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The Farm.

Winter Notes.

A few winters ago I built an icehouse and in doing so I made two mistakes. One was in not making it large enough. A small body of ice will not keep as well as one of larger size. The other mistake was in not providing sufficient ventilation over the top of the ice. This fault I corrected by cutting a good-sized hole in the gable and putting a small ventilator in the roof. This helped wonderfully in keeping my ice. I have just doubled the size of my house, and now I am confident that it will keep.

Every little while we hear of a man who has been fatally injured by slipping down from his hay mow and falling upon the stall or tines of a pitchfork. If every farmer would put up nails in the side of his barn and lay forks on them when they are not in use we would hear no more about these fatalities. I always hang up my dungforks that way and most of my pitchforks.

Upon the care given cows from now on will in large measure depend their value next season. A good farmer will watch his herd closely and feed carefully, and liberally, keeping them in when it storms or the wind blows hard, and in every way doing all he can to make them comfortable.

The other day I heard one farmer ask another. "How many times a day do you feed your cattle?" "Three times," was the answer. "Let them out and put them in again at noon to feed them?" "Yes." "Well, you are a slave to your cattle," the first farmer said. But the man who took extra pains with his cows always had a good looking herd in the spring, and his cows always did well the next season. This, of course, was only one of the things he did to bring about success. I have found that this care is about all that stands between success and failure in farming.

Lumber is getting scarce in most sections of the country, and it stands us in hand to use what little timber we have left with care. A few winters ago I went through a piece of my woods and picked up about 5,000 feet of lumber in old hemlock logs which had lain on the ground no one knows how long. Such logs will last many years, and most farmers have some of them lying in their woods. Sound them with the axe, brother farmers. A few boards will not come amiss.—E. L. Vincent.

The Profit of Liberal Feeding.

During the year ended October 1 I kept five grade Jersey cows. The cream went to the cream-gathering creamery, and I received during the year an average price of 21 cents a pound for the butter. The cream from the five cows brought \$255.37, reckoned on 1,252 pounds of butter. Considering the four quarts of milk a day—a small estimate—saved out for use in the family as equivalent to 182 1/2 pounds of butter, or, at the above average rate, \$38.32 more. I got an average per cow of \$58.75 from 287 pounds of butter. Taking into consideration four calves raised, and reckoning the skim milk fed to the hogs as worth easily \$10 per cow, I realized an average income of at least \$70 per head from the cows, and that without the labor of making or marketing the butter.

During the pasture season these cows were fed nothing but grass, with the exception of some green fodder corn the last of the summer. While at the barn they were fed twice daily a grain ration of one pint of cottonseed meal and two and one-half quarters of an equal mixture by bulk of wheat bran and corn-and-cob meal. During a small part of the time more corn meal was substituted for the cottonseed. The rest of the feed was corn stover and good, bright, early cut clover or mixed hay, fed in as large quantities as they would eat

up clean, three times a day. As to the yearly cost of such feed, each one can reckon for himself, according to prices in his particular locality. I consider that it cost between \$40 and \$50 a head, reckoning the pasturing at \$10 for the season, hay at \$10 a ton and the grain at 42 cents per week.

I am confident that I can easily get together a lot of cows that will produce better results than these did, for two of the five were far from being what they should have been, and I have since disposed of them for less than \$30 apiece. I am well aware, too, that these cows cost more to feed than should have been the case, or might have been, had I made the use of the corn plant, either as ensilage or fodder corn, that I ought to have done. None of these cows were fancy or high-cost ones. All but one of them, which I raised, were picked up at low prices, none of them costing over \$45.—Rush Qhallis in American Agriculturist.

How Good is Done by Institute Work.

At an institute the other day Colonel G. W. Waters was talking about stock feeding. Among other things he stated that cooking grain for animals did not pay. At the several experiment station where it has been tried 100 pounds of grain, whole or ground, fed raw, has invariably produced more gain than the same food did when cooked. The cooking destroys some of the albuminoids, or renders them less digestible. The farmer who cooks the corn or meal for his hogs is wasting part of the food, the time spent in cooking, the money spent for fuel, and that invested in the cooking apparatus. There is no question whatever about this, as it has been found to be so at all the experiment stations. Well, Colonel Waters made this very plain by giving the figures from numerous experiments. Sitting behind me was a farmer who said to his neighbor, "Pshaw! I have been cooking corn for my hogs for years, and I know I get good results." Yes, no doubt of it. The farmer was right, and so was Mr. Waters. He was getting good results, but he was wasting corn and time all the same. He was not getting the best results.

Now, possibly, that farmer may go on, set in his way, but the chances are that Mr. Waters' statements will be thought over afterward, and that he will stop cooking grain. It is perfectly natural to object to any statement that is contrary to our practice at first. It is pretty hard on the men who are selling cookers. We have had them present, with a machine on exhibition, before now. It is true that pigs do well on cooked food; possibly a little better than they would on raw grain, but they do not make as much gain on a given amount of grain. A man feeding breeding stock for show, or for which he will get a fancy price, may do well feeding some cooked food. After the meeting I took a long walk as usual. When out about a mile a farmer and his wife came up behind me in an open wagon. They were not going much faster than I, so I had a chance

THEY WORKED WONDERS.

Two Years of Bladder Torment—Had Attacks of Inflammation—Cured by a few Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Owen Sound, March 1 (Special)—The people of this town are talking again of another cure credited to Dodd's Kidney Pills. This is the case of Mr. W. Cruise, caretaker of town buildings, who, when seen had this to say of the matter:—

"For over two years I have been an intense sufferer from kidney disease with occasional acute attacks of inflammation of the bladder."

"Was under doctors' treatment and have been compelled to resort to instrumental relief many times."

I have taken eighteen boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and am satisfied with results being perfectly relieved of all suffering."

to hear some their conversation. They did not recognize me. The woman said: "There, John, didn't I tell you not to buy that steam cooker? You just threw away the money, and you know how hard up we are," and her face was close to John's, and her hand up emphasizing the remark with active gestures. Then they passed out of earshot, with John, very quiet and meek. I was sorry for John, for I have been in his place; done just such foolish things myself before now. We are sorry to make a disturbance in the family peace, but still John had better throw the thing away at once and stop wasting his time, fuel and corn. And he would better listen to Mary, too, and not invest in any new thing without they are both agreed, for Mary has to help earn the money to pay for it. Two heads are better than one. Consult together.—T. B. Terry, in Practical Farmer.

The great bell in the dome of Schaffhausen, Switzerland, which bears in Latin the inscription: "I call the living, mourn for the dead, and break the lightning," has been cracked after a service of over 400 years and is to be replaced with an exact duplicate, in tone and otherwise. The old bell, which gave Schiller the motto of his famous poem, will be preserved, of course.

Paint Hints. A TOUCH of paint here and there will make a thousand-dollar home of an eight-hundred-dollar "tumble-down" house. Our booklet "Paint Points" tells how to paint and what varieties of paint to use for different surfaces. Write to-day for free copy. There's no reason why the little things about the house should be shabby, marred and scuffed any more than the grand piano. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS ENAMEL PAINT is the best home paint for furniture and decorative work. Open can and it's ready for use. The Sherwin-Williams Paints are made by the largest and best paint and color manufactory in the world. A different paint for each surface—not one for all. That's the secret of paint-success. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. CLEVELAND CHICAGO NEW YORK MONTREAL ADDRESS FOR BOOKLET 17 St. Antoine St., Montreal.

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