

AMERICAN TRIBUTE TO CANADA AND CANADIANS

WIDELY-READ AMERICAN MAGAZINE SEES GREAT FUTURE FOR CANADA.—PAYS GLOWING TRIBUTE TO DR. WILLIAM SAUNDERS AND HIS TWO SONS.

The Youth's Companion, published at Boston, Mass., has been a welcome weekly visitor at The Chronicle office for a good many years and is one of the few magazines that is perused from cover to cover. In fact, fiction and comment, it is one of the cleanest publications that comes into our office, and its editorial column is always interesting and enlightening. As its name suggests, The Youth's Companion is a boys' magazine, but it has an honored place in the family circle in that it, too, is a magazine for all the family and its columns make interesting reading for everybody.

The Companion's issue of July 5 has something that will be of interest to many of our readers and shows that in Boston, at least, is an American paper that is interested in something outside the borders of the United States. Under the heading "Canada," The Companion says:

"Americans may well extend to the people across the northern frontier their heartiest congratulations on the healthy expansion of their country. There is and can be no jealousy in our hearts, for in the prosperity of the Dominion there is nothing for us but benefit.

"It is real prosperity of the sort that in the forties and fifties was making the United States great. The country is filling up with immigrants of the best class, such as were then coming in swarms to the United States. The population is moving West and taking up land. The new Canada already furnishes much of the wheat on which the Old World Depends.

"Manufacturing too is doing for Canada what it did for us half a century or more ago. The transportation lines of the Dominion are already magnificent and are steadily improving. No other railway project was ever more daring than the building of a line through the wilderness almost at the northern limit of possible human habitation, to the shores of Hudson Bay, to open for a few months of the year the shortest route from the grain-fields of the West to European markets.

"Canada is under free institutions—self-governed and well-governed. It has bred a body of public men of ability and high character. Americans may not appreciate the worldly wisdom that leads Canadians to cling to the British connection; but they can appreciate the sentiment behind their willingness to forgo the last rights of complete sovereignty in their pride as a part of the British Empire, for there is now no material benefit for them in the connection. Once the statesmen of the Dominion might have regarded separating from the empire as sacrificing protection that they needed. Now, if any duty remains, it rests on Canada to help England. The child looks naturally to shelter and protection at the hands of a parent; when it is grown up filial affection holds it true to its allegiance.

"History can be searched in vain for a parallel to the relations, physical and political, between Canada and the United States. There has never been another such stretch of unguarded boundary between two countries, never two peoples living side by side for so long a period in entire harmony and good feeling. It is all the more remarkable when we consider that the two peoples are almost absolutely alike in everything except that one of them cherishes a sentimental allegiance to the British crown. A stranger alighting from the air in a town in New York or Ontario would need to inquire in which country he was; for the hos-

es, the people and the modes of life are identical."

Referring to the discoverer of Marquis Wheat, The Companion says: "Man has learned to do some remarkable things with organic life, both animal and vegetable. He must do the work experimentally, for, although he has found out much about the laws that govern heredity, he cannot account for some of the things that happen or fail to happen when living stocks are blended. But still he usually finds a way to get what he wants from Mother Nature. Let us consider, for an example, Marquis wheat.

"Northwestern Canada is a land of widespread prairies well adapted, so far as soil is concerned, to wheat farming and too far north for any other crop that is nearly so profitable as wheat. But you cannot grow winter wheat in Canada or even in the northern tier of states in our own country. The severe winters are sure to kill any plants that have sprouted and begun to grow in the fall. Canada must have a spring-sown wheat, and, if its people are to take advantage of the fields that spread up to the Peace River Valley within a few degrees of the Arctic Circle, it must be a rapidly growing variety, one that matures within ten weeks of planting.

"There are other qualities that a useful variety must have. It must be able to resist drought no less than cold, for Western Canada is often both cold and dry; if it is to sell at a good price, it must mill well and bake well; and it must produce a high yield to the acre. There have always been varieties of wheat that have one or two of those five essential qualities, but until recently there was none that combined all of them. That there is one now is owing to the long and patient labor of Mr. William Saunders of Ottawa and his two sons.

"Beginning with a Russian wheat that will ripen in a latitude of more than sixty degrees north, they crossed it with the well-known Red Fife wheat, which has superior milling qualities. When they had got a hybrid variety that would ripen within seventy days and make excellent flour, they bred into it a Calcutta wheat that is notable for productiveness and for its power to resist drought. And so year after year they worked away, trying one combination after another, selecting this and rejecting that, finding that one hopeful kind of crossbreeding would not answer and that another, tried on the off-chance, would answer very well, until at last they had produced as table seed that would produce wheat with every desirable quality for subarctic culture. That wheat they called Marquis.

Incidentally the Saunderses established another variety that they called Prelude. It will ripen in eight weeks and has been raised at Dawson, within three degrees of the Arctic Circle. It may perhaps be grown even in the lower Yukon Valley. It does not produce heavily, however, and for that reason is not worth planting where any other variety will grow.

"The service of the Saunders family not only to their native country but to mankind as well is worthy of more recognition than it has received. They are men who have done better than those whom Dean Swift praised so highly—the men who made two blades of grass or two ears

of corn grow where only one grew before. They have caused whole acres of waving grain to spring up where before none would grow. They have pushed forward the domain of civilized man in the face of cold and drought and given to Canada new homes for its people and new sources of inexhaustible wealth."

Strangely enough, only last week The Chronicle clipped from The London Free Press, an editorial bearing on the same subject—the Saunders family and Marquis wheat. The editorial said:

"The King Government is to be commended for its action in voting an annuity to Dr. Banting, the discoverer of insulin. This will allow this brilliant young medical man, whose fame is already world-wide, to continue his research work without financial worry.

"While the Government has been properly generous to Dr. Banting, it is hard to understand its failure to show appreciation for the work of Dr. Saunders, the discoverer of Marquis wheat. His claim upon the good-will of Canada is just as great as that of Dr. Banting. He has added millions to the wealth of Canada. All his life as a Government official he drew a ridiculously small salary, and now, through ill-health, he is compelled to retire upon a superannuation allowance that is absurdly inadequate.

"The example the Government has set in regard to Dr. Banting is one that might well be followed in regard to Dr. Saunders, and all scientists and research students who have done something worth while for the benefit of their country and the race as a whole."

It is unnecessary to say that all Canada will back the King Government in the voting of an annuity to the discoverer of Marquis wheat, a man who, we believe, may safely be classed among the very highest of Canada's benefactors.

THE PESKY RED SQUIRRELS

(Toronto Saturday Night.)

After witnessing the slaughter of the innocent by the pesky red squirrels, I have come to the conclusion that they should be exterminated. From personal observation I may say that these little beasts do not confine their attacks on bird life to the day time, but plunder the nests even at night, killing the young, eating the eggs and turning the nests inside out. In sections of the city where red squirrels are plentiful, it is to be observed that there are few birds' nests. The reasons are obvious. The nests and their contents are easy prey, and the birds soon learn to avoid such districts. So far as I am aware, the grey and the black squirrels have a clean bill of health in respect to plundering the nests of birds, but the reds are villains and should, in the interests of bird life, be killed on sight.

MOSAICS

You've seen them in Italy, of course; old mosaics chipped and broken and crumbling and picturesque, with here and there a group of little squares and hexagons that have withstood the ravages of time and the elements, fascinating the traveller all the more because of the decay and imperfection of the broken tesserae about it. "Here's a perfect bit," you say; and you stand wondering at its beauty. Why did it outlast the rest of the mosaic? Better material? Better workmanship? Both, perhaps. And your mind goes travelling inquiringly back over the centuries and loses itself in a maze of vague wondering.

You've looked at mosaics elsewhere, too—and laughed at some of them, no doubt. There's that old mosaic of health beliefs, for instance that is so fascinating. Here is a person who reads all the patent medicine advertisements in the yearly almanac and buys up most of them because he's sure he has all the symptoms they describe; there is a Montevidean lady sitting at home wrapped in an uncomfortable combination of furs and hot water bottles because she thinks artificial heat highly injurious; there again is an Indian medicine man creating an infernal noise for the purpose of quieting a delirious patient. From all corners of the world contributions are made to this interesting pattern. Parts of the mosaic have crumbled, others are beginning to show signs of wear; and every now and then a marvellous new piece is added.

Have you noticed that little square that a Canadian city has contributed? Solid as any in the whole pattern, we hope. It is a city that is building the health of its people on the foundation of a vigorous infancy. Only a few years ago its record was a little less than moderately good. In 1919 for instance it lost 116.7 infants under one year of age out of every thousand babies born. That is to say more than one out of every ten died before completing the twelfth month of life. That city had by 1919 begun to waken up, however, and it did a number of things without delay. Of course it began by forming an association. It also set aside an office for the work of the association. And then it took hold of the infant mortality problem. It established a weekly pre-natal clinic where expectant mothers were taught the simple laws of health and personal hygiene, and helped them to develop the habit of conforming to these. It established five Well Baby Clinics to which babies report weekly to be weighed and measured and examined generally, while the mother and the nurse in charge dis-

cuss diet and clothing and temperature and ventilating and other kindred matters. The baby gets every possible chance to be healthy and happy and well trained. But if the nurse finds that he shows signs of departing from the straight and narrow road that leads to a life of health, off he goes to the Sick Baby Clinic, where he is put under the care of a physician. Last year the four trained workers in the baby clinics reached one-quarter of the children under 5 years of age in that city and made 5,327 visits to the homes of children under supervision.

And the city has reason to be proud of its experiment and of the establishment of this new public utility. The education of the citizens thus being promoted has resulted in the infant mortality rate being cut in half within three years. Here are the figures: In 1919 the death rate among infants was 116.7 per 1,000 live births; in 1920, 104 per 1,000 live births; in 1921, 80.7 per 1,000 live births; in 1922, 65.5 per 1,000 live births.

That city was London, Ontario, Do

you know what contribution your own community is making toward the Canadian section of the world's health mosaic?

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LITTLE JIMMY

Panel 1: "WHERE'S YOUR GIRL?" "SHE'S NOT MY GIRL. AN' ANYWAY SHE WONT BOTHER ME 'TIDAY 'CAUSE I SAW HER GOIN' DOWN TOWN WITH HER MOTHER."

Panel 2: "LET'S PLAY BLIND MANS BUFF. I'LL BE IT. TIE THIS HANKERCHUFF AROUN' MY EYES"

Panel 3: "ALL READY. HERE I COME."

Panel 4: "TEE HEE"

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JERRY ON THE JOB

Panel 1: "OH, IS ANYBODY TOO BAD—OH, NO, WE POOR FOLKS!"

Panel 2: "I JUST SEEN IN THE MORNING ABOUT MR. ERIC J. WALF GETTING HURT BY A SAFE FALLING ON HIM." "STOO BAD."

Panel 3: "HEAN'TH SAFE SLIPPED OUT A 12TH FLOOR WINDOW AND STOPPED ON MR. WALF'S CHEST."

Panel 4: "WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" "IT HURT HIM PRETTY BAD—BUT IT'S NO SURPRISE TO ME."

Panel 5: "WHY—EVERYBODY KNOWS HE ALWAYS HAD A WEAK CHEST."

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