

ET TU, RUBE

Farmers are accused as a class of being Liberty Loan slackers in a bulletin being mailed throughout the Seventh Reserve District by the Liberty Loan Committee. The bulletin does not hesitate to call the agriculturist a PROFITEER—

[News matter from Chicago.]
A profiteer? Alas, 'tis most unkind
To say the farmer's rustic purse is lined
With stuff that makes a horrid "plutocrat."

Oh, where does Bryan hang his campaign hat?
Rouse, rouse to righteous wrath, that virile mind!

He'll speak, we're sure. (He never yet declined.)

He'll make reply, combating those who find

Sham evidence of riches sleek and fat,
A profit here.

"Down-trodden farmer," one to husks resigned,

Of "Hungry Wall Street hordes" the victim blind—

Go, Old Campaigner, with them to the mat.

Who say the farmer is no longer that,
Whilst we look on and drop, through daily grind,

A profiteer

—New York Evening Post.

CROW VS. CORN

(Experimental Farms Note)

In Canada, the most serious enemy to the corn crop is the crow. A dose of shot is an infallible cure for the latter's fondness for corn, but, unfortunately, it is more easily prescribed than administered. There are, however, other means of combating the trouble.

(1). Treating the Seed.—Immerse the corn for 2 or 3 minutes in water as hot as can be borne by the hand. Drain, and while the corn is still moist and warm, add half a cupful of coal tar or pine tar per gallon of seed. Stir until every kernel is coated with tar. As a drier, add a small quantity of lime, plaster, or even dry road dust. If the work is well done, seed so prepared may be sown by machine, but the feed should be watched carefully for fear clogging may occur.

(2). Deep Planting.—Plant the corn not less than 3 inches deep. This will prevent it from being washed to the surface by heavy rains and, after germination, the young shoot will break off when the crow attempts to pull up the plant.

(3). Poisoned Corn.—When crows are noticed on the field, take some corn, say two gallons, more or less according to the size of the field, and boil for about thirty minutes in just sufficient water to cover corn to the depth of one inch. To the water and corn, before boiling, add about one-eighth ounce of strychnine or, better still, of strychnine sulphate, for each gallon of water. Allow the corn to lie in the strychnine and water over night. In the morning drain off any water remaining and scatter the corn thinly over the corn field.

In making use of the above plan great care should be taken to pour the water off the corn into some hole or in a spot not likely to be frequented by children or domestic animals. Care should also be taken to keep poultry off the corn field for two or three weeks after the poisoned corn has been scattered thereon.

(4). A device much used in some localities is "stringing." Stakes 3 or 4 feet high are placed here and there and connected by twine to which may be attached pieces of paper or bits of bright tin. Dead crows obtained by method 3 may also be attached to the twine or stakes. The time-honored "scarecrow" may also be tried, but it must be admitted that the crow of to-day does not seem very deeply impressed by this old device.

(5). If crows are noticed in or near the corn fields have a boy watch the field for two or three days, firing a gun now and then when the crows are in sight and showing himself quite openly. Then put up a sort of tent in the field (a stack cover or binder cover will do). The crows are never sure but that the boy with the gun is in the tent and will give the spot a wide berth.

A combination of some or all of the above plans, which are simple and inexpensive and have been tested out with good results, will soon persuade the crow that the locality is an undesirable one.

ALSIKE AND WHITE CLOVER AS HONEY PLANTS

(Experimental Farms Note.)

Farmers know the value of the two perennial clovers, alsike and white Dutch clover, for hay and pasture, but it is not always remembered that a large bonus may be obtained from them in the form of honey. They produce more honey in Canada than all other plants put together, and this honey is of the highest quality.

Production of clover honey is greatest in the farming lands of Eastern Canada. Almost the whole region south of the Ottawa River is excellent. The St. Lawrence River Valley is almost as good. The valleys of the St. John, and other rivers in New Brunswick, marsh hay lands in Nova Scotia, and the rich farming lands of Prince Edward Island and around Lake St. John, Que., are very good too. In the clay belt of Northern Ontario, notably around Haliburton and Dryden, these clovers grow in immense quantity and luxuriance, and some years produce heavy honey crops. While alsike as a commercial honey plant has reached its highest development in the Eastern Provinces, white clover does well in a large part of Manitoba and British Columbia.

The cultivation of clover on suitable lands as a combined farm and honey crop is recommended as follows:—

(1) Growing alsike with timothy for hay. Alsike is better for this purpose than red clover, because the latter is of practically no value for honey production and is beginning to spoil by the time the alsike and timothy are ready to cut. Alsike will grow on certain types of soil, for instance, ill-drained land, better than red clover.

(2) Growing alsike for seed. An abundance of honey bees increases the yield of seed per acre, and leaving the plant to produce seed lengthens the honey flow.

(3) Sowing white clover in grass mixtures intended for pasture. On favorable lands the white clover will keep spreading, improving the pasture both for cattle and bees. Grazing if not too close, will not seriously curtail honey production, and it lengthens the honey flow.

The honey-flow from clover lasts three to five weeks, beginning, according to latitude, between mid-June and mid-July. Good management of the bees, to build them up strong in time for the honey-flow and keep them from swarming, is necessary. There is no better food for bees in winter than clover honey.

THE RURAL PROFITEER

And men relate that Mrs. Newlywed went to the grocery store to do her morning marketing. And she was determined that the grocer should not take advantage of her youth and inexperience.

"These eggs are dreadfully small," she criticized.

"I know it," he answered. "But that's the kind the farmer brings me. They are just fresh from the country this morning."

"Yes," said the bride, "and that's the trouble with those farmers. They are so anxious to get their eggs sold that they take them off the nest too soon!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

PENRITH BEACON

THE END OF AN HISTORIC WOOD

PENRITH Fell, or Penrith Beacon, its more familiar designation, is fast becoming as bare of the wild green beauty of timber as it was more than 108 years ago, before the Lowthers planted it, or in those still earlier days when warning fires of danger were lighted on the pike. Lumbermen have been employed felling the trees for months past, and the pine-clad hill, so noticeable a landmark among its austere and barren brethren in the Eden valley, has been doomed to the axe.

Less than a year ago the upper part of the red sandstone hill, on whose side is irregularly scattered the historic little town of Penrith, was clothed with tall Scotch firs, straight, ruddy stems and heads of dusky foliage suggesting line after line of pillars of fire crowned with indigo clouds of smoke. Their ranks were broken by a few larches, and some oaks, beeches, and Spanish chestnuts. In the open spaces grew clumps of rowan bushes; heather, bilberry, and bracken, the wealth of the moorland, covered the ground, except where deep-eroded dips revealed the crimson earth beneath.

On the crest of the Fell, where the beacon fires used to blaze, is a grassy plateau from which there is a small stone turret. From here, it is even said, one can see, on clear days, the Solway. The rugged backbone of the Pennines, dominated by the flattened summit of Crossfell forms the eastern boundary. Over the town and the belt of cultivated fields a great wedge of shining silver pierces through the ring of hills: Ullswater, shyest of English lakes. In the valley rise the white towers and turrets of Lowther Castle. Many mountain kings can be picked out in the landscape: Helvellyn, Skiddaw, Saddleback, their pikes pale and remote if the weather is settled; solemnly dark and near in a damp atmosphere, wearing glittering helmets of snow in winter.

From the Beacon Pike, last summer, one plunged downwards into a tangle of green aisles and leafy bowers, a pleasure place, where all could wander at will. When the Beacon was only a rough fell-side, the free haunt of all, Wordsworth as a boy was lost upon it with an old servant; the pair came unexpectedly upon a decaying gibbet and imagined a dead malefactor was still hanging to the chains. At a later date, after a walk on the Beacon with Mary Hutchinson, a resident of Penrith, Wordsworth wrote:—

And over the Borden Beacon and the waste

Of naked pools and common crags that lay
Exposed on the bare fell, were scattered
Love,

The spirit of pleasure, and youth's golden gleam.

On Penrith Fell, in 1715, occurred a scene which is a disgrace in Cumberland's history. According to Chancellor Ferguson:—

Twelve thousand men were mustered on the high ground about Penrith, consisting of the whole posse comitatus of Cumberland. From Brampton the Jacobites marched to Penrith Fell, where the posse comitatus, armed with guns, scythes, and pitchforks, awaited them under Viscount Lonsdale and Bishop Nicholson, who was on the field in his coach and six. As soon as the Highlanders appeared, the posse comitatus went away; in plain words, they skedaddled, leaving the two commanders and a few of their servants. Lord Lonsdale presently galloped off to Appleby, and the Bishop's coachman, whipping up his horses, carried off his master, willy-nilly, to Rose Castle. It is said the Prelate lost his wig while shouting from the carriage window to his coachman to stop.

But the past grows more remote, since the present is fast destroying the Beacon wood. The birds have been silenced by axe and saw, an engine puffs its smoke into the pine-perfumed air. Men are busy all day felling the timber and preparing it for transport. Their horses and sledges cut deep into the earth. Round the wood huts have been erected, temporary homes for temporary inhabitants, with dainty cotton curtains at their mica windows.

When the bustle of work has ceased, and nothing is left but the everlasting view of lake and fell, the town talks of acquiring the Beacon with the object of eventually replanting it as a perpetual memorial to the fads of Cumberland who have fallen in the war. A new generation of humanity may one day walk and rejoice beneath a new generation of trees, and may remember the call for sacrifice which destroyed and immortalized the older one.—*The Times Weekly Edition.*

SKIM-MILK SUBSTITUTES FOR SWINE

(Experimental Farms Note)

The use of milk-substitutes for the weaned pig has received considerable attention on the Experimental Farm System. An average of results of three years' work at Ottawa with tankage reveals the following facts:—

1. That as an addition to a ration already containing milk, oil meal is superior to tankage.
2. That a direct replacement of milk by tankage, shows the lowest gains and the highest cost of production of the five rations fed.
3. That the lots receiving no tankage usually made highest gains at the lowest cost.
4. That tankage, while useful in correcting an unbalanced ration, showed up

poorly when added to rations already showing variety and fair balance, particularly illustrating the comparative value of skim-milk.

Grain, oil meal, and milk required 1.39 pounds meal per pound gain; grain, tankage, and milk, 1.64 pounds; grain, tankage, and water, 2.59 pounds; and grain and milk, 1.54 pounds.

As mentioned, these results were obtained from an experiment in triplicate, or carried on similarly in three consecutive years. That tankage, however, may be regarded as a fair substitute for milk, while by no means equalling it, would be indicated by an experiment at the Experimental Station at Brandon.

Here three lots of pigs were fed, No. 1, grain only; No. 2, grain and tankage; No. 3, grain and buttermilk.

While high gains at a low cost were particularly in evidence as the result of feeding buttermilk, a very considerable reduction in cost of production and a marked increase in gains, are seen where tankage was added to the straight grain ration. Grain only made gains of .92 pounds daily costing 9.8¢ per pound; grain and tankage, 1.39 pounds daily costing 7.1¢ per pound; grain and buttermilk, 1.57 pounds daily costing 6¢ per pound. This bears out what has been pointed out, that as a balance for a ration low in protein, or for weaners, or a ration lacking milk, tankage has a place, but that, as an addition to an already balanced and suitable ration, no adequate return is likely from the use of the high-priced meat by-product.

A further qualified comparison of milk substitutes for weaned pigs was afforded at Ottawa in 1917. Here skim-milk was fed to all lots; meal and milk, meal, milk, and 10% tankage; meal, milk, and 10% fish meal. The grain and milk lot gave slightly cheaper gains and was superior in condition, indicating that the addition of the concentrates mentioned was not economical.

For growing hogs fed on dry lot or outside paddock, milk showed to distinct advantage at Ottawa in 1917 in self-feeding trials. Hogs fed milk in self-feeders with skim-milk in troughs gave gains of 1.05 pounds daily costing 5.3¢ per pound. Meal, self-fed, with tankage replacing milk with another lot, gave gains of .52 pounds daily costing 10.2¢ per pound. The skim-milk fed lot required 1.79 pounds meal and the tankage fed pigs, 3.9 pounds meal per pound gain.

In the experiments referred to in the foregoing, all lots were practically identical in age, weight, and thrift, at the start of operations. Skim-milk is the natural food for the weaning and weaned pig. Tankage, blood meal, and fish meal, where these feeds are procurable, may be regarded as fairly efficient substitutes.

IRELAND IN "EIGHTEEN"

"Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?"—J. K. INGRAM (1843).

"WHO fears to speak of Ninety-eight?"

Was once her poet's cry.
A sterner question, urged by Fate,
Now challenges reply.

Shall Ireland blush henceforth to name
This year of years—Eighteen?

Shall its remembrance stab with shame
The heart of Rosaleen?

When battle-thunders rock the sphere,
And earth with hell is blent,
Will she hang up an idle spear,
And loiter in her tent,

Keening an immemorial woe,
Crouched o'er a sullen fire,
Envisaging a phantom foe
With ineffectual ire?

Where are the clansmen of O'Neill?

Whither the Wild Geese fled?
Where the Brigade, with ranks of steel,
That wandered, fought, and bled?

Shall stricken people cry in vain,
The Old, the New World call?
Ancestral bonds be cleft in twain,
The Gael forsake the Gaul?

Nay, let her press into the van,
Beneath her banner green;
And giving all for God and Man,
Immortalise "Eighteen."

in *The Spectator*. FREDERICK S. BOAS

"Do you think Josh will be glad to get back to the old place?" asked Mrs. Corn-tassel. "I'm sure he will," replied her husband. "What I've read about 'no man's land' makes me think a sight of plain, peaceable, ploughed ground ought to be right satisfactory and soothing."

He—"I want a home, and you must take a flat." She—"Oh, no; I did that when I married you."—*Baltimore American.*



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The June magazine contained out white sugar.

Peel 5 med

halves and pl

1 1/2 cups maple

oven 20 min

quently with

add 2 tablesp

sauce. Serve

MAP

1 cup map

1 cup bo

2 tablespo

2 tablespo

Melt butter

with flour, and

maple syrup.

cook until thick

Rye

1 cup rye

1 cup but

1 tablespo

Cold water

Rub butter

salt; add cold

are all taken

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