

little in regard to the corn field. I intended putting it on an alfalfa sod, which I considered was "petered out," and top-dressed it last winter direct from stable with the intention of plowing it for corn. This spring, being so wet, I had to leave a field I intended putting in to spring grain, which was a wheat stubble plowed twice last fall. I put it in to corn and left the alfalfa sod for hay. The top dressing brought the alfalfa on so well that I cut the best crop of it I ever had, and that after thinking it was done for hay. The corn ground didn't get any manure, but we plowed it again and sowed the corn in drills 42 inches apart, one-half bushel to the acre, the last week in June. We kept the cultivator going on it as we did on the bean crop, and while the corn did not mature we have an extra good lot of fodder, in fact as good a crop as we ever have in an ordinary year, and there was nothing but corn in the field. The three plowings and no manure left the field "as clean as a whistle."

We have no silo, and practice drawing the corn direct from the shock to the stock up till about Christmas. What we do not use before then we stack, and find the cattle eat it more readily when in shock or stack than when stored in the barn, on account of it being drier when put inside.

The land is clay loam, not well drained, but in spite of the adverse conditions this year we will have one of the best years we have ever had. I attribute it to holding over some of last year's bounty, first-class seed and frequent cultivation.

The results of good seed were most apparent in the bean crop. A neighbor of mine on the next farm, which is better land and more thoroughly drained, put his beans in about the same time as mine went in, but he sowed his own seed, which, in this locality last year, was badly blighted. His beans were not worth harvesting, but as I got my seed from another neighborhood and sowed good clean seed my crop was as good as I ever had.

Brant Co., Ont.

CANUCK.

The Implement Shed is a Financial Problem.

A writer signing himself "Drag Harrow" recently had some interesting facts on storing farm machinery in Western Canada published in "The Farmer's Advocate" and Home Journal of Winnipeg, Man. Much of what he says is applicable to eastern conditions as well. Read what he says:

Ninety-nine out of every hundred farmers of Western Canada, will without doubt, admit that all farm machinery should be under cover, and doubtless all of them wish it was so in their own particular case. But getting it there—that's the rub!

There are lots of reasons why it is not housed. One could easily scare up several dozen, but as any intelligent reader of the "Farmer's Advocate" would know that only one reason would hold water, it would be courting ridicule to enumerate them. There is, however, the one reason, and it's a big one—at least to a great many farmers. The lack of finances to furnish the material for building anything like a decent sized shed.

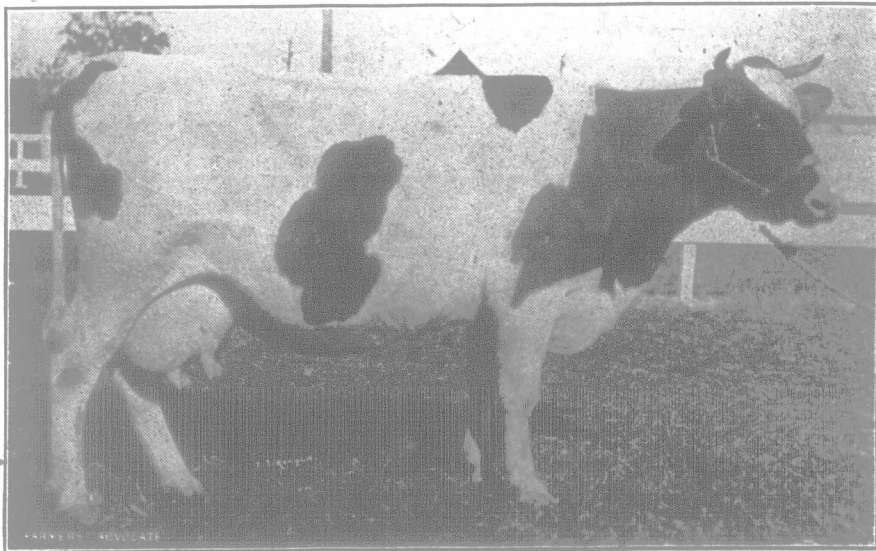
When Jones and Brown and I started out our intentions were good, and the implement shed was to come at an early date; in fact, just as soon as we had anything to put in it. But when that date arrived the money had to go for something else. We had to pay for the drill, or the binder, or there would be trouble. It was thought better to pay for the binder and have it than to pay for the shed and lose the binder, with some costs. For if we built the shed, we could not pay for the binder. And well—what was the good of the shed without something to put in it? And so it was left for another season. Of course, we had a lot more time to talk over how we were going to build it. We got that satisfaction out of it if we didn't get anything else! Well the season came along all right, but it was mighty dry. There was hardly any crop for the binder to cut, and Jones got a bit crusty and said: "What was the use of having a binder if you hadn't anything for it to cut." What we did cut had to go for flour and feed, and shoes and stockings for the children to go to school in for the fall part of the school term, which was long enough for the kids to wear them out, and require new ones for the cold days next spring. Then they got the measles, and we had a doctor's bill, and so the shed had to slide again.

Things looked brighter the next season, and we picked the site. I believe one of the boys left half a stoneboat load of stones near it for starting a foundation. But wheat went away down, and there was hardly enough money to go round the creditors. Well we thought we would make it the next year, as we were not buying anything. So we got lots of stones hauled up to complete a foundation, and we began to figure things, and as fall came we went to town for lumber. But we were horrified! Lumber prices had slipped up. It would take just twice as much money to build it now as it would have when we first started to farm. Building half a shed wasn't any use, so it slid again. The next year prices were still up, but we thought we could manage it. Then the war came along and we could

not get a man or any help, and there was not time for us to tackle the job ourselves. We are still hoping that next season will see us in shape. But Brown has been figuring the amount of metal they are using up over in Europe, and the world's supply, and he figures there will not be any metal left to make nails with, and if he's right, we'll be stuck again. But we'll live in hopes!

Of course we have not left everything to wind and weather all these long years. We have sheltered some things part of the year, and some things all the time they were not in use. Sleighs and jumpers are easily kept in the granaries; only have to turn out when the grain goes in, and this year we had to get them out a month earlier, as winter came before harvest. It is easy to kind of shelter the binders and drills in makeshifts of poles and straw—when you can get poles. But lots of fellows in Western Canada have forgotten what poles are like, they haven't seen any for so long. While these makeshifts are better than nothing as far as the sun's influence goes, they do not amount to much against a heavy rain. The thrasher, as it was the most expensive machine we bought, got a shed when we bought it, just room to squeeze in, with the elevator detached. We were also able to stow away plow, moldboards, and the like, small cultivators, and a host of things that are decidedly better inside than out. We grease the moldboards and coulters and such-like. It saves a mighty lot of trouble too.

Summing matters up, we find an extraordinary difference in the life of woodwork sheltered all the time, sheltered part of the time, or left willy-nilly to the wind and weather. It is remarkable how much difference only a few weeks, and sometimes days (when the days happen to be machine wreckers), make to woodwork and paint. We have not been able to properly compare one machine against another—inside versus outside, but one can see with half an eye that there is a very considerable difference. One can notice particularly where there are bolts, screws or nails in woodwork which has much exposure to wet weather, that these all rust, and in a year or so the rust has eaten up the metal enough to allow these to become loose, when the machine gets a little bit of a jar or vibration when in operation. This is when it begins to go to rack, and it is usually pretty difficult to do anything, as the



Ianthe Jewel Mechthilde 3rd 5530.

A champion cow at Toronto and a winner in the Guelph Dairy Test. Official record of 557.8 lbs. milk and 23.42 lbs. butter in seven days. Dam of Prince Aaggie Mechthilde, a leading sire of R. O. P. daughters.

wood round the bolt holes has begun to get punky. So it means a new piece, and that very often is like mending old cloth with a new piece of cloth—it won't last long. At any rate experience has taught us that everything is better inside, and will last longer.

"Pards."

We're sure good pals, my dad and me,
We hardly ever disagree
On how to run the place,
'N when I get to be a man,
I'll have a farm like dad, and plan
To beat his pace.

You see we're pardners, me and dad
And though he says I'm just a lad,
He don't treat me as one;
He lets me in on his affairs,
I'll bet the city millionaires
Don't have more fun.

He gave to me a calf and pig,
And later on, when they get big,
I'll take them in to sell;
And with the money that they bring,
I'll maybe buy out dad next spring—
It's hard to tell.

Just why a feller likes to roam,
And leave the farm, his folks and home,
Is easy to be seen;
He ain't a pard—he's just a hand,
And has to work to beat the band—
A farm machine.

H. M. RAILSBACK.

THE DAIRY.

The Crocodile and the Cow.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

The demand for the preservation of the Canadian bacon industry presented in the issue of "The Farmer's Advocate" for November 10th should receive strong support especially from dairymen engaged in the production of milk for the two great staples of cheese and butter. The remarkable record of cheese dairying in Canada has been in considerable measure due to the steadying effect of its ally, the usually profitable bacon hog, and a blow at the latter would have a serious effect upon the former. But what I wish particularly to point out is this, that the arguments for the preservation of the bacon industry apply with equal force to the conservation of the Canadian butter enterprise against which deep-laid influences have long been at work and have revived under cover of the spurious plea of giving the consumer a cheaper substitute in the form of oleo-margarine—animal fats manipulated and colored—which he does not want and has not asked for, but which its promoters would foist upon him. It is said that crocodiles, having large lachrymal glands weep copiously over the hard necessity of killing other animals to satisfy their rapacious appetite for food. I fear we need not go to the Nile or the Ganges for examples of that type. They are not unknown in peace-loving America. Some of the few misguided supporters of the introduction of "oleo" are shedding crocodile tears over the consumer of honest butter, but at the same time are doing all in their power to facilitate the waste of his resources in ways needless if not demoralizing and others are either silent or avowed devotees of systems that artificially sustain the cost of important foods and of the farmer's instruments of production, to a degree far more serious than in the case of the tasty lubricant for our toast and buns. The indictment against the bogus butter propaganda was presented with moderation and convincing acts in "The Farmer's Advocate" and no wayfaring legislator need err therein. Many of your readers will likely remind him of his duty to the dairy industry and the best interests of Canada which by long and arduous effort has built up a unique and world-wide reputation for honest foods of high quality. In every country where oleo has entrenched itself it has proven, as already pointed out, a costly and vexatious mischief maker to the authorities and a deceiver of the people. Some things can be wisely licensed and regulated; but there are evils only to be successfully handled, as the world is surely finding out, by the good old prohibitory method of the decalogue. Many articles of common consumption are high and perhaps going higher under the frightful goad of war, but one of these days the great world issue will be settled and there will be a return to the moderation of peace conditions. Let us not add to the burden of rascalities in high places, and prodigal living lower down, the folly of fastening "oleo" upon our necks for all time to come. If a Jersey and a crocodile go swimming together we know what will happen to the cow.

Middlesex, Co. Ont.

ALPHA.

The Test Proves that Guernseys are Heavy Producers.

Guernseys, as a breed, have not increased in popularity as rapidly as their qualities would warrant. There are comparatively few representatives of this breed in Canada, and it is only recently that they have come into prominence in United States show-rings and dairy tests. The past few years Guernseys have been fairly numerous at the International Dairy Show; this year the breed was second highest in point of number of entries, and all classes made a formidable showing. In competition with other breeds Guernseys now compare favorably. The native home of the breed is on the Islands of Guernsey and Alderney, in the Channel Island group off the coast of France. The Island of Guernsey contains about 12,600 acres and maintains around 5,000 head of cattle. The climate is mild the year around; cattle are kept in small herds, each animal tethered when on pasture so as to make the most of the feed. The climatic conditions and system of feeding and management are similar to those in existence on the Island of Jersey, the native home of the breed of that name.

The origin is obscure, but the breed is supposed to have been derived from cattle of Brittany and Normandy. In some respects Guernseys closely resemble Jerseys, but they are a trifle larger and appear a little coarser, especially over the shoulders. As a breed they produce a larger flow of milk, although