

Of Interest to Farmers

A VAST DIFFERENCE BETWEEN VARIETIES OF STRAWBERRIES.

(Experimental Farms Note.)

A cosmopolitan fruit, Citrus fruits can only be grown towards the tropics, peaches require special regions and sheltered valleys, apple trees are seldom seen below the Dixie line, but the luscious strawberry does well from Hudson Bay to Southern Florida, from Cape Breton to Vancouver Island. It is truly a cosmopolitan fruit and one which may be enjoyed by the farmer, even by the cottager with a moderate size back yard, as well as by the millionaire.

Varieties are legion.—There are varieties of strawberries to suit practically every taste, every region, even every soil. The fruit may be had quite acid to very sweet, light rose to deep red, small to extremely large, soft and excellent in flavor to firm and of poor quality, with flowers imperfect or perfect, resistant to disease or an easy prey to it, strong planter or producer or the reverse, adapted to light or to heavy soils.

What is the best variety.—There is no best variety of strawberry, as one which may be adapted to the needs of the fancy of a grower might not suit his neighbor. The main thing is for one to choose a variety which will have the greatest number of qualities required in the special circumstances. Moreover, it should be remembered that none have all or nearly all the good points.

Considering yield.—Extensive trials have been made at the Cape Royal Experimental Station since 1914 inclusively and results demonstrate that there is a vast difference between varieties of strawberries as far as yield is concerned. Averages show that for three years Sample produced at the rate of 5099 pounds of fruit per acre whilst Ruby gave only 2558; for four years, Biscuit 7181 and 3W's 6733; for five years, Greenville

7726 and Wm. Belt 4539; for six years, Cassandra 4330 and Haverland 3220; for seven years, Dunlap 7363 and Nettle 4292.

Choosing a variety.—Before choosing a variety, farmers should either get plants from a nearby grower who makes a success with strawberries, or else apply for information to the Division of Horticulture of the Provincial Department of Agriculture, to the nearest College of Agriculture, or to the Superintendent of the Experimental Farm covering the district. All these parties are completely disinterested and will furnish good advice for the asking.

Suggestions.—It is suggested that a perfect variety should always be chosen as there are any amount amongst them to suit all tastes, localities, and conditions. For Central Quebec, Dunlap, some times known as Senator Dunlap, is the one which will give best satisfaction. In general, if a very early kind is desired, Excelsior may be planted, but it is a low yielder and of poor quality.

THE USE OF THE ROLLER.

Agricultural authorities are frequently asked whether or not it pays to use a roller, and if it does, what is the best time. Apart from other considerations, it is desirable to roll fields soon to grain and seed, down simply to make over the surface for subsequent sowing and like operations. Some farmers do this rolling at the time of seeding, others delay it until the plants are up to three inches. The question is which is the better practice.

If the soil is dry at the time of seeding rolling will bring the moisture up to the seed and often promote rapid germination. In Nova Scotia, however, the soil is seldom lacking in moisture at seeding time. If the land is fairly wet when the crop is sown and becomes quite dry afterwards, all the heavier class of soils is inclined to bake and form a more or less hard crust. A roller passed over the land of this type after the plants have begun to grow will do a whole lot of good. In fact, in such cases, even if it was rolled at the time of seeding, we would recommend its use again. Summing up, if the land is really dry, at seeding time, use a roller, then if not, nothing will be lost and much may be gained by rolling after the grass has come up.

PASTURE.

Misfortune never comes singly. It seems too bad that the pasture season should be unusually late in opening this year of feed scarcity. There is a strong temptation, in many cases it seems a necessity, indeed, to turn the cattle out altogether too soon for their own good, after the best results in pastureage during the summer. Nova Scotia pastures are as a rule none too prolific of grass at best, and the grazing of hungry animals, while they must travel almost constantly over soft ground and slip off every green spot, means a poor average.

In some instances the difficulty is overcome by having two pastures, the one growing while the other is in use. Not every one is so fortunate, however, and we feel that we cannot too strongly urge this year on every dairy farmer to sow even a small plot to green feed, or as it is often called, rolling crop. In a recent article we went into detail to some extent on this matter. The late season makes it yet more imperative.

Most readers know what is best for them to use. Oats with peas, or with peas and vetches, is probably the surest green crop for most parts of Cape Breton. Sunflower being somewhat harder than the corn.

SELLING A GOOD ONE.

By W. H. Gocher. A large picture of Earl J., occupies a prominent place in the dining room of Walter Cox's home at Goshen, N.Y. The stout battler in all of his racing regalia revives many memories among those who drop in to have a meal with the long Yankee.

A few days ago when returning to the old gray horse, Walter said: "Some people think that Murphy and I know a little about race horses, but the manner in which

both of us passed up Earl J. makes it look as if there were days when we were near the low water mark. "I first saw Earl J. at Terre Haute in 1909. He was then a four year old, and is still going. The first glimpse of him made me think that I should buy him. I moved on and never made a bid.

"From Terre Haute we shipped to Detroit and laid up a week. One morning when Will Berry, of Concord, John Farnum and Sanford Small were busy telling me what they knew about race horses, I saw the gray horse whisk around the turn. I cut in on Berry long enough to tell Farnum to go and buy the colt. In about an hour he came back and said: "You own him, price \$2,400." Farnum then declared himself in while Berry and Small followed suit. Each of us had \$600 on the colt.

"That week Earl J. finished third to Tony Swift. The following week at Kalamazoo, the partnership was almost busted. Earl J. was entered in a race in which I also had Hoosier Prince. George Gano was barred in the betting and my partners wanted to each play about \$700 on the new colt. I told them that I could not drive the horse as I had been training Hoosier Prince all season, and his owner expected me to race him. Finally, the three of them found that under the conditions they could start two horses from the same stable. They put up Geers and went to it. I backed Hoosier Prince to come second. He won. Earl J. was distanced.

"There were a few sore partners that night, but Earl J. got back all they lost and more too. At Reading he won in 2:10 1/4, but when he required five heats to beat Heat Direct at Hartford in 2:11 1/4, I sent him to Dover.

"That winter Murphy came up to Dover on a horse hunt. Like all of us, he pretended to want one while he was looking at another. I tried my best to sell him Earl J., but he wanted a great horse which would make all that sort of thing. He also had reason to believe that I told the truth, as I had sold him George Gano.

"Murphy would not even nibble at the gray horse. Finally the selected Lady Isle. No one ever heard of her after that sale. As for Earl J., he passed on. Later I told him what a great horse he would make and all that sort of thing. He also had reason to believe that I told the truth, as I had sold him George Gano.

POSSIBILITIES

C. E. McKenzie. No doubt there are possibilities in every walk of life but the possibility I wish to bring to the notice of our farmers and dairy men is along the line of herd improvement, and what may be accomplished if we decide to find out where we are at.

Near ago I had the pleasure of looking over the herd of one of our successful dairy men. This man is farming and dairying on strictly business principles, and is making it pay even during the past winter. The herd has been built up from the ordinary cow to one of the best of advanced grades one would like to look at.

Keeping records this herd has grown from an average of 6,000 pounds per cow until last year the average was well over 11,000 pounds. This is real dairying; the kind of dairying that has made the Danish and Dutch farmer famous even on the poor sandy soil and limited pastures of these countries.

Now that the above mentioned dairyman has his herd averaging 11,000 pounds he is going to stay there? Not at all, as he told me he expects ere long to have a herd that will average 15,000 pounds yearly and why should he not aim high? Judging from what he has accomplished in the past and using his experience there is no doubt but he can do as he pleases by selection, breeding, and care, he has a clear road ahead.

The average herd on P. E. I. produces about 4,000 pounds milk yearly and where this average is not rising higher there is something wrong, it is inefficient either through incompetence or lack of using the knowledge every dairy man should have. If this average is raised from four to six thousand pounds per cow what will it mean to our province. It would mean that our revenue from milk would be increased by fifty per cent. Is this not worth working for?

I have often read of how some new business has been built up in the city. How some by producing hitherto left to waste, is manufactured into something useful.

This story goes on to tell how the industry has grown from a small beginning to something of a big picture of the man who did this and nine comes out of the sketch states that he was brought up on a farm. But the weather falls to speak about the greater possibilities he left back on the old farm. It all depends on the old viewpoint.

Now let us do a little figuring plus a small amount of imagination. Suppose one could direct the inclination and work of say five thousand boys or young men

School Department

THE RELATION OF GEOGRAPHY TO AGRICULTURE

(Selected by D. J. Shaw, Teacher)

Agriculture is essentially a geographical subject, because it deals with man's influence on the earth especially on plants and animal life. Farming is an industry with far reaching relations and it is very important that the children should value these. The farmer produces food for the working man and raw materials for the mills, hence his success is a condition of the prosperity of all other forms of industry. To speak "country" and "city" as antagonistic is both senseless and injurious. No country boy need feel humiliated before his city cousin, nor look on the city as the land of his hopes. No thoughtful city child can eat his comfortable breakfast of porridge, milk, bacon eggs, toast without bestowing a grateful blessing on the farmers and their families who toil unremittently to supply his needs. It should however, be strongly impressed on country children that production of food to the highest degree is a duty the farmer owes to his fellow man and to his country. Canada can become world famous only by producing large quantities of good food for the crowded hungry hands of the "Old World" and "New World". Have the children discuss the following geographical problems:

1. Trace the effect of a bad harvest on a retail general store, on a bank, on a railway?
2. What service do each of these render to a farmer?
3. Make a list of the products of the school section, and estimate their value.
4. Make a list of the imports and exports of the section and their estimate value?
5. Where is the first collecting centre for these products?
6. Trace your father's wheat from the field to the loaf on the table of the city man?
7. Trace your cheese, butter, eggs, beef, hogs poultry, etc., to the consumer in U. S. and England.
8. In what ways is the farmer a manufacturer?
9. What advantage is it to a buyer to have all the pigs that he has purchased in a school district delivered at the railway station on Saturday?
10. Could farmers benefit by using the principle in No. 9?

Teachers in rural schools have abundant chances during May to make the work in agriculture of some benefit to themselves and pupils. A plan of teaching agriculture should prove particularly valuable at this season. Seeding, soil tillage, pruning, spraying, and garden planting are all spring operations, and may be used to splendid advantage in linking up nature study with the fundamentals of farm practice. Responsibility for appreciation of country life rests in no small degree upon the teachers of rural schools and it is well to expect that they will shrink from it.

On the farms of P. E. Island. Give each a herd of five of our average 4,000 pound cows with milk worth \$150 per hundred pounds each has a revenue of \$60.00 per cow. Now set them to work in improved conditions, as in the case of the dairyman mentioned at the beginning of this article, until each cow in the respective herds averages 10,000 pounds, then the revenue at the same price will be \$150.00 per cow. The stop for one moment and see how much this means to our province. \$90.00 yearly per cow for twenty-five thousand cows or a total of \$2,250,000.

(Now what would this mean to us as a people. First the evolution of this wonderful living machine, the gradual increase in the production, the improvement of the buildings, and the development of the real home.

There is no city business or industry that can compare with this. It is a growing business full of life and thought and an increase of national production. All in one. Such a thing is possible. How can it best be brought about? That is something worth thinking over. Do your own thinking on it. Talk it over with your neighbors. Give it serious consideration, then start in to raise the average production of your herd until you have doubled your present revenue. If you do not seriously consider this you are not doing your duty to your country, to your family, or to yourself.

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A PAUSE IN THE GREAT WAR

Being the Reminiscences and Recollections of the Veteran Chaplain, Canon F. G. Scott

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(Continued.)

THE MAKING OF MEN

The cellars of the cottage occupied by the Colonel were crowded so I went to the village and feeling some men entering a gateway I followed them. It was a courtyard of a large building, presumably of a barracks. The runners of the battalion had found a deep cellar where they had taken up their abode. I asked if I might sleep with them for the night. The cellar was not particularly inviting, but it was well below the ground and vaulted in brick. The floor was simply earth and very damp. Two candles were burning in a box where the Colonel was making out the ration list for the men. I got two empty sandbags to put on the floor to keep me from getting rheumatism and lying on them and using my steel helmet as a pillow I prepared to sleep. The runners, except those on duty, did the same. Our feet were in the centre of the room and our bodies branched off like the spokes of a wheel. When any one turned and put his feet on the side we all had to turn and put our feet in the same direction. We heard a good many shells bursting in the square that night, but were safe and comparatively comfortable. Before I got to sleep, I watched with great admiration the two young non-coms. who were sitting at the table arranging and discussing in a low tone the duties of the various men for the following day. The twenty number of officers and men had been killed that morning. The battalion had to charge down the hill in the face of heavy machine-gun fire. Some tanks were standing by the farm and one of the officers offered to take me with him in the machine, but as it was to go into the 2nd. Divisional area I had to decline the invitation and follow up our men on foot.

One of them, a young lad, was terribly plumed when he saw me approaching, thinking I was going to murder him. He held up his hands and shouted, "Kamarad!" Reserves were advanced to observe the ferocity of Canadians. The poor boy then began to implore me to send him in an ambulance. He was wounded in the leg, and had bound up his leg with the heavy and skilfully. I tried to make him understand that the stretcher-bearers would come up in time and to wait patiently and I stuck my rifle in the ground with my helmet on the top of it as a signal to the bearer party.

"CAPTURING PRISONERS" Before me at the end of the road I saw amid trees the village of Warville. Many men were going towards it from all directions, and I saw out of the village taking up battery positions to the left. I met two men of the 5th Battalion and we started off to the village together. The place was now in our hands, as the Germans had evacuated it some hours before. The houses were quite intact and offered prospects of pleasant billets. My companions and I, finding it was quite late in the afternoon, determined to go and have our meal in a garden near the Chateau. We saw our bullock tins, and seeing onions growing in the garden thought it would be a good thing to have that savoury vegetable as a relish. It added to the enjoyment of our simple meal to think that we were eating something which the Germans had intended for themselves. We managed to get some fresh water for from a well near by, which looked quite clean. On the other side of a wall we could see the roof of the Chateau. One of the men thought he would like to go and explore and find out who was there. He came back a few minutes afterwards and said it was full of Germans. So, taking their rifles, the two men went off to attack it, thinking they had found a stronghold of the enemy. I was just having a smoke after my meal when the tank came back and said that the Germans who they had seen were our prisoners and that the chateau had been taken over by us as a dressing station. We made our way to it and found that it was a very beautiful place situated in lovely grounds. A card on a door upstairs bore the inscription—"His Excellency General and there followed a German name. The place had been the headquarters of some enemy corps or division on the previous day. At the back of the Chateau was a very strong concrete dug out divided off into rooms, which were soon filled by our officers and men. All that night the wounded were being brought in to the Chateau, and German prisoners also found their way there. Nobody was paying much attention to the latter, and thinking it was unwise to let them wander about, and perhaps go back to the lines, with information about our position with the exception of the C.O. of the ambulance who was up to his eyes in work. I had them all put into one large room, over which I placed a guard. They were sent back to the Corps Cage in the morning. The Germans evidently expected that we would use the Chateau because they dropped some heavy shells in the garden during the night, and let you go back to your lines after

into the cellars in quick time. I had about three hours sleep that night, and in the morning I determined to follow up our men of the 1st. Brigade who had now established themselves at a village ahead of us called Rouvy. As I was starting off, a signaller came up to me and told me he had captured a stray horse with a saddle on it and that he would lend it to me to take me to my destination. I mounted the animal and went down the avenue in great pride and comfort, but after I got into the road a man came up and stopped me, and told me, to my horror, that I was riding his horse which he had lost the night before. It requires great strength of mind and self-mastery to give up a mount to a pedestrian when you are once in the saddle. But the war had not entirely extinguished the light of conscience in my soul, so, tired as I was, I dismounted and gave up the steed. The Chateau I began to wonder within myself whether he was the real owner or not. One thief does not like to be out-witted by another. However, there was nothing to do now but to go straight ahead. The road before me led directly to Rouvy. Some German planes were hovering overhead, and in fields to my left our artillery were going into action. As shells were dropping on the road I took a short cut over the fields. Here I found some of our machine-guns, and the body of a poor fellow who had just been killed. I got to the village of Rouvy about noon and made my way to a dug-out under the main road, where the Colonel and some of the officers of the 3rd Battalion were having lunch. They gave me a cup of tea, but I told them I had taken my food on my journey, so did not need anything to eat. They looked much relieved at this, because rations were short. Their chaplain was there, and he gave me a warm reception. I was feeling rather used up, so lay down on a wire mattress and had an hour's sleep. When lunch was over the chaplain and I went to see the sights of the town. The ruined church was being used as a dressing-station, and it seemed to me it was rather a curious place, as the Germans would be likely to have it. We found an old book-shelf which was filled with German literature and writing-paper, some of which came in very useful.

ONLY THE 'FLU'

We had a good rest in a dug-out, but I felt so seedy that I told Jim, if he heard I had gone out of the line not to think it was because I was suffering from "soldier's feet". We went back to the village and there we found the village church in the main street not far from the one we had to live into a cellar and wait till the "strafing" was over. Then I bid my companion good bye and started off over the fields back to Warville. By this time I felt so unwell that it was hard to resist the temptation to crawl into some little hole in which I might die quietly. However, with my usual luck, I found a motor car waiting near the road for an air officer who had gone off on a tour of inspection and was expected soon to return. The driver said I could give me a lift back to my Divisional Headquarters. We did not know where they were and I landed in the wrong place, but finally with the assistance of another car I got to my Division. There had established themselves in huts and dugouts at the back of an ancient chateau. With great difficulty I made my way over to General Thacker's mess and asked for some dinner.

During the meal the General sent off his A.D.C. on a message and he soon returned with no less a person than the A.D.M.S., who to my dismay, proceeded to feel my pulse and put a clinical thermometer in my mouth. My temperature being 103.2 he ordered me at once to go off to a rest camp, under threat of all sorts of penalties if I did not. I lay on the floor of his office till three in the morning, when an ambulance arrived and took me off to some place in a field where they were collecting casualties. From thence I was despatched to the large hospital at Amiens. The Major who examined me ordered me to go to the Base by the next train, as they had no time to attend to cases of influenza. For a while I was left on the stretcher in a ward among wounded heroes. I felt myself out of place but could do nothing to mend matters. Two sisters came over to me and apparently took great interest in me till one of them looked at my shoulder. With a look of disgust she turned and said to her companion, "He isn't wounded at all, he has only got the 'flu.' At once they lost all interest in me and went off leaving me to my fate. Stung by this humiliation, I called two orderlies and asked them to carry me out into the garden. They hid me under the bushes. They did, and there I found many friends who had been wounded lying about the place. My batman had come with me and had brought my kit, so a box of good cigars which I handed round was most acceptable to the poor chaps who were waiting to be sent off. By a stroke of good luck, an accident on the rail way prevented my being evacuated that evening. I knew that if they once got me down to the Base my war days would be over.

On the following morning, feeling better, I got up, shaved put on my best tunic, and with a cigar in my mouth wandered into the reception room where I found the Major who had ordered me off on the previous day. He was sitting in front of my face to conceal my paleness I asked him what he was going to send me down to the Base. He looked a little surprised and said, "Well, Padre, I think I will let you go back to your lines after

Twenty Years Sufferings and: Now Feels Fine

Mrs. Ann Doyle, of St. John Praises Tanlac for Complete Restoration from Long Standing Stomach Trouble.

"Tanlac has overcome a case of stomach trouble that bothered me for twenty years," said Mrs. Annie Doyle, 240 Paradise Row, St. John N. B. "I hardly knew what it was to eat a good meal without being troubled afterwards. I would blot up with gas until my heart palpitated something awful. I would get terribly dizzy at times and often had faint headaches. I was very nervous, my blood was in bad condition, and I had a continual pain in my side. I was so weak I couldn't do my housework. "I read in a paper how a minister had been helped by Tanlac and I decided to take it myself, and now all my troubles have disappeared. My blood is in good condition. I have a perfect digestion, feel fine in every way and have gone back to doing my housework. I certainly have cause to be grateful to Tanlac." Tanlac is sold by all good druggists.

all. It was a great relief to me. The chaplain of the hospital very kindly took me in charge and allowed me to spend the night in his room. The next day I got a lift in a Canadian ambulance and made my way back to Beaufort. There, to my horror, I found that the Division, thinking they had got rid of me for good had appointed another room in my place. Through the glass door of my room I could see him giving instructions to the chaplain of the artillery. I felt like Enoch Arden, but I had not Enoch's usefulness, so, throwing the door wide open, I strode into the room, and to the ill-concealed consternation of both my friends who had looked upon me in a military sense as dead, informed them that I had come back to life and my duties. Of course, every one said they were glad to see me, except General Thacker, who remarked dryly that my return had upset the herbed plums of well ordered minds. The A.D.M.S. had told them that he thought I was in for an attack of pneumonia. It was really a very amusing situation, but I was determined to avoid the Base, especially that now we felt the great and glorious end of our long campaign was coming nearer every day.

WE RETURN TO ARRAS—AUGUST 1918

On Friday the 16th of August our Division left Beaufort and moved back to billets at Le Quesnel. Here there was a good sized chateau which was at once used for office purposes. The General and staff made their billets in a deep cave which was entered from the road. It was of considerable extent, lit by electric light, and rooms opened out on both sides of the central passage. I had one assigned to me, but as I did not feel well enough to stand the dampness I gave it to the clerks of the A. D. M. S., and made my home with the veterinary officer in the cellar of the school house which stood beside the church. The latter, which had been used by the Germans as a C. S. mess, was a modern building and of good proportions. The spire had been used as an observation post, one or two shells had hit the building and the interior, though still intact, was in great disorder. The altar ornaments, vestments, and prayer books were thrown about in confusion. The school house where I was lodged must have been also the Cure's residence. A good sized room downstairs served as a chapel for my Sunday services. The cellar where the A.D.V.S. and I slept was quite comfortable, though by no means half proof. As the only alternative abode was the cave, he and I, deciding that we would rather die of a shell than of rheumatism, chose the cellar. The corps ambulances were all together in a valley not far away, and in trenches as to the East. Near the cemetery where the 8th. Battalion officers and men had been buried, there were some reserves of the 3rd. Brigade.

Says They are a Wonderful Remedy

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