

NEWS AND INFORMATION FOR THE BUSY FARMER

Maple Sugar and Syrup

Canada's maple trees are estimated to have yielded maple syrup and maple sugar to the value of \$3,713,781 during the 1936 season, an increase of 5.4 per cent. over 1935. The production of maple syrup is placed at 2,022,719 gallons valued at \$2,655,719 and the output of maple syrup is estimated at 9,231,803 pounds valued at \$1,058,062. In 1935 the production of maple syrup was 2,250,769 gallons valued at \$2,782,275, while maple sugar production amounted to 6,538,960 pounds valued at \$740,145. The 1936 season was not quite so favourable as in 1935 in the Maritime Provinces and Ontario because of unusual weather conditions with very little frost in the ground and few night frosts, although in some districts of Ontario there was a good run of sap, with syrup of excellent quality.

Blacklist Dodder

Dodder, a parasitic weed found in some clover fields of the warmer sections of Ontario is to be put on the black list by the Dominion Department of Agriculture, seed authorities learn. Seed of Dodder is described as round, about the same size as small mustard and greyish brown or yellow in appearance. The plant is practically leafless and the small thread-like stems wind themselves about the clover plant. It is understood that henceforth no clover seed containing dodder will be allowed sale in Canada. As most clover seed importing countries have similar regulations against the weed this means that any seed containing it will now be practically unsaleable. Farmers with dodder-infested fields are advised to cut for hay, and patches of the weed should be cut and burned. Warm open falls, with no early frost favor the spread of the weed.

Creamery Butter Grading In Effect September 1st

All creamery butter sold in prints in Ontario, beginning September 1, must be marked according to grade and will be subject to rigid inspection by the staff of the Ontario Department of Agriculture. The prints must be plainly marked and must adhere to the grade so marked. The grades will be as follows: First, Second and Third Grade, and No Grade.

A creamery official stated that the step would be of great benefit both to the consumer and those creameries which have maintained a correct grading of butter voluntarily. Many creameries have been offering a First Grade butter for many years, he said, but some have been slipping in Second Grade butter as First Grade.

With close inspection not only would the grading be reliable and give the consumer a better guarantee of quality but it may also eliminate improper storage of butter, which allows grades to deteriorate.

Many creameries have advocated the new regulations for some time and were largely responsible for

them being adopted by the government, the local official said.

The system of inspection will be that government inspectors will check butter wrapped and graded at creameries and also in stores where it is being handed over the counter. The latter may eliminate improper storage, he said, as butter not kept in refrigerators, or kept near fish or other odorous merchandise will become tainted and will not pass according to the grade marked.

Current Crop Report

Bruce County reports lamb prices holding up well and returns satisfactory. Hog prices although now closer in line with current feed prices, are still gratifying. The yield of oats in Huron County is rather disappointing, with averages from 20 to 25 bushels per acre. Dealers there are paying 90 cents for barley and 95 cents for wheat delivered. Wellington has had some rain, described as a gendens to late potatoes, roots, pastures and to those now preparing for fall wheat. Yields in Haldimand are generally quite low, particularly spring crops. Total yields of 200 to 300 bushels on 100-acre farms are reported. Very few catches of small seeds are in evidence and as a result there is a great deal of after-harvest cultivation being carried on. A heavy increase in acreage of fall wheat is contemplated. Lincoln County reports pullets coming into production. Roosters weighing from 3 to 7 pounds are in demand at present and quite plentiful. The prevailing prices for peaches there is now 40 cents for sixes, with best quality retailing at 50 cents. Potatoes held at around \$1.75 per bushel, cauliflower at \$2.75 per dozen and large cabbage \$1.50 per dozen. There will be a lot of after-harvest cultivation done this year in Ontario County. The grain crop in Prince Edward is the smallest in years. A large number of brood sows are being marketed each week and the demand for springer and fresh cows keeps keen. In Victoria County the high price for malting barley is satisfactory to some farmers, who have a fair yield of good quality. Alsike is being quoted at around \$3.00. Pastures there are showing improvement. Turnips and corn, as well as late buckwheat, will also be helped. The bovine T.B. Free Area Campaign in Victoria is progressing very well. York County reports light yields of inferior quality grain, with low feeding value.

Corn Borer Increasing

Various reports have appeared regarding the effect of the corn borer on the 1936 crop. Apparently there has been considerably more activity on the part of the moths than for several years past, and the entomologists emphasize the importance of a thorough clean-up of the corn fields in order to prevent a return of conditions as we had them in the corn-growing district some ten years ago. The following paragraphs were written by George M. Stirrett, the Dominion Entomological Laboratory, Chatham:

An increase in the numbers of corn borers in the present corn crop is indicated by the number of moths in flight and the number of eggs laid per plant in experimental plots of the Dominion Entomological Laboratory at Chatham during the present season.

The moths observed in the plots increased from 27 in 1934 and 29 in 1935 to 132 during the present year, while the number of eggs laid per plant increased from .5 in 1934 and 1.9 in 1935 to 13.8 in the present year.

It is too early yet to secure the mortality of larvae after hatching and before they become established in the corn plant. The infestation in the autumn depends to a large extent upon the success of the borer in entering the plant. However, at the present time, we know that during the flight season this year more moths laid considerably more eggs per plant than during the last two years.

The increase in the number of borers forecast above does not mean that the corn crop will be ruined, and that we will have returned to the conditions of 1925-26. It means only that in some fields borers will be conspicuous and do more damage than during the past two years, and that in other fields they will be more numerous but still do little damage. There is a warning, however, in the predicted increase in that growers should realize that, although there will not be much commercial damage this year, the borer under favourable conditions, will increase markedly, and if two or three such seasons occur in succession it may increase enough to ruin the crop if strict clean-up measures are not practised year after year.

The Liberal Short Story SOMETHING BETWEEN THEM

By Caroline Appleton

There was something between them—Sandra's husband Tom Cathcart, and Lupe Bolivar, her native maid. Something spoke secretly in the meeting of their eyes, in the significant, understanding silence that brooded between them, broken only occasionally by low-toned monosyllables in a tongue she did not understand.

Sandra mulled it over for the hundredth time that evening as she lay in a low fibre chair on the verandah of the hacienda, waiting for Tom to ride home for dinner. He had been inspecting the outposts of the plantation with his foreman. Tom was later than usual and Sandra felt sickening alone, alone.

Alone with her secret. A secret she wanted so to share with him, but could not. Too much that had been rare and glorious between them had disappeared.

It was dusk now, and hotter than it had been even at noon. Heat lay over the citrus orchards in a purple pall. The scent of the waxen flowers that starred the dark glossy green boughs of the orange trees in evidence, unwavering sweetness, smothering, thick as oil.

A million orange blossoms—that had been her idea of Heaven when her mother, three months ago, had shopped all over Boston to secure a dozen sprays for her wedding veil. But a million orange blossoms proved to be too many. She longed for the cool tang of Northern seas, for the roar of breakers and the hoarse cry of gulls wheeling against a gray sky.

The pressure of intolerable heat that seemed to crush out her vitality as the giant orange presser expelled the golden fruit juices, leaving only rank, twisted rinds that decayed in the fierce blast of tropical sun. She felt like that—squeezed dry, broken, useless.

Useless because she was a failure at loving. Loving at Tom Cathcart wanted her to love. She had been his bride for only three months and yet she was tired—tired already.

And beside Sandra every day, under her husband's eyes, was Lupe Bolivar. With her smooth dark skin that glowed with subdued gold of seed oranges; Lupe, with liquid dark eyes and smoothly parted hair that framed her incredibly pure features in shining wings of silken black.

Lupe was instinct with the mysterious voluptuous life of the equator, the rich vitality that breath—from Tom Cathcart, too, potent as a drug.

Married in June and hating her husband in September—and loving him, too. Desperately. That insane jumble of emotions sometimes kept her awake at his side through the still hot nights that were noisy with the interminable songs of insects, the shrill, nerve wracking "ko-kee-ko-kee" of myriad crickets, and from afar the bellowing of oxen punctuating the humming stillness. A stillness that had a million voices. This mad land where doves cooed monotonously from dark until dawn. Too much life. It nearly drove her mad.

Last summer when Tom had come north on business and she had met him at a dance, he had woven about her the spell of a personality that was magnetic and bold and dashing, as that of any buccaneer that ever sailed the Spanish Main.

Tom Cathcart was an American of obscure origin, but people didn't inquire into that. He was too rich. Or, as in Sandra's case, too well beloved. What did she care who he was, of where he came from? He was a conquering hero in her eyes, a figure of wild romance. A young American planter on a tiny tropical island which she pictured set like an emerald in a blue enamel sea, somewhere below the equator.

He was all that she dreamed. She loved him. She was mad, mad about him! She married him out of hand and set sail with him all in the space of six magical, passion incensed weeks.

They lived alone except for native servants, like Lupe Bolivar, on an enormous citrus fruit plantation miles from anywhere and anybody. And after the first week of ecstasy it came home to her that she had married a stranger. A man whose habits and thoughts were almost as foreign to her as those of the natives who worked the plantation.

He was—tropical. She didn't mean in the sense of those awful tropical plays where men go native and run amuck. She meant only in subtle ways—a realization, a lazy, passionate indolence that fell upon him like a velvet mantle when he came home from the orchards or the cane plantations that lay beyond. It was the climate, of course—the necessary release from tension that

was part of his technique of living in that deadly heat. But it infuriated her. He never hurried. He never exerted himself in any sort of amusement—not even to play cards.

He was content to dream away every leisure hour which he did not employ in making love to her. How could she have tired of love making? But she did. And then she began to notice Lupe Bolivar. Lupe had been here when Sandra arrived. She had greeted Tom respectfully, but with a glowing warmth and delight that had delighted Sandra, she thought, how they love him—these people who have known him so long! But what she thought now was—how she loves him, this girl who has known him so long! And what is there—between them? Some curious bond of understanding. They seemed to share a secret. Suspicion, once aroused, devoured Sandra, poisoning every waking hour.

Then suddenly she saw Lupe standing alone in the shadows of tall hibiscus bushes whose petals were already furled for the night. She was motionless as an Indian. Waiting for someone. For Tom, Sandra knew, to speak with him alone before he entered the house. In a wave of blinding, furious jealousy, she sank back into her low, deep chair, weak with fury. She closed her eyes, struggling for self control. She mustn't make a scene when Tom came. She mustn't degrade herself by letting him see that she was jealous of her maid. She must be calm—poised. And in the morning she must tell quite simply that she was going to leave him. That the climate, the heat, were too much for her. That she was going back home to the States. Simply that. Nothing more. She lay still.

Then she heard the crisp rapid footsteps she knew so well, musical with the clank of the picturesque rowel spurs that Tom wore—part of the dramatic red sashed costume of white which he liked to wear about the plantation. Sandra's heart twisted at the sound of his step as it had the first night she saw him. She stayed in her chair only by holding hard to the wicker arms. Forcing herself not to spring up and greet him. Screened by the railing draped with bougainville vines, she heard Lupe's soft voice say gladly:

"Senor—mire." That meant "Look!" Sandra understood that much. Tom's steps halted. He made some low-toned response. Then she heard him laugh softly. The low pitched, lazy, happy laugh that was Sandra's. The tender laugh that belonged to the most intimate hours they shared.

Now she had to see them. She rose stiffly, involuntarily. And she saw. A little thing, but enough. Tom, standing straight and tall in his white, red girdled riding clothes his sombrero shading his face in the deepening dusk so that she saw nothing but a blur of white. She could not read his expression. And Lupe stood close to him, holding out some small white objects for his inspection. He laughed again and touched her cheek lightly, a swift caress, almost of gratitude. Sandra saw no more. She turned and went across the verandah and into the house. Moving stiffly, uncertainly, she fell across the threshold of their bedroom.

When she came back to consciousness, she was in her own bed, and Lupe was bending over her, her dark glowing face, anxious and yet curiously complacent. Sandra shrank into her pillows. She wanted to claw at Lupe—to scream aloud in the frenzy of jealousy that tore at her. But she turned her eyes away from the face—and saw Tom. He was standing at the foot of her bed, and in his face, too, was the look of anxiety and—wasn't it satisfaction?

Lupe was murmuring to her softly, crooning like the doves she heard at night. Sandra could not understand what Lupe said, but she couldn't bear it—She looked at Tom in wild appeal. How dared he have this woman tend her. How dared they both stand there, shamelessly—"Tell her to go away," Sandra said, hoarsely. "Send her away, I say—!"

Lupe did not understand her words, but Sandra's tone must have been very plain to her. She grew pale to the lips and shrank back, glancing at Tom swiftly. He said a word that sounded to Sandra like apology.

Then he said to Sandra, quietly: "Don't be impatient with Lupe, darling. She means well. They are very natural, these people. After all she's been through it herself a good many times."

Sandra stared at her husband.

Through what? He smiled at her, "Six—what? That girl—!" She a strange, trembling luminous smile gaped.

and came to her, dropping on one knee to bury his face in the palms of her two hands.

But it was Lupe who answered for the months of the year and the her. With a smile of rare beauty, next is 'Julio,' or 'Julia' as the gen-very much like Tom's Lupe thrust der dictates. My darling—" he her brown hand into the folds of touched her lips softly, a kiss that her bright sash and drew out a small, was as light as a breath, but it went white object. It looked like a hand-to her head like mullied wine. "My kerchief. She spread it out for San-darling, how gentle I must be with dra to see, with a comical little grim-ace of apology. A baby's sacque, She clung to him with shaking of white lawn, trimmed with nar-hands. It was true. The secret she row, exquisite lace. Then, impul-had hidden away within herself was sively, she kissed it and laid it on not hers to hide. It belonged to him, Sandra's breast. She turned and ran to love, to life. Even Lupe had out of the room.

"Tom—" Sandra stammered. "Tom—" He lifted his head. "My darling—why didn't you tell me? Lupe—She's sort of witch—but then attitude of thought and a way of she's had six!" living."—Mary Pickford.

Credit Auction Sale of Farm Stock, Implements, Hay, Grain, Roots, Household Goods, Etc.

THE PROPERTY OF GEORGE I. HAMBLY Lot 21, Con. 3, Vaughan Township (Known as Cousin's Estate Farm) TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1936 Sale at 1 p.m., Standard Time

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|-------------------|---|--|
| <b>HORSES</b>     | 1 Strawberry Roan Gelding, H.D.                               | 1 Disc Harrow, out throw   |
|                   | 1 Strawberry Roan Gelding, H.D. (Above team are well matched) | 1 Potato Planter   |
|                   | 1 Bay Gelding, H.D.   | 1 Potato Digger  |
|                   | 1 Dark Bay Gelding, H.D.                                      | 1—2 wheel cart with potato sprayer, barrel size                    |
|                   | 1 Bay Gelding, H.D.   | 2 sets of Bob Sleighs  |
| <b>HARNESS</b>    | 1 set heavy team harness with breechings (new)                | 2 Cutters  |
|                   | 2 sets heavy plow harness                                     | 1 Farm Wagon   |
|                   | Number of Horse Collars and parts of harness                  | 3 Chatham Fanning Mills  |
| <b>HOGS</b>       | 10 Pigs 2½ months old   | 1 Extension Ladder   |
|                   | 1 White Sow   | 1 Set platform Scales, capacity 2000 lbs.                          |
| <b>HENS</b>       | 60 Rock Hens  | 1 draw rope, 140 ft.   |
|                   | 65 Spring Chickens  | 1 set of sling ropes   |
| <b>IMPLEMENTS</b> | 1 Binder, 6 ft. cut, M.H., new                                | 1 Root Pulver, new   |
|                   | 1 Mower, 5 ft. cut, F. & W., new                              | 1 Cream Separator, DeLaval   |
|                   | 1 John Deer Manure Spreader                                   | 1 40-gal. oil drum   |
|                   | 1 Corn Cultivator   | 1 15-gal. oil drum   |
|                   | 1 Disc Harrow   | About 40 ft. of heavy cable  |
|                   | 1 Hay Tedder  | A number of Cedar fence posts                                      |
|                   | 1 set 4 sections Drag Harrows                                 | 1 wooden wheel-barrow  |
|                   | 1—13 Disc Drill, M.H.   | 1 steel wheel-barrow   |
|                   | 1 Steel Land Roller, 3 drum                                   | 1 electric churn   |
|                   | 3 Flurry Walking Plows with wheels                            | 1 Refrigerator   |
|                   | 1 Heavy Rake, 10 ft.  | 1 Cupboard   |
|                   | 2 Scufflers   | 1 Stock loader   |
|                   |   | Shovels, Hoes, Rakes, Neckyokes, Forks and numerous other articles |

(No Reserve as Farm is sold)

TERMS:—Hay, Grain, Roots, Hogs, Poultry and all articles or sales of \$25.00 and under cash, over that amount 10 months credit on approved joint bankable notes. 5 per cent. straight off for cash.

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Extensive Sale Dairy Herd

Farm Stock, Implements, Tractor & Tractor Equipment, Hay, Grain, Roots, Etc.

Property of JAMES PATTON Lot 16, Con. 5, Vaughan Twp., ONE AND QUARTER MILES SOUTH OF MAPLE SIDEROAD SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19TH Sale at 12.30 Standard Time

- |                      |  |  |  |  |                                      |                                       |
|----------------------|--|--|--|--|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| <b>HORSES</b>        | 1 Black Horse, 4 years old                 | 1 Driver, 5 years old                      | 1 Colt, Driver, bred from Peter McKillop | 1 Bay Mare, 9 years old                          | 1 Bay Mare, 10 years old             | 1 Chestnut Horse, 10 years old        |
| <b>SHEEP</b>         | 1 Registered Leicester Ram                 |  |  |  |                                      |                                       |
| <b>CATTLE</b>        | 1 Jersey Cow, fresh                        | 1 Jersey Cow, fresh                        | 1 Ayrshire Cow                           | 1 Cow, fresh                                     | 1 Holstein Cow, bred in May, milking | 1 Holstein Cow, bred in May, milking  |
|                      | 1 Holstein Cow, fresh in May, bred in June | 1 Holstein Cow, fresh in May, bred in June | 1 Holstein Cow, milking, bred in June    | 1 Ayrshire Cow, freshened in May, bred in August | 1 Ayrshire Heifer, fresh             | 1 Holstein Heifer, due time of sale   |
|                      | 1 Guernsey Cow, due time of sale           | 1 Holstein Heifer due in 6 weeks           | 1 Holstein Cow, fresh                    | 1 Fat Cow  | 1 Fat Steer                          | 1 Fat Heifer (Cattle all T.B. Tested) |
| <b>PIGS AND HENS</b> | 10 Small Pigs 6 weeks old                  | 40 Hens                                    |  |  |                                      |                                       |

No reserve as Mr. Patton has rented farm

TERMS:—Fat cattle, grain, hay, pigs, hens, and all articles selling for \$25.00 and under cash. Articles over that amount 8 months credit on approved joint notes. 4% added unto face of note.

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