

FOR FARMERS, STOCK BREEDERS AND GARDNERS

NEWSY NOTES

BY AGRICOLA

INSECTS ON VEGETABLES

The Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, is distributing gratuitously a bulletin of about 75 pages, which is assured of a warm welcome by the gardening fraternity. This neat and well illustrated booklet is Bulletin 161, New Series, "Vegetable Insects and their control," by Prof. Alan G. Dustan of Ottawa.

The bulletin opens with a consideration of the various insecticides—contact and stomach poisons—and their means of application, from the simple bucket pump to the power sprayer. The results of spraying and dusting are compared in an interesting general discussion. Clean cultural practices are shown to have a strong bearing on the control of most insect pests.

We can learn a great deal about aphids, green flies or plant lice from this bulletin. In by-gone days the writer was under the impression that all green flies were of the same species, merely altered in color by the juices of the plant which they infested. Prof. Dustan dispels all doubts by enumerating eight distinct species infesting garden and field plants, and one of these, the turnip aphid, is of par-

ticular interest to the farmer as well as the gardener. The flea beetles, too, are well represented but two only need be specially mentioned, the potato and the cabbage flea beetle; these very small beetles make "pin-holes" in the seed-leaves and young foliage.

In growing parsnip seed (which ripens readily here) the writer has been very much troubled with a caterpillar which forms a web about the flower head, and lives inside the "tent" until full grown. This is the larva of the Parsnip Web-worm, and it pupates in the hollow stem of its host-plant. The bulletin, whilst admitting that this insect, from its mode of life, is difficult to control, offers some good suggestions to reduce the loss it occasions.

The Pea Moth is another annoying insect. The writer secured a small quantity of what was supposed to be the best wrinkled narrow pea in England, and can certify that it lived up to its reputation. The pods contained 8 to 10 large peas but quite a portion were injured by a small yellowish-white caterpillar. This again is a difficult insect to control as the larva from its position cannot be poisoned. Some years ago an attempt was made to deal with the adult moth by means of a sweetened poison bait, but this method seems to have been discarded.

One might multiply instances of troubles experienced which this bulletin goes far to mitigate, but space forbids. The reader is advised to send to the Publications Branch, Ottawa, for this useful work, which may be studied with advantage in the winter months.

ODDS AND ENDS

The January Thaw. Jan 11th and 12th, 1933, were days to be remembered. The rain fell till our little "creek" (or more correctly, brook) was a foaming flood ten yards across. This was the January thaw, which, according to the Encyclopedia Britannica, is experienced generally throughout Canada. On tabulating the dates of the thaw for the last eleven years, it seems that January 13th may be claimed as the average date on which the great thaw takes place. In 1926, however, there was a thaw on the 6th Jan., and another on the 19th, with ordinary winter weather between. It is extremely likely that other recurrent types of weather would be discovered if one had time to devote to the search. It will be noticed that the bad weather was again coincident with full moon on this occasion. Refer to Dec. 12 and Nov. 11 for rainy weather.

The Sleeper of Ephesus. There lately appeared a quotation from an exchange which spoke of "the Sleeper of Ephesus who slept three hundred years." Well, now, there were more than one sleeper, and they didn't sleep 300 years. I can well remember a noisy little boy being told "you would waken the seven sleepers!" The story which gave rise to this saying is an early Christian tradition. During a persecution under the Emperor Decius, about 250 A. D.,

seven Christians of Ephesus (Asia Minor) are said to have taken refuge in a cave near the city. Their enemies discovered them and walked up the entrance to the cave with the object of starving them to death. The imprisoned men, however, were cast into a supernatural sleep which lasted till the reign of the Emperor Theodosius II. 447 A. D. when they awoke. As in other stories of this kind they imagined that they had slept but one night. One of the "sleepers" volunteered to go into the city for provisions and was as much astonished at what he saw as the citizens were at him. There were Christian churches instead of pagan temples, and the principal buildings were surmounted by the Cross. The messenger; antiquated garb attracted a crowd, and when he attempted to pass a coin of the Emperor Decius he was arrested. Taken before the Emperor, he repeated the strange story of the long sleep, but was only believed after he had led his captors to the cave where his companions awaited. After convincing Theodosius of the truth of their story, they sank again to a sleep which will continue till the Resurrection morning.

That is a very short outline of the tradition as I remember it. In the course of the centuries many picturesque details have gathered round it. Mohammed, for instance, says that the "sleepers" dog, Kitmar, is now in Paradise! When the Sleeper Wakes. When I read of the wonderful broadcast on Christmas Day, I was reminded of a story written by H. G. Wells, about forty years ago. At that time Wells busied himself with scientific fiction rather than with social questions, and "When the Sleeper Wakes" was one of his best stories. It ran something like this: A millionaire on a vacation in Cornwall, notices a lonely individual contemplating the sea, and enters into conversation with him. Finding that the stranger, who is an entertaining sort of chap, is a victim of insomnia and hasn't had a good sleep for a long time, the millionaire, out of pity, invites him to his hotel to have supper. The supper must "have been good," for the stranger goes to sleep; the millionaire of course, won't have him disturbed. After he

has slept for two days the local M. D. is called in, and after a week's slumber the sleeper has attracted nation wide notice. As he still sleeps he is removed for further study to the College of Surgeons, or some such place, where securely boxed in a sort of incubator, and with all sorts of meters attached to his person, we leave him to slumber for two hundred years. The millionaire dies, as all millionaires must, and having neither kith nor kin, leaves his money in trust for the stranger he has befriended. At last the sleeper wakes to a very different world. Just at this point we may recall that Wells was writing in the shadow of the Victorian days, and when he fills the sleeper's world with airships, radio, and television, he was (like the king of old) among the prophets. The trustees of the millionaire's money had invested it judiciously in land, so that the sleeper, after his long rest, finds himself master of the Northern Hemisphere. In the process of acquiring the land the common people had fared ill: the Council had reduced them to a condition of slavery. They worked in communal factories and fed in communal dining rooms; and their lives were spent as the Council ordered. They sighed for a deliverer and when the sleeper woke they felt that the hour had come! The "sleeper"—I forget his name—with the sentimentalism of his own past century, sympathizes with them, and standing in a central tower, before microphone and lens, broadcasts his message to his subjects: they are to have the land given back to them. Whereupon civil war breaks out between the king and the Council. It is so long since I read the book that the end of the story is rather hazy, but I think the Council is defeated though the "sleeper" is killed. There is, I note, a cheap edition of this work to be had in Canada.

When the sleeper awoke, London was roofed in, to be independent of the weather, and innumerable windmills on the roof provided electricity for light and heat. There were no newspapers: while the people ate their communal dinner they heard the news gabbled by

rival radios. I cannot recollect that autocars were mentioned, but airships abounded. Perhaps cars will be obsolete in two hundred years?

Fishes of the North Atlantic. For purposes of comparison this region is bounded by the western and the eastern shores, (or as some scientists call them, the North American and the British districts) which lie, roughly, between 60 and 30 degrees north latitude. The fishes of the North American district generally bear a strong affinity to those of the British coasts, for many British species range completely across the Atlantic, while other isolated British specimens are not infrequent, but fail to obtain a permanent footing. On both shores, it is to be noted, a southern element is to be found. On the eastern shore there is a considerable admixture of species from the Mediterranean region; on the western shore these are replaced by West Indian species. Very few Mediterranean fishes cross the Atlantic, while the American area has half a dozen genera, of few species, which are not found on the opposite coasts. The history and distribution of the North Atlantic species of fishes would furnish a most enthralling study if literature were forthcoming at a price within the reach of the average purse.

A Decimal System for Britain? The advantages of the "dollar and cent" monetary system are so great, that the Canadian is inclined to ask why does the Briton stick to the antiquated, cumbersome system of pounds, shillings, and pence? In reply it may be said also that a decimal monetary system has often been advocated and four schemes, at least, have been considered, but the theoretical and practical disadvantages of such a system have not as yet been overcome. The difficulty in the selection of a suitable unit by which to reckon, and the unwillingness of the people to make the changes in speaking and thinking of the new system must first be got over.

Of these schemes, that which would retain the sovereign or pound as the unit of value, has been most favored, since there already exists the florin, which is one-tenth of a pound; it is further

proposed to divide the florin into 10 cents and the cent into 10 mills. The cent would thus be worth almost 2 1-2 pence, and the mill less than a farthing. New coins equivalent to these (and multiples of them) would be required. The disadvantages would be the abolition of the penny and halfpenny, to the great inconvenience of the poorer people whose unit of value is the penny, for which there would be no decimal equivalent. Several other current coins would become obsolete.

Another scheme begins at the other end of the scale and selects the farthing as the unit. This retains the halfpenny and the penny, to the great convenience of the poor, the postal authorities, and many small impostors; while the old coins would still be serviceable. But "every bean has its black," as the fable says. The cent or "doit" would be 10 farthings; the florin 10 doits; and the sovereign 100 doits. This would make the sovereign or pound just 1,000 farthings or 20 shillings 10 pence: to the great inconvenience of national finance, banking and commerce.

The other schemes select the half-sovereign (10 shillings), and the penny, respectively as the unit of value; however we need not consider these further than to say that each has disadvantages to offset its benefits. The adoption of the first scheme was recommended by a committee of the House of Commons about the middle of last century, but public opinion has not as yet sanctioned the change. And the Commons could not act as the Sultan of Turkey did in those days. That despot announced that for the space of seven years his subjects must buy and sell all articles by his new metric system of weights and measures as well as by the old system then in vogue. At the end of seven years the old system was to be discontinued, and the decimal or metric system alone to be used; and this was done!

The delay in adopting a decimal system of coinage may yet prove to be a blessing in disguise, for the time seems to be fast approaching when the whole of the British Empire must re-arrange its currency on an international basis, and on modern lines.

G. B. Wilson is reported to have said, "In four London brewing companies, I have counted among the shareholders, 46 peers, 20 peeresses, 161 lords, ladies and honorables, 47 baronets and 106 knights." One can imagine with what consternation these aristocratic representatives of the trade will listen when Philip Snowden rises in the House of Lords to declare, as he did a while ago elsewhere "I have marvelled at the indifference of the commercial and business classes, and especially of the penditure on drink. Every penny that goes to the public-houses from the working-class home is a penny that ought to be going to the grocer, butcher or tailor; and if it were spent in that way, instead of the way in which it is spent, all those trades would receive very great stimulus. It is to be hoped that Ramsay MacDonald may find other men of Snowden's spirit upon whom to bestow high honors."—The Union Signal, The American National W. C. T. U. Weekly.

Mr. Rankin Howatt, Glenwood, motored to Charlottetown on Jan. 13, returning next day.

The Misses Arne and Marjorie Herlihy, of Edmonton, who are the guests of the aunt, Mrs. D. A. McPherson, Dunblane, visited Charlottetown on Jan. 13 and 14, accompanied by Mrs. James Livingstone, Dunblane.

Mr. and Mrs. John Currie, Mr. Elmer McIsaac and Mr. D. McLean, Glenwood, motored to Summerside on Jan. 15 where they visited Mr. Roy Smith in Prince County Hospital, and report his condition as much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. John Herlihy, Hebbron, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Boates, West Point, on Jan. 16.

Miss Doris Stirling, student of Mt. Allison is spending a vacation at her home in Springfield, West.

We regret to learn that Miss Louise Livingstone, Dunblane, is quite ill with a severe attack of whooping cough.

Messrs Elmer Boulter and Harold Harris, Knutsford, were recent visitors to Boden and Summerside.

Miss Mae Boulter, Glenwood, was a guest for a few days recently of Mrs. B. Boulter, Millburn.

Mrs. David Livingstone spent a week end recently the guest of Mrs. High Gilcash, Dunblane.

Mr. Melvin Ellis, West Cape, entered Prince County Hospital on Jan. 12 for treatment.

His many friends will be pleased to learn that Mr. Joseph Hickey Dunblane who has been quite seriously ill for some time is now much improved in health.

Mr. Melvin McWilliams, Cape Wolfe, motored to Summerside on Jan. 15 where he visited friends.

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The members of the United W. M. S. met at the home of Mrs. Webster Boulter on Jan. 6 for the annual meeting. The President, Mrs. Geo. H. McIsaac presided. The new officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Mrs. E. L. McDougall; Vice President Mrs. W. E. McDonald; Secretary Treasurer, Mrs. Webster Boulter, Temp. Secretary and Missionary Monthly Secretary, Mrs. D. A. McPherson; S. H. Secretary, Mrs. W. E. McDonald. Next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. George H. McIsaac, on Feb. 1.

On Friday evening Jan. 13, the regular meeting of the Western Star Division, Sons of Temperance, was held in the Glenwood Hall. Three new members joined which makes a total of sixty members. Following are the officers for the January quarter: W. P. Bro. Jago Sabine; W. S. Bro. Annie McPherson; R. S. Bro. Elwood McPherson; A. R. S. Bro. Flora Boulter; Conductor, Bro. Clifford Livingstone, Ass. Con. Sister Mae Boulter, F. S. Sister, Evelyn Boulter, Treas. Sis. Margaret Livingstone, I. S. Bro. Wyman Gorrill,

One would think there'd be no sorrow Where there'd be beer. The millennium'd come tomorrow Were there beer. Yet the countries that have brought us To the brink where you now spot us, Raising bogies that have got us— All have beer! I'd espouse that panacea Foamy beer. I'd believe that there would be a heaven here, Were there beer. But the grieving is the deepest Where the stuff has been the cheapest; Road to solvency seems steepest Where there's beer! Were that brew the magic token— Potent beer. Then that word should soon be spoken Over here. But those frantic demonstrations Of a lack of clothes and rations In those beer-befuddled nations— Whoops, my dear!

England's Chancellor of Exchequer Elevated to Peerage

On the recommendation of Premier Ramsay MacDonald, recently, Philip Snowden, England's chancellor of the exchequer, was created a viscount by King George, and was made a member of the House of Lords. The honor is a deserved tribute to its recipient for many reasons, and is especially pleasing to all White Ribbons, since for many years the newly created viscount and Lady Snowden have been teetotalers and staunch friends to the cause of temperance. A poor man's son, crippled from boyhood, Lord Snowden not only acquired a good education, but has, in the words of the "Baptist," become a foremost champion of social justice and has rendered such notable public service as has again and again evoked the applause of the whole nation. His wife is a kindred spirit who by her writings, musical attainments, and social services merits the honor that has thus come also to her. The "Baptist" editor notes the contrast where a poor man's son sits down with the rich, and also another contrast:

"One who has opposed the liquor business sits down with distillers and brewers. In such numbers have powerful liquor men been the recipients of such honors that not long since Lady Astor declared the peerage might appropriately be dubbed the 'beverage.' Along that line, Mr.

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Horse Memoirs

(C. E. MacKenzie)

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Quebec has developed a breed of horses all their own by grading up from the average farm horse and selecting sires that have proven themselves as being the type and standard of horses needed by the farmers of that province, and now the "French Canadian" has become a distinct breed and as future articles will show, Prince Edward Island has had such a splendid array of real draft horses of the three principal draft breeds, could we not here in little Prince Edward Island develop the Island draft horse and as a distinction we might use the Indian name "Abegweit" as a name for our Island bred drafters. As has been the rule with the Clydesdale and other draft horses one can breed up to the pure bred class four direct crosses, making females eligible for registration.

If we as Prince Edward Islanders were to move along these lines and any female having four direct crosses of either Clydesdale shire or Percheron would be eligible for registration, we then would have a distinct breed of horses that could take their place anywhere as during the good old days when our farmers made horse breeding a live issue, our Island bred drafters could be counted upon to uphold the reputation of their native province in any company. If our draft horse breeders would get together and formulate rules for registration I am sure that with the help of our local Department of Agriculture that we could have many registered Island bred females that would place our draft horse industry on a splendid basis. While not knocking female importations of draft breeds I am fully convinced that if these were shown in open competition with many of our Island bred mares that our home made article would carry off the big end of the prize money. The writer does not wish to discourage the breeding of pure bred of any of the principal breeds nor promiscuous breeding but as we all remember Barrister and what his stock

did for this province, it would look as though the developing of Island or Abegweit breed would give our drafters distinction.

If we are to make improvements along breeding lines both in horse and cattle breeding we must adopt advanced ideas along these lines. For instance in Holland the home of the black and white, no animal is fully registered until she measures up to certain qualifications as regards type and conformation and production. Then if we in developing our distinct draft type would ask not only for four direct crosses of pure bred drafters but that before any filly get her full registration papers she should have to qualify as to type, size and conformation and then when these mares have produced colts that they should be classed on the type size and conformation of these colts, this would tend to eliminate all poorer horses and give our Island bred drafters a distinction of their own in the draft horse industry. As we have registration rules now a breeder can either breed up or if he has a pure bred mare: no matter what her conformation may be, he can have her colts registered as pure bred. Therefore let Prince Edward Island again lead the way to better and more distinctive horse breeding.

I feel that I am not alone in these ideas regarding our draft horse industry and that these thoughts may be productive of better breeding even though we remain as regards registration as we now have it, each distinctive breed having its own rules and regulations. The fame of our drafters has gone far and wide; in fact almost wherever one finds a horse of Island breeding, his owner wants another, so that I am convinced that if we as breeders would only consider the advisability of opening up an advanced registry of our Island bred drafters that it would bring the industry into prominence that would make this branch of agriculture a profitable one.

We all know that in those prosperous days now gone by and the horizon when we could net from one to two hundred dollars per cow that a farmer could hardly afford to breed horses and we came to depend on western importations to take the place of our old and worn-out farm horses and we also know how poor the substitutes were when compared with our own breeding; therefore anything we can do to stimulate the breeding of draft and farm horses in this province, should be done.

We have raised and exported many, many horses that have made good wherever owned and now it seems a pity that we should have neglected this important branch of farming.

Let us have our own Island or Abegweit or whatever name may be decided upon, made a distinct breed so that we may be able to advance this industry.

lunch and a very pleasant evening was brought to a close by singing the National Anthem. Receipts for the evening \$3.20.

C. M. Lampson & Co. Ltd. 64 Queen St. London, E.C. 4, England

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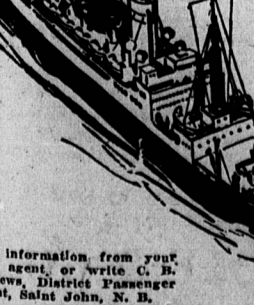
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