evidence, but for us hotel linen has provided a continual surprise. Towels varied from pocket handkerchief size in Copenhagen to carpet size in London and Stockholm, where they were six feet by four feet.

Changing countries and currency every three days left us easy prey to the unscrupulous. Our practice has been just to hand out bank notes and meekly accept whatever change we get. The mathematics in-

**Brampton Businessman
Was Sportsman, Singer**

A widely known Brampton man, Harry Sproule died on January 23. Son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Sproule, he was the eldest of five sons and moved from Napanea to Brampton with his parents at the age of twelve. He was the eldest member of the family and died in his 62nd year. His parents and brothers all predeceased him.

He started his business career in Brampton as delivery boy with Robinson and Stork department store, at the same time acting as night operator in the telephone exchange. He had considerable musical talent and was tenor soloist in Brampton's first motion picture theatre the "Bijou Dream" in the premises now occupied by the A&P Store. His solos were illustrated with coloured still pictures as a special program feature. He was a member of Grace Church choir and for many years was in demand as a soloist at concerts and garden parties.

When still a young man he was employed as clerk in Sam McCandless' men's furnishings store and for over forty years continued in that business at the corner of Main and Queen Streets. He took over the business after Mr. McCandless' death. Later it was taken over by the F. T. Hill Company and he became manager. He continued in that position until a few years ago when he was forced to retire due to ill health.

As a youth Mr. Sproule played hockey at the old Laird rink. He was a smart skater and competed in skating races, so popular in the early part of the century. But it was in lacrosse that he started and made a name for himself. He was an outstanding home player in 12-man field lacrosse. Teaming with his brother George, who predeceased him fifteen years ago, they developed a fine combination and were a scoring threat to every team that visited Rosalea from 1910 onward.

He was a member of the first Excelsior team which made the trip to Vancouver in quest of the Mann Cup. He played no small part in bringing Ontario lacrosse championships to Brampton.

In later years lawn bowling, curling and cribbage were his hobbies. He was a past master of the Brampton Masonic Lodge. In 1912 he married Hazel Tuck of Georgetown. She with two sons, Jack of Belleville and William of Toronto, a daughter Marion, Mrs. H. Allan Heatley of Brampton, and three grandchildren are the surviving members of the family.

Rev. J. A. McDermid conducted the funeral service. Pallbearers were Jim, Bob and Bill McArter, Norm Anderson, Tom McMurchy and W. J. Abell. Flower bearers were three young men of his own household along with members of the 1914 Mann Cup team, and other lacrosse associates. Among the floral tributes was a floral lacrosse stick done in the Excelsior colours of red and white as a token of respect from his lacrosse associates. Interment was made in Brampton Cemetery.

The Prairie Lily, flaming orange as it waves amid the grasslands, is the flower symbol of the province of Saskatchewan.

But now we are back in England and tomorrow will start off on a tour of Wales so all we have to worry about are our Welsh accents and control of our pounds, shillings and pence.

We'll keep you posted on our linguistic and financial progress.



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