

A Suggestion to District Representatives

WHY NOT utilize the human interest short story as a means of presenting lessons in agriculture to the younger generation? For instance:

John MacBeth Murray strolled slowly down the lane with the idol of his affections, Miriam. They had known each other for a long time, but she had never become really attached to John until he won the prize at the Talbotville school for the best school plot. Miriam had won first prize at the fair that fall for utility cooking. Hence the union of two artistic souls. From that time their ambitions had been linked. John had aspired to become a graduate of the Agricultural college, and Miriam to attend the school for household economy in conjunction. And now John had successfully passed his second year examinations (he had written his thesis on "School plots I have known") and Miriam was planning to commence her course that fall.

It was summer time. On either side of the road, softly murmuring in the night breeze, lay fields of oats (American Banner, highly recommended for this county). They were blue-blooded oats, passed by the Canadian Seed Growers Association, guaranteed to make a dray horse oustrip a King's Plater. Here and there, shyly peeping forth (it was moonlight) could be seen a head of field mustard (*Brassica arvensis*), but this was a rarity. The beautiful ox-eye daisy (*Chrysanthemum leucanthemum*) had been eradicated from the fence corners, and all was peace. But we must on with our story.

"Miriam," murmured John (but a different murmur to that of the oats mentioned above). "Miriam, I shall have to leave you in the morning. I am ordered to Essex county to make a drainage survey for my chief at the college. It is a clay loam soil and I shall be forced to plan lines of tile at 30 feet distance from each other. The owner is property poor, but I shall carry the glad news to him that he can secure a loan from the Government at 4 per cent. to pay the cost of installing the drains. But I wish to tell you this before I go, Miriam. It is a dangerous mission. I may be stuck in the clay if a rain storm overtakes me, and starve miserably to death before I can be reached. Remember tho that in all my surveys this summer I have recommended the use of the traction ditcher."

At this point John was interrupted by a huge bumbly insect flying into his mouth. "Ah," he said half to himself, "one of Mr. Caesar's June beetles, the mother probably to those white grubs in the strawberry patch. I warned dad against planting strawberries the year after the land was broken up."

"Yes, Miriam," he continued to his companion, "I thought of you always last winter, and I've often fallen asleep in lectures and dreamed of you. You are as necessary to me as lime is to the clovers; you are to me what Bordeaut mixture is to potatoes, in that you prevent the blighting of my young life. I have long cherished for you a—" Another interruption again occurred. A loud and continuous cackling arose from a poultry house they were passing.