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The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine

PERSEVERE AND SUCCEED — ESTABLISHED 1866

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VOL. L. LONDON, ONTARIO, MAY 20, 1915. No. 1182

EDITORIAL.

Of what use are rules in war?

Harrow the corn and potatoes.

Civilization stands shocked at "Kultur".

The Allies will remember the Lusitania.

A neglected summer-fallow is worse than no fallow at all.

It is more than a war of nations—it is humanity against Prussianism.

Each day brings fresh evidence home to Canadians that Canada is at war.

"A cold wet May for wheat and hay"! These crops are very promising at present.

Save all the silage possible to feed during the dry-pasture season which comes every summer.

The dire forecast of Lord Kitchener that the war would begin in May has had a dread fulfilment.

Avoid doing by hand that which may be more easily and more quickly accomplished with a horse.

The charge of murder against the Kaiser and his leaders should bring them under the extreme penalty.

Grass should be good by this time. If it is short it is because of too early or too close pasturing.

The automobile has scored undoubted supremacy over the dog nuisance. It cannot be frightened off the road.

We have been making enquiries and we have found no man who desired an election in a time like the present.

Let nothing waste this season. It is important that, high prices or low, everything produced should be utilized to best advantage.

Life is not in what we own but in what we see. One man is able to discern more in a maple tree than another in six hundred acres of land.

We recently heard a separator expert say that a large percentage of the cream separators in the country are kept in a filthy condition. We don't believe it, but how does this strike you?

Inefficiency is well marked where a dilapidated, tumble-down, weedy, non-productive farm is found between two well-kept, neat, trim and productive places. It is not the soil which is at fault, it is the man.

It is a treat to drive through a section where there are no road fences and few other fences. Much of the beauty of many a landscape is marred by too many tumble-down, useless fences. A fence is a good thing where it is necessary but it is a nuisance where not needed.

In Canada To-day.

Squad! Number! One! Two! Three! Four! and so on to the end of the line. The air was still; the night was dark; the electric lights, few and far between, were like dying embers in a bed of dead coals. Rain had fallen gently only a few hours before and clouds floated heavily over head, with here and there a break where a lonely star brightly twinkle in its sombre, yet peaceful, setting. The air was laden with the sweetest perfume manufactured in nature's great alembic. An occasional young couple sauntered by happy in each other's company for it was spring and "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Two farmers, busy all day, were making purchases at the village general store; one was looking for a good whip to aid in the training of a skittish three-year-old colt which his son was holding at the door; the other was buying hoes to make an early start on the sprouting weeds. Quietness, business without bustle, beauty, sweetness and peace—the sweetest peace known in Canada's fruit belt just two nights previous to the great "Blossom Sunday" in that district—seemed to reign on all sides and in the very air that tickled one's nostrils, and yet out of the dark came that ominous command "Squad! Number!" and the quick, yet ready and equally ominous response One! Two! Three! Four! and so on as it came each man's turn to answer the command. As one walked up the street there suddenly loomed out of the darkness a line of men on the sidewalk. True they were dressed in civilian clothes and wore rain coats but in their hands were rifles, in their faces grim determination and in their hearts righteous indignation almost approaching vengeance. Why? Because they had just read the headlines in the evening paper which carried the news of the outrageous murder of innocent and helpless men, women and children on the ill-fated Lusitania at the hands of German pirates. This was not the first evidence they had had of German methods but it capped the climax; added frightful, unprovoked and inexcusable murder to deeds which had already shocked the civilized world. Small wonder that men were eager to grasp their rifles and defend their peaceful country against such a monster as the Prussian peril! And yet strange did it all seem—acres and acres of cherries, peaches, pears and plums robed in pink, white and purple blossoms giving off the sweetest odor nature knows, acres of vineyards lagging behind the earlier fruits just bursting into leaf—peace-loving people, thousands of miles from the scene of dreadful deeds—in the midst of all this came the shrill command: "Squad! Number!" In the midst of all this a group of men here, two neighbors there, with grave countenances, set teeth and clenched fists foresaw a day of reckoning and they were ready to do their part.

> "On the housetops was no woman
> But spat toward him and hissed;
> No child but screamed out curses,
> And shook its little fist."

Beamsville is a peaceful district but no small hamlet in Canada has sent more men to the training camps and to the front than has this same quiet little country place in the heart of the fruit district in the vineyards of old Ontario. Men have gone without flinching from the vineyards of Ontario to fight and to die in the vineyards of France for the cause of humanity. So many men have gone that this year a larger percentage than ever of girls and women will be seen in the orchards and graperies and again it may be said:

> "This year the must shall foam,
> 'Round the white feet of laughing girls
> Whose sires have marched to Rome."

Canada is at war, and yet it is hard to realize how close the fight is to us. Motoring through the long lanes between the endless rows of fruit trees in bloom in the tender-fruit belt of Ontario; breathing the fragrance wafted from them on every zephyr, or resting in the pretty peaceful village one would think that there could be no such thing as human beings destroying other humans. And yet the destruction is being wreaked upon thousands, aye millions; but we fear that the men on the side which caused this war are not human and their methods surely prove them everything else. Out of the Beamsville night came the command—Squad! Number! and the answer came clear and sharp One! Two! Three! Four! Out of the Flanders night came the command "This Way Canadians!" and Langemarck was the answer. We are "most horribly" at war but ready to do our part in the fruit belt, on the farm or at the front. Truly the lust of blood is making a steaming slaughter house of the world.

Who Prevents You From Preserving More Peaches?

We were recently privileged to take a trip through the Niagara Peninsula—the Vineyards of Canada—and for natural beauty improved by man's thoroughness and efficiency nothing can excel the tender-fruit belt in bloom. A strip along the lake front from one-and-a-half to eight miles wide, all the way from Hamilton to Niagara Falls, is almost entirely devoted to the growing of peaches, pears, plums, cherries and small fruits, and the vegetable crops which go well with them. The big question this year is not of crop but of markets. Growers have felt and still feel that the best outlet for their fruit, particularly peaches which form the big bulk, is the home market—the consumers in our own towns and villages and on the farm, for only a few farmers can grow peaches and every housewife will buy peaches to put down, provided she can get them at what she thinks is and what the growers also believe to be, a reasonable price. Tender fruits are going to be a bumper crop unless something unforeseen happens between now and harvest time. Peaches are almost sure to be plentiful, and in place of putting down a basket or two to have when the minister comes to tea or the city cousin calls for lunch this luscious fruit should reach the consumer at a price at which twice or three times as much may be preserved without causing a feeling of extravagance. The producer does not ask a high price, and he wants to see the consumer get what any consumer, accustomed to the prices of the past few years, would readily call cheap peaches. The fact is, consumers in many cases have paid far more than they should have been asked to pay for peaches for which the growers received from 25 to 40 cents per basket F.O.B. in the fruit belt. We looked over the books of a prominent grower, and a great part of his 1913 crop was sold F.O.B. Grimsby for 30 cents per eleven-quart basket. People who ate these peaches or others just like them from the same district, and who lived in the neighborhood of 100 miles distant, paid from 75 cents to $1.10 per basket for them. Place the freight at ten cents per basket; give the dealer 15 or 20 cents per basket for handling and then