

in practice proved the means of making it possible in a form that safeguards the interests of both producers and consumers—the former by monopoly, the latter by Government oversight and fixed profit margins.

A third development in co-operative selling has grown up inside the wartime organization that has been necessary to spread the supply of eggs. For it has not been allowable—to prevent inflation—to raise city egg prices sufficient to offset the increased country demand which shortage of alternative foods has caused; and therefore a system of "egg catchment areas," draining into the cities and their "reservoirs" for shipping, has had to be built.

The collecting agency in each catchment area—*i.e.*, in each main egg producing district—has been its Central Egg Floor. Some of these are proprietary concerns that have been given the monopoly of wholesaling in their district "for the emergency period" in order to make possible their service of sending all except a local quota or ration to more needy areas. But six of the eleven now operating are co-operatively constituted by the poultry farmers in the district (some being linked with the local Dairy Distributor Co-operative) and will make the producer his own middleman when the war is over.

NOW I LIE IN THE SUN

BY CHARLES FRANCIS



UNNAMED THE day, nor Sunday nor Monday, but just to-day as was yesterday. Everything still and the sun is warm. A smell of damp wood and leaves gone rotten to cover the hard coral with rich earth; to grow more green trees that will spring up everywhere, higher and higher, and ripened, will fall to the ground and become damp and rot. The leaves are drooping in the warm air, and small flies playing in the brilliant sunlight. Here is a beetle, vivid red daub on black; there another, gaudy yellow. A lizard is lying along a dry stick; when the shadows were long I have seen him spring forward and shoot out his sticky tongue to catch an hovering insect, but now the shadows have shrivelled he is lying along a dry stick in the sun.

Through the drooping palms comes the dull murmuring of a tired wave as it booms on the pink coral. Then it sighs like the wind in the pines back home as it seethes over the rocks and pours back into the fissures. Along the

sharp horizon the sea changes to deep blue. Then there is no sound. Then another tired wave booms on the pink coral.

The leaves from underneath are yellow-green and finely veined in the sunlight.

A grey cloud in the sky. Soon it will rain. The lizard and the flies will go away and the raindrops will feel cold on my hot body; but sometime the cloud will go away and the rain will go away and the hot sun will shine again. The lizard with the smooth yellow belly and wrinkled green back will come and lie along the dry stick in the sun and the shining-winged flies will play in the sunlight and from underneath the leaves will show yellow-green. A butterfly will softly flutter through the air and gently settle on a leaf, displaying its gay colours to the sun. Soon the dripping from the leaves will cease and all will be still and quiet save for the tired waves booming on the pink coral.

And to-morrow will come and be to-day.