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of justice and assist in righting the wrongs perpetrated by the arch-offender of the Old.

In addition to his pronouncement made up of fourteen points upon which future peace must be based, President Wilson said:

1. "That each part of the final settlement must be based upon the essential justice of that particular cause and upon such adjustments as are most likely to bring a peace that will be permanent.

2. "That people and provinces are not to be bartered about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were mere chattels and pawns in a game, even the great game, now forever discredited, of the balance of power; but that

3. "Every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the populations concerned, and not as a part of mere adjustment or compromise of claims among rival States; and

4. "That all well-defined national aspirations shall be accorded the utmost satisfaction that can be accorded them without introducing new or perpetuating old elements of discord and antagonism that would be likely in time to break the peace of Europe and consequently of the world."

The second clause of this declaration is replete with meaning. In addition to the over-run territory which Germany now occupies and which must be restored and indemnified, there are grievances of long standing to be righted. The Alsace-Lorraine wound has never healed. The Balkan States have long been quarreling and keeping Europe on the qui vive. Poland's history has been one long series of wrongs inflicted by more powerful neighbors. Turkey's record is smeared with the blood of massacres and unequalled for the oppression of those which other nations have allowed her to persecute. Where a small nation could be cut off from the sea it was done, thus retarding national development through lack of sea ports and shipping facilities. Frontiers have not been adjusted according to the nationality of the peoples thus severed, but according to the will of the dictator. Whenever possible autonomy has been withheld and oppression substituted in its stead. Is it any wonder that Europe has been so often bathed in blood?

President Wilson's principles sound reasonable to the citizen of the American continent, but they will savor strongly of radicalism to rulers of the Old World. Those who pray in earnest for no more wars must, as a first step, endorse these North-American ideals.

Nature's Diary.

A. B. KLUGH, M. A.

A reader sends me a peculiar fungus for identification, and describes its appearance as follows. "The black slimy end, which bears a strange resemblance to a head under a lens, was held up to the light, while the other end was very slightly attached to the mud."

This fungus is a small specimen of *Phallus impudicus* one of the Stinkhorns, a group of Fungi which have a decidedly peculiar appearance and a most intolerable odor. Their shape may be seen from Fig 1. The bulb like structure at the base is pink in color and is the case in which the rest of the fungus developed. The stem is white and the cap is greenish-black.

The over poweringly fetid odor of the Stinkhorns plays an important part in the economy of these fungi, as it attracts flies. These insects in walking over the cap get their feet smeared with the greenish, semi-fluid, material which covers the cap and which contains the

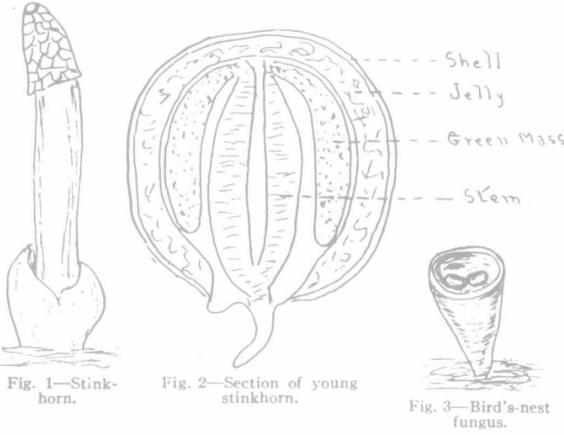


Fig. 1—Stinkhorn. Fig. 2—Section of young stinkhorn. Fig. 3—Bird's-nest fungus.

spores, and thus the spores are widely disseminated by the subsequent peregrinations of the flies.

This banquet for the flies is prepared underground, and the table, all ready set is pushed up into the light and the invitation to dinner is wafted forth on the breeze in the form of the stench which while repellent to human olfactory organs is decidedly attractive to the chosen guests. The mechanism by which this is accomplished is interesting. A search underground shows that the mycelial threads of the fungus permeate the soil in all directions. These are the nutritive parts of the fungus, the parts which gather and assimilate the food not only for their own growth but for the development of the spore-bearing portion. If we make a section of one of the pinkish "eggs" which has pushed itself out of the soil we see the arrangement shown in Fig 2. On the outside is the shell, or periderm, next is a jellylike layer which apparently serves as a packing to protect the structures within, then comes the layer of greenish substance, in which in the mature fungus the spores will be imbedded, and in the centre the hollow stem. The cells of the stem are flattened and it is the expansion of these cells which breaks through the shell and carries the cap upwards.

Speaking of fungi reminds me of a couple of very interesting species I came across this fall. One was that unique little plant known as the Bird's-nest Fungus, a name which fits it most adequately, as it looks just like a tiny bird's-nest containing eggs. The nest is formed by the opened sac and the eggs are really globular cases containing spores. The other interesting "find" was several groups of the largest fungi I have ever seen. They belonged to the species known as the Death-Cup, and were truly gigantic specimens, measuring twelve inches across the cap and with stems twenty-two inches long. This species is the most dangerous of all our fungi, as it is not only extremely deadly, but is pure white in color and looks very much like a good edible mushroom. It is one of the very few poisonous fungi and is responsible for most of the deaths resulting from "toad-stool" poisoning. The name Death-Cup is derived from the cup at the bottom of the stem, and as this cup marks both our highly poisonous species it is most advisable to avoid all fungi possessing a cup, though there are some edible species which have such a cup.

My Friend, the Apple-Tree Agent.

BY SANDY FRASER.

I wis oot in the orchard pickin' apples yesterday and as the crop is not what ye wad call ower plentiful hereabout, I got to thinkin' o' all the guid money I had put in apple-trees in my time an' wonderin' if it had been a payin' investment, or would I hae done better to have put it into vacant lots in some toon oot in the West an' in that way saved mysel' the wark o' plantin' the trees an' trimmin' the wee branches off them, accordin' tae the instructions I got frae the agents that coaxed me intae buyin' what I had never seen. Anither item on the expense side o' the ledger is the amount o' time I lost listenin' tae the arguments o' these chaps, when I should hae been at my ploughin'. Some will tell ye that it's actions that count in this world and not words, but it's words that count wi' an apple-tree agent, ilka time; I've noticed that. Gie him a chance an' he'll convince ye that ye wad be throwin' awa' the opportunity o' a

lifetime gin ye didna buy at least a dozen o' his "guaranteed-to-grow, true-to-label, hardy and healthy, free-from-scale, three-year-old stock." In three or four years, at the ootside, ye'll be sellin' apples by the barrel, he tells ye, an' tae prove it he shows ye pictures taken frae life that fairly mak' yer mouth water. I dinna think I've ever seen onything growin' on trees that wad compare wi' the pictures o' apples that are tae be found on the pages o' some o' those auld nursery catalogs. They say that ye canna improve upon Nature but I'm thinkin' that whoever wis responsible for those works o' art, as ye might call them, wis rinnin' Her a close second, onyway. If the agent couldna' accomplish his purpose by way o' yer sense o' hearin' he generally made it oot by means o' yer sense o' sight. Seein' is believin', ye ken. Besides, the prospect o' bein' able, in the near future, o' exercisin' yer sense o' taste, wis enough to bring the balance down on the side o' the agent, nine times oot o' ten.

Mony's the hole I've dug an' mony's the tree I've planted, but few an' far between are the barrels o' apples that I hae sold. Under the circumstances I dinna ken just who to blame, mysel' or the chaps that grew the trees. Sometimes it wis one an' sometimes it wis theither, I suppose. I dinna blame the agent. Gin he wis smart enough to beat me at the talkin' game he deserved his salary. Sae lang as he didn't ken that he was tellin' lies there's no a word to be said to him.

One chap I mind o', however, let his anxiety to mak' a sale get the better o' his honesty. He had been botherin' me, off an' on, for a number o' years, for what he called a "guid decent order", an' says he to me one day, "I see ye are in the strawberry business" says he; "noo I'll tell ye what I'll do. Gie me this order for apple-trees an' I'll get ye a better market for yer berries, by three cents a quart, than ye hae the noo. Ye'll hear from me inside a couple o' weeks." Weel, as one guid turn deserves anither I agreed, an' the bargain wis made. I signed my name to his paper, but it didna occur to me to get him to dae as much on his part. I've never seen the scamp frae that day to this. I had to sell my strawberries at the auld price and pay for the apple-trees the next spring, when they were delivered, as weel. However, I considered that I had made a pretty fair bargain after all, seein' how I got rid o' the fellow for guid. It reminded me o' the plan an uncle o' mine took in dealin' wi' a tramp that used to mak' a raid on him aboot once every twa months or so. One day my uncle gave the chap a coat, an' says he, "noo, this is a pretty guid coat. When ye come the next time ye'll gie me fifty cents." That wis the last visit he had frae the tramp. He must hae been some relation to my apple-tree agent, ye see.

Another agent, or salesman, as they call themselves, that I mind o', wis a very religious sort o' a man. Half o' the time he talked religion an' half o' the time he talked apple-trees. He had a verse o' Scripture to fit ilka circumstance that wad come up. To change the conversation I asked him one day, what kind o' apples he wis sellin'. "By their fruits ye shall know them," he replied. And I found oot later on, when the trees I bought from him began to bear, that what he said wis true enough. Not one o' his trees turned oot to be the kind that wis written on the label. Maist o' them were crabs, an' unco' measly crabs at that. They're that sour that they mak' the pigs squeal an' I'm thinkin' that the mair they eat o' them the thinner they get. The Government will be tellin' us not to waste onything in the way o' food in war-time, but I'm dootin' they wad be stumped gin I asked them what to do wi' my crab-apples. The auld wumman mak's pickles oot o' them once in a while, as she says they tak' unco' little vinegar, but a mon canna live on pickles alone, even in war-time. An' the worst o' it is that once a crab-tree starts to grow naething on earth seems to be able to kill it. Last winter, when we had sae muckle o' that forty-degrees-below-zero weather wi' a forty-mile east wind tae match, ye woul'd hae thought that onything that wis oot o' doors wad be pretty weel dried up, crab-trees an' all. But no. When spring came they cam' oot as fresh as ever, while aboot half the apple-trees o' ither varieties, through the country, were killed as dead as last year's potato tops. They say the good die young an' it seems to be a fact. The nearer onything is to being a scrub, whether it's a cow or man or an apple-tree, the tougher they seem tae be.

However, it looks noo as though there might be a chance for a harvest for apple-tree agents in this country in the next two or three years, that is, if oor apple-growers havena become discouraged tae the point o' goin' clear oot o' the business. In some cases mair than ninety per cent. o' their trees hae been killed by last winter's hard weather, and ye canna recover frae a set-back like that as quick as ye can frae some ither things. But just the same I dinna think the apple-growers o' oor country are ony easier knocked oot than the rest o' the bunch. They may be doon but not to stay. And when the salesman comes aroond, wi' his order-book an' his winning ways, I hae na doot he will be able to dae business as weel as he could in the auld days, when baith he an' his customer had sae muckle to learn in regard tae human nature. To-day the buyer gets a square deal in pretty nearly every case, because if for no ither reason, the seller kens that it's the only kind o' business that's ony guid. The ither kind is a money-losing proposition in the end. The human race has been makin' a wee bit o' progress along the line o' commonsense and it's becoming evident tae a considerable extent in the business world at the present time. We've got noo that we expect a square deal an' generally we get it. The farmer an' the apple-tree agent are on better terms the noo than they were in the days o' lang syne. I ken that, onyway.