

Salving a Tuberculous Dairy Herd Successful Operation of the "Bang System" at the Central Experimental Farm.





THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS ---THE BLUEBIRD

BY LEREINE BALLANTYNE.

One of the first arrivals among our feathered friends is the Bluebird. He when we have the second of the three to greet us, so that apart from his other virtues, he should be welcom-ed each year for the glad herald that we know him to be. The bluebirds are brave little fel-

lows, and very confident. That they trust us is evident from the fact that they build in orchard trees, birdboxes, and sometimes the nests abandoned by woodpeckers. The bluebird wears a pretty coat of

light blue with a vest the color of brick-clay—a sort of reddish brown. This brilliant coloration, together with its gentle ways and murmuring notes, make this bird quite a prized addition to any garden or place in which it

cares to make its home. Because it feeds mainly upon injuri-ous insects, it is highly beneficial, and can in one senson work a tremendous amount of good in one locality. Weed seeds also form an important part of its food and its and the set of t its food, and though it eats a small percentage of soft fruit, practically no cultivated kinds are taken by it. We can therefore regard it as a consistently useful bird.

How lovely it would be if we could attract a few of these pretty feather-ed friends to our homes. If they could be persuaded to use our bird boxes, would it not be a charming sight to see the little flashes of blue darting among our trees, and when we con sider the number of insects bright little eyes can detect as they go up and down each branch, would we not find them valuable little friends to have around the lawn or orchard

THE SWIMMING HOLE. When the sun rides high in a summer

sky And your shadow is short as your

nose, On the country road where the earth,

dust-dry, Puffs up through your naked toes; When the grasshopper scrapes his monotonous drone

Half asleep in the withering grass, When the thirsty leaves scarce their leaves

In the listless breezes that pass; When the heat waves quake a shiver and shake

On the crest of the sun-baked knoll-Come away with me to the willow tree That shelters the swimming hole!

Come away with me where the willow tree Dapples the water cool,

here the skate-bugs dash and the shiners flash

In the depths of the magic pool; Where the lilies float at the mossy brink.

Where the thrushes bathe, where the robins drink! Come away with me where the

waters free Dance merrily over the shoal,

Come away with me to the willow tree

tree That shelters the swimming hole! —Cave Scout.

Sales From My Garden.

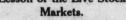
My experience in marketing crops right around home last season taught

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me that the way to sell is to let people know what you have to sell. I had planted more peas, beets, turnips, and cabbages than I needed for home consumption. Always before, I had found it necessary to haul the stuff twelve miles to market or let it

waste. This time I tried different tactics. Many of my neighbors did not have the same kind of produce, so lved to see what a li









I resolved to see what a little advertis-ing would do. First, I told a few whom I knew had no early gardens. The result was that all my produce was sold out in short order. I charg-ed the regular city market price, and my netrons when more than satisfied my patrons were more than satisfied You would not think such things as You would not think such things as beet greens, bunch beets, turnips, and carrots would sell in a farming com-munity. I sold them last year. Cab-bage and peas came on the last of June and I did not have half enough. This year I am planting more.

When sweet corn was ready for When sweet corn was ready for market, I put a notice in the entrance of a small shoe factory, in a village two miles away. I sold several hun-dred dozen ears in a week. I sold my early potatoes and all my garden crops, the customers often coming to the door. In other c: ses I delivered within a radius of two miles from the farm. It paid me to develop the home market.—C. H.

A New Food.

One thousand reindeer carcasses recently arrived in Vancouver, British Columbia, from Alaska and Northern Canada. They are being shipped to New York and other eastern cities. There are more than 100,000 reindeer in Alaska and similar shipments will be made in the future.

The idea has been developed in this country that whatever has been done in the guise of clearing land for new settlers was, and is, excusable. This idea, together with general careless-ness and lack of interest in the public property, has resulted in the destruc-tion of an incalculable quantity of timber through fire started from brush-burning and land-clearing.



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