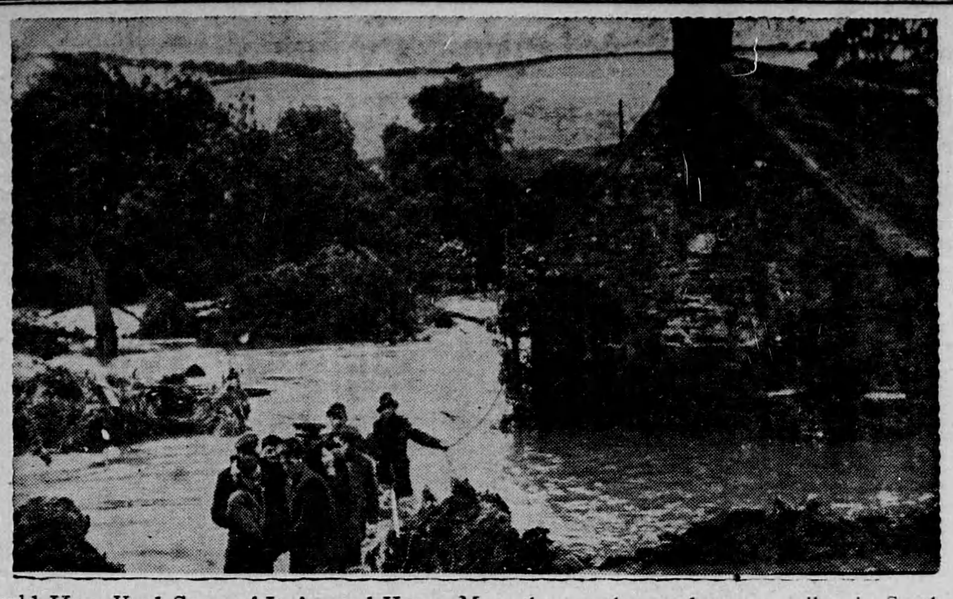


Could Have Used Some of It Around Here—More than a thousand square miles in Scotland and the north of England have been recently covered with floods following torrential rain storms. Many marooned families have had to be rescued from their homes, railways were put out of action, river banks crumbled and ripening crops ruined. Coastguards were rushed inland with life-saving apparatus—and some of them are shown here helping to assist a 73-year-old woman from her home in Berwickshire. Her husband, who is 76, was rescued by the same party.

THE FARM FRONT
by John Russell

Most farmers know the value of limestone for "sweetening" certain types of soil; but there may be many who are not aware that results from liming depend to a large extent on the quality of the limestone that is used. Some varieties may run as high as 10 per cent moisture content, others not more than 3 or 4 per cent. And it stands to reason that a man who buys the former variety is paying good money for a whole lot of water.

* * *

Fineness of grind is something else that should be checked. Coarse limestone releases its benefits to the soil very slowly. For example, recent tests have shown that limesone that won't go through a four-mesh sieve—that is four spaces per inch— won't do any good in less than three years, whereas the kind that will pass through a 50-mesh sieve is 100 per cent available within a similar period.

* * *

A question often asked, especially by those who have installed septic tanks fairly recently, is whether there is any danger in running into such tanks soapy water, or water in which cleaning fluids have been dissolved.

The answer is that ordinary mild soaps, or any of the new "detergent cleaners" are not likely to cause any trouble. But care should be taken with the use of strong caustics or disinfectants, as the useful bacteria which work in the septic tanks are even more easily destroyed than harmful germs.

* * *

So great care should be taken about the use of concentrated lye, chlorine solutions, chloride of lime, carbolic acid and other strong disinfectants. Water in which any of these has been used should go some place other than into your septic tank.

* * *

It has been estimated that the livestock industry in Canada and the United States is being robbed of up to one hundred and fifty million dollars a year—and not by packing plants, price controls, lack of price controls, or anything of the sort. The robbers referred to are internal livestock parasites.

* * *

Such parasites, according to expert veterinarians, can be controlled — carbon disulfide, hexachlorethane, sodium fluoride and phenothiazine being some of the chemicals used to fight various types of the pests. But it's just as well not to fool around with such things "on your own." Better consult a vet and find out from him which parasites are causing damage, and what is the best method of treatment.

* * *

Mice can do plenty of damage to a young orchard, as no doubt plenty of you have learned to your sorrow. Three thicknesses of heavy, oiled wrapping paper tied around the young trunks with two or three pieces of string is a simple but effective method of giving them protection.

This was proved by an orcharist out on the west coast. Last year he didn't get around to wrapping 2½ acres of young pear trees —and in the spring he had to replant nearly half of that area. But on five and a half acres—more than 800 trees— that were wrapped, only twenty trees were damaged by mice.

* * *

Most lovers of cowboy stories, and those who like movies of the "Wild West" type, know that "maverick" is the name given to unbranded cattle. But perhaps you didn't know that the name was derived from an actual person—Samuel A. Maverick, a Texas politician and cattleman.

* * *

The tale goes that many years ago Texas cattle-raisers,—tired of "rustling" and the resulting feuds and shootings—decided that each of them would brand his cattle with some distinctive mark, thus doing away with disputes over ownership. So they all picked out their "brands," which were registered—all, that is to say, except one.

* * *

This was Maverick who said, "Now that all you fellows have settled on your brands, there isn't any sense in me getting one—I'll just let mine run the ranges unmarked." Which, to the rest of them, seemed like a fair enough idea—for a while; and for some years the cow punchers, when they came across some unbranded beasts, would say, "Oh, those are Mavericks."

* * *

But as time went on those unsuspecting westerners began to realize that the herds owned by the wily Mr. Maverick were increasing in numbers at a far greater rate than any of theirs. So at last they clamped down on the nifty little scheme, and insisted that Maverick get a distinctive brand of his own, and stop laying claim to all the cattle which had happened to escape the annual roundup. But the name has stuck—although no longer with a capital "M."

Harnessing of dogs is forbidden in England, but they are used in Belgium to pull small milk carts.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

It's been a quiet house this week-end. On Friday Cicely went to Niagara Falls; Sunday Bob was off to Toronto and Johnny, as you may remember, is westward bound. The last we heard of him he was in Winnipeg—and still travelling.

So the week-end has been quiet but the preceding days have been anything but! We had hardly turned around from our first threshing before the machine was back for a second go. Unexpectedly, of course. Stook threshing was in progress on another farm when it rained so the threshers headed for the nearest farm where threshing might be needed. That happened to be here. It was five o'clock when we got word they were coming. Did we put on a spurt! I just about went on two wheels around the corners Of course we managed our rush-on my way to town for supplies. order dinner all right and although we were through threshing by two o'clock yet we had the men for supper because the machine only moved across the road to our bachelor neighbour and I offered to put up supper for his men too. After all when one has prepared one meal it isn't much more work to do two—and I did have Cicely to help.

Thursday we had invited two elderly ladies out for the day. I was just getting ready to go for them when a friend phoned from Guelph that she was coming down by bus that afternoon and would stay overnight. Her visit was the outcome of a standing invitation.

On Friday there was a threshing for Bob to go to; my friend to be taken to the nearest highway to catch a return bus to Guelph; a crate of eggs to get ready and to ship, and Cicely to be taken to Niagara. Of course Cicely could have gone on the bus but we had planned that I would go with her and Bob would drive us. Partner insisted that we go on with our plans and he would do the afternoon threshing. I didn't like the idea of leaving him to it—but oh, that man—he can be stubborn!

We saw Niagara Falls for about ten minutes and it was more beautiful than I had ever seen it before. There was more green above the falls—shrubs or brush of some kind which made the Falls a richer green in colour. The water was very low so naturally there was less spray. As we watched suddenly there appeared a beautiful rainbow over the tumbling water—my first view of a rainbow at the Falls. It was really something to remember. Much, much nicer than the artificial illuminations.

Saturday the weather had cleared and my two men were drawing in oats and working late. Because they were late, milking was late, supper was late — everything was late. But so it goes.

In between our joy rides and our big jobs we had a little job — a horrid, repulsive little job. And that was hunting tomato worms. Just before we threshed I found one of these horrid, fat green things but I didn't think much about it because any time we have grown tomatoes I have found one, or perhaps two, but no more. Well, the next time I looked at the plants I found to my horror that many of the vines had been stripped of their leaves. Then the hunt began and on our fifty plants we picked off no less than eighteen worms.

Never having grown tomatoes extensively we know little about these pests—how they come or what steps should be taken to keep them under control. But now I want to know all about them and how to deal with them. There are things I would like to know about tomatoes as well. For instance why is it that tomatoes grown in the garden are so much better than those one buys in the stores? For threshing I bought a basket of tomatoes and they were hardly fit to use—yellow at the top and tough and white inside.. What we get from the garden now are firm, meaty, and red right through.

It is truly maddening these days that so often we have to pay exorbitant prices for inferior goods. Why is it, when we have inspectors for this and inspectors for that? Everything we sell is graded without mercy. Could is be there is one standard for the producer and another for consumer? In which case where does all the good stuff go?

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

No Place to Go—In spite of the smile on his face four year old Gaston Lalonde is homeless—unless, in the meantime, the Montreal children's court has found him one. When his parents separated shortly after his birth Gaston was taken in charge by a garage mechanic. Tiring of the job the latter took the little lad for a walk, gave him a nickel for a cone, then walked out of his life.

Goodbye Maple Tree?

A forestry expert in Southwestern Ontario has warned that the stately hard maple is dying out. He forecasts that, in another few years, the tree will be as extinct as the passenger pigeon. The causes are manifold, but chief among them are mismanagement of the farm woodlot and the increase of disease that attacks the tree. Southern Ontario has already lost the chestnut tree which was a distinctive feature of its landscape a generation ago, and the New England elm is on the way out.

★

Just Slang

"What does this expression 'Sez you' mean?" asked the judge.

The clerk of the court replied: "My lord, it appears that this is a slang expression of American origin which has gained regrettable currency in the language of our people through the insidious agency of the cinema, and is, I am led to understand, employed to indicate a state of dubiety in the mind of the speaker as to the veracity or credibility of a statement made to him."

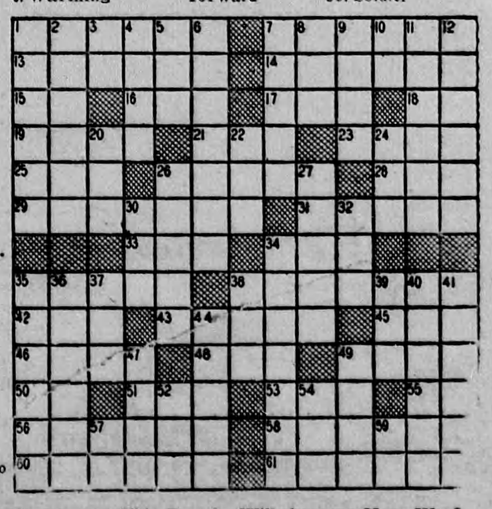
"Oh, yeah!" said the judge.

★

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Anew
7. Entertained
13. Insect
14. Wish
15. Exist
16. Egyptian goddess
17. Be indebted
18. About
19. East Indian fabric
21. Flap
23. Appointment
25. Anything bombastic
26. Thinner
28. Twitching
29. Section
31. Moon's age on Jan. 1
33. Work unit
34. Girl's name
35. Place of combat
36. One who extracts satisfaction
42. Furniture support
43. Not general
45. Exist
46. Stroke
48. Thing (law)
49. Greek Cupid
50. East Indies (ab.)
51. Owned
53. Cretan mountain
55. Be sufficient
56. One confined to an institution
58. Sexton
60. Seesaw
61. Join the colors

DOWN
1. Diminishes
2. Feminine
3. Anent
4. Greenland town
5. Underhanded
6. Warming
7. Mud hut
8. Cry like a cat
9. Accustomed
10. Musical note
11. Relating to love
12. Imperfection
20. Droop
22. Insect
24. Luzon tribesman
26. Wild
27. Merrymaking
30. Chess pieces
32. Open vessel
34. Not straightforward
35. Although
36. Recover the inside
37. Personality
38. Playing card
39. Fish
40. Wears away
41. Frequented spot
44. Command
47. That which
49. Nobleman
52. Infatuation
54. Private room
57. New England state (ab.)
59. Soldier



Answer to This Puzzle Will Appear Next Week

Youth prevents disaster stops runaway horse
WINS DOW AWARD

JEAN-PAUL ST. PIERRE OF MONTREAL

shows unusual courage in spectacular rescue of child from ice wagon

The little boy, waiting alone on the seat of the ice wagon, was not prepared for the sudden jolt which threw him off his balance. The horse, frightened by a truck, had reared and started to charge madly down the street. Several pedestrians tried to stop the runaway animal . . . and cars screeched to a stop when the careening ice wagon reached busy intersections.

JUMPS ON WAGON

17-year-old Jean-Paul St. Pierre saw the plight of the youngster and acted quickly. Running out on the street, he jumped on the wagon and grabbed the reins so firmly that they broke, throwing him into the ice blocks behind. Back on his feet, he told the child to hold on, and then leaped onto the horse's back. The plunging animal tried to throw him, but St. Pierre held on grimly . . . finally working his way to the neck of the horse and grabbing the bit with both hands . . . bringing the animal at last to a halt.

The heroic action of 17-year-old Jean-Paul St. Pierre, of Montreal, undoubtedly saved the life of the stranded child as well as the lives of many in the path of that wild race. We are proud to pay him tribute through the presentation of The Dow Award.

Seeing the danger to the child as well as to the pedestrians on the busy street, 17-year-old Jean-Paul St. Pierre ran out and leaped onto the wagon.

Grabbing the reins, he tugged at them with all his strength, in an effort to check the horse. But the reins snapped — and St. Pierre fell back among the ice blocks.

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 newspapers.

The DOW AWARD
DOW BREWERY • MONTREAL

Honey and Hank

By Seeg