

Canada from Coast to Coast

Halifax, N.S.—Crop reports for the province indicate a heavy hay-crop and field crops in good condition growing rapidly under present weather conditions. Fruit prospects are for a good crop. Pastures are in good condition and milk production high.

Fredericton, N.B.—Among families arriving on the steamships Empress of Scotland and Montrose over the week-end for settlement under the Dominion Government three thousand family scheme were some bound for farms in the Maritime provinces which have received many since the opening of the spring.

Montreal, Que.—Work upon the mill of the Ste. Anne Paper and Power Mills at Beauport has commenced, several hundred men being employed. It is expected the pulp and paper mills will be ready to operate by December.

Fort William, Ont.—Within the next three years two thousand tons of paper will be turned out daily from the mills of Fort William and Port Arthur, according to James W. Lyons, former Minister of Lands and Forests. He stated that he had definite information that other mills were coming.

Solsgirth, Man.—The Solsgirth Oat Growers' Association grew and prepared 30,000 bushels of registered seed last year and has practically disposed of it all, shipments going to every province in Canada, to the United

States, and a choice shipment of 1,500 bushels to the Argentine.

Regina, Sask.—When Saskatchewan became a province, twenty-one years ago, there were almost 50,000 farms with a little over 2,000,000 acres in crop, according to the provincial Minister of Agriculture. In 1905 the yield of grain was under 60,000,000 bushels, while in 1925 it was 435,530,000 bushels. In the period the wheat production increased from 34,742,000 to 240,551,000, and was 57 per cent. of the wheat grown in the Dominion in 1925, as compared with 31 per cent. grown in 1905.

Lehrbridge, Alta.—There are seven thousand acres cropped to sugar beets in Southern Alberta this year, a thousand acres more than last year. Early prospects are for a good crop.

Vancouver, B.C.—The first six months of 1926 have shown steady improvement and progress in practically all lines of industry in British Columbia. Mining still shows great activity and there is every prospect of the \$70,000,000 mark being exceeded this year.

Fair conditions continue in the forestry industry, waterborne trade increasing every month. Shipments of pulp and paper to the Orient and Antipodes are frequent, with one mill supplying paper to the eastern provinces. There is every indication of a good fishing year. Agriculture has experienced an excellent half-year and prospects in all horses are of the best.

In a Small, Old Garden.

Perhaps no word of six letters concentrates so much human satisfaction as the word "garden." . . . When a man needs just one word to express in rich and poignant symbol his sense of accumulated beauty and blessedness, his first thought is of a garden. And you have only to possess even quite a small garden to know why—a small, old garden. So long as it is old, it hardly matters how small it is, but old it must be, for a new garden is obviously not a garden at all. And most keenly to relish the joy which an old garden can give, you should perhaps have been born in a city and dreamed all your life of some day owning a garden. No form of good fortune can, I am sure, give one a deeper thrill of happy ownership than that which one thus city-bred at last enters into possession of an old country garden.

Oh, that first drowsy morning when, before the rest of the house is up, you steal out into the exquisite purity and peace of the young day, mysteriously virgin in its clear-eyed freshness! Some of the strangeness of starlight still lingers in the air, and the sunlight slants over the shimmering grass with an indescribable suggestion of loveliness, a look of blended pathos and romance. . . . Everything your eye falls upon seems to wear something of the same look; and as your eye ranges with a sumptuous sense of proprietorship from end to end of your little domain—the great oaks still sleeping in mist, the quiet shrubberies, the gossamer flowerbeds, the sheets of shining lawn, the walls of mossy brick trellised with long-armed pear-trees, the russet-roofed outhouses—and at last rests lovingly on the warm chimneyed gables where your loved ones still lie asleep, your heart is filled with a sense of home more profound, more unshakable, and more pathetic than you have ever felt before—before you owned a garden.

Perhaps, when we analyze it, it is this deep sense of home which is the most vital part of our joy in gardens. . . . That this is no mere sentiment you can soon prove by the easy test of growing your own roses. So soon as you cut your own roses you will wonder how you could ever have been satisfied with the "bought" roses from the florist.

Then the mere names of certain flowers and fruits give their happy owner a sense of romantic wealth and distinction in their very mention. "I must show you our old tulip-tree," you say, just as the possessor of a gallery leads you off to see the portrait of one of his ancestors painted by Van Dyck or Gainsborough. . . . Richard Le Gallienne, in "Corners of Grey Old Gardens."

Label Whales.

Whales in the Pacific ocean are being tagged so that something may be learned of their habits and travels.

On Returning to An Old House.

We were fortunate in having an old house to return to. Old houses have enough of humanity about them to seem sympathetic and responsive, but they are also sufficiently detached to abide immutably by standards of their own.

Our old house stands a mile and a half from a village, on the edge of a meadow across which it looks to a range of broken and molded hills. Big maple shade it, behind it an apple orchard runs up a grassy slope, beside it stands an old red barn transformed by Christopher into a studio. It is serene and wise, it has lived many years. . . . But strife is the last thing it suggests or seem to remember as it broods beneath its maple in the midst of its flower gardens and watches the lights and shadows change on the quiet hills. . . .

The spring afternoon was drawing towards its close and luminous shadows were folded into the hollows of the hills. The light was soft and caressing, dwelling with tenderness on the young green of the awakening forests. . . . The valley was lovely—so dear and familiar, yet unfamiliar too, as if I were in some strange way seeing it both for the thousandth and the first time. . . .

Christopher went the rounds of the orchard and garden with me and then disappeared into his studio. After sitting awhile on the front steps alone, I got up and went in search of him. "Christopher," I said, . . . as he stood looking at some old canvases, "that's a nice canvas, isn't it? No? Well of course you can do better now;—Christopher, do you feel as I do, that we had been born into a new world which is the same old dear one, and that we are very young children with everything to learn?"

Christopher nodded, leaning forward to scratch a corner of one of his canvases with his finger nail. "It's a good feeling," I pondered. "It makes me glad too."—Zephine Humphrey in "Mountain Vertices."

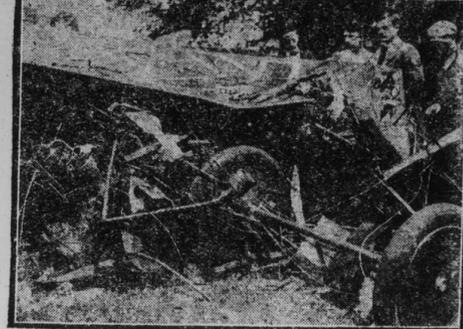
Guard Your Baby's Eyes.

Surprise is sometimes expressed at the very large number of people who suffer from defective eyesight nowadays. It is only partly true to say that this is caused by the greater strain of modern life. Many cases of defective vision are due to the thoughtlessness of those in charge of babies.

Every summer you will see babies lying on their backs in perambulators, gazing up into a dazzling, cloudless sky. They cannot escape from the glare, and the way in which they blink and rub their eyes shows how trying it must be.

Later on, is it any wonder that these victims of carelessness require the attentions of an eye specialist?

Airman Killed in Crash at Richmond Hill



When the plane which he was flying from Camp Borden to Toronto struck a windmill on the farm of George Harding, Richmond Hill, Flight Officer A. W. B. Stevenson was almost instantly killed. The picture at the upper left shows a wing of the plane, which was torn off by the collision. At the upper right is a view of the wreckage of the main section of the plane, and below, a close-up of the same scene.

Shoppier Meets Queen at Court, But Keeps Job

London.—A London shoppier has gained distinction by curtsying to the King and Queen at a royal court one evening and showing up for work the next morning as usual. She is Miss Dorothy Knaggs, daughter of Lady Knaggs, and she has been working in a large West End store.

Miss Knaggs has a bent for designing and drawing. One day last winter she stepped into a store with some of her own sketches under her arm. These were her only credentials. She displayed her work to the chief of the "Help Hired Here" department, and the next day at 8 a.m. appeared as one of the artists of the designing department. She has held her position ever since.

Few of the other shoppier girls know that Miss Knaggs, when her day's work is over, goes to a Mayfair mansion, the front door of which is opened for her by a butler in knee breeches.

The Cock.

Give me a hot summer,
Says the cock,
With the prints of hooves in the caked
hogwallow

And the yellow dust smooth as water
on the road.
Give me a hot sun to bake the leaves
So the caterpillars will fall from the
pig-hickory

And the pinch-bugs walk wobbly on the
flagstones.
Give me the blue sky cloudless
So I can spot the hawk at the horizon,
Giving the calls that the hens know,
Making them run to shelter.

Give me the heat rising over the stub-
ble
And the sparrows threshing the shock.
A hot day and a cool dusk,
Says the cock.

With the swallows gibbering under the
muddy eaves
And the bats plundering around the
dinner-bell.

A hot day, says the cock,
And the hens wallowing in the dust-
puddles
And the chicks running stiff-legged at
ter butterflies.

I will forsake the hen-house
And roost in the apple-tree:
In the morning I will fly
To the reel of the binder and crow.
Give me the flowers swooning in the
sunshine,
The spiders growing fat in the box-
stall.

A hot summer, a hot summer,
Says the cock.

—Jake Falstaff.

Steamer Letter.

Think of me once or even twice with
such
Mild flickering interest or half surmise
I may elude that vagueness of your
eyes

Before they change and understand
too much.
Miss me on Monday a little when you
touch
The salt-scoured rail where the spray
gleams and dries,
Or when you watch a herring-gull that
flies

In the wave's hollow on its way to
clutch
The elfin fish nobody ever sees.
It will be Thursday doubtless by that
time.

Think of me shrewdly, certain it would
tease
My mind as poems do to know the gull
So unaware that it is beautiful,
So unexplained by reason or by rhyme.

—Grace Hazard Conkling.

Music Will Play Important Part in Life of Community.

Nearly 4,000 competitors—3,000 of them school children, representing fifty-eight school choirs—took part in British Columbia's Fourth Annual Musical Competition Festival in the latter part of May.

This truly is a remarkable record, showing the growing interest in the musical and cultural life of this province. It is evidence that the cause of music education and musical appreciation is coming into its own, and that the people are alive to the spiritual and stimulating power of an art which is not often properly estimated.

In the home-to-day music is rapidly gaining in favor. Parents appreciate its true value in the proper mental development of their children, while business men in all walks of life recognize its influence as a social benefactor.

The power of music to guide and even to govern emotions has always been acknowledged and used for noble purposes or for base. For this reason, if for no other, those who are interested in social welfare can not be indifferent to the character of music which reaches the people in church, in the concert hall, in the theatres, in the open spaces of the great cities, and through the medium of the phonograph and the radio. The piano, the reproducing piano, the violin and other instruments are being studied to-day more than ever, the reason is plain. People everywhere are revealing a pronounced desire to make music as well as to listen to it.

Good music does not necessarily arouse noble emotions, nor bad music ignoble; but some kinds of bad music appeal, and are intended to appeal, to the lower nature of man, and at best, bad music has no meaning and has no value. Music is not only a source of noble pleasure—it is a form of intellectual and spiritual training with which we can not afford to dispense.

It is the universal language of the nation, and it is just as truly a form of mental discipline as any subject in science or mathematics.

The ideal home is one wherein exists the fine musical atmosphere. Every child should be taught to play some instrument or to sing. There is no better way of making the young people happy.

Chinese Candy.

The Chinese make a candy from sugar and rose petals.

America's Best Rose.

A Canadian outdoor rose won the American Rose Society's gold medal for the rose of highest excellence in North America. This rose, known by the name of "Agnes," was originated at the Canadian Government Experimental Farm, Ottawa, by Dr. William Saunders, father of Dr. Charles Saunders, discoverer of Marquis wheat, which has won the world's wheat prize since the international wheat competition started 15 years ago.

The American Rose Society's Walter Van Fleet gold medal for an outdoor rose of high excellence originated in North America was formerly presented to a representative of the Canadian Federal Department of Agriculture at a banquet given recently at the American Rose Society's pilgrimage at Port Stanley, Ontario. The presentation was made by the President of the American Rose Society, F. I. Atkins, of Rutherford, New Jersey.

The "Agnes" rose is a beautiful pale yellow flower with outer petals of a delicate creamy salmon hue. The flowers are borne singly and in great profusion. They are fragrant and bloom early but only once in the season. Because of its extreme earliness, great hardiness, and unique and attractive color this rose is expected to be very popular in Canada and the United States.

The cross which produced the "Agnes" rose was made in 1900 and has been under test at Ottawa ever since, during all of which time it has never been noticeably injured by winter.

Homes Need Excellent Heat and Ventilation.

One of the strangest things about us is that we do much talking about how public buildings should be built, ventilated and heated, and yet with no thought whatever we sometimes build our homes in which we live constantly, and accept anybody's or nobody's advice as to what to install in the way of heating plants and other equipment which may add to or detract from the bill of health.

The Pessimist.

He always made the worst of things, and turned
Each comedy to tragedy;
And so perhaps his exit after all
Was right for such as he.

Crossing the bridge, his hat blew off
and lay
Unharmed upon a rocky shelf;
So he must needs, in climbing down
for it.

Lose hold, and drown himself.
—Wilfrid Gibson.

German Invents Shutterless Loom, Lowering the Cost

London.—A shutterless loom, hitherto regarded as an impossibility, has been invented by a German named Gabler, according to a report from Berlin, and has been already thoroughly tested and proved feasible. German factories before being publicly announced. The mechanism described as the simplest and works on two rods which carry threads and weaves all kinds of cotton yarn and jute with the same apparatus.

The claim is made that production is quicker and safer, that the number of operatives is reduced, that the complicated preliminary steps before winding the threads will be obviated and the cost of the loom construction greatly lessened. Lancashire has not yet heard of the new invention and is not likely to adopt it unless its weaving skill, handed down through generations, is equally applicable to the new machine as with the old well-tried Arkwright loom.

Sundial Tells Time of Day in Garden Spot.

There is, perhaps, of the many accessories for the garden nothing so desirable as a sundial. In the beautiful old garden of Scotland and England it is a feature which is seldom absent. There it stands, moss and lichen covered, amidst the flowers or on the broad lawn, seeming to have grown and to be rooted as are the neighboring trees which have grown from saplings to their present noble stature, since first it was placed there. How many memories it must recall and what associations are clustered around it! The shadow moves across the dial, oblivious to all. Generations come and go and the old dial becomes a thing beloved, almost the very heart of the garden and not to be parted with on any consideration.

A sundial of heavy stone is an expensive article, beyond the means of the average person, but there is no reason why one may not, for the expenditure of a small amount of money and a good deal of energy, have a sundial of which one need not be ashamed and perhaps more correct than the more costly one acquired by purchase, inasmuch as the dial will be engraved for the exact locality in which it is to stand.

A popular sundial is one which is designed for construction of brick, and any handy man with a little care and attention to the drawing may build this for himself in his garden. If the house is built even partly of brick it will be in harmony with the surroundings, perhaps more so than one of cut stone would be.

A concrete foundation should be provided for the pedestal and for the surrounding curb to prevent settling; the space between the curb and the pedestal may be filled with soil and planted with oases and perhaps some light creeper to lend color and interest to the whole. The bricks should be laid some on the flat, some on edge and some on end. A few of the bricks may have to be cut in places to suit the arrangement.

To clean bottles, cut a raw potato into small pieces, and then put them into the bottle with a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of water. Shake well until every mark is removed.

It is a mistake to suppose that the tip of the tongue is the most sensitive part of the body. Those engaged in polishing billiard balls, or other substances which require a high degree of smoothness, use the cheek-bone as a means of detecting any roughness.

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.



It Was a Perfect Image of Mut.