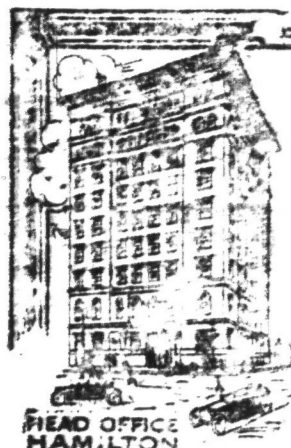


ESTABLISHED 1872



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Dominion Election Before End of Year

Meighen Will Make Appeal To Country.

A London dispatch of Sept. 1st says:—The Right Hon. Arthur Meighen, in addressing a gathering of over two thousand people in the Grand Theatre at London last Thursday night, made the announcement that within the next three months he will ask for the dissolution of parliament and appeal to the country, thus accepting the challenge so lightly thrown out by William Lyon Mackenzie King and the Farmers' party. His declaration of war was cheered with a vigor and a show of fighting spirit entirely unusual in post-war political audiences.

TARIFF THE ISSUE.

In making his announcement, the prime minister placed squarely before the people the issue upon which the election would be fought. The cleavage between the advocates of moderate protection and its enemies—the free traders of the Farmers' party and the chameleons of Liberalism, with their "muffled drums" of free trade, which never before have been drawn so clearly, so forcibly.



Mr. Meighen stated his own position and left it to his opponents to explain theirs. The national Liberal and Conservative party was going into the contest to fight for a policy upon which the present greatness and prosperity of Canada had their foundations, a policy that had built up Canada as a self-sufficient nation.

In that policy there was no room for dependence upon the good will of other nations.

With masterly logic he spoke of the dangers of the policy advocated by the free traders, pointing his argument with

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HONEYMOONS IN ODD PLACES

Persons of Adventurous Disposition Have Spent Them Amid Arctic and Savage Dangers.

Mr. Elkins, the wealthy young American who recently took his bride for a honeymoon "as near the North pole as he can comfortably get," is by no means the first bridegroom who has spent his "month of honey" in this chilly environment, says London Answers.

A few years ago Mr. Max Fleischmann, a Chicago millionaire, at his bride's request, took her straight from the altar to the Arctic wastes, where they spent, on their own evidence, "delightful" months, hunting seals, reindeer and polar bears, two of which fell to the bride's own gun. Mrs. Fleischmann's honeymoon wardrobe, we are told, consisted of an assortment of sheepskin dresses, lined with leather.

Less chilly, but no less adventurous, was the honeymoon journey of Major Powell-Cotton, who took his bride on a long and hazardous journey through Africa, spending many months in the heart of the Turi forest, hunting the okapi and making friends of the savage pigmies, who had never before even seen a white woman.

But the most daring and adventurous of all recorded honeymoons was that of Captain Andrews, an American sailor, and his bride, who started to cross the Atlantic in a "cakleshell," 12 feet long, and were never seen again.

INDIAN IDEA OF RECKONING

Time Designated in Simple Fashion—Journeys and Distances Told Off by "Sleeps."

The American Indians of early days reckoned time by what they called "sleeps" and "moons." The Indian "sleep" referred to a sun-to-sun day of 24 hours and his "moon" to what the white man roughly and improperly calls a month. The Indians indicated the noon hour by pointing vertically upward. To indicate the middle of the first half of the daylight period—9 o'clock—he pointed upward midway between the horizon and the zenith and to indicate mid-afternoon—3 o'clock—he pointed toward the opposite quarter. He spoke of the eastern horizon as "sunrise" and of the western horizon as "sunset."

Journeys and distances between different points were measured in "sleeps." Thus, when he undertook to tell how far he had traveled or to tell how far one point was from another, the old-time Indian would say a certain number of "sleeps." Ordinarily, a "sleep" in this sense corresponded to something like 35 miles—the distance a man could cover in a day, traveling at an ordinary pace on foot. However, it was not unusual for men carrying important messages to make twice 35 miles or more in a single 24-hour period.

New York Landmarks Going.

The "downtown" section of New York is losing one of its landmarks by the demolition of the Eastern hotel to make room for an office building. For nearly a hundred years it has been the favorite hostelry of American seafaring folk. "Dynamite Johnny" O'Brien, well-known for his practice of shipping arms to the Latin-American countries, concocted many of his filibustering schemes in this hotel, which he made his headquarters. One of the features of this building was its beams of solid mahogany. In 1822, when it was constructed, cargoes of supplies were frequently shipped from New York to South American ports, and when a return cargo could not be secured mahogany was brought back, serving the purpose of both cargo and ballast. These cargoes were sold cheaply, and were often used in the construction of New York buildings of that period.

A Heavy Exit.

I had had a misunderstanding with my employer, and when I handed in my resignation I told him in very plain English what I thought of him; he, also, pointing out a few faults he thought I had. A few months later, after answering a blind ad for a position, I received a reply naming a time for an appointment. My name at that time being an exceedingly common one, it was not recognized; neither did I recognize him, as he had moved his office and changed the firm name. Upon being ushered into the office I met my former employer face to face. We were both speechless, and I did not catch my breath until I had backed out and was in an elevator going down.—Chicago Tribune.

City Minus Cafeterias!

Buenos Aires has no cafeterias for women and only one in a modified form for men. The first one for girls in the city is soon to be opened by the Y. W. C. A. The only steam table in Buenos Aires was discovered by Y. W. C. A. secretaries in the storeroom of a gas company. It had been sent from England for a food exposition and never used after that. It is now installed in the Y. W. C. A. The cafeteria when opened promises to draw a crowd for more than the usual reason.

It Did.

"My dear sir," said the salesman, courteously, as he handed his customer his package and no change, "you will find that your suit will wear like iron."
And sure enough it did. The man hadn't worn it two months when it began to look rusty.—New York Central Magazine.

FARM MANAGEMENT

A Brief Study of Some of Its Leading Problems.

Systematic Method Important — A Question of Quantity, Quality, Cost, and Proceeds — Inefficiency and Carelessness to Be Barred — Good Care Will Save Many Fools.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

We speak of uncontrollable factors. Nevertheless farm management means control. The word "uncontrollable" is used loosely, and some measure of control is possible or hoped for in every farmer's undertakings. Farm management as a science, as a study, or a planned system, is a study of the methods of control. Farm practice is the corresponding art. A farmer was invited to attend a meeting to discuss improved methods of farming. "Nothing doing," was his reply; "I know a lot more new than I can get done." A very natural point of view, for the limitations of time, the scarcity of labor, adverse weather, diseases and pests, prevent him from getting all those results which his plans and his labor deserve. Yet he must plan, and to plan intelligently he must be possessed of the best knowledge available. He must plan to produce the greatest possible quantity, the best quality, at the lowest possible cost, and then he must plan to sell his produce at prices which will bring to him sufficient encouragement and reward.

Problems of Farm Management.

These are the problems of farm management: Quantity, quality, cost, and proceeds; and since they are closely inter-related, they cannot be studied separately, but must be considered all together. For example, European farming and Canadian farming are often compared to the disadvantage of the latter. It is asserted that his labor produces more per acre than the European farmer does, and that the European acre is increasing in yield, while the Canadian acre is diminishing in yield. On the other hand, the Canadian farmer produces from three to ten times as much per man as does the European farmer. In Europe, because of the dense population and the relative scarcity of land, production per acre is the measure of efficiency. In Canada, because of the scarcity of man and the relative abundance of land, production per man is the measure of efficiency. In Canada the farmer has the option of applying more labor to the same acres, and producing more per acre, or applying his labor to more acres. The law of diminishing returns speedily induces him to choose his option by working more acres. A low prod-

tion per acre is the inevitable result of this choice.

Management Influenced by Returns.

The farmer's interest is served by adopting such a system of farm management as will give him the greatest returns for labor and capital expended. Unfortunately, that system invariably results, in a country where there is unoccupied land, in wasting soil fertility and diminishing yields. The nation, as distinct from the individual farmer, is concerned in conserving its natural resources and in producing the greatest possible amount of wealth; that is, in maintaining the soil fertility unimpaired and producing the maximum per acre. Thus the interest of the individual farmer and the interests of the nation are opposed, so long as the farmer can spread his available labor over more acres than he can work at maximum productiveness. Those interests will not be reconciled so long as economic conditions furnish the farmer with inefficient and costly labor, and costly fertilizers.

No Excuse for Slovenly Farming.

All this, however, does not excuse the careless and inefficient farmer. Two farmers live and work side by side. Both have the same number of acres, and the same amount of capital invested. To both the same knowledge of good methods is available. One of them directs his labor, arranges his crops, selects his stock, keeps them healthy and thrifty, keeps his land clean, maintains his soil fertility, sells his produce to advantage, and succeeds. The other is haphazard. He has no plans, or wrong plans. His stock are poor in quality, and ill-fed. His fences are broken down, and his land overrun with weeds. He is going behind year by year. We all know men of both types. The difference is a difference in farm management.—President Reynolds, O. A. S. Guelph.

Good Care Will Save Many Fools.

The best time to grow foals, and the time when they will make their largest gains is when they are being carried by their dams. Many farmers do not realize this, and begin feeding the mare a proper ration only after the foal is here. The brood mare, when in foal, should be fed a high protein ration, a ration which is rich in muscle and bone building material. This material is supplied in the form of oats, bran, and oil meal, as a concentrate, and clover or alfalfa hay as a roughage. As soon as the young foal arrives, see that he gets a good drink of his mother's first milk. This fore-milk or colostrum has purgative properties, and will usually clear the foal's intestines of the excrement accumulated prior to birth. If the digestive tract is not cleaned by the fore-milk, give the foal a tablespoonful of castor oil and a warm water and soap rectal injection.

Watch out for navel infection. If pus and disease germs get inside the body through the opening of the umbilical cord, a local infection or "joint ill" may develop and the foal be lost.

Dates of Fall Fairs

Ancaster	Sept. 27-28
Aylmer	Sept. 21-23
Burford	Oct. 4-5
Caletonia	Oct. 6-7
Dunnville	Sept. 21-24
Cayuga	Sept. 20-21
Rainham	Sept. 11-15
Jarvis	Oct. 8
Onawaken	Oct. 5-7
Onondaga	Oct. 11-12
Simcoe	Oct. 3-5
Thilsonburg	Sept. 19-20
Walsh	Oct. 15
Waterford	Sept. 22
Welland	Oct. 4-6
Toronto (Can. Nat.)	Aug 27-Sept. 10
Western Fair, London	Sept. 10-17

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A Fish Story From Vancouver Island



View of Sproat Lake, Vancouver Island.

"Truth," said one of the sages, "lives at the bottom of a well." She is also to be encountered in the great silent spaces. I met her on the pine-fringed shores of Sproat Lake, in the heart of Vancouver Island. She sprang unannounced from the lips of a handsome dame of healthy appetites and vigorous mind.

Think of the opportunities and industries there are in this little beauty-spot of three hundred miles by eighty, all sea-girt and serene. Lumbering, pulp-making, mining, fishing, canning, poultry keeping, hog-raising, farming, fruit-growing, dairying, manufacturing. There is a man here who makes cement and at the same time cultivates one of the loveliest gardens on the American Continent, and another who grows flower seeds — nothing but flower seeds — for the biggest seed merchants in the world.

As for play, it is manifold and unending.

Sproat Lake is in the heart of the island, reachable at present, through some of the most romantic timbered country God ever made, only by auto, though the steel rail from Port Alberni is pushing ahead.

A huntress in moccasins and velvet-teens receives you, revolver, jack-knife and cartridges slung about her waist and her rifles hard by. "This lady, who has a cultured mind as well as a stout heart and a brassy arm, shoots cougar before breakfast, pots bear in the forenoon, hunts deer before tea, and before sundown traps beaver and rodents—all in their season, of course, and when there are no guests around.

Just now she receives you in her house-boat, on the southern shore.

In a few moments you and your baggage speed over the still waters to a distant chalet, nestling among the hemlock and jack pines, and encircled by tents.

Have you ever bathed in the sweet waters drawn direct from surrounding hills? Under the moon and the stars, when the velvety surface is perfect and unbroken, except by the plop of a jumping trout? In the early dawn, when the sun puts his lips to the brim of his breakfast bowl, and sucks up his ration of creamy mist? In the late afternoon, when the heat makes every thirsty pore drink its fill as you plunge into the emerald depths? Have you sat by the camp fire at night and, dreamily, watched the sparks fly upward? No? Then you have never lived.

One day we had a fish adventure. In outline, Sproat Lake is like the impress of a giant paw. The middle digit, Taylor Arm, runs up fourteen miles to the mouth of the Taylor River. We packed a lunch-basket, and leaving the women at home, set out early to fish this lonely inlet.

We had a gay farewell. Our wives came down to the beach to see we had everything aboard. Their faith in their husbands' skill with the rod was touching—and they were promised fish for next day's breakfast. Amid smiles and benedictions we were off.

Our tackle was wondrous — the tackle of amateurs always is. We soaked the waist in the chilly waters of Taylor River. We trolled with worms and spinners for fourteen miles. We cast on this side and we cast on that. We cursed, we prayed. But between the whole bunch of us we had never a strike,

never a bite. As the sun dropped the chalet hove in sight. On the beach awaiting us were two figures in white. We looked into each others' eyes and groaned.

"Hullo! Hullo!"
The cry came from a tiny cove. Three fishermen, swarthy as Indian braves, beckoned us. They had the most primitive tackle, a tangle of tin cans and clothes lines. But in the bottom of their skiff lay a gleaming pile.

"We are camping out," they cried, "and our catch will go bad on our hands. Would you care for a few?" There was no answer but a gulp. Four pairs of eager hands went out and soon five three-pounders and some smaller fry were snug in our basket.

"Our luck is good, but they'll be useful up at the chalet," we said. The white-clad figures had seen us now and were waving their welcome. We answered in kind and held aloft our string of beauties. Fishermen never lie, and there was no need to begin. The fish just told their own tale.

For three days we were complimented and our advice was sought by every newcomer. Then one evening a visitor arrived. He was uncleanly familiar. We were all seated on the stoop.

"You remember our giving you those fish?" quoth he. "My boy has lost a finger-ring, and we wonder whether by any chance it dropped you over the fish."
"For goodness sake!" exclaimed two women's voices in unison, as four figures faded stealthily away.