

Live Stock Markets.

September 13. Cattle.—Re-
With a heavy run, the
slow in opening, was very
of 50c. is reported in most
possible further drop in
inds, which it is expected
dispose of. Milkers and
demand and are command-
es. The quality of stock-
is poor and a 50c. drop
this trade. Quotations:
steers, \$13.50 to \$14.50;
choice, \$12.50 to \$13.50;
\$12.50; medium, \$7 to
\$6 to \$7. Butcher cows,
\$11.75; medium, \$6.50 to
and cutters, \$3 to \$5.25.
Good, \$8.50 to \$9.50; com-
\$10. Feeding steers, good,
\$9; fair, \$9 to \$10. Stock-
\$9.50; fair, \$6.75 to \$7.50.
Receipts, 586. Good quality
steady, but the inferior
ing easier. Quotations:
\$19.50; medium, \$14 to
\$8 to \$10. Milch cows,
\$160; springers, choice,

pts, 6,904. With 7,000
os on the market, trade
a standstill during the
his morning. Prospects
k of lambs will sell around
otations: Ewes, \$8 to \$9;
o \$13.50.

pts, 1,448. The hog mar-
he week's opening are as
Prospects are for steady
ations: Fed and watered
\$20.25; lights, \$18.25;
sows, \$15.25 to \$17.25.

September 13. Cattle.—
The best grades of
were fairly firm; medium
ades from 25 cents to 50
le \$10.50 has been refused
cows. A load of steers,
lbs., brought \$12.25, and
made up of steers, heifers
cows brought from \$10.50
ons: Butcher steers, good,
0; medium, \$9 to \$10.50;
\$8. Butcher heifers,
medium, \$8.50 to \$10;
to \$8.50. Butcher cows,
10.50; medium, \$5.50 to
3 to \$4; cutters, \$4 to \$5.
ommon, \$5 to \$5.75.

pts, 2,204. Grass calves
me very thin calves sold
etter grades at \$7 to \$8.
ood veal, \$13 to \$15;
\$13; grass, \$6.50 to \$8.
pts, 9,660. The sheep
er, a few top lambs going
her sales at \$12.75 and
undred lambs, running
t. common, brought \$12;
e for good, top \$12.50.
s, \$6 to \$7; lambs, good,
mon, \$10 to \$12.

pts, 1,795. There was a
select bacon hogs on the
rices quoted are on ship-
g, a large percentage of
tions: Off-car weights,
to \$20.75; sows, \$15 to

September 13. Cattle.—Re-
cluding 1,700 Canadians.
steers were 25c. higher;
les, steady to strong.
higher. Dairy cows were

pts, 9,600. Mediums and
50 to \$18; lights, \$18 to

pts, 18,000. Best lambs
ewes, \$6.50 to \$7.

pts, 1,500. Top, 19c.

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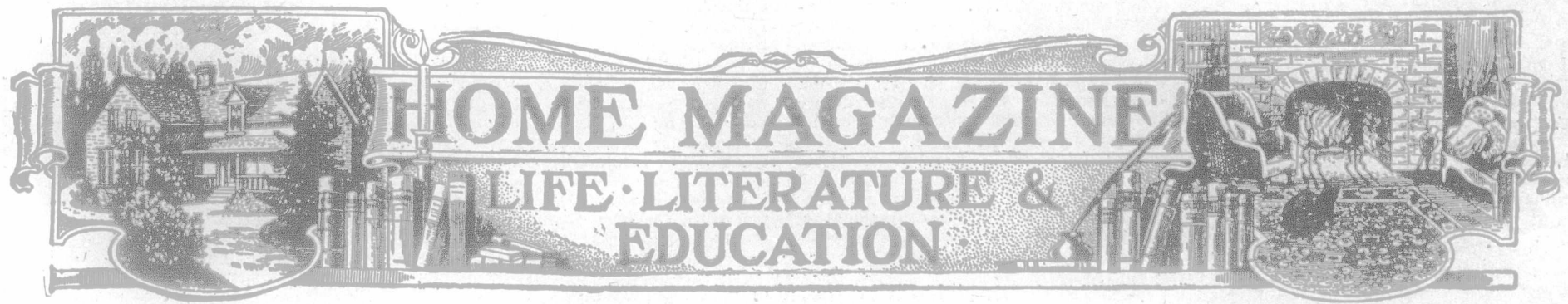
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August in the City.

BY MADISON CAWEIN.

The brooding hours, through the dull
afternoon,
Pause, while a torrid sun flames in the
sky.
(O heart of mine, dream of a long, cool
dune,
Where breezes wander by!)

Hemmed in by granite walls, the very
paves
Grow worn and weary with the ceaseless
heat.
(O heart, dream of a shore where foam-
flecked waves
Surge, crash and wildly beat!)

The sad hours creep toward the dim light
of dusk—
Ah! how each laggard moment slowly
goes!
(O heart, dream of a garden filled with
musk
And the sweet scent of rose!)

The sun goes down at last, and lo! a breeze
Pours through the misty caverns of the
streets.
(O sleeping heart, dream of unsheltered
seas,
Where the glad, fresh rain beats.)

"The Exhibition."

(Concluded.)

NOW that the Exhibition is a week
old, the memories of it begin to
group into some sort of system. Back
again on the farm, or here in the office,
as one thinks of it only the "high lights"
stand out, the rest becoming resolved into
a hodge-podge of people, and noise, and
dust. They say the crowd on Labor Day
was "something awful." It was bad
enough on the Saturday before. Coming
out after the night performance before
the grand stand, we thought we would sit
for a while inside of the Dufferin gate and
wait for the "jam" to lessen a little
before trying to get on the street cars.
For straight three-quarters of an hour we
sat, watching the stream of people
pour up (if anything can pour "up")
along the road that leads from the grand
stand past the fountain and towards the
gate—and still there seemed no chance of
its ending.

"Oh come on!" said one of us, "I be-
lieve they'll come up along there until
Doomsday!"

So up we got and scrambled on to a
car with the rest.

What takes so many people to the
Toronto Fair—year after year, year after
year?
Partly, perhaps, because it's the biggest
annual affair of the kind in the world;
indeed, they say, there is no other just
like it.—Partly because it has come to be
recognized as Canada's big democratic
play-day; anybody can go to "The
Exhibition," and everybody goes.—Partly
because the railway fares are cheap, and
there is a chance to do shopping and go
to the Fair too.—Partly because—oh,
well, it's "The Exhibition," so there you
are.

The Government Building.

WE thought the Government Build-
ing exhibits especially good this
year.

In the agricultural and horticultural
section, the exhibits of grains, vege-
tables, fruits, honey and flowers were
very excellent and well arranged, while
the new "community" note was struck
by a miniature community arranged to
show a community centre with its own
station, grain elevator, etc., and even a
community hall, which, we confess, we
should have liked to set forth with more
architectural beauty. In one



Sir Gilbert Parker.

Sir Gilbert Parker, the noted Canadian author,
who has been for many years in England, is
now touring Canada with the Imperial
Press Party.

corner of the agricultural section the Wo-
men's Institute occupied a large booth,
and here white-capped, white-aproned
experts gave daily lectures on culinary
subjects, canning, jelly-making, cookery,
etc. All about on the wall were placards
setting forth the food value of vegetables,
fruit and milk, and on the tables were
"things to eat" that made one's mouth
water, so tempting were they. But not a
bite could one have, for each "dish" was
safely tucked away beneath a glass cover—
safe from flies and would-be buyers.
Next best thing was to take notes so one
could make similar things at home. So
here goes: No. 1. A most delicious salad.
On a bed of lettuce hearts just of the
right crispness, lay a slice of pineapple;
upon the pineapple was a ball of cream
cheese surmounted by a preserved (was
it a Maraschino?) cherry.—To be served
with salad dressing. No. 2. Just creamed
onion, but the onions were large, pearly
white, and unbroken; evidently they had
been cooked very gently in salted water.
Then the cream sauce hadn't been poured
all over them; it was rather thick and lay
like a creamy bed upon which the onions
had been placed. The effect was much
prettier than the usual unsystematic-
looking dish, especially when the crown-
ing touch was given by just a few tiny
bits of crisp parsley. No. 3. Tapioca
cream masqueraded beneath a mound of
cream whipped to a froth and sprinkled
with grated maple sugar. No. 4. Potato
puff looked especially enticing with a
decoration of tomato jelly cut out to
look like poinsettias, while a neighboring
bean loaf gave a hint as to how one can
have protein for dinner even though con-
fined to a vegetable diet. . . . We
hadn't time to get directions for making
all these things, but knew we could find
plenty of good recipes, and were glad to
carry the ideas for attractive serving
away with us. . . . A sample school
lunch, arranged to provide a good balance
of protein, carbohydrates, fruit juices and
fat, was found at one end of the booth.
It contained meat sandwiches (each
wrapped daintily in waxed paper), cookies,
some dates, an orange, and a paper
napkin, while in a compartment in the
upper portion of the box nestled a thermos
bottle for a hot drink. We asked the
price of the lunch case, and were told it
was \$3.50, thermos bottle and all.

One always feels like staying a long
time learning the lessons taught at the
O. A. C. and Dominion Experimental
Farms sections. There were bottles of
legume cultures, for beans, clover, peas,

vetches and all the other members of the
big, useful Leguminosae family. (The
culture is diluted and sprinkled over the
seed). Upon the wall hung an alfalfa
root, showing the nodules along the roots,
in which nitrogen, drawn from the air,
is imprisoned and finally thrown into the
soil, making it richer. . . . Two piles
of potatoes—one grown with the aid of
fertilizer, the other without—made one
swear to use fertilizer liberally—if one
even had a "praty patch;" while two piles
of clover representing the proportionate
growth on limed and unlimed areas, made
one register a similar vow in regard to
clover—one would stick to lime forever!—
Joking aside, a placard stated that the
green weight of clover on limed, heavy
clay soil, was in this case 6 1/7 tons per
acre, while that on similar soil, unlimed,
was only 3 3/4 tons per acre.

In another section the flax exhibit
proved very interesting. It was shown
in every stage from the raw to the finest
linen, and one felt convinced that here
is a new industry fated for a bright
future in Canada. Indeed, it was not
hard to think that in regard to all farm
produce in Canada, nor to say "amen"
to a big inscription on one of the posts
at the entrance of the Dominion Farms
exhibit—*The farm is the foundation of the
prosperity and stability of the nation.*

The whole exhibit in this building im-
pressed one with the tremendous resources
of Canada and the Western Hemisphere.
Exhibits of all sorts of minerals; Douglas
fir slabs—and furniture made from it—
from British Columbia; fisheries products
from the Maritime Provinces; furs from
the far North—all proclaimed the natural
wealth of this Dominion waiting to be
judiciously developed, while the big
section devoted to the "manual training"
work of returned soldiers, showed forth
that Canada's young men, though maimed
and shell-shocked, are still "in the ring"
and anxious to make their own living.

Interested crowds stopped before the
booths showing work done by the various
Technical School and Collegiate Institute
industrial classes, and the work done by
the Ontario School for the Deaf; and, at
the next turn, the more studious might be
seen poring over the titles of the specimen
Travelling Library. Any rural district,
we understand, can have one of these
"libraries" sent to it, by making the
necessary arrangements.

For those more solely "on pleasure
bent," there was much diversion, and
some information too, among the many
cases of live fish, toads, mice and snakes,
and invariably the crowd congested
before the section along which were ranged
the gaudy parrots, parakeets, macaws
and cockatoos from Central and South
America. Here was a haughty macaw
in a feathery robe of yellow and blue,
calmly winking a disdainful eye at the
over-eager crowd (had he been vulgar
enough one might have imagined him
crying "Rubber-necks!") There a very
gaudy fellow sported an outfit of brilliant
red and blue. No wonder the yellow-
crested white cockatoo next to him craned
its neck to see him.—But there! Ah
surely that is a lady of fashion, so ex-
quisitely gowned in gray with pink
trimmings! We stoop to read the label
and find "Rosa Cockatoo!" And then we
go on our way arguing whether it is a
male or a female. "Its name is Rosa,
anyhow," declares the arguer for the
"female" side, with finality.

A big case showing life-sized wax
Hopi Indians celebrating a snake dance,
was another centre of interest. At in-
tervals, the placard stated, these Indians,
hoping to influence the gods to send rain,
descend into the caves where live their
sacred snakes (probably first drugged or
fed to repletion), and after certain weird
ceremonies return with the snakes and
dance with them, holding the reptiles,
sometimes, in their mouths. As they

dance the squaws sprinkle them with
sacred meal.

"I see where our girls get the buns
over their ears!" exclaimed one of our
party,—and there, sure enough, was a
sort of bun of hair over each ear of one
of the wax squaws. The placard stated
that among the Hopis the unmarried wo-
men wear their hair bunched so, in
imitation of a squash blossom, regarded
by these Indians as the emblem of
fertility.

The next point of especial interest
was the display from the British West
Indies, the only immediately commercial
point in the building, evidently, for here
all day long people might be seen buying
"Panama" hats, strings of beads of all
kinds, and honey-and preserved tamarind
from Britain's sunny island of the South,
Jamaica.

The Health Department.

A very important department of the
Fair, each year, is that setting forth the
Provincial Board of Health's efforts to
make the Canadian people a healthy and
efficient people by prevention of disease.

This year the usual placards giving
rules for health were on the walls. At
one point was a booth showing points
on the treatment of tuberculosis by good
food, fresh air, sunlight and rest, and
attention was challenged by a huge
bottle—to be avoided—"Dr. Fako's Con-
sumption Cure." . . . In the Na-
tional Council's corner were lighted
pictures and warnings regarding how to
stamp out venereal diseases, a task which
the Council is taking as part of its work.

Elsewhere was a model of a sand
filtration system for such country places
as need filtration to make the water pure;
and in one spot was a home-made iceless
refrigerator, exactly the same as the one
whose construction was given in these
pages last spring. Just here we may
mention that after that description ap-
peared a woman wrote us that the
contrivance "wouldn't work." We wrote
her a private letter, suggesting that per-
haps she hadn't kept it in a place where
there was free circulation of air, but the
letter was returned to us. So here may
be the place to state that at The Ex-
hibition was one—and it was working.
The contrivance will always work if the
conditions are right.

Then came the Children's Departments
—truly the child is getting his chance
these days, as he should.

A waterfall with a still pond below and
a white-capped nurse behind the falling
water, challenged attention, and was
labelled "The Happy Valley of Child-
hood," symbolizing that the child needs
care, fresh air and play in the glad sun-
shine. . . . Passing on one came to
the big "Child Welfare Special" in which,
every day, Baby Clinics were held. You
could go in with your baby or little
children, have them examined, and come
out knowing exactly whether they needed
doctor's care in any particular or not.
Best of all, the "Child Welfare Special,"
which is just a big motor ambulance fitted
up for Child Welfare work, is going to
tour Ontario, and you can have it come
to your locality and hold a Baby Clinic
there if you will but take the trouble to
write for it to the Ontario Board of
Health, Toronto.

Near the "special," were booths show-
ing: baby clothes properly made; a dear
little kitchen, clean as a kitchen should
be in which children's food is prepared;
and finally a Health Fairy booth from
which, promptly at 2.30 every afternoon
a golden-winged "Health Fairy" emerged
and told a fairy story to the children who
wanted to listen, ending up with a few
little health hints that any child could
remember.