The Green Thumb

By Gordon L. Smith

The Tiny Plot

It is eally ama ing the results in satisfaction and beauty one can get from a tiny plot of flowers. And they will not take much work either. A little digging and a few packets of seed or boxes of started plants are all that are needed. If one has more time it can be enlarged, and as one's interest grows more frills can be added.

The quick-growing annuals can be useful, as ground covers in front of shrubs and around the base of roses and lilies.

Some, like ageratum and sweet alyssum, make trim edgings for formal beds. Others, like certain the petunias and the California poppies, give charmingly informal effects. In the perennial borders they can be used to fill space left bare after spring bulbs, or to provide all-summer effects around early bloomers such as the Oriental poppy, bleeding heart, or peony.

Not Too Many Colors

If your garden is small, it is best not to have too many colors. A long border is prettiest if the masses of color shade into one another in drifts. Avoid a spotty effect. Don't forget the value of occasional white — especially if you enjoy evenings in the garden. If you want to attract hummingbirds and those beautiful great night moths, plant for fragrance as well. Nicotiana will draw them. Cosmos is a favorite with the little goldfinches.

Try Experiments

It is always exciting, also, to raise something entirely different or new each year, or to experiment in some new field. A "blue garden" or a garden border planted for evening enjoyment is fun to work out. A new variety of an old favorite might be included each year. Getting acquainted with an annual not previously in your garden — for instance, do you know the spicy, fragrant annual dianthus? — add a new flower-friend each summer to your social list.

★

Proof Wanted

"Lend me five dollars old man. I promise you, on the word of a gentleman, to pay it back tomorrow."

"Bring the gentleman round and let me see him."

★

Auction Sale at Dixie—Spring received its official welcome to Dixie at the annual community auction sale. Organized by the farm labor co-operative group, the auction brought out an amazing assortment of articles. Easy chairs waiting to be sold lured buyers into relaxing enjoyment of the sunshine. The wily auctioneer got more action after selling the chairs.

Teeming Millions Of China and India

We are accustomed to hearing the expression "China's swarming millions," but few Canadians have any exact knowledge of what that actually means in numbers. The Chinese national census bureau of the Ministry of the Interior has computed the total population of the country for the second half of 1947 as 462,798,093. There is a predominance of females 241,913,638, as against 220,884,455 males. The total number of families in China is estimated to be 86,637,312. Nanking, the national capital, has a population of 1,034,995, while among the large special municipalities, Shanghai ranks first with 4,300,630.

But India, too, has its "swarming millions," and the 1941 population of that country is given as 388,997,935, with 2,108,891 of them in Calcutta, the largest city. This total population included those of the dominions of India and Pakistan combined.

If the Western world is interested in the political and economic future of these two vast countries, it is largely because the combined populations of them is the stupendous total of 851,796,028.

One Way of Relaxing After a Hard Day's Work—Something new in the National Film Board's rural program is a picture, of Scottish origin, showng how a young couple—with the assistance of neighbors—overcame the problem of crowded living quarters and the necessity of healthful relaxation.

"After Six O'Clock"

"After Six O'Clock" is the story of a venture started by a young couple in Scotland. They lived in an apartment, and, although they were happy, they had their troubles too.

Their chief trouble was noise—noise emanating from the next-door apartment of a young trumpet-playing enthusiast, who practised his art both night and day.

They attempted to reason with the trumpet-fiend, but to no avail. "You have your right to silence," he said, in effect, "but I also have my right to make noise with my trumpet." There seemed to be no solution to the problem.

* * *

The young couple pondered the matter, and began to see that both parties had their rights. But where could they practise these rights without bothering their neighbours? Then the idea came to them—an idea which is as applicable in Canada as it is in Scotland. Why not make a community centre, where everybody could make the best use of their talents in their spare time?

A bit dubious as to the reception their idea would get, they began to approach their fellow citizens cautiously. But their fears had no basis in fact. It soon appeared that many other citizens of the community held the same ideas. The minister of the local church, the town school authorities, and many other community groups expressed their interest in the project.

* * *

Soon a citizen's committee was formed, and a financial target decided upon, and attained through various promotional stunts. In short order the committee located a suitable building. The members cleaned it up, painted it, and were soon plunged into such activities as sewing, amateur drama, folk dancing, sketching, children's games—and trumpet playing.

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SHORT SHORT STORY

Waiting For Something

By TED M. RIDER

Uncle Jan twisted in his wicker chair on the front porch when he heard Carol's heels clicking swiftly on the sidewalk. Bax Hammond towered one step behind her and was pretty mad because the thin scar on his cheek looked twisted under the blazing light of the street lamp.

Then the storm broke. "What's gotten into your niece, Jan? Yesterday, she insisted on buying her own ticket to the barn dance. Tonight, she paid her own way into the movies. Now, I ask you—"

Bax paused to settle his blue eyes indignantly on Carol's bowed red head, but said in a very bored tone, "Girls are becoming pretty independent nowadaws, aren't th y Uncle Jan?"

"We'll, for the luvva Pete!" Bax gasped explosively. "We're engaged aren't we, Carol? And you'll be dependent on me for the rest of your life, won't you? Why, that's taken for granted, and that's the way I want it!"

"Oh, you do? Well, thanks for lettin me know that, Mr. Boss Hammond. Now I'll tell you something. Here's your ring back."

She jerked the sparkling diamond from her finger and shoved it into the stunned young man's palm, then slammed through the screen door with a speed that made Unle Jan blink.

"Bax why didn't you and Carol get hitched right after your army discharge?"

"How could I marry her, then, Jan? I was stone broke and had to start my automobile agency on a flyer. And you know how things went. First, I couldn't get any stock. Then, my garage burned down and I had to start from scratch again. We're through!"

Uncle Jan stopped his departure by quickly asking for a match. He had to untangle things someway. Why, Carol had always wanted to marry Bax. Even two years ago she'd come right out and asked if marriage wasn't a partnership where each person shared rain or shine as it came.

Bax hadn't wanted her when things were going bad for him, so she was wondering why he wanted her now when he was a success. After five long years of waiting, fear had replaced confidence, and her sudden desire to be independent was nothing but a cover-up to hide that fear. Maybe she was fearful that P . just considered her another step up the ladder for himself, something to be bossed around because he was paying the bills. She wanted proof of his love.

Suddenly, he had an idea for a cure. It would be a pretty drastic one but it would show them how much they really cared for each other.

He turned to the door and bellowed. "Did you say Carol won't marry you because of that bullet scar on your cheek, Bax? Well, that's something to think about."

In a second, the screen door flew open and Carol stood there, her hand on his shoulder and her heart in her eyes staring down at Bax's white strained face. He'd taken the remark seriously, and Uncle Jan felt suddenly frightened. If Carol didn't handle things right, now . . .

"Bax," she said, simply, "your scar stands for everything fine; for duty, loyalty, sacrifice—for everything fine I love in you."

Her hands rose to tremble on the muscles ridging his jaw grimly. Then, as he stiffened, she stood on tip-toe and kissed the scar.

When he still stood like a granite statue and Carol started to cry, Uncle Jan roared in high dudgeon, "You going to wait five more years to kiss her back, you dumb galoot?? That's why she busted the engagement. When a guy makes a girl wait that long she wants something besides words to prove he loves her. Get it?"

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Historic Floating Bridge Must Go

One of the few floating bridges still in existence in Canada is about to give way to a more modern structure.

Ever since 1870 it has been saving travellers a nine mile detour around Lake Chemong, just northwest of Peterborough. The more adventurous type of traveller will be sorry to see it go, as negotiating the mile-long bridge—considered the longest of its type in the world—was often a thrilling experience.

Quite often a motorist, driving across with windows open, would get a drenching when a wave smashed against the car; and passengers could often be seen walking behind during the crossing, just in case.

With an overall width of 20 feet, the bridge had a double-floored centre strip only about 14 feet wide. This wasn't sufficient for 2-way traffic so this strip had half a dozen "pullout" places for cars to pass one another. Total load limit was five tons, and even when an ordinary passenger car travelled the bridge water would squirt through the floor boards as the bridge sank under the weight.

In Fall and Spring the bridge became a twisted tangle of timber and ice. Winds buffeted the structure and either sank portions of it under the heavy ice or tore whole sections loose. When this happened, bridge-tenders had to chase the wayward sections up and down the lake.

Largest City

Which is the world's largest city? London? In population, right (though New York is a close runner-up). But in area, the correct answer is Kiruna, an iron ore town in Swedish Lapland, north of the Arctic Circle.

Although this city has only 18,000 inhabitants, its area is 18 times that of Greater New York.

Despite this distinction, people of far flung Kiruna probably envy New Yorkers one superlative (while it lasts) — the world's longest subway ride for a nickel.

"Hounded" by HEADACHES

Blinding pain, constant throbbing can make life a misery. Many headaches may be caused by the failure of the kidneys to perform their normal duty of filtering poisonous wastes and excess acids from the blood. If kidneys fail and poisons remain in the system, headaches, backache, rheumatic pains, disturbed rest may often follow. Dodd's Kidney Pills help your kidneys clear out trouble-making poisons and excess acids so that you feel better—rest better—work better. Get Dodd's today. 142

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Fire Chief Rescues Eleven Month old Baby

WINS DOW AWARD

ROBERT DEY of Pembroke, Ont

performs gallant deed although wrists slashed by broken window

It wasn't the sight of angry flames enveloping her two-storey home that filled Mrs. Anderson's heart with terror. It was the thought of her 11-month-old baby boy — trapped alone in that blazing inferno! For a second or two she stood rooted to the ground . . . and then a scream from inside the house brought her back to reality. Three times, in spite of neighbours' protests, she tried to reach her baby. But she had to give up . . . her face and hair singed by the flames.

DEY ENTERS THROUGH WINDOW

By this time firemen were battling the blaze and Chief Robert Dey was attempting to force his way into the house. Finally he smashed a window and crawled through. Although both his wrists had been cut by the broken glass he fought his way into the blazing living room and managed to find the little boy. Then, choking from the dense smoke and terrific heat, he made his way back to the window and soon had the youngster safe in his mother's arms.

We are proud to recognize publicly the gallantry and outstanding bravery of Fire Chief Robert Dey of Pembroke, Ontario, through the presentation of The Dow Award.

Desperately, Mrs Anderson tried to enter the burning house. After three attempts, her hair and face singed, she realized that she must give up.

Stumbling through the dense smoke from room to room, Chief Dey finally found the child. Then, with the terrified boy in his arms, he fought his way back to the window.

THE DOW AWARD is a citation for outstanding heroism and includes, as a tangible expression of appreciation, a $100 Canada Savings Bond. Winners are selected by the Dow Award Committee, a group of editors of leading Canadian daily newspapers.

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