

IN PRAISE OF APPLES

By Peter McArthur

The apple-lovers of the country have become altogether too finicky in their taste. Nothing will do them but No. 1 apples and those of the choicest varieties. In Ontario the No. 1 Spies, Snows and McIntosh Reds could have been sold many times over. I am told that it is the same with the Gravensteins and other choice varieties in the Maritime Provinces and the Jonathans and Spitzenbergs of British Columbia. Everybody wants the choicest grade of the best known varieties. They are all like the sporty Kentucky Major who said: "I figgah that we ah goin' thru the world for the last time and that the best is none too good." Nonsense, and what is more, criminal nonsense! It is entirely right that apples should be graded to a legal standard so that the man who buys may get what he is paying for, but there are thousands and thousands of barrels of sound apples of little known varieties and culls of the best varieties that are as good as the best for cooking and eating. They are not "fancy," but they are wholesome and delicious and not one of them should be allowed to waste. And there is no reason why you should sniff superior and talk about "saving them for the poor."

Oh Happy Pigs

Yesterday I was in an orchard where packing was in progress and saw twenty-ounce Pippins being thrown to the pigs because they had a few scabs that made it impossible to pack them in the best grades. There is no market for culls and yet those culls were just as good as any apples in the No. 1 barrels. Just think of apples weighing over a pound—firm, juicy and full of the choicest flavors ever distilled in the alembics of a Canadian summer being thrown to the pigs, because they were disfigured by a few blemishes that were only skin deep! Now, do not scold my friend the orchardist. He cannot sell them to the evaporating factory, for the nearest is miles away and the price he would get would not pay for the price of loading them in a wagon and hauling them. And he cannot put them on the market because nobody wants culls. So they go to the pigs. If the

pigs that the Prodigal Son lived with fared like that he would not have had much to complain of.

Despised but Luscious

But those were culls of choice varieties. There are other varieties of which you cannot sell even the No. 1 grades because they are not known. While talking with the orchardist I picked up a rosy apple that tempted me and bit into it. Perfectly ravishing! It was in perfect condition and tasted as good as any Snow or McIntosh Red I had ever eaten. I asked why this superb apple was being allowed to go to waste, for the ground was covered with them.

"No market" was the complete and conclusive answer. Because there is no market for the Strawberry apple—that is its name—the apple grower did not bother picking them. If he had done so he would only be wasting his time and his money. And yet, with the pick of all the orchard before me, I filled my pockets with those despised Strawberry apples and they comforted and delighted me while driving home thru the October sunshine.

Apples are apples, my friends, and this year we should not allow even the "natural fruits" to go to waste. Even the poorest apples have their use and if taken in their proper season may be almost as good as the best. But people have proud stomachs and eat only according to the label on the barrel. They must have No. 1 grade and of the most select varieties or they will have nothing. The apple-hungry children of the cities would not be so fastidious if they could get a chance to dispute with those luxurious country pigs for some of the apples I have seen wasted this year.

BELGIUM'S SACRIFICE

Mr. Whitehouse, M.P., acting largely on behalf of the British government, has visited Belgium and published his experiences in a sober but yet vivid article, which gives the dreadful impression of the almost total paralysis of the life of a whole people, stricken in its full tide of health and well-being. Here is his description of the destruction of Termonde:

"Termonde a few weeks ago was a

beautiful city of about 16,000 inhabitants; a city in which the dignity of its buildings harmonized with the natural beauty of its situation; a city which contained some buildings of surpassing interest. I found it entirely destroyed. I went thru street after street, square after square, and I found that every house was entirely destroyed, with all its contents. It was not the result of a bombardment, it was systematic destruction. In each house a separate bomb had been placed, which had blown up the interior and had set fire to the contents. All that remained in every case were portions of the outer walls, still constantly falling, and inside the cinders of the contents. Not a shred of furniture or of anything else remained. This sight continued in street after street, thruout the entire extent of what had been a considerable town."

Unexampled Misery

Here is Mr. Whitehouse's picture of the state of this stricken population:

"The result is that conditions have been set up for the civilian population thruout the occupied territory of unexampled misery. Comparatively only a few refugees have reached this country. The others remain wandering about Belgium, flocking into other towns and villages, or flying to points a little way across the Dutch frontier. Sometimes when a town has been bombarded the Germans have withdrawn, and the civilians have returned to their homes, only to flee again at a renewed attack from the enemy."

The whole life of the nation has been arrested; the food supplies, which would ordinarily reach the civilian population, are being taken by the German troops for their own support; the peasants and poor are without the necessities of life, and the conditions of starvation grow more acute every day. Even where, as in some cases happens, there is a supply of wheat available, the peasants are not allowed to use their windmills, owing to the German fear that they will send signals to the Belgian army. We are, therefore, face to face with a fact which has rarely, if ever, occurred in the history of the world; an entire nation in a state of famine, and that within half a day's journey of our own shores."

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY

A pamphlet has been issued by the Central Experimental Farm entitled, "The Farmer as a Manufacturer." It has been prepared by A. T. Stuart, B.A., assistant chemist, who has presented a number of simple illustrations of the chemical processes that take place in vegetable and animal life.

The processes are indicated by which the farmer, whose raw materials are but air, water and soil, is able to manufacture therefrom an apparently endless variety of products, both plant and animal. It is shown, however, that their composition is to be easily understood, consisting as they do of but four principal constituents. The nature of the raw materials, the process of manufacture and the products are discussed.

Under the heading "Maintaining Fertility" it is pointed out that "the farmer must exercise extreme care if he would keep his soil in the highest condition of productiveness. Soil is the real guardian of the farmer's capital, and the security is absolute. Try as he may he cannot 'break the bank.' He may bring about temporary derangement and dividends may for a while be suspended, but invariably under better management prosperity can be restored and perhaps even larger profits than ever secured."

The pamphlet, which is Bulletin No. 20, of the second series, is available to those to whom the information is of interest on application to the Publications Branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa.

DEPENDS UPON CO-OPERATION

That the success of the individual farmer in America has passed, and that co-operation is now a necessity, were declarations made by Prof. Paul Work, of Cornell University, in an address before the convention of the Vegetable Growers' Association of America, held at Philadelphia.

"If all farmers are ever to enjoy prosperity and returns proportionate with their deserts, they must win true co-operation, and I confidently look forward to the day when the whole country will be covered with farmers and vegetable growers' organizations."



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The illustration shown here is a notable example. This coat is made of Northern Muskrat and is lined with Skinner's Satin, guaranteed for two seasons' wear. It is cut on stylish lines with loose back and front and rounded bottom. The new butterfly sleeve with 4 inch cuff gives the shoulder a very smooth and pleasing appearance. The coat is 46 inches long and is supplied with either notch or shawl collar. The skins used in the coat and muff are genuine natural muskrat, neither blended nor dyed. By blending and dyeing, unprincipled manufacturers can make handsome looking garments from inferior skins, but in this coat no deception whatever is practiced.

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