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MARCH 19, 1914

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

529

shank that can be handled conveniently and that will not ravel. It is better than a rope end fixed with a waxed cord or with the ends woven into the web.

If you tie the other end of the shank into the halter ring it does not look well, and often draws so tight that it cannot be removed without cutting. Pass the end of the rope through the halter ring for about six inches. With a larger hog ring set tightly with the ringer you can fasten the end securely to the shank, then with another ring set close to the halter ring, and one between these two pig rings, you have a neat looking halter. If you wish to take the halter shank off, the rings can be cut away in a minute or two with the fence pliers without damage to the rope.

Another very useful item in the pig ring's utility is its use for marking hens. Few farmers go far enough with pedigree breeding to pay for aluminum leg bands, but any one who expects to make money out of hens ought to keep track of the age of each hen, and mark her after she has laid one year unless she has something of especial merit about her.

In the fall when the pullets are ready to be taken from the coops in which they have been raised, to the hen house for winter, put a pig ring around the right leg of each pullet, being careful to leave space enough for the leg to grow. Next fall put the rings on the left leg and when marketing time comes sell off those with rings on the right leg. If a hen has proved to be an exceptionally good sitter and mother, see that she gets another ring, so that she has one on each leg. If you have found that a hen is a better layer than the rest double mark her. A person who is about the hen house regularly, and is enough interested in hens to watch them closely, can soon learn to identify the eggs of any particular hen. No two hens lay eggs exactly alike.

Once having learned to identify a hen's eggs, the poultryman can keep her record closely enough for farm purposes without trap nests, as he will be interested only in a few which he finds are laying better than the others. These should be double banded. It pays to keep these exceptional layers and good mothers as long as they

are vigorous without value of the eggs they lay as they grow older, because of the improvement they make in the flock.

If you need a high piece of woven-wire fence and have two narrower pieces which together would be wide enough for your purpose you can fasten them nicely with pig rings by clamping the top wire of one piece to the bottom wire of the other piece, setting the wringer with the set screw to come as closely together as possible.

Just Dog.

By Peter McArthur.

When I asked for dog stories a few weeks ago, I fully intended returning to the subject at once, for I knew that I would get a lot of stories that would provoke good chats, around winter firesides. We cannot be improving our minds all the time and in hours of relaxation it would be better to talk about dogs, than neighbors. As I expected, a lot of dog stories were sent in, also stories about lambs, ducks, cows and other domestic creatures. And just then things began to happen to me. I had to go to Toronto, where I got stirred up about Indirect Benefits, then the cold weather came on, and I had to migrate from my desk to a table near the stove, and in the change, the letters containing the stories got mixed up with my unanswered letters, and I haven't been able to locate all of them yet. However, I have found enough to provide a batch that should enable you to discover whether other people's dogs are smarter than yours. The subject may seem unimportant, but what of that? Most of the things that amuse us are unimportant, but the fact that we should be amused is one of the most important things in the world. If the "wisest men" referred to in the old proverb did not relish a little nonsense now and then, they never would have gained their reputation for wisdom. At the same time, if it were necessary to defend the theme it would not be impossible to justify dog stories by weighty argument. A French lady—evidently an early militant suffragette once said—"The more I know of men, the better I like dogs!" While the men folks are digesting that, let us proceed to the first story.

A doctor who gives his name and address as a guarantee of good faith, sent me the following:

"Three weeks after I located here, I was awakened by a great noise at my front door. Further investigation revealed a mere dog—a mongrel of the finest type. A good kick on the snout gave me another hour's rest, when I was again awakened by the same noise—cause ditto. This time he got hold of one leg of my pyjamas and pulled, never bruising my tender skin; so, remembering other dog tales, I let him pull. Seeing he was in earnest, I gave him another signal to desist and got dressed. At my exit, he was waiting and scooted ahead. With some misgivings, I aroused a neighbor, who said that he belonged to J. F., aged fifty-four, a bachelor who lived four miles south. Turning back, I hitched the yoke, at sight of which that dog's joy was unbounded. A short jaunt deposited me at J. F.'s., just in time to do business.

"Not much to all that, but hear the rest.

"J. F. is an epileptic, and prior to my location here, an old neighbor woman used to get up and come to attend him, whenever his dog scratched at her door.

"The day after I saw J. F., one of the old lady's neighbors sent for me (A Coroner), to determine the cause of her death, as she had been found dead that morning. Investigation revealed that she had been dead at least two days. The dog had evidently scratched her door unavailingly that night. Now then, granting that the dog had been trained to go to the neighbor-woman's for help, how on earth could he know of the location of a doctor four miles away, and as recently as three weeks since, and how could he know to which house he should go? It is entirely puzzling."

After you have exercised your ingenuity, trying to puzzle out the reason why of that story, you may profitably consider the following lot, which were sent by Mr. J.M., of Hamilton.

"One time I carried a pail of salt to give to fifty head of cattle in a small yard, some distance from home and went back part way home when I thought of the large tin pail, which was left behind. I said, 'Rover, bring that pail.' He had to go through the fifty cattle, to the far side of the yard, and bring the pail back through



Following in Mother's Footsteps.
Where one sheep goes, the rest follow.