

POPULATIONS

Population Rearrangement People And Industries

It is impossible to estimate with any degree of accuracy the number of cattle, sheep and pigs in the world, because in many areas the figures are either incomplete or entirely lacking. At a rough estimate, says the summary on "Meat" just issued by the Imperial Economic Committee, the total number of cattle may be in the region of 600 millions, of which about two-fifths are in the British Empire; sheep may number about 750 millions, with between one-third to two-fifths in the Empire, and pigs not quite 300 millions, of which not more than 5 per cent are in Empire countries. In countries with reliable data it would appear that cattle numbers have tended to decline since 1925. On the other hand, the numbers of sheep and pigs in these countries have expanded during the same period.

Livestock numbers do not afford a reliable indication of meat production, due largely to the different purposes for which the animals are kept. Cattle may be intended primarily for milk production or for draught purposes, and in the largest sheep-raising countries wool is of more importance than mutton. India, with more than one quarter of the world's number of cattle, does not figure as an important beef-producing country. It is evident that there has been a downward trend in the world's beef consumption and a change over to mutton and pork in recent years, both in the countries which normally consume more beef than pork and in those where pork is the more popular meat, chiefly Canada and the United States, Germany and some northern European countries.

Also there are striking contrasts in the apparent consumption of meat per head in the various countries, although the figures are available only in a few cases. The peoples of New Zealand, Australia and Argentina are large meat eaters, mainly beef in the last named, and both beef and mutton in the first two, the total in each country being well over 200 pounds of meat per head. In Canada, the United States, and Great Britain the per head consumption averages about 150 pounds, of which pork accounts for about 80 pounds and beef for about 60 pounds in the cases of Canada and the United States while in Great Britain beef accounts for about 65 pounds, pork under 50 pounds, and mutton for 30 pounds. Germany eats more pork than beef; France more beef than pork, and neither of them any material amount of mutton, their aggregate consumption of all meats being approximately 110 pounds per head for Germany and 90 pounds per head for France.

A recent feature of the beef trade has been the successful inauguration of chilled beef exports from Empire countries. Prior to 1932 this trade was negligible, but shipments approached a quarter million hundredweights in 1934. Canada, South Africa, Southern Rhodesia, Australia, and New Zealand all participating. The total United Kingdom imports of chilled beef in that year were eight and a half million hundredweights. With regard to mutton and lamb, there has been an appreciable expansion in world trade within the past ten years, while the international trade in pig meat is dominated by the movement of bacon and hams to the United Kingdom. The main feature of the trade during this period has been the development of imports from European countries and the decline in supplies from the United States. Denmark supplied 56 per cent of all bacon imported in 1934, but the United States is still the principal source of the much smaller imports of hams, and accounted for two-thirds of the imports in 1934. The Empire share of hams Kingdom imports of bacon and hams has been declining for five per cent in 1935. Since then, the proportion has risen substantially, due chiefly to expanding exports from Canada, as provided under the Ottawa agreement. In 1934, Empire supplies accounted for 17 per cent of the total.

WORLD TRADE ON MEAT

Acidity Tests Being Offered

Harrow.—The Dominion Experimental Station at Harrow offers its services, upon request, in conducting soil acidity tests to determine whether application of lime is required, and the amount necessary. "When the question of liming arises, the first step should be a soil acidity test," official bulletin of the station advises. "An active-acidity test together with a knowledge of soil requirements as to soil type and acidity will determine to a large degree the suitability of soils for various crops."

Such a test will indicate quite definitely whether lime is required. Where lime is needed, the quantity of a particular soil to a suitable point for a specific crop can be determined. This is one of the services rendered by the Dominion Experimental Station, here, upon request.

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HAVE YOU HEARD

Considering how many opportunities we have or making mistakes, even the worst of us do fairly well.

First Friend—Hear about the Scotchman who went insane?
Second Friend—No, what was the matter?
First Friend—He bought a score card at the ball game and neither side scored.

When we get wisdom teeth it does not mean we are wholly wise, but just learning a little more about teeth.

Short engagements are better. The bride hasn't time to wear out her fingers showing it to her friends.

Kelley and Cohen were having dinner together. Cohen helped himself to the larger fish and Kelley said: Kelley—Fine manners ye have, Cohen. If I had reached out first I'd have taken the smaller fish.
Cohen—Well, you've got it, haven't you?

One of the most senseless things imaginable is criticism when all factors are unknown.

Angry Wife—Now that I have an electric refrigerator, see what you can do about getting a mechanical stenographer.

Passenger (to captain of sinking ship)—Captain, as there are no more lifeboats and all the boats are full, will you teach me to swim?

Pretty Girl—My, how very bashful you are!
Young Man—Yes, I take after my father in that respect, I guess.
Pretty Girl—Was your father bashful?
Young Man—Was he? Mother says if Father hadn't been so darn bashful, I'd be four years older.

Smile, and the sun will pierce the shadows. Trust, and the mists will roll away; Give, and the heavens will shine with glory; Love, and your life will be one glad day.

One little boy was asking what headstrong meant. "That's when a man makes up his mind to have a new hat," he replied naively.

Man—I've just been reading some statistics here—Every time I breathe a man dies.
Friend—Gosh, man! Why don't you use some of these highly advertised mouth antiseptics?

Marriage hasn't failed. It isn't the school's fault if a lot of pupils expect to pass without working at it.

Ragson Tatters—What's the news, Windy?
Windy Wolf—I'm not reading the news. I'm looking for a job.
Ragson—It appears to me that are reading the "Female help wanted" column.
Windy—Well, ain't my wife a female?

The man who always "says what he thinks," says it down town. At home he's careful to think what he says.

SCOUTING Here There Everywhere

An Indian Village was an interesting feature of the Scout Forestry Demonstration Camp at Angus over the 24th-of-May week-end. The village was made quite picturesque with a couple of painted tepees, a rustic cabin and decorated Indian war shields. A council ring with log seats and central fireplace completed the scene. The village was in charge of Basil Partridge, an Algonquin Park Indian.

Ottawa Scouts interested in stamp collecting have organized a Scout stamp club to foster their hobby. The club meets on alternate Saturday mornings.

Over 300 Cubs, Scouts, Rovers and Scouters gathered at Nassau Park for Peterboro's Third Annual Scout Field Day. Together with eight Peterboro Scout Groups there were present Scouts from Frankford, Cobourg, Lindsay, Oshawa and Canby. The well diversified programme was in charge of District Commissioner John T. Hornsby.

When Scouts of the 1st Arvida Troop visited Quebec for the Baden-Powell rally, they were shown through the various departments of the "Chronicle-Telegraph" newspaper plant.

Simcoe, Ont., Scouts were guests of the Kinsmen Club at a banquet at which the guest speaker was Joe Primeau, of the famous "kid line" of Toronto's "Maple Leafs".

The fun of accompanying the local firemen on one of their weekly practice runs was the high spot of the school board and city council. In New Westminster an unemployment office organized by the citizenship committee found positions for 170 persons.

Women have been elected to a number of civic bodies in Regina, while in Saskatoon plans are being made for a committee to arrange public ceremonies for the reception of naturalization papers. In Victoria and Vancouver, the latter with a study group forming, women are serving on municipal bodies.

Niagara Falls and Hamilton reported increasing number of women in civic positions, while for the first time a woman was elected to the Ottawa Collegiate board. At the Halifax meetings discussion was heard on a proposed civic ceremony for those reaching their majority. In Yarmouth, N.S., the committee there, in drawing up this body of attention to untidy streets, parks, and where an adult study class was formed, an annual honor prize was established for the county academy girl student who gave promise of the best future life of citizenship.

Hiking Trips Into Historic Places

(By S. P. B. Mais. Condensed from Passing Show, London, for the Magazine Digest.)

Almost the only way to come into contact, with things past is to walk back into them. For instance, I should never have met the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, you remember, Queen Elizabeth's proud but disolute Maid of Honor, Shakespeare's unfaithful Mary, the wanton Mary Fyftton, had I not been hiking through Cheshire.

In a lovely village called Gawsforth I came across a medieval rectory, the great hall of which is open to the public at a charge of a shilling.

The rector's daughter showed me over the house and paused before a carved oak mantelpiece containing the motto of the Fyftton family, "Fitonus leve."

"The same," replied the girl. "She was born here, shut up in this house for kicking over the traces, went to court and—" she shrugged her shoulders.

Mary Fyftton is not an easy woman to visualize. And yet of all women, this dark, cold beauty who tore Shakespeare's heart in two, is surely one of the most interesting. But I should never have associated her with a remote, almost unknown village in Cheshire.

In the village of Neston in the same country I came across the birthplace of another famous Englishman's famous mistress—the lovely red-haired daughter of a blacksmith who was known first as "Emy" Lyon, later as Emma Hart, who then married a Hamilton, was loved and painted by Romney, and lived with Lord Nelson.

Emma Hamilton, like Shakespeare's Mary, died unloved and

unsung, but in her lifetime she was as fiercely desired and as passionately loved as Mary Fyftton.

Another Mary usually dogs my path as I wander to and fro over the face of Britain, also fiercely loved, and in her latter life most unhappy. I came upon Mary Queen of Scots first in Derbyshire. As I was walking over the hills near Crich I came to a tiny hamlet with a large and ancient oak outside a medieval church, and in the inn I was told how the boy Anthony Babington of Dethick, having once gazed on the face of the hapless queen as she was brought to Riber Manor on her way to Wingfield, thought of nothing else than ways and means to rescue her, and actually started to dig a tunnel from Dethick to the manor in which she was imprisoned.

He was caught and hanged, and Mary once more moved on. This time to her final prison at Fotheringhay.

It was through hiking that I came by accident on the birthplace of the fair Rosamond, mistress of Henry II, a remote twelfth-century manor house in the tiny village of Frampton-on-Severn.

Lancashire is an ideal land for the hiker in quest of the mysterious. I came upon the place where the Lancashire witches used to perform their unhallowed rites and where they are ultimately burnt at the stake for their sorceries.

I also saw Bashall Eaves where King Arthur fought a battle and the fairies built a stone bridge in a single night to help an aged wood-cutter to escape from the broom-stick-riding witches.

Only by walking through Lancashire do you realize how little it has changed through the centuries in spite of the great industrial development and upheaval.

De Hoghtons still live at Hoghton Towers, and Townleys still hold sway in the Brough of Bowland, one of the finest mountain pass walks in England, just as the did in the days of the Wars of the Roses.

The passing of Bonnie Prince Charlie seems yesterday to rural Lancashire. In the house where I spent the night on my way through Wigan I was shown a claymore bearing Ferrara's own inscription that had been dug up in the garden, a relic of the Jacobite advance or retreat. During my walks I am always coming across traces of this romantic Prince.

I am just home from a fascinating excursion into the unknown. I went out with the idea of wandering along that piece of the Fosse Way, south-west of Cirencester, that is just a wide green track heading straight for Bath. I passed at Pinkney a glorious gabled manor house that I was told was haunted.

In the seventeen hundreds two disinterested brothers came knocking at the great door and when their heiress sister opened to them they stabbed her forthwith, but she, seeing their intentions, made one last wild grab at the door to get back to safety, too late. Her fingerprints, covered with blood, made so deep an impression that in spite of washing and repainting they still appear after two hundred years.

I entered the tall iron gates that led into Cirencester Park. For the first three miles I had the forest smiling old lady curtsied past me, and I came to two temples, then to a clearing with a monument to Queen Anne, and, on the right, a stone Summer house with the words "Pope's Seat" inscribed on it, and a castellated house covered with ivy.

Pope wrote most of his poems in the houses or parks of rich friends. And he always seemed to make his friends build quite retreats for him in the loveliest places.

Cirencester was of importance long before the Romans turned it into one of their great strategic centres. It was known to the Britons as "town at the head of the waters," and if you don't feel like following any of the Great Roman roads out of it, the Fosse Way or Ermine Street, try the much less well-known track as the White Way which leads to the grand Roman villa at Chedworth.



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collection of tessellated pavement, pottery, coins, carved altars, tools, daggers, and bones. I know three of these Roman villas well, and I have discovered each of them by hiking.

I once took a walk over the smooth chalk down to Dorset past that queer stone known as Cross-in-hand on Batcombe Down, where Alec D'Urberville made Tess of the D'Urbervilles place her hand and swear never to tempt him, to Dorchester where there is a vast Roman amphitheatre known as Maumbury Rings where the Roman Gladiators held their games. And it was while I was doing this walk that I discovered the enormous earthworks known as Maiden Castle where there are ditches and ramparts 60 feet high, and the outside triple line of defences is nearly two miles round. In places there are five or six of these ramparts overlapping and covering each other.

It is the most stupendous British earthwork in existence and covers 115 acres. How it ever came to be built by men of the stone age is beyond our power of conjecture, but it must have given even the Romans pause to see how gifted in the art of defence were these barbaric islanders.

It is not necessary to hike far to get back thousands of years into our island history, but it is necessary to hike.

Maiden Castle's contours are best seen from the air, but Maiden Castle's spirit can only be shared by those who have stormed her ramparts in person and on foot.

The U.S. government pays \$35 an ounce for gold under the Gold Reserve Act of Jan. 20, 1934. But the gold must be of the 24-carat kind. A piece of jewelry made of 14-carat gold is valued at only 14-24 of \$35, or \$20.41.

It is not exactly easy to sell old gold to the government. You go to an assay office and find yourself in front of a locked gate. A guard opens it, lets you in and locks the gate after you. Behind a window is a man to whom you offer your gold. "Show me your affidavit" is what you say. You must have one which declares that you acquired and transported the gold legally.

MELTING AND WEIGHING

The affidavit proving to be in order, the work of appraisal begins. Any article that contains less than 200 parts of gold is 1,000 is rejected at once. Then come tests with the file and with acid. If these are satisfactory the heap is weighed. A receipt is handed out.

Your lot of gold is melted down separately, just as if the assay office had nothing else to do but attend to you, and poured into an ingot half an inch thick, three inches wide and six inches long. The weights before and after melting must agree.

Two samples are snipped from the cold ingot, each about the size of a 45-calibre bullet. Three assay-ers test them for their gold. After they have made their report you receive a letter telling you to call for your check. You look at the check. Too little, you think. Then you learn that a deduction is made for the work the government has done.

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MAPPING MARS

Astronomical Work Being Completed By Mme. Flammarion

Paris.—The monumental work of mapping the ruddy, canal-streaked planet of Mars, started more than half a century ago by the late Camille Flammarion, "poet of the skies," is being completed by his second wife.

Mme. Gabrielle Flammarion, foremost woman astronomer of Europe, is working 15 hours a day on this gigantic task, in accordance with the last wishes of her husband. His body lies buried in the garden beneath the observatory, beside that of his first wife.

Nightly, conditions permitting, Mme. Flammarion mounts to her powerful telescope overlooking the two graves and focuses it on the red planet that is Mars, studying and photographing the planet that her husband loved more than any other heavenly body.

In rainy weather, she charts and computes her vital findings, filling in the hitherto unknown spaces of Mars for science. She knows the canals better than the Paris suburb in which she lives and works.

In an interview, Mme. Flammarion said she took up astronomy because as a girl she had a passion for stars and admired a bearded astronomer who lived next to her school. He was Camille Flammarion.

Left an orphan while still in her teens, she went to live with relatives. A wealthy young man proposed marriage and they advised her to accept. She wept and said she had rather be an astronomer.

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