FOR FARMERS, STOCK BREEDERS AND GARDENERS

NEWSY NOTES

BY AGRICOLA

ANOTHER P. E. ISLAND

If you examine a good map of the world on the Mercator's projection, at a spot about forty-five degrees S. latitude and 38 degrees E. Long., you will see a very, very small Prince Edward Island. Roughly, it lies due south of Natal in South Africa. The odd thing about it is that in an Atlas published in London (Eng.) it is marked as a British possession, while on a wall map printed in the U. S. A., it is marked "French." It would appear from the name, that the former is correct, but I am not able to substantiate this, as nothing is to be found about our tiny "namesake" in any book of reference that I have access to.

If one may judge by comparison with the other islands of this desolate region, the southern P. E. Island is likely to be uninhabited. Kerguelin Island lies almost in the same latitude, but is further eastward, and although it has no lack of animal and plant life, it has never attracted settlers of any nationality or race, and is only occasionally visited by whalers or survey ships. By reason of their remoteness these islands in the course of ages have evolved insects and animals with some remarkable peculiarities of structure. Most of these islands are of volcanic origin.

"GIVE ME ME HAT"

This form of the first, singular, possessive pronoun, is made great use of by the "impossibles" who figure in our so-called comic strips. However, it is not as ludicrous as at first sight it appears, and as a form of speech it may be defended on broad historical grounds. Anciently the "Y" was sounded as in "city", not as in "try;" the latter sound was a very late innovation. Hence in all the old dialects of England we find "my" pronounced like the final syllable in enemy, and "thy" as that in worthy. This usage is not so much vulgar as it is archaic.

THE GOOD NEW TIMES

A character in a work of fiction ("The Good Companions" by J. B. Priestley—a capital story of modern England) tells of a peggy-tub she has borrowed. This, I imagine, would be what the Novocastrian of a by-gone generation, called a "poss-tub," an indispensable article in every household at that time, but now fortunately in the discard. It was a tub or barrel of hardwood, about waist high, and only made its appearance on wash-days. Its adjunct, which will bear describing, was called a "poss-stick." The poss-stick was made of softer wood, shaped like a big round bottle with a very elongated neck, which was drilled near the top to receive a stout cross-handle, about as thick as a broom-stick. The bottom of the poss-stick was seven or eight inches in diameter, with two deep slots about two inches wide, crossing each other at right angles.

When washing day came the Northumbrian housewife lugged these primitive implements into the scullery, and set to work. The hot soapy water was put into the poss-tub, the dirty duds went in after, and then the poss-stick came into play. It was placed in the tub, lifted by the cross-handle and allowed to fall on the clothes, and there is no question that it beat out the dirt! A big washing might take a couple of hours of this labor; perhaps more, and it says a great deal for the stamina of the women of those days that they were able, after an exhausting morning's work, to hang out, take in, and launder the clothes and carry out the routine house-work during the rest of the day. The noise of the "possing" was so discomfortable that a local poet could write—

"Of a' the plagues a poor man meets
Alang life's weary way,
There's nyen amang them a' that beats
A rainy weshin' day;
And let that day come when it may,
It a'ways is maw care,
Before aw break may fast to pray
It may be fine and fair.

Chorus
For it's thump! thump! souse! souse!
Scrub! scrub! swap!
There's nowt but slumpin' i' the house
Upon a weshin' day.

The good wives of the present day may bless their ducky stars that they have no such ordeal to face. Their lines have fallen in pleasant places, with all the modern conveniences now at hand.

THE ORDER OF INSECTS (9).

We have now to study the 4th Order of insects—the Siphonaptera, or true fleas. This division was formerly included under the Diptera or two-winged flies, as a kind of suborder called the Aphaniptera; and the theory was that some tribe of blood-sucking fly had become so intent on its "meal-ticket" that it had gradually lost the use of its wings, and, at last, the wings themselves. Then its body became modified in shape to facilitate its movement among the coverings of its host, and other changes took place consonant with its new mode of existence. However this may be, the later naturalists have erected these troublesome insects into the Order as above, which contains but a single family, the Pulicidae.

The true fleas may be described as wingless insects, with the mouth parts formed for sucking; the body is laterally compressed or flattened from side to side, wherein they differ altogether from their supposed progenitors, the Diptera. The legs are strongly developed, thus enabling the insects to make extraordinary leaps, and this ability has given them the old dialect name of "lops." The antennae are aborted, as being comparatively useless in the situations in which the insect passes its life, and for the same reason the eyes are rudimentary or simple and unfaceted. The adults prey upon nearly all warm-blooded animals and pass readily from one species to another. In order to combat this trait, attendants at the kennels of fox-hounds in the Old Country sprinkled their nether garments with oil of rosemary, a substance highly repugnant to these little pests.

It is a singular circumstance that the human flea (Pulex irritans) has never obtained a foothold on this continent. Examinations of many fleas supposed to be of the human variety, have proved the insects to be the cosmopolitan dog or cat flea (Pserraticeps). A single specimen of P. irritans was found on the Pacific coast some years ago, and this was the only authentic Canadian specimen. Experiments with the larvae of this species would seem to indicate that great heat is fatal to them, so that the Canadian summer, and the dry heat of our houses in winter, doubtless account for our freedom from these insects.

There is a widespread ignorance as to the transformation of these insects, and European scientists have made many investigations to dispel this. Eggs of cat and dog fleas were collected and in fifty hours all were hatched. The larvae were small worm-like creatures, not found on the animals themselves, but in their "beds" or other resting places, and especially in cracks in the floor, feeding on dust scurf, etc. After a week of this they spun cocoons in which they remained for eight days, when the adults emerged: thus completing their transformations seventeen days after the deposition of the eggs.

It is said that monkeys in the wild state, have no fleas, but acquire the human variety after capture.

The chigoe, a tropical American flea, is notorious for burrowing into the human foot and producing troublesome ulcers; hence the saying "well, I'll be jiggered!"

Next week's notes will review the Lepidoptera or Butterflies and moths a subject of especial interest to teachers this year.

NATURE NOTES, JANY 1934

To those whose hobby it is to study the workings of nature, even the stormiest and most unpromising months of the year afford matters of interest. During mild spells the two-winged flies revive and wander uncertainly on the window panes. Nor are they all the common house flies or the cluster flies; others with strange wing-renations —rarer species—will often find their way up from the cellar, where they had planned to take their winter sleep, and whence they had been drawn by the untimely warmth. Many of the scarcer specimens in my collection have found their way there from this cause. To some extent this may be anticipated, for, one way or another, the Diptera are very fond of man and all his works.

One does not, however, often encounter any of the other Orders of insects at such times, and it was with considerable surprise that I found in the cellar, during the cold spell at the first of the month, a moth which, from its actions, had apparently just emerged from the pupal stage. Its body and hind wings — which were of a sordid buff color— were densely clothed with long fine hairs; and the front wings, of a brown color, prominently splashed with red, were further ornamented with four tiny white spots, two on each wing. I take this to be the "Herald Moth," but as I have no description of that species, this is just a guess, and awaits confirmation. In the meantime the unlucky victim of misplaced confidence is reposing on the mounting board.

The black duck is in general a migrant to our shores, but, notes Bain, in some winters a few remain here. It seems that this winter, severe though it is, does not compel the hardy few to seek other quarters. On the 20th, a lovely, but cold day with a brisk N. W. wind, a flock of eighteen ducks were observed flying eastward. The thermometer was about 10 below at the time. There is an open spring to the north of us to which they resort, and during December on visiting it, a duck or two would rise from it with a squawk and put for the horizon!

A few years ago, during a bitterly stormy day in winter, I took a dairy thermometer down to this spring. The air was cold, 20 above zero. The water was 44 above! In the summer I again visited it for purpose of comparison. The air was 78 in the shade, and the water 42 in the sunshine, a rather curious finding.

The Goshawks are having a good time harrying the poor Hungarians. An informant tells me that he flushed one on the Black River Road, and it rose heavily, carrying off a partridge in its talons. Another was seen circling round our grain stacks, and when disturbed it flew over to a neighbor's where it repeated these tactics, evidently counting on the fact that the partridges go to the stacks for feed.

How long do geese live? An item in the "Leeds Intelligencer" dated Jany 18, 1782, says: "Farmer Pope, of Beauminster, in Dorsetshire, has a goose which is 86 years old. It has been on the farm with four farmers who have lived on the estate 20 years each. It has brought up large families and has been the only one left by the foxes for a number of years." A tough old bird, if you ask me, and no wonder the foxes left it!

Matters botanical are very much in abeyance just now, but it may interest readers to know that I have received a series of five pamphlets, reprints from the Transactions of The Royal Canadian Institute, entitled "A Bibliography of Canadian Plant Geography." This splendid work is from the pen of Prof. John Adams, of the Botanical Division, Ottawa, and brings together all the publications (titles only) relating to the science which have been issued in Canada, from and including the period of the French settlement down to the year 1930. The arrangement adopted is alphabetical, the author's name coming in its proper order and place, with the title of his work, the place of its publication, and its date following. As each citation is preceded by a number it is easy to refer to any particular work or any section of the science.

One of the earliest publications is given thus: "2 Boucher P.— Histoire Naturelle de la Nouvelle France vulgairement dite le Canada. Paris, 1665." An even earlier account of Canadian plants (in Latin) was published in Paris in 1635. There are over 3,100 citations given in the pamphlets, together with a number of addenda. This work should be in the library of all who are interested in our native plants.

Australian Butter Plans

What is known in Australia as the Paterson Stabilization plan has been applied in marketing Australian butter since January 1, 1926. It has three objectives:

(1): To counteract the extra costs of production due to the accepted fiscal policy of Australia.

(2): To aid in the disposal of surplus butter.

(3): To stabilize butter prices in Australia. The scheme is a voluntary one and is administered by a Federal Stabilization Committee which is composed of representatives of both co-operative dairy marketing interests and private manufacturers. However, plans are under way whereby State and Commonwealth legislation is proposed to authorize the setting up of a new butter marketing plan which will supplant the Paterson scheme which has not proven to be adequate under present conditions. Moreover, the dairy produce control Act has been declared to be ultra vires, or exceeding legal power, and the new legislation is designed to overcome objections to the former method of control.

AN APPRECIATIVE LETTER

I intended to say something about a letter from Hunter River before this, but something went astray with the mail, and the notes did not appear. My little correspondent was Irma Bagnall of that place, who sends me her good wishes for the year and then proceeds to thank Mr. Tufts for presenting, and "Agricola" for awarding, her a copy of "The Birds of Eastern Canada," in last summer's Bird-house Contest. Irma thinks "the book is wonderful," and so it is; and I also am grateful to Mr. Tufts who was at some trouble to procure a copy for me. Birds are very scarce at Hunter River, Irma says, but when any do appear she is careful to feed them.

There were, I recollect, several prizes awarded for that contest, but this is the first acknowledgement received: I hope the recipients were not disappointed?

THE BACON TRADE

The bacon trade controversy goes merrily on in the more progressive farm papers, and some of the correspondents seem to cast the blame for the low price of the product on the farmer himself. He is not producing the right kind, or the right quality, or else its the quantity that's in fault.

The other side of the argument is that even when the farmer produced hogs of such superlative quality that they secured a premium, he has not been getting a price these two years past, to repay him for his feed and toil, to say nothing of profit. Furthermore, he could see a wide difference between his price and the consumer's price —a difference that is attracting attention at Ottawa. Wherefore the farmer went out of pigs, rather a drastic action, perhaps, but quite understandable. Still, it would be better if farmers, relying on themselves, would evolve some co-operative scheme whereby they could have a say in the matter of prices, rather than quit what should be a very profitable business.

A BALD FACT

A fly was walking with her daughter over the head of a very bald man. She said: How things change, my dear. When I was your age this was only a footpath.

Jack Miner And The Birds

By Jack Miner Himself—A History

CHAPTER XXV.

OUR MODEL CANADA GOOSE

While I am writing as plainly as I dare, yet I want you to keep an eye between the lines.

For two springs in succession, two pairs of my geese nested on the bank of the north pond, just one hundred and twenty feet apart, each gander always guarding and never going thirty feet away. An old goose I had in my flock apparently couldn't control nature and she went and built a nest on the bank right between these two pairs of geese, or about sixty feet from each nest. These ganders did not interfere with her in any way, shape, manner or form; but if an enemy approached her, both these ganders would leave home and would attack him with fury, while if you went near either of their nests, only the one would fight you; the other would stay at home. Both years every egg in their nests hatched, and the young were hearty and strong. This odd, or single goose set for five weeks on four eggs the first year, and I let her set seven weeks on five eggs the second year. I broke every egg and not one showed any sign of fertility. Remember, this is not almanac history; these are the facts, as I know them.

Do these geese inbreed? This is a question that apparently bothers a great percentage of us smart human beings, and often in the spring of the year when the geese are sitting around by the hundreds I hear this question asked by all sorts of visitors; I think this is chiefly because of the extreme uniformity of these birds both in size as well as in color.

I have tested this out sufficiently to satisfy all my curiosity, I went so far as to keep four full brothers and sisters in an inclosure by themselves for nearly three years and they lived together as brothers and sisters only. But March the third year I heard the two geese giving love sick cries and they kept fighting the wire towards where some wing-clipped ganders were. So I opened the gate and let them together, and inside of two weeks they paired off with these strange ganders.

A young goose will lay four eggs the first year, and usually five the second. After that I have had them lay as high as seven, but in their wild state I know they must lay as high as eight for I quite often see an unbroken family here with ten in it, eight young and the parents; but six is the average brood of young.

During my life I have often crept upon a deer or peeped over the top of a hill at a moose, and with the frosty air in my favor I have watched them fully three-quarters of an hour, or until I got froze out, just drinking in pure nature. Time and again I have taken a little twig in my fingers and cracked it, and I am sure the deer's hearing is at least three times as sharp as ours, or what I might hear at twenty feet the deer would hear at sixty feet; but the hearing of the moose is not as sharp as that of the deer, nor their eyes as quick to locate one. Of all the creatures that carry the latest electric equipment with them I know of none to compare with the Canada goose. One bright, frosty day in January, when the snow was about six inches deep, my wing-tipped geese were out of the wind with their feet pulled up. There they sat on the crusty snow like so many fireless cookers. I called them to dinner, but they replied, "Bring it to us." When I would toss three kernels of wheat in the air all would honk, but when I went through the same motion, empty-handed, they would not answer. I stepped the distance and it was over three hundred feet. I am sure these birds saw the three grains of wheat that distance.

But there is no branch in my nature study that has caused me to sit up and take a more bubbling-over, sympathetic interest than to see these poor maimed birds come to me for protection when they really need it. I have seen as high as six lying in front of my dining-room window at once; in fact, I have picked up as high as seven in one spring that came here and died of their wounds. What touches my heartstrings more than ever is that the wounded ones always come to the park pond and usually sit on the side nearest our house. Possibly while we are eating dinner one will stand with his breast toward us and dress the wound made by a buck-shot in his breast; then to get him closer we put the field glasses on him, which show the details; and here the feathers are all fallen out for fully a half inch around the deadly, dark little hole that is causing him so much inward pain and leaving his life hanging in the balance. I tell you any humane being having a heart and actually knowing the facts about these poor creatures needn't be surprised to find his eyeballs sweating.

And to see how they heal their broken legs is still more interesting. On April 2nd, 1915, a leader of a family of eight came home with one leg hanging down, which was undoubtedly broken by a large buckshot. He had no more control over it than he would have of a stick tied to him. When he lit I noticed he hovered until he got the right spot, then he lowered away and came straight down into the water. There he stayed with head up and watched until his family went and fed. Then, while they watched, he rose straight up and hovered until he located the ear of corn preferred; he then carefully lowered, and turning the ends of his wings sidewise for crutches, he let his body carefully down, leaving his broken leg straight out beside his tail. Then reaching out with his long neck he pulled the ear of corn under his breast and piggled the kernels off until he had sufficient. He then put his wings out again, making crutches of them, and with a peculiar spring he was in the air and came down in the pond as before. On the third day he was standing on the bank with his broken leg straightened around in place, and from a distance he looked to be standing perfectly still, but a close investigation showed there was a constant twitching in the broken limb. We timed him, and this dear old lady stood exactly in the one spot and in this same position for over six hours at a time. In less than three weeks it was evident that the bones had knit together, for when he would alight on the ground he would just throw himself a little to one side and let his weight down on the one leg; as he walked he would put his game leg through the motion, just touching the toes to the earth, taking the weight off with a short, quick stroke of the wings. The fourth week he ceased to use his wings for assistance, but would put his foot down and go limping across the lawn. During all this time of his untold suffering and agony, this admirable creature never ceased his duty, but kept a constant watch over his loved ones and if the least thing happened out of the ordinary around the premises he would speak quietly to them about it. Exactly one month from the day he came here, wounded, he led his family very high and they all floated away on the air, headed for the North.

The above is only one out of dozens of cases that have come to my observation. Out of the thousands of Canada geese I have closely examined, I have never seen one with a leg or foot healed crosswise, and there are always odd ones, here with broken legs. We have seen one or two with one leg a little shorter than the other. In that case the other leg is always a little the longer.

I know of no bird or animal that can equal them for getting well after being wounded. It is said that a cat has nine lives; if that be true, the Canada goose has least eighteen, nine on each side of the border.

In March, 1912, a wounded goose came to our park, rested a while in the water, then walked quietly towards the house and finally lay down, its feathers touching the park fence, just exactly thirty feet from our dining room window. I went out to it. She would not let me pick her up, but would allow me within four feet of her. That night it snowed fully six inches, and she drifted nearly all under but her head. I looked and thought she was dead, so I went up to her, upon the opposite side of the fence, and she did not move. I opened the gate and approached, but before I got within ten feet of her she awakened and would have flown but that I withdrew. (Notice how she knew I was now inside the inclosure.) Well, that goose did not move ten feet for three days, eating a little snow now and then that had drifted there. I threw shelled corn beside her and she ate a few kernels. As the bank of snow had all melted on the fourth day, she walked to the water and drank, but came right back and lay down. But in about three weeks she was going over the top again. This goose had no limbs broken, but was shot through the body.

One of the most encouraging facts that have been demonstrated by my experiments with these most intelligent creatures is how readily and gladly they will come to man for his protection, or how easily this promise of our heritage is confirmed: "Let man have dominion over all."

Previous to 1919 our Canadian Government ignored all the requests my friends and I made to help me feed these birds, which belong to the people of America; and as I am not a man with means, I just feed them enough to tickle their palates and give them a desire to come back. The result is around, getting the ears of corn they scour the country for miles that are mostly knocked off by the cornbinders. This of course gives the shooter an opportunity, and one day in April a neighbor who was ploughing near by saw a single goose. He noticed it was going very slowly and showed signs of weakness, so he stopped and watched it. Instead of rising over the trees and dropping in the pond, it went under the boughs and came to the ground near the house. Little Jasper, who was then three years old, was outside playing. Running in the house he said to his mother, "Mamma, goose out here; goose out here, mamma." His mother as by his looks and actions there was something out of the ordinary, so she went out with the little tot and he pointed under a spruce tree, the boughs of which touched the house. And there the goose, with her wings spread, lay dying. They called from the factory, but when I arrived it was stone dead. On examination I found a buckshot hole under the wing, and it was evident that her "powerhouse" was punctured. The clotted blood on one foot proved to my satisfaction that she had been shot fully five minutes previous to dropping. Then I traced the blood back from where I picked her up and found that she lit within ten feet of our back door, for there, on the brick walk, was a big splash of her blood. In a few hours I found that this goose was shot over five miles away.

Do you wonder at my loving them? Can you blame me for feeding them beyond my means, when this is only a faint, roughly written picture of their trust and confidence in me?

The real home of love is the heart, but the brain is apparently given power to educate the heart to either love or hate. But any man who does not love those who first love him, I don't think has either heart or brains, and to say he even has a gizzard would be a disgrace to these birds.

SEED POTATO SELECTION

The importance of the potato industry of Prince Edward Island may be more fully realized when we recall the fact that, according to figures from the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, potatoes constitute approximately one-fourth the value of all the field crops grown in the Province. This in itself should be sufficient to encourage us, who claim to have the interest of our province at heart, to do all in our power towards the advancement of the potato industry.

While much might be said as to the relative importance of the different classes of men engaged in the improvement of the industry, it is certain that the farmer must play the most prominent part, for it is he who has the greatest means at his disposal. Does the farmer have to wait till planting time in order to begin work By no means. At this period of the year when there is some spare time every potato grower has an opportunity of performing the most essential work towards the insurement of a good crop and profitable marketing conditions, namely, the selection of seed.

Apparently we often overlook the advisability of planting good seed, due perhaps to the fact that we depend too much upon luck rather than upon reason. It would be well to remember that new potato plants carry the same characteristics or the original, for propogation is carried on by the division of a single plant called the tuber which is really an underground stem. Therefore, if we wish to obtain healthy vines free from degeneration diseases, such as mosaic, leaf roll, spindle tuber, yellow dwarf, streak, etc. we must plant such tubers as have come from healthy plants. The great difficulty of bin selection a that tubers affected with degeneration diseases may appear entirely normal. However, by careful selection wonderful results may be obtained especially when such a practice is maintained from year to yaer. If we depend upon bin selection alone it would be well to eliminate all small tubers, for experiments have shown that plants affected with degeneration diseases, and in some cases with such leaf and stalk diseases as wilt and blackleg, tend to yield numerous small tubers. Hence in bin selection the possibilities are that many of the small tubers have come from diseased plants and will, if used for seed, produce diseased stock from which a satisfactory yield cannot be obtained.

While tubers from healthy vines have often been found to grow irregularly and also that such tubers produce healthy plants, it would be unwise to maintain that such conditions would exist over a period of years. If we hope to avoid disease let us at least select tubers that are typical of the variety. Furthermore, it would be well to eliminate those having numerous or bulging eyes, or those having eyes too small for the variety; those having growth cracks, knots or warts; and those having an unnatural color or that are irregular in shape, for such conditions are sometimes the result of certain degeneration diseases.

Under no condition should tubers affected with rot, whether such rot be due to the late blight organism or not, be used for seed, because the rot is likely to continue developing after the tuber is planted and in the case of the late blight organism we are but favoring conditions for its development during the growing season. The same may be said of tubers that are badly scabbed or scurfed unless treatment is practiced and even then the sprouts are not likely to be normal.

If we then as potato growers keep in mind that the selection of the very best seed is the basis not only of good crops, but also of profitable markets, we may reasonably expect rapid improvement in our potato growing industry.—AGRICULTURIST.

Sausages, Pickles And Meat Paste

In thoroughly safeguarding the wholesomeness of all meat and meat products which leave inspected establishments and bear the Canadian Governments guarantee, shown by its mark "Canada Approved," the Meat and Canned Foods Division, Dominion Department of Agriculture, maintains constant supervision over all departments in these establishments engaged in export trade. In addition to supervising 71 meat packing establishments last year, the Division found time to examine 887 samples as follows: 72 bologna and sausages; 36 cured meats; 31 curing pickles; 41 denaturing oil; 2 gelatine; 10 inks; 26 lards; 338 meat and fish pastes; 22 mince meat; 20 soups; 16 sohrtening; 217 spices; 46 manufactured meats; 19 samples of water and 86 miscellaneous commodities.

ARGENTINA INCREASES WHEAT YIELD

The 1933-34 wheat crop of Argentina is estimated at 6,972,000 metric tons, an increase of 445,726 tons from the figures for the last five years' average, states the Agricultural Department of the Canadian National Railways. There were good crops in the southern section of the province of Santa Fe and in the province of Cordoba and in the northeastern section of the province of Buenos Aires. In other parts the yields are expected to be about normal except in the area south of Bahia Blanca where drought and hot winds have caused damage.

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Hulless Oats

NOTES ON HULLESS OATS FROM THE CHARLOTTETOWN EXPERIMENTAL STATION

Two varieties of hulless oats Laurel (Ott. No. 477) and Liberty (Ott. No. 480), have been tested at the Experimental Station, Charlottetown for a number of years. Laurel has proven to be the more satisfactory in most respects. Over a ten year period this variety has ripened in about ninety-one days and has given an average yield of 1379 pounds per acre. Remembering that this is all kernel and that ordinary varieties carry roughly twenty-seven per cent hull, we find that the yield is equal to about fifty-five bushels per acre of a standard variety.

Laurel oats seems to be particularly strong in the straw and stands up well even in very rich land. Farmers who wish to grow hulless oats should keep in mind the following facts:

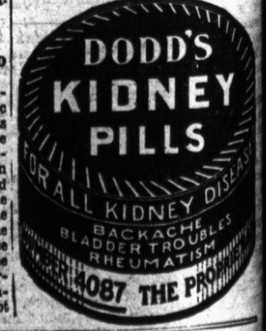
1—The seed is small and feeds through the drill quite rapidly. Allowance must be made for this in sowing.

2—Hulless varieties have been found quite susceptible to smut and seed treatment is necessary. If formalin is used it should be mixed at half the strength recommended for hulled varieties; that is, one pint of formalin to forty gallons of water. Seed treated with a full strength solution sustained very severe injury to germination. A more satisfactory treatment is Copper Carbonate Dust, used at the rate of two ounces per bushel. This is a very effective control and no seed injury results.

3—Newly threshed hulless oats should not be stored in large piles, as there is a tendency to heat. The grain should be spread thinly until perfectly dry and during this time if any sign of heating or moulding is noticed, the oats should be turned with a scoop.

Hulless oats is valuable in hog feeding and makes an excellent addition to the poultry ration. If ground it makes excellent oatmeal.

Enquiries regarding hulless oats may be addressed to the Superintendent of the Experimental Station, Charlottetown, P. E. I.



Bringing Up Father — By George McManus