

Soils and Crops

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IMPROVEMENT IN AGRICULTURAL EXPORTS.

Canada's promotion as an important exporting nation has been rapid, and it is astounding that this young nation should, in her immature years, be leading the world in the per capita value of exports. The products of Canadian manufactures have now found favor in forty-four foreign lands and the reputation of Canada's manufactured goods is still in the ascendant. The products of Canadian farm-lands have a yet more extensive list of customers.

It has been recognized among trade experts that this great demand for Canadian goods has, to some extent, developed in spite of certain handicaps Canada has placed in her own way, and may be taken as a tribute to the high excellence of the Canadian product in itself whilst criticizing the method of marketing. Canadian exporters have not devoted sufficient attention to the peculiar needs of foreign markets or taken steps to meet, on an equal footing, the competition of other countries in these markets. Canada's trade commissioners abroad have unceasingly pointed out opportunities which were being passed over and travellers in foreign countries brought to notice demands for Canadian produce which were not met.

Of late much greater attention has been paid to the overseas markets, especially since the coming into effect of the United States tariff, which barred certain Canadian products from the American market to which they had become accustomed, and there has developed a realization that certain trade defects must be remedied and Canadian goods overseas made to appeal in a more attractive manner to customers in order that Canada shall be in a position to adequately meet the competition of other countries and maintain that prestige she has achieved. The principal market in question is, of course, the United Kingdom, and the principal exports to that country of an agricultural nature. According to Dr. J. H. Grisdale, the Deputy Minister of Agriculture, recently made an investigation of trade conditions in Great Britain, and certain improvements and innovations will accrue in consequence.

NEED OF IMPROVED APPEARANCE.

He found that Canada was not making the same impression in the appearance and quality of her agricultural exports as some other exporting countries such as Denmark, Holland, Australia, South Africa and Argentina. The consequence is that whilst the superiority of Canadian produce is frequently acknowledged by experts, competitive produce often looks better and therefore sells better than the Canadian. He sees a danger of Canada's losing her domination of the English market in butter and cheese, whilst he points out opportunities for an improvement in the already gratifying bacon situation. He has, therefore, suggested to the Minister certain steps calculated to result in Canada's maintenance of her high position in the British market, which suggestions

have been approved and will doubtless go into effect.

These steps are: (1) The appointment of a first class business man with a wide knowledge of agricultural products to act as Canada's representative in Great Britain in connection with her bacon, butter, cheese, beef and egg exports; to study conditions, to make recommendations to the Dominion Government and the producers as to how improvements are to be brought about, and to help trade through judicious propaganda in the British Isles. (2) More active participation in the large agricultural shows in Great Britain. (3) Active participation in the British Empire Exhibition in 1924. (4) A more thorough grading of dairy products. (5) Propaganda in Canada to impress the producer with the necessity of doing his part to attain the ends in view. (6) Some experiments in the way of comparative shipments of live steers, shipped alive, and as chilled beef, to the London market.

EXPORT FIGURES FOR FISCAL YEAR.

It is confidently hoped that these recommendations, carried out, will result in yet greater improvement of the British market for Canadian agricultural exports. Canada's market for this class of merchandise now lies almost wholly across the Atlantic. Just how important it is may be realized from the figures of the 1922 fiscal year, which were only partially affected by the Emergency Tariff. Out of a total value of exports of Canadian produce in that year of \$740,204,680, exports of vegetable products amounted to \$317,814,106, and of animals and their products, \$185,798,720. Taking only those commodities particularly in question in this article, butter exports amounted to \$4,400,591 pounds worth \$24,007,726 sent to the United Kingdom; cheese exports amounted to 133,849,760 pounds worth \$25,440,322, of which 125,942,940 pounds worth \$24,007,726 sent to the United Kingdom; bacon exports amounted to 992,080 cwt. worth \$23,012,480, of which 986,029 cwt. worth \$22,873,449 sent to the United Kingdom.

Dr. Grisdale's findings are not to be received as serious stricture, but an attempt to have Canadian produce presented for competition in a form its unsurpassed qualities warrant. His criticism of bacon, cheese, and butter exports are on the score of lack of uniformity in appearance and quality, and lack of trade names and attractive packing. These are faults natural in a young country's development of export trade and which merely want to be forcibly pointed out to ensure remedying. He found Canadian beef to be the superior in the British market and Canadian eggs enjoying a reputation second to none. Dr. Grisdale anticipated a keen demand for Canadian store cattle with the removal of the embargo, and is satisfied with the three days' quarantine regulation to be observed in Canada, which, he states, is more than taken up by the time occupied in transit from inland shipping points to the ocean ports.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

A FIERY TRIAL.

It is the demon of fire that causes the settler so many anxious hours in a new country. May I tell you a story of a forest fire in the northern part of British Columbia?

As you have perhaps learned, there is a great portion of Northern B.C. covered with birch and spruce. This is very true of our home section, some thirty miles east of Prince George on the Grand Trunk Pacific. These trees help to make the country a pleasant one to live in. They also add greatly to the toll of the one who would carve a home from among them. Alas, too, as you will read, timber can be a source of danger.

We chose as home a beautiful site on the G.T.P. called Alsea Lake. During the early months at that place Daddy was away from home most of the time. The Railway required his help. This left Mother to look after us and the homestead a good portion of the time.

This was one of the days of mid-summer. It was a real summer day too. Father was away at work. We were all at home doing justice to lunch. Little Mary had an eye open for more than the things to be eaten. All at once she reported that the air was full of smoke. Luckily it was that she, little mite of four, smelled fire, for the question of escape was already a serious one.

There was no time to be lost. Mother took the youngest one of us and hastened around the end of the lake. She could only care for one. He was a little laddie—just three years old. To look after Mary took a little ingenuity and a good deal of haste. Mother solved the problem by enlisting the help of our wicker spooler. She pointed across the lake, and at

the same time urged the spooler to "lie" some imaginary enemy. The dog seemed to understand the responsibility put on him. He went at once on a charge across the lake. He did it carefully so that Mary was able to grasp his collar. In this way she was towed and carried to the other side.

Finally we were all safe across the lake from the roaring furnace of flames. On the other side we could see our little home and possessions licked up by the fire. Home was already a mass of ruins. Cat and chickens suffered.

Our salvation had been a matter of narrow escape indeed. Mother lost many of her clothes while actually escaping with Mary.

The question of securing shelter and getting a new start were next to be settled. Pioneers have such problems to face often.

This bit of evil was the result of carelessness, as is so often the case. We children got our lesson once for all in care of fire—W. Dougan, Newlands, B.C.



The Way He Works It

"Boss, there's a artist outside what wants to sell you a picture." "Well, here! Offer him this 100-dollar bill and when he faints drag him out on the sidewalk."



THE POT AND THE KETTLE.

"Madam, you've seen black on your nose!"

—Daily Express, London.

"The Whole Hog"

Sometimes Half a Hog is Better Than the Whole

BY JAMES BENEDICT.

"What's ailing you, Jared?" she asked.

"Nothing; I was just thinking." Myra nervously wiped her thin hands on her blue gingham apron. It was powerful strange for Jared to be thinking.

"It ain't the calf, Jared?" "Nope, 'tain't the calf," emphatically, as he watched his wife cut two large slices of ham. "That's it," he exploded. "Pork! That's what's troubling me."

Myra stared. He explained. "That pork I borrowed down to Cy Smith's place this afternoon. I be borrowin' not only from him but from every butcherin', right along. Now, if I kill our hog they'll all be on hand to get their share. There won't be enough left to last us a week."

Throughout the meal, which was eaten in silence, he struggled with his problem. Then, as the dishes were being washed and dried, a happy thought struck him. Why not ask the advice of Aleck Swift?

Swift owned the farm immediately adjoining his own. Swift was shrewd, none doubted that, and a great, practical joker. From the time he went to school his pranks were the talk of the town. He dearly loved his joke for the joke's sake, and if he could play the joke and better himself by so doing, all the better; and any scheme that he engineered was pretty sure to succeed. Jared decided to consult him right away. He found Swift sitting careless on the back porch of his bare, brown cottage; a lean, odd-looking fellow, clad in rusty-brown, dilapidated trousers tucked into knee leather boots much the worse for wear, shirt sleeves rolled up, an old red flannel undershirt showing down to his wrists, and a brown derby perched rakishly on one side of his head.

"How are ye, Jared?" drawled Swift, and he smiled in a friendly way as he edged over to make room on the top step. "Have a seat," he added.

Jared cautiously entrusted his weight to the broken step, his restless glance moodily examining the little orchard and potato patch in the rear and the low barn and outbuildings on the left.

"Anything I can do for ye, Jared?" "I dunno, I dunno," and Jared's melancholy glance shifted away. His gnarled fingers busied themselves with an old cornucop pipe.

"You ain't sick and going to have the doctor?"

"Nope; wouldn't have one anyway, not if I was sick."

"Myra ain't ailing?"

"Nope; Myra's all right; fact is, I—Jared cleared his throat rapidly. "Here's something else—something important—to worry about."

"That's so? What's the difficulty?"

"Aleck," said Jared solemnly, "I want your advice, I want your help."

"All right, what's the matter?"

"There's a hog in my pen, as you know, ready to kill." His words now came with a rush. "Everybody knows it. Well, I be'n around to all the butcherin's, I sin't missed one. Now, suppose I kill my hog in the regular way. Hi Green, the Sinkers, Mel Rider, and the rest will be on hand to get their share of pork. None won't forget to be on hand—" he broke off to pull fiercely at his pipe. "Aleck," he whined, "by the time each gets his share, what is left for me?"

"Nothing—much," admitted Swift with a grin.

"There won't be enough to last me a week—not a week. How'll I get around this mess? Ain't there nothing I can do nothing?"

"Perhaps, wait until I think."

Swift frowned and scratched his head. He lit his cornucop pipe, made smoke rings—a number of fine ones—thoughtfully watched them spread and disintegrate in the quiet evening air. A smile replaced his frown, he chuckled, and glanced sidewise at Jared—laughed outright.

Jared scowled.

"I guess I'll be going," as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe onto the wooden step.

"Wait a minute," snickered Swift. "Don't go. I have thought of a plan."

Jared sat down.

"Well, what is your plan?"

"If you kill this hog in the regular way you are bound to lose it—all of it."

"Well, do as I say and you can kill the whole hog for yourself."

"The whole hog?" gasped Jared. "Are you sure? The whole hog?"

"Correct. All of it unless—" He hesitated and looked speculatively down at the bowl of his pipe. "Unless—maybe afterward I could borrow a ham—"

"A ham? That's nothing. I'll give you a ham," with a sudden burst of generosity, "two hams—whatever you like. But that won't be—" sending a suspicious glance at Swift. "The whole hog, the whole hog is what you said, ain't it?"

"That's what I said and that's what it will be if you do as I say."

Jared's mouth opened and closed, but no words came. He moistened his lips.

"You must be foolin'; you're jokin'!"

"No; the whole hog, d'ye hear? The whole hog. Why, it's easy; I am surprised that you ain't thought of it yourself."

"It ain't reasonable," he muttered finally, with a doleful shake of his head.

Swift laughed. Wrinkling his forehead into a semicircle of lines, his steely blue eyes narrowed to mere slits.

"The neighbors know that you have this hog. They know it is ready to kill, and all of them are waiting for their little hunk of pork. But there is a way—the easiest in the world—to kill this hog for yourself. This is the idea: All you have to do is to kill your hog along about seven o'clock to-night, hang it out behind the barn where it can't be seen from the road. Bright and early to-morrow, before anyone is around, get up and pack the meat away, and then, before any of the neighbors get curious, go round to each and every one and say, 'Somebody has stole my hog.' And if you stick to your story they'll all believe you."

Jared, with pipe out, frowningly, silently, reviewed the plan. A look of half admiration, half reverence, crept into his eyes.

"Aleck," said he a little breathlessly, "after the hog is killed and all, and safely packed away, drop over and see me. You will get your little hunk of pork. You can have any part of it you like."

"That," said Swift carelessly, "we can settle later. But do as I tell you; don't forget to stick to your story, no matter what people say."

"All right, Aleck," said Jared, standing up and stretching himself. "I'll kill the hog to-morrow night, but I'll ask the neighbors for next Monday."

And he hurried straight home, deciding on the way not to reveal the secret the better.

Along toward seven o'clock the following night Jared started butchering his hog. Myra, taking supper at her sister Kate's house, was out of the way.

It was a hard job to tackle single-handed, and, consequently, in fear of discovery, he executed an endless one. But he followed Swift's instructions to the letter, and finally the pig was hung up against a post back of the barn, behind the house, safe from the prying eyes of any chance traveler along the country road. Immediately afterward he hitched up and drove down to the "Four Corners," there to leave word concerning the killing for the following Monday.

That night Jared fell asleep, wondering just how much, or rather how little, of the pig it would be necessary

to give Swift to keep him silent. He began to regret his hasty promise. A bribe was, of course, necessary, since by Swift, and Swift alone, could the secret of the missing hog be divulged.

And the neighbors must never learn the truth. He regretted having promised Swift two whole hams, one would have been sufficient; or—was it two hams? On second thought he decided it was one ham. He could spare one ham, that was certain. And one ham was payment enough for a little advice, a simple suggestion which, if Jared had not been so upset and hurried, but had taken the time to sit down quietly and put his own mind to, he could have thought out for himself.

He woke earlier than usual the next morning. As he rubbed the sleep out of his eyes the affair of the hog at once popped into his mind. He jumped out of bed, pulled on his clothes, and hurried down to the barnyard. There, for a moment, he stood stock-still and stared—at two empty hooks, which but the night before had been decorated with the carcass of a beautiful hog. He began to look around the yard. As his glance travelled, his irritation and perplexity grew. Brushing his hand across his eyes, he looked again, but no hog. Swiftly he crossed the barnyard; he explored the barn, cow shed, and chicken coop, even peered into the empty pig pen. No hog.

Ready to swear that his eyes had deceived him, he returned to the empty hooks. Was he, perhaps, the victim of hallucination? He had heard of such things. Stepping forward, he felt the hooks over carefully, inch by inch. He muttered something, something that seemed to fit the situation, threw up his hands, and walked out of the yard. No hog. The thing smacked of sorcery or witchcraft. Back to the house he hurried to question Myra, but he changed his mind before he got there. His wife, he knew, could not have carried off the hog.

Turning squarely in his tracks, Jared dashed away through the barnyard like a madman. He vaulted a picket-and-barbed-wire fence and, running around the rear of the house, rattled up the broken steps to pound out such a lusty summons upon a flimsy door that it seemed in danger of breaking beneath his heavy fist.

"Swift," he called, "Aleck, come out! It's important! Come out! Come out!"

After an interval, very trying to Jared, Swift appeared—in red undershirt, shapeless trousers, the color of the soil, and a pair of homemade carpet slippers. Shutting the door behind him, Swift took a step forward, an inquiring look on his face.

Jared struggled to speak, but the words would not come.

Swift continued to stare, and Jared, with a mighty effort, found his tongue.

"Aleck," he said, "somebody's stole my hog."

Swift laughed.

"That's right, Jared, that's a good beginning. Remember what I told you, and stick to your story."

Jared shifted from one foot to the other. He gave his neighbor a hasty glance, but Swift's face was a mask.

"But somebody has stole my hog," he challenged.

"Fine!" complimented Swift. "Keep it up, Jared; don't weaken, stick to it."

"But can't you understand?—somebody has stole it," he roared.

"Splendid! Tell it with as straight a face as that and they will all believe you."

"Can't you understand? Can't you? It's gone—the whole hog, I tell you—gone!"

"Yes, I understand, and I promise you that, as far as I'm concerned, no one will ever be the wiser."

I will tell you a sure and a cheap way to exterminate rats, gophers, moles, mice or any animal nuisance that uses a runway. Get concentrated lye, sprinkle in the runway. The rodents get hot feet, sit up and lick their feet, then good-bye, Mr. Nuisance. I have tried this on rats, mountain beaver, and mice. If you people are troubled with any animal vermin, this will rid them clean.—S. D.

The Effect of a Secret.

Even with all her knowledge of Youngsters, Mrs. Dave Preeny has had hard enough time with her children, but she doesn't see how she could have managed at all if it hadn't been for secrets. When the baby sets up a howl to go somewhere with the older children Mrs. Preeny knows that the little fellow will be unhappy for hours if she doesn't do something to relieve his feelings, and so she tells him a secret. Usually it is a hint as to her plans for his entertainment, but regardless of what her promise is, it is enough that she and the child know something that nobody else on the place could guess in a hundred guesses.

Mrs. Preeny was a young woman when she learned the value of secrets. Her son George was five years old at the time, and one day when he began crying because he couldn't go somewhere with his brother, Mrs. Preeny told him in the brother's presence that if he would be good she would bake a cake. George said he didn't want any cake and he cried harder than ever. He wanted to go with his brother and he wasn't to be bought off with such a little thing as a cake.

A week later the older brother and a sister were going to town in the buggy and George begged to go along. He even went so far as to dress himself in spite of the fact that the brother and sister told him he was wasting his time. When Mrs. Preeny finally said that she couldn't allow him to go, he began screaming, and he was just about ready to get down and roll in the dirt when his mamma called him into the kitchen and whispered to him that she was going to bake a cake. "But don't tell them a word about it," she said, and immediately young George dried his eyes.

In the first instance Mrs. Preeny had offered the child nothing but cake, which of course was not enough; but in the second instance she had offered him both cake and a secret.

Feeding and Handling For Egg Laying.

The plan of handling and feeding the birds at the Agassiz, B.C., Dominion Experimental Farm, where during the year ending October 30, 1922, four Barred Plymouth Rocks averaged 282.1 per bird. Straw is used for litter and the scratch grains are fed in the litter. The grain mixture consists of equal parts cracked corn, whole wheat and whole oats, and is fed twice a day, care being taken not to have too much grain in the litter at any time. The dry mash is composed of bran 100 parts, shorts 100, crushed oats 100, corn meal 100, beef scrap 50, and charcoal 25. Being fed from a wall self-feeding hopper, the mash is kept before the birds at all times. Grit and oyster shell are similarly supplied from a small hopper of two compartments, one containing oyster shell, the other containing grit. Green feed is provided in the form of kale, chard, cut clover, or mangels. Skim milk is fed daily, while water is before the birds practically all the time. Inside and near the front door of each pen a box of earth (dust bath) is placed.

HOGS

I procured a steel oil barrel with a large opening in the head and a small three-quarter-inch hole in the side of the barrel near the bottom. Then I screwed a thick three-quarter-inch steel elbow in small hole and a three-quarter-inch pipe three inches long in elbow.

I set barrel on trough with about a foot of trough extending through the fence into hog lot. Put a cork in pipe and fill barrel, screw in bung air-tight, take out cork and hogs will have water when they want it, as the water will come as high as pipe and no more, until it is lowered in trough.—R. L. Overmire.

Buy machines suited for the work to be done; too big is as bad as too small. Mary, who had the little lamb, probably used shears.

Increasing Dairy Herd Production.

The Dominion Dairy News Letter of September 10 in its cow-testing notes gives two instances of remarkable production increase by cows under the cow testing system. One is at the Agricultural School at Oka, Que. Here, in 1920, 44 cows averaged 6,733 lbs. of milk and 257.7 lbs. butter fat. In 1922, 46 cows averaged 8,901 lbs. milk and 346 lbs. butter fat. In 1920 eleven cows produced 300 lbs. fat; in 1922, thirty cows produced over 300 lbs. In 1922 the average for the ten best cows was 10,811 lbs. milk and 409 lbs. fat. The herd consists of Ayrshires and French-Canadian cattle. A second instance reported at Blenheim in Kent County, Ontario, where in 1920, ten of C. E. Rowe's cows produced 7,468 lbs. milk and 246.5 lbs. fat; in 1922, eleven cows produced 10,235 lbs. milk and 346.4 lbs. fat. In the case of Mr. Rowe's herd the increase in production amounted to nearly 1,100 lbs. butter fat for the year, which at 50c per pound would amount to \$550. As the News Letter says "Increased production per cow is a possibility in every herd if the owner will take stock of each individual cow's production and then eliminate the poor producers."

There is no purpose served in knowing more of go-d cow's fact than we practice.

Home Education

"The Child's First School is the Family"—Froebel.

Teaching By Example — By Bertha Hayward Higgins.

A few days ago when I was in the hairdresser's shop a young woman came in with a very attractive little girl whom everyone admired.

The mother, with apparently no thought for the big eyes fixed upon her or the shell-like cars taking in all she said, related the following incident: "We moved from where we were living when my little girl began to go to school and it was too far for her to go alone to the school she had attended. But they wouldn't give me a transfer so I told my husband I was going to send her to the other school anyway and tell them she had never been to school before. And of course I warned her to tell the teacher that she had never been to school."

"That night after I had gone out she went to my sister and said, 'Tante, I always said the truth before.'"

"Oh! foolish mother," I thought, "how blind you are." The story stayed with me after I left the shop and it rankled.

Then there came to me a picture of the day many years ago when my brother, a young country physician, had driven fourteen miles in a severe snow storm with his little three year old son wrapped up like an Eskimo cuddled in his arms, because in the

morning when there was no indication of a storm, he had given his promise to take the little fellow with him when he made this call. And now, despite the storm and the difficulty of driving in a covered sleigh with the child to look after, he dared not do otherwise lest the child should in turn be led to break a promise or tell an untruth because of the father's example.

"Small use," said he, "for us to urge upon our children standards which we ourselves do not maintain in their presence."

These little ones of ours are so susceptible to influence, so imitative and so prone to think "the king (father or mother) can do no evil" that we cannot be too careful.

It has been my custom always to read or recite some worth while thought at the breakfast table that the family may take it with them to the day's work. Recently I have given over this duty to my eleven-year-old son and I wish that every mother and father would take with them and pass on to their children the little message he brought to us yesterday:

"With every day a new day And every moment new We'll speak the truth, think the truth And to the truth be true."