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AND TALKIE NEWS

Family squabbles furnish screamingly funny comedy. A matchmaking mama, a wage-slaving papa, a charlestoning son and a daughter whose romance they almost wrecked.

Marie ON THE PREVOST WITH ORCHESTRA NOW SHOWING

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She stepped out of the frying pan into the fire when she went to Reno, but she could not know.

ALSO IKE & MIKE COMEDY HIT

Mr. A.F. Arsenault In Budget Debate

Wholesome Tonic to The Fulsome Praise Of Liberal Members Administered To Government By Conservative Member For Third Prince.

Continued

DAIRY PROBLEM SERIOUS

MR. ARSENAULT: I will leave that for the Minister to answer. We find, in the Minister's report at page 24, the admission that "highly graded cattle are now selling on the market at prices that reach almost to the level obtained for registered animals." So now he is not preaching so much the registration of cattle.

HON. MR. LEA: Well, highly graded are nearly registered.

MR. ARSENAULT: On the same page we find the following significant statement:

"Unfortunately, however, while the total cattle population has increased there are reasons to believe that the number of mature cows has undergone a decline. Buyers are concerned chiefly with the purchase of the highest type grades, that are due to freshen shortly after their arrival at destination. The removal from this province of these animals which are just ready to go into their period of production has a demoralizing effect not only upon the individual herd production, but to some extent on the volume of milk being supplied our butter and cheese factories."

In other words we have less milk now than we had a few years ago. Surely this statement in the Minister's own report should make him stop and think. The report continues:

"The sale in calves is still an unfortunate procedure on the part of our farmers. The disposing of low grade calves of scrub heritage is to be commended, but the wholesale disposal of heifers from improved bulls is to be greatly deplored. We do not feel the effect of these sales until long after they are made, but we certainly will come to a period of low dairy production in the Province if the demand for the mature cow continues and the operations of buyers who are securing car lots of good calves at very low prices are to be tolerated."

He is finding that there is something wrong; and he should reflect seriously and find where the cause of this trouble lies. Our people are beginning to wonder if the dairy industry is going to be profitable in the future. They know now about the effect of this famous Australian Treaty, and I think it would be well for the Minister to make a deep study of this subject. Let him leave the study of our subsidy claims to the Premier, let him pay more attention to his own department and find out, if possible, what can be done to better conditions in this province with regard to the dairy industry and agriculture generally. He should study the great damage that has come to the industry by this treaty, which has caused more disturbance among our dairy farmers during the last couple of years than any other treaty or legislation ever enacted. This report shows all too plainly that our people are going out of the dairy industry and he has had to issue a warning not to sell calves or young cattle.

PERSONALS

Miss Nellie Shaw and Miss Marion MacNaughton, Charlottetown, spent the week end at Winsloe, visiting friends and relatives.

The many friends of Mr. Hammond Nicolle, White Sands, Student of P. W. College, will regret to hear of his illness and hope for a speedy recovery.

Heal the Sprain with Minal's.

EGG LAYING CONTEST

Notes on Prince Edward Island Egg Laying Contest for the Week Ending May 1, 1930.

The Experimental Farm, Charlottetown, B. R. pen 15, led the contest for the week with 63 eggs, 68.7 points; Mr. Everett Howatt's W. L. pen 19 were second with 57 eggs, 64.9 points, and the Experimental Farm, W. L. pen 17 were second with 57 eggs, 64.5 points.

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The pens leading in total production are:

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The production for the week was 1008 or 76%, to date 16,503.

Falconwood Farm

The Minister—in a modest way of course—had been praising the Falconwood Farm and telling us what a great success that farm has turned out to be under his supervision. I think of his statements on the Draft Address he told us that they produced so much hay on the Farm last year that they had to sell it. Let us turn to the report on Falconwood Farm, year 1927 when it was under Conservative administration. That year we had 123 acres of hay and we produced 210 tons. This year they have 124 acres and produced 214 tons—an acre more than we had, and just four tons more hay.

HON. MR. LEA: What did you do with it? You didn't have any to sell.

MR. ARSENAULT: The next item shows what we did with it. We turned that hay into feed for our cows, and produced more milk. If you turn to page 27 of the 1927 report you will find that we produced 240,000 pounds of milk. You only produced 185,000 pounds last year; a difference of practically 100,000 pounds. (Applause.)

HON. MR. LEA: Who put the cows there that produced that milk?

MR. ARSENAULT: Well, if you put them there it must have been during the Bell regime, and the same cows must be there yet. What have you been doing to them? Is it possible

that the cows, when they saw you coming back, felt so badly and got so discouraged that they refused to give milk? (Laughter and Applause.)

We also increased the production of pork. We produced 428,000 in 1927 and this year they have only 285,000 pounds.

Making a "Profit"

But my hon. friend says: "We have a net operating profit of many thousands of dollars." But how are these profits made up? Would you believe it, Mr. Speaker, in 1928 when potatoes were selling in this Province from eighteen to twenty-five cents a bushel, when practically all our farmers were ruined by potatoes, our good Minister of Agriculture sold potatoes at 60 cents a bushel to that institution of lunatics!

HON. MR. LEA: They were worth \$1 that previous winter.

MR. ARSENAULT: That is how he makes his profits. Other people had to show a loss on their potatoes, and my hon. friend could sell his at 60 cents.

HON. MR. LEA: The previous winter they were worth from eighty cents to a dollar.

MR. ARSENAULT: That is not what the farmers say. I have looked over the reports, and I find that in 1927 we sold 2,845 bushels at 60 cents.

HON. MR. LEA: That is all right.

MR. ARSENAULT: The next year you sold them at 60 cents; and you sold your milk at \$2.25, while our farmers did not receive nearly that amount.

HON. MR. LEA: We just credited them with half the price of the city milk.

MR. ARSENAULT: Not at all. If you could get all the farmers within reach of Charlottetown and give them the advantage of the city market, I would say that you were entitled to the same price. But our farmers cannot sell at Charlottetown prices, and the Minister knows that very well. We find, also, in 1927, that there was a net profit of \$3,795. Last year you had a profit of \$3,071. So you didn't make as much profit as we did after all.

HON. MR. LEA: Read us 1928; \$5,800 clear profit.

MR. ARSENAULT: You were not entitled to that, because you were selling your milk at \$2.25 and you were selling your potatoes at 60 cents a bushel, the same price as we sold them for in 1927. Was 1928 as good a year for potatoes as 1927 or 1929? Every farmer knows: it was not. That was the year they went behind.

Canning Industry

Another matter which the Minister of Agriculture criticized us for was what he called the "mess that we made of the canning industry in this Province. He used to wax eloquent on this subject, and he incorporated

the following promise in his election platform:

"The promote the growing of cranberries, blueberries and small vegetables, and to thoroughly test the feasibility of establishing a canning industry in this Province"

I have not heard or seen any movement or any exertion along those lines by the present Minister of Agriculture since he assumed office. I believe myself that the door was open to him. We had started the industry in the canning of green beans. It is true we made a mistake the first year, because we did not coordinate the growing of these beans. Everybody sowed them, and there were too many ready at one time.

PREMIER SAUNDERS: You were going to can beans, but you didn't have the cans.

MR. ARSENAULT: No; we expected the Liberal Government to carry the cans to Wellington, which they didn't do. But we had the cans all right. I do not think it is becoming to the Premier to laugh at the effort we made to establish the canning industry at that time. Every big industry has been started in a small way, and mistakes are inevitable at first. Some of the growers had too many beans on hand at one time; that was the trouble. We put up a good article, and it could have been advertised and a ready market found. I trust the Minister of Agriculture will look into this matter. We in Prince County are big enough when we make mistakes, to recognize and correct them. I believe the very centre that made those mistakes could produce those beans in large quantities if canneries could be established, and I think the Minister would be well advised to look into the feasibility of that project.

Cranberry Culture

Another promise of the Minister of Agriculture was to look into the growing of cranberries. In our report of 1927 we find a favorable report of the possibilities of this industry. But what did the Minister do last year? He imported a so-called expert from the United States. Have we not, in this country, men just as much qualified to advise us in this matter? Have we got to go to the States to find men to advise us how to build up the agricultural industries of the Province. This is too much like the policy of the King Government, to look to the States for everything; and see Mr. Seaker where they are today! It is time that we became independent, that we had enough confidence in ourselves and in our own experts. Anyone who knows anything about institutions of learning in America knows that we in Canada are far ahead in our standards of education. We do not look for shortcuts to knowledge; we rely on the old standards that have come down from British institutions of learning. And why should we want Dr. Franklin or anyone else in the United States, to give us technical advice on a matter of this kind, and be fooled like the Minister of Agriculture when he invited that gentleman here?

In 1926 we had an expert horticulturist from the Federal Department at Ottawa to look over the situation, and he reported favorably. But that did not suit the present Minister of Agriculture. Last summer he imported this gentleman from the United States and he made a report which I think will go down as a classic. I refer the Minister to pages 59 and 60 of the report of his Department, which contain Dr. Franklin's findings on "Cultivation of Cranberries." The report is dated Dec. 31, 1926. He was here, I understand, in August to investigate the possibilities of the industry and he says:

"On the whole I feel that it probably would be unwise to make any considerable attempt to develop a cranberry industry in Prince Edward Island."

And what are his reasons? First this wise man from the South finds danger in "competition of other agricultural or horticultural industries." "The Island," he says, "is already very successful in the potato industry and from what I learn there is no reason why it should not develop very successful apple and strawberry industries. In other words, because we have been successful in the potato industry it would be unwise to go into the cranberry industry; possibly because the potato growers might ruin the cranberry growers out of business. What a ridiculous statement! Then he goes on to say: I judge that New England for instance, would have some difficulty in competing with Prince Edward Island in the profitable culture of apples."

(To be Continued)

Prisoners in a jail at Manchester have advised the Home Secretary for England that they have only "rather old-fashioned" gas light for their reading and education, and they desire electricity.

The only redeeming feature about the King Government's policy is that it is suicidal and therefore not likely to be long lived.

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District Managers
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO, CANADA

AN ISLANDER'S MEDITERRANEAN TRIP AND PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND

(Margaret D. Hardman)

Sailing from New York, Jan. 19th, S. S. Adriatic, White Star Line, very cold weather, but as we approached the Gulf Stream, it becomes warmer. The first few days we are adjusting ourselves to new conditions, and becoming acquainted with our new found friends. After nine days, we catch a view of Punalua, the capital of the Madeira Isles. The picturesque view of it from the harbor is an anchor than the natives are coming out to our boat with their wares (mostly wicker work) to sell. Boys almost naked come to dive for coconuts thrown from the ship. We go ashore and walk up a gradual ascent, beside an ancient canal with a stone wall on either side, covered with vines and flowers. A stream of water runs thru the centre. We see women doing their washing and hanging the clothes on the inner side. We arrive at the railway station, go to the top of Holy Mountain. A beautiful sight greets us, a fine hotel with spacious grounds, tropical trees and plants, and a magnificent view of the ocean. We go into a very old Roman church, with its tall, handsome silver candlesticks, and wonderful carvings and pictures. The descent from the mountain was over a wildcat cobblestone road in a sled, two or three in a sled, drawn by two natives hitched by a rope to a sled, running at a break neck speed, every few minutes halting to grease the runners, one of them carrying the grease mop. The main way of transportation among the natives are carts drawn by bullocks, but many cars are seen used by tourists spending some time on the island. Christopher Columbus is said to have visited these islands, twenty years before he discovered America and married his wife, taking lessons in navigation from his father-in-law.

The beggars are very trying, and follow us to the water's edge. We are glad to get aboard our ship, and sail for Gibraltar, 500 miles north-east. Arriving there on Feb. 2nd, we view the "Crouching Lion" of the world, at the mouth of the Mediterranean. We go ashore, and find the streets thronged with English Tommies, bare legged Moors, Arabs in flowing robes, obliging goats standing ready to be milked and little donkeys loaded with packs. We go thru the fortifications and see the honey-combed tunnels. There came to my mind these beautiful words "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee." Gibraltar is a military town. The gates are opened at sunrise and close at sunset. The rock is three miles long.

Again embarking on our ship, which is our home, we sail southeast, 400 miles to Algiers, Africa. The view of this city from a distance is one of great beauty. The modern French town near the water and the ancient Arab quarters on the steep hill. This city for a hundred years was the home of the pirates, who ruled the Mediterranean, and struck terror to the hearts of the world. These conditions continued until 1815, when our own admiral, Decatur succeeded in breaking the hold of Algerian piracy. Some time later it was annexed to France. Then piracy and slavery was ended. Some of the streets are wide and handsome and lined with shops, many of them fashioned after the French capital.

We are taken to the fine carpet factories, where little girls from eight to fourteen years are employed in weaving. It is wonderful how quick they are in throwing the shuttle and tying the knots of yarn. We walk thru the Arab quarters, narrow alleys not over four or five feet wide. Here we meet turbaned men and women, beggars crying for "backish," donkeys loaded down with packs, children barefooted and dirty, on either side men and women, some sleeping and eating, displaying their wares, their meat, and fish markets all exposed, some places the sewage from huts run down thru the centre of the streets, sickening in the extreme. The outskirts of the city are beautiful. Many acres are planted with genaniums, for manufacturers of perfumes.

We now sail northeast across the Mediterranean, and land at Monaco, France, the playground for the elite; the famous Casino of Monte Carlo, the "World's Capital of Chance" is near here. We take a drive along the Cornish Road, to Nice, and return by the upper Corniche Road. This is considered Europe's most famous drive.

Returning to the Adriatic, we sail along the coast of Italy, passing Sardinia and Corsica; we enter the Bay of Naples, one of the beauty spots of the world. We land at Naples, Italy, with Mt. Vesuvius seemingly at our feet, 24 miles away. Here street life is fascinating, crowd ed all day with people of every type and tongue, selling their flowers, eating macaroni, and grinding out their beloved music. For a time we are released from the professional beggars that we meet in every port of the Mediterranean. Mussolini allows no beggars on the streets of Italy. Our cars are ready, we start for the ruins of Pompeii, fifteen miles away, a city of 35,000 buried in dust and ashes by the eruption of Vesuvius, more than 18 centuries ago. We pass thru wonderful gardens of oranges, and banana trees, the land being rich with the lava from the mountains.

About two-thirds of Pompeii has been excavated. We find these ancient people lived in a high state of civilization. The streets of these rooms are narrow, and laid off at right angles. There are ruins of public baths, drug stores, physicians' supplies, restaurants, laundries, bakeries, soap factories, wine vats, rich men's homes, everything to form a clear picture of the life of the pleasure-loving Romans. We return to Naples, visit the famous museum, see many things taken from Pompeii. We drive thru some of its streets which are beautiful, and go to its cameo factories.

We wind our way into this fine harbor of Naples, and skirt the southwestern shore of Italy, and pass Volcano Stromboli in eruption. In the daytime, it has a plume of black smoke and can be seen at a great distance. It flashes out light like a lighthouse. This volcano is continually active and has been discharging lava for over two thousand years. We are now in the Straits of Messina, separating Italy from Sicily. At the "Top of the Boot" as we used to say when we studied geography, we sail along thru the Adriatic sea and enter the port of Piraeus, Greece, and catch our first glimpse of classic Athens, four miles inland. Ascending the Acropolis by automobile, we view the beautiful Doric columns of the city and the wonderful rock statues of the Parthenon, once the world's most beautiful building, now its most famous ruin. The Stadium lies to the East of the Parthenon, was restored by a rich Greek of 1906, and now used for International Games. Nearby are the ruins of the Amphitheatre, where Demosthenes delivered his great orations. A short walk, or rather a climb, brings us to Mars, where Paul delivered his immortal address. Services were held by Rev. C. C. Poling, of Portland, Oregon, reading from the 17th Chapter of Acts, Dr. Shaw, of Fargo, North Dakota, leading with prayer, all joining in "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

Not far distant, in a rocky cave, we were shown where Socrates was imprisoned, and drank the fatal cup of Hemlock tea. Time does not permit us to tarry any longer here, although we do not tire of these ruins, so impressive.

We sail from Athens thru dotted islands, rich in Grecian history, enter the Dardanelles, passing the historic battlefields of Gallipoli, made memorable in the late war. Here we see a monument erected in honor of the British soldiers who made the supreme sacrifice.

We continue thru the Straits of Bosphorus, with the Golden Horn separating Constantinople into three parts, and anchor at this gleaming white city of Mosques.

We are first taken to Stamboul, the old part of the city, see the Mosque of St. Sofia, 180 feet high, took 6 years to build, cost sixty million. We are obliged to don sandals, as we are supposed to be now treading on Holy Ground, according to Mohammedan faith. Besides, the floors are covered with priceless rugs, some of them dating back to

Western Guardian

—RETURNED FROM ONTARIO—
Mr. Stewart McWilliams has returned from Barrie, Ont., where he has been spending the winter months with his brother, Mr. Jack McWilliams. He will remain in Summerside the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Bowness for awhile, before going on to his home in West Cape.—S.

—PARSNIP THIRTY-THREE INCHES LONG—
When digging up her plot of parsnips, which had remained in the ground throughout the winter, Mrs. George Horton, of Summerside, was surprised to find one which, when measured, was thirty-three inches long. It was in splendid condition and was quite a good size around, tapering off towards the end. Some of the other parsnips in the garden were quite a length but Mrs. Horton and neighbors who were called in to view the curiosity, said they had never seen one as long as that before.—S.

—RETURNING FROM HONEYMOON SPENT IN OLD LAND—
Mr. and Mrs. Thane A. Campbell embarked at Southampton, England, on Friday last on the S. S. Ausonia, for Montreal, after having spent a two months' tour of France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy and other European places of interest. They later spent a most enjoyable time in the British Isles, including Oxford, where Mr. Campbell graduated in law. His father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Campbell, of Summerside, and his brother, Mr. J. O. C. Campbell, of Charlottetown, are leaving today for Ottawa, and after spending a few days there, will proceed to Montreal to greet them on landing. The party expect to return home to Summerside about May 15th.—S.

—INJURED IN BUGGY COLLISION—
Mrs. Edmund Maynard, of Northam, is in the Prince County Hospital as the result of an accident, when the buggy in which she was driving collided with another. Mrs. Maynard was driving with her son, Mr. Lea Maynard, to Tyne Valley, on Saturday evening, April 26, when their team was run into by a man driving his team at a furious rate. Mr. Maynard pulled off into the ditch, but in spite of that the other driver crashed into them. Mrs. Maynard, who was nursing her little grandchild, was thrown out into the ditch. The little child was unhurt. Mr. Maynard was thrown over the dashboard and badly bruised and shaken up. His mother, although having no broken bones, received a severe shock and was unable to lie down. She remained in Tyne Valley the night of the accident, returning to her home on Sunday. Her family were in hopes that after resting she would come round all right, but as she did not improve, they brought her to the Prince County Hospital on Tuesday, where an X-ray was taken. Mrs. Maynard has a lump on her neck, but apparently no other injuries. The doctors are doing all they can to ease her condition and the latest reports are that she is a little better and now able to lie down. The two carriages were completely smashed.—S.

the twelfth century. One of the party could not keep on his sandals, so he trudged along in his stocking feet, carrying his shoes in his hand. We visit some other mosques, the Blue Mosque being inlaid in blue and gold leaf. It being the Mohammedan Sunday, we could not get into the museum or bazaars. We find Constantinople quite a modern city. Women do not wear veils anymore, can appear in public with men, and ride in street cars.

The present Kemal Pasha has brought many reforms, established new industries, and has removed the capital to Angora. We retrace our journey thru the Dardanelles and sail two days eastward, passing the Isle of Rhodes, the Isle of Patmos, (a rocky island) where John was imprisoned and wrote the Book of Revelation. We enter the port of Haifa Palestine, the Promised Land, the centre of the Christian World. (To be Continued)

Believed to have been thrown from a passing ship because of the "parrot disease," scarce 11 dead parrots were recently found in a wooden crate washed ashore near Liverpool, England.

Central Guardian

POLICE COURT—At the Police Court Saturday morning, two women charged with abetting delinquency by a juvenile, were given six months suspended sentence. A drunk and incapable had \$10 bail estreated, and another drunk was fined \$30 and costs or fifteen days.

MAKING GOOD PROGRESS—The many friends of Miss Adele West will be pleased to know that she has been successful in her Probation Examinations, receiving her cap April 23, and is now training in Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, Man. Miss West is the youngest daughter of Mr. Jonathan West, of this city.

LOBSTERS PLENTIFUL—Last week the first lobsters, of what appeared to be a bountiful catch, were placed on the local market. The various dealers throughout the city were well patronized, and a large number was sold during the week end. The "Water King," Mr. E. F. Acorn, threatens to break his record of last year for a day's sale when one ton was disposed of. This year, 819 pounds has so far been the limit, but genial Ed. figures that last year's ton mark is going by the boards. Mr. S. T. Gallant, Inspector of Fisheries, reports large catches of herring on the "North Side."

FUNERAL OF LATE MR. MURDOCK McLEOD—The funeral of the late Mr. Murdock McLeod was held yesterday afternoon at 1.30 from Zion Church, and was very largely attended. The service at the church was conducted by Rev. R. M. Legate, and was attended by the members of Knights of Pythias, Loyal Orange Lodge, and Masonic Orders in a body. Interment took place at Brookfield Cemetery, where a regular service was conducted by Rev. R. H. Stavert, a Knights of Pythias service by Mr. Thomas White, Jr., an Orange Lodge service by Mr. J. Verner Moore, and a Masonic service by Mr. Sydney Fielding. The honorary pall bearers were Messrs. Murdock Ross, James A. McMillan, William McMillan, S. A. McLeod, W. C. S. McLeure and James Monaghan. The active pall bearers were Messrs. Howard Dingwell, E. T. Higgs, Charles Bentley, C. E. McKenzie, James Brodie and C. L. McKay. The large number of floral tributes demonstrated the esteem in which the deceased was held. Present at the funeral, and representing the Grand Division of the Canadian Brethren of Railway Employees, of which order Mr. McLeod was Vice-president, was Mr. William Allan,

Halifax, a member of the executive board of the Grand Division.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT—The Sisters of St. Vincent's Orphanage wish to express their sincere thanks to the Rev. P. D. McGuigan and people of Vernon River Parish for their generous donation of \$122, also 100 bushels of potatoes, 20 bushels of turnips, 5 bushels of oats, 3 bushels of wheat, 2 hams, 8 bags of flour, tea, soap and clothing, etc.

STUDENTS RETURN—A number of Island students from Dalhousie University, Halifax, returned home the latter part of last week. Among them were Mr. John McGowan, Killmuir, Mr. Wendall McDonald, city, Mr. Manning Archibald, city, Mr. Stuart Dockerty, Cardigan, Mr. Lloyd Dewar, city.

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