

Scotch Offer Barter Plan

Would Offer Manufactured Articles for Alberta Products

EDMONTON — A picture of Alberta wheat and cattle crossing the Atlantic in exchange for furniture, cloth, woollen blankets, shoes and shirts, was drawn recently by Provincial Treasurer Cockcroft by two directors of the Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society, Robert Murray and R. W. Leckie.

The exchange of goods would be accomplished through a barter arrangement, so many bushels of wheat for so many yards of cloth. There would be no exchange of money, the idea of the Aberhart Social Credit Government being to import goods so they could be exchanged internally for Social Credit dividends.

Directors of the Scottish Co-operative old provincial treasurer that had factories already turning out many products not manufactured in Alberta. The organization buys \$1,000,000 worth of Canadian wheat every year and is agreeable to a barter agreement, the director said.

Alberta has no factories turning out furniture, cloth, shoes or shirts in large quantities, depending largely on Eastern Canada for its supply. If a barter organization went into operation extensively, it would be Eastern Canada that would lose the business.

Busy On The Lakes

Everybody has been glad to see the increased activity of freight and passenger vessels on the Great Lakes this year. The public has a pronounced liking for steamers. Passing through the Soo canals this year were vessels carrying 51 million tons of freight and the season has some weeks to go. Last year the full season's total was 48 million tons. No less than 35 million tons of iron went through the canals this season. Had wheat done relatively as well as iron a still larger total would have been shown.

The canals at the Soo far outdistance the other great canals of the world in the quantity of freight carried. The figures for 1934 compare as follows:

Soo canals	42 million tons
Suez canal	31 million tons
Panama canal	24 million tons
Kiel canal	16 million tons

In nearly every case the canal traffic reached its record peak in 1929. The world's worst economic depression caused an extraordinary shrinkage of traffic, but during the first two or three years a marked improvement has taken place and this year promises to be the best since 1930 or 1931. The record year of the Soo canals saw 92 million tons of freight passing through the locks. Even this year's traffic promises to be 35 per cent. below that maximum. But if the nations stabilize their currencies and remove trade restrictions to the extent that appears to be probable, water-borne traffic will continue to increase rapidly.

Printing the News

News is of, for and by the people. And that's the rub. For the things a man is ashamed of and wishes to hide are exactly the things the people want to read about.

Editors, especially those who work in small towns or cities, have an unenviable lot. If John Jones does something foolish and runs afoul of the authorities shall it be published? His friends say, "If it were anyone else but John I would say 'yes.' It makes good reading, but you know how sensitive are John's feelings." Other than his friends raise a fuss because it's not published, and the editor, who entered the business with a banner emblazoned, "All the news that's fit to print," jettisons another ideal.—Kamloops Sentinel.

Chief "Dawn of Day"

Premier Hepburn was made Chief "Dawn of Day" by the Six Nations Indians, but it will likely be a year or two before he goes on the warpath.—Kitchener Record.

Premier Hepburn's Indian name is Chief Da-yo-hes-sar-ah which sounds about as bad as anything Earl Rowe or Col. Drew could think up to call him.—Peterborough Examiner.

Premier Hepburn is renowned for the earliness of his arrival at his office, which may have something to do with the title of "Dawn of Day" conferred upon him by the Six Nations Indians.—Brockville Recorder and Times.

Crow Meat Good—If You Can Eat It

Washington.—The United States Department of Agriculture has "guessed" that crow meat is all right "if you can eat it." Experts said they were receiving inquiries from persons who had heard reports that hunters in Iowa and some other states found crow edible. "Our guess is that it is similar in food value to other wild fowl," the food experts said. "But as for eating it... well..."

The Papers Say

EDITORIAL COMMENT FROM HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE.

CANADA

Ontario's Fish and Game

The province cannot be too particular about the enforcement of its game and fishing laws. Both fish and game are of enormous importance, and every effort ought to be made to conserve them. Nothing in the nature of slaughter should be allowed, such as has been the case with partridge in recent years. Ontario, with its large areas of national parks, should be a paradise for game and fish, and the government will find that public opinion will support it in every effort it makes towards their conservation.—Brantford Expositor.

On Bare Feet

"Give me time to get on my feet and I will pay that bill," said a young Almonte man the other day. During the fair we saw him throwing away quarters on games at the midway and the other night we hear he lost \$60 in a poker game. If the young man is left alone he'll soon be back on his feet—his bare feet.—Almonte Gazette.

Stupid

Young fellows keep on stealing motor cars, and they keep on getting caught, and they keep on getting punished. There is something wrong in the head of the young man or the older one who thinks that it is an easy matter to steal a car and get away with it. There is a number on the car and it is easily seen. It cannot be removed without arousing suspicion at once. There are traffic officers in cities and on the highways and they are constantly in touch with all reports of stolen cars.—Peterboro Examiner.

The Best

Two stories of Baron Munchausen, the world's best liar, are included in the new Grade VI reader. Well, if children are to study lying, they may as well learn from an acknowledged master.—London Advertiser.

Solid Improvement

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics economic index advanced last week to 117.1, a gain of 18½ per cent. when compared with corresponding week of a year ago. This is evidence of solid improvement in the country's business.—Ottawa Journal.

A Costly Colony

The people of Italy are beginning to realize that it will be a very long time before any benefit can be obtained from the natural resources of Ethiopia. The war cost over \$1,000,000,000, adding enormously to the debt of the treasury, and how the interests to be met has not been disclosed. Only five divisions of troops have been brought home, and it is estimated that expenditures in Ethiopia during the ensuing year will amount to about \$300,000,000. Last year \$200,000,000 of new taxes were imposed and the budget for this year is already that amount in the red, although the present fiscal year is only two months old.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

New Wealth

The mineral resources of Canada have produced in the past half century six billion dollars of new wealth, an enormous sum, and one which is not commonly realized by the ordinary citizen. The steady flow of wealth that comes from below ground has done more to help this country than is ordinarily appreciated. During the past half dozen years in particular, it has played a tremendous part in helping to keep things moving. Without her mineral wealth to bolster up revenues in other fields that had fallen close to the vanishing point, Canada would have been in a very sorry plight.—Canadian Geographical Journal.

Healthy Fun

What other game can come up to golf for healthy not-to-strenuous exercise? A comfortable stroll for three or four miles over springy turf, under beneficial rays of a warm sun, at least eighteen, healthy swings at a ball from the tees, irons on the fairways—goodness know how many sometimes, but exercise just the same—say five or six or seven strokes to the hole including the tapering off putts on the green, 90 to 100 or more separate pieces of club work in a game. And, of course, the walking is not all on the flat. A little climbing to greens remotely located, sporadic forays into the wooded sections to look, so helplessly sometimes, for a ball misdirected. And the fresh air one breathes on the course for three hours, purified by the scent of the trees and wild flowers.—Ottawa Journal.

The Next Depressor.

Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for President of the United States, says: "The next depression

will scarcely find men so docile as the last." It is hoped it won't find them so poor either. But why have a next?—Chatham News.

The Silent Toast

A few days ago a well-known public man in Ontario, chief guest at a luncheon of directors of an agricultural organization, responded to the toast to the King. This was an egregious blunder, quite inexcusable in a man who is accustomed to public banquets and ceremonies. It is quite often done, one of the big-wigs being called upon to reply, particularly if he holds some kind of public office or is a militia officer.

There is only one man in the Dominion who can reply to the toast to the King, and that is the Governor-General, who is the King's personal representative. But the fact is, the toast to the King is never replied to anywhere. Strictly speaking, only His Majesty can do so. The correct thing is to rise and say "The King, God Bless Him," or to sing the National Anthem and then decline.

And it is all the same whether the beverage is water or champagne. But to make a speech in reply—Never.—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

An Ontario "Punkin"

In the garden of Walter Stroh at Conestogo there grew a pumpkin large enough to give every resident of the village, and then some, a taste of October's favorite pie. The pumpkin weighed 105 pounds, and took one man hustling to handle it.—Elmira Signal.

Girl in a Million

Ida Nicholson, 17, who hopes to become a concert singer, has been selected as "the prettiest farm girl in Western Ontario" at a contest in Windsor. She rises at six in the morning, helps with the work, devotes some time to music and retires at nine. She can bake well and knows how to milk a cow. Likewise she has rosy cheeks and large grey eyes. She lives on the Fourth Concession of Anderton Township, and some of the boys in the office are already looking up the road maps.—Peterborough Examiner.

No Money For Hockey

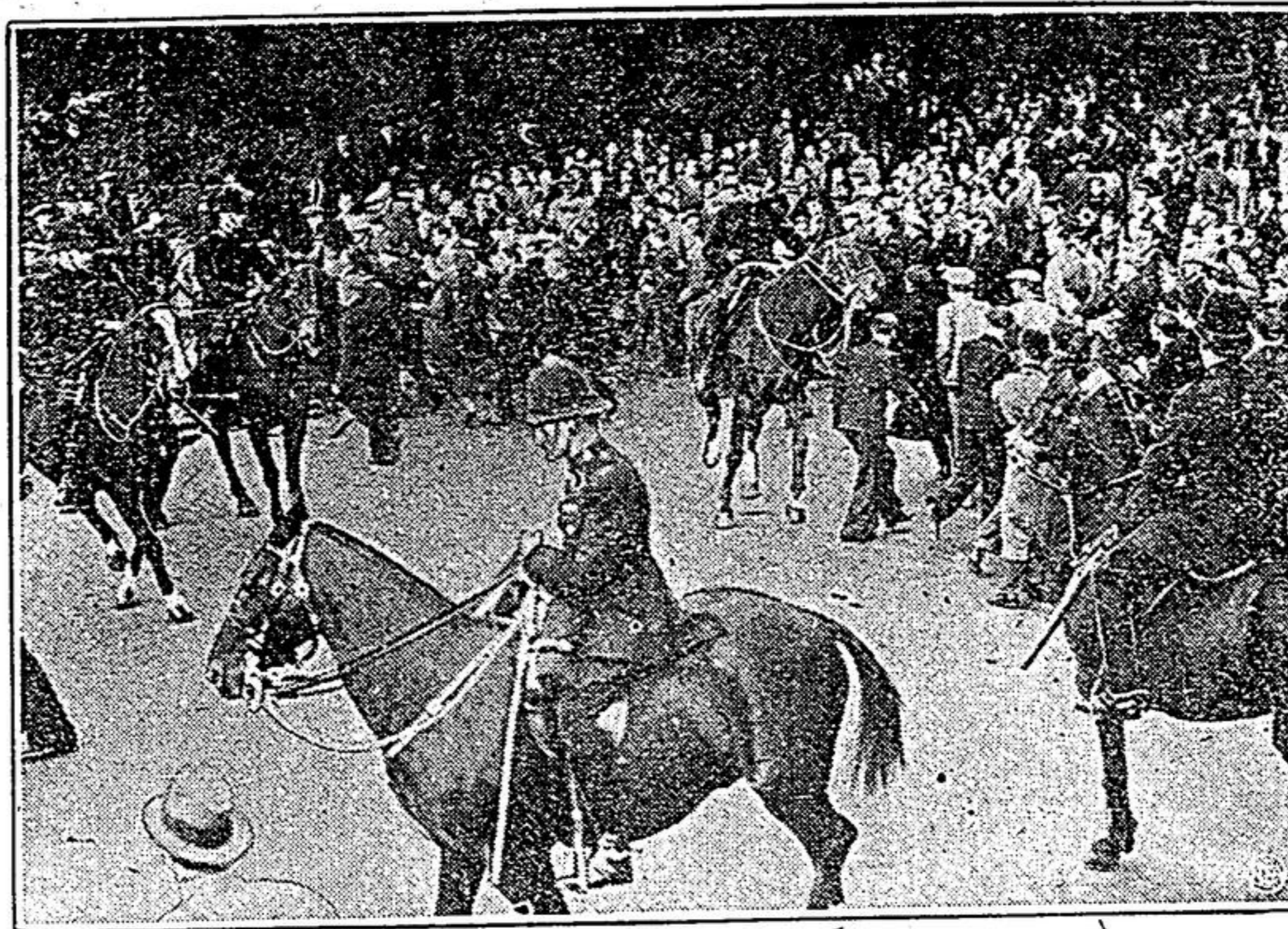
The whole problem of professional hockey for Windsor this Winter boils down to a question of money. Whether or not the fans realize it, cash is required to operate a team in the league. If there were some chance of coming close to breaking even, the promoters would go for it again. But, from their experiences in the past, they don't see how they can run a team again this year without standing ready to pay a lot of money into the pot. Even before they got started this year, there would be left-over debts from last season to be cleared.—Windsor Star.

The Empire

Based Upon a Lie

The inevitability of war rests upon a lie. Man born of dust would be discordant, warring, hateful, self-destructive. This lie needs its falsity exposed by active Christianity. Its spell upon men is the deep sleep of

Mounted Police Disperse Crowds in Victoria Park as "Victory" Marchers Arrive



Large forces of police were on duty in Victoria Park when the 10,000 members of the Communist Party, and other anti-Fascist factions arrived for their mass demonstration after the "victory" march through the East End to celebrate the failure of Fascist plans to march and hold meetings in the same district last week. Picture shows mounted police dispersing the crowd in Victoria Park, London.

material thinking and this spell must and can be broken. It is this belief in the dust-theory of man's origin which denies the brotherhood of man. It is the reality of man's spiritual origin which demonstrates the brotherhood of man here and now. The responsibility for Europe's crisis rests upon no one statesman and no one people. The greatest force for war comprises no single country and no single race. The greatest force for war is the world's bling acceptance of the theory that man is material and mortal, from which stem false gods and false conflicts grow.—Hong Kong Press.

In Ireland, Too.

There will be no safety on the roads for motorists or pedestrians until public opinion asserts itself and insists that the present perils are lessened, or until those whose duty it is to help in removing them are made to understand that they are unfit for their responsibilities.—Irish Independent, Dublin.

At Its Peak

The Citizens' Research Institute of Canada has been making a study of income tax and comes to the conclusion that revenues from this source would not be increased by higher rates in the upper brackets. They think the rich are being soaked about to their capacity for bearing punishment, that if government try to take any more money from them, governments will defeat their own purpose.

The Institute finds that the income tax as levied in the United Kingdom bears more heavily on smaller incomes than do the Canadian levies, but less heavily on larger incomes. Our exemptions are larger, but on the other hand everybody here is hit by the sales tax, which is not a part of the British tax scheme.

Certainly we seem to be going about as far as is practicable in the matter of re-distributing wealth, and we should be entitled to assume that the income tax, both Dominion and provincial—and in some provinces municipal—has reached its peak.—Ottawa Journal.

At The Close of Day

There's a certain tender feelin' That I notice comes a-stealin' Round my heart and never seems to go away Till the chores have been completed And once more we are seated To enjoy the restful closin' of the day.

Darkness somehow always finds us In a state of mind that binds us To the fireside we have learned to know so well; Home to us is still a treasure And we get a heap o' pleasure From its comforts, more than tongue can ever tell.

Folks who cherish home and stay there, Those who eat an 'sleep an' play there, Are the folks who know what happiness can be. Oh there's nothing half so pleasin' When the world outside is freezin' As this cozy nook that love keeps warm for me.

When old age at last has found me, When its shadows creep around me, And life's sunshine slowly fades an' disappears, Then with heart still free from sadness In this home where all is gladness I'll enjoy the peaceful twilight of the years.—O. Lawrence Hawthorne.

Farming is Dangerous

Writes the Kansas City Times: J. C. Mohler, secretary of the state board of agriculture, told members of the Kansas Safety Council, meeting here, that statistics had shown farming to be the most hazardous industry in the state. Of the 223 deaths resulting last year from industrial accidents, he said, 112 occurred on farms. One hundred and twenty-seven persons sustained permanent injuries.

A compilation by Dr. Earle G. Brown, secretary of the state board of health, Mohler told the delegates, listed 3,255 accidents in Kansas farms

Some New Things About Poultry

In San Francisco they are advertising "Electrocuted Poultry," and it means just that. In the killing room of a large poultry plant the birds are attached by the feet to a conveyor and as they move along the line their heads are clamped to another conveyor. Then a man pulls a lever sending 1,000 to 1,500 volts through the birds. As the fowl pass on, their throats are slit by the revolving knife then into a hot bath they go and finally on to the pluckers.

Apparently chick sexing is not the latest and final word in sex determination. Science may make chick sexing unnecessary. Considerable interest was aroused a few months ago by the scientific announcement that use of hormones extracted from the sex glands of slaughtered cattle and sheep made it possible to reverse the normal sex development in male chicks so that all eggs into which minute quantities of the substance theelin had been injected would hatch female birds.

Now Dr. Benjamin H. Willier of the University of Rochester reveals that successful attempts to alter the sex of female embryo chicks within the egg so that all chicks in a given hatch will be male has been effected with the use of synthetic hormones.

If these experiments can be successfully reduced to practical incubator operation then chick sexing will be out of date and a buyer will simply order so many pullets and so many cockerels.

It is all very interesting, says the Farmers' Advocate, but sometimes these announcements of scientific discovery are prematurely made. Laboratory results are not always so amazing when translated into actual farm practice.

Perishable Things

All that is some day bound to perish Secretly in my heart I cherish — The tender seeds at the apple's core The coloured shells on the wind-blown shore.

All that is born to bloom a little While I delight in — the frail, the brittle; The plant whose growth is touched with decay, The cricket that lives for a summer day.

Not for me any heavenly portal; All that I prize is simple, mortal; The love that for a moment lights Bewildering roads on stormy nights.

The happiness that comes through dreaming When the brain is tired of scheming The foolish hope that, in the hour When all seems lost, bursts into flower. —Helene Mullins, Hollywood, California.

The Plowman Hears Radio

Motor-cars fitted with receiving sets have long been quite common, but it is only recently that we have begun to hear of tractor plows equipped with radio, observes The New Outlook.

We do not know who started the practice—whether the radio manufacturers, or the plowboys themselves—but the agricultural experts hail it as taking some more of the drudgery out of the tilling of the soil. There is something strangely fascinating about this most ancient of human occupations, and we confess to a certain feeling of resentment when it is invaded by the tractor. Men tilling the soil have always seemed to us to be men doing a great work in the world. It was monotonous, perhaps, but it was picturesque, and it seemed leisurely, and we know that men plowing the fields have thought deeply about life. The coming of the tractor seemed sacrilege, but it had to come. The plowboy used to whistle and sing by turns as he followed his team, leisurely turning the furrows. The coming of the tractor meant goodbye to all that. No man could "hit a tune" against the rattle of a gas engine. And so radio comes to his aid. Not so long ago, the plowman was supposed to be remote from the madding crowd, and out of the swirl and sweep of the fussy world. Now he can be right in the midst of it, listening to news from the four corners of the earth as he joils along on his tractor plow. It is good news, this story of radio-equipped tractors; it is one of the best uses to which radio has yet been put in the whole range of its application.

Blind Man's Dog Also Going Blind

VANCOUVER.—Tragedy hovers over a street corner where blind J. Nicholson sells his newspapers. For seven years, his faithful dog, Prince, has guided Nicholson about the city streets. Veterinarians have decided they can do nothing to aid Prince, who, they say, is going blind like his master.

"I am confident that no nation shows more idealism and a greater spirit of good-will than the United States."

