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Aberdeen, both in July, but we will have no summer show at Glasgow, and no H. & A. S. Show at Edinburgh. It is just possible that a local event may be held at Edinburgh at a later date in July, but of this at time of writing there is no certainty. No doubt we will struggle through without our usual quota of shows for one year.

As for the War, the minds of the people here are much concerned about the revelations made last night by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Lloyd George is one of the most effective public speakers in this country, and his account of the havoc wrought by over-indulgence in strong drink was lurid and appalling. The astounding thing is that in view of this terrible indictment of Alcohol he should have had nothing more heroic to propose by way of remedy than an excessive tax on whisky and some adjustment of taxes on beer. There is only one remedy for the tragedy, which the orator unfolded, and that is total prohibition during the war. thoroughly convinced that had the Government proposed this a month ago they would have carried it with a "run," and it would have been a godsend to the people of these realms on every hand. Once we had got into the prohibition stride, not all the topers in the world would ever again have succeeded in repealing the measure, and reverting to the bad evil policy we are now Certain powers are proposed to be vested in the King in Council with respect to defining areas within which prohibition may be enforced during the war, and it may be hoped that the operation of this law may have a splendid It is awful to think that this country spends £166,000,000 on strong drink in a year, and that we are spending at that rate now. Some one has said that we cannot afford that during such a war. In our opinion we can never afford it. A nation so destroying itself through wilcohol will assuredly be destroyed. Yet the strength of the liquor interest in this land is amazing, and its selfishness much more so.

SCOTLAND YET.

Stockmen See Good Times Coming.

Information which comes from various quarters on this Continent reveals the fact that a shortage does and will exist in the feeder class of cat-The extent of this shortage is hard to estimate, but bearing in mind the slaughterings of recent years, the loss by foot and mouth disease. and the world-wide shortage of meat products, it is such as to insure high prices for all meat products in the first few years which are to come. Throughout the past it has been customary to raise calves and steers upon waste lands and finish them on the more fertile fields in different States or Provinces. This has meant, in the past, the shipping of range steers from West to East and a marketing of the finished animal nearby in those zones, as at Chicago or Winnipeg, or shipping them farther East, to Toronto or Montreal, in Canada, or Buffalo in the United States. The day of the rancher is fast passing, and steers must be produced more largely on the farms where they are to be finished. Graingrowing is encroaching on the extensive acres of the rancher, and although he may be loath to give up the free and open-air life, yet world-wide conditions demand more intensive cultivation and greater production per acre.

This method of raising steers, now coming into vogue, insures a better animal, which will usually finish at a smaller cost and at a younger Western-reared calves have cost in the vicinity of \$17 to \$23, and farther East from \$20 to \$28. On a ranch in Kansas, mentioned in United States Farmers' Bulletin No. 588, where cows were valued at \$70 each, and it was assumed that 85 per cent. of them reared a calf each year, the cost was \$22.19, that is up to the weight of 450 lbs., and at the age of 2½ years about \$55. This figure was about the maximum in the corn belt, but many Western ranches raised similar steers for less money.

Ize order to determine as accurately as possible the cost of feeding, cost-accounting records were kept for two years on 24 lowa farms. During the year, beginning with the autuum of 1909, the average profit on 961 cattle, fed in 22 bunches, was \$2.05 | er head; in addition to the profits on the 1,504 hogs following these steers, and which recoived extra grain besides. Market prices in the spring of 1910 were such that a profit of \$6.67 per hog was secured. The following year, 1910-11. proved unsatisfactory, due to prices which caused a loss of 78 cents per head on 1,138 cattle that were fed on 28 farms. The 1,646 hogs following these sieers returned an average profit of \$3.33.

On the surface these gains look very small indeed, and anyone with money to invest would onside form before engaging in an industry which does not tell to larger profits. However, it and he will the produce of the marker pairs, with the greater post of the fertility of the soil conserved. The what it means to be able to say that not an extend of the control of the soil conserved. to increase the credits, but this system is not fellowed largely in Cabara where silver, meal and examinous toy are resultined to form a ration.

In lasting quality and in real strength the manure from finishing steers is superior and farms devoted to the production of beef should be very fertile, as many of them are. The profits should increase each year as the soil improves both in fertility and tilth.

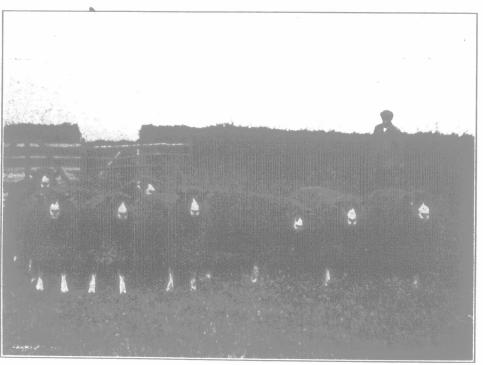
Phenomenal, too, has been the change in the age of steers fed. Formerly in the corn belt steers from 4 to 6 years of age were finished, being fed on full feed for 6 months. popular age is from 18 to 36 months, with a shorter finishing period. This reduction in the age of finished animals has done more to increase profits to the feeder than almost any system of feeding or compounding of ration that has been discovered. For many years experimenters worked on the feeding of young and aged steers, but it was long before farmers generally had confidence enough in these results, so favorable to the young animal, to change their methods. Conditions demand a greater production of meat ani-Those with any promise of fleshing qualities should be finished at the profitable age, and land which is not considered arable should be Farm products should go to market on foot instead of in the form of hay or grain.

Who Can Beat this Record?

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate"

The undersigned has fourteen breeding Leicester ewes which have beaten all past records, if not for Patriotism they have for Production. fourteen giving birth to thirty-four lambs as follows: One single, seven pairs of twins, five sets of triplets, and one quartette.

Durham Co., Ont. W. H. SYMONS.



Some Choice Lincolns

FARM.

Killing Twitch.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate" I notice in a recent issue of "The Farmer's Advocate" an article entitled "Killing the Most Troublesome Grass." As I have had considerable experience I will outline it for your readers. I first ploughed light and cultivated thoroughly with little effect. About seven years ago I got a stiff-tooth cultivator and put it on in the fall, right after the crop was off, going once, twice. or three times over and harrowing with a drag harrow when necessary. When the patches were small I would harrow the grass into piles and burn. Where it was thicker I made windrows and stopped and dumped the harrows and burned. I now use a stiff-tooth cultivator for fall work and a spring-tooth for early spring work. I started cultivating I had patches of twitch so thick it was with difficulty I ploughed them. Now I have very little. My rotation is hoed crop, harley, clover. Two crops of grain and hoed crop again. I never plough, just cultivate deep. This plan works equally well for sow thistle or bindweed. My experience in killing twitch is a broad shared cultivator and never plough any down. I

use a four-horse team on a nine-tooth cultivator. Victoria County, Ont. R. N. DALE

are stronger in conjugation with the cattle helped commerce is to-day on the high seas, and not a German above-water fighting ship dures to come out of hiding. Britain rules the Waves.

Stop Squealing.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate"

Ever since I was a wee chap it has been my habit tae read the papers when they wad be comin' tae hand. Lang ago it was once a week, but noo it is ilka day an' gin ye happen tae be in toon ye-ll maybe buy an extra, sae that ye may hae the news while it's hot. It'a a great thing tae be up wi' the times, na doot, an' be able tae tell yer neebor a lot o' things that he was juist gaein' tae tell tae you, gin ye hadna' got the start o' him, but lately the hale business is beginnin' tae wear on me a wee bit an' I'm gettin' tae the point where a newspaper gies me a turn, unco' like I wad be havin' when I was a sma' gaffer an' had been eatin' somethin' or ither that wasna' guid for ma stomach. Since this war began there is sae muckle o' the same sort o' thing, day aifter day, that ye begin tae feel ver appetite failin' an' ye start wonderin' gin they will no be changin' the bill o' fare before lang an' handin' oot somethin' but hash made o' the scraps frae yesterday an' last week. Mayle they dinna' hae a vera guid chance tae get fresh news ilka day an' we must excuse them I suppose, but what I want tae criticize, gin I am permitted, is the editorials in maist o' oor papers in this country, an' in auld England as weel. Some o' them are a'richt, an look as though they were written by men wi' a wee bit o' backbone in them. But there's a lot o' the ithers that make me unco' tired, an' it's gettin' worse lately instead o' better. They are the ones that will aye be cryin' about Germany daein' this or that, that's no' richt, an' that she shouldna' dae, accordin' tae the rules o' warfare, One day she's sinkin' fishin' hoats wi'oot warnin'

the fishermen o' the chance they rin o' hein' hurt, the next it's some raid they're made on a village o' auld wimmen when the men were na' at hame. Then we're tauld that these same savages o' Germans are using gas o' some kind or ither tae pit oor boys oot o' business, an' they shouldna' be daein' it for it's no' accordin' tae law.

Noo, a' this may be true, an' no doot it is, for Germany gave us plenty notice that she wouldna' stop at onything that gave her the chance o' gettin' what she was after. But what I object tae is the position it places us in, tae hae oor editors an' war cor-respondents a' the time cryin' an complainin' aboot

these things that we canna' help, and that Germany will keep on daein' as lang as she thinks they'll dae her ony guid. Let them gae ahead and dag their warst. We'll beat them at the game yet an' beat them fair, but until we dae, there isna' muckle use in braggin' aboot oor honor an' whinin' aboot the ither fellow's lack o' it. What we want tae hear aboot is hoo weel oor boys fought an' overcame a' these d'issiculties an' dangers. think mony o' them thought it was ony thing in the nature o' a picnic they were goin' on when they started for France an' gin they are meetin' hardship we ken they are made o' the stuff that can stand it, even when it comes in the form o' a few cracks below the belt. I'm no' for lettin' the ither chap hae the satisfaction o' hearin' us squeal, an' I'm thinkin' that the sooner we get tae ta: 'n' oor medicine quietly, the sooner we'll be in shape tae tak' the spoon an gie auld Germany the dose that is comin' tae her sometime or ither, for it's actions an' no words that coont in this scrap, as in maist ither things in life, an' gin we want tae bring this fightin' business tae a quick finish we may as week save oor breath for the wark that's ahead. Gin the enemy's conscience is no' in working order, it is a sad thing of coorse, but she's no in a frame o' mind just yet tae be effected by moral suasion. I'm thinkin'

So let us "say naething but saw wood," as ma auld uncle used tae say, or, in ither words, let us get intae the firin' line or help tae feed those that are there, an' we'll no' hae time tae be botherin' wi' a' the sma' tricks that are bein' played on us. This is a mon's game, and we dinna' want tae forget it. It winna' help matters tae dae sae muckle squealin'. Our auld ancestors in the land across the ocean pit up mony's the guid fight against just as heavy odds as we hae the noo, and a' the squealin' that onybody ever heard was frae the bagpipes.
SANDY FRASER.

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