

other could be sown to winter rye. This would provide them with green food in spring, and permit a rotation of crops.

Than this, there is no better sideline for the man who is confined in office or factory. When counting his gain he should take note of the improvement in health and spirits brought about by the wholesome work.

I liked it so well that I now have a country home, where I can disport myself for at least a part of the year, unless I decide to stay for good.

Essex Co., Ont.

THE KADI.

FARM BULLETIN.

Twenty-five Years' Experiment Record.

The complaint is often made that the results of the work of agricultural investigations are often lost to many for whose information they are issued, by being buried in "blue books" too complex and prolix to be waded through by busy farmers. One good service of an alert agricultural press, it might incidentally be observed, is to keep its constituency well informed regarding this experiment, and conclusive demonstrations of these institutions. As a variation from the orthodox style of report or bulletin there has just been issued by the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, a unique review of the work of the Dominion Experimental Farms from 1886 to 1912, during which long period Dr. Wm. Saunders, who planned them, was their guiding mind in a more literal sense than is sometimes the case. A serious consciousness down to the minutiae of the plans which he initiated and carried on distinguished his directorship. The preparation of this resume of the outstanding achievement of the experimental farms was entrusted to Jas. B. Spencer, B.S.A., editor of the Publications Branch, and as might be expected from his previous work of this character, it has been admirably done. From a vast store he has selected with a discrimination that will appeal to practical men, and the illustrations add beauty as well as utility to the little volume. A number of them given in pairs show the progress of horticulture and arboriculture of several of the farms, vividly recalling the accuracy of a comment once made by "The Farmer's Advocate" regarding the Central Farm, which the genius of Dr. Saunders transformed from a wilderness of drifting sand until it blossomed as a garden.

The achievements with cereals like Marquis wheat, the rational housing of swine, the advantage of applying fresh stable manure, and other matters with which our readers are familiar, have due prominence, and under the present regime, with more adequate equipment, Mr. Spencer predicts a future of still greater usefulness. Excellent portraits of Dr. Saunders and the Minister of Agriculture, Hon. Martin Burrell grace the early pages of the work.

Well, -- Why?

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate."

In the editorial notes of the June 5th issue, concerning the complaint of the Saskatchewan farmer, that farmers did not get any help from the Government, or got it only after a long wait, you use the above words. You do well to ask that question. It would be better for us, and better for Canada if every farmer in it worked for the solution of that question.

If we take a look over our members of parliament the solution is, I think, easily found. Farmers, hard-working men, compose seven-tenths of the population, and produce seven-tenths of the wealth of the country, but when it comes to being represented in parliament where they could have a say in how the wealth they produce should be spent, they tell me you can count the real farmers on the fingers of one hand, or five out of a total of two hundred and twenty. Do farmers ever stop to consider what a difference it would make if they had one hundred and twenty bright and up-to-date young farmers down there to battle for their rights? Why doesn't every agricultural constituency elect a farmer? Why? Mr. Editor, you do well to ask that question. Why don't we use common sense on these political questions?

Well, why?

STYLO.

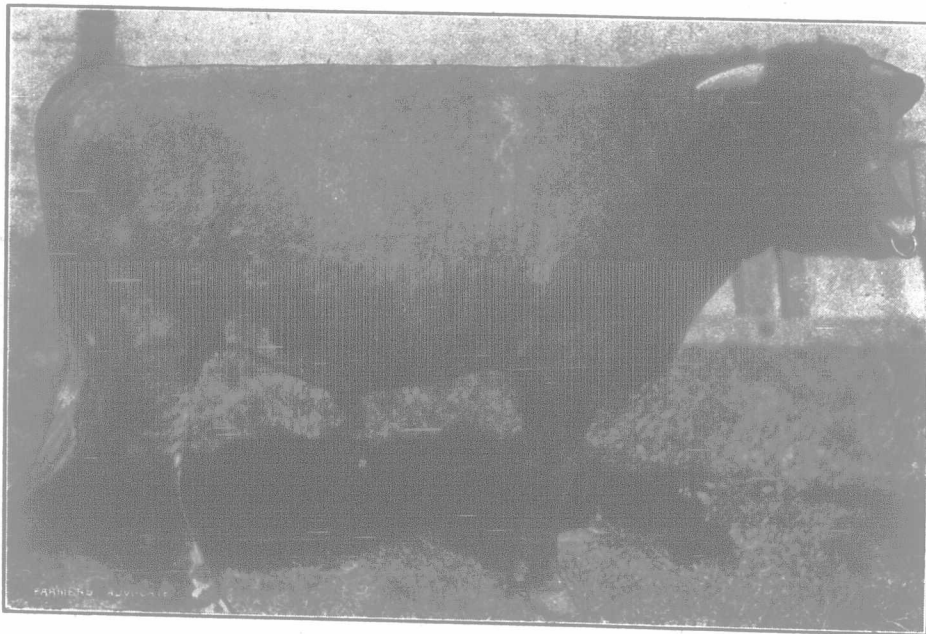
The business men's trip to Canada of the *Illustrirte Zeitung* of Leipzig, Germany, has been postponed till next year.

Country Happenings.

By Peter McArthur.

It took fully a month for the people of this district to find out how much damage was done to the apple orchards by the May frosts. Because there was a great show of blossom many thought that their orchards had escaped injury, but reports are now coming from all sides, and it seems that we are all in the same fix. There will be no apples of the early varieties, and very few of the late varieties. This is particularly unfortunate as many people who had never cared for their orchards before were caring for them this year. I am afraid that the frost will do about as much damage to our young apple-growers' association as it did to the fruit, for it will be hard to get some people interested a second time. And just as we were finding out the extent of the May damage from frost the June frost came along. At the first glance I thought that it had taken everything except my typewriter, but I find that the damage is confined to some tomatoes, early potatoes, and sweet corn in the garden. When the weather turned cold on Saturday we covered all of these tender things and left them covered until Monday. On the potatoes we tried the pioneer method of hoeing the earth over the tops. On Monday we uncovered them for it would not do to leave them buried too long, and on Monday night the real frost came and cut them to the ground. All the forehanded people who had their corn in early have had it so badly damaged that they are forced to replant, and although I was late in getting the spaces between the trees in the new orchard ready for corn, I am now starting on an equal footing with nearly everyone else. The damage to the corn was very considerable, and altogether farmers of this district have had a hard time of it with the frost this season.

This week I have a dog story to tell, and a beautiful moral goes with it. Sheppy, the Collie, did something that should give him a high



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This grand young bull, head of the Spring Grove herd, will be sold at the dispersion sale of the herd, at Ilderton, June 25th.

place in the rank of intelligent dogs, but no one will give him credit for it. Unfortunately, Sheppy's range of virtues is very limited. No one had the time or knew how to train him properly, and beyond keeping the hens away from the house and chasing the cows from the wire fence nearby, he does nothing of value. It seems impossible to make him understand what is wanted when the cows are to be brought home at milking time, and even when he does go after them he always goes at their heads and turns them back. Taken by and large, Sheppy, although well bred, is just about as useless a dog as there is in the country. And yet he did something out of the ordinary. The other night, when the boys got home from the village, it was found that a parcel had been dropped from the buggy. Besides it was known that it must have been dropped some distance up the road for it was missed quite awhile before they got home. As it was too late and dark for anyone to go after it that night it was arranged that a boy should go back over the road before five o'clock in the morning to hunt for the parcel. As Sheppy was around at that time he undoubtedly heard these arrangements being made, but no one thought anything of that. But in the morning we got a surprise. Just as the boy was going to start on his trip Sheppy came to the door with the parcel in his mouth. He usually goes out for a run around the farm when he is turned out in the morning, but he seldom goes any distance along

the road, and he has never been trained to fetch and carry like other dogs. Now will someone kindly explain how he came to bring home that parcel at that particular minute. He has never before carried anything home. If he had been one of those wonderful dogs we sometimes hear so much about this achievement would add to his fame. Everyone would be sure that he had understood all that was being said and had gone after that parcel, but as there is nothing in his past life to justify such a theory no one will give him credit. As a matter of fact, I do not believe myself that he understood and went after the parcel. The fact remains, however, that he brought it home in his mouth in good condition just as if he were one of the good dogs that always do the right thing at the right time.

Speaking of the intelligence of dumb creatures, I had an exhibition when disking the orchard that is worth recording. When going over the ground for the first time a couple of kill-deers made a lot of excitement in one corner of the field. They fluttered ahead of the horses, screaming and pretending to be wounded as is their habit when anyone approaches their nests. I left the horses standing and hunted carefully over several lands in the hope that I might find their nest and avoid crushing the eggs, but I could not locate it and finally had to go on with my work without minding their protests. When giving the same corner a stroke of the disk a couple of days ago a killdeer suddenly stood up with outstretched wings and tail, about a foot from the end of the disk. I stopped the horses, and for several minutes that bird stood there and delivered a lecture on squatter rights, and the laws of homesteading and the suffragette movement. It was very convincing both to me and to the little boy who was riding on my knee. The bird made no attempt to lead me away from the nest. She simply stood over her eggs and scolded. She even refused to move when I touched her with the end of the buggy whip

while trying to point out to the little boy the earth-grey eggs, over which she was standing. Even when we were so close to them it was hard to distinguish them from the clods, and it was no wonder that I missed them in the previous search. It is probable, however, that the disk destroyed the first setting, and that these were new eggs. What impressed me was that I had never seen a killdeer act in this way before. Had she made up her mind that I was probably a reasonable being and only needed to have matters explained to me? Anyway she stuck to her nest and

each time I passed with the disk, and later, when I came along with the corn marker, she simply stood up and gave me another lecture. Though the disk passed her within a foot on each side she refused to leave, though she made some very pointed remarks about being disturbed so much.

One morning recently, I had a lovely couple of minutes with a pair of blue jays and other birds that they had called to their assistance. The children had called my attention to a young blue jay that was under one of the apple trees, and I thought I would pick up one of the youngsters to examine him more closely, but as soon as I touched him he started to squawk and things began to happen. One blue-jay struck me back of the ear with beak and claws and managed to draw blood. At the same instant the other struck me full in the face. As I beat them away a couple of robins that had evidently been attracted by the noise also began to make swoop at my head. As this was the first time I had ever seen birds of another variety turn in to help I stopped to watch the robins that were making just as much noise as if I were trying to get one of their fledglings instead of the blue-jays. By the time they had quieted down the blue-jays had managed to get their youngsters away to a place of safety. Now I have always had it in my head that the jays and robins are natural