THE FARM FRONT
by John Russell

Biggest single item in the cost of an egg is the feed, which amounts to about six pounds per dozen. What this adds up to depends on the current cost of feed but it can go as high as 30 cents a dozen or even higher. If grain is home-grown it will, of course, bring the cost of feeding down considerably and so will large amounts of green feed, if available.

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Mortality of stock is another big item and will amount to between two and three cents on each dozen eggs. This figure is based on from 15 to 20 hens dieing during the year out of each 100. This is a cost item which varies greatly and one which can be reduced by good management. Strict culling is possibly the simplest way of keeping it low, while good stock and proper sanitary conditions are also important.

* * *

Although a lot of people forget or neglect to do so, interest on money invested, taxes and insurance should always be taken into consideration, especially by those who make a business of egg producing. This item will account for between three and four cents a dozen, according to those who should know.

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Buildings and equipment will cost in the neighborhood of a cent and a half per dozen eggs, or thereabouts. This is mainly because of the necessity of replacing worn-out equipment and making repairs to buildings. It is slightly less than this with good houses, more with buildings that are just temporary.

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Labor costs, of course, vary with the locality and how much "outside help" is required. Where large flocks are kept and latest labor-saving devices used, this cost is lowered, and careful planning of work to be done is a big help. However, labor cost per dozen eggs is usually figured at between five and six cents.

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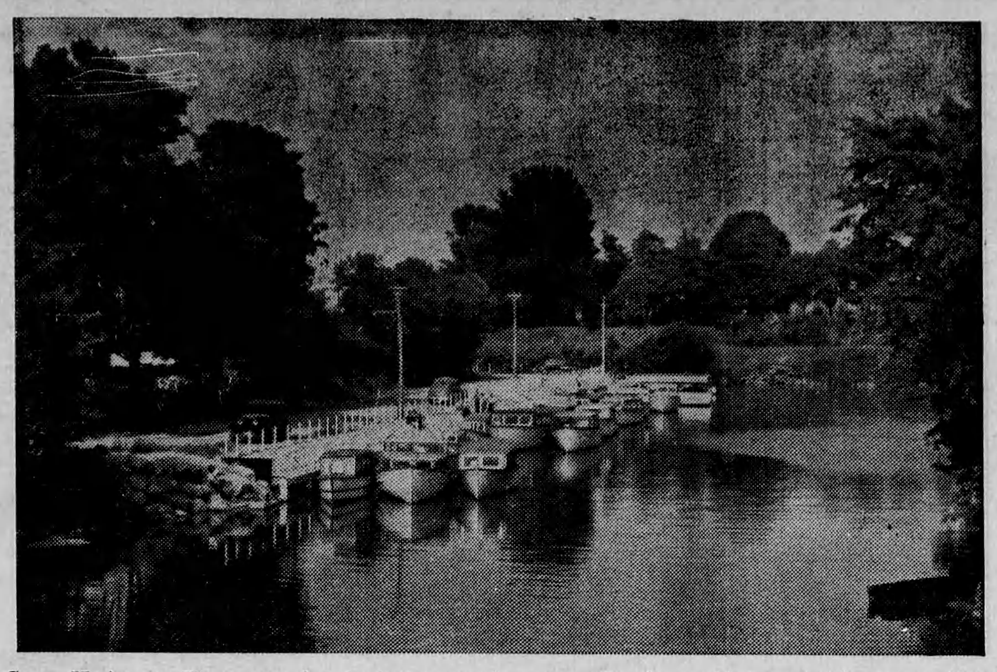
In order to keep up high egg-laying, older hens must be replaced with pullets quite often and it is estimated that such replacement of stock will cost between three and four cents for every dozen eggs sold. In places where there is a good market for hens as meat this cost can be almost entirely eliminated — but there are many areas where a hen's value for meat doesn't nearly equal the cost of growing a pullet. Then there are other expenses, such as drugs, litter, etc., which can add a cent or more a dozen to the cost.



Cosy Harbour—There are few harbours as pleasant and safe as this wooded haven at Meaford where the fishing fleet comes in after a day on the Georgian Bay.

Putting Out to Sea—One of the fishing boats is shown above rounding the point as it puts out into the bay for a day's fishing.

Comfort While You Fish At Meaford

For sportsmen who like to fish in comfort, in pleasant surroundings and with good companions, Meaford's fishing fleet is made to order. American tourists discovered this many years ago and for the past fifteen summers have been coming here by the thousands. Bill Hamilton, President of the fleet's Guides Association, estimates that over a million sportsmen have been carried out on the Georgian Bay by the fleet.

Competition Stiff

Behind this fleet is an unusual story of organization on a private enterprise basis. The fleet has been built up from only two or three boats, until it represents today, an investment of over a quarter of a million dollars. Each boat is privately owned and each guide is free to take all the business he can handle. Attempts have been made to control the boats, the guides and the rotation, but straight competition has proven to be the best "control" of all. Now, the guide with the best-looking boat and the pleasantest smile is the one who does the most business. The result has been that a very high degree of efficiency has been maintained, and the guests are returning, year after year, to Meaford for really enjoyable fishing and a good time.

Good Catches

The chief reason for their success is, of course, that they "deliver the goods". They frequently come in with the full bag limit of five fish per person, per day, perhaps, and the size of the fish is almost always good. The average run is about five pounds, but sometimes they weigh twenty or thirty pounds.

The fishing reels are mounted on the boats and are looked after by the sportsmen themselves during the trip. Up to fourteen sportsmen are accommodated. They fish from one to ten miles out in the bay, at a cruising speed of about three miles an hour.

Heavy Seas

The boats cost about $4,000, have 100 horse-power engines and a top speed of about fifteen miles per hour. Heavy seas do not frighten them at all. The guides have built up a reputation for their uncanny skill as navigators. Fogs are frequent and they must often find their way home by the seat of their oil-skins. When a Nor'Wester blows there can be some very heavy seas down the ninety mile sweep of the bay, but they will put out for any hardy sportsman who thinks he can take it.

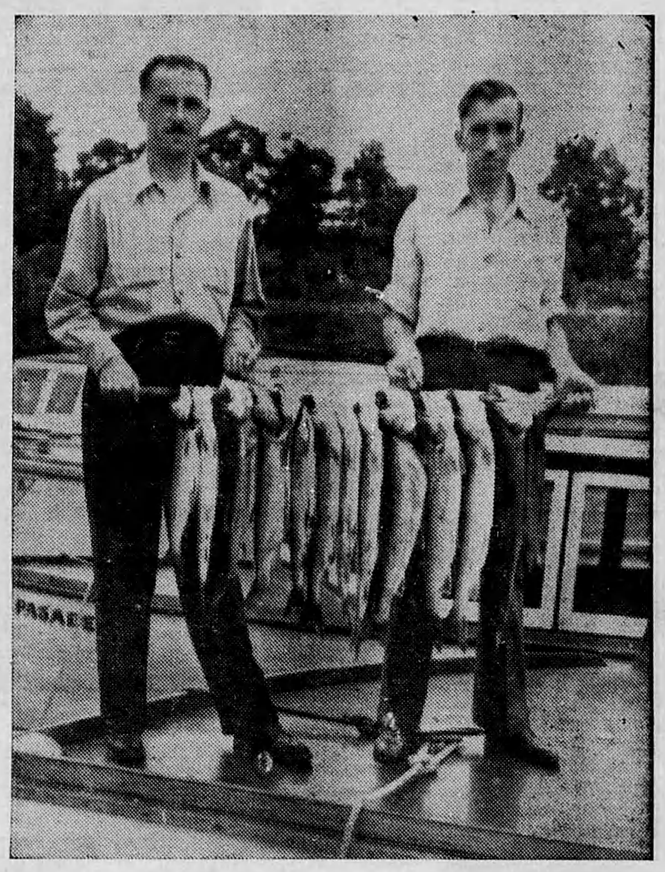
Safety

While the main business of the fleet is to find the wily trout, there has been no effort spared to make the boats comfortable and above all safe. The Dominion Government inspects the boats every year for safety measures. They carry fire-fighting equipment, compasses and also apparatus for blind navigation. They are proud of their claim that they have not lost a passenger in fifteen years.

Warning

"Let it be understood", said a wife to her husband, "that I'm a woman of few words!"

"I know", replied her husband. "But don't you think you are using them up too rapidly?"



SHORT STORY

The Difficult Date

By
EULALIE WEEKS

Why was she on this train? Why was she taking this trip that was bound to end in heartbreak?

"The scenery in this part of the country is lovely, isn't it?"

Sheila turned to the little person beside her. Certainly there was nothing outstanding about her companion, except perhaps a pleasant expression. Sheila was surprised to hear herself asking, "Do you like travelling by train?"

"Oh, yes," replied the woman. "I like watching the outside and the inside both. People are all so wonderful."

Suddenly Sheila felt like keeping the conversation going. "I bet you know a lot about people?"

"I like to think I do. I guess about them and wonder where they are going and why."

"Where do you think I'm going, then, and why?'"

"I'm not sure. At first I thought you were going home to visit your folks for the week-end but you're not happy enough for that. I do think, though, that you're going some place that has some connection with your home."

"Why do you think that Mrs., er . . . I'm sorry, I don't mean to be rude!"

"My name isn't Mrs. Its Miss Dolly James. Every one calls me Miss Dolly.

"Oh," continued Miss Dolly. "I know you're familiar with this country because you never glance back or ahead, You seem to know everything that's coming next."

"That's right. I've made this trip to Ganesville pretty often but not very lately. Theres no one there for me to visit any more."

"I'm sorry."

The sympathy in Miss Dolly's voice seemed to be all Sheila needed. "Four years ago today I said goodbye to Dannie Ross on the little platform at Ganesville. Dannie had things figured out pretty well. He didn't think he had any right to tell me how he felt about me then but he said that if he ever came back and I wanted to hear how he felt, he'd meet me on that same platform in four years' time and tell me."

"So you're going to meet him?"

"I'm going to Ganesville."

"Didn't he come back?" was the soft inquiry.

"Yes, he came back, Miss Dolly."

"I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Well, its simple, really. Dannie came back and the very sight of

"Dan oh, Dan!..How could you?"

him thrilled me so that I was on top of the world but Dan said he thought I had changed a lot. He said I was sophisticated and citified and he paid me lots of lovely compliments but he never once mentioned the subject we discussed."

"He likes the city?"

"He never used to. He always said he wanted to come back and own his own shop and raise a family in the country."

"But you don't want to any more?"

"Of course I do! I'm the same girl inside that he left four years ago. I want the things now that we both wanted then but he doesn't seem to want to find out."

"Yet you're taking this trip today?"

"I just had to. I promised. But it's no use."

"What makes you think its no use? Don't you believe he'll be here to see if you have changed or not?'

"I did until last night. We were all at a party and I kept listening for him to drop some hint about our secret date for today but right in front of me I heard him make a date to play golf this afternoon."

"You'd better powder that nose of yours. We're nearly to Ganesville."

The tapping at the window attracted her and as the train started slowly to move, she could make out Miss Dollys words:

"He had to be sure! He had to be sure!"

Sheila's puzzled thoughts about the little lady's last words were interrupted. Two strong arms enfolded her.

"Dan, oh, Dan! How could you?"

"Sheila, dearest," she heard him say, "I had to be sure. I had to be sure . . ."

The End

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