

hardly a safe guide we would not advise it until we have had the experience of more of our readers. The little quotations I have made will show you the information I got out of the first column of the paper, so you will know I have expanded mentally after going through the whole affair. I can remember when I used to read all that good advice and vow that I would start right in to improve conditions. I even once read half way through the reports of Farmers' Institutes for the Province of Ontario! Do you remember along about June when some of us would scour the country at night to get a skeleton squadron to go to camp, how sweet-tempered some of our dear 'Advocate's' articles made me. Some poor hired man who had enjoyed his two weeks at camp would be induced to write about it. Some sharp-tongued female peace-advocate would be turned loose on the soldier in the next issue, and anyone who was not convinced that eternal peace was assured after she got through, certainly took a very small view of the matter. Of course, anyone can tell from the patriotic tone of the editorials in our paper now that the editors, at least, were of a most war-like nature, but those articles had to be published to show the dangerous lethargy into which the country was falling.

"And then I have ahead of me a full evening's entertainment in the good old Family Herald. No matter what course in life you take you will find something to interest you in this weekly edition. If there is not a department in the paper just along your line, you can always read someone else's and find it sufficiently interesting. No strong views of any kind are forced on you. You are provided with amusement and entertainment of a kind that you can recommend to your wife's relations.

"Take the 'Practical Agriculturist' portion, with which we are both, of course, most familiar. You get a nice range of topics: artificial fertilizer, growing turnip seed, leaf hoppers (and why they do it) and the Alkali lands of the West. None of these are gone into too deeply, and it just suits the farmer who knows that he runs into trouble if he goes into the whys and wherefores of the case. The city man reads the article and grasps the whole thing; it tickles him to know that without any actual experience he has as good a grasp of the science of agriculture as have most farmers. In this issue, as is the rule, there is a very plausible article on 'Swiss Farming Methods.' It ends this way, 'Swiss thrift, if once established in Canada and the United States, would revolutionize agriculture.' Now, anybody knows that the only things that are really farmed in that bunch of crags are tourists. Anyone who can live on a farm that you have to tie yourself to, to keep from sliding off, has to be thrifty to make a living. I will admit that they must know how to breed goats in that country, and they must be whales to milk. I think climbing around the mountains possibly hardens them down until they give condensed milk that is easily shipped, because Swiss milk chocolate is made everywhere.

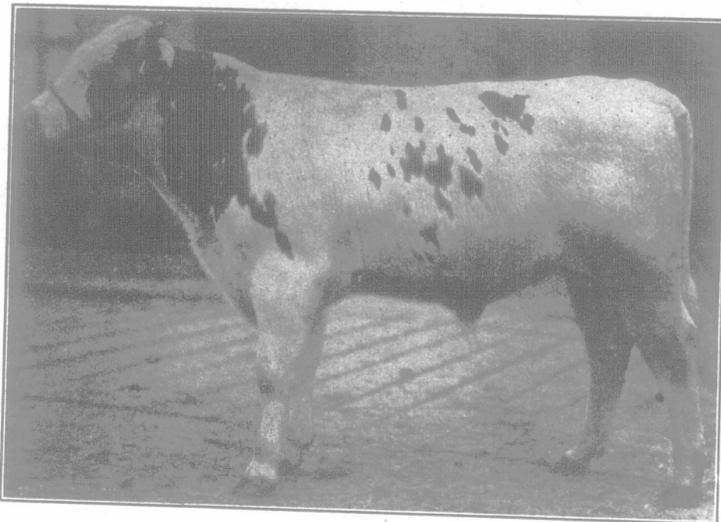
"What interests me is to know how many Canadian farmers want to be thrifty like Swiss or German or Belgian farmers. The next time some well-paid official makes such a hit with the government, that they send him over to study conditions, and he comes back and says he is thrifty like a Belgian, he is going to lose one of his most interested listeners. Why not be strong like a horse, contented like a cow, and have a healthy appetite like a pig. Don't you ever let anyone tell you that the European farmer is of a higher grade of intelligence than is the Canadian, because they infer, when they say that, that they are better farmers. With the present amount of brains Canadians put in their work when Ontario is as thickly populated as this part of Europe, it will be better cultivated. But when they have been at it as long they will likely get into ruts and make class distinctions, the same as has been done over here. This brings up every man to his job, and enables a man to do his work and use a minimum amount of brains.

"I will be 'busted' if I know why I started to favor you with a light criticism of two of our leading papers. I had a whole lot of things about Christmas that I wanted to tell you in the worst way. I think a fellow gets in a rather critical mood over here sometimes, and is usually waiting for a chance to show what a capable man he would make at someone else's job. He even forgets sometimes that there is not such a wide difference between a critic and a knocker, and that very few of us would qualify for the former.

"I have had a nice, quiet morning bringing home a few heavy-draft remounts. While I was back at the station I incidentally looked up some horses we had that have been attached to the flying corps for the use of the officers. I found one with a beautiful girth gall, and all looking a little tough. Our men there complain that when one of those fellows gets on a horse he immediately thinks he has his hands on the levers again, and when the horse comes in it looks

very much as though it has been playing aeroplane, or at least the engine part of it. I went over to the flying sheds and gently remonstrated with the young officer who had charge of the horse end of the corps, and think conditions will improve. The young chap really meant to do the best he could but he had been in the artillery once, and had the idea that he must be very horse wise.

"There was mighty little truce proclaimed this Christmas in no man's land, and Mr. Bosch may not expect many more until this war is finished. The O. C. being away in England for eight days' leave, has, of course, loaded me down with responsibility. I am able to eat a little bit of soft food, but I do not sleep hardly at all at nights, except from nine until six. Christmas was a particularly busy day. Our men had five different dinners at various places during the afternoon and evening, and I had the painful duty of going around to see that everyone was in good humor. I started at one o'clock in the afternoon, and wound up at this billet at ten at night. I was unfortunate enough at two places to get there in time to see the eats still going, and had to help out. I can quite understand now what started the rumor that those ships coming across the Channel loaded with Christmas pudding had gone down. Anyway, we had some day; the dinners were in huts, lofts of cow stables, and kitchens of billets, but they tasted equally good everywhere, and there was plenty to eat. I managed to dig up some toys in a town near here, and gave them to the little refugee mother here for her three children. They were of a variety that would amuse a Canadian kid for about half an hour, but these youngsters thought they were wonderful. Christmas morning these little kids came in and each presented me with a little sprig of holly tied up in a piece of ribbon. Where they got the ribbon I cannot guess, and the smallest kid could hardly toddle, but he got there with his presentation just the same.



Plus Inka Artis.

First-prize senior Holstein bull calf, and champion at the Guelph Winter Fair, 1915, for S. Lemon & Sons, Lynden, Ont.

"Contrast this with the old woman here in the billet whom I tried to sweeten up with a cake and a bottle of champagne. I thought at least she would distribute the cake and uncork the bottle for the family at Christmas, but no, she races it in and sticks it under the bed, where she can keep it, I suppose, as an iron ration. She may have had her reasons, of course, for not eating the cake, but I am not saying whose it was, and, anyway, it did not look to me as though it required so much nerve to tackle it. This, however, is just one of the many little habits one would acquire in being thrifty like a Belgian. Conservation is one of the first principles."

Small Silos.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":
"In looking over last week's issue of your paper I noticed an enquiry about small silos, and noticed that you do not advise making one less than eight feet in diameter. Perhaps you are right, but it reminded me that about a year ago I read a report in a Montreal paper, given by a party who claimed to have a silo forty-four (44) inches in diameter, which was keeping silage perfectly. It do not remember whether or not he said how it was built. I am writing about it. Am interested in the subject myself, as I am thinking of a small silo to supplement the grass for ten cows."

Our subscriber could do with a silo eight or ten feet in diameter for the ten cows. We would not advise one so small as four feet or less.

THE DAIRY.

Cream Substitute for Feeding Calves.

Whole milk is a balanced ration in itself for all young animals, consequently when a calf is weaned from whole milk and left to subsist on skim-milk, the ration becomes one-sided. In order to have the young animal grow as rapidly as possible, some feed should be substituted for the fat taken from the whole milk. Clover or alfalfa hay makes splendid roughage, and should be supplied the calf as soon as it will commence eating. These feeds are rich in protein, which go to build up the animal body, but they do not tend to balance the ration when skim-milk is fed. Oats form almost a balanced ration, and are considered an excellent feed for any young animal. When it comes to supplying the fat removed from whole milk, a mixture of four pounds rolled oats and corn meal, in equal proportion to one pound of ground flaxseed has given splendid results. With careful attention as to housing, and feeding skim-milk at the proper temperature, in clean utensils, along with the feeds mentioned, calves have been raised more economically and almost as well as when receiving whole milk.

Summer Care of a Winning Herd.

In an endeavor to encourage patrons of cheese factories and creameries, to feed and care for their cows, so that they will produce the maximum amount of milk, the Western Ontario Dairymen's Association offers prizes each year to the patrons who furnish the largest amount of milk per cow to any cheese factory in Western Ontario, from the first of May to the thirty-first of October. In the case of the creamery the amount of butter-fat per cow is considered rather than the amount of milk.

In 1915 J. S. Burton & Son, of Sparta, were successful in winning first place with their herd of 18 grade Shorthorn and Holstein cows. They were able to produce all the roughage and the bulk of the concentrates fed on their 190-acre farm. During the six months, the entire herd averaged 7,175 lbs. of milk per cow. This is an exceptionally good yield, and goes to show that grade cows, as well as pure-breds, can be bred and fed to produce large quantities of milk. This firm's method of feeding and breeding, may not be according to what some dairymen believe to be correct, but it has given

them results.

Only high-producing cows are kept on this farm; a careful weeding out of unprofitable animals takes place each year, and their places are filled with producers. Mr. Burton & Son do not raise any calves, but depend on buying cows to keep their stables filled. As they seldom have to pay more than ninety dollars for a cow, it is considered cheaper to buy mature cows than raise them. The aim is to have the cows freshen in the spring. A bran mash is usually given for a few days after freshening to bring them to their milk. Bran and corn chop with sugar beets, and all the roughage the cows will eat make up the ration. The cows are always kept in the stable until about the twenty-fourth of May, in order to give the pasture a start so it will last through the season. For the first week or two on pasture the cows are fed grain, but once they get accustomed to grass the grain feed is discontinued until about the middle of July or first of August, when two quarts of bran is fed each cow twice a day. About the first of October oat chop is added to the bran, and three quarts fed is fed during the summer, but an endeavor is made to move the cows from one field to another every few days. This method keeps the pasture fresher than where cows are kept in one field for a considerable length of time. The aim is to have the cows dry up about the first of the year, and give them six weeks or two months usually give a good account of themselves during the cheese-factory season.