The Green Thumb

By Gordon L. Smith

Speedy Growth

Real secret of tender vegetables is quick, unchecked growth. To get this means planting at the proper time, not too early with tender things that frost or cold weather may check, and they must be harvested when just right. Old gardeners push growth along quickly with plenty of cultivation, fertilizer, and water when necessary and if possible. They also spread sowings out over at least several weeks so that young stuff is coming along continuously. Another trick they use is to plant several different types — an early maturing sort, a medium and a late. In the seed catalogue usually will be listed the number of days to maturity. Thus we can purchase, say, peas that will be ready for the table in fifty days, some in sixty and some in seventy. By using some of all three there will be a succession of good crops instead of a regular feast followed by a famine. Most experienced gardeners continue making sowings of carrots, beets, beans, lettuce and spinach from the time the ground is first ready up to mid-July. Of course, to get top quality there must be no time lost between picking and cooking.

Double Harvests

Where one aims at getting two crops of vegetables from the same ground, usually a combination is selected of something early and late such as radish, lettuce, spinach and peas, followed by late beets, beans and carrots. Just as soon as the soil is fit to work one can put in the first three mentioned. By the time these are ready for the table there will still usually be time to make the last sowings of beans, beets, carrots, corn, etc.

Another method of double cropping is to have alternate rows of quick maturing things with slower but larger growers. Thus in between the rows of potatoes, beets, beans, corn, etc., we will plant lettuce, spinach and radish. The last will be used up and out of the way before the first named require full space.

* * *

It would be interesting to know, now, how many of Spring's gardeners will still be at it when the hot days of July and August roll around. That is when the test of the true gardener comes. So, just a word of warning to all those people who are grubbing in the earth these days—make up your minds to stick to it for six months. If you don't all your efforts will be wasted.

Eggs for Britain

Britain will buy Australia's total export surplus of eggs and egg products under a new five-year agreement.

Australia is to increase her production to achieve an export target of 105,000,000 dozen eggs a season, including egg products. The agreement is designed to supply Britain with eggs during the winter when her other sources of supply are low.

First Australian eggs should be in British shops by September, according to the food minister's egg division.

Keep on Trying

"You know, old man, I'm half inclined to think—"

"Persevere, old chap—persevere! You'll make it yet."

Three Minutes of Fiction

SHORT SHORT STORY

The Killer's Target

By KATHYRN WILSON

Joe Sand, bank clerk, had decided to kill a man. Looking back on his 47 years, he realized how spineless they had been. Without knowing exactly what to do about it, he had long since grown tired of fetching and carrying for exacting Elmer Dunning, president of Webbyville's First National bank. And what had happened lately left his spirits flatter than any ledger line.

John Morrie, the cashier, resigned to take a job in an eastern city and the cashier job in old First National became the plum ready to drop into the lap of some lucky man. Joe was next in line for promotion, but he was worried.

He wanted to ask Dunning about the board's plans and didn't have the courage. The small blue eyes in his bony face filled with fear at the thought of such audacity. Somehow he couldn't stretch the narrow shoulders on his short thin frame to the necessary width of confidence.

In short order Joe's hopes were dashed to oblivion. Why did some fellows have all the luck? That young upstart, Harry Coats, who'd been brought on from New York, made cashier over the heads of the four men having seniority in the bank's marble elegance! Resentment blazed high until the three younger men got to liking Coats well enough to forgive him.

But Joe Sand, thoroughly incensed, couldn't forgive. He hated Coats, he hated Dunning, he hated—everybody. His thoughts were cruel hot daggers slashing every moral fibre within him. He was determined—to kill!

Dunning needn't think that Joe Sands, the slave, hadn't a chickadee's guts. Just because he didn't parade a push and drive was no proof that he hadn't secret ambitions to rise in banking circles.

Joe glanced quickly around his modest room in Mrs. Miller's select boarding house. Shakily, he took a gun out of the bottom drawer of the tired-looking pine bureau, thrust it into his pocket. The weapon had belonged to his father and was rusty with neglect. It had been used for target practice in the Sand family's small back yard, but never to spill human blood. It hadn't been shot off in years. Joe hoped it wouldn't fail

him—everybody and everything else had.

At the bank that noon Joe had to be reminded that it was time to go for his daily chocolate malt. Naturally taciturn, he was even more so now and his co-workers flung him questioning glances and whispered among themselves about what was "eating old Sandie." But through it all he was grimly determined. He was doing his last duty for the stalwart old bank which had supported him for 20 years. He had to get everything in order before they took him away—after the killing.

He had brought his records up to date near closing time when he happened to notice Harry Coats doing a peculiar thing. Harry, white-faced, was coming out of the vault, his arms loaded with currency.

Joe wheeled and faced a masked man on the customer's side of the cashier's window. The gun pointed at Joe was no toy.

"Put 'em up or I'll drill yuh!"

The intruder's gaze shifted to the roll of bills. Joe's right hand dropped to his coat pocket.

Just in time, Joe dodged the bullet that whizzed past. But the shot he fired was followed immediately by the stranger's curse as he hit the floor.

As though jet propelled, Joe darted from behind the counter, and up to the still body.

"Careful, Joe!" warned Coats. "It's a trick—he'll shoot!"

But Joe ignored caution, knelt beside the hefty stranger, laid a hand on his bloody shirt front. Then he got quickly to his feet and announced dramatically. "The skunk's dead—quite dead!"

Something like knighthood valor went sailing through Joe. Why, this was odd! Never had he felt so—masterful. Why, he couldn't feel inferior to anybody or anything after this! Nor afraid. Not even of himself.

It was a lucky break that he hadn't gotten around to that killing he'd planned to do today. After all, it would be a pity to disgrace the Sand name. No man ever got even with anybody by putting a bullet through his own head.

A Few Thoughts About Motoring

A Bad Bet—If you're 35 years old, you have, on the average, about seventeen million more minutes to safety to save just 60 seconds or so. live. When you gamble with your you're betting all those remaining minutes on the chance.

Traffic Jam — That's when you sit in your car and watch the pedestrians whiz by you.

Average Motorist.—A man or woman who, after passing a wreck on the road, drives really carefully for the next two minutes.

Speed. — There are stop-watches which split a second into tenths and even twentieths. But the shortest perceptible units of time too short for any watch to catch — is the difference between the moment when the traffic light changes, and the oaf behind you honks for you to go.

New Cars.—Don't worry if there's a slight knock in that new car of yours. If you forget about it, before long it will work itself out—or else an even louder rattle will develop which will divert your attntion.

Plenty of Them.—A bore is a man who persists in talking about his own car when you're just dying to talk about yours.

Subsidies to British farmers were introduced in 1924.

New RSM Badge — Canadian Regimental Sergeant-Majors soon will be sporting a new badge of rank—one that for the first time in the history of the Canadian Army will be distinctively Canadian in design. In describing the badge, Ottawa authorities said it is more colorful than, and differs greatly from the badge now being worn which is of Imperial design. The badge is three inches high and two and a half inches wide. It will be worn by all Warrant Officers, Class I, replacing both the RSM's badge and Conductor's (RCOC) badge now in use.

Quite a Difference

Political Speaker.—What we need is a working majority and then—

A voice.—Better reverse it, mister—what we really need is a majority working.

Anyway, They Don't Fingerprint You!

When a visiting motorist drives into the province of Alberta he must register with the provincial authorities within 36 hours. Just why, nobody seems to know. Such a rule does not apply in any other province, or in the majority of states south of the border. And it certainly cannot be any attraction for tourists intending to visit Alberta.

Commenting on this strange state of affairs The Financial Post says that is about time officials in some of our provinces grew up and realized that they are not administrating a sovereign state, but merely part of a big, and what should be a free country. "In a world that is cursed with restrictions surely within our own boundaries we can set an example."

Fine and Cooler

Judge (in traffic court)—"I'll let you off with a fine this time, but another day I'll send you to jail."

Driver—"Sort of a weather forecast, eh, Judge?"

Judge—"What do you mean?"

Driver—"Fine today—cooler, tomorrow."

HEMORRHOIDS
2 Special Remedies
by the Makers of Mecca Ointment
Mecca Pile Remedy No. 1 is for Protruding Bleeding Piles, and is sold in Tube, with pipe, or internal application. Price 75c. Mecca Pile Remedy No. 2 is for External Itching Piles. Sold in Jar, and is for external use only. Price 50c. Order by number from your Druggist.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith

y won't let me play with them—they say my father was an officer!"

MODERATION

◆ ◆ ◆ THE WISDOM OF MATURITY

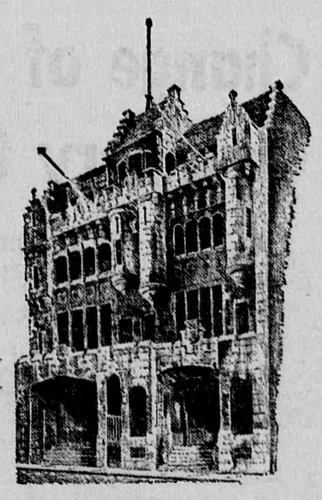
True, we are a young country. In less than a century we have risen from colonial youth to nationhood of a stature enjoyed by no other people of our numbers.

Canada has earned this. Through the years we have kept our sense of values . . . been moderate in our pleasures . . . moderate in our thinking.

Today, we continue to bear ourselves with the self-respect of a moderate people. We are moderate in our spending, in our thinking . . . moderate in our pleasures, moderate in the enjoyment of whisky . . . moderate in all things.

We are young, yes. But we have come of age, for moderation is the wisdom of maturity.

Men who Think of Tomorrow
Practice Moderation Today!



THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM

JITTER