

## CHRIS FITZGERALD IN GREEN FIELDS

Well-Known Sporting Writer  
Tells New York Sun of  
London Joys.

### SPIN IN AN AUTOMOBILE

A Pen Picture of a Panorama in Which  
Middlesex Farms Stand Out in  
Relief.

Mr. C. J. Fitzgerald, of this city, who is one of the best-known newspaper men in America, writes the New York Sun as follows:

We rode through the beautiful country surrounding London last Sunday. The motor rolled luxuriously over the smooth macadam roads which stretched like a grey ribbon between a border of green-sward, and beyond that trim fences enclosing farms as beautiful as the Chester Valley of Pennsylvania or any other locality in the United States can boast of.

There had been a rainfall a few days before and the warmth which followed it made vegetation move at the double quick. The wheat had "shot" and the heads moved gracefully on their slender stalks, needing only the summer sun to convert the milky kernels into the staple which has made Canada famous the world over. Corn may be the honest and pride of the middle West of the United States, but wheat is what has put Canada on the map, particularly in the prairie provinces between the Great Lakes and the Rockies. In the neighborhood of London there is considerable wheat grown, but nothing like the quantity that was sown in the days when Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta were practically unutilized.

In practically all of Ontario diversified farming is practiced, and in no section is this more true than in the vicinity of this city, where a large portion of the acreage is devoted to grazing. Oats and corn are grown and considerable space is allotted to the various root crops, including mangels, carrots, turnips and potatoes, the yield of which is simply prodigious. All are raised in abundance and all but potatoes are fed to the stock, which is wintered and fattened on the mixed diet of ensilage and roots, the final topping off being with corn and timothy grass, which is as luscious as any country can produce.

### Pastoral Scenes.

On Sunday with its huge pastures had a herd of cattle, with hides as sleek and glossy as that of a thoroughbred horse. The swelling outlines of the cows and the sleekness of the newly weaned calves in their own special inclosure, together with the spotted milk cans in the shade of the apple trees, told much of the wealth and prosperity of the country. The scene through dairy farming, this section being renowned for its butter and cheese. It scarcely needs the eye of an expert to determine the quality of the cattle seen everywhere. There were representatives of the shorthorn and Holstein families a plenty, and here and there a grade. Some of the Holstein matrons were remarkable for their size. There were a few Jerseys, but not many, and occasionally an Ayrshire was seen scratching her sleek sides with a lean tail.

In most of the pastures a spring brook flashed its way over a pebbly bottom and the cows hung over the bank in a way that indicated good fishing in days before everybody whipped every foot of trout stream within a mile of the river. The banks of Dundas and Richmond streets. Every field has its quota of trees for shade, many of them elms of considerable size, but for the most part the beauty, this region being conspicuous for the size and beauty of the trees of that variety, which are to be found everywhere.

The pastures were not devoted entirely to cattle. There were groups of colts of a year or more, accompanied by the stallion horse, with a day off from driving and with galloped away at the approach of the auto, feigning a terror that was not apparent when they turned at a distance to gaze at the machine which seemed to move along so tranquilly without the aid of their kind. Occasionally a mother and her foal would be found with the other colts, where the mother lavishing a world of love on the little thing by her side. Sometimes the foals were strong, lusty fellows of a month old, but occasionally a shabby-legged, ungainly foal of recent birth would wave weakly to the protecting side of its mother when the noise of the horn sounded the approach of the car.

### A Beautiful Picture.

One beautiful mare made a picture of maternal solicitude that will not soon be forgotten by the members of the party. It was in a small inclosure where the clover showed its red and white and variegated blossoms in profusion. The neat brick house of the farmer was not a few hundred feet away and lying prone in the green of the sward was the colt nursing himself and as motionless as though he was dead.

When the car swung up the dam, a big chestnut with beauty and breeding in every outline, was cropping the succulent grasses in a distant corner of the field. When she caught sight of the car and its occupants she galloped swiftly with head high and mane flying and stood guard over her offspring. The colt raised his head and languidly surveyed when one sheep halted in admiration, and after a moment resumed his nap, content that he was in no danger while his mother stood guard. The mare's nostrils were dilated and her eyes were bright. She was still there, motionless, when the party took its leave.

Then there were hundreds of sheep, some with plum heads at their sides, not a few of the mothers claiming two of the innocent looking little fellows as their own. The old ones had been shorn and looked rather lare without their protecting fleece. Many of them were feeding by the roadside and the chauffeur approached them with extreme caution, as when one sheep makes up its mind on a course of action the rest of the band almost invariably follow suit. Drivers of automobiles through the rural districts, however, seem to agree that the country cow or steer has the prize when it comes to making trouble for the motorist.

Oh, You Cattle!

Sometimes a steer will leave the road in answer to an appeal from the horn, but now and then, when he is not expected to make a move, he is

solaced with a mad desire to cross the road. Forty automobiles or one locomotive would not stop him then, and, generally, a case of lapping on the emergency brake and sitting tight when Mr. Steer makes this move. When it's all over and you have appeased the farmer it will be time enough to take note of the damage.

A witty speech was delivered by Sir William C. Van Horne of the Canadian Pacific railway in Montreal a few years ago. Somebody had spoken about the thoroughbred and what he had done for the general horse product of the United States and Canada. When Sir William arose he said he knew very little about horses, being a cattleman, and he was rather proud of his horses. He remarked that he had never tried any of them for speed, but he remembered a story about some Westerners who were racing quarter horses through the Northwest that was worth repeating.

They stopped over night at a ranch and asked the proprietor the next morning if he had any speed horses. The place it so they were open for a match. The rancher said that he had speed in abundance, and upon the visitors asking if there was a chance for a wager they were told that they had come to the right place to bet. They then wanted to see the horse they were to race against.

"Horse!" ejaculated the rancher, "who said anything 'bout horses, I'm a goat to run a steer."

"Not by a jugful, you ain't!" was the reply. "Most anybody kin tell what a horse'll do, but nobody knows what a blame steer's goat to do, 'n' this match is off here 'n' now."

The average man who drives a car through a country where cattle are often allowed to run wild in the roads will agree with this above. The best way is to slow down and take nothing for granted. Besides there was no need for hurry on this occasion. Nature and the country called for a slower pace. The roads were lined with intervals were cool and beautiful wild-flowers were everywhere, the clovers were blossoms of beauty to the eye and a patch of wild iris which grew by the bank of a stream yielded an armful of bloom.

The run back to town was through a shower which laid the dust and killed the nostrils with that earthy fragrance which once inhaled is never forgotten. The man who has lived among wild animals and all but potatoes are fed to the stock, which is wintered and fattened on the mixed diet of ensilage and roots, the final topping off being with corn and timothy grass, which is as luscious as any country can produce.

### OFFICIAL ESTIMATE OF THE FIRE VICTIMS

The Minister of Mines Says the  
Catastrophe Has Been Greatly  
Exaggerated.

Hon. Frank Cochrane, Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines, yesterday issued a statement, in which he says that the reports of loss of life in the forest fires have been exaggerated, and that people are being alarmed unnecessarily.

While we do not wish to minimize the extent of the disaster, he said, there is every justification for feeling that the newspaper reports up to date have been very much exaggerated. We are not blaming the newspapers; they get the best information they can, but from the investigation made by officials, we can say with certainty that there has been too much exaggeration, and people are being alarmed unnecessarily.

Mr. Clements, the chief engineer of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, advises me that he left Porcupine on the last train yesterday, and that there were two empty coaches on the train. This dispelled the statement that the station platform was crowded with people waiting to get away. Everybody has been brought out who will come out.

An investigation. "Mr. Clements has made personal investigation of a number of points where dead bodies in numbers have been reported. For instance, he received word that five dead bodies were lying along the Redstone River. He went up there and there were no dead bodies, nor had anybody seen any. There are a large number of wild rumors about dead in the woods, and in many cases where bodies have been reported, they have been found to be the remains of animals.

From the best information obtainable by the men on the ground, the dead number only 52 all told, and this is including the nine killed in the Dome Mine shaft. Those best acquainted with the conditions of the Porcupine and Cochrane state that not more than six or eight people were drowned in the lake. Yesterday we had only about 250 people on the relief train altogether, which shows in itself that there are not the numbers up there some people suppose."

### APOSTLE OF DANISH BREAD OFF ON TOUR

L. C. Kittling Going Around World to  
Teach People How to Make Bread.

Copenhagen, July 14.—Another globe-trotter with a mission is about to start for America, as the first stage of a round-the-world trip.

He is master baker, L. C. Kittling, and he calls this journey of his "a tour of instruction." For he intends to proclaim the virtues of Danish bread to the world at large, even as he has proclaimed them during six years in 200 towns of Norway, Sweden, Russia, Germany, and England. From Hammerfest in northernmost Norway, he has been in the well-known among the members of his trade.

Having worked his way gradually westward, he has just returned from New York to San Francisco, Seattle, he will go in turn to Japan,

Has It Puzzled You  
To Find A Food  
Easy To Digest?

Try  
Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

# DO YOU REALIZE?

- 1st—When you are using **HYDRO** you are buying electricity from yourself.
- 2nd—**HYDRO** is here for your benefit.
- 3rd—**HYDRO** has been the means of cutting your lighting bill in half.
- 4th—**HYDRO** employees are here to assist you and place themselves entirely at your service.
- 5th—Every house, store and factory in the City should use **HYDRO** to help reduce the City's taxes and Reduce Still Further the Price of Electricity.
- 6th—Phone 101 or 46 and we will send a man to find out requirements.

## CITY HYDRO-ELECTRIC

### LOPEZ HAS NO LOVE FOR CANADA

Inspector Brian Causes Him  
To Be Turned Back.

NOW HE HAS NO COUNTRY

Licensed at Report Sent by Officers  
to Department at Ottawa.

Detroit, July 15.—Because he was deported from Canada on Sunday, the 11th of June, after he had several times entered and left that country, Mr. Lopez, who is a Portuguese by birth, has been barred from re-entry.

Mr. Lopez, who is a Portuguese by birth, has lived in the United States about six years. On Oct. 28, 1909, he was deported from Canada on the ground that he was a criminal.

On June 11 he took the ferry to Windsor, where he was arrested by Mr. Brian, the Canadian inspector.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Some information," was the answer.

"All right," was the reply. "But I don't see what you want of me now. You arrested me a year ago and let me go."

Nevertheless Mr. Lopez was questioned, and then ordered deported.

Inspector Brian, in reporting the case, told the immigration head at Ottawa that the man was a criminal.

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