

accident, and now every pioneer I talk with gives me further evidence about it. Because of this experience, I am always on the alert for new lines, and I usually get the new things unexpectedly. On this occasion I got at least one new fact about pioneer difficulties that was entirely worth while. It may sound amusing enough to the good people of to-day, but it was once a matter of grave concern, even to practical business men.

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In the most casual way, as if it were a matter of no importance, the Pioneer mentioned that it took twice as many men as it should have to put through the Grank Trunk railway. I was interested at once, and came at him with an eager "Why?"

The reply was sufficiently surprising:

"Ague. Not more than half the men were able to work at any time. Half of them were always shaking with the ague."

Now, I had often heard of people having the ague in the past, but had thought of it as something ordinary—like measles or whooping-cough among the children. It had never dawned on me that ague was at one time a real force to be contended with. But the Pioneer assured me that there were times when every man and woman for miles around was suffering from the ague, and that some years it was almost impossible to get necessary farm work done because of the chills and fever. Further questions gave me some idea of the prevalence of this discouraging complaint, which, for some reason, most people are inclined to laugh at. There seems to be something humorous about the memory of ague that persists in the country. It got itself impressed on my mind as a mere matter of chattering teeth, and, as I never had the ague, or happened to see anyone suffering from it, it was a surprise to find that it once occupied the center of the stage. I am now convinced, however, that no man should attempt to picture pioneer life in these parts without letting his characters have a real good shake. Probably it was because the ague was not a fatal ailment that people did not respect it properly, but if it could tie up the operations of the railway builders, it must have added misery to the lives of the pioneers. Shaking with the ague in a hut in the wilderness, miles from a doctor, and perhaps even from a neighbor, with spring work to do among logs and stumps, does not make pioneer life look very alluring. From now on I shall add ague to the homesickness that made pioneer life so hard.

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Another matter that interested me was an account he gave of a walk through the woods sixty years ago. He was travelling from Ekfrid to some place near Toronto, and during one day's trip the only human being he saw was an Indian and a little boy. Stopping places where he could get refreshments were far apart, and there was something wistful about the description he gave of a man he met at, I think, Brewster's Mills. He had stopped to ask the only man he had seen in some hours' travel to direct him on his way. The information was given, and then the settler told him that it would be at least five o'clock in the afternoon before he would come to another settler's clearing or to any place where he could hope to get food and refreshment. With the ready hospitality of those early days, he offered to share his lunch of bread and cheese with the traveller, and as he told this, the Pioneer commented, in a heart-felt tone, "I have often wished that I could meet that man sometime and give him something that would seem as good to him as that bread and cheese seemed to me."

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I got altogether too much good information about other days to try to compress it within the limits of an article, and equally interesting were his comments on orcharding. He examined Mr. Clement's tree carefully, and was pleased with it. Then he told me how he got results. In planting his young trees, he did not simply dig post-holes and push them in, but allowed himself plenty of room and worked up the soil so as to give the roots a chance. Every spring, and several times during the summer he gave the trunks and branches a thorough washing with weak lye or washing soda. This kept his trees clean and thrifty. In pruning, he had found that he got better results by pruning when the trees were in blossom. Winter pruning tended to develop new wood, while spring pruning developed fruit. When Mr. Clement was here a few days later I asked him about this, and he told me that the pioneer's observation was correct. He also said that the lye wash did much of the work that is now done by the use of lime-sulphur. The pioneer also gave me some notes he had prepared on dairying and tile-draining, and I am going to forward them to the editor of "The Farmer's Advocate." In my opinion, the experiences of a man who was able, by the practice of farming, to prosper and retire well provided, are worth the careful consideration of men who are still in the struggle.

But there is a side-light on his success that seems worth noting. Early in life he resolved to set apart a certain percentage of his possessions for a worthy object. This made it necessary for him to keep strict account of all his work and products. Once each year he had to take stock of all his possessions. I am not sure but his success lay in that as much as in his careful methods of farming. This practice enabled him to know just where he stood at any particular time and to make his plans carefully.

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But, most of all, I cherish the glimpse that I got of early days during the Pioneer's visit. Somehow, while listening to his narrative of homely events and everyday happenings, I seemed to be transported back to those days of struggle and triumph, when the foundations of the country were being well and truly laid. I got a touch of the spirit of helpfulness and fellowship that existed among so many of those who were battling with the wilderness, and of hope that inspired them. Some day I may be able to hit on a way of putting the charm of these things in words, so that others may enjoy them, also. Someone must do it, and that soon, if the memory of the pioneers is to be preserved and made the force it should be in the life of the country.

Storing Brewers' Grains.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

In your issue of April 11th, page 717, a question is asked by "A. M." on silo for brewer's grains. I thought, from your answer, you had never seen brewer's grains stored for winter feed. I have seen them stored, and they have kept in splendid condition. The usual way is to dig out a hole in the ground large enough for the quantity you wish to store, lining the hole with stone or brick set in lime-mortar, a little higher than the surrounding ground. The floor generally was made of flat stone set closely together. The grains were packed into this pit and well tramped, making them as solid as possible around the sides all the way up until full. Cow manure was often used to cover over top, after the pit was filled, or earth, or both, the object being to keep out the air. When taking out the grains for use, remove two or three feet square of covering and the few spoiled grains next to cover, and dig out with a spade straight down from the top to bottom of pit, taking care to keep the bottom cleaned up, thus leaving nothing to go bad from exposure to the air. By using every day, they will keep all right, and are an excellent, palatable feed for cattle. Do not take all the top off, like silage, but just a little at a time. Concrete would make a better lining and floor for a grain pit, I would think.

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Cutting Out the Middleman.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

In giving the following sketch, I am giving information which has never been given to anyone, to my knowledge. It cost months of work every night, into the wee sma' hours, until it was finally perfected.

It all happened because a very good rich friend once said that he wished that he could get one fresh egg to eat. He had been eating "salted" and cold-storage eggs so long that he was sick of them. So we sent him a dozen eggs which we had, and marked the date they were laid on each egg. The next day came a check for one dollar, and an order for more eggs whenever we had them. So then we sold eggs to him each week all that year, and charged him just what the market price was. That was the beginning.

After we got into the thing this far, we wondered if there wouldn't be some chance to sell prime-fed chickens and ducks; so we tried out this plan, and had wonderful success. From this we went into a little truck business, and sold all we could raise. So here is our plan.

You will find hundreds of people in the towns and cities who would like to get all their vegetables, eggs, poultry, and so on, from some reliable man. Very few have that chance, and for the producer sells to the middleman, and then it comes on a few days later to the consumer. We visited numerous homes and found out what was wanted, and then agreed to furnish what we could at the regular market price, plus a small premium. We were obliged to add to this premium for the service that we gave.

I will start with the poultry end and tell you what we did. One thing we specialized in was eggs. We had several different strains of pure-bred chickens, and secured several kinds of eggs. Each egg was dated when it was laid and the kind of chicken it was from. This was done with a special stamp which had our monogram. The eggs were sorted as to size and color and date, and then packed in special neat pasteboard egg boxes, for which we paid one cent each. These were marked Plymouth Rock (or whatever breed

it happened to be). Eggs from Farm. Laid; and this was signed by one of us.

The chickens were fed with only clean, wholesome food, and given the best of care. One requisite was cleanliness at all times. People said that our eggs had a flavor which no other eggs had. We could not fill the orders we received from outside sources, and only supplied just a certain number of customers, but supplied them well. We always saw that they had a few more eggs than they really wanted.

Then the poultry. We found out that our customers always wanted a certain number of "squab broilers," fryers and roasters each month, and so raised chickens accordingly. For the first we used Leghorns, and force-fed them. One thing we used was sweet corn. It was surprising the fine taste these broilers had, and we couldn't even supply our own regular customers. We killed these birds in our own way, and when they were cleaned we trussed them into a good shape and wrapped them, first in oil paper, and then in our own monogrammed wrapping paper. All our paper was of one color, and string, etc., was used to match. To each package was attached a card which read: "One..... Farm Broiler..... weeks old. Packed especially for Weight.....lbs."

Later in the year, we used ripe muskmelon with the feed once a day, and had a flavor all our own. We were very careful about all of the feed and exercise our chickens got, so knew that we could give the best at all times. We added six cents per pound to the regular market price for these birds.

Our fryers and roasters were treated in practically the same way, except we made the flavor of the roasters different by using a lot of corn, milk and wheat. We made special telephone arrangements, and had the roasters all ready for the oven; they were even drawn, stuffed when asked for, and delivered in our own special packages ready for the oven. We found this telephone arrangement a great convenience. At a certain time each day we would take telephone orders, and at only that time—not one minute earlier or later. Our customers respected this.

Then, we had capons. The farmer doesn't know what he is missing in not having at least fifty capons on the farm each year. They bring big prices and are easily cared for. The work of caponizing is very easy. I lost but two cockerels we caponized last year. Many of our capons weighed as much as 17 pounds. Figure that at 35 cents per pound, and see what fifty would bring.

Then, we sold our hen manure, and that helped for the feed of the chickens.

And let me say right here, anyone wanting to work a service like this must take care of their poultry. The common barnyard fowl will not do. To make a success of it, you must have pure-bred fowls, and feed them clean, wholesome grains and foods. I am not going to say here what you ought to feed them, for there are too many books on poultry, dealing with the subject, to waste space here.

Now, to the garden. Our main crop was musk melons. There were eight or ten people close around us raising musk melons, but I am ashamed to say they lost money. We got our seeds from a man down in Southern Illinois. I would tell you here what his name is, but I forget his address at the present. He called his melons Tip Tops, and they were some that he brought out a year or so ago by crossing two well-known kinds. I used to detest even the odor of a musk melon, but now I can hold my own with the best of the eaters. Some of these melons were twelve inches through the center. They were all so mellow and sweet that they would melt in one's mouth. We made six hundred dollars an acre from what we had. I am now trying to find out where that melon man lives, and will give his name to the readers of "The Farmer's Advocate" when I find out.

I might mention here that all the melons delivered were carefully scrubbed and washed and tagged before they left the place, and then covered with a tarpaulin so that they could not get dusty on the road. We had people come in autos for forty miles around to take home a dozen or two of these melons. The highest we charged was twenty cents for the "whoppers." We might have made infinitely more had we wanted to make a deal with some of the large hotels in near-by cities, but we derived more pleasure from sending home a happy load of people from the farm. Whenever people came, we always had a melon feast for them and showed them around the place, and told them what we were doing.

Then, we had little onions, several varieties of sweet corn, tomatoes and lettuce. Everything was the best we could buy. We watched carefully over everything to see that no one got anything poor. Each ear of corn was examined, and all the green leaves pulled off before we let it go out. Even when people came for their things