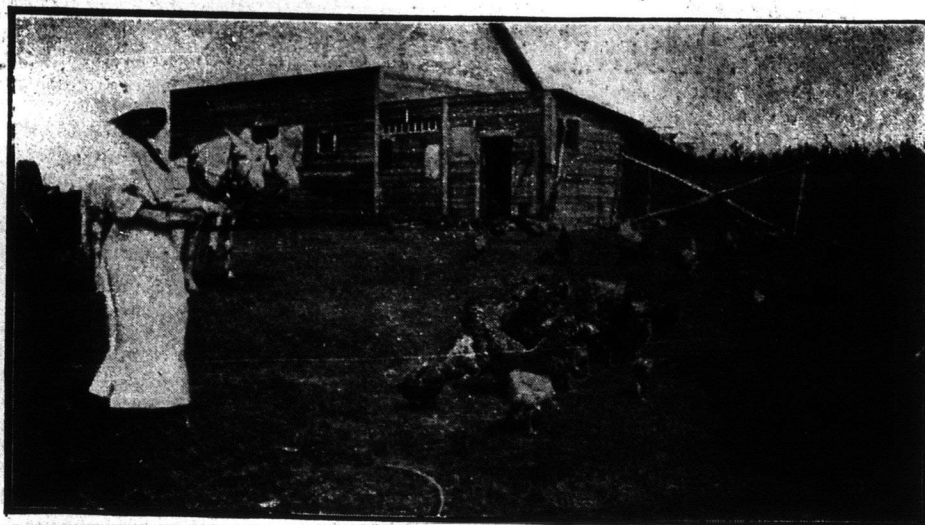


was much purer, and certainly much cheaper than that of smoky old London. We began to discover new virtues in all that went to make up our little kingdom of 160 acres. Four miles away was the Lake Dauphin, and our boys brought home great lines of fish; blue berries, cranberries, and an infinite variety of other berries grew on the land; prairie fowls hopped audaciously on the roofs of the outbuildings, and last but not least, a moose actually—one winter's day, though, this was—hammered on our back door.

From being only what our neighbors had come to call us—"good sports" we had imperceptibly, but surely, developed into "good farmers." In other words we had, to use the crisp Canadian phrase, "made good." It was very satisfactory to us now to laugh at our former amateur experiences. Not that, however, even now we did not make mistakes, many of them laughable in all truth. Not that the girls did not turn up their noses very often in disgust at what they called the crudities of farm life. For instance, when our sow next favored



The Old Homestead

us with a litter, and two of the babykins were poorly, they were brought into the house for delicate treatment, and the smell of the tiny shivering pig-bodies was not odorous to the nostrils

of the daughters of the house. So that the said daughters bathed the said pigkins with lavender water—an expensive treatment, which lacks nothing on the aesthetic side.

We will not say but that we often during our period of being "broken in" despaired of success, and of ever wresting anything from the soil but those great stones. Nor that we did not lament ever leaving the Old Country. The long winter nights were our chiefest trial of all, the utter blankness of our detached life, not a neighbor within miles, and thrust back upon our worn-out resources. The inner furnishings of the large house which has taken the place of the former shack certainly helped to pass many an hour during times when snows had erected a barricade between us and the outer world. We discovered during this long season of nature's silence new pleasures in our books, our hobbies, but alas, never in our piano. It refused to sing the old songs, and the most we could persuade it to do was to lend an indifferent accompaniment to the Canadian classic, "The Maple Leaf for ever."

Such is the narrative of the Londoners and of their "making good" on the fertile lands of the great West.

#### Saving the Baby Pigs

In the early spring before the sows farrow, I grind two bushels of corn and four bushels of oats together. I grind the corn largely to get the oats ground, as it is hard to grind oats alone. I think the grinding crushes the hull and the hogs get more out of them, as unground may pass through whole. To this I add 400 pounds ship stuff, 100 pounds tankage, 50 pounds oil meal and mix all together. To eight gallons of this mixture I add 10 gallons of hot water and then 10 gallons of cold, and feed to 25 young sows.

I also feed shock corn. The hogs eat some of the blades and it helps them; it saves husking the corn, and the hogs do better than on husked corn. Some of the shelled corn works down through and the hogs work all day rooting after it, which gives them exercise. When hogs are fed on ear corn they eat and then lie down. The corn fodder keeps them clean. After a week you have a bed of stalks to feed on, and not only that, they are in the best possible condition in which to get them before farrowing. Some young sows I sold last winter had nine pigs the first litter and their dams had 12 and 13 for us.

I breed Poland-Chinas. These hogs are the easiest feeders and get equally as large as any of the other breeds; and when fed up they carry the style and beauty admired by all. Although in the show ring the competition is great, those that are not afraid to launch out and show where winning is worth while usually get the honor that is rightfully due them.

#### Hogs at Farrowing Time

At farrowing time I watch my hogs closely. At the 108th to 110th day I put each sow in a small pen by herself. I like the A-shape house the best, as the sows cannot lie on the pigs. When it is very cold I place a lantern in the top of the A-shape house and it keeps them warm. It also gives light. I do not think a sow will lie on as many pigs if a lantern is kept burning about three nights until the pigs can get out of the way of the sow. I find more pigs are killed at night than in the day time.

When the pigs first come I place them one by one in an old tub with old carpet in it and a piece over the top. I keep them away for two hours and then let them nurse. I am careful to see that all get an equal share and take them away again. I do this about three times, and by that time the sow will be very quiet; by so doing in this way I usually can save the whole litter. I do not feed the sow much for about three days. After that time she is allowed about all she will eat after the tenth day if the pigs are all right.

Sometimes a sow's feed will all go to flesh, and the little pigs starve. Care must be taken to reduce the fat forming materials and feed something richer in protein. After the pigs are three weeks old a run is made for the pigs. They have their little trough with skim milk and middlings in it.

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