



Address communications to Agronomist, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

HAIRLESS LITTERS AND POTASSIUM IODIDE.

Certain definite abnormalities in pigs, such as complete or partial hairlessness, undeveloped hoofs, blindness, large flabby and unnaturally developed neck and head all arise from the same cause of causes. Pigs so affected usually die although the sow remains normal.

Pregnant sows which are fed a highly nitrogenous ration, given insufficient exercise, and little or no vegetable or mineral matter are usually the heaviest sufferers.

This indicates a deficiency of some necessary element in the ration. Control of the trouble lies in preventive feeding and improved management of the sow. It is imperative that the sow be encouraged to take daily exercise. In so far as is practical, separate the feed trough, sleeping cabin and hay rack, or if the sow is housed in a shed or straw stack adjacent to or situated in the barn yard, the feeding trough should be placed some distance away so that she has no alternative but to take exercise. Close confinement of the pregnant sow must be carefully avoided.

Bray should always form part of the ration and to this should be added such meals as shorts, screenings, oats or barley supplemented with 5 per cent. of tankage and 1 per cent. of bone meal. Pulped mangels or boiled turnips and clover hay, preferably alfalfa, are suitable roughages. Minerals in the form of charcoal, earth, soft coal or wood ashes, etc., should always be available for the sows.

If these measures fail, medicinal treatment must be resorted to. Scientific investigation has demonstrated that the addition of iodine in some form to the sow's ration may remedy the trouble. In Eastern Canada, where only an occasional litter may be affected, exercise and proper feeds should be successful, but where hairlessness is common iodine should be administered during the gestation period, or at least for the greater part of it. A solution of one part of potassium iodide in a gallon of water may be prepared and when this solution is supplied to the sow in the meal ration at the rate of one tablespoonful

per day she gets a daily allowance of about two grains of the drug, which is sufficient.

POULTRY REGISTRATION.

Poultry Registration is now well under way. The first inspection of 1924 is completed and the inspectors in the various provinces report favorably on the work. The breeders have given generous support to the movement and interest seems to have increased materially during the last year. This is no doubt due to the better knowledge gained with respect to registration work throughout Canada. Those in direct charge of the inspection of registered hens have tried to impart such detail to the breeders as will enable them to keep accurate records of the progeny of the registered females. Recording forms have been supplied to each breeder, and leg bands, which later are to be used as wing bands, have been furnished for all chicks, the progeny of registered females. All male birds have been inspected for these markings and in nearly every case the very finest of producing blood lines are to be found behind these males.

An honest effort is being made by every breeder to establish a firm basis for his registered poultry, as he realizes that fraud or carelessness of any kind will later reflect on the strain. The firm confidence displayed by the public generally in registration shows that the work of the Canadian National Poultry Record Association is being appreciated by the poultrymen of Canada.

Reports of fertility and hatchability are very encouraging and give promise of being very much better than the hatchings season of 1923. To hear of 75 per cent. hatchings is quite common and many breeders are getting even 90 per cent. hatchability from their registered birds. Generally speaking, the contestants who have been successful in the various laying contests throughout Canada report active business conditions, which indicates that the egg-laying contests are serving as a guide to the buying public in the securing of reliable bred-to-lay stock.

The Pretty Room the Paintbrush Made

BY MARY GRACE RAMEY.

This year daughter reached the age when the usual hit-or-miss furniture found in the growing girl's bedroom wouldn't do at all; in fact, she was quite unhappy about her room and when I surveyed it with a critical eye I couldn't quite say I blamed her. There was a rather battered brass bed, a hand-me-down from former grandeur which had lost some of its rods and was altogether hopeless, though the spring was good and quite comfortable; also a shabby, golden oak chiffonier, with a scroll top—how did we ever come to buy these things anyway? A small desk from some nondescript period and a funny little old dresser, which had been mine when a girl, completed the inharmonious effect. The curtains were discarded lace affairs not suitable for any spot in the house, so they were used here. No wonder daughter was discouraged and that keeping her room in order had grown to be a matter of duty with no pleasure in it.

But where was the money to come from for the pretty set she so longed for? That was beyond me until I took father into my confidence, and together we decided to try our hands at making new furniture from the old. The attic, like those in many old homes, contained the leavings of past generations. Here we had an old hope chest which had been forgotten for years; they are quite the thing now, though used with a spring instead of the ropes, and they are very comfortable as well as pretty. The spring from the brass bed fortunately was the right size, and with four large hooks forged by the blacksmith from heavy strapiron and screwed to the side rails, it could be used very well.

MAKING A START.

A funny little old-fashioned washstand could take the place of the unattractive one which had been in the room. My old-fashioned bureau when deprived of much of its ornamentation was quite presentable in line, though sadly lacking in finish. The scrollwork was removed from the chiffonier and the high inlaid back entirely taken away and a plain piece of pine board substituted. It was shaped to conform with the simple lines of the other furniture. To be quite up-to-date the mirror was removed from the chiffonier and the molding painted to match the rest of the pieces. Then it was hung by a colored cord above the chiffonier. If the bureau had been a suitable shape it would have been treated in the same way, for it is very much the thing just now to hang one's mirrors flat against the wall. Here we had a start, but such a start! Almost every piece was of different wood and the

finish sadly marred and scratched; daughter thought her room was to be more of a mess than ever. But with scrubbing of strong soda water and much scraping and sandpapering, all done in the cellar, every piece was finally cleaned and ready for the paint. For economy's sake we used a first coat of inexpensive paint as near the desired color as could be obtained. This was gone over with sandpaper when thoroughly dry and then two coats of enamel given. For our color we selected a soft, greenish blue, of egg-shell gloss. This gave a more subdued finish than regular enamel. Of course each coat was thoroughly dry before another was given. Decoration was a matter of discussion; some voted for stenciled flowers, but daughter wished stripping of a rather light, creamy yellow. Father, who is clever at work of this kind, purchased a regular stripping brush for a few cents, and after a little practice was able to give the furniture quite a professional finish with the narrow stripes.

THE FINISHING TOUCHES.

While father was busy in the cellar with his cleaning and varnishing I had not been idle. All the blue and white cotton rags I could muster, with a few yellow and cream, had been transformed into serviceable crocheted and braided rugs. Any piece which could be crocheted had no trouble in making these rag rugs which, by the way, are extremely smart and used by the best decorators with the simple painted furniture. Little Swiss curtains with overdrapes of inexpensive cretonne were the chief expense in doing over the room, as new materials had to be purchased for them, but they added so greatly to the freshness and charm that we felt we were well repaid for the additional cost. The overdrapes were tucked to a valance board. Hung in this way the drapery completely conceals the window trim.

Daughter is so proud of her smart little room these days that no amount of work seems too much for her to attempt to increase its loveliness.

Dustless Concrete Floors.

Concrete floors are a mighty desirable feature in many farm buildings; everyone wants them and everyone should have them if at all possible.

But nice as they are, dustless concrete floors are better still. And it's a very easy matter to make them dustproof. Here is how to do it: When the floor has perfectly dried, paint it with boiled linseed oil, thinning to the proper consistency with gasoline. To obtain a glossy surface, which many will prefer, several coats should be applied.

They Were Seven.

Seven little babies,
Tiny yellow chicks,
Old Cat grabbed one—
Then there were six.
Six little fluff balls,
See how they thrive,
Mother Hen stepped on one—
Then there were five.
Five darling chickens,
Scratching near the door,
Mister Rat selected one—
Then there were four.
Four lively youngsters,
Playing by the tree,
One ate a poison bug—
Then there were three.
Three scrawny fledglings
Gobbling oyster stew,
One overate himself—
Then there were two.
Two husky cockerels,
Scrapping in the sun,
Automobile passed along—
Leaving but one.
One lonely rooster,
Pecking at a bun,
Company for dinner—
Now there are none.

I Make \$20 a Week More.

I am making nearly \$20 a week more than I did last year. And I'm not working much harder than I did either; I've just learned to think. You see, last fall, my husband decided to abandon exclusive wheat farming and see if we couldn't make more money with diversified farming. We thought we'd like to raise fine hogs; but getting started took ready cash, and with the low price for our wheat we had mighty little ready money.

I wondered what I could do in my own home to earn more than I was already earning—about \$8 a week—with butter and eggs. It occurred to me that the only real accomplishment I had was cooking.

We live near enough to a city to have a ready market for whatever we want to sell.

First came the idea of cottage cheese. Every morning I fed the chickens quantities of sour skim-milk. They didn't really need it, for the wheat was green and fresh, and there was ample corn for them. I can make a good cottage cheese, and I remember that Mr. Hill, the groceryman, had told me once that he had a regular demand for good cheese. He offered me 10 cents a pound; and I found that I could easily make 47½ pounds a week. I added nearly \$5 to my weekly income.

One day when I saw the two hundred fat, plump chickens spluttering around in my back yard it dawned on me that they weren't making money enough for us. I thought of making pressed chicken.

I fished out the kettle, contracted with the grocery to furnish 10 pounds, at first, at 50 cents a pound—a clear profit of 25 cents a pound—and went to work.

I make my chicken by boiling the fowl till the flesh fell from the bones, grinding it with the coarsest knife, covering it with its own liquor, and allowing the mixture to stand and mold overnight.

All fall I've been building up a trade. Frequently my sales run into 50 pounds a week. I figure that I'm adding \$12.50 a week from pressed chicken to my income.—Mrs. G. D. B.

POULTRY

If eggs are dirty, don't wash them. Washed eggs deteriorate more rapidly than unwashed, and detection of a few washed eggs may cause buyers to penalize the entire lot.

Unusually large quantities of washed eggs are reported this spring. Although dirty eggs are discounted in price, washing eggs will generally cause producers a greater loss.

Only clean, unwashed, high-quality eggs bring top prices. Production of clean eggs is accomplished by keeping hen house floors and nests clean, gathering the eggs daily and keeping the laying hens during muddy weather in dry quarters until afternoon, when most of the eggs will have been laid. Producers will find it more profitable to use the soiled eggs on the farm, and to market only the best quality product.

It is better to point with pride than to view with alarm.

Water in the Kitchen from an Outside Well.

A dug well, walled with sewer tile, with a pump in the kitchen, is here described by a farmer:

"A good well-digger dug the well at the rate of \$1 a foot in depth, and also placed the tiles in position. I used eight sewer tiles, twenty-four inches in diameter. Seven of these were in the ground and, each crock was two feet in height. This made a well fourteen feet deep, for we left one whole crock projecting out of the ground.

"This well was installed during that awfully hot and dry period of the summer of 1916 and we were indeed grateful to discover water the next day to a depth of eight feet. Several wells in the neighborhood went dry during this drought.

"The exposed portion of pipe under the house was covered with newspapers and boarded up to prevent freezing when winter comes, especially if we forget to let the water down at night by raising the pump handle all the way up to open the valve inside, as should be done for safety.

"The benefit of having the pump in the sink directly in the kitchen, can hardly be overestimated, especially during zero weather, when you are compelled to waste a couple of kettles of hot water to prime it, if outside.

"The one tile above the ground has several advantages. It is of a convenient height for a person to work at. It gives a good platform to set vessels upon, and is much cleaner. The ground dirt can not get on it, and it is out of reach of small animals which are very apt to fall in. The joint between the first and second crocks from the top was cemented shut. All other joints were left open to permit easy passage for the water. Our water is as clear as crystal and all the 'city folks' who visit us, delight in drinking it."

Tell Them So.

Tell the hired man he has done well when he does a good job. He is human, like the rest of us, and it will inspire him to do well all the time. Talk things over with him. Give him a chance to express his opinion about how work shall be done and what new plans shall be developed.

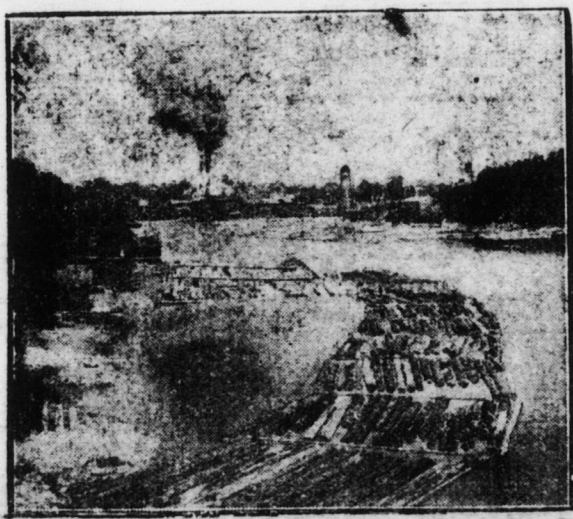
If you have a tenant on your farm, tell him you are well pleased with his way of doing things, if you are, and it may pay to stretch a point on this score.

Tell your tenant that you will put on some better cows this year, or do some other thing to increase the efficiency of the place. There is no surer way to hold a good man and to insure his doing the best possible for the place than to give him the best possible cows to work with, or extra good tools of any kind.

Some women would be wonderfully glad if they knew their husbands appreciated their efforts to keep the home nice and to have food that just fills the bill. This is not so easy for the good wife to do as you may suppose. She must not only have good food, but she must be prompt and on time. Then men folks are not always as considerate as they might be in this direction. They are very apt to storm round a good deal if things do not come round on tick. When you see the wife sweating and getting red in the face, help her and keep the men busy resting till the call to dinner comes.

Motor Mixtures.

There are now on the market numerous compounds or mixtures for motor-car engines. A number of these are simply gasoline with an addition of benzol, and the addition of benzol is an advantage for most engines. However, on cars using cork floats in their carburetors, one precaution is necessary. Benzol attacks the shellac coating on the surface of the cork float, and with the shellac dissolved there is a tendency for the float to become soaked and heavy so that it loses its buoyancy and cannot function properly. This affects the operation of the engine and an excessive quantity of fuel may be consumed from a frequently little suspected and often hard to trace cause. Therefore, in using a fuel other than gasoline, make sure it contains no benzol, provide your engine has a shellac-coated cork carburetor float.



Above scene may seem peaceful, but such is not the case. Indeed it is the scene of much activity for it is a part of the mills of the Puget Sound Lumber Company of Victoria, B.C.

Home Education

"The Child's First School is the Family"—Froebel.

Shall I Take My Child to Town — By Marion Beal

Whether or not to take the young child to town is a problem that confronts the average mother, at some time or other, and one which requires a wise solution if she is to give the child the best care possible. She has been told that these trips to the city are injurious to the delicate nervous system of the young child, and having given much thought to his best interests she hesitates to take him anywhere.

To the mother who must take her child or children, or else stay at home, this is indeed a grave consideration. I have often seen these mothers, with two or three youngsters trailing petulantly and fretfully in their wake. One look at the little faces proved that it would have been much better for these children to have remained at home. The mothers, too, showed plainly the fatigue marks that support this conclusion.

Here the wisest solution is to ask the father occasionally to give his weekly half holiday to caring for the children, so that the mother may shop, free from the burden of keeping an eye on restless youngsters. Perhaps Dad will demur, but most men, not in a position to provide an assistant for the wife and mother, will be glad to perform this duty, if the reason for it is made clear.

However, it is to the mother who can leave the children in charge of a competent person, that I purpose to address this article. As a matter of course she leaves the children at home when she goes shopping. Yet perhaps she is often perplexed as to how to answer the repeated pleading of the youngsters to be allowed to "go with mother."

A solution of this problem may be found in a plan I have tried with great success. When my eldest boy was a little over a year old, I allowed him a short trip; that was the beginning. I had been attracted by a show window in a big store, a window full of gayly colored balloons, tossed about by a fan, and the next afternoon I took the year-old son to see this window. For half an hour he stood and gazed with delight, just

watching the gaily colored balls float about. And for a week he would clap his little hands and call "Blow." Of course on this trip there was no shopping to tire him; he was merely allowed to watch the fun, then taken directly home, and I found the small adventure did him no harm. Naturally, it was not repeated often, but as he grew older he was given opportunities to watch other windows, never, however, to the point of fatigue, nor was the trip topped off by a lot of rich candy and ice cream, although a simple treat, such as a milk chocolate, was sometimes allowed.

These trips, "window education" my friends call them, have proven really instructive, for as a direct result the children have learned many interesting things. They have seen wonderful displays of jewels, musical instruments, and goods from many foreign countries. They know just how silk, cotton and woolen goods are made from seeing replicas of these processes. They know how cigars are made, and how a piano is made. They have seen windows that in their appeal to the childish imagination have been a true delight; Easter windows and Christmas windows have afforded them pleasure that lasted for weeks.

More rarely, perhaps once in six or eight weeks, they see a really good motion picture, one that I have previously seen and found suitable. Of course they do not go if an epidemic is prevalent nor unless in perfect health themselves, and I take the further precaution of inquiring at the box office when the house is least crowded. Safeguarding them in these ways, I have found it beneficial to indulge the modern youngster's longing to go to the movies.

One feature that appeals to me very strongly in favor of this mild "going to town" is that the children are thus acquiring a natural poise, and are at ease with any person with whom they are thrown. They are learning to take an intelligent part in conversation, and while not forward, are not self-conscious and shy, as the child is apt to be if kept too much at home.

ing noise on the inside. It really was the oddest looking thing he ever saw. "When I finish my bread and honey," he thought to himself, "I'll climb up there and see what that is." And he turned quickly to take a big bite of his bread and honey without even looking at it.

Then "Ouchie Ow, Ouchie Ow!" Some bees from what Bennie thought was the big paper bag up in the tree had flown down to get some of the honey that was on Bennie's bread. They had stuck fast and when Bennie had taken the bite without looking, he had gotten one right in his mouth and it stung him.

Off the stone wall he jumped and down went the bread and honey with the rest of the bees into the dirt. Bennie went crying home with a very sore tongue and he thought he never would try to play a trick on anyone again.

A Doorway Gutter.

In rainy weather the drip from the roof over doorway is very unpleasant when going in and out. To eliminate this I made a gutter six feet long on the roof. This extends a foot and a half on each side of the door. The gutter is made of a piece of 1½x2-inch board, nailed onto the roof and pitched to drain two inches in the six feet. The tin for flashing was cut from an old kerosene can. This was pushed up an inch and a half under the shingle above and nailed, then pounded down into the V formed by the roof and a 1½x2-inch piece and over the top edge of the 1½x2-inch piece, where it was nailed again.

"Please, mother," he said, "I can't have some bread and honey?" he asked.

"Yes, Willie, you may if you will be careful with the crumbs," answered Mrs. Woodchuck.

"I will be very careful, mother. I'll take it out doors to eat," said Willie.

And so in a few minutes Willie was out in his swing munching a nice big slice of home-made bread spread all over with honey and he certainly did like honey.

Just then Benny Fox came along on his way home from school. How good that bread and honey looked to Benny. It just made his mouth water, and his dinner pail was empty.

"Willie, let's get your little red wagon and take a ride down the south hill," he suggested.

"That will be fun," said Willie.

"Just wait a minute until I get my wagon." So, laying his bread and honey down in the swing, he scampered off after it.

As soon as Willie was out of sight Bennie Fox grabbed the bread and honey and ran down the road.

"How fine my scheme worked," chuckled Bennie to himself as he climbed upon the stone wall just around the bend in the road so that he might fully enjoy his delicacy.

It was just ready to take his first big bite when he spied something hanging from the branch of the tree above him.

"What can that be," he wondered to himself. He had never seen anything that looked like that before. It was like a big paper sack full of air, but there were some little black holes in it and he could hear a funny buzz.

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LANDSCAPING WITH PIGS

The rest of the world submits quite too readily to the florists, the nurserymen and the landscape gardeners as the only farmers who contribute to the beauty and refinement of life.

Yet, being myself a horticulturist and a landscape gardener, I am ready to assert that I have more than once seen a Berkshire boar more genuinely beautiful than any Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora that ever grew. I will add that a good flock of well bred White Rock hens is more ornamental than a whole flower bed filled with geraniums. I once saw an alfalfa pasture full of young Hereford bulls, all of an age and all pure-bred, and in point of beauty they were fairly thrilling.

No, it will not do to assume that trees and shrubs and flowers are the only beautiful objects in the world.

Of course, the breeder of fine Short-horn cattle feels in his own heart that one of his well-fed steers is quite the handsomest object on the farm, but he stands quite ready to admit that his is a vulgar and uncultivated taste. On the contrary he ought to stand his ground.

For many years landscape gardeners have made use of swans, cranes, ducks and other poultry—which they have usually called ornamental water fowl—to decorate their parks.

Some of them have introduced doves and pretty pigeons to add life, variety and beauty to their lawns. Some of them have even put small flocks of sheep into their parks where they serve both to mow the lawns and to enhance the pictorial interest.

Yet this ornamental use of livestock has been rare on this continent. It ought to be more frequent. And in this branch of landscape gardening greater prominence ought to be given to the good honest breeds of farm livestock rather than to the conventionally ornamental varieties usually exploited.

A DELIGHT TO THE EYE.

As a specific suggestion there is the device of R. J. Pearce, landscape gardener, who has laid out many modern business farms, and who thinks it proper to include a show lot close to the farm buildings and fronting on the public road, where the farmer who is proud of his livestock can show them off to passers-by. Quite possibly they will make as brave a show as the hollyhocks in the garden or the weeping willow trees on the front lawn.

There is no legitimate reason, either, why good cattle should not be brought forward in the farm picture so that they can be seen and enjoyed from the windows of the farmhouse itself. If there is a half acre of lawn reserved for the farmhouse yard it would still be possible for such truly ornamental livestock to graze within fifty or one hundred feet of the windows and porches to everybody's delight and certainly to nobody's detriment.

For my part whenever I visit anybody's farm I am always a great deal more anxious to see the pigs, the cattle and the apple trees than any so-called ornamental flowers, shrubs or trees whatsoever.

It is full time that serious and healthy people began to recognize the beauty and dignity of good well-kept farm land, of farm crops and of livestock. It is time that the landscape gardeners understood these matters and some of them do. More especially is it time that the livestock men understood, but some of them don't.—Frank A. Wau.

Washing Dairy Utensils.

Such a thing as washing milk pails seems so simple a process that to mention it invites ridicule, yet a lot of folks forget that to do the work thoroughly there are four distinct and separate steps to be followed.

The steps in order are: Washing, rinsing, scalding and drying.

The first step is the actual washing of the utensil. Cold water should be used first because hot water will cause the milk to adhere to the sides of the can and make it harder to remove.

After the milk has been washed out with cold water, then hot water and a cleansing powder may be used. Soap is a poor cleanser for dairy utensils as it is very hard to rinse off. An alkali powder seems to cut the grease much better, but that alone will not do the work. The scrub brush must be used.

Rinsing is so easy that many tend to neglect it, or at least half do it, thinking that it isn't essential. The washing powder must be removed.

Hot water should be used for this instead of cold water, as the latter will harden any grease that might have remained on the surface with the powder. Just the pouring over of hot water will not be sufficient. Again the brush should be used.

The purpose of scalding or sterilizing the utensils is to kill all the bacteria present. Hot water will not do it; it must be boiling. The utensils should be held in the water long enough until they have become of the same temperature as the water.

Drying seems like a small item, but the woman who made the highest scoring pound of butter during a recent contest emphasized the airing and sunning of the separator and milk utensils every day.

The kindness you radiate is the only kindness you retain.