

midst of a cattle range had growing pains and a couple of new houses about as big as this page, were being composed. "Built" or "erected" is too large a term to describe the process of putting them together. A man with the use of both hands can put up an ordinary "colony house" in a day and a half.

Well, I had primed myself with facts and figures concerning cattle, horses, all kinds of live stock, including ticks and tick fever, and just when I was wondering where all the fine cattle were someone exclaimed aloud. Picture to yourself the head, neck and hump of a buffalo, the huge horns cut off about a foot each side of his head. The brisket extra heavy and large and an immense dewlap added to the size of the beast. The color was red-black, like a dark Jersey. Had he been light in color one could have seen through him he was so thin. This was the cause of the exclamation.

While he plodded along looking furtively to the right and left in order to dodge a missile or a hard word, I was enlightened as to his biography. He was a cross between a Sacred Brahma and a Jersey. This mixture is immune to the fever tick that has been the bane of Texas stockmen. Anything that can stand the hard words said of him, that this bull did, can live anywhere. I have heard some very severe things said about him and by a refined gentleman too, but that was after he unfasted the back gate after tea and ate the top out of a \$5.00 arbor vitae tree, and did some other stunts in the hotel garden. While in town this bull made the rounds of all the back yards, investigating empty barrels and boxes, cleaning out garbage cans and eating everything a goat would. But though so ugly in appearance he was as mild a mannered bull as ever opened gates or spoiled a garden.

Theoretically he and his kind (the Brahman-Jersey cross) are all right. They are fine beef cattle, and as nearly tick proof as it is possible to be; practically they are an offense to the artistic eye, and a blot on the landscape. They have large horns like a Hereford and these are cut off about a foot each side of the head,—a heavy, low-browed, ugly-looking face, thick neck, heavy brisket, large fore quarters, and a big camel-like lump weighing 25 or 30 pounds back of the shoulders. (N. B.—This hump is considered a delicacy, but our butcher never had any.) The beast is somewhat sway-backed, and a heavy dewlap which both male and female possess makes the hind quarters look small in comparison with the Buffalo-Camelesque front of this new beef breed. The color is a dark Jersey. The cows possess good milking qualities, and they are all of amiable disposition.

Enthusiasts claim to have developed a tick-proof breed. Personally, I think cultivation of the land will be the most satisfactory tick eradicator. Apropos of ticks we noticed a couple of house flies acting in a drunken staggering manner one day, and on investigation discovered they were laden down with ticks,—conclusive proof that the typhoid fly has another black mark on its 'scutcheon.

It was February 23, 1913, when we landed in Danbury, "the town that does things," as the company literature delighted to put it, and the things it did were a plenty. It was soon to boast an electric road, telephone, a canal connecting it with Galveston and an "everything that was going" to believe the company literature that continued to pour in upon us. But I am digressing? To return to our cattle; I had expected to see fat, sleek cattle and horses, but never did I see up north so many unthrifty scrubs in all my life as I saw drifting over the prairies exposed to the heavy rains and bitter winds of winter. They were all sorts, kinds, sizes and colors, brindled, spotted, speckled, and tick-infested. There were numerous long horns—the old native breed that is fast disappearing along with the free range.

We stopped at the hotel while our house was being built, and found people there from all quarters of the globe. Alaska, Mexico, Hawaii, Alberta, Ontario, Kansas, Illinois, Washington, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Oklahoma and California were represented. Everyone was enthusiastic, the land appeared to be all right, and a ready-made colony was to be seen in every mind's eye. The majority of those coming in had accepted their lands and were breaking up and improving their tracts.

The field manager of the company was very agreeable, and stood well with the colonists. He was so busy we could not see much of him for two or three days, but one day at noon I asked him when we could be driven over to our tract about five miles distant.

"Sometime this evening," he answered.

I thought, "Well this is a great idea to show land after dark," but I soon found out that the Texas people have only two divisions to the day. "Morning" until 12 o'clock noon, then "evening" until morning comes again. The country seemed very flat, and there were no trees only along the bayous (pronounced by-oh) as the small rivers are called. The trees are draped with Spanish moss, and the palms along by the water present quite a tropical appearance. The general appearance of the land was promising. Our tract

bordered on the bayou, where the fishing seemed remarkably good. The boys were anxious to catch a string, but dig as they would they couldn't find a worm. However, after the ground was broken up and cultivated we began to find small ones, but when first plowed there was nary a worm.

We built a house, bought a fine team of horses, acquired some low-grade furniture at high-grade prices and started in to make a crop. Then came on a dry spell, and work we did in earnest, trying to get a crop off the land that had been idle for centuries. On twenty acres we worked, cultivating and disking enough to have put 100 acres in condition back north. Melons and cotton were to be the crop, with sorghum and corn for the team and chickens. And then when things were going nicely came the mosquitoes. The Gulf brand they were, and they came by millions on the Gulf Breeze we had heard so much about. Much has been written about the mosquitoes, but the Gulf mosquitoes have never had full justice done them and never will have. The air was thick with them—tiny little pests about one-third the size of an ordinary mosquito and with an appetite as big as an elephant. The first warning you get of his approach is when he leaves, as he stings first and then buzzes. He is never satisfied with one bite, but will take three or four and then buzz a farewell. Three days the mosquito storm lasted, and the timely appearance of a "norther" as they call the cool stiff breezes from the north, drove the Gulf mosquito back to his lair in the salt marshes. But before leaving this tiny pest let me assure you that he is the worst ever, and believe me, the hair cloth shirts and lashes of the good old "padres" had nothing on the Gulf mosquito. The next time the mosquito plague came it stayed with us for more than a month.

The bayou and the Gulf Breezes were a source of delight to the boys. Every day or so a launch or oil scow would go past to the rice farms, and would come so near the bank one could almost jump aboard. More colonists came in, some bringing a piano and other luxuries, and all building on the big crops they were going to raise on this fertile soil that had won the prize for fertility at the Paris Exposition.

"Pecans will be my main dependence said an engineer from Sudbury, and while they are growing into bearing I'll plant cotton and canteloupe." He had a canvas, knock-down house, a piano, and many comforts, and a wife and baby boy two years old. They also had the same boundless enthusiasm that we had, and we used to compare notes nearly every Saturday when we met coming from town.

We planted our canteloupe and they came up finely and grew well in spite of the drouth. The corn and garden truck also started well, and so did the jackdaws, magpies and rabbits, both cottontail and jack. These drawbacks coupled with the dry weather and the high cost of living in a land where such abundance was promised by the land company began to worry the colonists, and murmurs of dissatisfaction were heard throughout the colony. This was made worse when the company summarily and without cause dismissed their very efficient field manager, and put in a new man.

"The town that does things" was the way the company styled it, and what it did to us! However, we had planted and worked faithfully so no fault could be laid at our door, and I must say our crops looked well.

Early one morning in April, looking off over the skyline towards the Gulf we noticed in the clouds an exact reproduction of the Galveston Causeway. It was the first time I had ever seen a mirage, and breakfast dishes and everything else went unheeded so long as this beautiful luminous picture remained in the clouds. Soon we could see a train crossing the Causeway, and then slowly the sun showed itself and the wonderful picture faded from sight. Contrary to my ideas of a mirage this was not upside down. Another natural phenomenon we observed later in the year was the rainbow at night.

Texas.

HOWARD KENT.

Haying on in Middlesex.

Fields of red clover were cut in parts of Middlesex County, Ontario, on Monday, June 15th. Except in isolated cases, the fortnight's dry weather over considerable areas, it is believed, will seriously lessen the yield of hay below what was hoped for at an earlier date. It is believed that cheap hay is not yet in sight. Heavily stocked pastures were also showing its effects and this in turn has begun to tell on the milk flow in the dairy sections. Some dairymen have already been drawing heavily on mill feeds to supplement herbage. The oat and barley crops are strong in color and have made a good start. Fall wheat headed early and the weather and moisture at the time of corn planting were just right for germination and the subsequent abundance of sunshine was most favorable for weed-killing, though the cool nights were not ideal for corn growth.

The Orchard.

By Peter McArthur.

I suppose the spring work may be considered finished when the pumpkin seeds are planted. The last pumpkin seed went into the corn-field yesterday afternoon, and I feel that I am entitled to stop and look things over for a day or two before beginning at another job. When laying out the work for the season I had no idea that the young orchard would take so much work, but it is planted and there is corn planted between the rows and pumpkin seeds planted in the corn. There should be a crop of some kind next fall. It almost seems like over-working a patient field to arrange for a crop of trees, corn and pumpkins in the same year, but as there was a clover sod ploughed under last fall and a coat of manure put on a large part of it this spring, it ought to do all right. The ground has been disced eight times, and in a few days we shall be starting in with the hoes and the cultivator. I am not afraid of the thistles and weeds, but there is some kind of wild grass in the low spots that promises a lively tussle. Although it has been disced out of sight several times it is beginning to show up fresh and green among the corn. But we are prepared to go at it vigorously for the sake of getting the young orchard good and clean at the start.

Now that I have had a chance to go over the young orchard carefully I find it a joy. Last year I thought I did quite well to get ninety per cent. of the apple-trees and one half of the cherry trees growing, but of the two hundred and sixty one apple trees and two hundred and sixty cherry trees that were planted this spring I have not found one that is not in full growth. They are all bursting with vigor. Besides putting out leaves they are all putting out a growth of new wood and there is every reason to hope that all of them will live. One little Wealthy, no thicker than my finger was so ambitious that it put out blossoms and now shows a little apple the size of a marble. I think that must beat the record for a young orchard coming into bearing. While on this point it may be a guidance to others who are intending to plant out orchards in the future to put on record a hint that I got from a visiting expert—after it was too late for me to act on it. He said that in securing young trees from a nursery one should try if possible to get trees that had been grafted from fruit-bearing wood. In some nurseries they graft from the young trees they have growing on the place. The trees grafted with fruit wood will come into bearing several years earlier than those grafted from nursery shoots. This is certainly a very important matter, for it takes a long time to get an orchard into bearing at the best. If I had known about this in time I should have insisted on a guarantee that I was getting properly grafted young trees, but the young Wealthy that has started bearing on the year of planting leads me to hope that I have the right kind. They are so satisfactory in every other way, having been dug this spring instead of being brought out of cold storage, that I hardly think they would be lacking on so important a point as proper grafting. Anyway they are planted and now begins the patient job of bringing them into bearing as soon as possible.

The old orchard shows an excellent set of fruit though the trees are not going to be loaded as they were a couple of years ago when Mr. Clement had charge of them. Only a fair percentage of the blossoms fertilized. I am wondering if that was because we had an unusually heavy rain and wind storm just after they came in bloom. It pounded off most of the petals and perhaps that stopped the bees and insects from completing their work. All the trees, except one Baldwin that yielded eleven barrels last year, show what will probably prove to be a sufficient crop. The Spies are well-loaded and I shall probably have to do some thinning on them. I am glad to find that the Peewaukee with the freak branch that has been yielding dark red apples while the rest of the tree yields the ordinary striped fruit, is well loaded this year. The experts have promised to make a study of it this season to discover if possible why that branch should be different. If orchardists could find out how to stimulate the color of apples (they would make great progress towards developing the most popular varieties. It is almost as necessary to please the eye as the palate, but as far as I am able to learn it is not known how to produce more color except by pruning the trees so that the apples will get as much sunshine as possible. I also understand that the apples produced in orchards that are allowed to run to sod are usually more highly colored than those yielded by cultivated orchards, but the why and wherefore of this is not clearly understood. If