

Why cannot these several organizations unite, through delegates appointed to co-operate with The Farmers' Association, in preparing and sustaining before the Commission the case of all farmers for a systematic readjustment and reduction of railway rates? Why, indeed, should not these bodies appoint delegates to meet annually, at one central point, as a National Farmers' Congress for the consideration of all matters of a public nature affecting the interests of agriculture? Such a body could be made the means of giving farmers a control not only in matters of

transportation, but in matters of legislation as well, such as they have never yet had. In the United States no legislation vitally affecting the interests of farmers passes the National Congress until it has been considered by the Executive of the National Grange which represents 500,000 American farmers. Why should the farmers of this country not have a similar means of expressing their views on matters affecting their interests? A Canadian National Farmers' Congress, on the lines proposed, would provide that means.

NATURE STUDY No. III.

The Story of an Apple Twig.

BY W. R. DEWAR.

I AM just a small, twisted, stunted, and seemingly insignificant apple twig, but for eleven years I have watched time come and go, and in that period have had a wonderful and varied experience. My home is in a garden, well-known to you all, and my occupation is very sedentary; I have not travelled any,—in fact, I am so attached to my home that I could not travel if I wished to. I have had many brothers, but so bitter has been the struggle for existence amongst us that we have become totally estranged. Many have grown larger and stronger than I, but again many more have perished. My own lot has been hard, and my growth stunted, because I was born on a large limb near the trunk of the tree. My more fortunate comrades strug-

gled on up to the blue sky, whilst my greatest ambition could only be to live and to perform my small part in our great world of vegetation.

But to come to my life-history. As nearly as I can make out I was born in the spring of 1892, from a small and weak parent bud. I had a hard task to keep alive, and only grew about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch. The summer was drouthy, my stronger brothers shut out the sun from me, and I just escaped being altogether eaten by a small brownish worm. It was with a glad feeling that I welcomed my long winter's sleep. I awoke early in the following spring with a pleasant thrill running through me. The warm rains and glorious sunshine had set us all into life again, my first year was forgotten, and I soon sent