

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE. LIVE STOCK.

FOUNDED 1866.

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE. THE LEADING AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL IN THE DOMINION.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE WILLIAM WELD COMPANY (LIMITED).

JOHN WELD, MANAGER.

Agents for "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Journal,"
Winnipeg, Man.

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HORSES.

The Need for More Good Drafters

In 1910 the high-water mark was believed by many to have been reached, as far as draft-horse prices were concerned, but 1911 has come and gone, and still the demand exists. It is estimated that there was an increase in the volume of business done of about twenty-five per cent. on the large horse markets in America. The decline noticed in these markets was very small, compared with record prices of the history of the trade, and, for horses of the right type and quality the year's prices were never before excelled. There was a noticeable scarcity on the markets of the really high-class drafter.

Conditions only serve to indicate that it pays to produce the good horse, and the horse in demand on the market; and, further than this, that these horses are not being produced fast enough to satisfy the ever-increasing demand. While inferior animals are reasonably plentiful, and sell at fair prices, the market is practically bare of the high-class drafter, for which high prices are obtainable.

What is the remedy? How is the market to be satisfied? There is only one way, and that is breed more horses of the right draft type. Select the stallion early which will mate best with the mares to produce size and quality drafters. Breed all your draft mares. They will do the farm work and raise colts as well.

First Act of the Year.

Enclosed please find \$1.50 for renewal of my subscription to your most valuable paper. This is my first act in the New Year, and I guess one of the best I shall do throughout 1912. Will close with best wishes for the prosperity of your most valuable magazine. S. A. JOHNSON.
Rainy River District, Ont.

Renew your subscription by taking advantage of our Special Renewal Offer. You will find particulars of same in this issue under heading of "Renewal Offer Extended."

Sandy Fraser's Mistakes.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I'm seein' by yer last paper that yer essay competition on "My Most Profitable Mistake" didna' bring oot mony replies frae the readers o' "The Farmer's Advocate." Maybe, gin they had thoct ye wad no' print their names, they would-na' hae been sae backward, for ye ken that when ony self-respectin' mon has made a fule o' himsel', he disna' juist care tae see a' aboot it in print. Makin' a bad mistake is somethin' like havin' been in jail. Ye want tae forget it, gin ye can. An' ye're hopin' that ithers may dae the same.

Hooever, I'm no' like that. Gin I ever gang tae jail, I'm gaein' tae tell a' aboot it when I get oot, an' hoo weel I behaved, sae that they could na' keep me in ony langer, an' a' that sort o' thing. I'm no sure but my neebors wad be thinkin' mair o' me than they did before I went in, an' micht be askin' me tae rin for member o' Parliament. The mon wha gets up again aifter he has been knocked doon may be juist as guid a mon as the ane wha has never been doon at a'; an' what is mair, he kens hoo to dodge the next blow. Sae, gin ye mak' a mistake noo an' again in yer farm management, there is na' ony need tae be shy o' tellin' aboot it tae onyone wha micht profit by it. It will only mak' yer friend mair friendly when he kens ye're human like himsel', and subject tae the same errors o' judgment.

Noo, perhaps ye'll say, "Sandy, can ye no tell us o' some o' yer ain mistakes that hae paid ye a guid dividend over an' above cost, since ye're no backward?" Weel, perhaps I can, an' maybe I could fill a book wi' them, gin I could mind them a'. But ane or twa I hae na' forgotten, an' I'll tell ye aboot them, since ye're good eneuch tae inquire.

Weel, there was a time when I was a wee bit younger than I am the noo, and also mair o' a fule, I hope, an' I thoct I kened aboot feeding coos an' daein' it economically an' a' that. I had an idea that the less it cost me tae feed my stock, the mair money I wad hae in the end. I us tae feed them hay an' corn stalks an' straw, especially straw, an' it seemed tae agree wi' them, for their appetites were unco' guid. I did na' gae very strong on the hay, an' I used tae break a' the ears off the cornstalks before I fed them. I min' ane winter I made fifteen dollars by breakin' aff the corn an' sellin' it in this way.

Weel, I suppose ye think ye ken what happened, an' nae doot ye dae. Alang towards spring I noticed some o' the coos wad be takin' it kindly gin I wad gie them a little help tae get up once in a while. Hooever, they pulled through, an' the warnin' wasn't o' very muckle guid tae me, for I followed somethin' o' the same plan the next winter. This time I got a lesson that has lasted me till noo, an' I'm hopin' it will last till I gang oot o' the business a' the gither, for, though they tell me that a penny saved is two pence earned, yet I found oot that, for ilka penny I saved on feed, I lost mair than twa on milk the next summer, and the price o' hides was unco' low that spring, too. It may be a' richt tae tak' a savin' streak when yer auld woman wants a new bonnet, but dinna' get tae savin' coo feed. Gin there's ony money in coos, ye've got tae gie them a' they can eat o' a weel-balanced ration tae get it oot o' them. Fill them up, an' they'll dae as much for the milk pail.

Noo, while I'm at it, I may as weel tell ye o' another mistake I made in my way o' handlin' stock. I was ave great on fresh air an' exercise, an' na doot they're baith guid in their place. But when I tell ye that I used tae let the coos oot for about half the day ilka day a' winter, ye'll na doot agree wi' me that I carried the exercise business a wee bit too far. Gin I had bought some o' these commercial fertilizers tae mak' up what I lost by this plan, I wad hae had tae mortgage a corner o' my farm. An' besides, when a coo has tae shiver for half a day tae keep warm, she's no in a very guid state o' mind to gie milk. When she manufactures a couple o' pails o' milk ilka day, an' eats a' she should, I'm thinkin' she has aboot exercise eneuch. Onyway, I'm dootin' I made a mistake tae leave ma coos standin' roond outside, for there's mair profit, up tae the present, in keepin' them in.

Noo, I guess I had na' better tell ye ony mair o' my "profitable mistakes," or ye'll be wunnerin' where I'm hidin' a' my money. I may say, hooever, that a considerable number o' ma mistakes are no' payin' ony dividends yet; in fact, I'm payin' interest on them. But that has naething to dae wi' oor subject, sae we may as weel leave the consideration o' them for some future occasion.

An' noo, Mr. Editor, may I wish ye a happy an' prosperous New Year; an' since ye've got up tae bein' a farmer like the rest o' us, I wad say,

may yer mistakes in the profession be few and full o' profit, an' dinna' forget yer friends when ye're dividin' the spoil.
SANDY FRASER.

Where Fitting Counts.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Yesterday, a stranger took away my best pure-bred heifer—the pride of the herd. True, he paid me for her, double her value in cold cash. I had priced her at a sum I thought no man would care to consider, but this buyer paid it, and seemed particularly well satisfied with his bargain. For all that, I was sorry to see her leave the stables, for no man can grow into good stock if he will sell his best dams; but, then, no man will get a reputation among stockmen if he will not keep his word and be businesslike, so the bonny heifer is gone.

For all this, I am particularly pleased over this sale for another reason. This buyer intimated to me that he had looked over two other breeders's herds for a choice pair of heifers before he came to mine, where he got one only. I was more than surprised that he should pass over these other herds, for both men had good standing as breeders, and I knew they kept stock with much better breeding than I have in my herd. I doot very much if this buyer would have got that heifer had I not done so much talking to find out just where he thought my stock stood up, or my friends' fell down; but, by the time he had the pedigree to that heifer safely in his pocket, I had about decided that my cattle were being kept in quite a bit better fit—a fact I had been suspecting for some time.

Even though I have come to be able to pick out an animal that is not in good shape, still I find it hard to get past the individual that is in tip-top form, even though I am sure that the other in poorer condition will, by fitting, come into the better shape; and, although I have none to sell, I believe the extra work and feed necessary to keep them in good, thrifty form—not show condition—is one of the best advertisements I can have.

Omitting any added value one may receive from such care, the satisfaction of looking over the herd every afternoon as they are lying down, showing the last word in health and contentment, is enough to repay the genuine stockman for his work.

I cannot, though, get over this fellow passing over these other herds and taking that heifer at such a figure. It looks to me as though a stockman must be right on the job every month in the year, whether he is sold out or not, if he wants to get and hold the trade.

"SCOTTISH HERDSMAN."

Frozen Silage.

Beware of frosted feeds, especially succulent ones such as silage and roots, which carry from seventy-five to ninety per cent. of water. Feeding forty pounds of frozen silage is very much like putting thirty pounds of ice into a cow's paunch. It is a well-recognized fact that cold retards digestion, checking the flow of digestive secretions. Now, it requires a great many calories of heat to thaw ice, and, after it is thawed, a great many more to raise the ice-water to blood temperature. It is bad enough for the cow to drink ice-cold water, but much worse when she has first of all melt the ice. The simple fact is that feeding frozen silage is not only unwholesome, but dangerous.

To avoid feeding frozen silage during such severe weather as we have recently experienced is not always easy. The silage will freeze around the edges, and sometimes crust over the surface. When this is thrown down into a loose pile in a warm room, it may heat sufficiently to thaw the frozen portions, but during these cold snaps the feeding-room is liable to be so cold as to check fermentation. Saturating the pile with hot water does not, as a rule, have the desired effect, whether because the moisture drowns the fermentative bacteria, or the heat destroys them, or whatever the explanation may be. A better plan is to bury a boiler of hot water in the feeding cart or in the pile, taking pains to throw most of the frozen chunks around it. If, in addition, some hay or straw be thrown over the pile, and if the surface of the material in the silo be kept strewn with something of the kind, being forked alternately to one side and the other when throwing out the silage, and then spread roughly back, the trouble from freezing may be somewhat reduced. We have been lately adopting these methods, with some success, but would be glad to hear from anyone with better suggestions to offer.