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# About the Farm

The Farmer

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Madge S. Smith.

First Year—Deep down in his heart, he always had been a farmer. It was not his fault that he had never had a farm. It was not his fault that he had been raised in a grimy town, and packed off to work in a bleach-croft before he was of an age to be the master of cir-He was a farmer, even cumstances. then, deep down in his heart. Even in the blue-vat, he saw green, and tended imaginary stock and watched things growing out of soil. Now he was oneand-twenty; and he had crossed the ocean to the country where farms were to be had. And he was going to be a farmer at last. He had not got very far yet, it is true. Just now he was driving a milk wagon on a surburban delivery round. But there was a horse in the wagon, which was a step nearer. and the milk came off a farm, which was two steps nearer, and he was saving money which was three steps nearer. Some day he would get there.

Second Year—He was going to be a farmer. It was all turning out as it Start Fattening Hogs Carefully

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J. H. Smith, Illinois.

About this time of the year, or at any rate, around the first of November, I look over my hogs and decide which to fatten for market. Of course, there is no difficulty about it, if the hogs be barrows of the proper age. The spring pigs that have been well taken care of are in fine shape for putting in the feed lot. These are not difficult to handle. To start with, I usually put them all together in a lot and begin feeding, principally corn, in moderate amounts. give them the run of our blue grass pastures, and some years, but it does not happen to be this season, I have a field of turnips to run them on just before the weather freezes up. season, fortunately, I have a splendid clover pasture and this, in connection with the new corn, is first class for starting them.

After feeding together for a little while, I separate the sows and runty pigs from the main herd and feed in a separate lot. I give them slops, made by mixing shorts with water, and occasionally add a little bran. Moreover, was written in the book and in the if we have any skim milk or butter-



A Strawberry Bed in British Columbia

had worked in the town, saving every axe and a tent, and a case of provisions and started in. The virgin forest rolled down to the thundering surf, challenging him to the conquest. Oh, the joy of realization! He was going to be a farmer now in real earnest.

Third Year-He was a farmer. He had cleared half an acre. He had great muscles on his arms, and a greater courage in his heart. He had also a cow, a pig, and a small wooden house. He had no neighbors for four miles, and he had learned to be content with his own company. He had learned to tighten up his belt when provisions were scarce, and what was better, to troll for salmon in the sea, and to dig clams, and work like a galley-slave on the road-making that helped him to live. The pig fell sick, and he doctored it, and the animal miraculously recovered. The cow had a calf, and he was making first experiments in butter-making, as yet too unsuccessful for any but his own table. He had raised three dozen cabbages as big as his head, and had learned by useful experience to "bust" logs without "busting" his own toes. He could take a man's place in a lumber-boom and shoot his own game; and he knew something about well-boring, also from experience. He was making good. He was a farmer. But then he always had been a farmer, deep down in his heart.

vivid imaginings of his own heart. He | milk to dispose of, it goes to these sows and pigs. With this additional cent he could spare, living austerely and keeping himself very fit. He worked all before very long some of them, at any day, and often did odd jobs in rate, may be turned in with the main the evenings. Now he had pre-empted a piece of land, bought an me to get my hogs on full feed. me to get my hogs on full feed.

### Corn Chief Fattening Feed.

In common with other farmers in the corn belt, my principal fattening feed is corn. I find that it must be fed carefully at first. Many of the swine troubles frequently reported as cholera are due to the feeding of too much immature corn. I have never had any serious trouble, but I have always been careful. However, as I said before, do not start in too rapidly, but begin gradually and add to the amount given until the hogs will eat up clean all that is given them at each feed. I feed twice a day, in the morning and between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Sometimes toward the end of the feeding period I feed a little less in the morning and then give them a second feed at noon and the third along the middle of the afternoon. This will cause a little more work than is necessary, and I believe that two feeds a day properly handled will be just as satisfactory.

A few years ago I built a feeding floor 20 x 30 feet, of concrete, this adjacent to the hog house. I can now feed corn any time during the year in perfeet safety. No matter how much mud may be worked up in the lot, I keep the

C. N. Eggs winter,

their po