All Ashore—Fire sweeps the passenger steamer Northumberland, berthed at Port Dalhousie, Ontario, as it was about to start its 39th year on Lake Ontario. The vessel suffered damage estimated at $200,000 in the blaze which started in the engine room. It was brought under control after two hours.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

If you're going to get the biggest possible profits from your laying hens, you've got to be hard-boiled. Along about this time of year a whole lot of hens quit laying and start molting; yet these sluggards will tuck away six or seven pounds of feed apiece per month—and there's no percentage in that.

* * *

So speed up your culling program and get rid of the loafers. Keep the birds that have bright combs and uncolored beaks and legs. Sell the others.

* * *

Last week I had something to say about the problem of letting the grade of your eggs get lower during hot weather. Along this same line it's interesting to note some recent remarks of H.H. Alp, an American Farm Bureau expert. He says that the U. S. Government would not have been obliged to buy a single surplus egg last year if Americans had only eaten just seven more eggs apiece.

* * *

And, he adds, there wouldn't have been any trick to that if housewives had been able to buy better eggs. In other words, he contends that egg surpluses are caused **mostly by sloppy handling on the way to market.**

* * *

"There never has been a **true surplus** of high-quality, graded eggs," says Mr. Alp, "and there is still a great, unsatisfied customer demand for this type of egg." So he thinks that the poultry industry would be smart to do everything possible to produce quality eggs.

* * *

Could be, there's a thought there for some of us on this side of the line as well.

* * *

If that tractor of yours is "acting up" and not giving you the service you have a right to expect, here's a tip that might be worth while. Air leaks between the tractor air cleaner and the carburetor will make the carburetor mixture incorrect, also let dust into the motor.

* * *

Just what this means is evidenced by a recent test in which, after a badly clogged air cleaner on a tractor had been cleaned out, the machine delivered p2% more power on 13% less gasoline.

* * *

Just because 2,4D has given such wonderful results on weeks out in the open fields and along roadsides, a lot of folks wonder if they can't use it for the same purpose in their gardens. Some of them have done so — but not always with satisfactory results, worse luck.

* * *

The trouble is that many garden crops are very susceptible to the effects of 2,4-D — so much so that they do not even need the direct spray in order to be affected, but can be destroyed even by very light drifting fumes.

* * *

Most garden weeds are actually some form of grass, which would escape the chemical anyway. If broad-leafed weeds such as poison ivy are troublesome along the fence rows, the 2,4-D solution may assist wonderfully in cleaning them out. But extreme caution is needed as regards winds and drifting spray or fumes.

* * *

Not long ago I saw an instance of a highway crew of men who were spraying certain noxious weeds along a roadside, and who seriously injured a long strip of soybeans in a field just beyond the fence. And an ornamental hedge of honeysuckle shrubs also lost about half its leaves. Chances are the wind was in the wrong direction when the spraying was done — or else the highway workers just didn't care.

* * *

So, as one writer puts it, we're not ready yet to "lay down the shubbel and the hoe" in favor of the modern weed-killers so far as gardening is concerned. Motorized garden cultivators are a grand thing and are no doubt here to stay. But the good old hoe is still just about the most useful asset for a gardener who takes pride in his — or her — work, and likely will continue to be for some time to come. Worse luck!

* * *

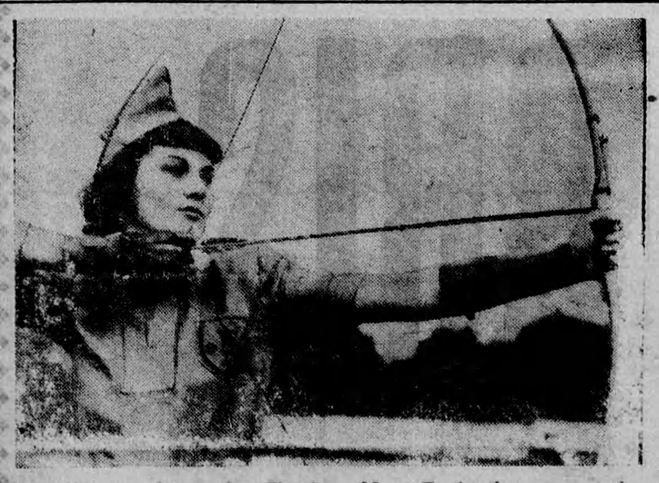
Getting back to poultry — feather picking in laying birds has long been a problem to Canadian poultrymen; but if long-term experience bears out the initial results of tests made at the Dominion Experimental Farm, Harrow, Ont., the problem may have been solved.

* * *

Green feeds — chopped alfalfa is the most effective tried so far — seem to be the cure for this vicious habit. Cut in half-inch lengths, steeped in cold water overnight, drained in the morning and fed in shallow tubs, the alfalfa makes a real hit with the hens, leaving them with neither the taste or inclination to pick each other.

* * *

The overnight steeping is highly important. If the alfalfa is fed dry the birds aren't interested. It must be steeped to stimulate their appetites and get the desired results. And as it's well known that feather-picking, once it gets under way, often leads to cannibalism, further results of the green feeding will be watched with interest.



Great Sport—Attractive Too! — New Zealanders are zealots about the bow and arrow sport, and this attractive archer is no exception. She's taking a bead on the bull's-eye in preparation for the New Zealand Archery championships. She may run out of arrows, but should have no trouble keeping a beau.

SHORT STORY

Cordially Disliked

By Richard Hill Wilkinson

I have never known a man to be more wholeheartedly disliked than Henry Spafford. The reason for it is his braggartly qualities, his oversearing sense of importance.

We tolerate him because we like his wife, Madge, but even so our toleration is a chore. The other night I was over to the Spafford's and sat through an hour of Henry's bragging. It seems that the big boss in New York—Henry is employed by the Jason Reid Steamship Company—called up the Philadelphia office where Henry works and Henry answered the phone.

"Jay's a great guy," Henry told me, referring to the incident. "He's asked me to run up to New York to see him a couple of times. I must remember to do that."

"Who's Jay?" I asked.

"Jay?" Why, Jason Reid, who owns the line, of course."

"Oh," I said.

"The way to get along in any business," Henry went on, "is to let the boss know right off he can depend on you. That's the way I am with Jay."

I left the Spafford home an hour later, furious that I had stayed so long, pitying Madge and disliking Henry with a renewed sense of disgust. "Something," I told Betty, my wife, "ought to be done about that punk. Now he's calling Old Man Reid, Jay."

"The thing to do," Betty smiled, "is to be amused at his ravings, not annoyed. He doesn't hurt any one, and there's always Madge to think of."

"Even Madge," I replied, "won't keep me from hitting that guy one of these days. Something," I repeated, "ought to be done about him."

Whether or not my thinking about it had anything to do with what happened a couple of days later I will never know. Henry was fired. Without warning or explanation he was given a couple of weeks' pay and was bounced out on his ear.

My first reaction when Betty told me about it was one of exuberance. A fiendish desire to rush over there and gloat, to sneer: "I told you so! Why don't you call up your friend, Jay, wise guy?" But this feeling passed immediately. Curiously it was followed by one of pity. The more I thought about it the deeper became my sympathy. What greater humiliation, I thought, could a man endure than this that confronted Henry Spafford?

Next day I called Hal Wheaton and asked him to have lunch with me.

"Have you heard about Henry?" I asked when we were seated.

Hal nodded, avoiding my eyes "I met the poor devil on the street this morning. I don't mind saying that it was an ordeal."

I thoughtfully lighted a cigaret "Hal," I said, "think of Madge Isn't there something we can do?'

"Well," said Hal, "I've been wondering, too. Poor Madge." He coughed. "I called Bob Taylor of the Taylor Lines this morning. Bob says that he might be able to do something for Henry on our recommendation."

"I guess," I grinned, "that's the answer."

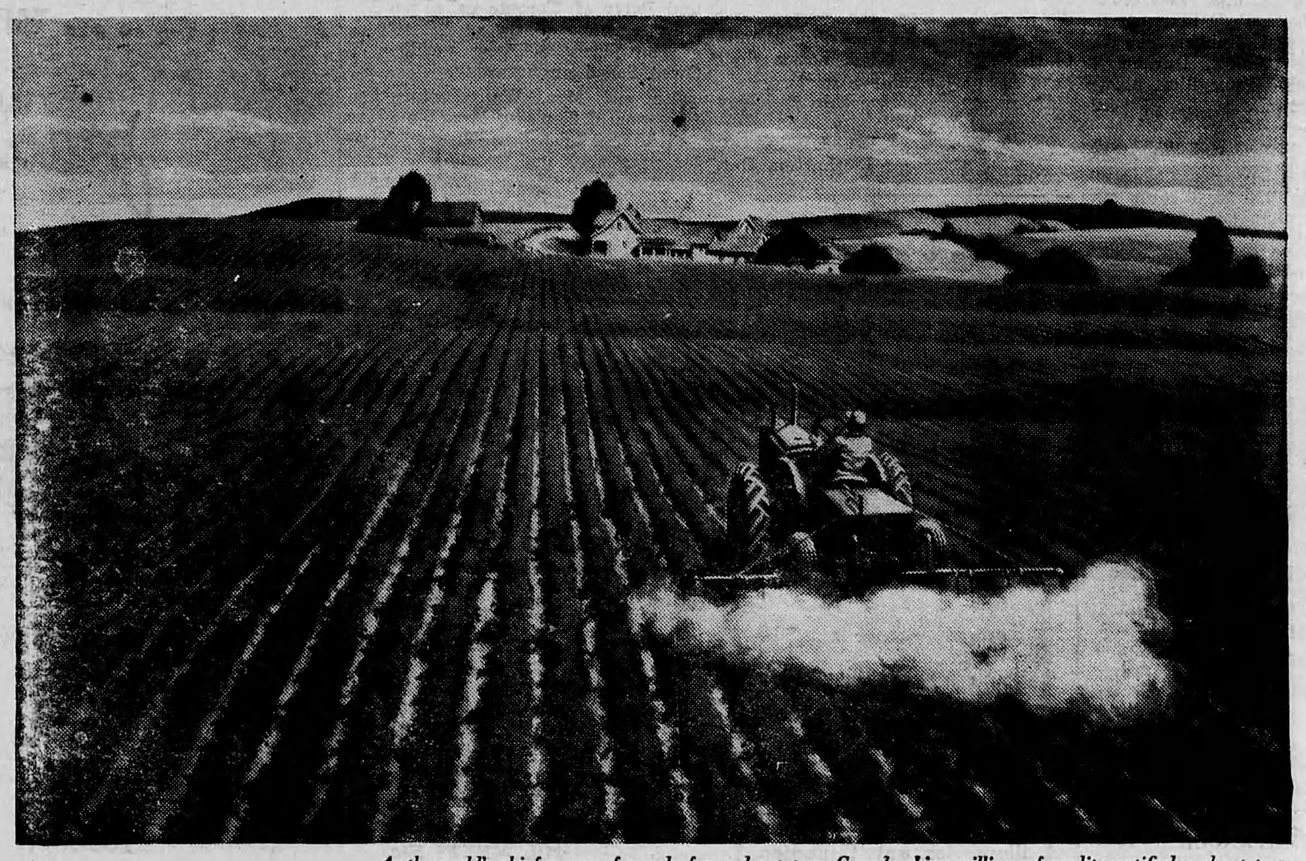
And it was. Henry and Madge were over three days later. "I understand you've got a new job?" I remarked to Henry.

"Yes," he said with a bored look on his face. "Bob Taylor called up as soon as he heard that I was free, and asked if I'd consider a position with him. Well, you know when a man offers you more money—"

I glanced at Betty. There was a faint smile on her face. I suppose she was amused. I hope so. Because an hour later, with Henry still blowing, I was mad enough to choke him, and almost did.

THE END

CANADA PRODUCES SEED POTATOES FOR ALL THE WORLD

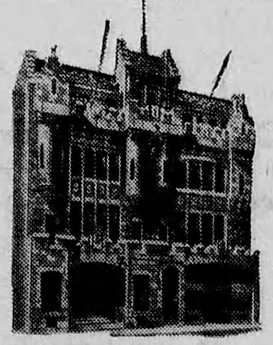


As the world's chief source of supply for seed potatoes, Canada ships millions of quality certified seed potatoes each year to replenish the world crops of one of mankind's most essential foods.

Why Seagram's sells Canada first

This advertisement is an adaptation of one of a series created by The House of Seagram to tell the peoples of other lands about Canada and her various products. For the past two years this campaign has been appearing in newspapers and magazines printed in many languages and circulated throughout the world.

Our prosperity is based on our ability to sell our products to other countries. Every Canadian has a personal stake in foreign trade, for one out of every three dollars of Canada's national income results from our trade abroad. The more that the peoples of other countries know of the quality, variety and prestige of our products, the more likely they are to buy from us.



✦ ✦ ✦

We feel that the horizon of industry does not terminate at the boundary line of its plants; it has a broader horizon, a farther view—this view embraces the entire Dominion. That is why The House of Seagram believes that it is in the interest of every Canadian manufacturer to help the sale of all Canadian products in foreign markets. It is in this spirit that these advertisements are being published throughout the world.

The House of Seagram

LITTLE REGGIE — By Margarita