

Cranberries!

We have found the cranberry! John in conversation at the hotel last night, discovered an inmate who knew of its whereabouts. This morning I hurried round to see him, and he gave me directions and a map and two pond-skaters in a matchbox which I was to take and identify in exchange.

In the afternoon we set off up to Egan Valley. It was very hot and still and sweet-smelling as we left the car and walked along under a pine wood towards a small farm, the start of our search. Our track ran through the yard where four Colts dogs, three geese and a bound puppy came clanking to meet me. We waded through them rather nervously to the front of the little pink house that stood above the lake in the afternoon sunshine. The farmer's wife came to the door; again we blessed the Weibach for their generous view on trespass.

Past the farm I took out the map, and there it was, the two fields to the right of the hedge, the stream, the gate, and on the left the boggy spot marked CRAN-BERRIES.

But we couldn't find them. We hunted and hunted, bent double out there, searching in the spongy sphagnum, but not a sign of cranberries, although John and Mary kept bringing me little pieces of this and that, and asking, "What's this?" "We'd better try the next field," I said at last, but with fading hopes.

The next field was less spongy than the former, thick with bog-ashpodel and sedges. We waded across it, backwards and forwards until suddenly Mary asked, "What's this?" "I don't know," I said for the first time in the search. "What's this?" she asked again, and I pointed to a small, round, pink object. "It's a cranberry!" I said in a voice full of excitement.

It was late for the flowers themselves, but we discovered a few, their minute, pale pink ears turned back from their pointed faces to a cyclamen's. We found the berries, too, not yet in their crimson ripeness, but pinker than the flowers, and their skins beautifully marked with white and red.

"It's late for the berries, but it's early for the flowers," I said. "I don't know," I said for the first time in the search. "What's this?" she asked again, and I pointed to a small, round, pink object. "It's a cranberry!" I said in a voice full of excitement.

Canada's "Boom" as it Looks to Others

Some Canadians of modest mind prefer to regard the fact that the Canadian dollar looks over the head—and not merely in the face—of the American dollar as a mark of the depreciation of the American dollar, significant no special virtue of the Canadian dollar. But if there is a single symbol of the results of Canada's hard work and the growth of Canada's self-confidence, it is perhaps to be found in the high value that the outside world now puts upon Canadian money.

Canada has known booms—and the aftermath of booms—before. They were the booms of physical pioneering and the westward extension of the frontier through the prairies to the Pacific. Canada's present boom differs from its several former ones in the fact that it is contained within the borders of a country that the pioneers had already opened up by road, rail, river and air.

Great developments, exploiting Canada's abundant natural resources, are proceeding in areas remote from each other and remote, too, from major markets in the United States.

No boom was ever painless, but the Canadian boom perhaps comes nearest to earning that distinction. Canada is not merely favoured with abundant material resources. It has had the good sense—and the good luck—to provide itself with good government. Its economic affairs have been handled with skill and care. It is not merely that the early stages of economic maturity, already occupied with a load of work that less vigorous countries might stretch over a generation, Canada has the faith, and resources to have the capacity, to proceed with the vigorous and to disregard Washington's refusal to participate. It would certainly be unwise to reach the conclusion that too much is being attempted too soon in the Canadian economy. Agricultural productivity since the war has been so astonishing that Canada may be expected to supply factories and butter all at the same time.—From The Economist.

GIL GETS HIM—In mid-air at Yankee Stadium second baseman Gil McDevogold of the New York Yankees flips to first base on a throw from shortstop Phil Rizutto. Double Mickey Vernon.



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where, his black and wry stem, no thicker than a horse-hair, trailed even at our feet, its silvery half-folded leaves arranged along it like a cycler's. We found the berries, too, not yet in their crimson ripeness, but pinker than the flowers, and their skins beautifully marked with white and red.

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No Little Man—Satisfying his curiosity by peering down the business end of this giant saxophone, a prospective musician decides that there's no little man inside. The instrument, used by the French Army band of Rouenquort, France, is as tall as the child.



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They Live at Other Animals' Expense

Living at the expense of somebody else, and in turn providing for another parasite, is as common in the animal world as among men. An outstanding case is that of the flying fish, pursued by its enemies in the water, it leaps into the air and is often caught by the pelican. When the pelican has got its pouch full of fish it wings its way to land and starts to eat. The pouch is a bag of skin hanging from the under-jaw, and in order to get a fish out of it the bird must open its mouth, and by a toss of the head throw a fish out of the pouch.

The seagull, knowing this, and being a lary fellow, watches the clumsy pelican until it flies ashore to feed. Then the gull, with the impediment which comes so naturally to vultures, actually perches on the long head of the pelican and waits.

The great mouthy vulture, on the other hand, is flippant out of the pouch, and in another instant it is in the gull's beak.

But the sharp eye of the lightning-like frigate-bird has been watching, and the moment the gull leaves its perch on the pelican to eat its stolen meal, it sees a stronger and faster bird hurtling towards it like a rocket.

The gull opens its beak to scream in fear, and with a graceful swoop the falling fish is caught by the last of all.

It must be said for most animals that they rob or murder solely for the purpose of getting food, but here and there we come across a thoroughly depraved creature who steals for the fun of it.

One of these is the North American wolverine. It will follow a trapper at a safe distance, and after the trapper has carefully unloaded all his traps it will steal all the bait quite as carefully.

Sometimes it will wait until a fox has been caught and then crawl up and nibble at it. It then tears the fox from the trap, eats as much as it wishes, buries the rest, then goes on to inspect other traps.

Trappers hate the wolverine, which seems to be able to avoid the cleverest traps available. One trapper spent a week making an elaborate and complicated series of traps, laying out about the approach to his traps, and the most wary animal would have been sure to stumble on one and pull the trigger of a gun placed so that it would shoot the disturber.

The next morning the trapper visited his "footprint" wolverine-catcher and found every cord bitten through and every scrap of the bait gone!

Combination Heater-Light Warms Small Home Areas

Of the new electrical appliances that make life easier and, as a result more fun, there is one utility fixture that gives a maximum return for the money spent. And to the family fighting the battle of the budget, this is indeed welcome news.

A new combination all-electric ceiling heater, overhead light and air circulator is designed to eliminate the hazards of the ordinary wall or portable auxiliary heater. It's installed in the ceiling for the utmost in service.

This places it, of course, beyond the reach of children's hands and eliminates the chance of burns or shocks suffered from backing into an ordinary heater.

A fan draws the air from the ceiling, pulls it through the unit and thus heats it and forces it into the room where it is circulated for uniform comfort from floor to ceiling. Thus, it's ideal for bedrooms, nurseries, recreation rooms or other small areas requiring heat, light and air circulation.

Besides all its other advantages this utility appliance fits into the decor of a room, unobtrusively lending beauty to it.

Needless Dollar Fuss

One cannot help feeling sorry for a lot of Canadian hotel managers, tourist operators and store clerks in these days of the depreciated U.S. dollar. Confusion and resentment have been generated, especially at border points where American money is circulating almost as freely as our own legal tender.

And all this fuss is unnecessary.

When the shoe was on the other foot on thinking Canadian expected to have American hotels, or stores accept our dollar at par. Most Canadian visitors to the U.S., as a matter of course, had their money changed into U.S. currency before they crossed the border. It's a pity that our American visitors would not adopt the same procedure here we should not hesitate to discount it and we should tell them this:

"It may have the same name but our dollar is not the same as your dollar. For a long time you took 10 cents of each of our dollars before you even started to do business with us. Times have changed. You and a lot of other people have been buying into Canada, have been investing in our oil wells, our mines, our industries. That investment has made our dollar scarcer, more valuable. It is the old law of supply and demand."

From The Financial Post

Arrival in Alaska

A bush pilot, flying a makeshift plane that could rightly be called a "crater" took us to Bristol Bay. On our way in we flew over herds of caribou and moose... We soared over the heavily-wooded mountains and then over the flat and treeless tundra, snow-covered and glittering in the brilliant sun, and down to Bristol Bay. As the heavy ground fog below us lifted, the pilot set us down on a lake two miles from the schoolhouse. It was the twenty-third day of our journey.

The sound of an incoming plane is rare and wonderful in the North and on this occasion, as on every one, all of Bristol Village came to meet the plane. No word had been sent ahead of our coming, but the news spread through the crowd and we heard eager cries of: "Teachers! Teachers have come! We have school now!"

Around us were the smiling, friendly faces of Aleuts and Eskimos broad and welcome. Bill and I were overwhelmed by the warmth of their cordiality as we introduced ourselves and exchanged handshakes.

The fact that teachers had come made it a gala day for the village. Children climbed over the plane.

She's A Honey

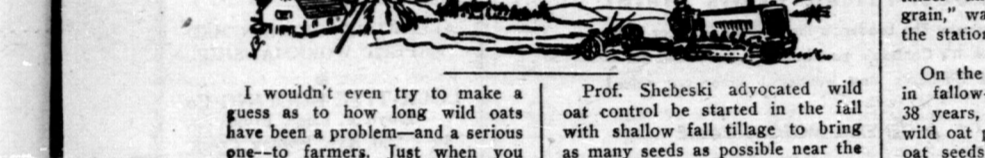
This new Lockheed F-94C Starfire, jet-fighter interceptor climbs to 45,000 feet in a twinkling and zooms along in all weather "in the 600-m.p.h. class." Its "bubble nose" houses instruments that electronically track down enemy aircraft. The "almost automatic" Starfire is the first fighter plane to have all-rocket armament, carrying 24 rockets, 2 1/2 in size. Said test pilot Tony Levier after landing, "She's a honey."

JITTER



JITTER—That's the last thought in your mind when you eat any more of the 'EXPORT' CIGARETTE.

THE FARM FRONT



John Russell

I wouldn't even try to make a guess as to how long wild oats have been a problem—and a serious one to farmers. Just when you think you have the pesky things licked for keeps, they're back again, worse than ever. They remind me of what a little niece of mine once said about the weeds: "Wouldn't it be grand," she said, "if things like strawberries were as anxious to grow as the dandelions?"

But, according to Prof. L. B. Shebeki of the university of Saskatchewan, wild oats would be easier to control if farmers would help nature to crack the seed coat in order to provide germination and growth at a time when the plants could be killed off by tillage. Wild oats, by the way, were especially bad in many north Saskatchewan fields this Spring.

Farmers knew that wild oat seeds sometimes lay dormant for years, but did not realize this dormancy could be broken if the oat seed coat was cracked to allow germination. Unless the seed coat was cracked the seed would not germinate, Prof. Shebeki said. Nature did this job of cracking the seed coat by alternate freezing and thawing in the fall and alternate wetting and drying of the soil in the growing season.

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EXPORT

CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

Young Ancient Mariner—Brier and tested sailors, Inge Wandschneider, 11, and her brother, Bernd, 9, right, scrub the cabin of the 57-foot-keel, "Optimist." In which they crossed the Atlantic in 43 days with their parents and a crew of two.

Precious Glass

The study of glass may be compared to a window which opens backward to the most remote periods of recorded history. There is, for example, the legend of the accidental discovery of glass by the Phoenicians. A group of Phoenician sailors, the story goes, built a bonfire on the beach. Having no stoves for their cooking utensils, they used cakes of soda which they happened to have with them. On completion of their meal, they were amazed to find that the soda had disappeared, leaving a hard shiny substance which proved to be the first glass made by man.

Or let us glance back into the history of the ancient Egyptians. In the museum at Cairo the modern traveller sees all the priceless possessions of King Tutankhamen. Among these is a marvelous gold necklace with a hundred gold pendants inlaid with turquoise, lapis lazuli and cirkosene of glass. Because glass is so common in the world today, it strikes one as odd that this material should form part of these exquisite ornaments of ancient kings, but our surprise ends with the realization that in 1539 In its place was no more precious than that it was valued above precious stones.

Anyone who becomes interested in the history of glass, will be delighted with many of the archaeological exhibits he will find in Egypt. In a tomb of one of the old Pharaohs near Thebes, for example, were found a pair of sandals made of blowing glass in very much the same way and with very much the same pattern as those which are now being made at the present time. Still preserved is a glass piece found in the tomb of a Pharaoh, which is believed to have been a glass vase which was blown glass in very much the same way and with very much the same pattern as those which are now being made at the present time.

Anyone who studies the old monuments of the ancient Egyptians will find in them the designs which served hundreds of years later to give workmen a plan for the so-called "can" patterns used in some of the early glass paperweights.

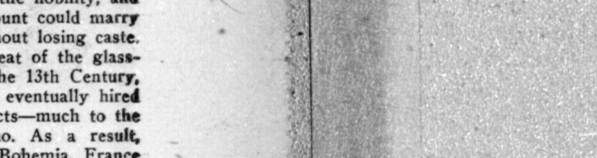
Several centuries after, the art of glass-making spread to Venice and Rome. In the 12th Century, glass factories were so numerous in Venice that they became a fire hazard to the city. As a result, they were moved to the Island of Murano, where the secrets of glass-making were guarded under penalty of death. Glass-makers of those days ranked with the nobility, and a daughter of a count could marry a glass-maker without losing caste.

At Altare, the seat of the glass-makers guild in the 13th Century, glassworkers were eventually hired out to other districts—much to the distress of Murano. As a result, the spread to Bohemia, France and England; and centuries later, to the United States. There is no reference to Venetian glass makers in the accounts of those days, but it is noteworthy that by the late 16th century, Murano had built in 1519, had mosques throughout its interior, and the Venetian of the 13th and 14th Centuries were already complete masters of the use of enamel.—From "Old Glass Paperweights," by Evangeline H. Bergstrom.

Elven O'Clock Break

Combination hot coffee and cold water dispenser is ideal for offices. Coffee can be taken "with" or "without" by pressing appropriate button. Beverages served in sanitary paper-cups.

By Arthur Pointer



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