

warm. They are not interested in the things she scratches up for them, and anyone can see that she is worried to death about the reckless way they get their feet wet. She must be awake half the night listening for symptoms of croup, and how they have escaped the hives must be a mystery to her. When they got in the well, she was sure a judgment had fallen on them for their disobedience, and she didn't care who heard her say so. It took the city visitor half a day to rescue them, and, like the melancholy Jacques, he moralized it into a thousand similes. First, the old hen, like a fussy reformer, was trying to change the nature of the ducks and keep them from their natural element. Then, the ducklings, dodging out of his way when he was trying to dip them out of the well, were like farmers who will not trust those who are doing their best to help them. Then, there was something about the ducks taking to water, just as innocent investors take to watered stock. And to cap all, there was an excellent, beautiful moral, but I have forgotten the moral. Somehow, I always do. I didn't think of the ducks again until after a shower. They hurried past me in a wild chase for angle-worms, though each of them seemed to be filled beyond the Plimsol mark already. The way they yanked the worms out of the ground and fought and sputtered, reminded me of the Boston lady's description of a suffragist tea-party: "It was all giggle, gabble, and gobble." And after they had finally filled themselves, or, rather, had become so overloaded in their crops that they couldn't walk, they squatted in the sun and talked things over in a dreamy way, and wiggled their little tails, and paid no more attention to the scolding the old hen was giving them than I pay to the scoldings I get. I hope to get a few hours off to observe those young ducks carefully before they grow up and have settled opinions, and begin to talk the politics of the barnyard.

Sir Jingo, like you and like me,
In the public school learned A B C.
And he worked all his sums
On his fingers and thumbs,
But a college made him LL. D.

I wish I could listen to-day, instead of talking. Let me confess, right in the beginning, that I am all balled up. Some things that have come under my observation lately have convinced me that the producer of farm products is not getting a square deal, and I have been trying to think out what should be done about it. To begin with, we would have to think out just what would be a "square deal," and then how we could get it. Perhaps some of the men who have been farming all their lives have thought out this problem and can tell us just what would be right and how we could get it. If there are any such, I wish they would write and tell me about it, for I am feeling to-day like the Irishman who had fallen down a spiral staircase, "I am fatally twisted." For instance, I do not believe that a dollar a barrel is a fair price for standard apples. Yet the fruit on many orchards—orchards that have been pruned, sprayed and cared for—has been sold during the past week at that price. In some cases the apples are to be paid for at this rate when they are picked and delivered, and in others the crop was estimated on the trees and paid for in a lump sum. But a dollar a barrel was the offer made by the only dealer who visited the district. The fact that there is only one buyer is somewhat mysterious, and invites investigation, but the price paid is what galls me the most. When living in a city, I bought apples at prices ranging from four dollars to twelve dollars a barrel, and I have no reason to think that city prices have gone down. I learn from the best-informed sources that apples are going to be dearer in the cities and other markets than they were last year. Yet the producers of apples are selling for a dollar a barrel. And it seems to be a question of taking that or nothing. Farmers who tried to act independently have had amazing experiences in the past. One lost his crop because he could not get barrels, and another, after selling his whole crop through a commission house, found that he owed the commission men twenty-nine cents. That does not look very encouraging for me. For some reason, the buyer did not come near me, though he knew about the orchard. Perhaps I am like the parrot in the story, "I talk too much." But I can tell you right here that if I do not get a square deal on my orchard, the talking I shall do will be a caution. With free markets, commission houses working in competition for fair profits and a transportation system that gives similar treatment to all, I should be able to market my apples so as to get a fair share of those city prices. Anyway, I'm going to try.

Sir Jingo McBore, at the start,
As a house-painter, acted his part.
The house and the shed—
He painted them red,
And now he's a patron of art.

Of course, we might have a co-operative Association to handle our apples, but I do not see the necessity. As a matter of fact, I did try to talk it up, but soon found that it would mean a lot of trouble and expense for the organizer, and a large amount of public spirit on the part of the members to keep it going. Of course, it would pay in the end, if we got a good co-operative association organized and working, but in the meantime why should I not be able to market my apples, without such aid? The only justification I can see for an apple association would be the economies that could be practiced by selling in quantity. The members of the association could share the expenses of selling, financing and managing and make a saving for each, but the advantage gained in that way is the only one that seems to me to be justifiable. If it is necessary for us to unite in order to get fair treatment from the railways, the commission houses and others we have to deal with, then there is something wrong that should be remedied at once. The loneliest and weakest shipper should be able to get to the market with his products as cheaply as anyone else, and anyone who tries to hold him up should be punished. If co-operation is used for the purpose of effecting economies, it is all right, but if it is done for self-protection, it is wrong, and it seems to me that I have heard it urged that the great advantage of co-operation is to secure the rights of the shipper. As I shall have to ship my own apples, I shall have a chance to find out just what the conditions are, and that will be of more interest to me personally than any advantage I might gain through co-operation. If Sir Jingo McBore is putting a crimp in the apple business, I want to know it, so that I can properly celebrate him in song.

Sir Jingo McBore, when we're goaded
By care and our hopes have exploded,
Cries, "Tut! Tut! For shame!
You must all play the game!"
But he plays it with dice that are loaded.

THE FARM BULLETIN

Prophecies Which Failed.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

A short time ago I hitched up my driving horse, and started off on a five mile drive, and as I drove along, my thoughts went back to the months of March and April. I began to think of the spring prophets of those months. The first had a gloomy look, as if he had lost his last friend, and he began like this: "If this miserable weather does not let up, we farmers of Essex will be ruined; there will be no oats or barley, in fact no spring grains of any kind, and we might just as well go out of business." I looked around me, and, as far as eyes could see on the one side, were beautiful fields of waving grain, the lovely green oats, waving in the wind, reminding one so much of a storm tossed lake. As I looked at the oats reaching almost to the fence tops, I thought—Oh spring prophets how little you know.

In another direction I saw a number of grand fields of ripening barley, which satisfied me of the fallacy of the first prophet.

"The other prophet was the corn prophet." He wore the similar long face of the first, only a trifle longer. He gave a deep groan and sighed as he told us he did not know what the farmers up here were going to feed their hogs, as there would be no corn at this late date of sowing, and suggested killing the young pigs. As I pondered on this prophet I glanced in another direction, and everywhere fine fields of corn met my eye, with a more beautiful shade of green than any artist could ever hope to produce. I will admit that our corn crop is far below our average crop, but I do not think our hogs are in danger of being prematurely slaughtered because of the scarcity of feed. As I urged on my driver, I thought what a miserable set of thankless ones we are, in this fair Canada of ours.

As I drove along I began to talk to my horse. Did you ever notice a person, when alone, get into that habit? I began to tell her of her faults—I wonder how many of us like to be told of our faults. I think "Dolly" has a good deal of human nature but I don't think she got angry at what I said; she acted too much like Peter McArthur's family driver. She is very much like Mr. McArthur's, only she is a little better than his; she has never stepped on her nose yet, and she can take a decent jog when she cares to, which isn't often. "Keep on the road you know is safe. You have been over it hundreds of times; and never mind that automobile, it won't hurt you if you give it all the road, there is no use of your acting up, for the auto isn't frightened of you, but you must give all the road and half the ditch for fear the road is too narrow. You didn't help pay the taxes for maintaining that same road but I did, 'Dolly', and if you were not

gentle enough for a child to drive, I should not be enjoying this little outing with you now."

I have read with much interest Peter McArthur's writings and I have been amused and helped by his descriptions of his orchard and his bonfires. If he lived in our county he would have to keep bonfires going from early spring till late in the fall, or he would be continually on nettles from the time tobacco was sown, till it was hung in the barn. It would keep him chopping all winter to keep fires going spring and fall. It would be worse than his hay field. I can sympathize with him as I have been in the hay field this summer. We hear so much about the new mown hay. It's all right, in a bottle of perfume, or in a thrilling, soul stirring poem, or even in the latest novel, but, as Mr. McArthur says, when you see the beautiful rain clouds gathering, and you strain every nerve in a desperate effort to get that last pile of hay put up, to shed that shower, and, when it comes, you drop down almost a total wreck, the perspiration dropping from your face, and you feel as if you could throw a book at any one who breathes the word new mown hay.

I should like Mr. McArthur to tell us if he has any new method of teaching a calf to drink out of a pail. I am sure we would like to know how he does it. I have often wondered whether he is a practical or theoretical farmer. By his picture I almost believe he is the latter.

Essex County, Ont. WOMAN FARMER.

Egg-laying Contest to be Repeated.

The 39th week of the North American egg-laying contest at the Storrs (Conn.) Experiment Station concluded with 1592 eggs laid, a decrease of 20 from the previous week. Some of the pens (5 birds each) of late beginners laid as many as 30, 28, 27 and 26 eggs each. For the most part, however, molting, broodiness, etc., kept the scores down. Eleven hens have passed the 700-egg mark. Yost's White Leghorn pen are yet in the lead with 838. Thos Barron's English pen (four birds now) follow with 794 eggs. All the 700-egg hens are White Leghorns, except the Beulah Farm White Wyandottes (Hamilton, Ont.) which were well up to the front with 786 eggs.

The result of the competition is, of course, still in doubt as to the winners; the data available for future fundamental labors in perfecting strains of heavy yielding types, is invaluable. One of the lessons taught tends to upset a theory long held as absolute, that of the so-called type controlling egg yield.

It has been established beyond a doubt that the types ascribed to each variety or breed of fowl, as the egg type, has failed to materialize to any such extent as would require a given conformation for egg production in a specific fowl. Long-bodied deep-keeled, short-bodied, narrow-backed, blocky-bodied—all kinds of shapes, sizes and weights are found in both the heavy and light layers. Some startling facts will be adduced from the findings in this competition, that will set at rest any conjectures as to the soundness of type theory for egg production.

The competition will not be concluded until October 31st, 1912. Poultrymen generally will be interested in knowing that it has been decided to repeat the contest in its entirety, beginning on November 1st next. Many of the present pens will remain, and their owners will add pullet pens, to establish the heredity of the strain, placing beyond question the right to inform the public of the inherent characteristics that make for greatly increased production. New pens of other breeds and varieties have applied for entry in this competition.

More interest will result from the second year's competition, with the two classes, hens and pullets, commanding attention. As an incentive to active co-operation the state of Connecticut has appropriated \$25,000 to the College and experiment station for the erection of a poultry building. An overflow entry list is anticipated before closing. Information required by prospective contestants can be secured by applying to the secretary, F. V. L. Turner.

Since the beginning of June wet weather has prevailed in the British Isles. Rain has fallen almost daily, and the quantity of water precipitated has been far above normal. On some days the fall was over two inches, and, of late, the storms have been increasing with no prospect of immediate improvement. Harvesting has been greatly delayed, and farmers are becoming anxious as to the outcome.

Announcements are out for the 14th annual convention of the Canadian Forestry Association, to be held at Victoria on September 4th, 5th and 6th, on the invitation of the British Columbia Government. The secretary of the Association is James Lawler, of Ottawa.