

irrigation, a short description of how to work it may be valuable.

The water is brought to the highest point of the land, and furrows plowed. If it is to irrigate fruit trees, the furrow is run just outside the branches, as the root feeders generally extend as the branches do, and the moisture should be convenient for them. For trees, the furrow should be plowed deeply, in order to keep the moisture down, and thus give the roots no inducement to come to the surface. Keeping the roots well down does more to prevent winter-killing than anything in the summer care of trees. If the trees are a year old, or even up to three years, if they are small, a ditch is run around each tree (termed ringing), in order that the whole root system may get a thorough soaking; but the ring is deep, and not too close to the tree. Every precaution is taken to prevent flooding, as that cakes the surface and then has to be worked deeply again to keep a good blanket. For grains and clover, etc., the furrows are run before the seed is planted, in order to prevent smothering. All grains, such as oats, peas, barley, etc., require considerably more moisture than clovers, etc., and, besides, do not offer as good a shade to the ground. Furrows for grains, etc. are run two or three feet apart, in order to give plenty of opportunity for the water to soak.

Yale-Caribou, B. C.

W. M. WRIGHT.

THE FARM BULLETIN.

Add Another Market.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Will you kindly give me a short space in the columns of "The Farmer's Advocate" to make a few comments on the anti-reciprocity correspondence lately appearing in your paper. Farmers who can disregard their own interest, and write such twaddle as has lately appeared in "The Farmer's Advocate" can have no opinions of their own, but must draw their inspiration from a biased press.

It is not my purpose to go into details to any great extent, but any manufacturing business in this country which could extend its market in the manner proposed for natural products, with as little danger of competition from outside, as in this case, would gladly accept the proffered opportunity.

Our friend Mr. Scratch seems to be very much exercised about the horse industry, and has a fling at Thos. McMillan, whom he dubs as a beef king. I am sure no one would think of calling Mr. Scratch a horse king. In fact, he is so little known that I presume he thinks to gain some notoriety by shouting "Eagle scream of annexation!" It is to be hoped, as he grows older, he will gain in judgment, and exercise his verbosity to a better purpose than trying to boost the schemes of those already rich, who care for no one's interest but their own.

Mr. Ellis, of York Co., also has a fling at Mr. McMillan, simply, as I understand it, because Mr. McMillan stated that, had he had free access to the American market, he could have netted a thousand dollars more than he got for his beef cattle this past year. Mr. Ellis must have been angry, or he certainly would not have advised Mr. McMillan and all others of that ilk to sell out and leave the country. Why, Mr. Ellis, if this is good advice to Mr. McMillan, it must be good for all supporters of the reciprocity pact; and if all the best farmers in Canada, like our friend McMillan and all others who believe as he does should act on it, would not there be a migration across the border which would paralyze every industry and turn the land to desolation?

But, as Mr. Ellis is so free with his advice, I would, were I as reckless as he, advise him and all of his ilk to his away to some spot on earth, if there is one where the people wish to get on well by trading among themselves, and having no intercourse with outsiders, as Japan was before her ports were opened to foreign trade.

My position, Mr. Editor, is that we farmers want all the market we can get. We produce more than we consume, and shall for a great many years, and our surplus must find a market outside of Canada. We are not compelled to sell to any particular individual or country. Great Britain is at present the only free market open to our surplus products. If this pact goes through, we will have a market of 90,000,000 of people right at our doors; and, if we could get the same arrangement with all the countries of Europe, and would not accept it, we would be unworthy of the heritage which our fathers have bequeathed to the wilderness and bequeathed to their posterity.

Some people cannot understand the farmer and consumer can both benefit from the arrangement. The hog industry is a good example. I have watched the Toronto market quotations in the Toronto daily paper for the last two or three years, and the price of a pound of cured meat has averaged a full cent a pound more in Toronto while the price of the cured meat has been two cents or more higher in Toronto. No wonder Canadian packers kick. They have their knife

in the Ontario farmer on one side, and bleed the consumer on the other. And still Mr. Flavelle is not satisfied, but comes out with an open letter to Hon. Mr. Duff, whose Department he criticises for not stimulating or inducing a larger production, so that he might be able to cut into the farmers a little deeper. Hogs are the money-making prod-

uct for nine-tenths of the farmers of Essex County, and the free admission of live hogs to the Buffalo market during the past two years would have been worth tens of thousands of dollars to this county.

Essex Co., Ont.

L. C. PALMER.

The Sayings and Doings of "Donald Ban."

By Peter McArthur.

"Well, I've had a great forenoon," said Donald Ban as he finished helping out the corned beef and potatoes at dinner.

"What were you at?" asked John.

"I cleaned out the bee-hives, and saw that they were in shape for the summer."

"And weren't you stung to death?" asked his horrified wife.

"Not one sting! When scientists like John and me work at bees, we don't get stung!"

"So you have been reading up on bees, have you?" John asked, with a grin.

"Yes, John. The improved way of handling bees has convinced even me. Ever since I saw Morley Pettit handling the bees at the fall fair, I have wanted to be at them. He worked among them as if they hadn't short tempers and long stings, and then, the honey at the fair looked so good that it made me hungry to get some like it myself. That's why I bought the hives at Gates' sale when he was moving West. There is no place like sales where the 'owner is moving West' for picking up bargains. But, as I was going to say, there has been great and real progress made in the handling of bees since I was a boy. Your grandfather used to have swarms in old 'gums' or hollow logs, and when he wanted honey he killed off a colony with sulphur. When they swarmed, I used to pound the bottom out of a tin pan and yell myself hoarse, for we believed that if the bees couldn't hear the queen, they would not go away. Of course, that was nonsense."

"Have you read up thoroughly on bee-keeping? It is quite a study in itself?"

"Thoroughly? I don't know what you would call thoroughly, but I have read all 'The Farmer's Advocate' articles and Government bulletins on the subject. I have mastered the ripest thought of Morley Pettit and Professor Harrison. I have read what Aristotle and Pliny had to say about bees, and, besides, I know what Dan Craig said when a humblebee stung him behind the ear. If there is anything I don't know about bees, from 'foul brood,' to the right bias on which to clip a queen's wings, I didn't miss it this morning."

"You will be a scientific farmer yet," said John as he helped himself to another slice of bread and butter.

"There is no knowing what I may do in my second childhood. But it wasn't the science of the work that interested me the most this morning. When I got used to the veil, and I want to say that it brought out a finer sweat on me than any vapor bath I was ever in, I got to thinking about the bees and their ways, and wondering, since they are so intelligent, what they were thinking about me. All my life I have been hearing fine moral lessons drawn from the bees, as if they were an example for men to follow. Now I think they are more of a horrible example than anything else. They are industrious, of course, but what good does it do them? The workers that gather the honey die while at their work, and never enjoy the fruits of their labor. A colony of bees shows public spirit run mad. Everything is done for the good of the community and nothing for the good of the individual. And their thoughtless industry is just what makes it possible for us to rob them as we do. In that they are not so very different from industrious farmers who put in all their time at producing things, and none at all in enjoying them. Now, I have no doubt that the best bees in those colonies looked on me as a public benefactor this morning. Didn't I give them nice, painted hives to work in, and frames supplied with labor-saving wax foundations? When I was doing that, I felt as benevolent as a railroad in a new settlement. The railroad opens things up and gives people a market, and they feel wildly grateful until the railroad swallows all their profits with freight charges. But when I go to take off the supers, and the agitator bees that were trying to sting me this morning will buzz around and say, 'I told you so.' In spite of his unpopularity, there are bees, under modern conditions, when a scientist is right."

"So, then, when they saw through my plans or not, I was a little tin snail to those bees. That set me thinking about man's plan, by nature, and do you know it strikes me that most of the bugs and worms and mi-

crobes and things must think we are the most beneficent creatures imaginable. Take the codling worms, for instance. If they think at all, they must think that we human beings plant out apple trees entirely for their benefit. Of the blossoms that come on the trees here in Ontario, not one in a thousand goes to the good of man. The rest go to food and happy homes for codling worms. Of course, that was not our intention when we planted out the trees, but that is the way things are working out. There will have to be a lot of spraying done before the codling worms change their good opinions of us. And it is the same with the curculio and the pea weevil and the cabbage worms, and a whole lot of other pests. They must think that men do most of their work for their benefit. Looking at things in that way, no poor farmer should feel blue or feel that nobody loves him. There are probably millions of bugs and worms and things that think he is a noble creature to be making so many provisions for their comfort."

"Humph!" said his wife, "I think that the older you get, the more foolish you are getting in your notions."

"Maybe so, maybe so; but that is because I am getting to be a philosopher in my old age. But speaking of bees, they are awfully immoral creatures, and the examples they set to us are dangerous in every way. They have no idea of property rights. As some poet said in a newspaper rhyme that I saw once,

"How do the busy little bees
Improve the shining hours,
By making honey all the day
From other people's flowers."

"Those bees of mine will probably trespass on every farm in the neighborhood before the season is over. If there were other beekeepers in the neighborhood, I don't see how we could help getting into law suits with one another."

"I don't see how you can make that out," said John. "The bees do good when they visit the flowers by carrying pollen and fertilizing the blossoms."

"Yes, that's all very fine. But suppose I put in a little patch of buckwheat to feed my bees, do you think I want all the other bees for miles around coming and helping themselves to my honey? I might as well let all the cows in the neighborhood come into my pasture. The simple fact is that bees are industrious robbers, and, besides, they will rob one another whenever they get a chance. Let a hive get weak, and see how soon the others will swarm around and rob them of everything. Fine creatures the bees are for people to moralize about."

"Then, look at the way they treat one another. For the sick and wounded there is nothing but death. I think that, if there is one thing above another on this earth that shows the cruelties and uselessness of organization, it is a hive of bees. Their organization is theoretically perfect; they waste nothing, have no softer sentiments, and they sacrifice everything to efficiency. And what is the good of it all, except to provide their enemies with something to rob them of?"

"One would think you had been stung and had a grudge against the bees, to hear you talk."

"No, I haven't, not a bit. I simply saw in the hive a lot of good advice and the socialistic theories I have been hearing all my life put into practice, and I didn't think much of them. Besides, perhaps I wanted to soothe my conscience a little for robbing them, by convincing myself how wicked and undeserving of good things they are."

"When are we going to have the honey for dinner?" asked his wife.

"After our neighbors' clover is in bloom. I tell you it will make the honey taste all the better to know that it has mostly come from Jim McPherson's fields, without Jim being able to charge anything for it. I was always able to hold my own with Jim in a deal, but this time I'll have the start of him completely. I'll have to tell him about it, just to see what scheme he will try to think up to get even with me."

"You will be stung before you are through with those bees," said his wife.

"Are you saying that in hope or in fear, Janet?" he asked humorously as he got up from the table.

"Tut, what will a few stings matter, compared with the joy of doing things scientifically," said John. "You can't laugh at me for doing things according to the books after this."

"Maybe not," said Donald Ban. "But don't be too sure of it."