

### Our Poultry Corner

If you have some things you do not understand in connection with your poultry and want some information, state your case briefly and to the point, writing on one side of paper only, and address it to THE MONITOR PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, we will submit it to Prof. Landry, and when his answers are received we will publish them withholding your name if you so desire it.

#### OVER \$2.00 PER HEN PROFIT

"Is there any money in poultry?" This question is being continually asked. A writer tells a story in a recent issue of a poultry paper that shows quite clearly that some people have a faculty of getting money where others might fail.

"When it comes to makin' money out of hens" said the old farmer, "Cy Pettengill has got em all skun a mile. Cy lives on the State Road and about a thousand automobiles pass his place every day. Cy found a hen dead under the road one morning and he took the hen and put her on the edge of the road just where the road makes a sharp turn. Along come an automobile and when it struck that hen it sent her into the air just like an arrow-plane. The driver stopped. Cy came runnin' out. 'Wot do you mean by killin' my prize winnin' 'Light Braymy'?" he said. "Be you the owner of that hen," asked the gentleman in the car. "I be," says Cy, "and if ye don't pay me fur her I'll have the law on ye." Wy, that hen won the first prize at the Punkinville show last fall. She was wuth ten dollars if she was one cent. It ended by the man paying Cy five dollars. Cy took the hen and set her again. They calculate that Cy cleared putty nigh a hundred dollars before the selectmen got on and stopped his game. And yet they say they ain't no money in hens."

Cy got the money all right, but everyone does not need to stoop to such methods to make money with poultry. Mr. M. Carson, of Merrickville Ont., and I must also add Mrs. Carson, as she was just as much interested as her husband not only cleared the money but made it. They only had a small flock of 24 hens, but they gave them such care that they produced more profit than many flocks twice the size. The flock was made up of Barred Rocks and Black Minorcas. The chickens were hatched and cared for by Mrs. Carson. And yet they say they ain't no money in hens."

They have a nice bright house which is kept scrupulously clean and the hens and the chicks are never neglected.

Summary from January 1st, 1915 to December 31st, 1915

Receipts	
Sale of eggs	\$38.85
Eggs used at home	30.00
Sale of 23 cockerels	22.40
77 pullets raised	25.00
Total	\$113.25
Expenses	
1532 lbs barley and oats at \$1.75	\$31.81
69 lbs. wheats at 1.00	69.00
174 lbs corn and buckwheat at \$2.00 cwt.	3.48
328 lbs bran and middling at \$1.20 cwt.	4.05
200 lbs. oyster shell and grit	1.50
120 lbs. oat-chop at \$2.00 cwt.	2.44
Commercial chick feed	2.00
Total	\$48.58
Total receipts	\$113.25
Total expenses	48.53
Net profit	\$64.72
An average profit of almost \$2.70 per bird.	

There was very little food purchased, that used, being largely what was available on the farm, but all that was used was charged at market prices.

This farmer was not particularly favorably situated as he was a considerable distance from a good market and depended entirely on local prices. Had he been located near a city or had he had a sufficient quantity to ship to a high-class retailer the returns would have been much larger.

If you are not making as good a profit from your flocks what is the reason? That is for you to answer and when you have answered it, so correct conditions that you may be able to show as good returns next year.

#### CARE OF YOUNG STOCK

Crushed oyster shell is the best material for shell making.

Duck eggs should be marketed frequently as they depreciate in quality more rapidly than hens' eggs, especially during hot weather.

A promising bunch of growing chicks can be spoiled by one night's sweating. Allowing 100 or more to crowd together in a small coop is sure to be the continuation of some of them. If you would raise the finest fowls do not allow more than 50 youngsters together at night.

With the arrival of warm weather the army of mites is fast recruited. Get ahead of them by soaking the

roosts, drop boards, and floor with crude petroleum. A little goes a long way in disinfecting the premises and destroying lice and mites.

The feeding of milk to young chicks has a most favorable influence on the growth and on lessening the mortality. It tends to prevent mortality from all causes, and if fed soon enough and for a sufficiently long period greatly reduces the death rate caused by bacillary white diarrhea.

When the young turkeys are large and strong enough to jump over the sides of the pen, let them run with the hen, gathering them in when a rainstorm threatens. As they are very susceptible to dampness, it is best not to let them out in the morning until the dew is off the grass.

Scrub hens are just scrubs, and even under the best of management will show little profit. In the Connecticut laying contest a pen of 10 scrubs laid so few eggs that the food consumed between November 1 and March 1 made them cost 7 cents each. Any old thing will lay in March, April, and May, when eggs are cheap.

#### LICE PAINT

Ordinary coal tar will kill the mites but as it evaporates quickly the effects are not so lasting. An excellent paint to apply to the roosts and nest boxes is composed of one part crude carbolic to three or four parts of coal oil.

Even after the houses have been cleaned, the cracks in the roosts and nest boxes should be flooded at regular intervals throughout the summer either with the fore mentioned paint or with coal oil. This will go far to keep the pests in check, but it must be regarded simply as a check and the thorough or annual house-cleaning described above put into effect as soon as possible.

#### Make Equipment Movable

To facilitate the ease with which this house-cleaning is done, all fixtures should be made movable. If they are stationary at present, advance plans should be taken of the first rainy day to change them. It will be time well spent.

#### KEEPING THE PREMISES CLEAN

Probably no subject in poultry lore has been treated in the press so much as that of cleanliness. Its importance is so great that neither too much can be said of it nor can it be too rigidly enforced. The health of the flocks and the success of the farm depend largely upon the enforcement of the rule.

The houses must be kept clean. This does not refer to dust, as that cannot be avoided, inasmuch as the fowls must scratch among the litter and wallow in the dust bath to keep themselves clean. But there is no reason for allowing the cobwebs to accumulate hanging down from the ceiling so that these tiny chains encircle one's face as he enters the pen. Neither is there any excuse for allowing the manure to accumulate on the dropping boards, or the floor of the pen allowed to become filthy.

A discarded house broom will be just the thing for keeping the place tidy. Sweep the ceilings and walls of these unsightly cobwebs, and gather up the accumulation of dirt on the floors.

#### REMEDIES FOR BOWEL TROUBLE

Slight bowel disorders of young chicks can often be remedied by the use for a few days of a teaspoonful of lime water in each quart of drinking water. The use of boiled whole milk in place of water as a drink for the chicks has also been found effective in light cases. Paregoric is a very effective remedy. It should be placed in the milk or water at the rate of two to four drops to a quart allowing the chicks no other drink for a few days.

These remedies will not be effective unless the cause of the trouble is corrected. The chicks that are most affected should be killed and buried, the house thoroughly cleaned and sprayed frequently with a good coal-tar disinfectant. After a flock is removed from the brooder house it is a good plan to mop up the floors with a strong creosol solution and then heat the house so the whole interior will become steamed with the disinfectant. These precautionary measures, coupled with frequent cleaning of the house and careful feeding, will often overcome the trouble without recourse to drugs.

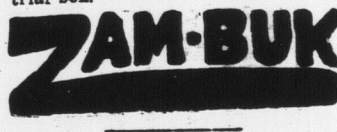
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#### IN A GERMAN SUBMARINE

The following thrilling account of French destroyer was taken from a German submarine officer's diary, published in the New York Evening Post.

Three minutes past six. Sunrise due in half an hour. Sea and sky a solid dead-grey. Horizon not visible and only to be guessed at. Our periscopes ceaselessly sweep the leaden obscurity. Sudden shocks, as of electricity, tingling through me into the periscope's field of vision moves a black shadow. At first only a shadow, it grows assumes a shape, a long, black hull; one two, three, four funnels grow, like tree-trunks, out of the fog. A destroyer!

Submerge! The alarm sounds. Flood tanks—One leap into the conning-tower! The hatches come banging down over my head. The water roars into the tanks. Now for the torture of suspense, now, watch in hand, ticking off the precious seconds, I wait till the tanks are full and the old perfect makes her time plunging. Longest seconds of my life. The destroyer, which wasn't more than 2,000 yards off to begin with, comes pounding down on us, putting all her 40,000 horse-power heart into the business. Her bow guns are as busy as sheet lightning of a hot summer's night.

"Donnerwetter! If he only doesn't get us this time." One bull's-eye, and it's all up with the undersigned. "Thank God, I hear the water tickling the little panes of glass in the lookout of the conning-tower. But I can see the monster's shadow swiftly moving across the ocean's surface. Like a hammer-stroke on an anvil, his shells burst around us. Devil take the fellow, he's getting our range. Another try, and he wins the cigar. But just then daylight fades away, and darkness closes down on the lookout windows like a solid shutter. The old tub obeys her rudder and wiggles down under the water.

The mellow light of electricity now wraps us comfortably about like a new woollen blanket. The manometer's indicator registers the following depths: eight yards, nine yards, then ten and finally four—ten. Saved! R-illy there's no sensation like this of being buried securely in the depths of the sea. Our trusty perfecto keeps right on the downward path, beautifully sensitive to bow and stern rudder, which are the bridge and spur of a reliable submarine. Twenty-four yards, twenty-six, announce our lowest manometer. I've told them to keep going down till they register thirty yards.

Way up yonder, somewhere on the ocean's roof, we can still hear the Frenchman angrily gesticulating and spitting fire. Much good may it do him.

We were heading downward. The manometer registered seventeen yards. Suddenly something hit us, knocked us on the head, and sent us down and out. We might as well have been hit over the skull with a belaying-pin. When we came to, we were lying scattered about in various picturesque attitudes, holding our bruised heads and shoulders. The boat was trembling and shaking like a nervous horse. The lights had gone out and left us groping.

"The safety-switch!"

"No use. She has gone dead as a door-nail."

"Try the reserve battery!"

And then suddenly daylight switched on once more.

"What was up? Why weren't we done for? Why didn't the ocean come cascading in on us and nail us to the bottom? There is no question but that we had hit a mine and sent it off with a terrific bang. From all quarters now came shouts of "Bow all tight and shipshape; starboard and port tight

as a drum; stern free and clear!" But at this moment the ship began to lurch downward; bow down, stern up. She was practically standing on her head.

"Something wrong with the steering-gear, Cap," shouted Lieutenant Groning, who was at the wheel. "She doesn't mind her rudder as she ought. We've got caught on a rope or in a net."

"Himmelkrutzdonnerwetter! We were just wanting that on top of everything else. Here we are neatly netted, with a string of mines, no doubt, just overhead. There's nothing to it."

"Look sharp," I shouted. "Keep her headed down, full speed out! Don't let her come to the top. There's mines up there."

The engines started humming, the ship butted forward into the net, boring, ripping, and tearing as she went, and finally rent the steel trap to shreds like so much mosquito-netting.

"Three cheers," shrieked Groning, out of the ship's bowels, "we're through. She steers as easy as a bicycle."

"Down you go," I ordered. "Try for fifty metres." What had happened was this: When we hit the net the shock must have set off some ruses, which in turn exploded the mines woven into the upper portion of the net. These mines were so placed that they would have caught a submarine cruising along near the surface in the usual way. Had we tried to attack the destroyer, or for any other reason kept within striking distance of the upper world, we surely would have landed in the net exactly as our friends the enemy planned so as to hit and explode the mines directly. As luck would have it, we dived, and the mines exploding far above us did no further damage than to scare us stiff and decorate the old hulk with a few new beauty-spots.

Surely the Frenchmen up yonder must have embraced and kissed, as is their custom, all around when they heard and saw that terrific explosion; no doubt they wirelessed the glad tidings at once. "Enemy submarine caught in net and destroyed by mines." Well, we didn't grudge them any of their chuckle, if only they would let us alone for a bit. I admit we had had enough of the time being.

**EMPLOYMENT OF RETURNED SOLDIERS**

The meeting of the Dominion Hospital Commission held in Ottawa last week adopted two resolutions having to do with the employment of returned soldiers after the war, which included a comprehensive land settlement policy and the construction of a great national highway.

The resolution adopted with reference to the construction of a highway reads:

"That as a considerable number of the men who have enlisted and are at present overseas or about to proceed thereto, are unskilled laborers for whom it may be difficult to provide employment immediately on their return, the Commission advocates the building of a national highway by the Federal Government. It would respectfully submit to the Government that such an undertaking would be of a work of the greatest value. Among the advantages would be:

- (1) Temporary employment would be provided for thousands of men who would not otherwise find work.
- (2) No public work would provide so large an amount of employment at so small a capital outlay.
- (3) The highway would be of immense value as a means for the transit of agricultural and other produce.
- (4) It would be the means of attracting numbers of tourists, entailing the spending of money within the borders of Canada.
- (5) It would solve the problem of demobilization, as it would allow of a gradual disbanding of the troops from coast to coast.
- (6) It would be a most practical memorial to Canada's part in the great war.

The other resolution recommended: "That as it is confidently expected that a large number of returning soldiers will desire to settle on the land, and as such settlement is in the best interests of the men themselves and the country in general, the Federal Government be urged to promulgate at once a comprehensive land settlement policy of an attractive character so that steps may be taken to acquaint the men now under arms with the details of this policy."

#### CHAPLAIN DESCRIBES A TERRIFIC BOMBARDMENT

A chaplain at the front gives the following pen picture of a "terrific bombardment along the whole front."

"If you try to imagine all the most terrific thunder that ever rent the air and try to concentrate it into one place and one period of an hour or so, you do not even then begin to get an idea of the noise which just now begins to shake both heaven and earth

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while a mental picture of all the most vivid lightning you have ever seen, coupled with Brock's most magnificent display of fireworks, will not tell you half the effect of these 'strafes' to the eye.

"The other night I was on duty at a certain point while a final half-hour's concentrated bombardment raged, and I realised as I had never done before what modern warfare means. The noise was stupendous—the crack and boom of the guns behind, coupled with the shriek of the shells as they passed over our heads, made one great pandemonium of noise, and in the superlative degree at that.

"And the feature of a bombardment like this is the way the country in front is revealed in a light as bright as the midday sun. You stand in darkness yourself and in front you see miles of country like a huge and early panorama."

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