

## Canada from Coast to Coast

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Truro, Nova Scotia—A provincial egg and poultry exchange has been formed in Nova Scotia, with headquarters here, which will head up all the egg circles in the province. Eggs and dressed poultry from these circles will be shipped to a central warehouse and, in order to reduce overhead expense, the marketing of the products will be undertaken in conjunction with those of the New Brunswick Egg and Poultry Exchange.

Fredericton, New Brunswick—Russia is to become an important customer of Canada for horses, according to Dr. J. H. Grisdale, Federal Deputy Minister of Agriculture. An order for 1,000 general utility horses has been received by the Live Stock Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, according to Dr. Grisdale, and the horses are to be shipped to Montreal early this fall. They are now being selected.

Quebec, Quebec—Nearly fourteen hundred people were added to Canada's farming population during the week-end, when the steamships "Empress of France" and the "Montclair" docked here. The newcomers were a particularly fine lot with Scotch, English and Irish predominant together with a good sprinkling of nationals from Norway, Denmark and middle European countries. The manifests of both ships showed an unusually large number of special parties, and their destinations ranged all the way from New Brunswick to British Columbia.

Pembroke, Ontario—The town of Pembroke will celebrate, in 1928, the centenary of the first clearing of the virgin forest which, in 1828, stood where the town of Pembroke now

flourishes. Beginning as a lumber town, in which industry it still holds a prominent place, Pembroke has today a population of approximately 10,000 people and has become the industrial centre of the Ottawa Valley.

Winnipeg, Manitoba—Preparations are being made by the railways to handle the 1926 crop of the Prairie Provinces, which is expected to begin to move about the end of August or the first part of September. Eighty thousand box cars are now being assembled at strategic points. Some 2,000 locomotives will be required to handle this number of cars.

Prince Albert, Saskatchewan—Hogs to the value of \$400,000 were shipped from the Prince Albert district in 1925. This sum was far in advance of that received the previous year and the increase was due to a considerable extent to the activities of the agricultural society boosting hog production. This year the hog raisers' slogan is one million dollars worth of hogs, and from present indications this mark is more than likely to be attained.

Lethbridge, Alberta—Southern Alberta's wool clip this year will be approximately 2,000,000 pounds. It is stated that never before have the fleeces been so heavy.

Victoria, British Columbia—Arrangements for the export of large quantities of British Columbia seed potatoes to California are being made this year by a potato grower of that state. The British Columbia potatoes are desired in California for seed purposes because they introduce new strength into the southern strain. Experiments were made with Canadian grown seed last year in California and growers were well satisfied with the results.



Dr. Robert A. Milliken

Whose little book, on "Science and Life" was one of the treasures of the year, and who has made further investigations in the nature of cosmic rays, the most powerful known to man.

### Drone's Honey.

The train calls from the siding,  
The steamer from the bay;  
They wind the horn of wonder  
Which sounds: "Away! Away!"

The bird song from the dooryard,  
The fragrance of the loam—  
They tell me: "Stay, since here you may  
Stay where your heart's at home."

O, Will, I may not wander;  
Yet, Heart, I cannot bide;  
I go with fancy through the fields,  
With wonder on the tide.

The swift-winged thoughts come homing,  
Here to the bee-keepers' row;  
Why should I grieve, a vagrant lad,  
When fancy's swarm may go?  
—Douglas Hurn.

### Too Wet.

"Aren't you going to practice to-day?" said a summer boarder to the boss of a seaside life-saving crew.  
"Not to-day, sir," replied the hero.  
"Why not?"  
"What! in this rain!"

### The Forge.

The cold white wind blows over  
Bent tree, bare heath and stones:  
Through a hide lean and tattered  
The earth juts up her bones.

Yet to this hungry country  
Men came and wrought and died;  
The earth was the dark lover  
Who drew them to her side.

Here in her secret forges  
Grows stern through storm and cold  
The will for the world masters  
Of aeons yet unrolled.

—A. E.

### Ceremonial Abolished.

Queen Victoria much preferred a lamp to gas or electricity for her own use, and thereby hangs a tale. She was reading one evening, with several of the household in attendance, when the lamp near by began to smoke. To the horror and astonishment of the company, the queen raised her august hand and turned down the flame. "Your majesty," said the lady in waiting, "why did you trouble to do that yourself?" "Because," said the queen, "if I had called out, 'This lamp is smoking,' one of you ladies would have said to the equerry, 'See! the lamp is smoking!' and the equerry would have called out to the nearest servant, 'The queen's lamp is smoking!' and that servant would have called out to a footman to attend to it, and all the time the lamp would have gone on smoking; so I preferred to turn it down myself." Doubtless the queen could have found a great many other ceremonials that could be abolished with equal advantage.

### Dynasties.

Now leaps the Sun  
Out of the sea;  
King of the East  
That is done;  
King of the West  
Yet to be.

He shakes his hair  
Over the waves,  
Where are the tyrants gone  
Who lorded it there  
In Tyre, in Babylon;  
Where are the slaves?

He shouts over space  
And the western sea,  
What People shall rise,  
And look on his face,  
And read in his eyes  
Their empery.

—Richard Church.



J. I. Glick

Red Lake prospector, the second man to get to the famous mining district by airplane, who expressed continued faith in the north country.

### Menaced by the Sea.

Whole provinces of Holland are as much as six feet below sea level, but these districts do not cause such anxiety to Dutch engineers as the province of Zeeland at the mouth of the Scheldt, a great part of which is well above sea level.

The land is subject to a dreaded disease known as the "Val." Sometimes, without warning, acres of soil, including farmhouses, pastures or even villages, sink away, leaving in their place a sheet of water many fathoms deep. Opposite the island of Tholen, at the mouth of the Ooster Scheldt, is a lightskip. It indicates a dangerous "rock" on which vessels had previously been wrecked. Actually it is the spire of the church at Rommersvaal, a prosperous town which subsided into the waters one night centuries ago.

Very soluble material which, when once the water penetrates into it, is converted into quicksand. Long and patient study has taught the Dutch engineers when they may expect the "Val" to appear in a particular neighborhood. So a special kind of dyke is constructed with foundations and outworks of wickerwork and clay to prevent water from trickling through into the subsoil.

Curiously enough, within a few miles of these unstable lands, vast tracts are being reclaimed from the sea. These are well below high-water mark and enormous dykes protect them from the sea and the rivers or canals which pass through them.

### White Jade.

Little lady, quaintly made,  
From a moonlit bit of jade,  
Was it in the realm of dream,  
In some faerie, Lethaean stream,  
That you plucked that lotus there,  
Fretted in your chiseled hair?

White as snowfall falling down  
Is the whiteness of your gown.  
White as mist from breathless lips  
To your taper finger-tips.  
Not the faintest emerald tint  
Here or there. No verdant hint  
Mars your purity and grace,  
Or the wanness of your face.

With your tiny hands clasped so,  
Patient little curls,  
You are like a moonbeam strayed  
From the lovely land of Jade!  
—Caresse Crosby, in "Graven Images."

### To Write Well.

For a man to write well, there are required three necessities: to read the best authors, observe the best speakers, and much exercise of his own style.—Ben Jonson.

## An Awakener.

Sir Walter Scott tells us in his preface to "Kenilworth" that in his youth the first stanza of "Cumnor Hall" had a peculiar enchantment for his ear which was never lost in his years of maturer taste. It has, indeed, haunted many a neophyte since:—

"The dews of summer night did fall—  
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,  
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall  
And many an oak that grew thereby."

In the ear of a boy, in the ear of a girl, that verse is beautiful. It has a sort of magic that mingles at once with the magic of youth, when youth begins to dream. It is a perfect example, I think, of that class of poetry which is good to begin with, because it awakens the feeling for poetry.

Who, then, among the poets, are the best awakeners? I believe that in England very few poets take higher rank in this kind than Longfellow. To millions he has been the genial and inspiring doorkeeper of the temple. His easy and satisfying rhythm, his rich yet simple suggestions of things venerable and picturesque, and a certain unction in all he wrote, combine to make his works the very tuck-shop of poetry for young readers. Which of us does not remember with gratitude and recovered joy the moments when he first read these lines?

"In the ancient town of Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city,  
As the evening shades descended,  
Low and loud and sweetly blended,  
Low at times and loud at times,  
And changing like a poet's rhymes,  
Rang the beautiful wild chimes  
From the belfry in the market  
Of the ancient town of Bruges."

These lines give to a young dreamer just his own kind of thought, his own kind of mood, and as much magical expression as he needs or can receive. I have never seen the moon rise over the towers and bridges of the lovely Flemish city, or watched the lamp-lighters gather in the dusk under the trees near its Place du Bourg, without recalling Longfellow's lines.—From "Unposted Letters," by John O'Lond.

## Underworld Weapons.

A London magistrate recently commented on the numerous razor assaults committed by hoodlums. He said the razor is a distinctly un-English weapon and that it belongs really to the American negro, who specializes in throwing it.

Criminals are known by their weapons and their methods of attack. In London the metal knuckle-duster is a fairly common weapon. The Paris apache uses a knife, and generally carries a revolver as well.

The desperadoes of Italy and Spain favor the stiletto and knife respectively. The knife of the Spaniard is a deadly implement; it consists of a sharp, broad blade that folds into the handle and can be drawn and opened in one movement.

Weighted belts are sometimes used by the London "tough." A gang at Lambeth was known as the "New Girdle Gang," because its members were armed with this type of weapon.

## White Caps.

Giant waves and baby waves  
Roll in and break on the sand,  
Sending up a cloud of milky spray.  
Never resting,  
Never hurrying,  
They play together.  
Far away I can still see them,  
All coming closer and closer to me.  
Each wave, large or small,  
Wears a white cap.  
All the ocean is covered  
With tiny white dots—  
They are all snowy foaming caps.

—Mary Virginia Harris.

## Fragments.

I can forget the peace of solitude,  
The calm of two alone with quiet rain,  
Alone, with fire shadows stammering  
Across the ceiling of the room; and I  
Am able to restrain regret that these  
Are gone . . . until a sight of any  
sky,  
Wind-blue and white with clouds, or  
sight of trees  
Against a shield of stars, or breath of  
scent  
You cared to use, or any little thing  
At all that we enjoyed comes back  
again.

—Lord Stiles.

## The Automobile

### AUTOIST MUST KNOW WHEN TO TOOT HIS HORN

One of the most essential parts of an automobile is the horn. But the less it is used the more important it becomes. In some respects the story of the boy who cried, "Wolf! wolf!" when there was no wolf applies to the use of the automobile horn. If motorists generally blow their own horns excessively folks will become so used to the din they will become ineffective means of warning when there is real danger.

On the contrary, the motorist who conserves his horn excessively must use judgment when varying from this custom. For instance, suppose a pedestrian is walking along the highway ahead of an approaching car. If the driver should give his horn a sharp blast it may startle the walker, cause him to become confused and jump directly in the path of the approaching machine. But, if the driver does not sound his horn, the man on foot, not realizing his danger, may suddenly change his direction and put the driver to the severe task of avoiding an accident. The matter can best be handled by blowing the horn mildly and before getting too near to the man on foot.

### Sign of the Amateur.

Bombastic blowing of the horn may be a characteristic of the owner who is operating his car for the first few times. There may be some excuse for the somewhat nervous beginner who does not feel quite sure of his control. He has reason for calculating that people who may be walking on the highway will be more certain to get out of his line of procedure if he gives his horn plenty of exercise. The novice at driving can be excused for over tooting.

More experienced drivers sometimes fail to sound their horns when they ought to. They think when they use their horns it advertises them as amateurs in operating a car. The best form in horn blowing lies in following the happy medium between too much horn noise and not enough. There are certain times when motorists ought to sound a warning in the interest of safety. This is a moral obligation. In general, the driver of an automobile should exercise common sense when it comes to the use of his horn.

If there is any certain time when one can blow his horn with unrestricted freedom it is when nearing

a public school just as it lets many pupils. There are other times when a driver should be thoughtful not to blow much, as going by hospitals, passing on Sundays and other places where people have a right to quiet. Night is another time when it is golden and is greatly appreciated by those who deserve a good sleep.

The driver who watches other motorists and pedestrians carefully likely develop a sane horn policy. If he is alert and if he knows the speed of travel are such that he is reasonably sure to be in the way before the driver reaches the spot, there is no need for a lot of noise. If there is possibility of danger instinctively the horn should be sounded and instantly the driver's foot should go to the brake pedal at the same time and hand goes to the horn.

### Care in Passing Vehicles.

When one is driving in traffic and desires to pass another car in the same direction, it is both customary and safer to sound the horn once so that the driver of the car ahead can judge as to when and where he will give the follower his best chance to pass since he can see the road before him better and know what obstructions are to be avoided. Usually he will give way when he hears the horn. If he does not give way there is any doubt about his having heard the signal, it is good practice to sound the horn again for it is usually undesirable to pass another car unless the driver desiring to pass is certain that the driver ahead knows of the follower's intention.

It is not a bad idea for a motorist to signal just before reaching the top of a hill, particularly if the road is narrow. If anyone is coming up the other side he may be guided accordingly. Likewise, the horn should be blown before coming to a cross road unless there is a plain view of both roads for a sufficient distance to make sure that a collision is not likely to occur. And the horn should be sounded before taking dangerous curves in the road.

In the main, the horn should be used as sparingly as possible consistent with safety and good sense. The other fellow blows his horn for this signal. You will want him to do as much for you. On this basis will be built up a normal horn-blowing philosophy for motorists.

## Unison.

I knelt by the window at nightfall,  
When the world lay dark and still,  
And the thought of a thousand little lives  
Came drifting over the sill.

I thought of the lives of the forest,  
And the lives of the field and sea,  
And I felt the force of that silent Love  
That created them . . . and me.

I thought of God as a Father,  
And I felt the mystic bands  
Of that brotherhood of living things  
Which was moulded by His hands.

Till the rabbit in his burrow,  
And the robin on her nest,  
And I, who knelt by the window  
Before I went to rest,

Seemed one in my sight for a second,  
And Heaven filled the space  
Where I knelt by the window at night—  
With the night-wind on my face.

—Ellen Francis Gilbert.

## Unless You Can—

—Forget idle gossip you are in for a lot of worry.

—Master your own tongue you will need a lot of new friends.

—Rule your own spirit you will always have trouble with the help.

—Make yourself useful you will always be unnecessary in any business.

—Smile when there isn't any joke you have no sense of humor.

—Merit the confidence of your own son you cannot claim to be successful.

—Keep your spending below your earning you will be on charity at sixty-five.

## Jewels of Pocketless Romans Delight Excavators in England

London.—The carelessness of ancient Romans is daily the cause of thankfulness among the excavators of the entrance to the Roman amphitheatre at Caerleon, Monmouthshire, according to Professor Myers, of Oxford, in charge of the work. Many coins and articles of jewelry are being found at the gate where the early conquerors of Britain entered for games and meetings.

Five links of a small bronze chain are the latest find. Professor Myers attributes the carelessness to the fact that the Romans had no pockets in their clothes, which folded over the bodies, and which held brooches, studs and girdles, some of which dropped in the crowds.

## Comradery.

With eyes hand-arched he looks  
The morning's face, then turns away  
With schoolboy feet, all wet with dew  
Out for a holiday.

The hill brook sings, incessant stars  
Foam-fashioned on its restless breast  
And when he wades its water-bar  
His song is happiest. . . .

The wood-thrush knows  
him.  
Who whistles up the bird  
And round him all the peep  
Of woodland loam and tre.

His touch is a companion  
His word an old authority  
He comes, a lyric at his  
Unstudied poetry.  
—Madison Cawein, in "Garden Dreams."

## MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.

