

There is probably no danger of it transmitting the disease so far, but the unfortunate part of it is the disease does not run any definite course and consequently we can not tell when lesions will form in other glands and become generalized, and while it is still local the owner may have the animal slaughtered under inspection and it will pass. Is this not much better than keeping it for an indefinite length of time, when it will eventually become generalized and consequently be a complete loss, and probably have infected several others in the herd? Now, by using the tuberculin test, if properly carried out, those animals with only slight lesions, can be detected and even if the test did cause, in rare cases, a quick breaking up of the system by the disease, if the animal is slaughtered immediately after a positive reaction is obtained the owner will at least get beef price; and again it is well to remember that Robert Koch who first isolated the T. B. organism prepared the tuberculin originally as a curative, and later used it as a diagnostic agent and even later he maintained it has some value as a curative agent in the early stages of the disease. Hutra and Marck state: "as a rule the tuberculin test does not perceptibly influence the course of the disease or the health of the animal."

Certainly there is little to be gained in using the test unless the owner intends either slaughtering the positive reactors or having them kept under quarantine. Oxford Co., Ont. G. P. M., V. S.

### Results From Feeding Hogs High-Priced Feeds.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

The tendency at this time seems to be to sell off all the breeding stock in the way of swine, because people are doubtful if it will pay to raise hogs with grain so high. I always raise hogs and have found of late years that I could at poorest times break even, and at best times make a handsome profit over cost of production. So the question with me was not, will it pay to keep my breeding stock, but will it pay me to buy some of the innumerable light hogs being put on the market this fall and feed until better fitted for market? At this time corn direct from field could be bought at \$1 per bushel (70 lbs. of ears). This I consider about equivalent to \$1.15 per bushel of kiln dried, United States corn for sale at elevators. We had bought a car of feed in the summer, so I charged the small amount of shorts and oil cake meal at what they cost me. The elevator men offered me only 75 cents for barley but as it was quoted well over a dollar I reckoned this on the basis of \$1.00 per 48 lbs. barley chop. I kept as near as possible an absolutely accurate account of all feed fed to hogs. The hogs taken to feed were two litters. Six apparently were largely Chester White, while the remainder showed Poland-China breeding. They all had large frames but were very thin. The first six fattened very quickly and were ready for the block in 14 days. The rest grew considerably and it required 6 weeks to fit them properly. Smaller pigs might have made cheaper gains than these.

Below is a record of the experiment as I summed it up for my own information:

		Ex- pense	Re- ceipts
Oct. 21	11 hogs bought to feed, 1,720 lbs. at \$10.35.....	\$178.02	
	100 lbs. oil cake at \$2.05 per cwt.....	2.05	
	30 lbs. shorts at 1½¢. per lb.....	.45	
	16½ bushels barley chop at \$1.00 per bushel.....	16.50	
	89 bus. (of 35 lbs. ears) at 50¢. per bus.....	44.50	
Nov. 4	6 hogs sold 1,110 lbs. at \$10.60.....		\$117.66
	5 hogs sold 1,267 lbs. at \$10.25.....		129.86
	Totals.....	\$241.52	\$247.52
	Profit.....	\$6.00	

This shows clearly enough that one could afford to feed hogs even at these prices rather than sell the feed off the land.  
Essex Co. R. A. JACKSON.

## THE FARM.

### Elections, Past and Present.

BY PETER MCARTHUR.

I know I should go out and vote to-day—it is the duty of every citizen to vote at every election—but listen a minute. Here is the state of affairs. Our Reeve had been elected by acclamation. A number of excellent men are running for Councillors. I approve of all of them and have nothing against any of them. There is no question of public policy at stake, the roads are bad, it is sleeting and if I went to the polls I would have to drive three miles facing the wind. Besides I am only feeling "middling" and I have this article to write. Moreover I haven't got used to this business of voting. A rolling stone gathers no votes and only once before have I been in a position to cast a vote. It seems to me that voting is a habit that should be formed in youth and I failed to form it. Honestly, now, if you were in my place would you leave a nice,

warm, comfortable room and go slopping to the polls on a day like this when there is so little at stake? I admit that during the past week I accepted several perfectly good handshakes that might be taken to imply that I was going to vote right, but perhaps I'll get a chance to hand them back with congratulations after the elections—that is, if the candidates are still shaking hands. Anyway, I am not going to vote unless someone comes and drags me out, and anyone who tries it will find it about as hard as pulling the cat from under the stove. But I don't want anyone to think that I do not recognize the importance of voting and that I wouldn't be willing to do my part at a roaring general election. There are some things in support of which I would be inclined to vote several times if I got the chance. But this isn't my day for voting and I am going to stay at home where I am comfortable.

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Having nothing else on my mind I can't help meditating on the change that has taken place in the method of selecting rulers. In the "brave days of old"—in the days of the cave-dwellers—the prognathus troglodytes—elections were much simpler than they are now. And, come to think of it, they had methods that were far in advance of ours. Though I can find no trace of the referendum, they had the initiative and recall working better than we can hope to have them work for a few centuries to come. Perhaps that was because their method of applying them was different. When one of our low-browed forefathers wanted to initiate something, he didn't hire a cave and call a mass meeting of the citizens. Not at all. After deciding on the reform he wanted to initiate he went away to some quiet neck of the woods, lived on raw meat and swung in the tree-tops so as to develop his biceps and increase his chest measurement. When he felt that the psychological moment had arrived he pulled up an oak tree by the roots, shaped it into a war-club by pounding it against a sharp rock and started a campaign of education among the members of his tribe. In the field where he labored the reforms that he initiated went through with a whoop and no one claimed that they interfered with the provisions of the British North America Act or made an appeal to the Privy Council. His prohibitions really prohibited. Reformers of the present day show much of the same autocratic spirit but they lack the muscle to give weight to their proposals. In their hands the initiative is a weak and washed-out affair that does not appeal to red-blooded people, but much as we may admire the old methods on the score of efficiency it would hardly do to go back to them. They might suit the Kaiser, but they would never do for us.

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I imagine that the "recall", another bit of supposedly new legislation, was carried out in much the same way. An old time election must have been a knock-down and drag-out affair. When a tribesman decided that the reigning chief should be recalled he took the raw meat diet for a while and filled his system with ozone. He didn't bother with the suffragette vote or ask for a Royal Commission to investigate the arrow-head purchases or the handling of the public revenues by the wampum department. In the simple and direct way that prevailed before politics were invented he hunted up the chief whom he wanted to recall and like Ta Pherson in the song.

"Let out some horrid how-wells,  
Then took a skian dhu  
And stuck it in his powells."

Then he ordered the muss to be cleared away and announced himself as a candidate for the Reeveship and Township Council of that district. If any other candidates appeared in the field they settled the matter among themselves without calling on the voters to go out on a wet day like this to cast their votes. If the voters cast anything on such occasions it was usually a boulder of old sandstone, and their opinions carried more weight than those of voters in these degenerate days. When the election was over the winning candidate salved his wounds with mammoth grease and dispensed justice in a way that was entirely satisfactory to the survivors. He was not only Reeve, but if anyone asked for the Council he would be likely to reply like the Mayor of a Western mining town who replied to the question by saying proudly, "I am also them." Those were certainly the brave old days but I am afraid that they are gone forever.

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Sometimes I am led to wonder if our secret ballot has not gone to the opposite extreme as an instrument of government. It is supposed to protect the timid voter, but why should the voter be timid? He has a right to express his true opinion publicly, and if anyone interfered with him that person should be punished in a way that would discourage such work. In some cases it might be found that the secret ballot hides more corruption than it prevents. If men have been intimidated to voting in a certain way there is no way of proving it by seeing how their votes were cast. Also the man who sells his vote does not have it put on record in such a way as to invite criticism. The trouble is that the secret ballot is not really secret. Most of us talk so much that every one knows just how we are going to vote. If it were wholly secret and people refused to tell how they would vote our candidates would be forced to do their best to win support for they could not count up their sure votes. Then there is another objection. We are gradually finding out that secrecy is the curse of the world. Secret diplomacy ties us up in bargains of which we know nothing and secret deals defeat the will of the people. We are asking for publicity of

campaign funds and everything else that has to do with elections and governments and yet our whole system is based on the secret ballot. There is something illogical in this and I shall not be surprised if the abolition of the secret ballot becomes a necessity of the future. It strikes me that this is a subject that might be discussed profitably by debating societies. "Resolved that the secret ballot is a failure." Some pretty arguments could be advanced in support of the resolution.

### The Producers.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

The article in your issue of December 28th on "The Prod." by Peter McArthur, the Sage of Ekfrid, is somewhat disappointing to the readers of the usual brilliant productions of this gifted writer. What does history reveal in this connection? We had the Grangers who proved a failure. Then we had The Patrons of Industry who went into politics in the interests of the farmers of this province and these also woefully failed. We have had farmers supply companies and other bubbles which soon became trifles light as air. And why? Because you might as well try to make a rope of sand as try to hold farmers together and work for their own benefit. Now we have the "Grain Growers" of the West. So long as they keep out of politics they may accomplish something in the way of procuring better seed grain, better crops, and better transportation and this by agitation and co-operation but not by class legislation.

What could be expected from a new party made out of the old material? If such a party ever came into power all we could look for would be class legislation, for what assurance have we that such a party in power would deal out even-handed justice to the consumer, the laborer, the manufacturer or the artisan? The farmers would then be the "Big Interests" ready to fleece the other fellows, for the tillers of the soil are not adorned with the white pinions of angelic beings, but are very human. Two political parties are sufficient. If a man finds his party is not what it should be, let him do what he can to make it the ideal party. Political leaders are being taught the wholesome lesson that they can no longer sin with impunity in this fair land. This has been demonstrated recently in Manitoba and British Columbia. All honor to the party that is big enough to punish the leaders when they go wrong. "Turn the Rascals out" is a good motto and let both parties unite and punish the leaders as soon as they show themselves to be rascals. It would require a very big man to lead a new party to victory in this Dominion at the present time. Peter says such a party would afford material for splendid cartoons and a chance to produce joyous literature.

This is not a very high motive and besides the boot might be found on the other leg. If Peter painted the red cow some other color and gave her a new name she would still have some evil spirit within her and be ready to trespass on his neighbor's property as soon as she found a weak spot in the line fence. So it would be with a new political party. The spectacle of "The Sage" astride the red cow crossing the Rubicon to fight the beasts in the "Big Interests" would be a cartoon of the highest order. Better let that baby out West that is struggling into existence die in his infancy. Peter can produce abundance of joyous literature along the old lines—literature that is appreciated by readers of "The Farmer's Advocate."

We fail to see how the farmer is the under dog, for he gets good value for everything he can produce. He must depend on his intelligence and diligence for greater production and he should not ask the government to do for him what he can do for himself. There is nothing to prevent farmers from having adequate representation in parliament. If they fail in this particular under existing conditions they would not succeed on a platform in which the main plank is self-interest. The example shown by the statesmen of Britain at the present juncture, where none are for the party but all are for the state, is proof that party government is a success in the hour of the greatest calamity that ever befell the empire.  
Perth Co., Ont. W. WADDELL.

An instance worthy of note was brought to our attention recently, a farmer who makes a specialty of high-class seed bought 4 bushels of registered O. A. C. No. 72 oats and sowed them in a field beside his own oats of the same variety. Each lot was formalin treated. His own seed was thoroughly and properly cleaned. The registered oats yielded (from appearances no actual measurements were taken) about ten per cent. more straw and fully forty per cent. more grain. The grain is about the same quality in each case. This speaks well for hand selection.

"Industrial Canada," the official organ of the Manufacturer's Association attributes the effective part Canada has been able to play in the war to tariff protection in this country. The argument seems rather far-fetched. We would remind those who agree with such an argument that Canada's food products are of some importance in this war, and the measure of protection certain interests have had in this country has not tended toward improving conditions for the production of food on the farms.