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Cheese and Butter Makers Necessary.

Last week we published a short note from Prof. H. H. Dean, of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, in which the importance of ensuring enough expert help to properly manufacture milk into its well-known products, butter and cheese, next summer and from then on until the war is over and afterward was pointed out. In a letter appearing in the same issue, from one of our regular correspondents, mention is made of the fact that an expert cheesemaker in the locality from which the article was written had been refused exemption, and the writer, a practical farmer, was at a loss to know what the dairymen of his district would do with their milk if these expert makers are all taken. Prof. Dean's article offers one suggestion that all those who can, avail themselves of the special dairy course to be held at Guelph early next month. A large class will help some, and we feel sure that those who have the final say in exemption matters will see the importance of leaving a fair percentage of the expert cheese and butter-makers now on the job. They do a necessary work. They manufacture a raw farm product into a more finished state in which it will keep. They save food.

Nature's Diary.

A. B. KLUGH, M. A.

The Hun of the Woods.

All our flesh-eating mammals, with one exception, kill only when they are hungry. The exception is the Weasel. The Weasel is the Hun of the woods, it is imbued with the spirit of culture—ruthlessness. It kills for the sake of killing. Though the blood and brains of a single fowl furnish a Weasel with all the food it requires it has been known to kill forty full-grown fowls in a night and in another instance to slaughter fifty chickens. If it finds a nest of Chipmunks it murders the entire family, and after merely tasting the blood of one of its victims, sets forth seeking something else to kill.

Seton says "The Weasels have the unloveliest disposition of all our wild animals. Outside of their strength and courage, we find little in them to admire. Most other animals have a well-marked home-region and friends, but the ordinary life of a Weasel is that of a wandering demon of carnage."

The characterization of the Weasel given by one of the very greatest of writers on North American animals, Dr. E. C. Coues is worth quoting:

"A glance at the physiognomy of the Weasel would suffice to betray its character. The teeth are almost

of the highest known raptorial character; the jaws are worked by enormous masses of muscle covering the sides of the skull. The forehead is low, and the nose sharp; the eyes are small, penetrating, cunning, and glitter with an angry, green light. There is something peculiar, moreover, in the way that this fierce face surmounts a body extraordinarily wiry, lithe and muscular.

The Weasel preys on every kind of beast and bird that it can master and this means everything from the turkey and rabbit down to the shrew and the smallest birds. While many of the victims of the Weasel are beneficial or harmless animals a fairly large proportion are mice and rats and we must "give the devil his due" in admitting that the Weasel is undoubtedly of value as an agent of destruction of these pests. The slender, lithe body of the Weasel renders it admirably adapted for exploring the burrows and galleries of these rodents and it has been repeatedly noticed that when a Weasel takes up its abode about premises infested by rats and mice that they are soon exterminated. For such a service performed in his barns the farmer is duly grateful, but the price that he often has to pay when the Weasel turns its attention to the poultry is entirely too steep.

In lightning-like rapidity of action the Weasel stands pre-eminent among our animals. I have never seen one still for a single instant. I recall trying to kill one with a stick as it ran along a rail fence. Time and time again I thought a well-aimed blow would land on it, but when the stick descended—the Weasel wasn't there. It was like fencing with chain-lightning. Again I remember my attempt to stamp on a weasel that had come to my feet, attracted by a squeaking sound I was making to call up some birds, and while it did not retreat for some minutes it dodged my best efforts with ease.

The Weasel is equally at home on the ground, under ground, under the snow, or in the trees and is in addition a good swimmer. Its dexterity in running about the branches of trees is almost as great as that of a Red Squirrel. I witnessed a performance which exhibited its quickness in climbing and jumping when a Weasel pursued a Chipmunk which lived in the vicinity of my cottage. Up an apple tree, out to the end of a limb, down to the ground in a single jump, round and round they went, ever keeping to the same route. At first they went so fast as to look like mere streaks and it was not until the pace slowed a bit that I could make out what was taking place. Finally I got the Weasel with a charge of shot just as it was about to jump, and the Chipmunk was so exhausted that it allowed me to pick it up.

The Varying Hare, with its great speed, can easily out-distance the Weasel, but it never seems to go straight away and keep going. Instead it goes at full speed for a short distance, then sits down and looks and listens for its pursuer, and as far as I know the chase always ends in the same way—the death of the Hare.

We have in Canada several species of Weasels, the commonest being the Short-tailed Weasel, *Putorius cicognani*, which is found from the Atlantic to the Pacific and as far north as the 50th parallel of latitude in the east and the 60th in the west. This species is about twelve inches in length, the tail being about one-quarter of the total length, and having its terminal third black. In summer its color is dark brown above, and white, tinged with yellow beneath. In winter it becomes pure white above and yellowish white below, the terminal third of the tail still remaining black. It has been suggested that this black tip of the tail is of service to the Weasel, particularly in winter, as birds of prey, who are its chief enemies, may strike at this conspicuous black spot and miss the Weasel. This species, as well as other Weasels, is, in its winter pelage, known as Ermine.

The Weasels seem to have no fixed home, but to haunt a locality until the hunting becomes poor by reason of their inordinate lust for killing, and then to move on to new hunting-grounds.

If.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream and not make dreams your master,
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same.
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them, "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch.
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run.
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a man, my son!

—RUDYARD KIPLING

Hardship Makes Strength.

BY SANDY FRASER.

Yesterday wis snappin' could an' I didna' feel muckle like gaein' tae the bush to chop wood, sae I says tae the boy, "Jim", says I, "Ye might tak' yer axe an' go tae the back field an' cut doon that elm tree that's standing oot by itself there. When ye hae it doon ye can cut the tops up intae sleigh-lengths."

I thocht that wad keep him goin' for the best part o' the afternoon, an' then the weather got a wee bit milder I'd gae back tae the woods myself. When I dinna like tae expose myself mair than I can help since I had the congestion a couple o' years back. Thinks I tae myself, "the hoose is the best place for me, the day." But there wis na such luck as that waitin' for me. I wis juist walkin' in frae the barn when I heard Jim shoutin' at me. "Say", he calls, "ye'll hae to bring the saw an' help me cut that tree doon. It's tougher'n the mischief, an' I canna, get a chip oot o' it."

Sae it wis up tae me tae get the cross-cut saw an' gae back tae where the tree wis. It wis standin' beside an auld lime-kiln that had been in use maybe fifty or sixty years back. It had taken pretty good root in the hard ground about the lime-kiln, an' all the winds an' storms had done tae it wis to mak' it tak' a better hold. It wis a tough lookin' customer a richt, but we went at it. I sawed away till my back wis that sore that I had tae gae doon on one knee tae gie myself a better chance. It wis the toughest thing in elm that I ever pulled a saw across, an' I've cut doon several in my day, I can say that. At last it began tae bend overa wee bitan' wi' a few mair strokes o' the saw doon she went. But a' the same it wisna clean off. The last inch didna' break like a common tree would. It juist bent, an' Jim had tae finish it off wi' the axe.

"Don't that beat a'?" says he, "Ye could tie knots in that tree if ye liked. What makes it sae tough dae ye think, Mr. Fraser?"

"Hardship," I replied, "naething mair nor less. That tree has been standin' oot here in the clearin' for the last fifty years or langer, an' whatever the wind an' the weather could dae to it has been done. Frae the time it wis a foot high it had to rough it, but the mair the wind blew the further it sent its roots intae the ground an' the tougher its body an' branches became. There's a pointer there for you Jim," says I, "The mair knocks ye get an' the mair hardship ye endure the better mon ye'll be. Dae ye believe that?"

"Oh I dinna ken," says Jim, "maybe ye're richt. If ye are I ought to be a pretty guid mon afore nicht, gin I spend the rest o' the day on this job wi' the wind tryin' tae blaw the trousers off me. All the same I think I'll tak' my hardship in the summer-time, if it's a' the same tae you, Mr. Fraser."

Pretty soon after this I went back tae the hoose, for tae be honest aboot it I didna like tae risk takin' ower muckle o' my own medicine. I hae na doot that moderation is a guid thing even when it comes tae hardship. It's a richt tae mak' yersel' hardy an' a' that, but ye want tae be careful ye dinna overdae it. I had a friend once that thocht that the less clothes he wore in the winter time the less likely he wad be tae catch cauld. He's dead noo, puir chap. On the ither hand, I canna' get awa' from it that the auld elm tree has a lesson in it for a guid mony people, an' especially for the generation that is growin' up at the present time. If I ken onything aboot how things are goin' at the beginnin' o' this Twentieth Century I think there is a tendency tae mak' things as easy an' comfortable for ourselves an' for oor particular friends as we possibly can wi' the means at oor disposal. I heard a mon say once, "If I had the money that that auld chap workin' in the field over there has, I'd see myself in jail before I'd break my back the way he does." This mon didna ken that it wis the toil an' hardship that the auld fellow had seen in the course o' his life that kept him as weel an' contented as he wis, an' made his last days as happy an' useful as they were.

However, the majority o' people look on work as a hardship, an' na doot it is, in a way. But it's the kind o' hardship that mak's men an' women. It's the kind that brings compensation wi' it. By using oor muscle we get strength and by exercising oor mind we develop the ability tae think. Either kind o' wark is hard enough, na doot aboot that, but it's the only way tae keep frae rustin' oot an' gettin' intae the scrap-pile. I wis in toon the ither mornin' an' as I wis walkin' along the street I met a bunch o' wee laddies yellin' an' hurrahin' like mad. "What's the matter?" says I tae one o' them. "Oh", he replied, "there's no school to-day. Somebody's got the smallpox." It wis the same auld story, an' juist aboot the way I used tae feel myself at the same age, an' in the same circumstances. Gaein' tae school wis a hardship an' we dodged it as often as we could. But oor parents an' teachers didna stand for muckle o' that, an' we dinna grudge thankin' them for it noo. It's the wee trials an' difficulties o' oor school-days that have helped tae mak' us as good men an' women as we are, tae say naething o' what oor book-learnin' may hae done for us. Not much maybe, this last, but it wad hae been mair if we had been less afraid o' the hardship o' keepin' up this pairt o' oor education after we left school.

The chap that gets through life without much trouble or difficulty hasn't usually anything worth while tae show for his time. I believe that the boy that gets intae scraps, an' then gets weel punished, is further ahead than the chap that kept oot o' trouble a'thegither. He's had experience an' the discipline o' the punishment that the ither fellow kens naething aboot. Ye'll maybe think that this is gaein' pretty far, but if I ken onything aboot it, that's what we're in this warld for, tae live an' learn through oor mistak's an' their con-