

10-gallon can when powdered rennet costs \$7 a pound.

It is recommended that those who contemplate using this method should test their solutions in the laboratory before using them in practice, so as to know definitely the strength of each solution prepared.

**Babcock Testing.**

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Kindly give some help about cream testing. Have bought a Babcock and find cream bottles only marked to 30%. Instruction book says these are to be used with only half quantity cream, or with a 9 c.c. pipette or measure, but the pipette received is marked 10 c.c. Have tested two lots of cream, one to 35%, the other to 39% butter-fat. Now should I subtract one-ninth of this amount to allow for extra 1 c.c., in size of pipette? I am trying to find out what our butter maker is doing to me. Many of his patrons say he does not test fairly and I have good reason to believe they are right. His test for the first lot was 28%, and I will be surprised if his second lot goes over 30%. C. W. B.

Ans.—If the instructions received with the test state that 9 cubic centimeters are to be used for the sample then it is likely that the bottles are so graduated that with a 9 grms. charge, the percentage of fat may be read directly from the bottle. A 10 c.c. pipette should not be used, and for accurate results the sample should be weighed. Approximate results of the test by the use of the 10 c.c. pipette may be worked out as follows:  
 10 c.c. of cream tests 35%  
 1 c.c. of cream tests 35% divided by ten.  
 9 c.c. nine times 35% divided by ten=31.5%.  
 This is assuming that the bottles are graduated to give the percentage of fat direct, when a 9 gram charge is used.

F. H.

**A 35-pound Cow.**

Holstein-Friesian world records are recorded in dazzling succession. The greatest at time of going to press with this column, was that of Spring Farm Pontiac Lass, 106812, (aged five years, five months and twenty days,) which in seven days yielded 35.32 pounds of butter-fat or 44.15 pounds of butter as calculated on the 80 per cent basis, her milk production being 585.5 pounds testing 6.028 per cent fat. Her thirty days' official record was 172 pounds of butter, (80% basis,) or 137.6 pounds of butter-fat.

Spring Farm Pontiac Lass is evidently one of those wonderful cows capable of drawing to a great extent upon their stored up body fat, for the man who put her through the official test says she had lost four hundred pounds in weight—though whether this loss all occurred in thirty days, or whether the depletion extended over a somewhat longer period is not made clear. It is certainly hard to see how a cow could lose four hundred pounds in thirty days. Anyway there must have been a heavy draft upon stored-up tissue, which would account for the abnormally high test. Still the record is a great one, and Francis M. Jones, of Clinton, N. Y., who bred, raised and developed her is entitled to high encomiums. This young cow was sired by King of the Pontiacs and dropped by Tweede De Kol Lass, A. R. O. 34.81 lbs. She is nearly all black in color and is described as a low-set, wedge-shaped, extremely long cow, with a head of dairy type, large muzzle, open nostril, a powerful masticating jaw and prominent eye. As a milk-making machine she is a wonder.

**HORTICULTURE.**

**Orchard Planting.**

By Peter McArthur.

O for a scientist! Every walk in the orchard discovers a new trouble. The frost certainly killed all the earlier blossoms, for they are falling from the trees, stems and all. There is quite a sprinkling of late blossoms in most of the trees and the bees are busy among them, I am hopeful that we shall, at least, have eating apples next fall. But the two sprayings of kerosene emulsion failed to destroy the aphids. They are not so plentiful as they were, but there are still altogether too many of them. Here and there I find a blossom stem encrusted with them, and there is a scattering of them everywhere. Some orchardists were hopeful that the frost had killed them, but I do not think it has had much effect. This is a newly observed pest in this district, and from what I hear it is very prevalent. And now there seems to be something else the matter. A lot of the leaves are wrinkled on the tops, and puffy on the under side. In many cases they have separated into two layers. As this is something entirely new to me I am enclosing a couple of leaves to find

out what the editor has to say about them. Possibly their condition is due to the frost, which was certainly much more severe than most people think.

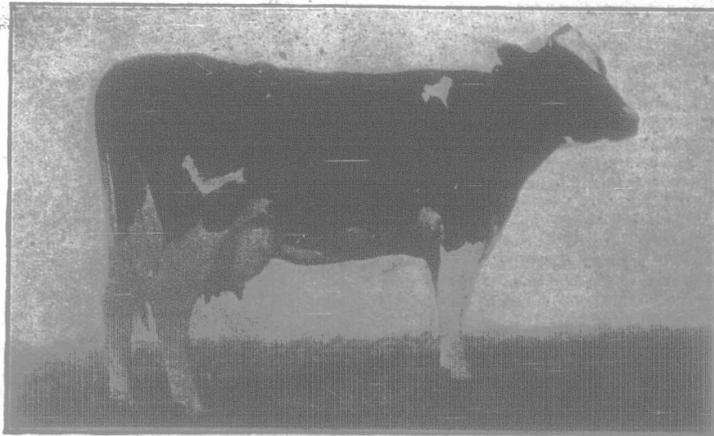
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If a man could only know as much before he starts a job as he does after it has been finished, work would be a great deal easier. I thought I had everything just right when starting to plant the new orchard, but I learned a few things. We planted cherry trees for fillers, and I thought it would be no trick to get them in right after the apple trees were planted. We made a fairly good job of planting the apple trees. Though the rows are not so straight that a rifle bullet would nick every one of them, they are not so bad. Here and there one may be out an inch or two, but the stretched and marked wire kept us fairly straight in spite of the rolling ground. It is only when you look across the field corner ways that you notice the little mistakes. But the great mistake was in imagining that if I got the apple trees in straight I would have no trouble putting in the fillers by sighting along the rows of apple trees. This had to be done by sighting along the rows that showed corner ways, and, as they revealed all the mistakes of the apple-tree planting, these mistakes were multiplied in planting the cherry trees. After the first couple of rows of fillers had been put in, I thought they would help me in sighting, but matters kept getting worse steadily. As Nature has not fitted me with enough eyes to enable me to sight in six different directions at once, the problem was too deep for

to give the young orchard every chance. If I rejected the trees a whole year would be lost, and the work would have to be done over again. The nurserymen promised me fair treatment if I would plant the trees, and now I am waiting to see the result. Though the trees were thoroughly soaked before planting, ten days ago, and have had two good showers of rain since they were planted, I cannot find a bud that has even swollen. If they do not grow it will mean a lot of wasted work.

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Almost all the fruit trees that came to this district this year, were in the hands of the railways for from one to two weeks. All the trees arrived in a dried-out condition, and some farmers refused to accept them. There is surely something wrong about this, but what is the remedy? The railways apparently do what they please, when they please, and how they please. I have had enough experience with them in the matter of giving signals at level crossings to know that they cannot be compelled to obey the law. In spite of the orders of the Railway Board, trains are passing every day without giving signals, and a few nights ago I saw an express train tearing along at full speed without a headlight and without ringing the bell or blowing the whistles. Apparently that is simply an indication of the regard they have for the rights of the people in all their transactions. Some time ago I saw a report furnished to the Railway Board in the case of a shipper who had missed the cattle market in Toronto, and had to feed his cattle for several days until the next market. The trouble was due to the fact that the local train on which he depended for the delivery of his cattle had to be held at various points to give the right of way to through specials. It does not seem right that local shippers should have their service disorganized on account of the through freight. I have been told that the delay in the delivery of fruit trees has been due to the same cause. The through freight on the railways passing through this section is so heavy that the local freight is of no importance in comparison, and it is largely left to take care of itself. As the taxpayers of the country have virtually paid for the building of the railways, it seems to me that they should have fairly decent service. It is a trifle hard to reconcile the fact that the railways are able to do what they like with the fact that we are all "sovereign voters." That phrase sounds fine at election time, but it does not seem to amount to very much between elections.



Spring Farm Pontiac Lass.  
World's champion seven-day butter cow.

me. I know that we should have planted the fillers after each row of apple trees, and there were twenty-foot marks on the wire for that purpose, but nobody told me. When we found out it was too late to do things right, for the planted trees made it practically impossible to shift the wire for each row. So we put in the cherry trees as best we could, and I danced around like a hen on a hot griddle trying to sight in six different directions without delaying the work of planting. The result is not what you would call a fancy job of planting, but I have seen worse. In fact the trees are in better line than in most of the orchards I know of, but they should be right. Of course, the fillers will be cut out sometime in the future and the orchard will then look all right, but I shall have to wait a good many years before it looks as I should like to have it.

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Planting the young orchard was not the joyous job I had expected, for there was less hope in the work than I would have liked. The trees arrived in such condition that it seems hardly possible that even a decent percentage of them will live. The box in which they were packed was broken, most of the packing had fallen out, and they were as dry as last year's brush. They had been twelve days coming from Welland, and had been exposed to the hottest weather of the season. They might have been delivered with a wheel-barrow as quickly as they were delivered by the railways. People who saw them at the station advised me not to accept delivery, but I called up the nurseries and the manager asked me to try to save the trees. He advised soaking them over night, and then heeling them in a wet place. This was done, and with the help of two men who have had experience in planting we put in the trees according to the directions of the nurserymen. I was anxious to give the trees a chance, not only because I did not want to see so large a shipment destroyed, but because we have been preparing to plant this orchard for the past year. Last fall a 'clover sod was plowed under, and preparations made

**FARM BULLETIN.**

**Inspection to Inspire Confidence.**

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

During the last few years public attention has been largely directed to the question of Canadian banks and banking facilities. Mr. McLeod, late general manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, led the way, and later, writers like Peter McArthur and some of our publications have taken the matter up. In the past the Canadian public has had the utmost confidence in the stability of the Canadian banks. The average citizen was absolutely sure that the Canadian banking system was the most perfect in the world: that depositors were absolutely safe, as they were guaranteed by the Government, and had a pity bordering on contempt for the systems of other countries, and especially that of the United States. In this belief he was confirmed by the Canadian press, by boards of trade and bankers generally, and citizens were assured that there was something mysterious and holy about banks and banking, which the ordinary mind could not compass, and should not attempt to enquire into. This feeling of security was so general and so strongly held that we have passed through several periods of extreme depressions, (and in the U. S. financial panic) with hardly a question as to the stability and security of our Canadian banks. During the last decade this feeling has been changed to one of apprehension, nervousness and doubt. Failure after failure of important banks has occurred, due, we are told, entire-