

## In the Dairy

### A Well-known Dairyman Passes Away

On July 27th last, death removed one of the best known and highly respected dairymen of Western Ontario, in the person of Mr. J. A. James. He was identified with the cheese industry as far back as 1867, when he first arrived in Canada. In the early days he built a factory at Nilestone, which has since always maintained a first place for fine dairy products. Not a few of the best makers in the west received their training at this factory under Mr. James' care and direction. He was always glad to impart information, and his kindly and generous disposition made him beloved by all who knew him. For several years Mr. James was a director of the Dairyman's Association of Western Ontario, and his genial handshake and kindly smile will be greatly missed at the annual gatherings of that organization, whose officers he worked faithfully to promote. His fine farm near Nilestone was long the home of one of the best Ayrshire herds in Western Ontario.

Mr. James was born in Caermarthin, Wales, in 1830. A widow, two daughters and three sons remain to mourn his loss.

### A Tribute to the Cow

In opening a sale recently held at Springfield, Ill., Col. F. M. Woods, the well known auctioneer, delighted his hearers with the following eulogy on the cow:

Grand and noble brute! Of all the animal friends of man she is the greatest! To her we owe the most. Examining all the different channels of commerce into which she enters and note the result should she be blotted out. A Sunday stillness would then pervade the great stock yards, including our large cities and grass would grow in our streets. Fifty per cent, at least, of the freight that now plows the continent from ocean to ocean would be sidetracked, for there would be nothing for them to do. Fifty per cent. of the laborers would draw no pay on Saturday night. Our stables would be bare of the greatest luxuries with which they are now covered. Oh! you who would abuse a cow. I wish that I, as you are about to sit down to the noon day meal, might slip up and remove from your table what the cow has placed thereon. I'd take the cup of milk waiting at baby's chair. I'd take the cream, the cheese, the butter, the custard pie, the cream biscuit, the steak, the smoking roast of beef, and leave you to make a meal of potatoes, beets, pickles and toothpicks. It's the self same cow that made the great western plains blossom like the rose, and were it not for her they would revert to the Indians from whence they came.

None others like the cow! There is not a thing from nose to tail but that is utilized for the use of man. We use her horns to comb our hair, her skin upon our feet, her hair keeps the plaster upon our walls, her hoofs make glue, her tail makes soap, she gives us our milk, our cream, our cheese and butter, and her flesh is the greatest meat of the nation, her blood is used to make our sugar white, her bones are ground to fertilize our soil and even her patch she herself has put through the first chemical process necessary for the production of the best white cardboard paper and they have discovered that such paper can be made into the finest quality of false teeth.

No other animal works for man both night and day. By day she gathers food and when we are asleep at night she

brings it back to rechew and convert it into all things of which I speak.

She has gone with man from Plymouth rock to the setting sun! It was her sons that turned the first sod in the settler's clearing; it was her sons that drew the prairie schooner for the sturdy pioneers as, inch by inch, they fought to prove that "westward the star of empire takes its way," and the old cow grazing along behind, and when the day's turning out to grass she came and gave the milk to fill the mother's breast to feed the suckling babe that was, perchance, to become the ruler of his country. Who says that much of what we are we do not owe to man's best friend, the cow? Treat her kindly, gently, for without her, words fail to describe the situation.

### Cow Scouring

I am asked by a correspondent what could be recommended for a cow suffering from diarrhoea both before and since turning out to grass. At one time a cow of this sort was looked on as a "piner" or a "waster" as the result of tubercle, and was sent to the knacker, but we know better now. As far back as 1867, Professor McEadze of the Royal Veterinary College showed that the trouble was in nearly every case due to the presence of a small round worm in the fourth stomach, and that anything that would kill this would cure the trouble. Mr. Ernest Matthews, who is a notable man in the Jersey world of cows, informs me that the continuous use of lime water to drink is generally effectual—i.e., a handful of lime in a bucket of water stirred up and given every time the animal is watered, for a week or so. If this is not effectual, then a dose of half ounce of shag tobacco given every morning for a week makes a perfect cure, if the animal is curable at all. Probably any kind of tobacco will do, if the owner does not happen to smoke shag, if it is ground and cut up fine enough to be administered in a bottle of water. I have been successful myself by administering carbolic acid (Calvert's No. 5) in daily doses of one quarter ounce for several days. I stopped the treatment, however, after killing a cow by an overdose—experience being a very expensive commodity. It is, of course, necessary to shut the animal up in a loose box or tie up in a stall to regulate the drinking water and otherwise treat, though of course there is plenty of grass or other green forage to cut and hand feed now at this time of the year. If any or all of these treatments does no good in a week's trial then one may conclude that the animal is an actual "piner" and incurable.—Prof. McConnell, in 'The Dairy.

### How the Good Dairyman Does It

The good dairyman feeds his cows regularly on wholesome, well-balanced rations, and does not milk his cows while roughage is being fed, or when there is dust and bad odors about in the air. He sees to it that the cows have a clean dry bed and when he goes to milk he is careful to brush off the flank and udder so that dust, hair and deadly bacteria do not fall into the open pail. Dairyman, be clean about your work. Remember that innocent people are to use this product as food, a produce which is capable of carrying germs of disease to the human body. Please remember this and wash your hands before milking; clean your finger nails and do not milk with wet hands.

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### Bill Nye as a Dairyman

When I was young and used to roam around over the country, gathering water melons by the light of the moon, I used to think I could milk anybody's cow; but I don't think so now. I do not milk the cow unless the sign is right, and it hasn't been right for a good many years. The last cow I tried to milk was a common cow, born in obscurity, kind of self-made cow. I remember her brow was low, but she wore her tail high; and she was haughty, oh, so haughty. I made a commonplace remark to her, one that is used in the very best society; one that need not give offense. I said: 'So—and she 'Soed.' Then I told her to 'Hist—and she 'Histied.' But I thought she overdid it. She put too much expression to it. Just then I heard something crash through the window of the barn and fall with a thud—sickening thud—on the outside.

If I am buying all of my milk now of a milkman, I select a gentle milkman who will not kick, and feel as though I can trust him. Then, if he feels as though he can trust me, it's all right."