

The Ontario Dairy Associations.

A book containing the annual reports of the Dairymen's and Creameries' Associations of the Province of Ontario for this year 1892 has just been published by the Ontario Government. This embraces the reports of the Dairymen's Association of Eastern Ontario, The Creameries' Association of Ontario, and the Dairymen's Association of Western Ontario. Full particulars are given of the operations of these organizations during the year 1892, as reported at their annual meetings. All the papers and addresses on dairy and creamery work delivered at the annual meetings are also contained in it, which makes the book of great value to farmers and dairymen generally. There are several of these that we would like to reprint in full, they abound with practical suggestions which would greatly assist our western farmers in these lines of work, but we will have to confine ourselves to one this month. We have selected the address of Hon. W. D. Hoard, ex-Governor of Wisconsin, on "Evidences of success in Wisconsin," delivered at the annual meeting of the Creameries Association, which was held in the Town Hall at Harrison on the 11th, 12th and 13th of January, 1893. The speaker said:—

"I am in a very poor condition to talk. I have not had such a cold since the time when I was a soldier and marched into a forty-acre field and somebody left the bars down. (Laughter.) I am in no shape whatever to talk to you or in any sense justify the magnificent audience or the attention you ought to give a speaker to-night. I have been very much interested in looking over this audience, studying the faces of those different men and women, and in noting the verve and consanguinity that pervades an audience here and in my own state. You know there is a singleness of purpose about this one great pursuit of dairying. In all these great problems they are the same here as there with us to-day, to-morrow and forever. We have got the same need and that is one of the great helps. In Wisconsin we have a composite population and we have all the languages spoken on the Tower of Babel, and yet after all we have a class of people in our foreign element who are beginning to take hold of this business. I am going to relate to you a little story in my history. I have been a teacher, and a student and a learner along these lines for thirty years. I have had a little to do with imparting knowledge in the west and in the United States generally, and I have seen these humble beginnings reaching out into humble farm homes; and I want to say to your Minister of Agriculture and to your Creameries' Association that everything else is naught and worse than naught if it does not reach out into the humblest farm home. The world waits for him to-day who produces the milk. All these appliances of these creameries, these separators and triumphs of an inventive genius are as naught until the farmer begins to put himself into these lines of progressive thought. When he does the procession moves. In my own country about 20 per cent. of the population is German, and, as a consequence, we have in them all that belongs to that solid, substantial nationality. One day, about 17 years ago, a little German, about 5 feet 6 inches in height, walked into my office and sat down very respectfully in a chair near me and looked at me. I knew him and said: 'Good morning, Carl.' 'Good morning,' he said. I saw that he seemed sort of down-cast. He said: 'I want to speak mid you. I heard you speak in the school-house about the butter business. I got mine dairy-house, mine house and frau and six children, and son times I tinks I got too many of them (laughter), and I

got my mortgage (renowed laughter), and I work, and work, and I work day and night and I cannot make that mortgage go away; and I hear you speak about that butter business, and I want to talk mid you. I got no money. I make a little butter. I take dot butter to town and Mr. White he look on dot butter and smell it. He says: 'Dot butter got more stinks as anything else.' (Laughter.) 'What can I do, my friend?' There is an air of humor and grotesqueness about this talk; but do you know that it touched my heart—the simple and plaintive tale of that simple and untutored and unlightened man. Instantly all my native blood came to my heart and I said to myself: 'If I am going to do anything for that man I must go right down to his place and show him what to do.' I said to him: Do you know what the Bible says in Proverbs 1-2. 'As a man thinketh so is he!' The difficulty is you have not been doing the right kind of thinking. 'Voll, mine Gott,' he says, 'I tinks myself almost to death.' Yes, I replied, but you are beating like a bird against the wires of a cage, and you are beating vainly, and you can beat your wings to pieces. It was all Greek to him. I said, 'You have been making butter; you have told me about it.' The man smokes, and he was subjecting his cream to the smoke, and to the smell of boiling cabbage and all the other smells. I said to him: 'If ever there was a refuge on earth for a stink, it is cream, and the result is you cannot make good butter; and, Carl, fine butter is a result of fine efforts, always.' Then, I said: 'You are selling your butter in this cross-roads butter market. Would you take goose feathers to a cast-iron market?' 'No.' 'You are not making or selling your butter with good sense, and everything you are doing is at variance with good sense. Now,' I said, 'you can go down town and buy two kerosene barrels.' 'Yah,' he said, 'but they got more stink yet than dot butter. (Laughter.) I said, 'you can stuff those barrels with straw and burn them out. You have got a good well and a wind-mill, and you can make up a little house round the rock of the wind-mill, you can set those two barrels in as tanks, you can go to the tinsmith and get two or three shot-gun cans. Then you can set them into the barrels and let the old pump run, and keep pumping the water into the barrels. I guess the wheel will stand it; it will do it good. Then I want you to get a cream can and put all the cream into it until you have got about 80 pounds of cream, and keep it in that water just as cool as you can, and then I will come down and make this butter and send it to Chicago, and we will 'stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.' So he did this; and the wife said to Carl: 'Dot Yankee is a humbug;' and Carl says: 'No, no; I think not; the Yankee is not a humbug; I will see.' So when he had got his cream ready I went down to his house, and I don't know that I ever went on a happier journey in my life. I churned the butter and showed him how to make it, and I said: 'That butter is the result of some of the best judgment to-day.' Then I packed it. 'Carl,' I said, 'I am going to send it to Chicago, and sell it in a butter market.' 'Will you go with the butter yourself?' he asked. 'No, I will send it to Chicago.' 'Gott in Hemil! I will never see it again.' 'Oh, yes, you will.' Man's intelligence is analogous to the great world of credit; and trust and reliance are at the bottom of the whole world's transactions. 'Now,' I said, 'we will sell this butter as intelligent men, and as men dealing with men who know good from evil' (laughter). He said, 'You speak a great deal from the Bible. The Bible is a mighty good book to talk from on butter. There is not a word about 'olco' (laughter). Butter was selling in the stores in our town at 14 cents at the time of which I speak. I sent Carl's butter 111 miles to Chicago to a commission man, to whom I said: 'This is the first fruits of righteousness on the part of a little German friend of mine (laughter); take this butter, sell it on its merits, and send me the sale's account and your cheque.' In about two or three days these came,—'Sold for 26

cents.' I went down with that cheque, with a mind filled with conflicting emotions; and I know that Carl's mind was filled with thoughts about this butter. I handed him the sale's account, and explained to him: 'This little package of butter has sold in Chicago at 26 cents, and here is your money.' The man gave a start, the moisture came into his eyes; he saw for the first time in his life; the certain way appeared before him; there was a reason for his labor in front of him; and he seized the cheque, and caught his wife around the waist, waltzing down the floor with one arm around her, saying: 'Louzetta, Louzetta! mine Gott! dat is no humbug.' (laughter). The wonderful full poet Gray, in that most wonderful of elegies deals with 'the simple annals of the poor, and, my friends, we cannot get away from them. The spirit of this lay should be the permeating spirit of every just and true dairyman on earth. The result of my experience with Carl was that he went on with this work. He asked me to assist him. I said: 'Carl, you must educate those boys. Send them to the district school. Educate them, and get behind them.' Now, this was about fourteen years ago. To-day Carl has a farm of 250 acres of land, a dairy of 70 cows, and is worth \$25,000. Occasionally he sends me a package of butter and a note, which says: 'To my good friend, who taught me how.' You may speak of official honors—I would rather be the arbiter of Carl's fate than governor of Wisconsin, a hundred times over (great applause). There was to me a stamp and growth of civilization I longed to see among these people, and I have watched it spread and spread until to-day I see transformed into fertility broad acres, a country where farmers were selling our fertility by the bushel—the stupidest piece of business this side of the grave—growing grain for sale. Why, between the horse that draws the plow, and the man who holds it at the other end, so far as the use of intelligence is concerned, very often the odds is with the horse (laughter). I saw that country reduced so that in 1870 it would not produce eight bushels of wheat to the acre. It was taken from the hand of nature in 1836 a magnificent country, but it was farmed for reduction, and not for production, and it was reduced until the mortgages on the farms of Jefferson County represented 46 per cent of the assessed valuation of the people. To-day the mortgages do not represent 7 per cent. To-day the banks of Jefferson County contain \$1,400,000 in cash, put there by the dairy farmers of that country. To-day the dairy farmers produce 14 bushels of wheat per acre. To-day the country produces more grain than when it was entirely consigned to grain growing. To-day the country wears evidence of substance and wealth, as an increment of the farmer's knowledge and enterprise, and they rise and dot the landscape and horizon as an evidence of growing civilization. What has brought them there? My gentle audience,—the cow. All things should be added to him who loves the cow.' (laughter and applause).

The farmers of Neshitt district have offered a bonus of \$6,000 for a grist mill.

Porter & Ronald, crockery merchants, Winnipeg, have dissolved partnership. Mr. Porter continues the business.

John Hockin, merchant of Arden, and Mrs. Eliza McKenzie, of Carman, were married in Winnipeg on June 22nd.

Superintendent Bedford of the Braudon Experimental Farm was in Rat Portage last month looking for some hardy specimens of northern grown trees. He was fortunate enough to secure about 2,000. Some of the specimens are: red, white and black pine, native mountain ash, tamarac, Canada balsam, black and white spruce, Labrador tea plant, wild arum and black alder.