

SHORT STORY

Ebb-Tide Of Fear

By FERN ADRIE

Eddie Richter closed the hospital door gently. He stood outside for a moment, his eyes narrowed thoughtfully. Inside, his wife lay quietly, a gentle smile curving her lips as she held Eddie's promise to her heart.

Don't you worry your pretty little head about anything, Mary, he had told her, his eyes earnest and loving. "Everything's going to be all right. I've got the promise of a fine new job and we won't have to worry about bills or expenses or anything from now on."

Eddie Richter, one-time money rider. Even yet, jockeys throughout the racing world talked of him with more than a little awe. He was a sort of shining star toward which all-club figures, for the first time in a classic of sleek horseflesh, groped for inspiration. For Eddie Richter had been an inspired rider.

That is, until the day he was up on Gallows Wing, the great chestnut mare that had startled the entire racing world with her amazing bursts of speed.

On the day in question, he looked at the track nervously. It had drizzled all night and the course was a sea of mud. The horses were brought to the barrier, and Eddie leaned over Gallows Wing's neck and spoke to her reassuringly. She tossed her head and reared. The horse broke raggedly, and Eddie leaped over and said coaxingly, "Come on, girl, now's the time. You can do it. Why, the rest of those bangtails can't touch you for speed. Come on, now, let's show 'em."

As to meet, he really no comparison. Our 1947 consumption of 123 pounds per capita looks rather small as compared to the Australian mark of 211 pounds a head. Our 40 pounds per capita of pork and pork products was almost double theirs—but "Down Under" they got away with 71.5 pounds of mutton and lamb as compared to a mere 4.6 pounds here.

The extension of rural electrification in Canada during the past few years is almost incredible. Latest reports show some 185,000 rural customers of electrical power lines in this country—an increase of over 120,000 since the end of the war.

Farmers intending to plant fall wheat might do well to investigate a new chemical, claimed to be much superior to previous fungicides in the treatment of seed.

The chemist call it—take a long breath now—ethyl mercury pto-

When they got him out, the Doc shook his head as he went over Eddie's body with knowing fingers. "I don't know," he said doubtfully, "he's pretty much banged up. We can tell more after we get him to the hospital and have X-rays taken."

He lay there four months, his broken body an intolerable agony. The pain wouldn't have been so bad, if he could have gotten the picture out of his mind of lying under Gallows Wing, the thunder of flying hoofs coming toward him. Something had gone out of Eddie then and been replaced by fear.

When he came out of the hospital, he and Mary faced the fact that their savings were gone. Things got steadily worse. Eddie didn't know anything but horses and horse racing and he couldn't endure the sight of a horse.

Finally, matters came to a climax when Mary had to be rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation. She came through all right but behind the love in her eyes there was worry, too.

As he stood outside the door, Eddie came to his decision. He left the hospital and turned toward the track and to George Graybar, Graybar, fabul y wealthy sportsman, owner of the Graybar stables from which had come Shooting Comet, Whirlwind, Hippopotamus and a host of other famous horses—and Gallows Wing.

Something in Eddie's face brought a welcoming smile from Graybar. "Well, it's about time, Eddie," he boomed. "I wondered how long it would be before you'd be around to see me."

"They walked out to the stables, to the smell of clean hay and the nicker of the horses in their stalls. When they came to the last stall, there was Gallows Wing. The great forge stretched out her neck and nuzzled softly. Eddie swallowed the lump in his throat as he turned to Graybar who was waiting there.

"She remembers me!" Eddie's eyes were shining. "When can I ride her, sir?" There was a great excitement in his eyes. Eddie had come home.

Poultrymen who have been depending on the time-consuming methods of dipping or dusting to rid their chickens of mites and lice now have a much easier way of doing this by spraying.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

When it comes to putting away milk products we Canadians have quite an edge on the Australians. We also top them at consuming poultry, eggs, fish and game, to-matoes and citrus fruits.

But the Aussies are far ahead in their consumption of sugar and syrup, fruit—either raw tomatoes and citrus—and most sorts of vegetables except the leafy varieties.

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Socialism (?)

The Walswood Colliery in Britain is providing a most embarrassing test case for British Socialism. It is a relatively unimportant unit in the British coal-mining industry. It is one of those pits which have become unprofitable to work, and the National Coal Board proposes to close it as no longer economic. The Walswood miners, however, object. They don't want to work elsewhere. They have their homes in the vicinity and they object to the closing of the pit because it will be reflected in less land sown to wheat and more to oats and barley.

More important, however, than the water that lies on the ground into the earth, the crowning dignity of the dust-bowl years was when the farm wells dried up. Life without water became impossible for man and beast. These wells drew the water from surrounding

Three years ago an Illinois scientist sprayed a mite-infested brooder house with a five per cent solution of DDT. The young chicks which were later placed in that house grew up without ever having even a bowing acquaintance with a mite or louse.

Since that time this man has sprayed many brooder and laying houses in the same manner. In every case the mites soon disappeared. When he sprayed the litter thoroughly, as well as the house, even the lice present on the chickens disappeared.

For those who do a bit of carpentry at home, here's a hint which might be useful. With the passage of time the figures and markings on steel squares and tapes tend to become unreadable. If you have one of these just paint the entire square or rule with quick drying white enamel or aluminum paint—then immediately, with a dry cloth, wipe away the excess enamel or paint. Then lay it dry, and your markings and figures will be readable as ever.

Now is the season when work in the farm horses must be carefully watched for signs of overheating. Most of such trouble comes on a muggy, cloudy day when there is little air movement.

Watch how hard the horse is breathing, and give it rest periods often. Animals that do not sweat should be watched too, because these are the ones that most often get out with heat prostration.

Treatment of animals suffering heat prostration is difficult. Most of them die, no matter what you do; and those which recover are seldom much good for work.

Collar sores on work horses should be washed and kept clean, but it isn't advisable to use disinfectants, according to a well-known veterinary authority. A quart of water with a teaspoonful of salt in it, or the same amount of soda with two tablespoons of water is good for washing such wounds. Most mill lathers or liniments have a tendency to help the wound heal—always provided you can keep the collar off the animal for a few days, not otherwise.

Then there's... "I one about the latest man who was complaining about the stinkiness of the wife of the farmer he was working for. 'I was stinner' there eatin' my breakfast, and all of a sudden' she says to me, 'Jabez, do you know how many griddle cakes you've got?' 'I told her. No, that's not what I was after. She said, 'I never bothered to keep count of matters such as that. 'Well, I can tell you,' she says. 'It's just exactly twenty-one.' And do you know, I was just about to go to bed when I got up and walked away from the table without even finishing my breakfast."

Floods May Prove Future Blessing

After monopolizing public attention for over a month, those floods on the Prairies have passed from the front pages of most newspapers. They are remembered only for the tremendous damage they did to land, roads, and western crop prospects. But right now the soil experts are balancing up the damage done against some of the things on the credit side of the ledger. And these are important too—how important nobody can really say at present.

People who believe in weather cycles, which is practically every body in the West, have their fingers crossed—writes James H. Gray in the Vancouver Daily Province. Recalling the dust bowl conditions of a decade ago, they have been wondering if we are not due for some more of the same.

It could be, but many people are now taking the line that the floods have filled the sub-soil water strata, which means that the current rains will be less severe. The conservation of the soil is the limiting factor, and does it with real power and clarity too.

Up to now television engineers have agreed that the really effective way to get more than from the land is not much more than from the sky. The really effective way to get more than from the land is not much more than from the sky. The really effective way to get more than from the land is not much more than from the sky.

Aside from this argument about the floods, the sound waves gathered, the floods have brought together the districts in the three provinces some elemental lessons in conservation. Large groups of ruined land mark the course of the water. Particularly hard hit had been the prairie. The flood had been the prairie. The flood had been the prairie.

Twenty years ago, farmers would survey the damage and shake their heads. Today, they are preparing the governments for the future. They should be to restore the land. Soil experts are hoping about the future. They should be to restore the land. Soil experts are hoping about the future.

More important, however, than the water that lies on the ground into the earth, the crowning dignity of the dust-bowl years was when the farm wells dried up. Life without water became impossible for man and beast. These wells drew the water from surrounding

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Young Canadian's Television Set Puzzles Experts

A young man living in Cedar Springs, Ontario—a title that is not far from Chatham—who has puzzled the television experts for some time, has just done it. They say that he has built a television set which will work on any channel, and that it is the only one of its kind in the world.

His name is Fred Pardo. He is a 22-year-old Canadian Air Force instructor. And what he has built is a television set which will work on any channel, and that it is the only one of its kind in the world.

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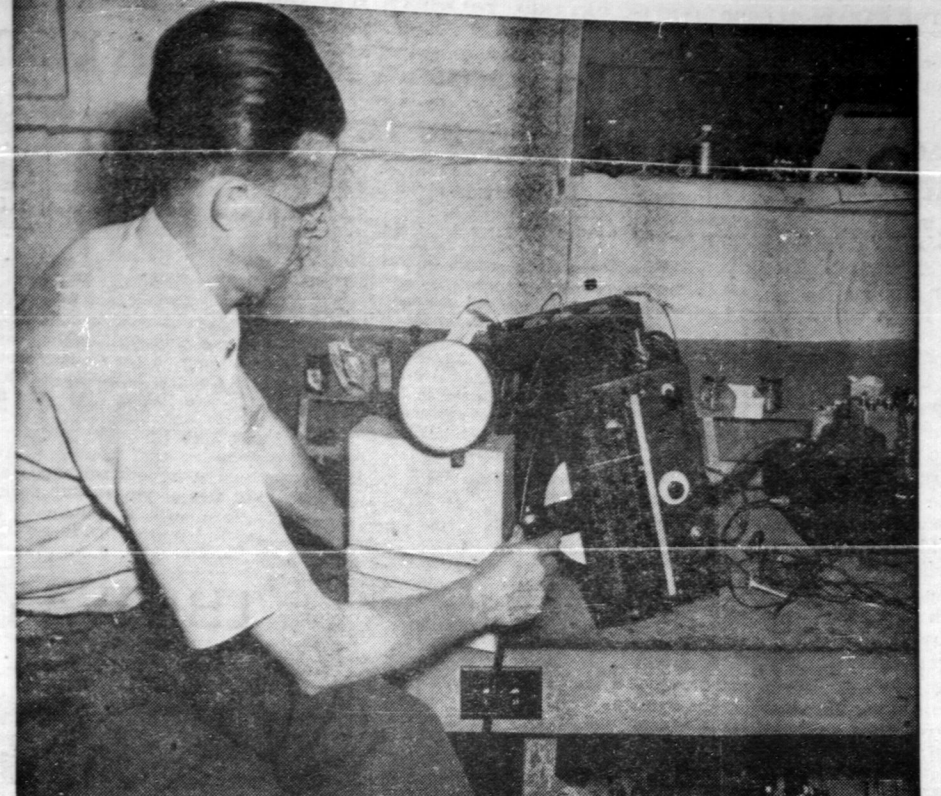
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He Has the Television Experts Badly Puzzled—This exclusive picture, taken especially for reading with a home-made television set which upsets all the theories. Up to now from thirty to fifty miles was thought to be the extreme range of television, but Pardo's set brings in stations almost 200 miles away. Elsewhere on this page there is an article telling more about this young Canadian inventor.

WHAT GOES ON IN THE WORLD

by Norman Blair

The trouble with Tommy Douglas, Saskatchewan's CCF leader, is that he only wants to see in print news stories which he dictates, stories which are slanted in his favor. If he sees a story he doesn't like he regards it as a misrepresentation of his party, and he writes a correction which goes to the printer.

"It isn't just that these naive and little-experienced people are excessively thin-skinned. This confusion of propaganda with fact, this animosity against comment, this impatience with varying views, this desire to have only one side of the story told before the public are characteristic of socialists everywhere."

It is characteristic of the totalitarian mentality whether in Russia or Germany or anywhere else. It is a characteristic well illustrated by the British socialists who are constantly raising their voices in similar lamentations and going as far as they think they can to go away in harassing those who have views which are different from their own. The latter is, of course, a real possibility; the Reds—both in Finland and in Russia—are not at all pleased about how the elections went.

What appeared to be on the surface at least—a serious break between the Kremlin and Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia—has had observers more than a little puzzled; although, so rapidly do world events move nowadays, the situation may have changed itself even before these words reach print.

There are several theories as to what brought about the apparent break. One is that Tito has been getting too nationalistic and independent to suit Stalin's taste; another is that the Kremlin fears that Tito might turn to the western powers rather than look over his shoulder at the attack on Tito is only part of a general housecleaning by Moscow that the Kremlin feels that Communist parties in several parts of Eastern Europe have become too unreliable, and that it is time to teach them a lesson in strict obedience.

There are still other theories about the mystery which need not be mentioned here. As a matter of fact, everybody is an expert and amateur observers alike—in only guessing. Back in 1939, speaking about the policy of the Kremlin, Winston Churchill said: "It is an enigma." Now, nine years later, that still seems to be about the best possible description of what goes on within the Russian official mind.

Finland has just held its first election in over three years. The big issue, naturally, was communism versus anti-communism. With the shadow of Russia so close, and with the Reds so strong within its own borders, Finland has been following a policy of guarded friendship toward the Soviet Union, but has still managed to show a bit more independence than the Russian for countries within the Russian sphere of influence.

Last April, at Stalin's "request" Finland signed a pact of mutual assistance with the Soviet, which was widely accepted as a sign that Russia was about to take over.

But Finnish elections are about the freest in Europe. They have the secret ballot and before the voting begins the chairman in each polling station must turn the street to see if anyone is watching. He is not allowed to go across the street to see if anyone is watching. He is not allowed to go across the street to see if anyone is watching.

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