

the medical treatment itself and, working in conjunction with it, brought about improved health and virility in the herd. This leads us to comment on that exceedingly important factor in the treatment of any disease, namely, sanitation and preventive measures.

Sanitation and Prevention.

Some authorities look upon carbolic acid as practically worthless in the treatment of contagious abortion. Methylene Blue is now so valuable in other lines that the price is prohibitive to the stockman, even if he should receive any encouragement to use it. We have no doubt that the precautions taken by herdsmen (inadequate perhaps from a technical viewpoint), when administering drugs, were, nevertheless, responsible for a large percentage of the favorable results obtained. It seems reasonable to expect that a man who would doctor his cattle carefully in one respect would also be particular to observe rules in regard to the spread of infection. There is no doubt about the curative and preventive value of cleanliness, the isolation of animals at certain times, the destruction of fetuses and afterbirths, and other precautions that a practical man would take. While awaiting the outcome of investigations now being carried on with the object of ascertaining further and more definite information, we cannot afford to cease exercising those measures of caution and prevention which we are led to believe are good. Regardless of the efficacy or worthlessness of drugs fed into the stomachs of cattle, the cleanliness of surroundings, the disinfection of stalls as well as the disease-carrying organs of the animals, and an all round sanitary quarantine, of one's own proclamation, should be carried out.

If we accept Dr. Williams' conclusion that infection enters the uterine cavity through the cervical canal prior to or very soon after conception, douching the vagina of the female and the organs of the bull is reasonable treatment. His advice reads: "It is recommended to use for this purpose warm, feebly disinfecting solutions, such as 0.5 per cent. bacterol, lysol, cresol compound, or any other soapy, coal-tar disinfectant. The soapy character tends better to dissolve the mucus in the vagina and cleanse the membrane more efficiently. More recently we have been using 0.25 or 0.5 per cent. Lugol's solution with apparently most excellent results. The solution should be introduced into the vagina at about the normal body temperature, 100 to 105 degrees F. The vagina should be filled, in order that it may be fully dilated, the folds of mucosa obliterated, and the solution brought into contact with every part. It is best introduced by means of a gravity apparatus in the form of a 5-gallon vessel for medium or large herds, armed with a stopcock at the bottom, to which is attached a pure gum horse stomach tube. The vessel should then be suspended upon a manure or food track, or upon a special wire track by means of a pulley, so that it may be easily moved along behind the row of cows.

"The horse stomach tube is introduced through the vulva into the vagina, and the fluid is allowed to enter the vagina by gravity.

"The bull is to be handled in the same manner. The solution should be applied before and after each service by a similar, though smaller, gravity apparatus with a pure gum horse catheter for introduction into the sheath. While the fluid is passing into the sheath, the operator should prevent its escape by pressure upon the outlet until every part is well dilated and all mucous folds obliterated, so that the solution comes into contact with every portion of the mucous membrane.

"Immediately after cows have calved or aborted if there be retained placenta or uterine discharge, the uterine cavity should be at once carefully disinfected and the disinfection repeated once or twice daily so long as the cervical canal is freely open, in order to overcome the infection present, and thereby do all possible to prevent sterility and to avoid abortion during the next pregnancy.

"It is even more important that the vagina of heifers, whether virgin or previously bred, and cows shall be systematically disinfected for a period before and after breeding, until conception is assured."

It would be a waste of time to recount experiences where carbolic acid and Methylene Blue have been beneficial or valueless. It has been proven, however, that white scours in calves, calf pneumonia, sterility and retained afterbirths can be considered symptoms of contagious abortion. Every afterbirth should be regarded as a possible source of infection and should be destroyed as one would destroy a dead animal, the victim of some highly contagious disease. Maternity stalls should be thoroughly disinfected prior and subsequent to each occupation. A cow which has aborted should be isolated for a time from other breeding animals and not allowed to disseminate infection or, by switching and rubbing, besmear the healthy cattle about her.

THE FARM.

Why I Farm.

BY W. D. ALBRIGHT.

"Tell me, why did you do it? If you wanted to show the true man in you by giving your life to the calling which demands the greatest sacrifices and returns the fewest rewards, why in thunder didn't you go to farming in civilization? Did you want to get back to the life of the pioneers?"

Abridged from a personal letter are these questions penned by a Bluenose friend, a B.A. of exceptional ability who chose, as his friends have it, to bury (?) his talents in a fruit farm in the Annapolis Valley. From

which it will appear that he is no common pessimist seeing in farming scope for nothing but hard work. While recognizing that it demands denial and offers small proportionate financial compensation he sees in it much that appeals. Still he wonders why I came to the Peace River country to farm.

The question as to why I prefer farming to other occupations I endeavored to answer in the concluding paragraphs of an article in the Christmas Number of "The Farmer's Advocate". Those words were not written for effect. I meant every one of them. If they do not carry conviction I am afraid nothing can. Still a few personal reminiscences may throw a sidelight on my choice.

From the time I was knee-high to a grasshopper my one great central idea of a life work was to farm. To be sure, other dreams were sometimes sandwiched in. For instance in the barefoot stage of metamorphosis I once let fancy run until from a raft on the unnamed creek at the back of the farm I had evolved to the ownership of a fleet of ocean liners larger and faster than had been, and embodying many features of my own invention. Those boyhood visions are never marred by any lack of faith in our ability. But between such soaring flights of imaginative enterprise my main conception of a life purpose turned ever and ever backward to the farm, unwavering as the needle seeks the pole. I wanted to farm and to farm well. It was an inherited instinct fostered especially by a mother's influence.

Mother was by nature progressive in her tendencies. She read as much as leisure would permit and was always enthusiastic for the better way of doing things. She sought to lead us out, too. Often after a meal she would remark with an aggressive but good-natured earnestness that could not be resisted, "There's an article here in the — I want to read to you. It sounds just about right". Often as not it would be an article about some up-to-date idea in tillage or breeding or poultry keeping or hygiene or anything practical. With amused smiles and an affectation of tolerance we would all sit back and listen. But, beneath a superficial badinage we listened attentively; and the seed bore fruit.

Other influences helped. An uncle who bred blooded stock persuaded father to subscribe to "The Farmer's Advocate". It was not fully appreciated at first. We boys were too young to read it then, and by father it was regarded more or less as a stockman's paper, rather above the plane of everyday farm work. But those old papers with their yellow covers and wood engravings were stacked up in the garret, and one day I commenced browsing among the Chats by "Uncle Tom and Cousin Dorothy." From the Magazine I gradually delved into that early profound controversy concerning the dual-purpose cow, and from controversy interest led on to instruction and I became so engrossed that I persuaded father to renew the subscription which had lapsed.

Another influence was the example of a cousin who braved local ridicule by taking a course at Guelph in the days of the Mills-Shaw regime.

These personal recollections are recalled as illustrating the depth and range of the undertow of influences which spread the leaven of agricultural progress hither and thither through channels and agencies unguessed. Through ten years of agricultural journalism I never lost the hanker for the land. The cherished ambition steadily gained strength with years, and after having acquired an educative experience and enough capital for a modest beginning on my own account, what more natural than the change I made?

And if what has been given were not enough, there were yet other reasons. I like creative effort rather than abstractive. The shrewd, self-seeking acumen which exploits a country's resources or nation's necessities for personal profit or which aims to rise by crowding others down is frankly repugnant to my nature. I like to farm because I feel my success will not be spelling some competitor's failure—because I can earn a living by producing something instead of acquiring it from those who do. The ethics of farming appeal, though not to an extent which would make me indifferent toward the struggle for economic justice.

But still the question, why so far? "Why didn't you go to farming in civilization?"

I am in civilization. Half a mile away is a good school where a competent female teacher is paid eight hundred a year. At the same place is a post office receiving semi-weekly mail, a telegraph office, a first-class restaurant and an excellent general store. Churches are well distributed over the Prairie. Law and order prevail.

It will test the credulity of my Nova Scotia friend, but it is a fact nevertheless, that not even in the ideal and cultured community where he lives—a community which I know and for which I entertain the highest respect—not even there could be found a finer class of neighbors than surround me in the neighborhood where this is written. Since coming to the Peace River Country I have yet to meet the first person who could not speak English freely. I have yet to meet an illiterate and it is seldom we meet a boor. The other evening I attended a local farmers' meeting ten miles away, and in the representative audience was not one person uncouthly attired, not one but was a gentleman or a lady. There were several with high schooling or university training. Bachelors of Art or Science or Agriculture are located within a radius of a few miles. Script holders many of them are—men of some means, with character and calibre far above the average citizen. It is a neighborhood to be proud of.

Pioneer conditions of work and living we experience of course. But evolution is rapid. Progress already

achieved astonishes travellers, remembering that steel reached the Prairie but a short year ago.

And we are on the threshold of a future which, I verily believe, will quite eclipse that of the lower plains. Winter climate is superior and resources more varied. A vision of the nascent is writ on the horizon of the pioneer. Courage and energy and resourcefulness are challenged by difficulties—challenged and even in the meantime well repaid. Pathfinding and Empire building on the frontier, laying deep the foundations of agricultural progress and sane satisfying rural life is a work indeed for men. And it is an acid-test of stamina which guarantees virility in the Posterity of the Peace River Country.

As Service wrote of the Yukon, so I feel of the great Frontier:

"This is the law of the Yukon, and ever she makes it plain:

Send not your foolish and feeble; send me your strong and your sane. . . .

Send me the best of your breeding, lend me your chosen ones,

Them will I take to my bosom, them will I call my sons."

Random Thoughts And Notes.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

"A real spring evening", said my sister as we stood on the doorstep.

"Yes," I answered, "it makes a fellow feel that, after all, life is worth living—but I must be off".

"O, what's your hurry", she protested laughingly, "it's thirty minutes to train time, and it won't take you that long to reach the station".

"No matter," I answered, "I like plenty of time Good-bye."

As I walk leisurely along I note many things that plainly tell me, spring has come to stay. To my left I look upon a stretch of brown fields and dark woods, dotted here and there with remnants of winter snows and pools of water. At my right is a village nestling among bare-boughed apple orchards above which rise the smoke of numerous home fires. From a tall elm tree a robin pipes a cheery note for me; a frog from some oozy spot essays a timid note or two, while, far up in the glorious evening sky a few ducks wheel and circle preparatory to swooping down to some hidden lake, to which, probably, is flowing the noisy stream I see in the hollow.

Arrived at the station I find I have fifteen minutes to wait. Except for the station agent, who, I see, is comfortably employed in smoking a cigar and reading a newspaper, I have the place to myself.

The sight of the newspaper turns my thoughts to war-stricken Europe, and as I pace back and forth my mind is filled with ever-increasing wonder that men should quarrel and fight, and kill, and burn, and destroy—for what? God alone knows! In this quiet spot, in this soft spring twilight my mind refuses to grapple with the question, or to realize even ever so remotely the stupendous horrorfulness that science and twisted minds have made possible. I look upwards and wonder how the Creator of that star up there can look down on countless, weeping mothers, and not intervene to stay the untold misery, if it be not for some great purpose; misery that, so we are told, may be prolonged long after the great guns have ceased to boom by a terrible sequence.

In all newspapers the words of prominent men are quoted by the yard to the effect that out there, only a little way from us, the spectre of famine is grinning and gibbering in anticipation of a grim harvest. On all sides is thundered—"We must have more foodstuffs. Produce! Produce! Produce!!!" And yet, God forgive our governors, the tillers of the soil were never so handicapped, and at no time was there so much useful land lying idle in the hands of speculators. Why these evils, if there be such dire need? Probably it was something of a shock to our city brethren to learn that the future supplies for their stomachs depended on ordinary farmers, but why make such a row about it all at once? Why shower so much superfluous advice on the farmers who are doing their best? Why hatch so many devices that show only an amazing ignorance of farming conditions? In one sense it is a good thing that our city friends are beginning to have a glimmering realization that the farmer's path is not all roses, and that he cannot sow and garner increased crops unless someone helps him, but that is no reason why some of them should cry: "Send your wives to the fields, they'll help you, and we will supply you with a nice lady to do the housework". Jove, what a scheme! Probably one might find, here and there, a farmer who looks upon his wife as: "something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse," but its not usual. And you, Mr. Cityman, would you sit in your little two-by-four office with a nice electric fan to keep you cool, while out in the fields under a roasting sun a woman toils, that you may eat?—But here comes the train, for which some production campaigner may be thankful, for my thoughts have worked me up to that degree where the contemplation of murder seems no sin.

I spring aboard and am in a different world, where are displayed various brands of practical civilization—no place for dreamers. I surrender my ticket to a liveried mountain of flesh, fit representative of a bloated corporation. I am pestered by a vendor to buy "cigars, cigarettes, chocolates," and am subjected to a withering look of scorn when I refuse. A fat negro cook, or mayhap it's a waiter, waddles by, and instantly my mind connects his kind with sundry good, wholesome breadcrusts I had tramped underfoot only that evening as I walked