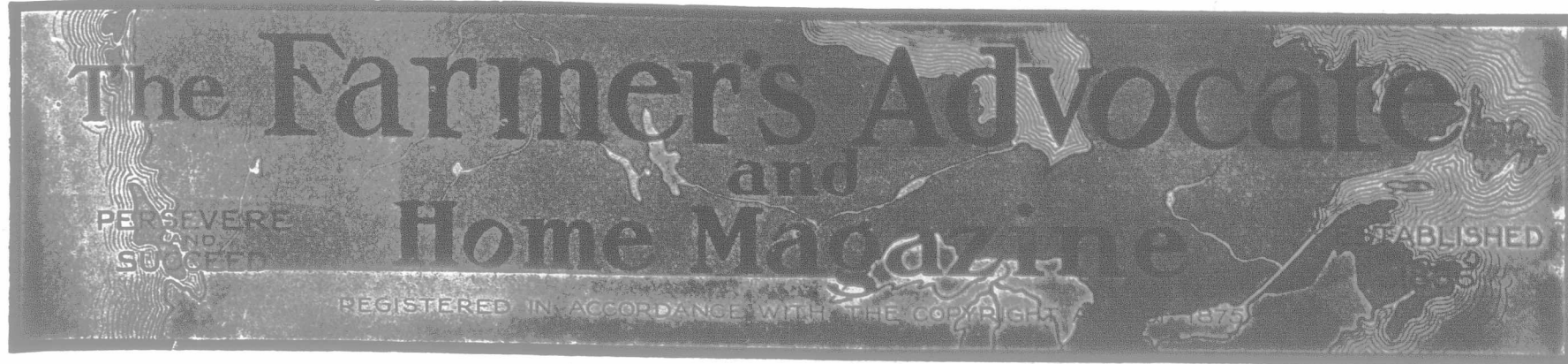




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EDITORIAL

Clay land matures corn slowly.

Best ever, is the general report of Toronto Exhibition.

The rattle of the corn-cutting box, and the hum of the blower is heard in the land.

Much interest has been aroused by the article, "Sewage Disposal on the Farm" (issue July 24th). The subject is certainly important

Educational work to promote agriculture is well enough, but economic justice is the only basis on which enduring progress can ever be built.

For harvesting clover seed some claim that the grain binder without any twine in the knottter is a good substitute for the self-rake reaper or the mower with a table attached on which the material is kept raked back from the mower bar and at intervals pulled off behind in bunches. We have never used the binder for this purpose, but have often thought of giving it a trial.

In many localities, 1913 has been a happy medium between the extreme drouth of 1911, and the prolonged saturation of 1912. In scattered sections, however, it has been anything but a favorable season, having first blasted the hay crop with frost, and then withered it with drouth. So it goes. One may never judge general crop conditions by his own particular neighborhood.

For a generation back and longer, importers of pure-bred live stock have been rendering a service of incalculable value to the Canadian live-stock industry. They have supplied us with the very best strains of improved stock, laying such an excellent foundation that the time has come, with sheep at any rate, when Royal winners can be beaten at Toronto by Canadian-bred stock. That is the goal toward which we should be striving in all breeds.

It is always gratifying to see men rise to an occasion. The energy with which the Western Fair Association and the London Ont. Board of Aldermen grappled with the situation confronting them through the burning of a large part of their buildings a week before the date set for the opening date of the fair, is worthy of all praise. Westerners are in the habit of pluming themselves upon their courage and enterprise, but Easterners can manifest the same qualities without so much fuss about it.

That was an interesting letter by Prof. Haecker in our exhibition number (page 1478). The conclusion of his experiments favored thick planting of corn for silage purposes. The thick-planted corn produced a larger amount of dry matter and had a narrower nutritive ratio than corn which stood more thinly on the ground. However, the amount of food per acre is not the only question. The amount per ton is of much importance too, affecting, as it does, the economy of storage and also the percentage of concentrates requiring to be added to secure satisfactory gains in weight or yields of milk.

The Waste of the Wind.

A depressing sensation of desolateness comes over the traveller as he takes the first look over the vast wind-swept expanse of unimproved prairie or steppe lands. Little wonder that individual effort and systematic government endeavor are so immediately set in motion to supplement the glaring deficiencies of nature by protecting the homesteads and crops from the fury and wastage of the unchecked winds. Every instinct of self-preservation prompts to the planting of trees, and with what comfort and pride a Westerner points to the achievements of a few years in tree growing. Is it not amazing, then, to witness the callous unconcern with which, in Eastern provinces, the wood lots are swept away for fuel or into the maw of the sawmill, and, in thousands of cases, little or no effort made by fresh rows or plantations of trees to restore the denuded places and mitigate the consequent loss and hardships that must inevitably be endured, and which are bound to become more serious as time goes on. Time and again this is being brought home with terrible emphasis in the waste of choice fruit, which has involved in its cultivation such large expenditures of intelligence and labor. Orcharding is enormously on the increase in Eastern Canada, but how many are neglecting the all-important accompaniment of shelter belts on the exposed sides of the young plantations? These trees should be keeping pace with the apple and smaller fruits so that the protection will be ready when the time of bearing comes. Only lately in many sections the havoc wrought by the winds in the corn fields has been painfully evident. Not only is there waste directly to the crop, but in harvesting the output of labor and time will be greatly increased. One has only to look and be convinced by the contrast between fields protected by good wind breaks or wood lots, and those open to the sweep of the late August gales. And the more luxuriant the corn the more serious was the bending and breaking down, which is only too keenly realized as silo filling or shocking up proceeds. Why, then, procrastinate in so desirable and necessary a work as planting trees? One of the first things to be done on taking possession of a farm or in planning immediate improvements in one already occupied, is to plant rows or belts of evergreens or deciduous trees along the more exposed sides of all arable fields. Commonly it is put off from year to year, and, as men drop into the grave, they leave behind them too often a treeless heritage, which it will require a generation to restore. To plant a row of maples or evergreens is not a serious undertaking either in time or money, and, instead of being the last, it really is one of the first things that should be done. As an investment the returns are satisfactory, and they are certain. If this proposition does not appeal to a man's sense of beauty, it surely ought to his pocket.

An Ear of Corn.

Coming east to his old home in Ontario, a well-to-do British Columbia man took one of the Western States railway routes via Chicago. About lunch time, as the train sped along between thousands of acres of waving corn, he naturally began to hanker for the taste of a cob, and communicated his desire on the order entrusted to the white-aproned waiter. It is not at all likely that the reality equalled the recollection of boyhood or his expectations; for

whoever gets in sixty-mile-an-hour dining cars the aroma or toothsome succulence of Golden Bantam fresh from the garden and the farm kitchen range? For better or worse, having absorbed the kernels of his cob of maize, our traveller in due course received the bill for the one ear of corn, amounting to the round sum of twenty-five cents, which brought home afresh the reality of the high cost of living and the alarming spread in prices from the producer to the consumer, which, in this particular case, probably amounting to about twenty-four hundred per cent, which ought to satisfy the average middle-man, or several of them for that matter.

Europe Through Canadian Eyes-III

A sail on the Rhine. Who has not dreamed of it—that historic river, whose headwaters trickle from the glaciers of the Alps, whose mouth opens into the North Sea among the flats of the Netherlands, but whose full, broad flood sweeps for hundreds of miles, the most of its course, through the Fatherland? What river in all the world has associated with it such a wealth of legendary lore? On whose banks, or in whose neighborhood have so many decisive and sanguinary battles been fought? The beauty of its shores has been the theme of poets and travellers for centuries. And here we were, a company from far North America, actually on board a swift steamer, and bound for a twelve-hours ride up this famous stream. To some of our number, indeed, these feelings must have been much intensified. The country through which we passed was the dear Deutschland, the land from which their fathers had migrated.

Having journeyed by rail from Amsterdam to Cologne, we there embarked for Bielrich, a suburb really of Mayence on the opposite side of the river, a distance of about 120 miles. For some hours our course was between gently sloping banks and fertile fields, but farther up the hills grew higher and rocky, and we entered the region of castles. These old structures, whether in ruins or repair, seem as consistent with the surrounding landscape as if they had grown from the rocky heights which they surmount. No pictures, however colored up, can exaggerate the beauty of these massive stone towers and walls. No two are alike, and, passing them in swift succession, their number seems legion. Their frowning battlements harbor no hostile garrisons now, but in olden days they were the strongholds of robber barons, who extorted tribute from the trading vessels which sailed up or down the river.

The story told in the guide books, in connection with one old fortress castle that we passed, was that it had been successfully defended by Count von der Lippe when fiercely attacked by a much superior force. What gave to our party a special interest in this legend, was the fact that one of our number, A. B. von der Lippe, a Presbyterian minister of southern Illinois, is a lineal descendant of this old fighting family.

The commerce on the Rhine is still very great. Tug after tug was passed, each with its tow of two to six handsome barges, and each barge usually loaded down to the very limit of safety. Suggestions of the place that Germany holds in the manufacturing world were to be seen in clusters of tall chimneys behind the bordering hills. The river towns, built close to the water, seemed more like places of resort than of industry. Seen from the boat they looked as if every villa and cluster of buildings had been de-