

The Farmer's Advocate

AND HOME MAGAZINE.

THE LEADING AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL IN THE DOMINION.

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1. THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE is published every Thursday. It is impartial and independent of all cliques and parties, and is handsomely illustrated with original engravings, and furnishes the most practical, reliable and profitable information for farmers, dairymen, gardeners, stockmen and home-makers, of any publication in Canada.
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The farmer is the main producer of this, the most needed and most effective ammunition. His lines are none too strong now. He needs reinforcements badly, and cannot spare troops to strengthen other lines of defence. His must be made the strongest entrenchment of the British army, for upon him depends its very existence.

Organization Sells Apples.

This morning we received a call from a man who has been trying to purchase a car load of apples for shipment West. In reply to our question that he would find little trouble in securing this quantity in this year of a big crop and slow sale, he replied: "I had to approach no less than five different apple-growing associations before I found one which was not sold out." This does not look as though there was many apples right-handled going to waste, even this year. And what is more our friend informed us that the five associations had sold all their fruit in car lots at from \$1.75 to \$2.00 per barrel f. o. b. This is not a bad price at such a time. While these good sales have been made other orchards are still unpicked. The individual grower with poor market connections has found himself handicapped, and his are the apples that will rot or go to the evaporator at a few cents per cwt. It is just another demonstration of the results of organization. Organized fruit growers are not downhearted, and with their big crop and a fair price they have had a fair year. That is all they could expect. Others do not believe fruit growing profitable, because they are not fruit growers. They are simply farmers with fruit a neglected side line.

Dr. Sinclair, whose article on "The Farm and the City Farmer's-Son" appears in the present issue, is known to many of our readers as sometime Vice-Principal of the Ottawa Normal School, and until recently Head of the School for Teachers at Macdonald College. A year ago he decided to devote his entire time to the "Rural Problem," and spent last winter travelling in the United States investigating what has been done there in reference to the subject. He is now making a practical study of certain phases of country work.

The Farm and the City Farmer's-Son.

By S. B. Sinclair, Ph. D.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Under the heading, "Farm Squatters Not Wanted," a recent newspaper article, based on an editorial in "The Farmer's Advocate," emphasizes the inadvisability of city people going to the country as a refuge from the war storm, with the intention of returning to the city when the skies clear.

This is opportune. Any city man who knows nothing of farm life, and has no sympathy with the farmer or his work, and who thinks it the duty of the farmer to board him and his family during the winter while he "plays at farming," with the expectation of returning to the city and happiness when the present financial crisis is over, should be informed that, for him, the so-called "Back to the Land" experiment will quickly lead "Back to the City," after considerable loss to himself and annoyance to others.

There are, however, a large number of city people to whom the foregoing not only does not apply, but who might with pleasure and profit to all concerned return to the land in the present emergency.

Take a common example, that of the son of a farmer who, twenty years ago, had two sons and one hundred acres of land. The "Rural Movement" and the "Intensive Farming" agitation were not as yet in evidence in that neighborhood. It was the almost universal opinion, that one of the boys should stay on the farm and the other go to the city, and he went to the city because every one thought it the best thing to do. He has worked faithfully and successfully in his vocation, has always been proud of the fact that he was reared in the country, and, as far as practicable, has kept in touch with rural affairs. His wife was also brought up on the farm, and his children are intelligent and industrious.

He now finds that for, at least a year to come, he will be without work or income, and the cost of sustenance for himself and family is increasing alarmingly.

What can he do? To such an one idleness may mean death, for it is not work but worry that kills.

For the same cause his brother finds himself confronted by two opposing difficulties. On the one hand he is constantly told that it is of national importance that his farm be tilled so as to produce a double crop next year, and on the other hand he finds it almost impossible to secure any laborer worthy of his hire. He is advised by the Ontario Director of Immigration that "Farm help is to be so scarce next year that he better now make arrangements for hiring help on a yearly engagement."

Is it not possible, under such circumstances, for the patriotic but overburdened farmer to utilize the idle talent of his city brother who is already quite familiar with the farm, and would quickly find himself adjusted to the old conditions?

A few months ago, the writer of this article, after not having had hold of a plough handle for over twenty years, undertook to plough in a field which he had ploughed as a boy. At first he thought he had forgotten all about it, but in a very few minutes the forgotten habit began to assert itself. The Psychologists hold that in order to do anything well there must arise in the mind a pre-formed image of the way in which the thing feels before we begin to do it. It was interesting to note how the ability to anticipate the feeling of the plough handles when going through the next part of the furrow, grew rapidly until the old associations and co-ordinations had fully re-established themselves. It is quite one thing to learn how to farm, and quite another to re-learn after one may seem to have forgotten. With the onward march of agricultural science there are, no doubt, many kinds of farm work which are carried on in a new way. Notwithstanding this scientific advance, at least three-fourths of the work on an ordinary Ontario farm is done much as it was twenty years ago, and some of the modern methods are easily learned. The changes in housekeeping are largely adaptations from the city, presenting little difficulty to the city housekeeper.

Many farms are equipped with an additional house, and on many others the farm houses are large enough to accommodate an extra family, in such an emergency, during the entire year. On almost every farm it would be quite easy to make such adjustment from April 1st to November 1st, the period when such additional farm help is most required.

If the transfer is not made until spring, the idle time in the city can be profitably utilized in the public library reading the latest literature on horticulture, poultry raising, or other departments of farm work, which the farmer desires to

have developed, but to which he himself, owing to lack of time, has devoted but little attention.

Experience has taught (in such an undertaking) the wisdom of certain methods of procedure.

1. A written agreement at the beginning makes for subsequent harmony and good understanding.

2. It takes several weeks for one with the "house habit," accustomed to office or light indoor work, to become hardened to vigorous outdoor farm labor. Hence the farmer will find the work done at the beginning less satisfactory than that of the ordinary farm laborer. When the maximum of efficiency is reached, however, he will find it much more satisfactory.

3. If the city man and his family secure good health and a comfortable living for the time being, they have reason to be well content, even though they receive no other remuneration.

4. City and country have customs arising out of the special needs and conditions of each, customs which should be respected by all. Where a spirit of "give and take" prevails there results a friendly interchange of ideas, a gaining of new knowledge, and a widening of the horizon which cannot fail to be mutually helpful.

There will, no doubt, for both parties, be some disturbance of the even tenor of life, but it must be borne in mind that the experiment is undertaken as a solution of a pressing national problem of how to supply the need for greatly increased food production and conservation, and that in its successful carrying out it involves a practical patriotism second only to that of the soldier at the front. Canada at the present time is engaged in a warfare for the preservation of all that makes life best worth living, and there must be many sacrifices before the Kaiser, Krupp combination is put out of business.

Nature's Diary.

A. B. Klugh, M.A.

A unique little fish which is found on our Pacific coast is the Candle-fish (*Thaleichthys pacificus*). It derives its name from the fact that it is so oily that when dried and a wick passed through it, it can be burned as a candle. J. K. Lord, who was naturalist to the British North American Boundary Commission, writes of the Candle-fish in 1866, as follows: "There is a fish, small in size, not larger than a Smelt, that is fat beyond all description, clad in glittering silver armor, and found on the coasts of British Columbia, Russian America, Queen Charlotte and Vancouver Islands, which is called by the natives Eudachon or Candle-fish. I have had both leisure and opportunity to make the fish's intimate acquaintance, and have noted how it is caught and cured."

"Picture my home—an Indian village on the north shore of British Columbia. The village is prettily situated on a rocky point of land, chosen, as all Indian villages are, with an eye to prevention of surprise from concealed foes. Rearward it is guarded by a steep hill, and it commands from the front the entrance to one of those long canals which resemble the fjords of Norway, often running thirty or forty miles inland."

"The moon, near its full, creeps upward from behind the hills, stars one by one are lighted in the sky—not a cloud flecks the clear blue. The Indians are busy launching their canoes, preparing war against the Candle-fish, which they catch when they come to the surface to sport in the moonlight. As the rising moon now clears the shadow of the hills, her rays slant down on the green sea just rippled by the land breeze. And now, like a vast sheet of pearly nacre, we may see the glittering shoals of fish—the water seems alive with them. Out glides the dusky Indian fleet, the paddles plied by hands far too experienced to let a splash be heard."

"To catch them the Indians use a monster comb or rake, a piece of pine wood from six to eight feet long, made round for about two feet of its length, at the place for the hand grip; the rest is flat, thick at the back, but thinning to a sharp edge, into which are driven teeth about four inches long and an inch apart. These teeth are usually made of bone, but, when the Indian fishers can get sharp-pointed iron nails, they prefer them. One Indian sits in the stern of each canoe to paddle it along, keeping close to the shoal of fish; another, having the rounder part of the rake firmly fixed in both hands, stands with his face to the bow of the canoe, the teeth pointing sternwards. He then sweeps it through the glittering mass of fish, using all his force, and brings it to the surface teeth upwards, usually with a fish impaled, sometimes with three or four upon one tooth. The rake being brought into the canoe, a sharp rap on the back knocks the fish off, and then another sweep yields a similar catch. It is wonderful to see how rapidly an Indian will fill his canoe by this rude method of fishing. When they have heaped as much as this frail craft will carry safely, they paddle ashore, overturn them as the quickest way of discharging cargo, relaunch, and go back to rake up another