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EDITORIAL.

D. Ward King, of Missouri, is still talking up and giving demonstrations showing how easily and inexpensively good earth roads may be maintained by the use of the split-log drag.

"Keep your eye on the ball" in this issue, by Peter McArthur, does not refer to the Canadian or International League game called daily for 3.30 p.m. in the city park, but to a game of much more vital concern to farmers—viz, banking.

The United States Bureau of Statistics estimates the annual consumption of eggs in that country at slightly over 200 per head of the population. According to census figures, this is nearly double the per capita consumption in 1880.

Judged by the marvellous growth witnessed lately in the fields, there will be big crops to harvest next fall that later on will be turned into a lot of money. The conditions under which this cash will be held and used by the banks is about the liveliest farmer's problem up for solution at the present juncture.

The significance attached in the public mind to the findings of the Canadian Royal Commission on Industrial Training and Technical Education was fittingly indicated by an intimation from Hon. Dr. Pyne, Minister of Education for Ontario, at the opening of a magnificent public school in this city (London), to the effect that formulating Provincial policies in regard to vocational education, would await its appearance.

"All long-continued investigation, and likewise all practical agricultural experience, show that a great reduction in crop yields ultimately occurs unless plant food is restored to the soil; and as a rule, the chemical composition of the normal soil is an exceedingly valuable guide in determining the kind of material which should be supplied in practical systems of soil enrichment and preservation.—[Cyril G. Hopkins, Illinois Agricultural Experiment Station.]

It is surprising how a good growth of almost any kind of crop will keep down weeds; and, on the other hand, how quickly and strongly the weeds will occupy a space where there is no crop growing to dispute possession. Even the weakest and most innocent weed will soon become vigorously aggressive under such conditions. It will appear in thousands, as though originated by spontaneous generation. Such observations should readily explain how wild oats multiply and form a big proportion of the crop in a poor stand on a field where none may have been noticed before, or how chess may predominate in a winter-killed crop of wheat which had been sown with seed containing too few chess grains to be noticed. The seeds of myriad unsuspected weeds lie in the ground, but the showing they make depends mainly upon the chance which poor farming or seasonal adversity gives them to develop and spread.

Schooling Is No Joke.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is probably the most overworked and needless maxim in the Canadian book of proverbs. Since the days of Dickens one propaganda after another has been wrought out for the deliverance of the boy from bondage, and the game and picture-show idea seems now liable to make recreation the warp and woof of his existence. One strong point in favor of the school garden is that it may invest the school playground with processes of real educational value.

A well-informed British publicist lately took occasion to warn the public that the overmastering craze of the English youth for "sport" and games was crowding all serious thought and purpose out of their school life and unfitting them to cope with the more thoroughly trained German youth in the work of life. Be that as it may, the Canadian youth seems to be in greater peril from levity and sport than he does from overwork in school or out of it, and we say that from fairly good opportunities of judging in nearly all the Provinces of Canada. It will not hurt the average Canadian country youth to take his school tasks more seriously, and when it comes to the village and town youth his imperative need is to turn over a new leaf entirely in that respect—if they are ever going to tackle the plans of life with anything like a masterful purpose. Education must have some relation to vocation, and in being so related it will not lose but in a higher sense gain the cultural training given the higher faculties. Schooling is no joke. Let it be taken more seriously. This is one great need of Canada just now.

The Best Country on Earth.

Without gloating over the misfortunes of others, it is well and proper for us to take note of the natural advantages with which our own section of the world is blessed. These advantages are both positive and negative. Among the negative ones are comparative freedom from such disasters as earthquake, volcanic eruptions, tidal waves, cyclones, and widespread floods like those which have recently devastated the Mississippi Valley on such an immense scale for so many weeks that the newspaper editors grew tired of featuring the stories. Compared to this colossal deluge, inundating farm land and townsites by the thousands of square miles, the spring freshets on our own rivers, troublesome enough as they seem to us, are puny and insignificant. Saying nothing about the uncounted loss of life of human beings and stock, the delay in cropping, and the frightful loss of property in general, is the damage to the levees, which have to be constructed on such a colossal scale that their cost and the need for federal assistance in connection with them, was spoken of by one editor in the same breath with the cost of the Panama Canal. In an issue last April, a paper in Memphis, Tennessee, told of nearly seventeen thousand people being cared for in the territory of which that city is the center. A few days later it stated that, from the bluff of St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico, at least 150,000 people were homeless, and the Government was furnishing rations to 80,000, adding that, if the death roll were completed, it would show that more people had perished in the Mississippi Valley this year by drowning and exposure than were lost with the Titanic. Against such appalling disaster we stand aghast, utterly incapable of visualizing the situation.

But the knowledge of it should make us grate-

ful for the climate and geography of Eastern Canada, than which, we verily believe, a more favored region is not out of doors. Here we have a beautiful-lying country, well watered, but seldom flooded to any very disastrous extent. Soil is fertile, and adapted to a considerable variety of the world's most valuable crops, especially the cereals and legumes, vegetables and fruits. Climate is fairly dependable, and, if somewhat extreme, offers the much-to-be-prized advantage of annual variety, a feature often greatly missed by Canadians emigrating to certain sections of such States as California, where the seasons, though at first attractive to winter visitors, become monotonously similar month after month.

A smiling land we have, a salubrious and a safe one, which only needs more vigorous advertising to set its advantages in their true light against those of less-favored regions elsewhere, to which thousands of our citizens have been steadily attracted by persistent boasting and a loud noise. Here is the Promised Land right at home, the finest Garden of Eden on the planet's crust. If you know a good thing when you see it, stay here and tell your neighbors why.

Keep Your Eye on the Ball.

By Peter McArthur.

It is really too bad that farmers do not play golf. It is a glorious game—those who play it call it "The Royal Game"—and like farming, it is played in the open air. But there the similarity ceases. Playing golf is not a bit like ditching, or weeding sugar beets, or chasing a neighbor's cows out of the corn. For those who have never played the game or have never seen it played a word of explanation may be useful. I have heard golf described as: "Chasing a quinine pill over a ten-acre field." That is fairly accurate, but here is an even better description:

"First, you see the ball; then you hit the ball, and if you find the ball again on the same day you win the game."

I used to play golf occasionally in "the dear dead days that are no more," but never was much of a hand at it. Still I am thankful that I tried to play, for I learned a lesson that is proving very valuable just now, and it would pay every voter in the country to learn golf just for the sake of that lesson. The one great rule of golfing is to "keep your eye on the ball." No matter what happens, "Keep your eye on the ball." If you take your eye off the ball for even a fraction of a second when you are trying to make a stroke you will be sure to "top" or "slice" or make a "foozle." And even after you have made a clean drive you must keep your eye on the ball if you are ever to find it again. If the golfer doesn't do anything else he learns to keep his eye on the ball, and that is a very important thing to do in more games than playing golf. Almost all bankers are golf players, and many of them are so expert at the game that they are entitled to wear cute little red coats, because they can make a round of the links in a hundred strokes or under. And every banker has learned to keep his eye on the ball in golf—and in a whole lot of other games.

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The time has come for the sovereign voter—even though he does not play the royal game—to keep his eye on the ball. The Bank Act is going to be revised. Yes, indeed. Did you ever hear such a racket as is going on about it? Both political parties are taking up the question