

**NEWS AND INFORMATION FOR THE BUSY FARMER**

**Current Crop Report**

Cutting of grain nears completion and threshing is general. Fall wheat is an average crop of good quality. Barley and oats ripened prematurely, resulting in light yields of only fair quality. Canning peas suffered from unfavourable weather resulting in a curtailed pack. Sweet corn is well below normal. Yields of small fruits were below average. Harvesting of late tomatoes is under way, with expectations of below-average production. Early varieties were scalded by intense heat, reducing the yields. Field corn and roots have benefited from recent rains but indicate below-average yields. Hay of good quality was stored under favourable conditions. Second growth has shown no progress and pastures are in poor condition, necessitating continued supplementary feeding. Peaches are above early expectations and marketing has commenced. Grapes are expected to be 50-75% of average. Late varieties of apples continue to progress. Tobacco has suffered from prolonged drought which has affected yield and quality.

**Give Good Measure in Binder Twine**

There has been little complaint as to the quality of binder twine sold in Canada in recent years. The law requires that each ball of binder twine sold, whether Canadian made or imported, bears a label showing the number of feet per pound in the ball. These statements as to length, for example 500, 550, 600 or 650 feet to the pound, are checked by inspectors of the Seed Branch.

A certain tolerance is allowed under the Act in consideration of variations which naturally must occur. However, of the three hundred samples or more tested annually, more than half have shown a greater length to the pound than the label called for. In samples which did not meet the guarantee, the deficiencies in length per pound were inconsiderable, and only in occasional cases did the deficiency exceed the limit allowed. Since 1930, the proportion of samples found to have shortages has not amounted to three per cent. of the total number of samples tested, the proportion in 1935 being less than half of one per cent.

**Crate Feed Poultry and Increase Income**

A substantial amount of money in the aggregate is lost by farmers

**A. C. HENDERSON**  
PLUMBING AND TINSMITHING  
Thornhill, Ontario  
Hot Water Heating and General repairs.

**SPECIAL**

Glasses that suit you is what you want. You may have your choice of our guaranteed "DE-LUKE'S" gold-filled rimless mounting or frame, latest shapes, plus best quality single vision Toric lenses.

**\$8.50**

Including Examination For Day or Evening Appointment. Phone EL. 4820

**F. E. LUKE & SON**  
163 YONGE ST.  
Opposite Simpson's — Take Elevator

**BROTHERTON'S Steamship**

BOOKING OFFICE  
Special Sailings to the Homeland by Canadian Pacific, Cunard and Anchor-Donaldson Lines at Lowest Rates.  
Photos and Passports Secured  
All enquiries confidential  
We look after your wants right from your home.  
Phone Willowdale 63J  
Office Stop 6 Yonge St., Lansing

**TRAVEL SERVICE**

Steamship Reservations to Great Britain and the Continent.  
Premier service to West Indies.  
PASSPORTS ARRANGED FOR Rail tickets and sleeper Reservations.  
EXPRESS TELEGRAPH Can. National Station  
Richmond Hill  
Y. B. Tracy, Agent Phone 169

every year due to sending their poultry to market not properly finished. Far too much of the poultry offered on both the domestic and export markets is below the Milkfed A and Milkfed B classes for which a premium up to as high as three cents per pound is paid over the lower grades.

The sure and certain way to raise the grade is by the comparatively simple process of crate feeding the birds on a ration of finely-ground home grains, potatoes and sour milk.

There are various fattening mixtures that give good results, but the point is to make use of the feed produced and available on the farm. The best results will be obtained if the birds are put in disinfected crates 2 or 3 weeks before marketing. The crates should be put in reasonably warm quarters free from draughts and the birds should be fed morning and evening. The following ration is recommended: Equal parts of oats and wheat, with barley or buckwheat; add potatoes at the rate of one-third of the total weight of the meal mixture; mix with sour milk so that the mixture will pour easily.

The beginning of the feeding period is most important. If the birds are placed in the feeding crates have food in their crops they should miss a meal and should be fed sparingly for about two days. Immediately on being placed in feeding crates birds should be given a purgative in the form of Epsom salts in the first feed, the dosage being at the rate of one pound of Epsom salts to one hundred birds. The salts should be dissolved in water and the solution used for mixing the first feed.

Feeding the birds all they will eat the first day results in loss of appetite and weight. It is better to leave the birds without feed for the first twenty-four hours after putting them in the crates than to overfeed them. For the first few days the birds should be kept fairly hungry and never satisfied until they become used to their confined quarters. After that as much feed as they will take may be given two or three times a day. After every feed, however, the troughs should be cleaned, and a supply of grit should be available two or three times a week.

**Fruit Crop Conditions**

In both Central and Eastern Ontario apple production will be larger than last year, but, of course, much smaller than the years preceding 1933 when frost killing was severe and extensive.

In Western Ontario moisture conditions have continued unfavourable and sizing of apples has been adversely affected in practically all districts. Scald damage was more pronounced on early and fall varieties than on the winter varieties. Temperatures have been unsatisfactory for good colouring, particularly in the case of early varieties. Fungus is less prevalent than usual, but side-worm injury is becoming noticeable. The apple crop in Western and Southern Ontario is estimated at 25 per cent below last year.

At August 15th, the apple crop for the entire Province was placed at 80 per cent. of the 1935 output, with varieties showing the following prospects, expressed as a percentage of a year ago—early varieties 83%; Wealthy 87%; Baldwin 90%; Spy 125%; Greening 100%; Stark 108%; Snow 60%; McIntosh 63%; and other varieties 95%.

Pears have not been affected as greatly as expected by the drought and the fruit is sizing slightly below normal. Unless early precipitation is received, however, Bartlett's and later varieties will be undersized. Pest injury so far is very slight. The 1936 yield of pears will approximate about 70 per cent. of last year's crop.

The sizing of peaches has been fairly good to date and pest injury has been generally negligible. Drought has increased to some extent tree mortality throughout the Niagara Peninsula. With early rainfall peaches are expected to be a fair crop of excellent quality, and only about 35 per cent. below the heavy yield in 1935.

The grape crop is considerably reduced this year and is now estimated at 60 per cent. of last year. The drought is causing serious vine mortality in many vineyards and the fruit is somewhat smaller than normal at this time of year, particularly on vines located on poor moisture retentive soils. Blues and Whites are mainly a two-bunch crop, with Reds showing heavier. Hopper injury has been very light. First shipments of early Champions, Portlands and Fredonias are expected about August 25th, with commercial mixed carlots, together with Worens, by September 1st.

**"STOP! GO!"**

By Alma and Paul Elerbe

"Pops," Gracie said from the back seat, "you're going too fast. Limit along here's thirty miles."

"That kind of a speed limit on a stretch like this," said Mr. Brundage, "is all foolishness. Nobody pays any attention—"

That was Gracie's cue. "Humph! If an ex-traffic officer—" and Gracie was off. Ex-Traffic Officer Oscar Brundage dropped back to thirty. What was the use? She'd talk till he did.

He had feelings—naturally—and thoughts about how an ex-traffic officer should drive; some very nice points he was fond of making about the letter of the law and the spirit; some comparisons that ought to interest anybody of the traffic laws of New York and New Jersey (where he had indeed enforced them) and this California, where he hadn't done, or helped anybody else do, anything; but Gracie wouldn't listen. She had heard all of it many times—as well—damn it!—as everything else he knew, thought, felt or had ever been.

He sighed. He didn't blame her for not listening; now that they were out here with nothing to do but talk, neither of them wanted to listen. That bit of money he had inherited all of a sudden—zip!—kicked him right out of life. Funny, it had seemed the greatest blessing when he got it, and now— It had seemed such a swell idea to retire and buy a bungalow out here near their daughter Sally—a bungalow with a Bourgainville vine on it just like Mrs. Pomeroy's on the left and the Martin Simpson's on the right; but now—

Well, they hadn't figured on a lot of things. Among them, this business of getting talked out. They used to get one of their principal pleasures from talking everything over, but now, because each knew what the other was going to say before he heard it, they had both stopped listening. And he—Ex-Officer Brundage thought sadly—had even stopped talking.

But not Gracie. With a start he realized that she had gone right on into her speech about the duty of ex-traffic officers. Just as though he and Mrs. Pomeroy hadn't heard it a thousand times! Didn't she remember, or was she sunk so low that she didn't give a darn? Good God, they weren't old or dopey enough for that!

Gracie prosing along to dumb Mrs. Pomeroy for only one reason and that was because she would listen. That, he acknowledged miserably, was why they brought her. Mrs. Pomeroy had no car, nobody else much to take her to ride and no sense.

They brought her along to listen. And there she was, listening, while he tried to develop a self-protective ability to go on with his own thoughts. His own thoughts! He used, he remembered, bitterly, to "have some; but now— How could he have thoughts, when he never did anything?

This was the high spot of his day, driving way out to a little new tailor shop in the edge of the town to get Jim's uniform that they'd taken there to be cleaned because the fellow charged so little. Jim was his son-in-law—Sallie's husband—a likely young man who was already a sergeant on the force out here.

He doubted if he could have got along at all if Jim had been in some other business. His talks with Jim, the news the boy brought him of the only world he had ever been closely interested in, came pretty close to being what he lived on, mentally. He who used to be in the thick of things, where the waves ran high, helping to administer laws of his country, dealing with people all day long, the stuff of life itself, now sitting at home waiting with an eagerness it made him sick to think about for any news from the front his son-in-law would bring him.

He looked longingly at the boy's uniform, pressed and clean and ready, laid out beside him there with just a piece of paper pinned around it, and it was no wonder that when Fate rang—as it were—his telephone number, he answered it. A traffic jam, a disgruntled spy-minded, independent-thinking ex-traffic officer, a uniform coat of just about his size—no wonder at all.

He was in the heart of the jam before he realized it, and at the moment after neither he nor anybody else could proceed forward, backward or sidewise. As an exhibition of what could happen on a corner where there ought to have been a traffic officer and wasn't it was a complete success. The first thing he thought was how often he had said to Jim that there ought to be a traffic officer on that corner.

The next thing he thought was, why didn't somebody up there where the key-cars were that were causing all the trouble do something.

The next thing he thought he thought with his muscles. It had been like that with him many times in the old days. You learn to think with your arms and legs in the business that used to be his. Ex-Traffic Officer Brundage unpinched, so to speak, the "Ex" from his title and swapped it for Jim's coat. He wasn't conscious of putting on Jim's coat. He had himself into it and was gone before Gracie could say "Pops! Don't." He was gone where he belonged—up front where the key-cars were.

Unless you are trained, it takes some looking to find the key-cars in a really first-class traffic jam. Unless you know your onions you are likely to begin hammering at the wrong drivers and make things worse. Traffic Officer Pro Tem Oscar Brundage was trained and automotively speaking, he knew his onions. He followed his nose to the key-cars as a dog to a covey of birds, and he spoke briefly and to the point to the only driver who could loosen things up quickly.

"Back," he said, and his voice had that old quality in it that was like a spurt of gasoline into the listener's cylinders. "Back a foot and a half. Easy, now. That's it. Cut your wheels as far as they'll go—hold on!—before you give her the gas. No—all the way. That's it. Now, ease her forward—three feet. Watch my hand. Whoop! That's it. Now, you! Hey, there Pontiac, wake up! No, cut her the other way. Not so much. Step on it. Ford! Careful there! All right, make it snappy! Move up. Keep coming.

He eased them forward and held them back. He conducted them as an orchestra leader, with the old easy authoritative gestures as definite as words that are the gift of some and forever beyond the reach of others. He conducted them back into a symphony of motion with a proper traffic rhythm running right through it. And as he did so virtue flowed into him again.

A smile no one had seen there for a long time returned to his naturally good humored face, and he got better looking. People spoke to him as they rolled past. Some of them thought they knew him.

After the last trace of the jam had disappeared he still stood there holding up traffic in one direction, paying it out in the other, evenly and expertly, stepping up the tempo, shortening the waits, getting that easy swing and steady, unhurrying swift rhythm into it that keeps city driving from being a chore and makes it a pleasure.

He showed that town (or, rather he would have showed it if only the town could have been there to watch) how much faster and more safely its traffic could roll along under the direction of a man who knew his job; and he was happier than he had been for a long time.

When at last he dropped his hand and walked back to his wife and car, there was a new way of putting down his feet about him, of looking around, of carrying his head—or rather it was the old way, that was the real man, come back again.

"Well," he said to Gracie and Mrs. Pomeroy, leaning on the side of his car, expansive, at ease, adjusted for the first time in many months, "I haven't felt like this since—"

"Oscar!" Grace said intensely. "Look! He's been watching you from the beginning! He saw you put on Jim's coat, and—and everything!"

"Yeah? Well, whoever he is, he saw a good job, if I do say it," and Oscar turned carelessly to follow her glance, and froze.

It was the chief himself. Ex-Traffic Officer Brundage knew him from his pictures, but there was in addition a sufficiently conspicuous plate on his huge, shiny, expensive car. He was a new broom, having been in office only a month or so, and according to Jim, doing a lot of clean sweeping. He was looking intensely at Brundage, and Brundage looked back at him. It wasn't as though he hadn't known all about him, from Jim.

"A hard raiser and a hustler. Everybody on the force is scared to death of him. From the look of things, he's going to fire about half of us."

He was beckoning Brundage across the street, and his eye was sharp and cold. For the first time since he had plumed the discomfited of unlimited leisure. Oscar Brundage was glad he wasn't on the force. He strode over to the chief of police that he and his fellows had put in office with the insouciance of

a mature, property-owning citizen who has done something he shouldn't, but what of it?

"I don't remember your face. What's your name? What do you mean by failing to salute? And what are you doing in those pants and that hat?"

Ex-Traffic Officer Brundage grinned comfortably straight into the grim visage. The chief's chauffeur gasped. It would have been hard to put Ex-Officer Brundage out of humor at the moment.

"I'll pay for my fun," he said. "It's worth it. I've been a traffic officer back East all my life, until a year ago, when I came out here. Now I've got so damned little to do I put on my son-in-law's coat and broke the law by impersonating one. After you've run me in you might consider putting somebody on that corner. He's needed."

"What do you think I was doing here," the chief said, "taking the air? What's your son-in-law's name? 'Jim Wheaton.'"

"He's a good man." They looked at each other for a moment. "Report at my office tomorrow at half past eight."

"At—at your office? Why?"

"For duty. We need a few like you. I'm so sick of these pussy-footing mollycoddles I could cry. City Hall, Struthers,"—to his chauffeur. And then to Brundage again with—for the first time—a smile faint as a water-mark: "Go on holding your head up and saying what you think, and we'll get along."

And the chief was gone.

A man cannot himself add a cubit to his stature, but sometimes another man can do it for him. Traf-

fic Officer Oscar Brundage, as he walked back toward his wife, had the look of a wider, taller, heavier and much younger man.

**Hillcrest Beauty Parlor**

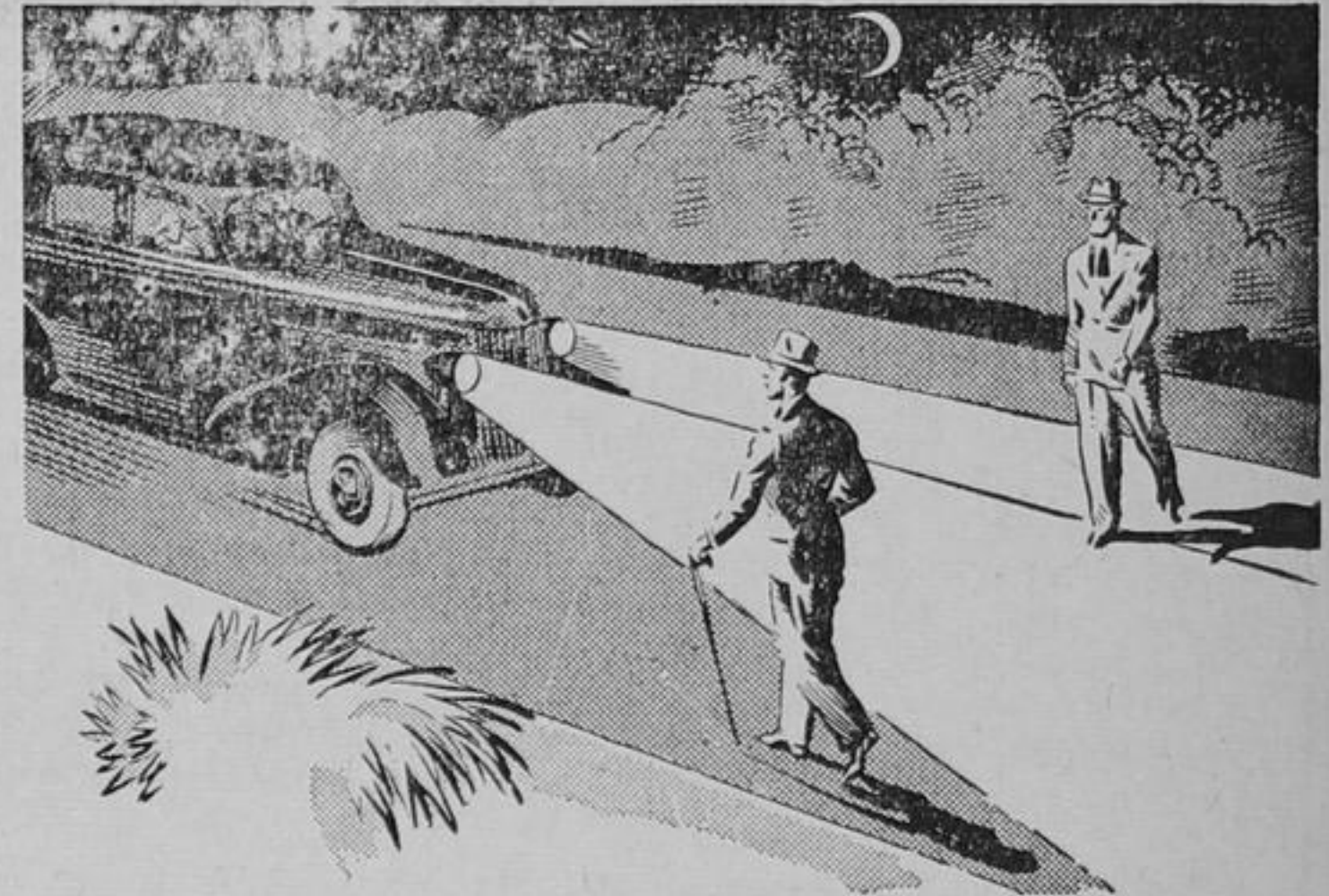
RUTH RUMBLE, Prop.

**PRICE LIST**

- Finger Wave ..... 40c.
- Shampoo & Finger Wave 50c.
- Marcel ..... 40c.
- Shampoo & Marcel .... 50c.
- Oil Croquinoile Permanent \$2.00
- Other Permanents at .....
- ..... \$1.50, \$3.50 & \$5.00
- Manicure ..... 25c.
- Hair Cut ..... 25c.
- Child's hair cut ..... 15c.

We Invite Your Patronage  
35 Yonge Street,  
RICHMOND HILL  
(Liberal Office Building)  
Telephone 9 For Appointments

**R. H. KANE**  
TINSMITHING  
FURNACES - PLUMBING  
HEATING  
Septic Tanks Installed  
Pumps  
Barn & Stable Equipment  
74 Yonge Street  
Phone 92F



**To Those Who Use The Highways At Night**

for either driving or walking

I APPEAL to the motorists of Ontario to make night driving (and night walking) as safe and enjoyable as driving (or walking) by day. I believe it can be done—by the simple expedient of applying the principles of COURTESY.

Let us make it an infallible rule to dip or dim our lights when meeting other cars. It will soon become almost automatic for us to do so. Oncoming drivers will respond. Within a very short time, this "deliberate gesture" of Courtesy (as it now is) will become a fixed habit.

Do not crowd the other Fellow when meeting or passing. If he is inclined to be a nervous driver, he may easily misjudge distance at night. We don't know. And it costs us nothing to give him several feet of clearance.

Let us give pedestrians MORE than ample space for walking. We have all the advantage when we are driving and the other fellow is afoot. Let us not use that advantage in a bullying way.

On the other hand, when we are walking, let us show true courtesy to those who are driving. When we walk WITH traffic, we place ALL the responsibility upon the motorist. Always walk facing oncoming traffic, and wear or carry something light that the lights of oncoming cars will pick up, even if you carry only a partly opened newspaper.

These are a few instances only, to demonstrate the SPIRIT of Courtesy which I am suggesting and recommending to the people of Ontario.

Practise and preach the golden rule of the road—"Show to others the same courtesy that you would like to have shown to you".

Sincerely yours,

*B. J. Weston*

MINISTER OF HIGHWAYS PROVINCE OF ONTARIO

