

FARM BULLETIN.

Storms.

By Peter McArthur.

Two nights of thunderstorms—and what storms they were—broke not only the dry spell, but the monotony of the summer. If it were not for the tragedy of burned buildings and the loss of gathered crops, the tremendous display of natural force might be regarded as a splendid spectacle, awe-inspiring, and yet joyous. Unfortunately the losses must be borne by individuals, while the benefits are enjoyed by the people as a whole. But, apart from their effect on humanity, the great storms were well worthy of being enjoyed as manifestations of beauty and power. For two nights they occupied a stage wide as the horizon. Man and his works were not only dwarfed to insignificance, but hidden in the fitful darkness or blinding light. They were nights for anyone with a soul for things of awe and majesty, to be alone with nature. With such a 'setting of massed clouds, orchestral winds and trampling thunder, it required but the mighty actors to make it a scene from "Prometheus Unbound." On such a night Jupiter was dragged to the abyss in grasp of Demogorgon:

"OCEAN: He fell, thou sayest, beneath his conqueror's frown?

APOLLO: Ay, when the strife was ended, which made dim

The orb I rule, and shook the solid stars, The terrors of his eye illumined heaven, With sanguine light, through the thick ragged skirts,

Of the victorious darkness, as he fell:

Like the last glare of day's red agony,

Which, from a rent among the fiery clouds, Burns far along the tempest-wrinkled deep.

OCEAN: He sunk to the abyss? To the dark void?

APOLLO: An eagle so caught in some bursting cloud

On Caucasus, his thunder-baffled wings

Entangled in the whirlwind, and his eyes, Which gazed on the undazzling sun, now

blinded

By the white lightning, while the ponderous hail

Beats on his struggling form, which sinks at length

Prone, and the aerial ice clings over it."

The course of the storms on the two nights were singularly alike. The first evening was hot and close, and, although we all felt that there was "thunder in the air," the first lightning flashes did not appear until about a quarter to ten. Half an hour later the lightning was blazing from every quarter. There were periods of from five to ten minutes when I do not believe that there was even a fraction of a second without a flash of lightning and the roar of thunder, near and far, was incessant. After the first storm, the short spells of darkness revealed the fact that a barn was burning somewhere in the west. The first storm was followed during the night by two others, each of which was remarkable for its thunder and lightning. The second of the series, in particular, seemed unusual. The lightning was flashing along the sky at a great height, and the thunder that followed, seemed to roll across and die away in the distance. A long series of these flashes passed from west to the east, and the world seemed to be transformed into a huge bowling alley. But all the flashes did not pass over harmlessly. When the storm had about passed, someone noticed a steady glare in the north. Disaster had fallen on someone else, this time much nearer home. We could not locate the fire exactly, as it was beyond a strip of woods, but the whole countryside was lit up with the red glow. There was a blue-black storm, with a fringe of grey cloud sweeping across the south, and the lightning, together with the steady glare of the fire, made this scene about the weirdest and most terrifying I have ever witnessed. In the face of such forces as fire and storm, we all seemed poor and helpless, and only fit to huddle under shelter and wait for the day. Next morning we found that two hay-stacks and a granary, two miles away, had been burned.

On the following night we had a repetition of the intense heat, and almost to the minute at ten o'clock the lightning began to flash in the west. The only difference from the preceding night was that the clouds seemed to be moving more slowly. When the storm really came, we had the same incessant lightning and thunder, and, after it had passed, we saw that there were two fires in the south. The same program of destruction had been carried out. As on the previous night, storm followed storm until morning, and then the weather cleared. Of course, there were some people who had oats in the shock, but, on the whole, the rain was welcome. For the preceding couple of weeks the pasture had been shrivelling, and the corn fields were showing the effects of the drought. The streams had

yielding between 600 and 700 bushels per acre, for which he is receiving the sum of \$1.00 per bushel. Mr. Roach has over 65 acres of onions (i.e., all grades), which are a sight to behold. Experts state that from all appearances the yield will be phenomenal, and as prospects for prices are in advance of last year the revenue received from this crop alone will be enormous.

Heavy showers of rain during the past fortnight followed by warm weather, greatly increased the output of early tomatoes, and prices which had been \$1.80 per 11-quart basket during the latter part of July decreased considerably. There are thousands of bushels still on the vines which will in all likelihood be utilized by the cat-sup factory recently erected in Leamington by the Gorman-Eckhart Co., of London.

Sixteen carloads of early tomatoes and other vegetables were shipped from Leamington on August 4th, 5th, and 6th, besides a number of smaller consignments. These cars were distributed over the cities of Canada, from Moosejaw and Regina in the West to Sydney and Halifax in the East. With the prospect of lower rates and better shipping facilities, it is expected the output will be materially increased.

A.E.

Grow Fruit in Ontario, Sell It on the Prairie.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Few Ontario growers sufficiently appreciate the favorable conditions surrounding the production of fruit in this Province. A recent sojourn through the western markets, and still further into the fruit-growing districts of British Columbia, has convinced me that Ontario is the place to grow the fruit, and the prairie provinces is where it is wanted. With your pardon for a trite phrase it seems that "far away pastures look green," but the remark of the editor in the July 31 issue of this paper is just as true. "We go chasing health, happiness, and prosperity to the ends of the earth, while usually all the ingredients are lying about our own doors." Only a moderate amount of travel is necessary to forcefully convince us of this fact, and one-half the energy expended in seeking fortunes in Utopian lands directed towards an intelligent compounding of these ingredients at our own hands would bring us happiness and prosperity instead of failure and disappointment so often related by the itinerant, who, in other lands, seeks prosperity already compounded. We have the ingredients here in abundance—let us put them together. The prepared article is often adulterated with grains of speculators' ambitions. Coated it may be with a delicious covering making an attractive-looking capsule, but the pill itself is bitter.

The British Columbia Fruit Industry has developed under an "Embargo," so to speak. In common language they have been up against the Ontario flavor. Their fruit must cross a long range of mountains before it is exposed for the consumer's inspection, and furthermore, they are forced to compete with the western fruit-growing States, schooled in the production of the best fruit their climate and soil will allow, and advanced in the art of organized shipping and marketing. One instance—last year, apples from the western States were sold in Vancouver for forty-five cents (45c.) per box. Transportation and duty brought them up to the vicinity of ninety-five cents, (95c.) per box, which is a smaller figure than they can be laid down for by the western grower, when he figures his cost of production and transportation. These various vicissitudes of fortune have taught them two things of major importance. First, to produce only the very best article possible, and second, to offer it to the public in an attractive package, honestly packed. Let us be sincere in our statements. During the last few years the British Columbia pack has given better satisfaction than the Ontario product offered for sale in the West. Not a day passed at the Winnipeg Fair last year but what several parties, viewing the Ontario exhibit, exclaimed "Your fruit is good, but your pack is poor. We can buy a box of British Columbia apples and they are the same throughout the box. Seldom is there a waste apple." F. C. Hart, of Waterloo county, tells us in a recent issue of this paper that he has been obliged this year to swallow the same stinging criticism, made all the more so because it is only too true. Late years the Association packs have been good, but a few individuals have been unscrupulous and unwise enough to spoil the whole heaven. Buyers speak highly of the Ontario fruit

but disparage the package, they commend the flavor, but denounce the pack. Here in Ontario, growers have not made good use of the talents nature has entrusted to them in climate, soil and location. The western grower will put his product in such an attractive, appropriate, and tasteful-looking package that you cannot help buying it, even if someone told you it was not fit to eat. "Man judges according to outward appearances." Appearances sell the goods.

The orchards are managed in such a way as to produce the very best article. The trees are headed low, apparently to correspond with the upright dimensions of the Chinaman, or the Japanese who will eventually do the work. They are more easily thinned and sprayed and on the whole have a strong, rugged appearance. It is true the trees are still young, but they will be kept young by judicious pruning and thinning.

The western market is now swinging in the balance, but it will not be knocked down to the highest or any bidder. Under present conditions the surplus fruit from British Columbia must come East. The Western States have a grade of fruit which they will consign into Canada with little profit in order to maintain a good market for their choicest product at home. However, they do not seem to satisfy the taste and craving that the Easterner has carried into that new country, neither will it be satisfied until his Ontario brother sends out good fruit in good packages. One may say that the man of the West is hard to suit, but he is suited with British Columbia fruit with one exception, and that is, that it does not come from Ontario. This I have gleaned from the man who eats the apple, and he is the man with whom the grower will be in more direct contact in the future through a central and branching system of co-operation now being evolved both in Ontario and the West. The dealer in a natural and business-like manner sinks sentiment and personal preference to please his customer. It matters not to him whence a product comes so long as the customer is pleased. Please the customer and the dealer is your friend.

The epitome of the whole market problem is favorable to Ontario, and when grower and buyer become better acquainted and make their wants and conditions known to each other the East can hold the western market against all comers.

Anyone thinking of transplanting himself into the fruit-growing districts of the West would be wise to spend a little time and money in comparing the prospective country with Ontario. First, take into consideration the selling price of fruit lands and the ease with which they may be tilled. Western lands are often steep both in price and slope. Secondly, consider irrigation in the West made unnecessary in the East by cultivation and seasonable showers. Remember to look for actual "probabilities" of a large home population. "Possibilities" are too indefinite. Take one good, self-convincing look around and you will then realize the abundance of material we have here in Ontario for the production of health, happiness, and prosperity, without seeking it abroad.

Lambton Co., Ont.

W. H. PORTER.

POULTRY.

The Egg Barometer.

The Irish Farming World calls the comb of the hen her barometer, and says what the exact relationship between it and her egg organs is has never been actually determined, but that there is a connection is apparent to all observers. When non-productive, the comb is small and dull; when in full lay it is larger and brighter. The rapid and marked increase in area of the hen's comb is proved, both in adult and young hens, to occur simultaneously with the period of egg laying. This increase of the comb in the hen is due to a fatty infiltration of the central connective tissue core of the comb; the decrease in the comb is due to the abstraction of the fat. The cock's comb only contains small quantities of fat comparatively in the central core, the substance of the comb consisting principally of fibrous connective tissue. The cock's comb does not exhibit marked fluctuations like that of the hen.

Increase in the comb is not accompanied by a rise in general body weight, though such a rise usually occurs some time before the increase and fat deposition occur. The explanation of the fatty infiltration of the comb is found in the fact that at the egg-laying periods the blood becomes charged with fatty material, which is conveyed to the ovary for the formation of yolk, and that the excess of this fatty material is deposited in the comb. A close parallel is observed in the fat metabolism of the laying hen and of spider crabs parasitized by Sacculina.