

commenced early, as soon as the crop can be determined. It requires considerable labor, but in the production of fancy fruit it pays to thin.

Niagara Fruit Notes.

The weather has continued to keep unusually cool for the season of the year, and fruit-ripening has been unusually retarded—so much so that many patches of Williams strawberries did not get their first picking until June 24th. Owing to this, to the small acreage of berries, and to the insatiable demand of the jam factories, the price has remained unusually high, and housewives over the Province will have to do with fewer berries or dip deep into their expense allowance. Cherries, currants and gooseberries are now coming in, and the prices are holding firm on these. In fact, there seems to be no outlook for cheap fruit this season. Raspberries, after having been heavily hit by the winter, are now suffering from drouth, and there is little chance of the grower having to take less than \$3.00 per crate at any time.

Three years ago, strawberries often were a glut on the market at 80 cents to \$1.00 per crate at shipping point. This season they barely touched \$2.00 at lowest price, and in most parts of the district \$2.10 to \$2.50 were the regular prices paid. It seems that these good prices will prevail for a few years, at least, for this year there has been no larger acreage planted than last year, although what has been planted has taken much better than last year. The increase in jam factories, with their annually increasing demand, has certainly been a wonderful boon to the fruit-growers of this district.

Insect pests and fungous diseases have not been very serious so far. Pear blight seems to be the most serious, and it is worse with us than it has been for three years. Careful and constant removal of all blighted twigs as soon as seen is keeping it in check, and is undoubtedly the main method of controlling the disease. Plum rot showed up to a considerable extent earlier in the season, but the late continued dry weather appears to have stopped its spread. Peach-leaf curl is very rarely seen, especially where any attempt at spraying was made, and pear scab is not showing to any extent as yet.

Pre-cooling of our fruits is a question that apparently has been thrust to the background in the opinion of our growers. This is owing, I think, to ill-advised efforts on the part of some of our well-meaning but too enthusiastic growers a year or two ago, but more so to the apathy of our fruit officials at Ottawa. Here is a question that was strongly put before them some time ago. Why is it they have taken no interest in it? If they do not believe the scheme feasible, why do they not say so and explain why? If they do believe it worthy of consideration, it is about time that they showed some interest. If our fruit-growers would move together, they might soon get a fruit division to push their interests, and this latter is the important "if" of the lot. The mere fact of the Government placing a sum of money on the estimates to bonus the building of the plant, without an investigation of the question, is wasteful and poor policy. There are preliminary investigations to be made, such as estimating the value of pre-cooling to the trade; the number of cars annually that might be counted on to be pre-cooled; the suitability of our cars and fruit-packages for pre-cooling; the interest or help that could be expected from the transportation companies. All these are preliminary and necessary questions for the investigation of which no great sum of money is needed, but which might place clearly before us the probable value of pre-cooling, and permit the Government to know if its bonus was to be wisely ventured.

W. R. D.

Lime-Sulphur Does Not Injure Trees or Fruit.

Investigations carried on by the Maine Experiment Station, and recorded in Bulletin 198 of that Station, showed that the calyx injury which was noted in 1910 on trees sprayed with lime-sulphur and lead arsenate was not due as much to the chemical action of the spray as to the lack of vigor in the trees. The superiority of lime-sulphur over Bordeaux mixture as a fungicide for susceptible varieties, as Ben Davis, was again demonstrated the past season, when conditions were most favorable for using Bordeaux. A large amount of Bordeaux injury occurred, whereas no amount of Bordeaux was done to leaves or fruit on the spray injury was done to leaves or fruit on the lime-sulphur plots. Sunburn or sun-scald of the fruit, as the result of the unusual heat wave of last July, is shown to have been entirely independent of spray injury, and very largely due to insufficient protection of fruit by foliage. No injury to fruit or foliage resulted from the use of

the carbonic-acid-gas sprayer in making applications. The results did not indicate any definite relation of fruit russetting to the strength of the lime-sulphur used. Nothing appeared in the experiment which pointed to the chemical composition of the lime-sulphur, lead-arsenate combination as a factor relating to russetting of fruit. This bulletin is free to residents of Maine. To non-residents, the price is 10 cents.

THE FARM BULLETIN.

A Little Nonsense.

By Peter McArthur.

This morning I picked up one of the children's books—Hawthorne's Tanglewood Tales—and read, again the myth of Antæus and the Pygmies. Somehow, it seemed to fit in with things I have been thinking about lately, and before I realized what I was doing, I was interpreting it in terms of the present day. It is wonderful how much of the world's wisdom and experience has found its way into the tales of children. You can find more in them than in learned histories, if you approach them in the proper spirit—the spirit of childhood—and they are scandalously full of satire and fun. We grown-ups have passed out of the house of childhood and have lost the key, but sometimes we can take a peep through the windows. This morning I had such a peep, and I haven't stopped chuckling yet. If I could only get you to see things from the particular angle at which I observed them, we might have a profitable laugh together. Anyway, I shall try—

"Provided that you weed your better judgments

Of all opinion that grows rank in them

That you are wise."

Be childlike with me for a little while, and you shall see what you shall see. Here is the beginning of the tale:

"A great while ago, when the world was full of wonders, there lived an earth-born Giant, named Antæus, and a million or more of curious little earth-born people who were called Pygmies. This Giant and these Pygmies being children of the same mother (that is to say, our good old Grandmother Earth), were all brethren, and dwelt together in a very friendly and affectionate manner."

At this point it suddenly dawned on me that the old myth is a curious bit of symbolism, and I felt to wondering how it would apply to life to-day. Let us assume that Antæus represents humanity at large, the common people—us. The Pygmies are the ruling class, the aristocrats—the privileged few, or whatever you choose to call them. Now let us go on with the tale.

"On their parts, the Pygmies loved Antæus with as much affection as their tiny hearts could hold. He was always ready to do them any good offices that lay in his power; as, for example, when they wanted a breeze to turn their windmills, the Giant would set all the sails a-going with the mere natural respiration of his lungs."

He was the producer, doing the work of the world, just as the common people are doing now, and the next sentence shows that he was like them in another respect.

"As for matters in general, he was wise enough to let them alone, and leave the Pygmies to manage their own affairs—which, after all, is about the best thing that great people can do for little ones."

His little friends, like all other small people, had a great opinion of their own importance, and used to assume quite a patronizing air towards the Giant.

"'Poor creature!' they said to one another. 'He has a very dull time of it, all by himself; and we ought not to grudge wasting a little of our precious time to amuse him. He is not half so bright as we are, to be sure, and for that reason he needs us to look after his comfort and happiness. Let us be kind to the old fellow. Why, if Mother Earth had not been very kind to ourselves, we might all have been Giants, too.'"

The ancient teller of tales did not say how the Pygmies went about the task of improving the condition of their Giant, but we know how they do it to-day. They organize Boards of Trade to advise him, brighten him up with compulsory education, teach him scientific methods of breathing on their windmills, and, to cap all, they scold him for not producing more and for being the cause of the high cost of living. But things did not always run smoothly in the long distant past, any more than they do to-day.

"If the truth must be told, they were sometimes as troublesome to the Giant as a swarm of ants or mosquitoes, especially as they had a fondness for mischief, and liked to prick his skin with their little swords and lances, to see how thick and tough it was. But Antæus took it all kindly enough, although, once in a while, when he happened to be sleepy, he would grumble out a

peevish word or two, like the muttering of a tempest, and ask them to have done with their nonsense."

Nowadays the Pygmies tease us with politics and general elections and similar amusing things. But though they may be irritating, they do no more harm than their little ancestors did to Antæus.

"The Pygmies had but one thing to trouble them in the world. They were constantly at war with the cranes, and had always been so, ever since the long-lived Giant could remember. From time to time, very terrible battles had been fought, in which sometimes the little men won the victory, and sometimes the cranes."

Now, what are the cranes of our day? The corporations and trust and big interests, of course. Cranes were fond of water, and you all know how fond corporations are of watered stock. Besides, the corporations gobble up little people, just the same as the cranes gobbled up the Pygmies. It is really amazing how true to present conditions is the symbolism of some of the myths. But let us proceed:

"If Antæus observed that the battle was going hard against his little allies, he generally stopped laughing, and ran with mile-long strides to their assistance, flourishing his club aloft and shouting at the cranes, who quaked and cowered, and retreated as fast as they could. Then the Pygmy army would march homeward in triumph, attributing the victory entirely to their own valor and to the warlike skill and strategy of whomsoever happened to be captain-general; and for a tedious while afterwards nothing would be heard of but grand processions, and public banquets, and brilliant illuminations, and shows of wax-work, with likenesses of the distinguished officers, as small as life."

"In the above-described warfare, if a Pygmy chanced to pluck out a crane's tail-feather, it proved a very great feather in his cap. Once or twice, if you will believe me, a little man was made chief ruler of the nation for no other merit in the world than bringing home such a feather."

Could there be a finer description of a lot of politicians celebrating a victory that was really won by the power and good sense of the common people? They claim everything in sight, and the big sleepy giant simply grins and goes back to sleep again.

There is a lot more to the story, all of which could be interpreted into terms of the present day, but, as Lowell points out, nothing is more insufferable than to "trample the life out of a joke with the large, moist foot of a hippopotamus." There is something very like the "Back-to-the-land movement" in the fact that "Whenever this redoubtable Giant touched the ground, either with his hand, his foot, or any other part of his body, he grew stronger than ever he had been before." And is not the fate of the cities shown here? "As soon as Antæus was fairly off the earth, he began to lose the vigor which he had gained by touching it."

Although the myth holds true to conditions to-day in so many respects, there has been a very real change. The Pygmies have been breeding the cranes that are gobbling them up, and Antæus is now so well educated that he may claim the credit himself for any victories there may be. But the Giant is still as strong and as sleepy as ever, and the tame cranes are getting very troublesome. Besides gobbling the Pygmies, they are using their savage beaks on Antæus. If he should waken in a rage, there is no knowing what wild things he might do. I wonder if it wouldn't be possible to waken him by gentle tickling, so that he would get up laughing and drive away the cranes. I think it is worth trying.

There are many serious-minded people who will think that the only excuse for all this nonsense would be an edifying moral, but I refuse to draw one. Canadians are a nation of moralists, capable of extracting sermons from stones and morals from everything, and I think I may trust them to tag a satisfying lesson to this modernized myth.

Tankage as Feed for Hogs.

Tankage, meat meal, and other animal food products are valuable for supplying the protein in a feed ration for swine, and have recently attracted a good deal of attention from farmers because of the prevailing high price for other feed-stuffs.

Tankage has proved a satisfactory substitute for skim milk as an adjunct to corn. It is generally agreed among feeders that protein is the most important part of the feeding ration, as well as the most difficult to procure and the most expensive. Tankage, or digester tankage, as it is commonly called, is very rich in protein, varying from 10 to 60 per cent., according to the firm manufacturing it. It is made from the trimmings, inedible viscera, and other parts of the carcass, all of which are placed in the tanks and thoroughly cooked under pressure, so that the resulting product comes out sterile. The grease is removed from the surface, and the residue is dried out at a