

Some Notes From The Farm Front

Of Special Interest To Rural Readers
By John Russell

In many parts of Canada, as well as in other countries throughout the world, such ruminants as cattle, sheep or goats have been subject to a peculiar condition which starts with loss of appetite and develops into a sort of involuntary starvation. Poor appetite is generally the first sign of the disease, and this is followed by perverted eating habits which cause the animal to chew almost anything but normal food. The condition may clear up just as mysteriously as it started on, or, on the other hand, may progress through a series of stages marked by anemia and progressive emaciation.

The disease, according to an authority, is known by several different names. In Scotland they call it "minnie disease". In New Zealand - bush sickness. In Australia - coast disease. Because post mortem examination of animals affected showed internal organs to be sound, cause of the disease had scientists puzzled for many years. For some time it was thought deficiency of iron might be responsible. But when additional iron was fed, some cases cleared up while others did not, so lack of iron was ruled out as the real reason. Later experiments proved that the native iron ores that were effective in curing the disease all showed trace of cobalt. Iron which was successfully administered contained none at all. Direct applications of cobalt were made with amazing results. Animals recovered very frequently, as pollution may occur at any time. Such a cure may be obtained free through various health authorities. Shallow wells are particularly dangerous, although even deep wells are found to be impure at times.

Contaminated water is a danger not only to human beings but to dairy herds as well. Shallow streams are particularly dangerous, although even deep wells are found to be impure at times.

Now this "minnie disease" seems to have met its master in the form of cobaltized salt, which contains the necessary amounts of cobalt.

Three Minutes of Fiction Fun

Winter Evenings
By RUTH K. KENT
Evy liked winter evenings best because then she had time to do her fancy work. Before she married Bill her evenings were filled at the office and evenings she had to care for mamma...

Bill was an accurate player, but Kathy had a way of taking all the tricks the way she took everything else. Mostly with her chatter. Bill couldn't concentrate. Kathy had a way of putting when she lost. That made Evy secretly afraid that Bill was letting her win. So the needlepoint lay rolled in the sewing basket. "I'll work on it next week," Evy would say. But next week was always the same. Except that Curt Harper sort of faded out. Sometimes Evy and Bill would want to go to a movie. Kathy invited herself along and sat on the other side of Bill. Mamma always said to Evy, "If you'd get mad once in a while, people wouldn't push you around."

"You're getting mad," Evy said. "I'm not getting mad. I'm just getting mad at you." Evy hurried in. Kathy cried, "Don't you dare, Bill..." and reached for Evy's needlepoint cushion. Bill lunged at her. Evy realized she'd been screaming. "I don't want coffee," Kathy said. "I have to go." "Too bad," Bill said. "Give me my pen."

She threw Bill's fountain pen at him. "Take it, string," she said. The door slammed. Evy crumpled to a chair. "I... got so mad..." "You sure did," Bill reached for a cookie. "She won't be back." Evy started to cry. "How could I?" "How could I?" "How could I?"

Bill's eyes narrowed. "She was pawing your pillow." "I don't care for myself," Evy cried. "But now you can't play bridge." Bill scratched his head. "I thought you couldn't live without her. You mean... ye gods... I was doing it for you." He fingered his pen. "Well, she didn't get everything from us."

Evy smiled. Kathy didn't get anything really. She held her head on Bill's arm. "I'm going to finish that needlepoint now."



This is 'Mass Education' in Nigeria—A model for educational efforts in Africa is this mass education program in Udi Village, Nigeria. The campaign in this village has been in progress since 1943, and has resulted in better living conditions for the natives. The blackboard is a piece of wood, backed with charcoal.

Elected Director
The election of Miss L. Ivy Gwalter, C.S.B., as an associate editor of The Christian Science Sentinel, The Herald of Christian Science in its several editions... Miss Gwalter succeeds the late Mrs. Nelson E. Ritchie, and has been nominated for the trusteeship hereafter occupied by Mrs. Ritchie. Miss Gwalter is a native of New York, where her mother, Mrs. Lucy L. Gwalter, practiced and taught Christian Science.

Atomic Suits, Maybe
Latest brain wave of some male stylist, and exhibited by a big department store, is the "atomic-suit" suit for the 21st-century "well-dressed male." The suit does away with such frumpies as collars, neckties, buttons, shodacos, pockets and lapels. It is made of wrinkle-proof, water-repellent plastic which can be cleaned with a damp cloth. Instead of pockets the happy wearer sports a wristband containing a watch and it is predicted—sooner or later an electric communication set that will put the owner in touch with any point in the world.

New Kind of Pipeline Goes On In The World

By Norman Blair

It now seems that the idea of a pipeline for oil is not a pipe dream. Back in the last century a man called Suez dreamed that a pipeline would be built from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf. The idea was not a pipe dream. The idea was not a pipe dream. The idea was not a pipe dream.

Earlier Than Usual—Tobacco planting got under way in Brant and Norfolk Counties a week ahead of time this year, despite rain and cool weather. A 340 million crop is expected. One of the first to get going was John Yearck on his farm near Waterloo. The tractor at left is being driven by Sam Becker, while Mrs. Yearck and John Yearck Jr. are planting.

Sports-And One Thing Or Another

By Frank Mann Harris

Starting in 1942, and continuing for most two years, Greg Rice, great middle and distance runner, and his footed it in the middle of the first to get going was John Yearck on his farm near Waterloo.

The Chicago Cubs, New York Giants and Pittsburgh Pirates were all practically tied for first place with the end of the season so close every game was a "crusader" one, with World's Series gold and glory riding on every pitch.

What is more, Mr. Dillard smashed three existing track records to do it, showing that he really must have the stuff. He coasted to victory in the 220-yard low hurdles in a mere matter of 23.9 seconds.

Altogether, we'd say, a pretty fair afternoon's work for one young man; and just another example of why so many of our boys are wondering what ever possessed the old fellow when he pulled off that feat. Dillard is another of the great and growing contingent of top athletes who own a deep, natural and permanent sun-tan.

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