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Succeed."

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EDITORIAL.

Sixteen thousand, seven hundred and seventy boxes of strawberries from one and one-fifth acres, is the extraordinary yield reported by W. Walker, of Elgin County. Read about his methods.

Jupiter may drown, parch, freeze or (hail) stone the crops of the West, but he cannot quench the indomitable optimism of her people. Already, Western philosophers have bobbed up serenely with the assurance that this partial crop failure was just what the country needed—will almost be the making of it, in fact. It will impress needed lessons of better farming upon prairie settlers. Great is pluck. We need more of it in the East.

If Sir Wilfrid Laurier is not a free-trader when he returns from his Western tour, it will not be for the lack of aggressive tutelage at the hands of Western farmers. Their demands for lower tariff have been insistent and persistent. Let us hope they will bear some fruit. Indeed, the Premier has already confessed that his ideas have been broadened, and has declared for another tariff commission of inquiry, with a view to revision downwards.

Ireland appears to be having her trouble with the margarine vendors. This industry, like the cancer of protectionism, once established, is difficult to eradicate or control. While there is no inherent reason why oleomargarine should not be made in any given country, and sold to those who wish to buy it, the abuse comes in its surreptitious substitution for butter—a form of fraud facilitated by coloring. The dark and devious ways of the margarine manufacturers are what justify such a federal law as Canada possesses, prohibiting either manufacture or sale within the confines of the country.

American publications, officials and private citizens, anxious to stem the northward emigration of farmers, have taken advantage of the unfavorable season in parts of the Canadian West to point a moral against their good substantial farmers leaving God's country for the cheap lands of the Canadian West, under the sovereignty of an "uncongenial government." "There is a reason," they say, "for the cheapness of the lands." All of which is easy enough to see through. The remarkable fact is the convenience with which they overlook the still more severe drouth and crop failure in parts of their own Northwest.

To few men has it been given to make a more radical impress upon the agriculture of a country than to the late William Rennie, who, for six years, in the capacity of Farm Superintendent at the Ontario Agricultural College, preached the gospel of clover, short rotation and humus. One of his special aims was to keep the humus in the upper part of the soil, where it might be abundant enough to exercise a marked ameliorating effect, instead of distributing it throughout eight or ten inches of depth. For subsoiling he depended largely upon clover roots. There are, of course, many phases of the problem of deep versus shallow plowing, but Mr. Rennie's plan has worked admirably on the College farm at Guelph, and on various others throughout the country. At all events, his teaching, even if extreme, has been of vast benefit, and certain it is that in this and other respects he has made a deep impression on Canadian farmers, because he stood for definite practical ideas, and advocated them with convincing logic, supplemented by results.

The Function of Judges.

Some might think, from the methods usually in vogue, that the special duties of judges at our township and county fairs are to appear superiorly wise, and as the classes come before them to direct the awarding of the prizes. But such is not their chief function. When it is called to mind that the function of an exhibition is educative, the duties of judges are more readily arrived at. While the fair management awards cash prizes to the best animals, it does so as an inducement to bring these animals out, and so make their fair most instructive. But the basic purpose of fairs is to accomplish an improvement in all lines represented in their prize lists. The simple judging of the stock is incidental; the real benefits arise from the clear, concise, accurate statement of the reasons why awards are so placed. Judges cannot serve their purpose in any full degree if they fail to tell why fair managers lose an opportunity to make the most of their exhibition when they do not instruct the judges to explain their placings. Not every good judge can state his reasons clearly, yet most can, and the services of these should be obtained.

Giving reasons makes for a better feeling in every quarter after it is all over. As it is now, every exhibitor in the smaller fairs thinks he has about the best in the ring, but all cannot get to the top. No reason is given why some go up and others go down, and the losers cannot understand; they too hurriedly assume a partiality on the part of the judge. Usually, a two to five minute talk will clearly show just why things went as they did. The reasons are generally patent when once pointed out; the exhibitors not only are satisfied, but have learned something. Similarly, the ringside have been taught. For everything except the largest shows, a tactful, explaining judge is the one worth while.

Reducing the Monstrosities of the Law.

About the next great reform in this country should be to reform the law—really reform it, we mean. Abolish the slavish regard for precedent and technicality, cut out technical appeals, and place the administration of the law more squarely upon a basis of equity and fact, after the principle of the Railway Commission procedure and decisions. We submit that it is time the intelligent citizens of this and other countries ceased throttling justice with monstrous legal systems. In the United States, where, even more than with us, court practice has been maintained for the profit of the lawyers, the interests of justice being a convenient football with which to play the game, there are encouraging evidences of change. Before the U. S. House Judiciary Committee last winter, it was said that, with one exception, in the proceedings of all State bar associations during the year, reform of judicial procedure held a chief place. A number of lawyers' conventions, attracting delegates from several States, have devoted themselves to procedural reform.

"What is still more hopeful," says the Journal of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, "is the changed attitude some of the courts are beginning to take toward technicality in the decision of cases." In Oklahoma, by clerical oversight, a constitutional phrase was omitted from an indictment. Refusing to annul the indictment, the Supreme Court of the State said: "We are determined to do all in our power to place our criminal jurisprudence on the sure foundations of reason and justice. If we place it upon a technical basis, it will become the luxury

of the rich, who can always hire skilled lawyers to invoke technicalities. . . . We confess to a want of respect for precedents which were found in the rubbish of Noah's Ark." The Supreme Court of Wisconsin, says the Journal, has recently taken a similar attitude, declaring that many of the technical requirements regarding framing of indictments are nothing but "rhetorical rubbish."

The rubbish heap in our jurisprudence, comments the Saturday Evening Post, is still mountain-high, and harbors many a rat, but we believe its shadow begins to grow less.

The Glory of the Corn.

We talk of mystery and magic, but there is none for one moment comparable with the legerdemain of fruitfulness and growth as seen in the corn field. The novelty-craving townsman gapes open-eyed at the tawdry imitations on the stage of the travelling wonder-worker, with his handkerchiefs, and knives, artificial flowers, ropes and cabinets; but for real, entrancing marvels, commend us to the cornfield, with its fragrant luxury of pure air and cereal production at its very best. One day in May we dropped the dry kernels under an inch of soil, mellowed and enriched, where, with damp and cold, they were like to die. In fact, it was a death of the outer shell that helped to resurrect the living germ within. A little green spike shouldered its way up through the earth to the light, and as the roots spread this way and that, a myriad of fibres drank in the water-dissolved fertility, giving the plantlet strength and substance to begin the struggle for existence with a host of predatory weed pests whose seeds were already in possession. With harrow and hoe and weeder we came to the rescue, and gave the corn a fighting chance, to which it nobly responded. In the end, the weeds were subdued and driven out, and the good triumphed, as it should. Right here reformers and educators of the youth may draw a wholesome moral. While the training seemed like a rigorous hardship, the coming crop thrived under it, even when we roughly harried the rows with the two-horse cultivator; but the stalks had a sure grip now on mother earth, and began to reach up and outward an inch a day, and the hotter the sun, the faster they grew. Great flapping bands of green waved in the wind, throwing back in the face of the sun a thousand glinting reflections. Corn, like animals, needs exercise, and nature sees that there is no lack of it, in order to opening pores, strengthening fibres and vigorous growth. Presently we see the luxuriance of plumed stalks ten and twelve feet high, tossing like the sea itself. Corn likes cleanliness, and if there are no showers by day, under the shadows of night the naked arms of green are washed down with the dews, and from air and soil it gathers in sustenance, and grows from strength to strength. The men of the corn belt will tell you that corn has growing pains, which are heard in the titanic rustle and murmur when the vast fields are stirred by the breezes of night. By and by the plant begins to flower, and the rows of auburn tassels sway like the plumes of an old-fashioned army. Then comes the mystery of the pollen which falls to fructify the silk-clad ears forming on the stalk below with a prodigality that knows no limit. In such profusion is this vitalizing dust scattered that Nature seems to design that not a single kernel shall miss the chance of reproduction. The August and early September days push along the process of maturing in leaf and ear for the shock or the crib, the silo or the corn-flake factory. The glory of the corn ends not in the field, but as food for man and beast issues into a never-ending round of new life.