

GARDEN & ORCHARD.

Important Points in Apple Packing

Experiments or trial shipments of apples in cold storage have demonstrated the following:

1. It is of the greatest importance that apples intended for cold storage should be placed therein as quickly as possible after being harvested.
2. If apples are carefully packed at the time of harvesting, either in barrels or boxes, they may be exported at any time during the winter without repacking.
3. It was also clearly shown that cold storage will not preserve apples which are bruised or injured in any way, and that the blue molds, which cause the ordinary brown rot of apples will develop in cold storage if there is any injury to the skin which exposes the tissue of the apple, and the Northern Spy apples appear to be particularly susceptible to this form of decay, unless the fruit is well matured and the skin is sound.

These few points, from the report of the Dairy and Cold-storage Commissioner for the year ending March 31st, 1911, may well be considered by fruit-growers and others who are engaged in picking, packing or marketing of apples. One cannot expect that apples which have been picked and allowed to take their chance in the open weather for a considerable time, often until the first action of decay has begun, are going to be preserved in the best of condition by being placed in cold storage. Not so. The time to store the apples is immediately after they are picked.

The second point is an important one, because it will lead to the saving of much labor. Apples well packed may be shipped without repacking. This proves the old adage that "work well done is twice done." Packers should, therefore, take particular pains to have their work done in a very careful manner, so that the second packing may be dispensed with, and at the same time insure the fruit's arrival at its destination in the best possible condition. The third point is one upon which too much stress cannot be laid. Some formerly seemed to hold the belief that moulds and rots would not develop in cold storage. The results of these experiments show that they will, and that bruised and injured apples are not suitable for packing, even when the fruit is to be kept in cold storage. It all goes to show the importance of careful culling, careful handling, and careful packing—three points which cannot be too greatly emphasized in connection with the harvesting of the apple crop.

The most successful exhibitors of fruit are not necessarily the best growers. The finest Spies this year in "The Farmer's Advocate" Demonstration Orchard were borne by a diseased tree. The set was light, permitting the attainment of large size, while thinness of foliage admitted sunlight freely to color the fruit. The healthy trees have borne much larger and more profitable crops, but not such fancy individual specimens.

THE FARM BULLETIN.

Don't Lose the Bulletins.

The Ontario farmer has a wealth of assistance at his disposal in the bulletins issued by the Ontario Government through the Agricultural College at Guelph, and by the Dominion Government through the Experimental Farm at Ottawa. "The Farmer's Advocate" does splendid work by calling attention to these publications as they are issued, and by giving clear, helpful and suggestive criticism upon them. The pity of it is that farmers have a way of neglecting these valuable helps, thereby losing the very help that, when it is availed of, means the difference between success and failure, or the difference between merely getting on and making farming a profitable business. The day was when agricultural papers and agricultural bulletins were written by men of plenty of theory but no experience. Little wonder that such productions were read only to be scorned by men of sense and practical experience. Happily, such scribblers are not employed either at Guelph or at Ottawa. The Ontario farmer should recognize that no pains are spared to make all bulletins sent out to be the fruit of experience, and such as will square with the efforts of anyone who is anxious to do better work in any department of farm activity. Indeed, the average farmer would soon have a fine agricultural library if he would but keep tab on the bulletins as they are issued. For instance, just now the farmer is facing the problem of economic feeding of his cattle for the coming winter. Let each farmer discover if he has the bulletins dealing with this matter. If he should not have them, let him write for them at once to Guelph and to Ottawa. When he does this, let him also state what hay, straw, grain, mangels or other fodder he has, and state the

class of stock he intends feeding, such as dairy cattle, fattening cattle, hogs or poultry. Then let him ask what foods he had better buy to supplement these, and how his ration may be fed to best advantage. In nine cases out of ten, information will be given that, if used, together with good hard, common sense, will make the farmer's winter's work more profitable than it has been hitherto.

The bulletins on these or any other topics, once received, they should be stored away for future reference, and where they will not be hurled away into the hideous combustion of housecleaning days. The bulletins contain a deal of usable knowledge. Let public school and public libraries make it available, for it is usable knowledge that is used that counts. In the old order, so frightfully prevalent in the New England States and in the Mississippi Valley, farmers were robbed and ruined, till the soil drove out the farmers. To a less extent, the same folly has been enacted in many parts of older Canada. In the new order, the effort is made to keep the soil growing in fertility, and only the farmer who can do this may face the future with hope. This courage and this hope will soon be his by earnestly applying on his own premises the methods that others have adopted successfully under conditions similar to his own.

J. K.

Feeding the Little Pigs.

By Peter McArthur.

There are eight little pigs in one pen, little white beauties, and from time to time it falls to my lot to feed them. I always undertake the task cheerfully, because I like to look at them. They are still at the tender age of the little pigs we sometimes see in restaurant windows with apples in their mouths and "their vests unbuttoned." Not one of them but deserves the description of Charles Lamb:

"I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbledehoy—but a young and tender suckling—guiltless as yet of the sty; his childish voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner, or præludium of a grunt."

When I went to visit them this morning, they were all lying in the sun, in the little plot of pasture that has been fenced off for them. I did not blame them in the least for their indolence, for these are the days when everybody loves to lie in the sunshine, though, of course, it is a dreadful waste of time, except on Sunday afternoons, after church. I approached them quietly, and while I stood admiring their white plumpness, delicately touched with pink, I was glad to notice that Mother Goose was a true observer. She sang joyously:

"The little pigs sleep with their tails curled up."

Their eight little tails were twisted into eight curls so tight that I felt sure another twist would have lifted their hind feet off the ground. An unguarded step roused them, and then what excitement there was. Eight little voices were at once raised in protest at my slowness. Carefully spilling a little of the skim-milk "mash" into one end of the trough, I stepped back hastily and distributed the remainder evenly along the rest of it. The taste I had given them, however, was enough to get them all into action and reveal their characters. Really, one can't help liking little pigs. They are so human. For a moment I imagined myself a Professor Garner, and felt that I understood their language.

"Whee! whee! Willie got more than I did! Whee! Whee!"

"Make Susie take her elbows—I mean, feet—out of my part of the trough!"

One little bully who did not like the table manners of his next neighbor jumped at him and started to chew his ear. It was all a hurried scramble, and then a couple of them discovered that they were at the wrong end of the trough. Without a sound, they started to gobble the feed, while the others were still quarrelling and fighting. Right there I realized that I was not the first to observe the habit of pigs. There is a world of truth in the old saying we so often apply to men: "It is the still pig that gets the swill." Fortunately, the others soon noticed what was going on, and stopped squabbling to get their share. What pushing and gobbling there was then! It reminded me of the stock exchange, with a bull market in progress. They took no more interest in me than children do in their hostess at a birthday party after the ice-cream has been served, the human little rascals.

Some day I hope to have the leisure to write an adequate "Defence of the Pig." Now that Judge Jeffreys and Nero have been whitewashed and given good-conduct cards by the historians, I think that someone should speak a good word for the pigs. They have been very much maligned. And perhaps this is the right time to do it—after the pigs, as Mr. B. and dressed—have been dragged through

the mire of politics. To begin with, the pig is no more gross in his appetite than that much applauded "tame villatick fowl," the hen. As for cleanliness, give him a chance, and see how clean he can be. His dirtiness is due to the people who pen him up so that he can hardly stir. "Seek other cause 'gainst Rhoderick Dhu!" Then, consider how important the work of the pig has been in the making of Canada. He deserves a place in the gallery of the Makers of Canada, because the pioneers would have had a much harder time of it had they not been supported by plentiful supplies of fat pork. If the pig had his rights, he would be our national emblem, instead of the beaver. What has the beaver done for us, anyway? The pig, on the other hand, sustained our fathers in their fight against the wilderness, and yet his name is a name of scorn. Even the poets, in whom fair play is intuitive, have done scant justice to the pig. As a matter of fact, I can recall only one bit of poetry about the pig in Canadian literature, and that is McIntyre's epigram "On a hog exhibited at the Western Fair, which weighed 1,000 pounds, and measured five-foot-nine from tip to tip":

"Pig had to do some routine work
To make a thousand pounds of pork;
But our stomach it doth not incline
To eat a hog five-foot-nine;
Let others eat enormous swine."

In clearing the country of snakes, the pig has been a veritable animal St. Patrick. Even the rattlesnake had to go down before him. Because of this, he deserves a place in heraldry second only to St. George the dragon-killer. In history, the pig has received frequent mention from the time of the prodigal son. Even to-day the reigning family of Serbia proudly claims its descent from a militant swineherd, and do not both the United States and Canada boast of many pork-packing millionaires, who prove the importance of the pig to modern society? These are only a few of the points that might be developed in a "Defence of the Pig," and as the subject is one of the few on which a book has not yet been written, we may expect to have it written by someone before long.

I never think of pigs without remembering a dark night, many years ago, when they used to run half-wild, instead of being penned and fed scientifically. I was coming home late, and took a short-cut through the dark woods. I was whistling to keep my courage up, for even though I knew that there were no wolves or bears, there was something uncanny about the deep shadows. At last I came to a huge elm tree that had been cut down for a coon in the brave days when the coon-skin was worth more than a tree three feet in diameter and the labor it took to chop it down. It was late in the fall, and there were deep drifts of leaves beside every log. Climbing to the top of the fallen giant, I jumped down into a great drift—and then yelled with terror. The earth seemed to spring up under me and around me, as a drove of half-grown pigs that had taken shelter from the cold in the dry leaves began to scatter, squealing and "Whoofing." They were every bit as scared as I was, and as they rushed about blindly they bowled me off my feet. My first thought was of wolves and bears, about which I had heard so much in my boyhood, but I soon realized what the trouble was. And yet, in the few seconds when I didn't know what I had tumbled into, I got a scare that made me wear my hair a la pompadour for weeks afterwards. Since then I have at different times tripped over a sleeping pig at night when walking past a straw stack, but I never got such a scare as I did in the woods. Perhaps that is because these modern pigs haven't so much steam in them as did the granters we had when the saying, "root hog or die" had an actual application. They had to root for their livings, and I have no doubt that there are still neighborhoods that keep up feuds that were started by the predatory pigs of the early settlers. It was no easy matter to make rail-fences "horse-high and hog-tight," when they had to be built over cradle-holes, and those eager, hungry pigs could be depended on to find a hole if there was one; and if there wasn't, they were not beyond making one. Those pigs didn't pose before cameras and get their pictures in the agricultural papers, but if an acorn fell within half a mile of them, they would hear it, and get to it in time to catch it on the first bounce. We shall never see their like again.

And now to come back to our eight—did you ever see anything more contented-looking? Every one of them looks as snug as the cat after he has eaten the canary, and even a cat couldn't put more contentment into his purring than they do into their grunting. A couple of them are lying sprawled on their stomachs in the sun in an attitude which I would not hesitate to condemn as unnatural if I saw it in a picture. One is chewing a blade of grass, and no doubt meditating on the weather and the prospects of the food supply