

Alfalfa and Hog-raising.

W. A. Fitch, who has had a lengthy and successful experience as a dairy farmer and hog-raiser in Ohio, pins his faith to alfalfa as one of the most valuable of Eastern farm crops. In his management of the Clifton Springs Sanitarium Farm, N. Y., of which he now has charge, he aims to carry about fifty acres of its total 350-acre area under alfalfa. His practice is to cure it for hay, and in catchy seasons this he finds the most serious problem with the crop. For ill-cured alfalfa he has very little use. If such weather prevails next season, he intends making a trial of caps for the hay cocks. Last summer he ran a large bunch of hogs on a three-acre patch of alfalfa, with excellent results, securing one good cutting in addition to the pasturage. The crop stands a lot of rooting without serious detriment, and he estimates that an acre, supplemented with other foods, will carry from 25 to 40 hogs. In the Pekin-duck-raising branch of the farm, nicely-cured alfalfa, cut, has been found exceedingly useful in winter feeding. Over 200 stock ducks are kept, and an egg-producing plant of about 2,000 White Leghorn hens is being developed. Mr. Fitch has found, from experience, that hogs constitute a most profitable branch of farm stock. On this farm he has been keeping about thirty brood sows, but says he should have forty. They litter about March and August, and he plans to have them finished, respectively, about September or October, and May, which, taking one season with another, he has found the most profitable selling periods. His favorite hog, both as a profitable feeder, and for quality of meat, is the Berkshire, and in early December his long row of weaning pens were filled with as healthy and growthy a lot of youngsters as a feeder could wish to see. In summer, the sows have the freedom of a wood-lot near-by, and, with house-slops, keep almost in too high flesh. "If hogs happen to sag a little in price," adds Mr. Fitch, "don't quit; stay with them. Keep right on."

Toronto Fat-stock Show.

A big attendance of visitors, and a big entry of stock, characterized the first annual Fat-stock Show, held at the Union Stock-yards, West Toronto, and demonstrated the possibilities of a future greatness and wide expansion of a show held at these Yards. To an extent, this show was unique, inasmuch as the bulk of the money offered in prizes, and the great majority of the classes, were for carload lots, and the splendid finish of several of the lots was certainly an object lesson to the hundreds of interested spectators. The total entry list comprised 455 cattle, 700 sheep, and 100 hogs.

Best carload of 15 export steers had nine entries, judged by Wm. Crealock, with Simpson Renne and J. W. Gardhouse as associate judges, the awards being: 1, Hall & Robson; 2, A. S. Walker, Dobbington; 3, J. P. Henry, Ridgetown. To the casual observer from the outside, it would appear that Walker had an easy first. Certainly, his entry showed decidedly the best finish, but perhaps they were a little mellow for export purposes. Best carload of twenty fat heifers had an entry of eight lots, first going to Brown & White, Galt; second to the same firm's entry; third to Wm. Pridham, Mitchell. Best carload of 15 butcher steers had eight entries, judged by Alex. Levack, W. J. Neely, and W. J. McClelland. First ribbons went to R. J. Black, Bellwood; second to James Cummings; third to A. W. Talbot, Beaverton. Best steer, three years and under four, had six entries, first going to J. P. Henry, Ridgetown; second to Brown & White, Galt; third to Hall & Robson, Ayr. Best steer, two years and under three, had twelve entries: 1, Brown & White, Galt; 2, James Bowman, Guelph; 3, G. B. Pritchard. Best steer, one year and under

two, had eleven entries, first going to the Chicago and Guelph champion, the entry of James Leask, Greenbank; second to Brown & White, Galt; third to G. B. Pritchard. Best steer under one year had eleven entries, first going to the entry of E. Alton; second to John Dickson; third to J. Leslie. Champion steer, any age—James Leask, Greenbank. Best fat heifer had nine entries, judged by J. W. McDonald. First went to P. Stewart, Guelph; second to G. B. Pritchard, Galt; third to James Leask, Greenbank.

Carload of 50 fat sheep had three entries, judged by E. Puddy, first going to John Houston, Chatham; 2nd, A. Hales, Guelph; third, John Black, Belwood. Best carload of 50 lambs had eleven entries, first going to R. McCloyen, Port Stanley; second, A. Hales, Guelph; third, J. D. Ferguson & Sons, Mapleton.

Best carload of 50 bacon hogs suitable for export trade, judged by W. J. Johnston: First, John Black, Belwood; second, Arthur Talbot, Beaverton.

Roan James, the grand champion steer of the Guelph and Toronto Fat-stock Shows, and reserve grand champion of the International, at Chicago, sold at public auction at 56 cents per pound, weighing 1,460 pounds, and netting \$817.60. He was bought by P. Slattery, wholesale butcher, of Ottawa. This price has been beaten but twice, viz., at the first and the last International shows, and is surely high testimony to the excellence of the steer and the enterprise of his buyers.

If the beginner will start with not more than two or three sows, in pig when purchased, he can acquire much valuable experience with even so small a number, while his risks will not be great. The next year he may add to the number of sows, secure a suitable boar, and by slow but careful increase in the number of sows bred each year, if good management and freedom from disease prevail, should soon find himself with a profitable herd.—[From Coburn.



The Tale of the Pioneers



Early Days in the Ottawa Valley.

By Mrs. Wm. Reid.

My father arrived at the place around which the scenes of my story cluster in 1829, having previously been engaged in the construction of the Rideau Canal. He located on Lot 28, Concession 10, Township of Osgoode, County of Carleton, now part of the site of the present village of Kenmore. The land was held by the Crown, who sold it at the rate of 50 cents per acre. As I dictate my story, the original deed lies on the table before me, bearing the date of October 31st, 1857.

On his arrival, he located the site of his future home on the banks of the Castore River. A rude shanty was fashioned out of round logs, while, for a roof, scoops hollowed out of bass-wood timber served as an overhead protection against the elements. Logs were reduced to a thickness desirable for flooring, being flatted to suit the purpose. These were piled up until seasoned to be fit for future use.

At the beginning of the following year, I myself was born, and in the early spring was brought in along with my little brother, since deceased. Our family, along with our scanty household effects, were brought to within six miles of our location on an ox-sled. My brother was carried the remainder of the distance in a shawl strapped to my father's back, while I was borne in my mother's arms. But this by no means made up their load, for, in addition, they carried some provisions, dishes, and articles most necessary for immediate use. On arrival, a couple of pieces intended for flooring were placed for mother to sit on, while father busied himself in lighting a fire by means of the old "flint-and-punk" method, matches at this time being an unknown convenience. A hasty meal was prepared and partaken of, and then father, after tacking up a shawl over the opening intended for a door, barricaded it with the pieces of flooring, in order to guard us from the wild animals which infested these regions in the early days. He then returned for the balance of our effects, and arrived back after midnight.

The roads then existed, nothing but the blazed trail serving to guide the traveller through the



Mrs. Wm. Reid.

trackless wilderness. The friendly torch, always used at night, served a twofold purpose: it lighted and showed the right trail to the woodman, and acted as a protection against the wild beasts.

On father's return, a hasty bed of balsam boughs was prepared, on which were thrown some blankets. Then, weary, and almost exhausted with the day's fatigues, we all retired to pass a night of sweet repose, after rolling a few logs together to replenish the fire. No chimney graced our early home, the smoke making its escape by means of a hole in the roof.

One great drawback we experienced in building up our early home were the inroads made upon

our stock by the wild animals. I distinctly remember, as a girl of five, seeing seven wolves drinking at the river, coming up the bank in Indian file, and passing close to our shanty. At night, these denizens of the forest would break the stillness of the calm night, and make the woods vibrate with their sharp howlings, filling our young hearts with terror. In later years, when, by much sacrifice, we had managed to secure some sheep, these unwelcome visitors destroyed as many as seven in a single day. At night we carefully penned the flock up, safe from any depredations. This also brings to my memory how these marauders deprived us of a fine three-year-old heifer, nothing but the bones telling the tale of their feast on our hard-earned, prized and all-too-slim stock. Bears also were plentiful, and gave us considerable inconvenience. On one occasion we children were playing at my uncle's, who in the meantime had settled close by, when our attention was called to the pippen by the squeals coming from it. Here we discovered that Mr. Bruin was the cause of the disturbance, and speedily conveyed the intelligence to mother. She in turn sounded the alarm on an old tin horn to uncle and some neighbors who were helping him. The men, knowing that something unusual was happening, hurried home, only to find the bear fast making off with the pig. The dogs were soon on the trail, and pressed him so hard that he was forced to take to a near-by tree. The men gathered at the foot, and soon the keen eyes of the pioneers were glancing along the levelled barrels of their flint-locks. One by one they fired, until at last one of the bullets found its mark, and the thief met his deserts, biting the dust in his death agonies. Although this was sweet revenge, it by no means filled again the empty sty. Before passing on, I might mention that on this same day the men were again called on two occasions to other families, under almost similar circumstances, and that night three bears told the story of the invasion.

Four years after our arrival, we secured our first yoke of oxen, and these greatly lessened the strenuous life of the early days. Our first start to clear away the primeval forest was on the bank of the river. The trees were cut into logs, and rolled down the steep bank. A small clear-