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ndity in stock Jersey cow, Plympton, is s produced 18 tenth, besides

which she is giving a pound of butter a day. In her time she produced eight calves in 20 months. There were two lots of triplets, ten months separating them. Ten months later she presented her owner with twins. There is on record the case of a French cow which produced triplets three times in succession. On a farm in South Canterbury, N.Z., a cow gave birth to four calves, but only one was reared. W. Henderson, of North Canterbury, N.Z., reports that one of his ewes, a Leicester-merino cross, which was ill was killed to secure her skin, when it was found that she was carrying six fully-developed lambs. It is believed that there is no similar instance on record.

The research work being carried on by Professor M'Alpine into the cause of bitter pit in apples and pears, started about four years ago, is not yet complete. Giving evidence the other day before a Royal Commission the professor said that the disease had been known in Australia before spraying was thought of. If absorbed from the soil he said that the whole fruit would be affected instead of part of it. He maintained that the apple never developed bitter pit after it was ripe, but fruit picked for shipment was on the green side. In dealing with the disease no such thing as cure was recognized, as no remedy of that sort was known. But the endeavor was to prevent the disease. It was well-known that apples might be picked perfectly clean but develop the disease in store. The necessity for breathing in living creatures was fully appreciated, but he questioned if it was as well appreciated that plants and fruit breathed also. Dealing with varieties, he said that Yates variety was practically immune, while Cleopatras were most liable. Comparatively few apples were immune. By keeping the fruit in a temperature of 32 degrees the disease would not manifest itself. Cultivation tended to reduce the volume of the disease, and the more freely the tree was fed the less liability there was to disease development. What was required was to shape, prune, and nourish the tree so that it would get every chance to do its work favorably. With the fruit well distributed on the tree, in such a way that each would get its share of support, not much need be feared.

With women riders in the saddle two horses at the Sydney Show notched what are claimed to be world's records by clearing 6 ft. 6 in. Mrs. Stace rode Emu Plains, and Miss Smith the horse Bandolier.

In both Australia and New Zealand prisoners are now being employed on the land industries with excellent results. It is found that outdoor work of this sort has a great effect for good amongst the more tractable of these unfortunate people. Lately the New South Wales Government established a vegetable farm where such men are being employed to raise produce for the various Government institutions. The chief work they are performing, however, is in forestry. So far there has been no attempt to abuse the liberties which the prisoners are afforded in the bush.

An interesting anomaly in wheat culture has arisen. For some years in succession the Cedar variety has won the champion prize at the Sydney Show, despite the fact that as an industrial proposition it is quite unknown in the wheat belt. It obtained its distinction because its weight per bushel is greater than any other and its milling qualities are higher. That is the standard by which the best wheats are judged. But as its yield per acre is only half that of other well-known kinds no farmer bothers to raise it as a main crop, since all wheats in Australia are paid for at the same rate. If wheats were bought on the special qualities of the grain then men might grow Cedar. The case shows the need for the payment of wheat according to value of the grain. But while the present methods obtain it is absurd for a show schedule to hold the conditions intact governing this competition. While Cedar is a strong red wheat, fully 90 per cent. of the grain grown in Australia belongs to the medium-strong class.

Scientists generally admit now that the reduction in flow noticed in many of the artesian bores is due to the overdraft through a multiplicity of wells. The conference of experts recently held recommended the regulation of the output by the Governments in the various states. Apropos of this matter it is not generally known that the water from some of these bores comes up at a great heat. One in far north-west Queensland throws water heated to 210 degrees, which is only two points below boiling. It is also the deepest bore in Australia—5,000 feet. It is possible to cook food in the water as it reaches the surface and many of the travelling stockmen do this. Another bore close by, down 4,000 feet, took ten years to complete. This bore emits gas with the water which will ignite as it reaches the air on top. When allowed to stand for a few hours it tastes like pure rain water and is thus beautifully fresh.

In these days of high demand for leather, hides mean money. The other day a buyer paid £5 2s 1d for one at Brisbane. How times have changed from a few years ago when a seller was lucky if he could get seven shillings and six pence for a good hide?

The New Zealanders claim to possess a champion Holstein cow in Netherland Princess IV. In 365 days she yielded 19,621 lbs. of milk equal to 805½ lbs. of butter fat. She was on her second lactation period. Sydney, Australia. J. S. DUNNET.

Canada's Greatest Holstein Sale.

A great crowd of enthusiastic Holstein breeders attended the big sale held at Avondale Farm, Brockville, when some record Canadian prices were made. P. J. Salley, of Lacaine Rapids, Que., paid \$4,500 for Avondale Pontiac Echo, a year-old bull calf out of May Echo Sylvia and by King Pontiac Artis Canada. American buyers took some of the good things the remainder going principally to Ontario and Quebec buyers. It was a great sale and a credit to A. C. Hardy, and the great dairy breed.

Avondale Pontiac Echo, P. J. Salley, Lachine, Que.,	\$4,500
Ladoga Veeman Mercena 2nd, T. H. Dent, Woodstock,	185
Countess Pauline, J. Shipman, Lyn,	175
Empress of Lyn 2nd, R. M. Markell, Wales,	170
Empress Jean, William Little, Gananoque, May Queen Wayne, Manning W. Doherty, St. John, N.B.,	205
Butter Girl De Kol Paul, Chas. Boaz, Clayton, N.Y.,	195
Butter Girl Segis, R. M. Holtby, Port Perry,	225
Pauline Butter Girl De Kol, R. W. W. Burnaby, Toronto,	235
Daisy Mechthilde Posch, David Croskey, Kinburn,	385
Bull Calf, W. J. McKay, Cornwall,	195
Debora 3rd, Manning W. Doherty, St. John, N.B.,	305
Violet May Korndyke, J. J. Black Winchester,	110
De Kol Plus Segis Dixie, Dr. De L. Harwood, Vaudreuil, Que.,	430
Oxford Jewel De Kol Francy, Neil McLean, Rockwood,	260
Lily Acme Pet, R. M. Markell, Wales,	300
Calamity Pauline Pietertje Wayne, Charles Boaz, Clayton, N.Y.,	175
Calamity Pauline Avondale, John Hall, Scarboro Junction,	135
Lillie Belle De Kol, F. B. Robins, York Mills, Toronto,	350
King Pontiac Lilly, Amos Grove and A. E. Robinson, Markham,	210
Count Pontiac Echo, C. Slavin, Malton, Ont.,	225
Peach Blossom De Kol, Chas. Boaz,	170
Brooklands Korndyke Wayne, Chas. Boaz, Pontiac Sir Korndyke Wayne, Dr. A. A. Farewell, Oshawa,	730
Johanna Pietertje of Avondale, J. S. G. Vanwart, Richmond Hill,	\$1,030
Johanna P. Pietje, Spencer Otis, Jr., Barrington, Ill.,	360
Pietje Inka De Kol, Gordon S. Gooderham, Clarkson,	325
Sir Pontiac Pearl, F. B. Robins, York Mills, Toronto,	530
Pietje Pauline Hengerveld, Dr. A. A. Farewell, Oshawa,	210
Belle Model Johanna 2nd, C. D. Smith,	1,300
Pietje Inka Josephine, K. M. Dalgleish, Kinmore,	4,200
Pontiac Sara Jewel B., T. H. Dent, Woodstock,	500
Pontiac Artis Ina, Spencer Otis,	380
Pontiac Hester Pietje, Manning W. Doherty, St. John, N.B.,	375
Pontiac Pearl Burke, F. B. Robins, York Mills,	315
Pontiac Artis Butter Girl, Spencer Otis, Jr.,	360
Duke Echo Pontiac, W. L. Shaw, Newmarket,	300
Bell Tensen, R. W. E. Burnaby, Toronto,	140
Dolly Echo De Kol, W. L. Shaw,	505
Empress Thekla, Manning W. Doherty,	225
Empress Abberkerk De Kol, Pauline Clothide Korndyke, Queen Artis Mercedes and Queen Sylvia De Kol Korndyke, G. B. Nixon, Hartland, N.B., each	330
Sara Hengerveld of Avondale, John McRae, Howick,	215
Pietje Korndyke Queen, Dr. De L. Harwood, Lyndia Inka Veeman, G. S. Taylor, Wellington,	500
Inka Veeman Pietje, S. Otis, Jr.,	670
Lydia Lockhart Ormsby, F. B. Robins,	210
Sir Tensen Teake, Walter J. Taber, Athens, Skadelawn Ladoga Bewunde, J. S. G. Vanwart,	300
Lockhart De Kol Pietje, S. Otis, Jr.,	280
Lockhart Pitje Pontiac, Jas. M. T. Weir, Agincourt,	105
	195
	500
	190

On the Farm.

By Peter McArthur.

A walk in the orchard is rather depressing at the present time. We had very few blossoms to begin with and the frost killed practically all of that few. All the earlier blossoms are destroyed. Even though the fruit appears to have set properly the little apples are black inside and now they are falling off. On some of the trees there are quite a few late blossoms that may be worth taking care of with a view to future pies, but I hardly feel like rigging up the spraying outfit to spray trees that will not yield more than a couple of dozen apples at most. I suppose I should do it so as to be thorough and keep the codling moth in check, but the wind is too high for spraying and the calyces are closing—and I am in the humor to take any plausible excuse for neglecting so thankless a job. Still there is matter of interest in the orchard. This morning I looked over the grafting that was done for me by Mr. Cuiham, of the O.A.C., and was delighted to find that almost every scion grew. In fact I found only three out of about a hundred that are not showing vigorous signs of life. And there is doubtless a good excuse for the failure of these. Perhaps the scions were defective, or, as is more likely, I probably took his mind off his work by standing around talking to him when he was making those particular grafts. His work was so successful that I am willing to accept any explanation he may offer for the failure of those three. Apparently grafting is no trick at all when one has learned how and I am inclined to think that it would pay every orchardist with inferior varieties of fruit to learn. If I can have my Ben Davises and other nameless trees changed into Spies, Snows and McIntosh Reds, the value of the orchard will be doubled in a few years and much more quickly than if I cut out the poor trees and planted new ones.

The pear tree that the experts are starting to put a new top on is showing signs of obedience. They cut out the dead wood and cut back the top and now I find that fresh sprouts are bursting through the bark within a few feet of the ground. As the tree does not present any charms to ambitious young climbers I am hopeful that these sprouts will be spared to develop into noble branches that will be loaded with the pears that were the favorites of my youthful days. Moreover they will be nearer the ground, where they can be reached by a man who is not so keen on climbing as he used to be. It seems marvellous to see the new sprouts breaking through the hard, dry bark on parts of the trunk of the tree that have been without branches for a generation or more, but I guess the scientists know what they are about—though one hates to admit it. After looking at the pear tree I visited my newly planted asparagus bed and was delighted to find that over forty sprouts are through the ground from the hundred I planted. We should have some asparagus to eat next spring and after that we should have all we want. We have been having lettuce, radishes and fresh onions from our garden for weeks and the spinach is beginning to look tempting. The Yellow Bantam corn has come through the ground since the frost and is looking thrifty but the new potatoes are looking discouraged. A friend sent me some garden peas and the upstanding vines are now over a foot high. Altogether it is beginning to look as if we were preparing to be vegetarians, but alas, we are all carnivorous.

A BALLADE OF COWS.

Fenceviewer I, a cow of parts,
Aggressive, competent and bold,
At every milking gives twelve quarts
And doesn't give a-hoot?—(don't scold!)
My Kerry cow, as good as gold;
Fenceviewer II—(boss, they say.)
La Veau, turned three; Beans, two-year-old—
These are the cows I milk each day!

When Phoebus shoots his morning darts,
Or wet or dry, or hot or cold,
One to the dewy pasture starts
With clanging pails and pants up-rolled.
Again when evening doth enfold
The earth and sky in twilight grey,
Him at that chore you may behold—
These are the cows I milk each day!

Although unskilled in dairy arts
I've soaked some wisdom Dean has doled,
With gentle words that win their hearts
My cows from kicking I've cajoled;
And of all cattle, horned or polled,
Pure-bred or grade, own them who may,
Mine suit me best. They'll not be sold—
These are the cows I milk each day!

ENVOY.

Prince, if you ever in the world
At milking time should chance to stray,
I'll let you drink all you can hold—
These are the cows I milk each day!