

### To End Wheat Exports.

Every once in a while we see in the financial columns of the Press an announcement of the construction of another flour mill or the increase of a milling company's dividend. These fugitive items of news give the man in the street a general idea that the milling business must be prospering and expanding. Few know how great that expansion is, and fewer still dream of the coming days when by the aid of her unrivaled water-powers Canada will make her wheat into flour and ship the finished product instead of the grain to the markets of the world.

The milling business of this country is already one of its great basic industries on which many thousands depend for a living. A new map just issued by the Department of the Interior shows the elevator and milling capacity in the region from the great lakes to the Rockies. There are flour mills in Fort William, Kenora and Keewatin with a daily capacity of 16,000 barrels. Manitoba has mills of 19,770 barrels daily capacity, of which 11,090 barrels are at St. Boniface and Winnipeg. Saskatchewan has 6,099 daily capacity, and Alberta 3,750. In all, the flour mills between Fort William and the mountains can grind 45,619 barrels of flour daily. The milling capacity of both Ontario and the West in increasing very rapidly, and before many years have passed will be ample to grind our entire wheat production.

How about markets? The greatest outlets for Canadian flour heretofore have been Great Britain and Newfoundland, but it is now going all over the world. In less than a quarter of a century, if Mr. J. J. Hill is a real prophet, Canadian wheat and flour will be needed to feed a considerable portion of the population of the United States. There are signs already of the accuracy of Mr. Hill's prophecy. Ten years ago Canada sent out 16,844,650 bushels of wheat and 768,162 barrels of flour her own produce. In the year ending March 31, 1910, she exported 49,741,350 bushels of wheat and 3,064,028 barrels of flour. That is to say, while she tripled her export of wheat she quadrupled her export of flour. Ten years ago Great Britain took 455,975 barrels of Canadian flour, and Newfoundland 218,332 barrels. Last year Great Britain took 1,877,436 barrels of Canadian flour, and Newfoundland 313,570 barrels. The most significant development of the trade is that, while ten years ago the United States took 3,834 barrels, last year it took 126,155. It is scarcely probable that this export to the United States was for consumption there. Things have not yet come to that pass, the flour was probably for re-export to the West Indies or Central America. But the point is that ten years ago the United States had plenty of flour of her own to export and did not need to draw on our surplus. The tendency to do so will increase yearly until the buyers discover that it would be more profitable to do business directly with the Canadian miller.

The value of the milling industry to labor is very great. Somewhere in this country there are men getting out and preparing the lumber for 10,000 barrels for the export flour trade every working day of the year. Others are sawing it, and still others cooping it. There must be presses doing nothing else but printing the labels. The industry is a natural one. It competes in the open markets of the world. It would probably be greatly benefited were the tariff upon wheat and flour on both sides of the border thrown down, and absolute free trade in grain and grain products guaranteed for a considerable series of years. Under these circumstances Canada would grow wheat and mill flour for the larger part of the swarming masses of the New England States as well as for the British markets. Toronto Globe.

### Seen by the Queen.

There is a story current about the late Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler which illustrates how a son is to his mother the most important being in the world.

When he was in England he and his mother corresponded regularly, and at great length.

One day a letter came in which he described his presentation to Queen Victoria. Mrs. Cuyler read it with eagerness, hardly able to wait till she had finished before telling some one what had happened. When she at length got through the letter, she hastened to a neighbor's house, and announced:

"I've just got a letter from England, and, do you know? the Queen has seen Theodore!"

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### Big Ben Cleaned

"Big Ben" has had his face—or, rather faces—washed. And he caused even more trouble than any healthy juvenile whose loyalty to the making of mud pies cause him to exert every effort to evade the maternal scouring designs. Though it gets no holiday itself the big Westminster clock in London has taken advantage of the parliamentary recess to get a thorough laundering. For two weeks a number of workmen, looking large midgits against the background of the lofty tower of parliament's home, have been clambering about, swinging cradles and climbing ropes with the agility of sailors in order to give the soap and water treatment to this, one of the most powerful and most accurate public clocks in the world.

"Big Ben's" four dials each are twenty-three feet in diameter, while the centres of these faces are exactly 180 feet from the pavement. The figures have a height of two feet, and the minute spaces are one foot square. The music hall artists have taken up the theme, and monologists tickle English auditors by describing how "Big Ben" covered "his face with his hands" and "let that stuff."

But the cleaning force meant business and, contrary to those punning assertions, they just took off the interfering hands and sent them away to be pitted. This was no trifling job for the minute hands, which are made of copper, are fourteen feet long, weigh about two hundred pounds each, and have the capacity to travel approximately a hundred miles each year. The hour hands are nine feet in length, but even heavier than those which deal with the minute periods of time.

With the exception of this summer cleaning, the clock's general health is quite satisfactory. Though fifty-two years of age it keeps perfect time and has not varied a second in weeks. The present day of electricity however, is to work changes with "Big Ben." Some time ago the gas beacons which illuminated its faces at night were abolished in favor of electric lamps. Now electricity is to put the governmental "clock winders" out of business. They, too, have had their own troubles in keeping "Big Ben" busy on the time circuit. For fifty-two years, as at present, two or three men have climbed 374 steps to the clock room three times weekly and put in from three to four hours of hard work each time in turning the winding cranks. The striking apparatus, which operates the big bell, weighing almost fourteen tons that gives the clock its name, is capable of running four days, at the expiration of which period weights averaging over a ton each must be lifted up their slides by a windlass contrivance. Now, if present plans are carried out, electricity is to perform all the work, and all the attendants will have to do will be to ply on an oil can at intervals.

### Craftmanship in Book-binding.

(London Daily Chronicle.)

If William Morris, the poet, were alive today his face would form a wealth of smiles, for there was despatched by his Majesty George V. last week the Prayer Book to be presented by the Bishop of London to commemorate the foundation of the Anglican Church in Canada.

The design and binding of the book are the skilful product of the descendants of his pupils, Messrs Sangorski and Sutcliffe. Quite young men, they started ten years ago in an attic formerly occupied by Disraeli in Bloomsbury, inspired by a passion for high-class engrossing and illuminated book decoration and encouraged by scholarships which they both won under the L. C. C. examinations. Today one of their art fingers is engaged on a book the designing for which has occupied three and a half months, while the tooling will take another twelve. The cost, when complete, will run to over £400. The subject of the book is the Ru'ahist of Omar Khayyan, which, with its illustrations, all on a scale of rare magnificence and artistic elaboration, must involve an expenditure of many thousands of pounds. The covers are inlaid with 700 amethysts and other stones.

Discussing the relative position of English bookbinding, Mr. F. Sangorski said to a representative of The Daily Chronicle yesterday: "Great Britain now leads in bookbinding. Until 50 years ago we were behind Italy and France. Their conservative adherence to copying mediaeval masters gave us our chance, and now it is no uncommon thing for the Governments of the continent to purchase the high class productions of this country as models for students in their arts and crafts schools. We have recently sold books to the museums of Frankfurt, Prague and Hanover."

"No, we have no use for machinery here—it is all hand work, and we employ no travellers and do no advertising, leaving the production of our pens and tools to speak for themselves. The greatest demand for our work comes from the United States. I have one order before me now for four books a year for five years at £200 each book."

"My partner is a teacher in the Camberwell Arts and Crafts School of the L. C. C., while I fill a similar position at the City and

Guild Institute, Northampton. Both of us have a brother undertaking the illuminating part of the business. But for the L. C. C. technical schools we should not have been here, and would not have helped to win for our country the proud place she stands in on the continent."

### THE RETURNS IN 1920.

(Carolyn Wells in 'Life')

"Where are the women going to?"  
Said Files-on-Parade;  
"They're going to vote, they're going to vote,  
The big policeman said."  
"What makes them look so fine, so fine?"  
Said Files-on-Parade;  
"They always dress up for the polls,"  
The big policeman said.  
"For the women are out voting, you observe  
their brave array!"  
Mrs Mackay is in violet voile and Mrs Catt  
in grey;  
Mrs Belmont wears taupe chiffon, Miss M-I  
holland pink pique—  
For they're out to cast their ballots in the  
morning.

### HIS OVERTIME

(From 'Answers')

"I see you claim one hour's overtime, B. I.,  
said the master of the mill. 'How's that?'  
I thought no one worked overtime last  
week."

B. I. passed a horny hand across his mouth.  
"Quite right, gov'nor," he replied. "One  
hour's me due."

The master regarded him suspiciously.

"Come, when was it?" he inquired.

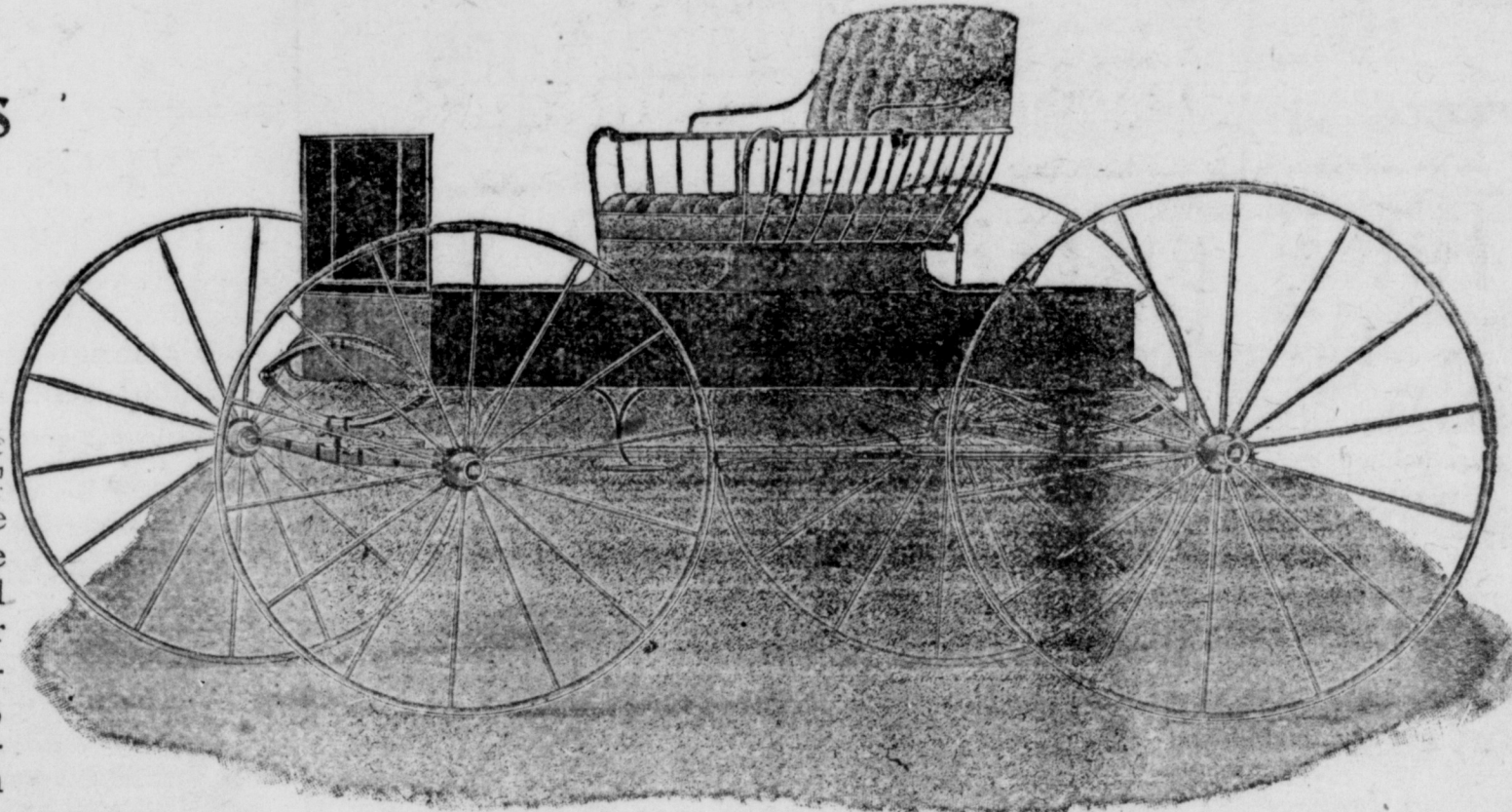
"Last Thursday," responded B. I. I was  
sent up to your own house to 'elp shake the  
carpets."

"Yes, I remember that distinctly, cut in  
the boss: 'out you got off at 5 sharp.'"

"Ah, that's true, gov'nor, as far as it goes,"  
assented the man, "but your missus give me  
'alf a meat pie to take 'ome, an' that there  
hour is for bringin' the dish back!"

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