

## The Farmer's Advocate AND HOME MAGAZINE.

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DOMINION.

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the last of human foodstuffs to reach its highest price level. Professor F. G. Warren, so well known as an authority on rural economics, has said: "Products that require a short time from beginning to completion are quickly stopped if prices do not keep up with the general price level. Grains are in this class, and prices of grains rise promptly. It takes several years to raise a cow, and milk responded slowly to inflation. Land is one of the last things to rise in price. Crop land rose before dairy land just as crop prices rose before milk prices." The dairyman has had no experience as a profiteer, and at this late date he would be exceedingly ill-advised to try. As a matter of fact, he is fighting merely for a fair price, and we feel that this much will be accorded him by all right-thinking people.

### From Summerland to Vancouver.

By SANDY FRASER.

I came vera near forgettin' to tell ye about my visit to Vancouver when I was in the West, this summer. Maybe ye're as tired hearin' about my travels as if ye had been makin' the trip yersel', or as I was when I got back hame, but, gin that's the case, I'll promise not to bother ye any further wi' the story o' my wanderings about the country. Vancouver was about the end o' my experiences, anyway, as I found that my ticket had run out when I got that far and the walking isn't what ye'd call vera guid frae there on.

The day I left Summerland it was as dry and warm as it usually is there, but I didna worry, for they tauld me that I'd soon see the snow again among the hills o' the Selkirks. And I was ready enough to believe anything that I heard by this time, ye may be sure. I never found that I could charge onybody up wi' exaggeratin' about what ye were goin' to see frae the car window while travellin' through British Columbia. It may be because o' the weakness o' the English language rather than frae any natural tendency to truthfulness on the part o' the inhabitants, but, as to that, I canna say.

However, there isn't muckle chance for ony feeling o' disappointment as ye travel through the mountains o' the "Coquihalla," which is the name they hae given to the Pass through which ye have to find yer way to Vancouver when ye travel by the "Kettle Valley" Railway. (I dinna think they'll ever rin out o' names in British Columbia. They always seem willing to tak' the first one that comes handy.)

The day I went through the "Rockies" I had no manner o' doubt but that I was seeing the best that was to be had in the line o' mountain scenery, considering quantity as well as variety. But sae far as the impression I have now is concerned, the "Rockies" are not in it compared wi' what ye run into further west. It's

sae different that ye can hardly compare the two, and, maybe, it's only a matter o' taste, after all. But for an example o' what Nature can do in one o' her cranky fits, combined wi' what man has done in the line o' gettin' around and over hard propositions, I dinna see how onything can beat the "moving picture" that the traveller through this part o' British Columbia has unrolled for his benefit. I've heard o' such a thing as a "Wild West Show" in connection wi' a circus, or somethin' like that, but here is where the name would fit. I dinna ken three words that can better describe the best part o' that trip frae Summerland in to Vancouver.

Talkin' about what man can do in the way o' gettin' over difficulties, I never got a better object lesson o' his ability than right there. I had heard o' the bridges an' tunnels that were to be seen in British Columbia, but when I started going over an' through them I began tae understand that they weren't the same things as go by that name doon East, by ony manner o' means. When ye start across some gorge on a steel trestle, maybe a couple o' hundred feet high, ye might think for a' the world that ye were on an air-ship an' sailin' frae one mountain-peak tae anither. Unless ye put yer head right out o' the car window ye can see naething o' the track below ye. It's when ye get around on the ither side o' the switch-back, maybe, that ye get a view o' the sort o' a spider's web that ye have passed over. And it's not once or twice like that, but it keeps on for hours, till ye feel like taking off yer hat to the men that were ever able to screw their courage up tae the point where they were ready to tackle such a job as that, that might weel hae scared the deil himsel'.

And then the tunnels. We went through five or six in one place in about as many minutes. It was a great place for a chap to go on his wedding trip, na doot. It reminds me o' a wee story I heard some place or ither, lately. A young fellow an' his wife were makin' this tour o' the country that is supposed to follow the visit to the minister, and it happened in one place that their train had to go through a pretty lang tunnel. After they had come oot the young chap says to his wife; "they tell me," says he, "that that tunnel cost seven million dollars." "Well Harry," says she, lookin' oot o' the window, "I think it was worth it."

But, jokin' aside, I can hardly understand why ony company o' men ever went to drilling through those mountains and bridging those valleys, wi' what prospects there are there o' making it a paying proposition. They may be gettin' their money back for all I ken, but it's hard to see where it's coming from. There's a wee bit o' lumbering going on, here an' there, an' maybe some mining, but, from the lay o' the land, I wouldn't be thinkin' they'd ever raise much wheat there, and, as for dairying, I'd be afraid that the coos would be needin' stilts, or somethin', fastened to their hind legs, gin they were going to climb those hills in their search for what little grass I saw theraboot. Maybe the road was built on a bet. One chap said it couldn't be done and the other chap started in to show him.

However, wi' all its twisting an' turning the road finally got us to Vancouver, though it was past my regular bed-time, I'll say that.

The next mornin' it was raining, which I thought was a wee bit surprising as I had made my plans for gaein' about an' seein' the city. I found oot later that Vancouver has two wet spells a year, although neither o' them is mair than sax months long. I happened to hit one o' these damp times.

But, by guid luck, I fell in wi' a chap that owned a car and naething wad dae him but he wad show me aboot the toon. The wet didna bother him. In fact, I dinna think he knew it was raining.

Sae he took me all around and I must say that I dinna ken ony city in Canada that has given me a mair favorable impression, or that has mair good points in the way o' a home for the man who hasn't the necessary education or ambition to fit him for life in the open country.

We went through what they call their "Stanley Park," and saw the "big trees" that I'd heard aboot as far back as I can remember, and maybe further. It takes a regulation sixty-six foot tape-line to gae around one auld stump that they pointed oot to me. I didna bother lookin' to see how high these trees were, as my neck was kind o' oot o' joint after comin' through the mountains the day before.

Another thing I wouldn't hae missed, while in Stanley Park, was the chance to take off my hat at the grave o' Pauline Johnson, our one Indian-Canadian poetess. She's lying there near "Siwash Rock," where she used to write most of her poems, and with nothing to mark her grave but a round boulder with juist the word "Pauline" on it. And it's all that's necessary, we all ken that.

The time was far too short for me to see half o' what Vancouver had to show me, but I'm no' in the habit o' changin' my plans, so I started on my return trip that night. I'll try an' gie mysel' at least a day an' a half the next time I call. Ony less doesna dae the city justice.

On my way east that night I saw vera little o' the scenery, except in my dreams, which were only interrupted, noo an' again, by the engineer ahead, when he would be making the auld locomotive screech like to raise the dead. "What's the matter wi' that engineer?" says I to a chap that was sittin' on a seat next to me. "There's neither crossings or stations among these mountains an' gullies," says I. "Oh," replied the man, "he's juist whistling tae keep his courage up, that's all."

And when I imagined mysel' running a train o' passenger cars over the trestles an' through the tunnels o' the mountains o' British Columbia, with no sae much as a star in the sky tae show me the way through

the dark, I couldna find it in my heart to mak' ony further disparagin' remarks regarding the auld ancestors o' that engineer. "It's the unco' job he's got", says I to mysel'. "Aboot as ticklish as findin' yer way through the horse-stable at night, when yer lantern accidentally gaes oot."

### Nature's Diary.

BY A. BROOKER KLUGH, M. A.  
CAT-TAILS.

One of the commonest plants in marshes, and one which often forms dense beds to the exclusion of any other kind of vegetation, is the Cat-tail. In these plants the brown, velvety, cylindrical objects near the top of the stems are the pistillate flowers, while the fuzzy, tapering spikes in which the stem terminates consist of the staminate flowers. The whitish, silky fluff, which is seen when the pistillate spikes become mature, is the so-called "perianth" of the pistillate flowers, that is, the portion of the flowers which corresponds to the corolla in plants higher up in the scale of vegetable life.

The Cat-tail is well adapted to a marsh existence by the shape and structure of its leaves, and by the possession of a perennial creeping rootstock. Marsh plants, by reason of their exposed position, are subjected to the full force of two very drying agencies—the wind and the blaze of the sun, and hence in spite of the fact that they have "their feet in the water" the aerial portions must be protected against undue evaporation. Consequently we find their leaves having a comparatively small expanse, and also a thick, firm, epidermis. The shape of the leaves also allows them to bend, instead of breaking, when they are struck by the full force of the wind. The creeping rootstock not only gradually extends the distribution of the plant, but makes a firm mat which resists the action of waves and currents. Several of these rootstocks originate from a single plant and spread in all directions from 12 to 30 inches.

We have two species of Cat-tails in Canada. In the Broad-leaved Cat-tail (*Typha latifolia*) the stems are from four to eight feet in height, the pistillate spikes are dark brown, the staminate spikes are contiguous to the pistillate, the leaves are from three-quarters of an inch to a inch wide, and the pollen is four-grained. This species occurs abundantly in marshes throughout Canada and is also found in Europe and Asia. In the Narrow-leaved Cat-tail (*Typha angustifolia*) the stems are from five to ten feet in height, the pistillate spikes are light brown, and of smaller diameter than those of the preceding species, the staminate spikes are separated by a space from the pistillate, the leaves are about half an inch in width, and the pollen is in simple grains. The narrow-leaved Cat-tail is common in marshes near the Atlantic coast, but is of rarer occurrence inland, though in some inland localities it is abundant.

The Indians used the Cat-tail as a source of food, making from the rootstocks flour which they used in bread and puddings. They also boiled the fresh rootstocks and made a syrupy gluten which they used with cornmeal pudding.

The rootstocks of the Cat-tail are from three-quarters of an inch to an inch in diameter, and are the storage places for the reserve food manufactured by the plant. The centre of the rootstock consists of a core, about three-eighths of an inch in diameter, which is an almost solid mass of starch, while around this core is a layer of spongy tissue.

Professor W. P. Claassen of Cornell University has recently investigated the question of the Cat-tail as a source of flour. He finds that a square yard of Cat-tail rootstocks weigh 2.23 pounds when thoroughly dry, thus an acre of Cat-tails would yield 10,792 pounds of dried rootstocks. When the rootstocks are thoroughly dry the outer layer can be very readily stripped off, leaving the hard clean core of starchy material. These cores constitute 60 per cent. of the weight of the dried rootstocks, so that an acre would yield 6,475 pounds of dried cores. Prof. Claassen found that the cores contained from ten to fifteen per cent. of fibrous material the rest being starch, and estimated that an acre would yield 5,500 pounds of flour. The flour was found to be creamy-white in color and quite like wheat flour.

An analysis of Cat-tail flour made by the Plant Chemical Laboratory at Washington gave the following: Moisture, 7.35 per cent.; ash, 2.84 per cent.; fat, 0.65 per cent.; Protein, 7.75 per cent.; carbohydrates, 81.41 per cent.

Wheat flour has the following composition: Moisture, 12 per cent.; ash, 42 per cent.; fat, 1 per cent.; protein, 12.50 per cent., and carbohydrates, 73.83, while potato flour has: Moisture, 6.82 per cent.; ash, 4.01 per cent.; fat, 0.43 per cent.; protein, 12.25, and carbohydrates, 74.80. It can thus be seen that Cat-tail flour is extremely similar to potato flour.

Trials of Cat-tail flour in baking show that it may either be used in combination with wheat flour or pure. Biscuits of 33 per cent. Cat-tail flour and of 50 per cent. Cat-tail flour, respectively were found to be very palatable, and biscuits of pure Cat-tail flour differed very little from those made from wheat flour. Puddings made with Cat-tail flour in place of corn-starch also proved to be entirely satisfactory.

Considering the fact that nearly three tons of flour of good quality can thus be obtained from an acre of Cat-tails there is a possibility these plants may be cultivated for this purpose.

Regularity is a necessity about the stables.