

NEWS AND INFORMATION FOR THE BUSY FARMER

(Furnished by Provincial and Dominion Departments of Agriculture)

Increase Bacon Exports

An increase of 5,739,000 lbs., or nearly 285 per cent., was shown in the export sales of Canadian bacon and ham to all countries for the first quarter of this year.

Canadian Millfeed Export Swings to United Kingdom

The United Kingdom has taken the place of the United States, as the chief buyer of Canadian millfeeds. This was indicated when, during a recent month, Canada exported 18,287 cwt. of bran, shorts and middlings.

Cereal Feed for Broilers

A test was carried on at the poultry division, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, comparing two rations, one of which contained meat meal and the other cereal feeds only, for fattening broilers.

United States Crop Reduced Means Less Wheat This Year

Prospects for less wheat this summer than a year ago in the Northern Hemisphere, outside Russia and China, are seen by the U.S. Bureau of Agricultural Economics.

Tomato Cutworm Control

An effective control has been found for cutworms by spreading moist, poisoned bran mash around the plants after sundown.

Purpose of Corn Cultivation

The main purpose of corn cultivation is to kill weeds, and if it can be done without aerating the soil too much or disturbing the roots of the young corn plants, the more successful the crop will be.

The roots of the corn plant are located in the first six or seven inches of soil. It is in this layer of soil that most nutrients are found.

Cleanliness Needed

In order to keep outside buyers interested in Ontario livestock, the surrounding in which the cattle are kept should be attractive. One breeder who has had remarkable success in selling live stock, recently observed that next to the condition and quality of the animals for sale, the neatness and cleanliness around the barns were the most important factors in predisposing a man to buy.

Current Crop Report

Wellington County representative reports that some of the real early winter-hatched breeding station pullets are laying now, months and months earlier than farmers thought possible 10 years ago.

The British Market

"Regardless of what may happen at the Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa next month such measure of tariff protection as Great Britain has already adopted should benefit Ontario agricultural production very largely," said Mr. W. B. Somerset, chairman of the Ontario Marketing Board.

England has made a tremendous response to the "buy British" campaign, especially since the difficulties of last fall which resulted in her abandoning the gold standard.

It was particularly with reference to improved export conditions of Ontario agricultural products that the chairman of the Ontario Marketing Board made its recent trip to Great Britain.

The happy experience of Ontario in extending and improving its exports of apples was said by Mr. Somerset to be quite possible of extension to nearly all other lines of farm products including live stock, cheese and other dairy products, fruit, honey, tobacco, barley and other grains and seeds.

"It is necessary for our agricultural interests to go aggressively after this increased trade and take full advantage of the demand for Empire product," stated Mr. Somerset. "It is quite possible, of course, to export in a general way. However, if real results are to be obtained, in the way of satisfactory prices, our agricultural interests must organize themselves. Also, they must go after British markets and make sure our products are placed before the British consumer as Ontario products, and not allow them to be lost in the general classification."

The traffic officer raised his hand and the lady motorist stopped with a screeching of brakes.

"As soon as I saw you turn the corner," quoth the officer, writing out a ticket. "I said to myself, 'forty-five at least!'"

"Oh, no, officer," she remonstrated, indignantly. "It's just this hat that makes me look so old."

"MR. 611"

By KATHRYN L. ANGUS (Continued from last week)

CHAPTER V. Marilyn's Return

The masquerade at the Country Club was to be held on the 15th of August. It was late in the afternoon and the younger set at the Waverley Inn were chatting noisily as they emerged from the dining room, regarding whether or not Marilyn would arrive back in time for the evening's entertainment.

Mr. Grier's son, Billie, a handsome youth, with jet black hair, was at the desk when the young girl strolled into the rotunda.

"Well, look who is here!" he exclaimed. "Little Eva has come back, and wandering aimlessly about, leisurely smoking a cigarette as if she had hours to dress."

"Hello there good looking. Take five of the best," Marilyn said extending her hand. "Any mail for me?"

"Yes, stacks of it, but for Heaven's sake hurry up. You won't even have time for a sandwich and a cup of coffee."

"Say, why all the excitement? What's coming off? Where's everybody? The place is like a morgue."

"Don't tell me," the young man said, handing her the mail. "that you have forgotten all about the masquerade at the Country Club? Now run upstairs and dig up a costume."

"What am I to use for a partner?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. Eric Stanford is taking you in his two seater."

"Everything is arranged, I suppose," the girl said sarcastically. "And who might Eric Stanford be?"

"Wait till you see him. He's a wow! I have known his people for years."

"What does that make me? A quart of milk, I suppose. I'll bet he's a flop."

"Flop my eye. His people are very wealthy. They have been in the steel business for years. Eric is connected with the Guide Players Stock Company, and when he's on the bill, they sure do pack 'em in. What a man!"

"Now, what am I supposed to do," Marilyn asked, as she threw her cigarette away, "break out in a rash?"

"I would rather you broke out in a costume," the young man answered, rummaging through an old trunk containing fancy dress costumes, which he had sent to him from home.

"Are you wearing that?" the young girl asked, pointing to a white wig, which Billie was examining very carefully.

"No, I am not. I am going as Mesphistopholes. Wait till you see my costume."

"Why bother with a costume?"

Billie made a grimace at her. "Anything there that you want? Help yourself."

"No thanks. I'm not dressing up tonight."

"Oh, yes you are. Do you realize that when the big hand of that clock over there goes around the dial again everyone will be dressed and searching for you, if you don't show up? Please do, Marilyn. The crowd will be frightfully disappointed if you don't go. No kidding. Eric is a peach, and he's taking his car, so if you're fagged before the party is over, he can bring you back."

"But that would spoil his fun. Say, Billie, what could I wear? I think I'll go up and see what Marie Winters might suggest."

"Well, for Heaven's sake step on it, and if you see Marie, tell her that Mother has a wig for Doreen."

"Is your mother back?" the young girl called to him, just as she was about to step on the elevator.

"Yes, you'll see her later. Don't forget, I haven't heard about the trip yet."

Marilyn, having changed her mind, decided to have a chat with the social hostess instead of Marie, regarding what to wear at the masquerade. Having asked the boy to let her off at the second floor, the young girl walked along the hall to Miss Kimberley's room, and to her surprise found the door slightly ajar. Marilyn knocked several times. Receiving no response, she walked in, presuming that her friend would be back at any moment. She felt fatigued, and, throwing herself on the bed, was

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and everybody was all up in the air about five o'clock this afternoon, wondering if you would be back in time for the masquerade. "A little motor trip? Bill's crazy. Why mother and I have driven over three hundred miles today, and I'm not going to any old shin-dig tonight." "Oh, yes you are. It's tough, I know, driving so much, but I may as well tell you who I am. I'm Eric Stanford, and I know all about you. You are Marilyn Grainger, the dare-devil aviatrix." Marilyn interrupted him, "So! You are Eric Stanford, the man I'm supposed to be going to the dance with tonight?" "In person. Haven't you the same greeting for me now that you had on the train. Don't tell me that you have not recognized me." He took her in his arms. "Please don't! Someone may come in." Disregarding Marilyn's objections, he held her more closely, and kissed her passionately on the lips. Marilyn struggled to free herself from his embrace, but he only held her more closely, and whispered, "Marilyn, you may as well surrender. It's my turn now, minus the audience." "I do, dear."

CHAPTER VI. Deluged

Needless to say, Marilyn and Eric were desperately in love. To the young girl it seemed as if she were living in an age of miracles, for she had actually met her mysterious Mr. 611, and become engaged to him. They both had a

great deal in common, for he had obtained his pilot's license. He also played a good game of golf, and the time passed far too quickly for them.

They were on the beach in a secluded spot under one of the largest umbrellas they could find. It was noon. That evening Eric was leaving for New York. Marilyn was cradled in his arms, and he was trying to persuade her to marry him in October.

"Darling, please, be serious for just a little while, and say that you will marry me soon," the man begged. "I'm mad about you, sweetheart."

"But, Eric—"

"But, Eric, nothing," he said, kissing her.

When Marilyn had a chance to speak, she said quietly, "You don't understand. You will be on the stage all the time, and then there will be other women."

"Other women, Marilyn? How can you say such a thing, after what we have been to each other. As far as my business is concerned I won't be on the road, for I'm in a stock company. Another thing, your dad has given his consent to our marriage."

"Yes, I know all that, Eric; but a great many actors are far too effeminate."

"Too effeminate!" the man repeated angrily.

"Say, what's the big idea? Don't be so rough. You're hurting me." "I'm effeminate, am I? Well just let me show you that I am no sissie," he roared. "Leave me alone, you ape," Marilyn (Continued on page 7.)

"TELLING TOMMY"

By Pim



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