

not afford to pay any more than a similar price for a ram." But I say he cannot afford to use anything else than a good one—the best available. Nowhere does the best blood and the best animal tell to better advantage than when taken to the block, and even in the days of greatest depression in farm products, the best has returned a profit to the producer. No effort or money should be spared in placing a good ram at the head of your flock, and when necessary replacing him with a better one if possible.

CARE OF THE FLOCK.

Then having the breeding flock complete, comes the care of the flock in order to ensure the profit to which the farmer is entitled. Men have said to me when I urged for humane reasons, the better care of their flocks: "Well if I have to pamper and nurse my sheep to make them pay me, I will get out of the business, for I have no time to fool away with them, and there is not money enough in the business to pay for stuffing them all the year round," and I agree with them if the profit be measured by the present returns from their flocks.

I shall now draw a picture of how he probably had been treating his flocks. In the beginning of winter and often a good while after winter had begun the sheep were to be seen in the fields, either scraping the snow away from the ground, looking for a bite of grass or a weed, or else huddled in a corner of the field anxiously looking for relief from the owner. This relief came after a long while and the sheep were driven to the barnyard, when they were turned in among a lot of cattle and pigs and colts perhaps, to be hooked or kicked or chased, and kept in constant terror—the sheep is a timid animal naturally—and all the time taking their chance of getting a bite to eat from among all the rest. While for shelter they perhaps had opening to the yard a small pen with cracks and openings all the way up and down and around the walls, built one could imagine to let in the greatest number of drafts possible. The door just wide

wedge themselves solidly between the jambs, and inside, the ceiling so low that when you went into the pen you are doubled up so you looked enough unlike a human being to scare the sheep into a stampede for the door, which is always conducive to some dead lambs. After a while the lambs began to come, a lot of weak ones among them, consequently a lot of dead ones, and for some reason the ewes did not seem to have much milk, and the wool on the older ones seemed to get kind of loose and a lot of it got rubbed off by the sheep trying to relieve themselves from the annoyance of the innumerable ticks and lice with which they were infested. In fact he had not very good luck so far with either the ewes or lambs. Then he thought if the grass would only come, that might "freshen them up a bit," and as soon as the snow was gone they went to the fields where the grass was hoped to be, picked some stubs of last season's grass and a few early weeds, and refused the poor quality of straw at the stack or pen. Some more lambs died, and a few of the weakest of the old ewes dropped off. Then the farmer was quite sure sheep did not pay, and turned them on the road.

After a while he wet them in the creek or river and a few days later cut some of the wool remaining on them, leaving lots of tags around the neck and legs and belly, and taking several pieces of the skin with the wool.

After the harvest is off the sheep are taken from the road or a bare pasture which had all the stock of other kinds to eat the grass that grew on it, and turned into the stubble field; and the man who attends to his sheep in the way described, generally lets the burrs grow to maturity also. The sheep and lambs get the full benefit, of course. And after a while when a buyer comes along, he sees a few lambs with their wool twisted and contorted with burrs, the tails will probably be long also—we feel sure, and honestly so, too, that he cannot give near the top price for these lambs, and if he buys them at all these three or four little fellows will have