

HORTICULTURE.

Making Hay While the Sun Shines.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Last spring I met a man I had not seen for some time. The last I knew of him he had dropped the farm and moved away to town on account of poor health. At that time he did look poorly, and told me he had been compelled to let the place go because he could not go on with the dairying business. But he did not seem to be very happy over the prospect of dropping the work he had followed all his life. I did not blame him, either. It is about as dangerous a thing as a man can do, to sell out and settle down in the city. First a man knows he hears a rapping at his door that he does not like very well, and the end soon comes.

But there was a farmers' meeting down-town last spring, and it was there I found my old friend again. Somehow there was a new look in his face. His eyes were brighter and his complexion not so yellow, showing that his liver was working better than it had when we met before. And I got to asking some questions. I have learned that one of the best ways of turning a farmers' meeting to advantage is to get as close to as many men as I can. You can get good, of course, from the speakers on the platform. They are always loaded with good things; but for right down, good common sense things that can be used every day and every year, give me the men in their shirtsleeves.

It did not take me long to find out why it was that this farmer was looking better and feeling better. He had gone right back on the old farm homestead. But he had changed his course of living a little bit. Instead of keeping so many cows, he had set out some apple trees, and was now beginning to gather the fruit from them. Then, too, he had trimmed up the old trees, and, best of all, he told me that he had been spraying them for a few years.

There, in a nutshell, was the story of a life just about made over new. Being anxious to press the matter a little farther and learn just what was happening as the result of that different plan of farming, I asked about the fruit he was getting now from his trees.

"It was fine!" he declared; and knowing the man I did not feel that he was exaggerating at all when he showed me by putting his two hands together how big his apples were. "And 'so fair! I never have had any fruit like that when I did not spray. What apples I used to have would be only fair sized and not very perfect. But now—oh, I wish you could see my fruit!" There was a fine look of enthusiasm in his face. "I sold it all in the village near my home, eight hundred bushels, and it brought me five hundred dollars!"

And there was a pretty good fruit crop in the section of the country where this man lived last year. It has been a good many years since we had a crop like it; and if he could realize so much for his fruit in a season when it was plenty, what must be the case in years when the crop is short? That is just the case with this very part of the country now, and from the best possible reports obtainable at the agricultural department, that would seem to be true in a good many districts of the United States. Many orchards with us have not a single apple worth harvesting. This is due, in large part, to a late frost, which cut the blossoms off when just setting. Of course, it is difficult to regulate the temperature, especially on the average farm, where there are no facilities for smudging; but the worst difficulty everywhere is the damage done by insect pests. In all my life I never saw the apple tree worms as thick as they were last May and June. They stripped every leaf from many trees, and lay on the trunks and larger branches in great mats of the ugly things. Some trees were just about enveloped in one vast web, woven by the tent caterpillar. They went everywhere, finding their way into the houses through every crack and crevice, and made life miserable for everybody.

This might all have been avoided by spraying, but our farmers have not yet learned this great fact. I know of one young farmer whose father a year and a half ago brought him a nice barrel sprayer and plenty of material for mixing the poison with, but that machine never yet has been put into operation. There were so many other things to be done a year ago and last spring! So the spraying was left to go undone. But the result is pretty costly, for this farm will not have a bushel of apples on it this year.

I have not heard from my friend who did spray to know how his crop is coming on this year, but I have no doubt he attended to his trees, and if the frost did not kill his fruit he will make a small fortune from it, for we are without apples all through this section. I hope he will do well, for it will be a big object lesson to the neighbors all round.

But when the sun shines is the time to make hay; and the sun usually does shine on the fruit crop. We can hardly get too much of it. More and more fruit is being used all over the world. It is one of the healthiest foods we have, and it does not cost any more to get it and market it than it does to grow any other crop. Why, then, should not our farmers pay more attention to fruit growing?

Another thing. There is no use to set out trees and forget them. They must be taken care of. Most anybody can dig a hole in the ground and set in a tree. The next thing is to do all that needs to be done for it until it comes to maturity, and then fight away the enemies which cause so much loss in neglected fields.

New York State. EDGAR L. VINCENT.

FARM BULLETIN.

A Visit to Quebec Exhibition.

On a journey along the north shore of the St. Lawrence River, from Montreal to Quebec City, to attend the Provincial Exhibition, an Ontario farmer is impressed with many evidences of the thrift and industry characteristic of the people of this province, such as the freedom of weeds in crops, the use of the cradle in cutting the grain around fields or boulders, and many other details in farm operations. This condition can, to some degree, be accounted for by the fact that the country is comparatively quite densely populated, and there has not been any movement of consequence cityward or to the Western Provinces. At the present time harvesting oats is claiming attention, and a very good crop they are. Buckwheat, potatoes and plots of tobacco are also very general crops and look promising. Hay has been light, and pastures look bare.

The exhibition is supported by the province to the extent of \$20,000 annually, which enables the directors to offer liberal premiums, not only in every class of pure-bred live stock but to grades and crosses also, in horses, cattle and sheep, a questionable policy, and one offering many temptations to exhibitors and perplexities to judges. From a financial standpoint it was unfortunate that on the day set apart for the attendance of Lieutenant Governor, Sir Francois Langelier, it rained heavily, and few, except protected with umbrellas and water-proofs, witnessed the procession. Live stock was well represented, for which ample and comfortable buildings are provided. In horses there were classes for Ardenais, Boulonnais and French Canadians and their grades, in addition to those common to shows in Ontario. Light horses seem to be more popular here than the draft breeds, although there were about a dozen Clydesdales out. In addition to supplying the demand for local consumption, the requirements of the ocean boats make the production of milk a staple business. Ayrshires were out strong in numbers and of excellent quality, as were also in a lesser degree Holsteins, Guernseys and Jerseys. Shorthorns were represented by three herds, Nicholson and Cromwell taking most of the money. Only two herds contested for honors in Angus, and one in Herefords. Sheep turned up in great force, there being possibly 600 or more entries, and the eight or ten flocks from Ontario, whose owners were not prepared for the hottest kind of competition, would be disappointed. Through ten purchases made annually by the Quebec Government of sires, of the larger breeds improvement in the classes which have been fostered is very evident. There was a shortage in pigs.

R. M.

Fine Weather and Great Crowds at Canadian National.

Never have such crowds been seen at Toronto Exhibition as thronged through the trunstyles, the second and concluding week of the greatest exhibition yet produced. Labor Day saw 154,000 people at the Fair, a record-breaking crowd, and never was interest keener around the judging ring than on this day, when Shorthorns and Percherons were being placed. Every day, up to the conclusion of the judging, Thursday evening, there was a marked increase of interest over that shown during the first week, and day after day the temporary stand was crowded, and people eager to get a glimpse at the fine animals in the ring stood for hours in rows seven to ten deep around the enclosure. When such interest is shown, no wonder the management have decided to make further improvements for next year, and we hope that by that time the large arena with comfortable and well-placed seating capacity for all will be a reality. Much has been accomplished this year, and great credit is due the directorate in making suitable changes. It was a treat to see all the breeding classes judged in the ring in place of half of them there and the remainder before the grand stand. Every courtesy was shown, and the Live-stock Department seems to be taking on new life.

Horses.

THOROUGHBREDS.

This breed did not make a strong showing. There were eight entries in the stallion class, which was led by the nineteen-year-old Kelston, with the great show horse Nashaden, second, Selwick third and Prince Hohonloki fourth.

First place in mares went to Victoria Coventry, with Bequiet second. Little interest was shown in the breed.

Exhibitors.—Jas. Bovaird & Sons, Brampton; T. D. Elliott, Bolton; John Coventry, Woodstock; Roland Thayer, Aylmer; Will Lowes, Drayton; Paterson Bros., Horse Haven Stock farm; Park & Dalziel, Willowdale; Wm. Walker, Toronto; David J. Arthurs, Brampton.

Awards.—Stallion, three years old and over: 1, Dale & Dalziel, on Kelston; 2, Thayer, on Nashaden; 3, Bovaird, on Selwick; 4, Bovaird, on Hohonloki. Brood mare with foal: 1, Coventry, on Victoria Coventry; 2, Paterson Bros., on Bequiet; 3, Bovaird, on Ismailian; 4, Arthurs, on Sohanda.

PERCHERONS.

Judging from this year's exhibit of Percherons, the breed is steadily gaining ground. While no stronger in numbers than in 1912, some of the best horses of the breed ever seen in Canada were out, and well-known horsemen were heard to remark that some of the prize-winners were among the best draught stallions ever seen in this country, all breeds considered. Never before have such feet and legs been seen under Percheron horses at Toronto, a marked improvement in these particulars being remarked by men who have followed the show since Percherons made their debut in the land of the Maple.

Of all the classes the strongest and hardest-fought was that for aged stallions, which brought out one dozen of the best that could be bought in France. It was a sight to please the draft-horse lover when the big, massive greys and blacks lined up before judges Robert Graham, of Bedford Park, Ont., and Thos. Murray, of Illinois. In the lot there was an outstanding winner, however, in the big, massive light-grey Ichnobate, by many considered the very best Percheron stallion ever seen in this country. He has size and draft character galore, is clean of limb and heavily muscled, and such feet are seldom found on any horse. He is thick, closely coupled, and a grand-quartered horse, and could not be placed down in the championship class, although in the very hottest of company. Second stood the big black Imola, also a very high-class horse, but not quite so fit and scarcely as deep and thick, but a good goer. Third stood Irving, a very stylish grey with a silver mane and tail, nicely turned, clean of limb, and a drafty horse

throughout. Many real good horses were left outside the money.

Seven three-year-old horses made a class which gave the judges a little more trouble, and long did they deliberate before making the final awards, but Hassard's Kif Kif, a winner at Western shows, was not to be turned down. He is a great big, flashy colt with clean, flinty bone and good feet, and went strong and fairly true. Second stood Kilo, a different type, very thick, deep-bodied and drafty. Kozan, a more upstanding grey, was third. It was a good class, and, as in the aged class, good horses were unplaced.

Of four two-year-olds Liquide, a great big toppy grey, was the best; Lacis, a nice type, going second, and Labour, another good one, getting third money.

Only one yearling stallion was forward, and he was not in high condition, but is the making of a good horse.

The filly classes were not so strong in numbers, but a few extra choice individuals made things interesting. Four nice three-year-olds were headed by Kanaillie, the best of all the fillies of the breed, afterwards landing the championship over her stable mate and former champion Icaque. She is a wonderfully well-grown, big filly, with lots of substance and quality from the ground up. Next in line came Kamarilla, a thick, low-set filly, not quite so good a mover. Kocarde, a big, up-standing, high-quality, strong-going grey, stood third.

Only three two-year-olds answered the call, and Laheuvire, a filly of excellent quality but not in high fit, won over License and Lady Grey.

Yearling fillies were not a high-class lot. Marguerite, a rather nice colt, which will develop into a good mare, went first.

Only two brood mares were out, but five yeld mares were the class of the female section. Icaque, that quality mare which was champion last year, went first, with Jeanne, a bigger mare with scarcely as much quality but a great draft mare, second, and Jumelle, another of the right kind, third, and Ivoire fourth.