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The Granite Town Greetings

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VOL. 7.

ST. GEORGE, N. B., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1911

NO. 19.

THE NEW Church Hymn Book for sale at the "Greetings Office" in several Qualities and Styles.

Not Sisters

Now and again you see two women passing down the street who look like sisters. You are astonished to learn that they are mother and daughter, and you realize that a woman at forty or forty-five ought to be as young and fresh as a girl. Why is it so? The general health of woman is so intimately associated with the local health of the essentially feminine organ, that there can be no red cheeks and round form where there is female weakness.

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every thing who would do justice to their trust if sent to Toronto. During the present month political conventions are being held in view of the general election announced for December, and the farmers of Ontario will do well to push their claims for real farmer candidates.

Big Profits On Eggs and Butter.

TORONTO CONSUMERS LAST Week Paid Six Cents More For Eggs And 10c More For Butter Than The Farmers Received For Them.

The farmer's responsibility in the increased cost of living has much been discussed, and opinion is almost unanimous that the fault does not lie with the producer, unless it be that he does not produce as much as he could, and thus curtails the supply.

In the fixing of the prices that are paid by city people the middleman has been blamed, and of those who have given the matter serious thought, as thousands have of recent years, many have been inclined to relieve both the farmer and the storekeeper of the responsibility and condemn the dealer for selfishly hardening the masses. In a trip through the western part of Ontario last week I made inquiries at seven points as to the price being paid the farmers for butter and eggs. The information received at Southampton, Paisley, Walkerton, Palmerston, Listowel, Stratford and Woodstock, given by reliable authorities, showed that the prices to the producers varied scarcely at all in the 150 miles of country represented. Eggs were bringing 23 and 24 a dozen; butter from 24 to 26 a pound. The farmer sold his newest eggs at 24c and his best quality butter for 25c in the majority of the towns.

On the same days that these prices were being paid the farmer-Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays-Toronto merchants were selling eggs for prices ranging from 26c to 30c a dozen, and real fresh, guaranteed, just from the country eggs were worth as high as 42c.

The quotations of the Wm. Davies Co. were 26c, 28c and 30c, according to age. The farmer received 24c for his best eggs, and Davies sold them for 30c making a margin of 6c a dozen, divided between the middleman and the retail store. Davies' prices for butter were 27c, 28c, 29c, 32c and 35c, according to quality, the highest quality selling for 10c a pound more than the farmer received for it. This large profit also found its way into the pockets of the two parties who act between producer and consumer.

The retailers in Walkerton, Listowel and the places that were visited who bought direct from the farmers were making 1c a dozen on eggs and 1c a pound on butter and when questioned about it stated that they did not believe it was a fair profit, but admitted that it paid them to handle the stuff. A number of egg and butter dealers to whom I have been referring as middlemen were also asked their view of the matter.

"There is undoubtedly a big difference in the price we pay the farmers for eggs and for butter and the price the city people pay for the same things, but it is easily accounted for," Mr. Richard M. Playter, Manager of the Walkerton Egg & Dairy Company, which is a branch of Gann, Toronto, stated. "We dealers certainly do not make any large profits, for both eggs and butter reach Toronto only two or three cents higher than we buy them for. The price is raised after arrival in the city."

"Is there an egg combine or a butter trust in Toronto?" I ventured.

"Assuredly not," he replied, with emphasis. "That could not be. There are too many sellers and buyers, and they all have to go by supply and demand. Oh, no, there's no combine in this business."

"Who provides the heaven when the produce reaches the city?"

"The man who sells to the consumer, in other words, the storekeeper. He buys at current prices, figures upon a good profit, and sells at his own price. Even at that I do not think he charges exorbitantly. In estimation his profit he has outrageous rent to reckon with and heavy expenses all round, which he must meet from his margins. Eggs and butter fluctuate so, however, that there is a temptation to make them bear the brunt of his high expenses, which it would be more difficult to impose upon staple articles."

Undoubtedly high rents and his expenses, which have to be considered, regulate to a degree the price of butter and eggs, but many will not accept this as sufficient reason for the 5c and 10c differences in producers' prices. One thing is evident, however, and that is that the farmers' price is the lowest it can be.

Wm. Silo.

A Canoe Trip In the Kawartha Lakes.

Where shall we holiday? Yes, where? Most urbanites, amongst them office men, have settled this question for the current season, and some—alas! we are of that number—have already spent the holiday, tasted the full joys of anticipation and realization of the same, and now are wrestling with renewed vigor gained from some days or weeks of living close to nature, admiring her works, breathing fresh air, and working up some semblance of muscle. That some other office men might know the delights and benefits of a strenuous week canoeing on the Kawartha Lakes I propose to recount some points of interest in connection with a canoe trip recently made, starting from Peterboro', passing up over the lift lock, through the Trent Canal, the various lakes, up to and beyond Bobcaygeon.

We went "light." Just one 14-5 canoe, two paddles, and an extra, one, trolling and angling outfit, 'grub' enough for one meal, and what few clothes we thought might be needful should we meet with accident or untoward weather. We had seven days for the trip. The Coronation holiday made one extra—a day of grace.

An early start was planned, but experiencing a new sense of freedom, having laid aside all cares the night before, it proved a drowsy morning, and 10 o'clock found us only in our canoe ready to leave the wharf at Peterboro'. Fresh and eager, little realizing what was ahead of us in the 65 or 70 mile paddle, we soon passed the first two locks, making the necessary portages, which by the way we manoeuvred in a manner clumsy and exhausting, until later getting on to the "knack."

Beyond the second we spied the Bessie Butler, bound for a trip over the Lift Lock. We made friends with her at once, taking a tow for some hundred yards, and, joys of joys! we sailed over that 65 foot lift without other effort than holding on and drawing breath.

The lift lock safely passed, we soon forgot to reckon distance, having in reserve the energy which we had fully anticipated expending on that terrible portage, the lift lock. A passing shower got us just at the bridge at Nassau. A few minutes and we were on our way again, knowing that friends in the nearby city were thinking of the drenching we must have got from the heavy showers we could see off to the northwest, catching the city, but giving us merely the fringe.

Locks, five of them in succession, were negotiated—by the land route! Little of moment happened save that at one of them we paused for lunch,

the boom logs of the river drivers my good companion slipped and all but—well, there was no accident, and we reached Lakefield about 4 o'clock some little the worse of our unaccustomed effort. Here, another storm being upon us, we decked our craft upside down, with our effects beneath and scurried for the nearby hostelry.

After "seeing the town," stocking up with more baits and other lesser effects we had overlooked, we put our canoe on the water, and with renewed energy made for Young's Point, keeping all the way just nicely out of reach of another shower, which was working upon us from the southwest. Six o'clock found us at the Point, our canoe under cover, and ourselves properly ready for supper.

Having satisfied our inward selves, we again embarked, and after passing the lock, made up through Marsh Bay, then Clear Lake and around Sandy Point into Stony Lake. We were searching for Kawartha Park and decided that we had missed it in the dark, and were setting out for Burleigh, when, thank goodness (it was seven miles on to Burleigh), we spied a light and discovered Kawartha Park. Being so early in the season, this summering place was not prepared for guests, but we succeeded in negotiating for such accommodation as we could get in the "annex." On retiring we planned for an early plunge and an early start right after for Burleigh. The night was chill and the morning—5 o'clock—found us with teeth chattering and a wholesome dread of water. Two hours of procrastination, then out we got, dressed hurriedly, as became the temperature, and soon warmed ourselves with inward heat developed on the paddle.

The trip to Burleigh proved longer than we had anticipated. Ten o'clock found us at the double locks, with an appetite that demanded relief before we made the portage. Off through Lovesick Lake we then struck with that distance-making rhythm of our paddles which by this time we had learned so well.

The scenery all along the route surpassed description; from Lovesick Lake it increased in grandeur—one to appreciate it must sail through Lovesick. Being in strange waters, we made effective use of a map secured from the Department of the Interior, and which proved to be very accurate and of great assistance, saving us many miles through showing us the most direct route.

Two o'clock that day found us through Lovesick, passed Deer Bay and on this bridge at Buckhorn, the lock negotiated, "we 'uns" seeing the sights and refreshing ourselves, as well we might, for the eighteen-mile pull on to Bobcaygeon, which we had in view for night. Shortly we were on our way again, and the wind being in our backs, an umbrella was hoisted and made fast; this assisted us to clip off some miles in record time. By 5 o'clock we had passed the floating we bridge at Gannon's Narrows, and at 5:20 we had rounded Jacob's Island and could see what we took for the Point at Bobcaygeon in the distance.

At the sight we were spurred to renewed effort. Our craft fairly tore over the water of Pigeon Lake. But what a long time it took to make that Point! It was probably six miles or more; it looked but the half of it. In due time we struck the big "Bob" River, paddled up its shimmering surface in the glare of the lowering sun, which all day was getting in its work—it making sorry creatures of us, as we discovered on taking stock in the mirror at the summer hotel.

What a tremendous supper we did eat! Notwithstanding, it seemed to have no effort whatever as filler.

It was now 8 o'clock. Our destination with friends in the country (we thought some four miles up on Sturgeon Lake) seemed so near, and we

were now once more in good trim, we decided to finish the journey that evening. Again we put out upon the deep. It was a most delightful evening, the May flies were thick, fish jumped, loons called and soon the sun went down. Darkness caught us close by Jackson's Island and we had still the tortuous snag and stump fringed Emily Creek to navigate. Entering the creek—horror of horrors!—we struck a snag, just under the surface, and to me (I was in the bow) it seemed as if we were in for a swim, and that in the dark! The situation proved to be not so bad as at first shock I had feared. We got off and with some work and the exercise of great patience we made the landing we sought, having gone a distance from Cayceon we afterwards found to be fully eight miles. Once our feet struck land again that joy feeling rose within and we forgot fatigue.

Some days thereafter, we met our pleasure, we spent fishing, always with luck, more generally had luck.

Our knowledge of the district, supplemented by our ever-ready map, showed us a shorter route, by which to return. We took it and came down to Chemung (Bridgemouth), and livered our canoe and effects—there were some fish, too—into Peterboro'.

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Andrew McKee, Book Bay,
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Montreal Prophet Held on a Serious Charge

Blackstone Mass., Nov. 6.—Liboret Trotter, formerly of Montreal, was in the District Court, charged with a statutory offence against Mary Chabot. The police state that Trotter claims to be a prophet and he says he is organizing a new religion. A part of the discipline of the prophet was to parade his followers in the garbs they wore at the time of their birth, and there were other acts that are not recognized as proper in polite society. The prosecution was not ready to proceed with the case after the court had ordered a plea of not guilty, and at the request of state officers Robert E. Molt and Deputy Sheriff Nugent, the case was continued until Tuesday. Trotter is wanted for the alleged abuse of several girls. He is said to have cast a spell over large numbers of young women.

Sir Max is in Gigantic Power Deal.

(Montreal Star)

A few days ago The Star hinted at a new big power deal.

It is not secret now that engineers employed by Sir Max Aitken are figuring on what will be the biggest water power proposition in Canada.

The Star is not at liberty to give the full details at its disposal, but it can be stated that the engineers have a plan now, that if consummated, will eventually develop over 1,000,000 horse-power.

The initial plan, however, is to develop 500,000 horse-power at a cost of some thing like \$50,000,000.

It is stated that interests identified with the Montreal Power Company are connected with the proposition, and if the plans mature, the Montreal Power Co., will dispose of the power on the Island of Montreal in the same manner it now distributes power from the Shawinigan Company.

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