

has not been made here as in the Okanagan, although the possibilities there are very great.

Since the commencement of the war it is evident that the production of fruit in Canada as a whole has fallen off seriously and, while it is gratifying to know that the commercial orchards are being given attention, yet it is unfortunately true that the farmers' orchards throughout the country are being more or less neglected. Disease and insects are destroying the trees and it is possible that, on the return of normal conditions after the war, Canada will have to import a large part of its fruit. While I could not advocate the wholesale and indiscriminate planting of orchards, I do believe that intelligent planting in moderation should be much encouraged as we have every

reason to believe that, with the great development which will naturally come to the country in the near future, fruit growing will be found to be one of the most profitable lines of agriculture. I would earnestly urge all farmers to preserve their orchards, giving them all the care possible, and feel sure that, taking the average returns over a given number of years, it will be found that there is no more profitable line of agriculture.

The Fruit Branch will consider it a privilege at all times to give information with respect to the picking, grading, packing and marketing of the fruit crop, and will be glad to co-operate in the organization of co-operative associations or in the bringing together, to their mutual advantage, the producer, dealer and consumer.



"The Equator"

BY A. SAILOR

DINNER at the "Yew Trees" was always a formal affair, and any guest there was always rather careful to show his or her best conversational ability, chiefly because formality rather than enjoyment seemed to be the desired feature at that function.

Now Miss Holland, who was no longer young, lived in the quiet seclusion of a small house in the village, and she had always found her invitations to the "Yew Trees" rather fewer and farther between than she could have desired. Consequently, finding herself a guest there for the evening she was quite determined to show herself rather more than equal to the occasion; and when somebody

turned the conversation to travel, having herself just come back from a short stay in the Argentine, she quite thought her opportunity had come.

A fellow guest, a lieutenant home on leave, had just finished a short description of the Rock of Gibraltar. Miss Holland could go one better, she knew it; she had not stopped short at Gibraltar, she had made a real voyage. So she asked the lieutenant in the quiet voice of complete superiority whether he had seen the Equator. He was forced to admit he had not; in self defence he quoted the time honored chestnut of the erring youthful scholar who had described it as "an imaginary 'lion' running about the