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EDITORIAL.

September did wonders for corn.

Who is bold enough to set a maximum price for beef?

Chance sometimes favors the foolish, but wisdom prevails in the long run.

Peaches wasting in abundance. The Niagara fruit-grower has some compensations this year after all, though no doubt he would prefer less fruit and more money for it.

Complaining of labor scarcity while buying more cows is hardly consistent. Selling a few of the poorest cows, and starting a flock of sheep would seem more to the purpose.

The waste of manure this summer in barnyards tramped knee-deep into mire has been enormous, and suggests the economy of narrowing their bounds and cementing the bottoms.

It is said that throughout many fine grazing areas along the United States railways, there are now-a-days more "Bull Durham" Smoking "Tobacco" signs visible than signs of good steer cattle. Put sirloin steaks up another notch.

About the only fair days we have had this summer have been those for which the weather-man prophesied rain. The poor fellow has doubtless been doing his best, but the probabilities this year would be more correctly termed improbabilities.

Some enormous potato yields are recorded. Four hundred and seventy bushels to the acre were found by an inspector on a plot belonging to one member of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association. On our own farm the other day we dug an eleven-quart basketful from three hills, and they were not selected hills either.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson thinks there is little or nothing after all in the Metchnikoff sour-milk theory of inducing longevity. The yogurt-consuming Methuselahs, he says, owe their reputation for great age to the imperfect vital statistics usual in illiterate communities. Pretty hard to invent a better mode of life than sane moderate living, with a varied diet meeting the demands of appetite.

We have been pleased of late to receive an unusual number of calls from good practical men who came in to have a chat and told some experience worth printing. We like such items. To be sure there are visitors of the other kind who ramble on and on talking about nothing worth while, and relating experience which, though seeming important to them, appears quite otherwise to the editors. The trouble is they are the hardest kind of callers to get away from. We like to meet subscribers in the office, and to talk over practical matters, but please remember we are busy, and when we are extra busy and are obliged to drop a hint to that effect, kindly avoid embarrassment by acting upon the hint without its having to be made too broad.

A writer in "The Nation" (London, Eng.) naively suggests as an appropriate subject of thanksgiving for harvest festivals, in a season of desolated fields and ruined crops, the offering of prayers of gratitude that through free and friendly commercial intercourse with other nations, the harvests of the world are available to sustain life in the crowded population of Britain.

President Jas. J. Hill, the railway magnate, is credited with saying at a recent congress of bankers held in St. Paul, Minn., that he expected to be an angel before the efficiency of farmers, through more intensive methods, was fully realized. A good many farmers are thinking that railway managers will require a lengthy probation before reaching the flying stage.

A lifetime's experience has taught us that good crops are hardly ever so good, nor poor crops so bad as they are expected to prove. The tendency is to exaggerate either way. Then, too, Dame Nature has a wonderful faculty of evening things up, so that balances come out on somewhere near a normal plane in the final reckoning. The moral of it is to peg steadily away, doing the best one knows how and keeping a stiff upper lip. Grit wins.

Experience at Weldwood, recorded in another column, goes to confirm the general idea, that alfalfa and clover are not good crops to grow for silage, and that it is better to grow corn for the silo and cure the legumes as hay, even if only a second or third-class quality can be made. Even where corn cannot be grown we should hesitate to recommend the ensilage of legumes. We may try a little third cutting of alfalfa mixed with corn in the silo, but that is as far as we care to go. The daily milk records were too significant.

The Farmer's Advocate and Home Journal, of Winnipeg, quite naturally and appropriately jubilates over the remarkable success achieved by Western cattle exhibitors at Toronto and Ottawa fairs. Eastern Canada, it says, always has been saluted as having the best stock and stockmen of the Dominion, but this state of affairs, it opines, will be more correctly termed "has been" as the years roll by. We are not so sure about that. Western success is welcomed as a man rejoices in the success of a younger brother, but a few championships in beef cattle do not turn the scale. There are stock-breeding resources east of the Great Lakes that will take a lot of beating for many years to come.

Our highly esteemed friend David Lawrence, of Oxford Co., Ont., who has been visiting the Old Country this summer and sending back to "The Farmer's Advocate" several very concise letters, pays his compliments this week to Irish agriculture, which he observed all too hastily in a three-days' trip. Mr. Lawrence makes a good many shrewd comments, though we cannot help wondering whether he would not be inclined to modify some of them upon fuller inquiry. There are often age-long reasons accounting for certain practices which strike a tourist as incongruous or absurd. Conservatism is frequently a handicap, but not always to the extent that might be at first supposed. Is it not possible that we may misjudge our Old Country friends even as they sometimes misjudge us?

Sheep on the Dairy Farm.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, speakers at leading gatherings of dairymen in Canada, began strongly to advocate a place of supremacy for the hog as an adjunct of dairying. His utility in profitably converting into meat the by-products, whey and skim milk, in combination with coarse grains and forage crops, was constantly praised and some years later the bacon-hog campaign, assiduously prosecuted with packing-house development, established the pig in an almost impregnable position. Contemporary with this movement it became a matter of common remark, repeated over and over again until people began to think it must be so, that sheep and cows could not be kept together for the reason that the former would crop the pasture down so low that cows would hardly subsist, not to mention filling the milk cans. This was rather an indirect compliment to the sheep as the fittest. Of course a full complement of sheep and cows cannot be successfully pastured on the same run, and that's pretty nearly all there is to the objection. Up and down the land everyone talked dairying, and the dairy cow and the predatory dog that weak-kneed legislators have not had the courage to tackle, joined forces with the enemy to exterminate the flock. Even without falling prices for lamb and wool, it is little wonder that the unobtrusive sheep should retire vanquished from all but here and there an isolated farm. Fortunately there has always been a saving remnant of purebred flocks to keep the industry alive, and referring more particularly to the province of Ontario, on a few good farms whose owners, by the way, are generally most successful men, small grade flocks held their place alongside a reasonable contingent of cows. During the present season there has occurred another unexpected depletion of Ontario flocks drafted to build up the industry in other provinces east and west. Those portions of Canada are more to be congratulated than the sections whence the foundation stocks have been drawn.

There are several sound reasons why sheep husbandry should be more generally extended. In the first place sheep lighten labor, and therefore help to solve the hired-help problem. Though it requires a sympathetic attention to detail at certain times, no class of stock requires so little personal attention and so little actual labor in the handling. It is a vastly easier proposition to provide the winter food for sheep than for a large herd of cows and general stock. On many farms the owners and their families would have an easier time and be about as far ahead financially in the final reckoning, if a lot of the poorer cows were weeded out, and in their place a tidy flock of sheep established. We know of not a few farms where this is done to great advantage. It is probable that the returns from lambs or occasional mutton sheep sold, plus the annual clip of wool, will make quite as good a net showing as that from cows, which are a never-ending source of daily labor. In the next place, in the contest with weeds, the farmer has no better nor as cheap an ally as his flock of sheep nibbling away the pests from morning until night, converting weed growth into mutton. A small flock is very handy on the farm also as a means of varying the home meat supply. People have been slaving themselves almost to death on dairy farms through the mistaken policy of keeping too many cows. Owing to the tremendous