

Soils and Crops

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Learning From My Neighbors.

A large part of what I know about farming has been learned from my neighbors. From some I have learned things I ought to do; from others, things I ought not to do.

Andrew Baker, whose farm corners with mine, is one of the men from whom I have learned much. Andrew is a specialist in raising hogs. He has studied pork and porkers since he was a boy, with a diligence and reverence for his subject that would credit to a college professor. He has fed hogs of all ages and sizes, and in all the ways imaginable. He can tell you all the details of feeds, and how to make the most out of them.

One day last week I went over to spend an afternoon with Andrew. I had not seen him for nearly two months, and was sure he had much to tell me. He likes to talk on his favorite subject—pigs. As I had hoped, he was out with his pigs, going from one lot to another, studying the results of some experiments he was carrying on. So deep was his study that he did not notice me drive up. I hitched my horse, and was about to slip up and give him a friendly slap on the shoulder, when he turned suddenly and saw me. His face lit up with a smile as he gave me a hearty greeting.

"Hello, expert!" I said as I walked up to shake hands. "What are you up to now?"

"In the first place I am no expert," said he, "and as for what I am doing, I am trying to figure out why I don't know more about my business—why I sometimes succeed and sometimes fail."

I soon found myself listening intently to his account of what he had been doing.

"There," he said, "is a pen of five hogs which I have fed as farmers often do, in a pen where it is muddy as you can see. If you want a hog to eat his head off, that's the way to do it. I weighed those pigs yesterday, and they have made an average gain of about 3 of a pound a day for the last two months. They have had all the corn they could eat, but nothing else, and they have gained only seven pounds for each bushel of corn they have eaten. You see their condition. It is really cruelty to animals, but I wanted to satisfy myself on this one point."

We walked over to another pen where there were five other pigs fed on corn and tankage. He said they had made very satisfactory gains, but at too high a cost. Even with present high prices for hogs it did not pay him to feed that way. "But come out here in this clover field," said he. "I am not ashamed to show you what I am doing there. Those pigs are harvesting hay and converting it into pork."

It was a thrifty sight to see the thrifty, growing hogs wading through clover that almost covered them. From all sides came the grunt, which, in pig language, means satisfaction, contentment, and good health. It was really good to see their clean, glossy coats. There was certainly no tuberculosis nor cholera amongst them.

"I weighed these pigs at weaning time," said Andrew; "then again in June. Their feed was corn, a little tankage, and this clover pasture. They had made an average gain of a pound a day, and had made 25 pounds of pork for every bushel of corn fed them. I weighed them again yesterday. Since June they have gained three-quarters of a pound a day, and for every bushel of corn fed they have produced 17½ pounds of pork. You see," he continued, "as they become older they take on weight more slowly, and it takes more feed to make a pound of gain."

"What do you do," I asked, "when the price of corn goes up?"

"If there is too great a rise in price, and not a corresponding rise in the price of hogs, I simply cut down the feed of corn a little and make them consume more pasture. Of course, there is a limit beyond which this should not be carried. Just at present I could pay \$2 a bushel for corn and still make money. It's all in the pasture. I can't afford to raise hogs without it. Next year I hope to have an alfalfa pasture; that is the best of all."

We crossed the clover field and walked through the woodlot. As we emerged on the other side we came upon a field of a beautiful green crop that was new to me.

"What is this?" I asked as we walked.

"This is a new variety of alfalfa," said he. "I have been growing it for some time, and it is doing very well. It is a good investment for us."

A Land Measure.

I have made a land measure with which I can quickly measure a field or strip of fence. It is made from three pieces of boards two inches wide and five and one-half feet long, fastened together in a triangle. I mark one corner with some bright-colored paint, then roll the measure along, counting each time the marked corner comes to the ground. Every count is one rod. To find the number of acres in a square field, multiply the width by the length and divide by 160.—J. U.

It is harmful to silk stockings to iron them. Never permit yourself to comment unfavorably upon a friend. Every country is Flax raising it. Australia has passed the experimental stage and the industry is becoming firmly established.

ed out into the luxuriant growth that came up under our arms.

"This," said he, "is my winter pasture."

"Winter pasture!" I exclaimed. "But won't the frost kill it? And besides, how can the hogs reach up to pasture this stuff?"

Andrew laughed at me for this, but immediately explained:

"You see, these pods are beginning to harden. In a few days these leaves will begin to turn yellow. Then we will cut and shock the crop, and put it in the sheds and barn. During the winter we feed it out in racks as hay to our hogs. It takes the place of pasture, you see, saves the expense of feeding high-priced feeds, and makes every pound of corn do its best in producing pork. It furnishes the exact food elements that are needed with corn, and prevents entirely such results as you saw in that first pen. This soybean crop," he added, "is one of the most valuable I grow on my farm."

I could but marvel at the completeness of his plans—every season of the year provided for to produce pork most efficiently, and at the lowest possible cost.

It was getting late, so I bade Andrew good-bye, and turned my horse down the road. On my way home I stopped a moment to see another neighbor who had moved into the neighborhood only the year before. I had hoped to learn something from him, too, but in this I was disappointed. In a bare lot by the roadside on his farm were about 50 shots that would weigh 100 to 125 pounds each. They were not fat, and from their appearance I judged that they were not thrifty. I saw some wagons in the barn lot ready for loading.

My new neighbor told me he had sold his hogs, that they were not doing well, and that he could not afford to feed corn at the present high prices. He also said he was going out of the hog business. I took in the situation, and decided not to argue the matter for fear I might lose friendly relations with him. I invited him to come over some time and spend an afternoon with me, and incidentally told him what a delightful visit I had had that afternoon on Andrew Baker's farm. I suggested further that we get together occasionally to discuss our farm problems.

I turned from this farm with a heavy heart. "There," said I to myself, "is a man not living up to his own standards."

Saving Labor and Fertility With a Litter Carrier.

A good litter carrier used for conveying the manure from behind the stalls to the spreader or manure pit is in my opinion an absolute necessity on every well-managed farm. With one of these carriers properly installed you are able to clean out the barn thoroughly in about one-half the time ordinarily takes to do the job by any other method. The work of cleaning out the stables is not only made much easier, and done better too, perhaps, but the task is less disagreeable during the warm months of the year. The manure can also be put, with little effort on our part, just where we want it. Hired help does not object to cleaning the stables often and thoroughly when the barn is equipped with a good carrier. The result is a clean barn that is presentable at all times.

I noticed in a government estimate some time ago that more than \$100 is lost annually on the average farm by not properly caring for the manure. This estimate undoubtedly is very low, as the average farm is not equipped properly in the handling and storing of manure. A manure carrier and a pit as well as unquestionably good investments on a farm of average size.

It has been carefully estimated that a dozen cows will produce about \$400 worth, or better, of manure each year. Now, unless some provision is made to save the liquid manure the value of this output yearly will be only about one-half of its original value. This alone ought to prove even to the most skeptical that a manure pit made of concrete is a good investment for us.

The litter carrier and manure pit go hand in hand. They are both useful. The former saves labor and time, while the latter saves all the fertilizing value to be found in the manure, which alone is an item of great importance.

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HERE is a nip in the air these mornings that must be rather sharp to the man who scrapes his chin when shaving himself.

If he used a Gillette Safety Razor, he would positively enjoy shaving every morning, he would look his best at all times, and there would be no cutting or chafing of the skin!

Furthermore, in the time he now takes to get his old razor edge as near right as he can, he could finish shaving with the Gillette.

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Gillette Safety Razor

Any dealer who is anxious to supply men's needs will gladly show you a variety of Gillette sets. See him today, if possible.



Keep Your Machinery Under Cover--It Pays

To house machinery does not always do so much good as is commonly supposed. To house machinery under any condition and not properly care for it otherwise is very poor care. Machinery may be just as well off in the shade of a tree, as if it is stored in a leaky, open, poorly drained shed, or in a combined machine shed and hen roost.

There is no question but that it pays to house machinery properly, as it not only adds a great deal of life to the machine, but it also adds to the general appearance of the farm. Where a man is interested enough in his machinery to house it properly, he is also interested enough to care for it otherwise.

A great deal of farm machinery can be placed in a small space if properly arranged. When storing the machinery, it should be placed in the shed according to the time it will have to be removed. The machinery that will be used late next season should be placed in the back part of the shed and that which is to be used early in the season should be placed in front, so that it will not be necessary to remove a great deal of machinery in order to get what is needed first.

The following list of machinery can be housed in a two-story shed 20 x 30 feet. The shed has a small side door and a large double door at one end:

On the first floor: A set of blacksmith tools with bench (repair work is done in the shed), riding plow, two cultivators, beet cultivator, binder, mower, grindstone, hayrake, grain drill, two smoothing harrows (two sections each), slip scraper, and lister.

On the second floor: A hay-tender (taken apart), several light tools, stoves (stored while not in use), some household goods, and other articles too numerous to mention. When there are large crops, grain is sometimes stored on the second floor of the shed. The owner of the shed unhesitatingly states that it is plenty large enough for the implements on 160 acres, providing the wagon and buggy can be stored in some other building. The time required for storing this machinery and removing it each year is estimated by the owner to be one-half day for himself and hired man.

It is not always necessary or advisable to construct a special building

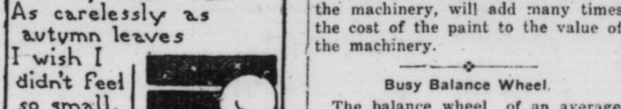
It pays to keep the farm machinery thoroughly painted. This is especially true with machinery largely constructed of wood. The paint fills all pores and cracks, prevents checking, prolongs the life of the machine and also adds very much to its appearance. Two or three dollars' worth of a good, ready-mixed paint for outside use, or carriage paint, applied each year to the machinery, will add many times the cost of the paint to the value of the machinery.

Busy Balance Wheel. The balance wheel of an average watch makes 300 vibrations every minute, 18,000 each hour, 432,000 in a day, or 157,788,000 a year.

Always ice a cake while warm. Cream puffs take 25 minutes to bake.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

When night comes surging strange and vast And sometimes through the sky stars fall As carelessly as autumn leaves I wish I didn't feel so small.



Always ice a cake while warm. Cream puffs take 25 minutes to bake.

Health Talks

By John B. Huber, AMMD

Questions and Answers. I am 18 years old and a high school student. I am 5 feet 2 inches high and weigh 120 pounds. I am somewhat athletically inclined. My friends torment me—call me "shrimp" and things like that. My father is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs about 150 pounds. My mother is only 5 feet tall. Now here are my questions: Will I grow any taller? People tell me that I will not. Because my parents are of the short kind, does it necessarily mean that I'll have to be short? Are there any ways of making children grow? In other words, how can I grow? I do want to be so much taller than I am. I shall be grateful to you all my life if you can make me grow.

Answer—You will have up to 21 to attain your full growth. After that not much can be done to make you taller. Plenty of exercise may add an inch or two. Short parents have been known to have giant sons. But why should you care, Rufus? It isn't height that makes the man. Think of Grant who just barely got into the fighting class. And Napoleon who wasn't much over four feet. On the other hand I have known some welter weights not fit to black anybody's boots!

Coaling Up the Human Machine. Food is material which supplies energy for the bodily activities, which enter into its structure and which so regulates the vital processes as to produce and to preserve health. Calories represent the energy value of food and the energy requirements of our bodies. One person's requirements vary from 2,500 to 3,500 calories a day, less for the desk worker, more for the manual laborer.

Vitamins are substances existing in whole grain cereals, fruits, vegetables, bread, rice, milk, etc. They are essential to the growth and regulation of the bodily processes. They are found in cereals and vegetables in or near the husks or skin; hence the importance of not wasting these important and essential food parts.

Protein is the foodstuff necessary for building muscular tissue. It abounds in lean meat, milk, white of egg, wheat, cheese, beans, etc. Protein also furnishes heat and energy, but not to so great extent as do carbohydrates and fats.

Carbohydrates are starches and sugars. They are found mostly in cereals, vegetables and fruits. Fats are found in butter, cream, oils and bacon; they also supply energy and heat. An excess of them helps for an energy reserve in the body.

Poultry

It seems strange how suddenly the nature of a male bird can be changed. Here we have two full brothers, reared together, apparently happy in each other's company. All of a sudden something turns up, a challenge follows, and war is declared.

Fighting in the poultry yard must be prevented. Birds are not only disgraced by fighting, but frequently, especially during cold weather, canker results from bad wounds. These wounds should be promptly treated—first washed with hot water and then painted with carbolic acid.

Kept in a dry, comfortable pen or cage alone for a few days, the sores will heal quickly and the bird will be fit to put back into the pen.

To permit a whipped bird to remain in the pen with his hens may tempt the hens to pick at his sores and make his condition worse. Besides, he will be morose and lose appetite, and it will take a longer time for him to recover.

In going in and out of the different yards, a careless attendant is likely to leave gates open, or the latches on the doors may work loose, or some other inexcusable piece of negligence may let males together and cause a deadly combat between the two best males on the place, resulting in a severe loss.

Hens, too, are apt to become quarrelsome at times, especially to a newcomer, and frequently do damage to each other. But they soon forget their grievances.

One Way to Trap Fox.

Old trappers know that the fox will nearly always show marked interest in anything that looks like the remains of a camp fire. Usually, too, he will dig around in the ashes, doubtless entertaining the belief that something in the way of food has been left by his enemy—man.

Therefore, when out trapping fox it is a good plan to make a bed of ashes, a deadly combat between the two best males on the place, resulting in a severe loss.

On this bed of ashes place scraps of meat, being careful not to touch the meat with the bare hands, for that would give it the human scent and scare away the quarry.

Bait the ash bed three or four times, allowing the foxes to visit it unharmed. Then set your trap, carefully covering it with loose ashes. Next, burn a little grass over the place where the trap is set, to make the place look natural. Stake the trap securely, or else have a good clog on the end of your chain. Then put fresh bait near it, using leather gloves doing this, as well as in previous operations.

The fox, satisfied by reason of previous visits that the ash bed is a fine source of supply, and a safe one, too, will be almost sure to spring the trap, and another good place to make a fox set is on logs or saplings that bridge streams, one trap at each end. Then if the first one fails to catch him you still have a chance with the second.

In all operations for fox, be careful that you do not let the human scent get either on traps, food baits, or scents.

Roofing

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A REMEDY FOR INSOMNIA

The schoolmaster, who with others was whiling away an hour in Squire Marr's office, complained that he had not been sleeping well lately. He dignified his trouble by calling it insomnia. Others present admitted that they had had touches of it and mentioned various devices for soothing sleep. As might have been expected, the squire had a specific.

"The thing to do," he said "is to make your mind as near a blank as possible. You can't absolutely stop its thinking, but you can set it running on something trivial and monotonous, instead of allowing it to dwell on a perplexing subject or to go roaming over all creation."

"When I find that my mind is disposed to work overtime that way, I resort to the old nursery jingle, The House that Jack Built. I repeat it rather slowly from beginning to end, and go over it again and again. To me the rhythm is very soothing, and the pictures that the words call up are constantly changing, just as in dreams. Presently I begin to get a little tangled up, so that perhaps it is the priest all shaven and shorn that milks the cow with the crumpled horn. It is not long after that before I drop into real slumber that lasts until I am awakened, may be, by the cock that crows in the morn'g."

"I believe I'll try that," said Mr. Jenkins, the schoolmaster. "It sounds as if it might work."

"Did you ever try reckoning interest as a means of inducing sleep?" asked Sumner Shaw, the carriage maker.

"As a rule, I'm not much subject to insomnia," he went on. "Generally I'm asleep about as soon as my head touches the pillow, and I stay so till my getting-up time, four or five o'clock, according to the season. But I got an inkling of what it is like when I was staying overnight at my nephew's in the city four years ago, or so. They make long evenings, and it must have been close on to ten before I got off to bed."

"Remember that you don't have to get up on this unearthy hour, Uncle Sumner," says Susie. "We don't have breakfast until eight."

"Well, I dropped right off to sleep, same as usual; but when I woke up and turned on the electric light at the head of the bed, I found it was only three o'clock."

"Now, then," says I to myself, "I'll have to get another nap."

"But that was easier said than done. The harder I tried the wider awake I was. I guess it was insomnia, fast enough. Finally, I got to thinking over my past life. Well, probably I'd done worse things in my time, but what I seemed to fasten on was a little business transaction with the Widow Wiggins. I sold her a sleigh at my own price; and the very next day I sold one just like it to Capt'n Gray, and he beat me down five dollars, and I made something at that. In the circumstances I felt as if it would be no more than fair to go to Mrs. Wiggins and make her the same discount. But you are apt to let such things go, and pretty soon she took sick and died. She had, no immediate family, and the property went to distant connections out of the province. So I kind of let the thing slide, as being of no great consequence, anyway."

"But it loomed up big there in the dark, and at last I had to promise myself that if I lived to get home I'd get clear of that five dollars somehow. At that time a Belgian relief fund was being raised; and I concluded that it would please her as much as anything, if she could know it, to put down a subscription in memory of Mrs. Maria Wiggins."

"Having settled that, I felt easier, but not real sleepy, and it still seemed a long way ahead to breakfast time. Then it occurred to me that about eighteen years' interest ought to go with that five dollars, and I fell to considering how much that would be. I am pretty good at figuring in my head, and I could have worked out the simple interest easily; but compound interest is another matter. However, I began casting it up, and I got as far as the fifth year. Then the next thing I knew Susie was singing out, 'Breakfast, Uncle Sumner!'

"So you see, reckoning interest got the better of insomnia that time. Maybe, though, purging my conscience had something to do with it. You are welcome to both of those remedies, Mr. Jenkins," he added with a friendly wink, "in case the squire's doesn't work."

My Mother's Prayer.

"Meet me in heaven," mother said, As I was watching by her bed. She knew the time was drawing nigh When, to its mansion in the sky, Her soul would wing its joyous flight, Content to bid the world good-night; Yet, wishing, hoping, that above Again we might be joined in love. Ah, mother, gladly would I give My life on earth with you to live, Where—ere your present home may be; For you were all the world to me, The one true friend that I have known, And now I linger here alone!

Business friendships are delicate affairs. Handle them with care. It hardly makes matters right when you guarantee that we will make good any bad egg we sell. It is better to keep the doubtful eggs at home. It creates a sort of coldness when the customer gets an egg that is overripe.