

# MAINE FRUIT-GROWERS CO-OPERATE.

At the Maine State Pomological meetings for the past two or three years, such co-operation in handling fruit and uniformity in packing as would insure honest grading and marking have claimed more or less attention. Those in attendance at the summer field meetings at Auburn and Lewiston discussed the matter, and at the latter the co-operative State Grange move for the better marketing of all farm produce was also mentioned. W. T. Guptil, one of its promoters, explained that the idea was to raise \$1,000 in one locality, start the store, and after demonstrating that the move would be successful, gradually, with the parent store as a nucleus, form a line of these stores which would extend throughout the State.

The fruit-growers have gone a little farther with their proposition, and already have formed the Turner Co-operative Fruit-growers' Association, the capital stock being \$10,000. The object of this association is the better production and sale of fruit and general farm produce. The officers are: president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer—the two latter being combined if considered advisable. A board of directors supervises a manager, a part of whose duty it is to look after all fruit handled by the association, supervise the grading, packing and shipping, and see that the members of the association comply with the rules and regulations as regards the handling of fruit and orchards which have been adopted by the society. Should the organization of societies of similar import become general throughout the State, it will be the dawning of a new era in the fruit industry of Maine.

Four by-laws governing the association are of general interest.

"Each and every member shall pick his fruit in prime condition, and deliver it to the packing-house or shipping point on call of the manager.

"No fruit shall be accepted by the association except that which has been sprayed, and it is recommended that it be sprayed at least three times.

"Fruit may be packed at the home of the producer if the directors think advisable, but such fruit

must be inspected by the manager, and packing supervised by an agent of the association."

While a member of the society may give away such fruit as he may elect, he has no right, without consent of the directors, to make a sale of fruit outside the association, except cull grades or that not accepted by it.

To ensure having the apples, a clause was inserted to the effect that any who withdraw after September 1st shall be fined 50 cents per barrel on all apples shipped.

Between the first of March and the first of August a member may withdraw, if the withdrawal is made in writing.

The grades of fruit established by the society are: "Fancy," which consists of practically all perfect fruit.

No. 1 grade allows 10% of imperfect fruit; 90% must be free from serious defects, and of good shape and color.

No. 2 grade consists of 80% of imperfect fruit, free from defects that would cause material waste, and all apples, whether defective or not, must be of medium size for the variety.

Concerning this society, W. J. Ricker, Secretary of the State Society, said at the Waterville meeting that the main point was that the growers had come together and organized. They had adopted certain necessary rules regarding the handling of the orchard and picking and packing the fruit. It was impossible to produce high-grade fruit without spraying. Then the fruit must be picked, graded and placed in packages, honestly marked, to ensure a permanent market.

M. B.

## BACTERIOLOGICAL TEST OF MILK.

A deputation from the Milk Dealers' Association waited on the Hamilton, Ont., Board of Health last week to ask that an improved system of inspecting milk be instituted by that city. They complained that the Babcock test showed only the percentage of butter-fat in the milk, and they thought a bacteriological test should be made. In order to secure this they offered to pay a license of \$10 a year instead of \$1. It was stated that the majority of the milk dealers would be willing to pay this fee, and the Board is expected to investigate the matter.

## DRAINAGE OF SWAMP.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

If "A Subscriber," Oxford Co., Ont. (see issue August 20th), has the outlet for his swamp land, without resorting to provisions of the ditches and water-courses act, or the municipal drainage act, he is in luck to begin with. In the first place, he had better have an engineer take the levels and set pegs. You should try to select a dry time to work in those quick-sands. Would advise tiling the sides of the swamp; first, say, about one rod from the neck, not less than four feet deep, then running an open ditch up through the lowest part of the swamp, about three feet deep, two feet wide in the bottom; sides, one to one. The winter frost will crumble in the sides, then in a dry time pare off the side and dig a little deeper for about two years, and if the outlet is not far away, I would leave the main open until the swamp is settled down. The size of tile will depend upon the amount of inflow to the swamp. Two-inch tile are large enough for these laterals, which should enter the main in firm land below the swamp. When tiling the muck, if it is soft or mushy in the bottom, lay shingles or boards under the tile. I would prefer shingles; if boards are used, notch the ends into each other. Don't attempt to lay the tile with the flat side down. Lay them to make tight joints; lay them close to one side, and place something against them to hold them in place, till covered; then pack sods over them and fill in. Better put a catch basin in the lowest place, to let the water down when the land is frozen.

If you tile the main from the swamp down before tiling the swamp, fill the open ditch with field stone where it enters the tile, and let the water filter in to prevent carrying sediment in. Be sure never to decrease the grade from the upper end to the outlet without putting in a catch basin and larger tile. Re size of tile, experiments have shown that a one and a half inch tile, laid with a fall of one foot in each hundred feet, will discharge over 12,000 gallons in twenty-four hours, or equal to a rainfall per acre of 3.0 inches in a year, or nearly nine times the average rainfall per acre in the United States. Forty feet is the proper distance apart for laterals in porous soil.

Oxford Co., Ont.

WM. AFFLECK.

## THE SPICE OF LIFE.

The honesty that has only policy for its foundation is as unreliable as the stock market of Wall Street in panicky times.

A squad of Polish laborers employed at one of the Lanarkshire works, recently had their wages reduced. Instead of striking, they cut a piece off the blades of their shovels at night. The foreman inquired what it meant. One of the men, with a knowledge of English, replied:

"Not so much pay, not so much mud left; all right—job last much more long. Pole man no fool, like Englishman; he no strike."—[Tit-Bits.

Russel Coultis, a graduate of McMaster University, Toronto, has discovered a method of making illuminating gas from sawdust. A plant for manufacturing it for use in Edmonton will shortly be built. By the same process gas may be made from straw, cornstalks and other waste farm products. It is expected that gasmaking plants after this process will be erected at Port Arthur, Ont.; Brandon, Portage la Prairie and Moose Jaw.

"How we are misunderstood," said Blanche Walsh, "in an unsympathetic world. I overheard two chambermaids in my hotel discussing a guest the other day.

"He's a very finicky, fussy gentleman," said the first.

"Indeed, you're right he is," the other agreed warmly. "He caught me using one of his razors one morning to pry open a stiff window with, and kicked up an awful row. Some folks hate a bit of fresh air."

To a reporter whose questions came rather thick and fast, the brilliant Chinese ambassador, Wu Ting-Fang, said in San Francisco. "You are pushing me too hard, young man. You are taking advantage of me. You are like the Pekin poor relation. Did you never hear of him? One day he met the head of his family, a mandarin, in the street. 'Come and dine with us to-night,' the mandarin said graciously. 'Thank you,' said the poor relation, 'but wouldn't tomorrow night do as well?' Oh, yes, I suppose so," said the mandarin. 'But where are you dining to-night?' he asked curiously. 'You see, your estimable wife was good enough to give me to-night's invitation.'"

The arrival of twins to her mother was told to Ethel, the ten-year-old daughter. "Oh, dear!" said the little girl, "mamma has been getting bargains again."

A lady the other day hastened to the nursery and said to her little daughter: "Minnie, what do you mean by shouting and screaming? Play quietly, like Tommy. See, he doesn't make a sound." "Of course he doesn't," said the little girl. "That is our game. He is papa coming home late, and I am you."

A Mr. Nosmo King was questioned about the oddity of his Christian name. "It was this way," he said. "My mother made a point of giving all of her children unusual names. I was three months old before she found one for me that she liked. One day, while out shopping, she saw on one-half of a swinging door the word 'Nosmo,' while the other half bore 'King,' her own name." "Nosmo King," she noted mentally, not perceiving that the letters spelled 'no smoking,' when the doors were closed; hence my lifelong affliction."

"What made that man at the last table leave?" asked the proprietor of the hotel.

"It was this way, sir," said the waiter, "he came in and asked for sausages, and I told him we had not any, but if he would wait for a little we would have some ready."

"Well?" said the proprietor.

"Then I went into the kitchen and accidentally stepped on a dog's tail, and the dog began to howl as if he was being killed, sir, and—"

"I see, I see," interrupted the proprietor.

## A COMPLICATION.

Two Irishmen were telling conundrums one day, and when their supply ran out Pat suggested that they make some up.

"All right," said Mike. "Phwhat is it that goes around a barnyard in fath-ers and on two legs and barking like a dog?"

"My, that's hard. I give it up," answered Pat, after some moments of thinking. "Phwhat's the answer?"

"A chicken!"

"My, that's fine; but how'd the barking of a dog get in there?" inquired Pat.

"Oh, I just put that in to make it harder."

In a Baltimore court one woman was suing another for slander. When the plaintiff was put on the witness-stand her attorney said to her: "Now, madam, just tell the court what the defendant said about you."

"Oh, I cannot," she hesitatingly replied.

"But, madam, you must," the attorney insisted. "The whole case hangs upon your testimony."

"But it isn't fit for any decent person to hear," replied the witness.

"Ah, in that case," answered the attorney, "just step up to the judge and whisper it in his ear."

An amusing story is told of an Englishman in Paris. After some hours of sightseeing, one day he lost his way and could not get back to his hotel. He asked first one and then another, but the foreigners apparently did not understand their own language. At last, in sheer disgust, he tore a leaf out of his pocketbook, wrote upon it the name of his hotel, and silently presented it to the next passerby. The man looked at him compassionately, beckoned him to follow, and without a word they proceeded up one street and down another. Finally, the wanderer saw the door of his hotel, and forgetting, in his relief and gratitude, all the difficulties of the language, he turned to his companion and said: "Thank you very much, I am greatly obliged to you." The other stared at him in amazement, and then blurted out: "You duffer, why didn't you speak before? I thought you were deaf and dumb." The good Samaritan was of his own nationality.

At a recent trial in Scotland a certain lady got into the witness box to be examined, when the following conversation took place between her and the opposing counsel:

Counsel—How old are you?

Miss Jane—Oh, weel, sir, I am an unmarried woman, and dinna think it right to answer that question.

The Judge—Oh, yes, answer the gentleman. How old are you?

Miss Jane—Weel-a-weel. I am 50.

Counsel—Are you not more?

Miss Jane—Weel, I am 60.

The inquisitive lawyer still further asked if she had any hopes of getting married, to which Miss Jane replied:

"Weel, sir, I whinna tell a lee; I binna lost hope yet"; scornfully adding, "but I widna marry you, for I am sick and tired o' your palaver already."

The shortcake halts a moment on its way.

The watermelon hath a henceward trend,

The cantaloupe drops in, but not to stay—

The prune alone is faithful to the end.

Two Irishmen, meeting one day, were discussing local news.

"Do you know Jim Skelly?" asked Pat.

"Faith," said Mike, "an' I do."

"Well," said Pat, "he has had his appendix taken away from him."

"Ye don't say so?" said Mike. "Well, it serves him right. He should have had it in his wife's name."

Strange to say when a bottle is full it is possible to put still more in it. At a certain race course a sharper wagered a sovereign he could put more water into a black bottle than any person present. An onlooker immediately accepted the challenge, filled a bottle with water, and passed it to the sharper, saying:

"There, I think she's as full as she can hold. If you crowd any more water into her, mister, I'll pay up."

Without saying another word, the sharper corked the bottle tightly. Then he turned it upside down, and in the hollow which is found at the bottom of most large bottles he poured about a gill of water.

"I'll trouble you to hand over the money," he said to the other man, when he had done the trick.

He received the stakes and coolly walked off."

## AN ARTIST'S GENEROSITY.

The famous painter Corot and his sister were joint owners of some house property in the Faubourg Poissonniere. One day one of the tenants—a tailor—came to Corot and said he could not pay his rent. "What can I do for you?" asked Corot. "I cannot intercede for you with my sister, because I am not on good terms with my family. (As a matter of fact, Corot was regarded as a "failure" by his family.) "However," he added, "here is the money to pay the rent, only don't let anyone know I have given it to you."

The tailor, after this, used to return periodically when his rent was due, and obtain the money from Corot, who remarked on one occasion, "I appear to be very generous, but I am not, because I get half of it back from my sister as my share of the rent."