



A Large and Profitable Apiary which Affords Its Owner One of the Few Legitimate Ways of Living off his Neighbors

Mr. J. R. Marshall, Westworth Co., Ont., lives off his neighbors; and they don't object. If the Marshall bees take honey from neighboring fields and orchards they pay for it by ensuring proper fertilization of bloom. This apiary produced 31,000 lbs. of extracted honey last year. The spring count of colonies was 195; the increase, 311.

A Chatty Letter from B. C.

I. A. Derrick, Okanagan Dist., B.C.

NOTICED some B.C. news in Farm and Dairy recently from the Coast, but we are not known up here by the average coast resident of the province, and I think we are little known and greatly misunderstood and misrepresented in the East.

I am, perhaps, the only "dairyman" in Summerland, the first to start the bottled milk business in the valley.

I was brought up on a good dairy farm in Eastern Ontario, but later went to New York City—just to please the women folk. Although I had a good office position, I could not forget the green fields, the shady groves, and the fresh air—and the appetite—of my younger days, so decided to let the women hunt up another victim, for I had this life to live, and knew how best I could do it.

A BID FOR FREEDOM

I ran out to Briarcliff Farms, situated about 90 miles up the Hudson River, and stayed over Sunday. It was about the first of April and the taste of freedom was too much for me, so I decided to get a job in the dairy there. I had failed almost to a shadow, and I guess the dairy manager thought I would break in two if I tried to lift a box of bottles. But I took the job and returned to the city to finish out my time and pack up.

That was a fortunate move for me. The people at Briarcliff thought I was a physical wreck, but after six months on the farms I ran down to the city on business and went to the old office to see the boss. They didn't know who it was at first. I hadn't had much fault to find with my physical condition since that time.

I wish a whole lot of dairy farmers could visit Briarcliff. Of course, it is the estate of a millionaire, but nevertheless, not one of the 1,100 head of Jerseys kept there can hide behind his neighbor, nor eat from his basket. There were seven or eight bookkeepers employed in the farm office and beside the book work of the managers of the various departments. Mr. W. W. Law, the proprietor, knew what was being done in each department.

After leaving Briarcliff I came up to Guelph,

where I stayed for a while at the O.A.C., intending to graduate, but a business inducement tempted me away, as I thought, temporarily, but here I am growing fruit in the Okanagan.

I did back, for a long time, both here and on the prairies, but don't do that any more than I can help now.

Oh, why do the boys leave the farms?

Suppose a man were to come along and offer to buy your good seed wheat. Suppose he offered you \$5 a bushel, and you sold all you had. Suppose also that he bought up all the other seed wheat that was available. What would you

Harvesting the Alfalfa Crop

D. A. C. Elgin Co., Ont.

A FARM and Dairy subscriber, who has heard that I am considered somewhat of an authority locally on alfalfa problems, writes for information on harvesting the crop. He tells me that he has six acres coming along nicely and that he wants to cure his alfalfa in such condition that it will make prime A No. 1 hay. I have answered him as follows:

"I start to cut my alfalfa when the second growth begins to appear. Go out into your field and examine around the crowns of the plants.

As soon as you see little shoots an inch long or so, then cut without further delay. I start to look for this second growth before the bloom even appears. Some men I know cut as soon as the alfalfa starts to bloom, but I have found that this may sometimes be too early and at other times too late. It does not pay to delay cutting after the second growth has started, as after that the first crop does not increase any in feeding value, and the second crop is delayed to just that extent.

"I would advise you to run the cutter bar rather high when cutting the alfalfa, as otherwise you may cut off this second growth and seriously damage the next crop. In fact, I believe in running the cutter bar high in cutting almost any crop. We all know that sheep will crop pasture too closely, and the cutter bar running close to the ground has exactly the same detrimental effect.

"As a general rule I cut the hay late in the afternoon, often after the dew has begun to fall. Neither dew nor rain injure green alfalfa lying in the swath. First thing next morning as soon as the dew is off I run over the alfalfa with the tedder. On a very hot day the tedder is followed in an hour or so by the side delivery rake, which runs the alfalfa into loose windrows, where it is allowed to cure. On a dull day I would allow the alfalfa to lie in the swath longer. At intervals I turn the windrows over with the side delivery rake. This implement I consider almost a necessity in the proper handling of alfalfa. Occasionally I cut the alfalfa in the morning.

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A Wealth of Bloom in the "Sunset" Province

This row of King of Tompkins apples is in the orchard of W. Palmer, Victoria, B.C. Notice how thoroughly well the ground is tilled. Eastern growers do not find the King as profitable as several of the other commercial varieties even with the best of management. They characterize it as "a shy bearer."

do for a wheat crop? Is it not just as bad to sell away all our dairy seed, our good dairy cows, as to sell all cereal seed? Let us avoid the glitter of gold that tempts us to part with our foundation stock.—"Uncle John" Hyatt, Prince Edward Co., Ont.

If the average farmer thinks that he can give his family a better chance by leaving the farm he is making a grave mistake, as scores of farmers will abundantly testify. In nine cases out of 10 the average farmer will do well to think of his desire to sell out as a passing restlessness and to keep on in the only work for which he is fitted and to remain in the only life in which he is at all likely to find contentment.—Rev. Jas. Anthony, York Co., Ont.