FARM AND GARDEN

Mid-Winter Pleasures.

The dweller in the town commiserates the country resident in winter. Accustomed to the whirl and rush of life—amused only by exciting scenes, living a forced, unnatural existence—naturally the white expanse of the winter fields and the mystery of the bare boughs arouse in him only a feeling of ennui and loneliness. But if he could once be touched with the true love of nature—a love which has an alchemistic quality that transmutes the dross in the soul of man or woman to purest gold, and brings out their best traits—how changed everything would become! What beauties would be revealed in an afternoon's walk! Not a walk in the highway, but in the woods and lanes. If there has just been a light snow the secrets of the forest are printed as on an unsullied page—here are a few tiny characters which tell the number and street of the mouse's residence, and bold, pronounced ones which even the crafty fox cannot conceal; while here are the footprints of the rabbit he was pursuing. A pile of feathers and a few tracks in the snow proclaim the tradegy of the partridge and the owl's share in it, and an interlacing of star-like tracery is significant of the fact that a great many dear little feather balls of snow birds have been breakfasting off the seed vessels of a patch of weeds.

The hips of the wild rose are never so richly red as when they glow through the little tufts of snow scattered over the bush; and how much like a lovely, downy plume the goldenrod looks with its snowy freight. And with what a patient air of making the best of everything the balsam firs accept the burden that has been laid upon them during the night, and which obscures their green stateliness! If one loves the woods and goes into the swamp a great deal of treasure trove may be found in the sheltered spots, under the protecting evergreens—beautiful lichens, prince's pine and ground pine; trails of Mitchella repens with its scarlet berries; branches of wintergreen with its glossy dark green leaves and crimson fruitage. Again, there are the richly colored pitcher plants, and a branch of tamarack to which is fastened a "last year's nest;" a fungoid growth of rich mahogany color which only needs to have its edges punctured with little holes and have pine cones suspended from it to make a charming bracket.

Then there is the exquisite tracery of the bare branches against the dull blue sky, some gracefully pendent, others bold and erect; and, again, those with boughs delicately interlaced like one's thought during a reverie of all that has been beautiful and good in one's life.

If, all unbidden, a tinge of sadness touches the mind at the remembrance of the vivid spring garments, the leafy verdure of summer and the joyous livery of autumn of which the trees have been denuded, one only needs to recall Cowper's cheering prophecy:

> These naked shoots,
> Barren as lances, among which the wind
> Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
> Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
> And more aspiring, and with ampler spread,
> Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.

To return, after a walk like this, to an open fire with a solid back log and bright andirons upon which rests plenty of birch wood sending forth its delicate aroma, is the height of winter enjoyment. As accessories there should be a window commanding a sunset view, and there should be plenty of flowering bulbs.

Sunday Cheese Making.

At a meeting of the Culloden Association, Patrons of Industry, recently, the following remarks were made by J. F. Williams on the subject, "Is it right to send milk to the factory on Saturday night to be made into cheese?" He said:

"I regret that this subject had not been allotted to some member of the association other than myself. Not being a milk producer, it may be said that I have not the same interest in the disposal of the Saturday milk that I would have were I a producer. I have filled the position of cheesemaker and can view the work from their standpoint. I was also a producer, and can see some of the difficulties in disposing of the milk other than sending it to the factory to be made into cheese on Saturday nights and Sunday mornings.

Viewing it from a cheesemaker's standpoint, I hold that the practice is not right, as the work cannot be performed properly in the few hours at his disposal, whether it be with a small or large quantity of milk, without encroaching on the day set apart by the Great Architect of the universe as a day of rest. The milk being fresh, is not in a condition to work off rapidly, and even if it were in the proper condition the time between the hour it is delivered at the factory in the evening and 12 o'clock at night is too short to have the quantity of cheese made that factorymen bind their cheesemakers to produce.

The practice of making Saturday nights leads to dishonesty and deceit on the part of some makers. In many cases the cheese made will not be of as fine a quality as that made during the balance of the week. Dealers will reject or cull them out, and too often makers hide them away, and after the lot have been inspected box them with the rest. They go forward in the lot and injure the sale of goods, it may be shillings per hundred. Dealers will be more careful in the future in buying, and want them at a lower rate. As the practice of sending the milk to the factory on Saturday evening is not followed by all the producers, it is done by those who do send to the injury of those who do not, as the quality is not as good; it is a deterioration in the value of the whole lot. The cheesemaker loses his regular rest; it unfits him for the labor of the following week; it unfits him to attend places of worship and give that attention to his theological teaching that he should. It causes him too often to forget his God and lose the necessary respect for the Sabbath day. It causes him, as your servant, to break the commandments, for it is written, "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work," and the seventh shall be a day of rest.

The running of manufacturing establishments on Sunday is a very bad example for young people. It causes them to lose respect for the Sabbath day and the commandments, as only too often they are compelled to be in operation by parties said to be Christians. "Do unto others as you wish to be done by," should be one of the rules carefully observed by all milk producers and cheese factory owners.

Then, not only is the manufacture of cheese on Saturday night running well into the Sabbath day transgressing the divine law, but it is a violation of the laws of her Majesty the Queen. Surely no member, particularly those who make strong efforts to walk in the path of righteousness, will say that it is right to transgress both the laws of God and man.

But it may be said that it is necessary. The practice, as near as I can learn, is only carried on in the county of Oxford, the east riding of Middlesex and a very few factories in the east riding of Elgin. Not all the factories in any one county follow this practice. Why is it necessary for factories in those three counties to do so when all others in Ontario do not? The Province of Ontario contains about 840 cheese factories, about 40 of which follow the vicious practice of Saturday night cheesemaking. Why is it more necessary for 40 factories to make cheese Saturday nights than the 800 other factories? That they do not make should be conclusive evidence to all fair-minded men that the practice is not necessary.

There are other and more profitable ways of disposing of the Saturday evening's milk than sending it to a factory to be made into cheese on Saturday night and Sunday morning. In the first place, you must make some preparation to care for your Sunday's milk, whether you send it to the factory to be made into cheese, or keep it at home to be made into butter. It is best, then, to proceed in the most profitable way. I would secure a sufficient number of what are known as shotgun cans to hold my milk; then, get a box made, lined with tin, water tight, at least a foot deeper than the cans, and large enough to hold the cans, leaving room about them for water and ice. Ice in sufficient quantities can easily be secured and stored at little expense (enough milk is frequently lost by some parties in a season to pay the expense of securing the necessary conveniences to care for their milk properly). As soon as the cows are milked I would strain the milk into the cans, cover them up tight, place them in the box and fill the box with ice and water above the cans. As soon as the ice is dissolved, let off the water into a trough provided for watering stock, which is necessary if your supply of water is short; again fill your box as at first, when your milk will be cool enough to keep to send to the factory on Monday morning. By the use of a thermometer you can readily ascertain if the temperature of the milk is low enough to keep. Milk kept and cared for in this way, if sent to the factory, will make a much finer article of cheese than if it had been sent and made up on Saturday night. When taking the milk from those cans, by a little agitation before being removed, the cream will thoroughly mix with the milk and be of the finest flavor, as the water will absorb the animal odor or other bad flavors. If it is intended for butter it will require no more ice or water. It should be skimmed with a funnel-shaped dipper, or I believe drawing of the milk by a tap at the bottom of the can is the best, at least an inch deeper than what appears to be the line of cream; even more milk would do no harm, as a little milk is no injury in churning for fine butter. Cream raised in this way will make a better class of butter than if the cream is raised on the shallow pan system; the flavor will be sweeter and cleaner, and it will retain its good qualities when made into butter much longer. It is necessary in fixing a place for your box containing the cans of milk to entirely protect it from the sun.

Now, Mr. President, from the standpoint of a cheesemaker I hold that the practice is unnecessary; it is setting a bad example to the young people in the vicinity of the business; it is a violation of God's commandments and the laws of our country. Viewing it from the standpoint of a producer, it leads to irregularity in milking, which creates shrinkage in yield on the part of our cows, thereby creating a loss financially; it leads to the production of a class of cheese not up to the standard of quality; it reduces the value of the whole lot unjustly, and to the injury of those who do not contribute Saturday night's milk. It is a violation of the sacred rights of our servants, the cheesemakers; a transgression of the laws of our God and our Queen."

After discussion, it was resolved that the Culloden Association recommend to the milk producers that the custom of sending milk to the factory on Saturday nights be discontinued, and that members should lend their best efforts to have this resolution carried into effect.

Manitoba Honey.

It may yet be found that Manitoba is one of the best honey-producing countries in America, especially in wooded districts. The profusion of flowers that exists during the summer season, and the unrivaled bloom of the millions of wild fruit trees, with the exceedingly long days of warm sunshine, make a condition of things favorable for bees. As an instance, Mr. Aitken, of Pilot Mound, who keeps a few colonies, had last season 120 pounds of honey from one colony, and the bees were last spring as vigorous as ever. Manitoba honey tests very much like the honey gathered by bees from the blossoms of heather in the Highlands of Scotland.

Food for Fowls.

Among special foods for laying hens few excel in cheapness, healthfulness and digestibility wheat bran and Indian meal, mixed with water slightly salted. The proportions are varied according to the breed. For active Leghorns the mixture should be half and half; for those less active, like Asiatics, one-fourth to one-third of Indian meal is sufficient, a slightly greater proportion of the former in winter than in summer. One-fifth of boiled mashed roots also may be added. When the weather is not freezing cold this may be kept in their troughs from early morning to mid-afternoon; then every hen gets enough, which is not the case when a limited quantity only is placed before them to clean up. While the sun is still shining the troughs should be emptied of any pudding remaining, and as much oats put in as the hens will eat. As they come into their house single or a few together they will satiate their appetite with the grain, which easily digests by the next morning, and prepare their crops for pudding again. Of course the hens must have plenty of pure water set where the sun does not shine upon it, or have running water. If shut up, see that they have gravel, slaked lime, ashes and charcoal broken into lumps small enough to be easily swallowed.

How Long to Keep Sheep.

To answer the question in a general way, how long a sheep should be kept, we would say as long as it is profitable. This, though, is dependent upon the purpose for which sheep are kept and upon the breed. When wool growing was the sole intention and purpose of keeping sheep, the Merino was the most profitable sheep, because it gave large fleeces and more valuable wool, and its longevity was an important characteristic. Not infrequently a Merino sheep was profitable at 10, 12, and sometimes greater age, both for lambs and wool. It is now quite evident that grave errors and damages were made in breeding sheep at such extreme ages.

At this time, when intense sheep raising is practiced, a better plan is to dispose of sheep as soon as they reach their best commercial value. This may be at 3 years or 3 months, and again at 3 weeks old. The market value determines the best time to sell the surplus of the flock. When the time comes that there is the most clear profit, whether it be a lamb, a breeding animal, or a mature mutton, that is the best time to sell it. There need be no false ideas on the question; it is purely, simply a matter of financial economy to be decided by circumstances and market prices. It is a false notion to keep a sheep as long as it lives; until there is no profit in it; until it dies of old age. Some breeders make it an unvarying rule to put everything off at 4, some at 5 years old, and thus keep the flock young. It may be well to follow some such rule, but that rule should be in accord with the above; the time to sell is when there is the most new money in a sheep.

THE HORSEMAN.

In the breeding industry it is not so much a question of where we stand as whether we are moving. The staid old fossil who adheres to moss-covered and threadbare theories will see the procession move by, while he and his whims will be buried in oblivion. There is room at the top for all and the knowing ones will strive to be in the van. It is better to lead than to follow or be driven; better to shine as a star on the hill top than to be a farthing rush light or tallow dip in the valley beneath.

⁂

At haying time the best is put in the horse barn for these animals. As they do little or no work in winter, the grain ration is usually omitted, but care is taken to keep their racks or mangers stuffed with this expensive hay. A horse that is a good feeder consumes more than is for his welfare, which makes him "pot-bellied." When taken out for a drive the stomach, which is small compared with stomachs of other animals, is so crowded with hay that he makes a sorry figure in his attempt to travel if driven faster than a walk. Frequent evacuations of solid matter and gaseous emanations tell plainly of the pressure within and its cause.

⁂

Liverymen do not cram their horses with hay. It is usually cut and dampened, the grain mixed with it and such mess given to each as experience teaches they require. After this is eaten they may be given a very little long hay or straw to pick over, but never are they fed all the hay they will eat. The object is to provide them sufficient nutriment in concentrated form so as not to distend their small stomachs too much; then when a livery horse goes out, he makes his first mile as easily and freely as any other. There is no necessity, as with the farmer's horse, first to relieve the stomach before he can "get a gait on." An overcrowded stomach tends to produce laziness.

⁂

Why have we so many runaway accidents, damage to horse and wagon, injury and perhaps death to those driving? Why are so many thrown from their horses? Because in almost every instance your driving and saddle horses are not flexed and mouthed, and will when frightened baffle all efforts of strong arms and severe bits. You ask, what is flexing and mouthing, and what have they to do with holding a runaway horse? Almost everything.

Flexing is that part of scientific training by which the horse is taught to beautifully arch his neck at a light pressure of the bit, and thereby the resistance of the muscles, which, as you call it, makes the horse "pull or lug on the bit," is annulled.

Mouthing is that part of the training by which the horse is taught at each light pull of the reins to separate his jaws, to champ the bit and cease resistance against it.

No horse can or will run away with his neck handsomely arched and without bearing hard against the bit. By having him carefully flexed and mouthed you put his head, neck and mouth in position to make resistance against the bit a physical impossibility, and even if he should be frightened into running, the muscles of his neck and jaws, having, by previous training, been brought under absolute control, he will quickly yield to the pressure of the bit, and can be managed with ease. Besides forcing the horse into physical obedience, flexing and mouthing have an equal moral effect, viz.: Being taught that the pain caused by pulling the bit ceases with the beginning of his obedience, he always, as it were, anticipates your wishes by yielding immediately. The results obtained by flexing and mouthing refer to both driving and saddle horses. Have your horses well trained, flexed and mouthed before driving or riding them through the streets or in the park, and you will have fewer accidents, fewer wagons to repair and fewer doctor bills to pay.

The complaint: "That horse nearly pulled my arms out to-day," is often heard. He would not walk, and in order to stay in the company of your friends, whose horses were walking and well-behaved, you were obliged to let him go that short trot, so tiresome if the horse's action is high, if he is excited and if you do not know from one moment to the next what he is going to do and where he is going to land with or without you. He does not even give you time to suspect that, instead of you riding him, he is riding you.

To hold a spirited horse, one of those luggers who nearly pull you off the saddle or who pull the wagon by the mouth with the reins as traces fastened to your hands and you as a substitute for whiffletree, is no pleasure. You wrap the reins around your hands. You use buttons or loops, or universal or patent bits, which, giving the horse more pain, only causes him to pull harder, for he wants to free himself from the torture inflicted by the bit. Or by an overdraw attached to the thin bit, the latter pinching the mouth (the thinner and smaller the bit the greater the torture), you elevate his nose and tie it up to his tail, keeping him for hours in a strained position, which produces that peculiar stiff movement of shoulders and fore legs so noticeable in horses checked by high overdraws. But you do not remember the trouble; "the horse still lugs."

Now for the cause: You cannot stop a locomotive by main force, and that is just what you are trying to do with the horse. The engineer stops the driving wheel of the engine by turning the valves which shut off steam and put on air brakes, and very little force of hand he needs. Your horse is your engine, his hind legs his driving wheels, his jaws (the lower particularly) and his neck are to you what the valves are to the engineer. He keeps the whole engine under control by having the separate parts oiled and in working order, so that he can handle them with ease, and if you, instead of fighting the whole horse at once, would first become master of his separate parts, particularly his neck and jaws, by having them flexed and supplied so that you can handle them with ease, you would have no trouble, no lugging, no running away.

If the horse lugs with his jaws resting against the bit, it is not caused by the hardness of flesh in his mouth, but by the position of his head and neck and the stiffness of the latter, receiving and centering in it the impetus of his body; he may, for instance, have a heavy, muscular neck and strong, narrow jaw bones; the muscles of the neck not being, by flexing, taught to yield, those which carry the head and neck stretched out are predominant, and although he would like to evade the pain inflicted by the bit, he cannot do so, but must rush against it. Remove the cause and the trouble will disappear.

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An' things were cheaper in the good old times!

But we're all mistaken! Though the old times seem
The best and brightest as we sit and dream:
Yet, they just ain't nothin' to the times we know
With the hearts that's livin' an' that love us so!
An' we'll take our chances with a few bright dimes
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RULES—1. A letter cannot be used oftner than it appears in the words "The Canadian Agriculturist." For instance the word "egg" could not be used, as there is but one "g" in the three words. 2. Words having more than one meaning but spelled the same can be used but once. 3. Names of places and persons barred.

Each list must contain one dollar to pay for six month's subscription to THE AGRICULTURIST. If two or more lists, the largest list which bears the earliest postmark will take the first prize, and the others will receive prizes in order of merit. U. S. money and stamps take at par. The object in offering these magnificent prizes is to introduce our popular magazine into new homes, in every part of the American continent.

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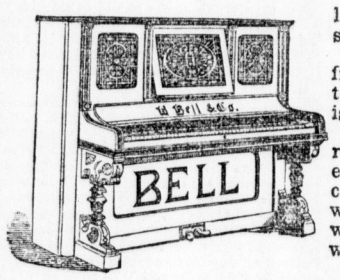

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