

SLATS' DIARY
(By Oliver N. Warren)

Sunday: Jane & Elsie went to church this a. m. & Elsie sat Jane what is her favret hymn & Jane re- plide & sed the 1 in the 2nd seat back with the blue neck tie & curly obbern hair. Witch aint me.

Monday: The preacher called at Blisters house this evening & ast Blisters how old was his little sister he hurd he had. Blisters replide she aint old a tall. Shese a 19 and 36 moddle. Witch means she aint been borned so long.

Tuesday: A man cum along the st. a looken at the nos. & ast Jake did he no a man along here with 1 leg named Smith. & Jake, the dummy replide he didden know & sed what do they call his other leg. The man seemed diss gusted.

Wednesday: The Prof. whose agone to be supt. of are skool—of all sad words!—is a yumerest I xpect. Any how, he sed to Ma sed he I can speak sevral languidges but they's 1 tongue I can't master. Ma ast what I & seemed none 2 pleased when he sed my wifes, nor neether when Pa sed she bit. Whatever this is.

Thursday: Ma sed she wood get even with that Prof when she sees him agen. Pa ast how & she sed shese agone to tell him a lotta nuts grose on the tree of noledge. I dont get that but it has a meaning some whair.

Friday: Are base ball team hasent bin the usual success this sezen. The ketcher, 1st base men & 2 of the out feelders is 2 mutch intrusted in Goff, witch I call cow pascher pool.

Saturday: Elsie sed to me Jane sed to her she give me the cold sholder on the st. I got even & then sum by tellen Elsie to tell Jane I woodent warm it up with no rain of hot kisses & I guest that wood hold her for a while. & I dont care if she gets mad neether.

Ottawa Spotlight

By Wilfrid Eggleston

Ottawa, August 11.—To offset some of the gloom caused by the widespread failure of the grain crop in western Canada, and the serious fodder shortage which will compel extraordinary measures to relieve the ranchers and stockmen, there are of late several more hopeful developments becoming evident at the capital.

Rising wheat prices, accompanied by a general improvement in other farm and garden prices, reflecting mainly the drought of North America but in part overseas influences, are gradually restoring a better balance between agricultural and manufacturing prices. This disparity has long been held by economists to be one of the main factors retarding recovery in Canada. The farmer was unable to trade his products on a fair basis with other producers, and he was compelled to pay old debts incurred when prices were high at a time when his own prices were low.

(Increase Buying Power)

Rising agricultural prices will not, of course, help the farmer whose harvest was wiped out by drought or other cause. Nor will they assist, directly, the worker in other occupations. But inasmuch as they increase the buying power of the Canadian farmer they will soon be reflected in greater activity in factories and stores.

Even with an appallingly low yield of wheat in the main western areas it is quite conceivable that the total purchasing power of wheat farmers this year will be the best for several years. It may be recalled that the harvest of 1933 was the third largest in the history of the country, but the average value at the farm was only 35 cents a bushel, and the estimate of the value of that wheat crop by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics was only \$154,700,000.

Even if this year's western wheat crop is only 215 or 225 millions, plus an eastern crop of 15 millions, it is obvious that at prices now current the total value would be somewhat greater than it was in 1932. Indeed, the prospects are now that it will be the most valuable crop since 1930. (Stocks on Hand More Valuable)

There is another aspect of the sharp advance in wheat prices which should not be missed. The wheat board has been selling wheat at those prices of a dollar and over; also, it still had, at the end of the crop year (July 31) over a hundred million bushels of wheat to sell. Part of this wheat was, perhaps, carryover from previous years and may by now be standing in the books at a dollar or over. On this there may not be much profit, but at any rate there does not appear to be much likelihood of further loss.

But the most part of the 100 millions still on hand must be what was bought from the western farmer on a basis of 87½ cents a bushel during the last year. It was understood at the time that this was an interim payment, and that if the board made any surplus, it should be distributed pro rata among the farmers who delivered to the board. Of course there are storage and financing charges on this wheat to deduct, but it would not take much further advance in wheat prices to yield a tidy sum to be distributed among the farmers who sold wheat last year — many of whom had no crop this year and will be grateful for a small extra payment on last year's wheat. (Gain In Revenues)

Another more optimistic feature in the news is the substantial gain in federal revenues and the slight decrease in expenditures. The improvement in four months is in the neighborhood of 25 million dollars. The employment figures are also a little better, after some months when, allowing for seasonal changes, they made practically no headway. The figures showing persons on relief, aside from drought-stricken areas of the west, where there will be some increases, are expected to show marked reduction during this summer, as compared with a year ago. Business in general is more buoyant, and would have been much more so had it not been for the harvest collapse in western Canada, and the drought in Ontario, which did serious damage. On the long view the light wheat harvest may prove to have been a good thing, but it is small consolation for the destitute farmers.

Consultations continue regarding the feed situation in the west, and the ranchers begin to grow restive. There are numerous and somewhat involved negotiations to complete before Ottawa will be ready to disclose its policy in full. Meantime some of the ranchers don't know whether to sacrifice their stock now for what they can get, or hang in confident that the government will come to the rescue in adequate fashion.

The Liberal Short Story

EVEN THE RICH

By Augusta Philbrick

Anne Mitchell lifted her face for her husband's good-bye kiss, which always came simultaneously with the snapping shut of his watch, as he tucked the morning paper beneath his arm and left the breakfast table.

"I'm sorry, Anne, but I'm not going to be able to meet you for lunch today. You won't mind very much will you?"

"Mind? No, but we'll miss you. Julie and I are apt to get into mischief." She looked across the table to where her guest, Juliet Trenton, was busy with toast and marmalade. "We may stay at home."

"Don't do that." Anne was surprised at the quick concern in his voice. Then, as if in explanation, he went on confusedly. "Some one would have to stay and fix your lunch. Today is the day for the picnic, isn't it?"

"Yes, of course. I'd forgotten it." "Forgotten? You mean preparations haven't been made?"

"Oh, of course. Hilda tended to that."

Arthur flushed and hurried from the room. Anne sighed and turned with a shrug to Juliet.

"Poor Arthur. I must be a terrible disappointment to him. I can't make his home run as smoothly as his mother did. I forget important items like the servant's annual picnic up the river to Bear Mountain. They decided to have it today because I always go to New York to have my hair fixed on Wednesdays. Afterward, Arthur meets me for lunch."

"Always? It seems to me everything you do here is done by schedule."

"Exactly. I can tell you just what will be going on in this house every minute of the day. Even I have duties that must be attended to at the proper time. Sometimes I want to chuck it all and go back home."

Juliet laughed. "Of course you're fooling, but wait until I go back and tell them that Anne who was never known to get to a party on time, has to live by the clock. I guess it's worth it to be married to a man like Arthur, and have a home like this, but—"

"I'm beginning to wonder whether it's worth it or not. I'd ask for a housekeeper, but his mother always ran things so beautifully and I hate to admit that a Kentucky thoroughbred can't keep the pace made by a dandy Yankee."

"Whoops, we're off! Here's where we start fighting the Civil War again."

"Don't be a goose!" Anne looked thoughtfully at her plate for a minute.

"You know, even that would be a relief. We live such a well ordered life that we never even argue. Arthur would bite off his tongue before he would say anything that might be repeated in the kitchen. If he just wasn't quite so — perfect."

"This is the first time you've seemed real to me since I've been here. Let's just stay home and talk all day. We could get our own lunch. It wouldn't be the first time."

"Sh-h-h! Do you mean it?"

An hour later standing at an upper window, they watched the servants drive away with smiling faces and well filled hampers. Anne threw her arms above her head. "Hooray. Now we can do anything we please. What'll it be?"

"Let's pretend I've just come and you're showing me the garden. I'd really love to see it just once without falling over a gardener pulling weeds."

They went down the wide stairway. Above the landing a Mitchell ancestor frowned upon them; his large nose glistened redly in the sunlight coming through a stained-glass window. Anne called Juliet's attention to him with a wave of the hand.

"Speaking of the gardens, there's a rare blossom from the Mitchell family tree, supposed to have come over in the Mayflower."

"Well, much has been blamed on the poor Mayflower."

"Never let Arthur's Aunt Agatha hear you say that. She wears the family tree in her hat. Until Arthur took me to see her, I thought Knickerbockers were just — pants. She used to keep house for Arthur's father, but when he married she couldn't get along with the bride."

"Why don't you get her to come back here now? That might be a solution to your problem."

"Oh, well, tell the old girl she's not so much. Your mother was an F. F. V."

"She'd think she was a brand of soda crackers."

Chuckling, arm in arm, they went out upon the terrace. The Hudson, shimmering in the sunlight, seemed laughing with them. All the world seemed happy and at peace.

"I know I don't deserve all this," Anne looked wistfully out over the velvety lawn, rolling away in soft green terraces to the river bank. "I so seldom have a chance to enjoy it just like this. But it must be a swell place to visit." Her laughter was shaky, and Juliet put her arm swiftly around her.

"It is a swell place to visit, Anne. The very fact that it is all kept running so smoothly is what makes it so enjoyable to others. You just need a rest, that's all. It was a big job for a bride to have to jump into an establishment like this, with so many servants to manage. I don't see how you do it."

"I don't. Sometimes I feel as if they were managing me, especially Hilda."

It was not until they were preparing lunch that she gave any explanation of this last remark. They were hunting a knife to peel tomatoes.

"I haven't the remotest idea where Hilda keeps them, but I think they ought to be in this table drawer."

"Anne, do you mean to say that you don't know where things are in this house?"

"Why should I? Besides, I'm never allowed in the kitchen. Hilda sees to that. She always comes into the pantry to meet me when she hears me coming. If I do manage to get out here, she stops whatever she is doing until I leave. She's a tyrant, and I don't dare cross her, for she's a family institution. If the others don't please her I have to fire them or she threatens to leave. I don't know why it is, but even Arthur seems afraid to displease Hilda."

"The way to a man's heart, my dear—"

"Well, I'm not such a bad cook myself—if I ever had the chance to show him."

"Yes. I seem to remember that you were always the one who used to embroider dish towels and putter about the kitchen—"

"There they are." Anne made a dash across the kitchen to a well filled knife rack she had just spied. In the pantry they found a half-bushel basket filled with delicious-looking tomatoes. Anne beamed.

"For once I'm going to have all I want. Every time Stimpson passes the salad, I wish I could grab the bowl and run away with it. Oh, look! Onions! Do you remember the sandwiches we used to make?"

"Do I? Where's the mayonnaise?" Juliet opened the doors of a large refrigerator that filled one end of the pantry. "Merciful heavens! Are you planning a party or something? Here's a whole side of roast beef and a flock of fried chickens."

"Left overs from the picnic, I guess. Help yourself."

"Then let's not set the table. Let's eat right here where we can have anything we want. This refrigerator is a whole cafeteria in itself!"

"Suits me." Anne perched herself on the corner of a table and started peeling tomatoes. "I'm going to have to eat one of these just like this with salt before I do another thing."

Fifteen minutes later, Anne was sinking her pretty teeth in a tomato and onion sandwich that stretched her mouth to capacity, when they heard a car drive up and stop. They looked at each other in panic. Beside Juliet was a pile of chicken bones that gave mute testimony of her enjoyment of the feast, while all around Anne the metal-topped table was gory with tomato juice.

Juliet commenced to giggle, but the next instant her laughter died with a strangled gurgle in her throat. The kitchen door had opened and Arthur's Aunt Agatha was pinning them to the wall like insects with a jewelled lognette. The expression in her eyes told, even plainer than words, that nothing like this had ever before happened in the Mitchell household.

"Well, I might have known it. From what Hilda has told me about the way you run this house, I'm not surprised. Where is every one? aren't you in New York?"

"Every one? I suppose you mean the servants. They're away on a picnic." For an instant Anne had been tempted to say that she had discharged them all and was doing her own work. It was quite plain that Aunt Agatha had come here

expecting to find her gone. "Am I to understand that you are in the habit of coming here when I am away to discuss my affairs with the cook?"

Anne watched Aunt Agatha's face go suddenly crimson, but she was no longer afraid of anything that could result from this encounter. At last she was in the right. Even the gory tomato skins that slid beneath her fingers as she let herself down from the table to the floor could not take from her the dignity of that moment. Aunt Agatha sputtered:

"Your affairs happen to be my affairs, young lady. Hilda has watched over this house in my place for a good many years, and she'll see to it that things are run as they should be."

Anne was trembling now, but she held her head high and managed to keep her voice steady.

"If you'll excuse us, Aunt Agatha Miss Trenton and I will go to our rooms."

Before the older woman could speak a door banged somewhere and Arthur came striding into the kitchen. He looked from one to the other. Then, without speaking a word, he whisked his aunt and Juliet out of the kitchen and took Anne in his arms.

"I wouldn't have had this happen to you for words, honey, I heard she'd been coming here and I thought to-day would be a good time to make sure and tell her to lay off. She can't help it, I guess. She's sort of hipped on this place."

"Well, she can have it, so far as I'm concerned. You may as well know I'm sick of it all anyway—sick of pretense and show—sick of living in a cage with a bunch of Foot, Hiawatha and Pride of Blacoon servants poking at me. I'm l-l-leaving—" It was harder to say than

she had thought. Do you really mean it, Anne? You won't mind if I let her have this place? We could come here whenever we wanted, but we'll get a cottage at Westhampton for the summer and next winter—"

Suddenly he stopped, his fascinated gaze on Anne's discarded sandwich. Anne held her breath. It was coming now. She shut her eyes so that she would not see the disgust she knew would show in his face.

"Holy Mackerel!" He was silent a minute and Anne opened her eyes in time to see the last of her sandwich disappear. A boyish grin spread from his crowded mouth.

"Let's go look for that cottage," he said.

Stock Register

FYVIE RENOWN, 27110-Clydesdale Stallion for service. Brown with white legs. Sire, Fyvie Ideal-26177-Dam, Bonnie Hillcrest-46650. This is a fine upstanding young stallion, well bred from prize winning stock. Good legs and a good mover. Enrolled and inspected. Terms to insure foal \$10. OSCAR COX, Unionville, Ontario, owner.

TORRS MARQUIS, Imp.—27437—22576—Clydesdale, bay, with white legs. Imported last November from Scotland. Sire, Courtesy—27458—by Brunstone Again. This is an outstanding show stallion, cart horse type, good legs and feet and is good mover. Well bred tracing to such stallions as Brunstone Again, Dunure living in a cage with a bunch of servants poking at me. I'm l-l-leaving—" It was harder to say than

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