

future, to reorganize it on a stronger basis than ever. We predict nothing but success.

Three Farmers' Clubs are now working in the county, and more will be formed under the direction of Mr. Smith during the coming winter. Mr. Smith hopes to be able to get them so organized that all the individual clubs come under one central management, and that speakers may be exchanged by the different clubs. This will be a good move, and will help the social and educational as well as the financial condition of those who attend.

Norfolk also boasts of a ginseng farm and a cranberry marsh. These crops are not grown extensively, but they, with all the greater industries, go to prove the unlimited possibilities of the old county.

AN EXAMPLE FOR OTHER DISTRICTS.

The land in Norfolk is not better than that in many other counties; in fact, before the boom, it was considered poor. Progressive, scientific, practical methods have accomplished wonders, and the same progress could be made in many another county in our fair Province. All that is necessary is education and a hearty co-operation in the spreading of approved ideas throughout the county. Never "knock" the Farmer's Institute lecturer nor the agricultural representative, nor yet the sound-minded enthusiast in your district. Do all in your power to help advance the good work, and Canada will become the greatest agricultural country the world has ever known. Results in Norfolk show that it is possible. Let every county "get into the game." Some are now commencing. It is contagious. Do not hesitate, but rather allow your enthusiasm full sway, and advance the grand old calling of the tiller of the soil.

The Lonesome Calf.

By Peter McArthur.

"Blaa-aa-aa-umph!"

That is something like it, but not exactly. I am afraid it is not possible to express with type the discontent, impatience and disgust with life that the red calf gets into her bawling. Still, if you went out behind the barn and practiced for a while, you might be able to make sounds that would give you an idea of what I mean. Her bawl begins in a tone of savage impatience and ends with a grumble of bitter pessimism. She seems to be saying:

"Where is that skim milk? If you can't let me have anything better, you might at least let me have that on time."

"Blaa-aa-aa-umph!"

I suppose all calves are more or less alike, but this one has certainly had much to sour her on life. Since the day of her birth she has been an Ishmaelite. Even her own mother has been against her. And that brings me to a piece of proverbial wisdom that I haven't seen quoted in the reports of the Dairymen's Association. There is a Gaelic proverb which most people will find about as hard to pronounce as the bawling of the calf:

"Gu dheamhar a gabhais bo ri a laoi na ha gulaiche do ar gannhain."

For the benefit of Gaelic scholars who may read this, I wish to explain that my Gaelic is a mixture of Argyshire and Inverness, with a touch of bad spelling added. The interpretation of this proverb is:

"How can a cow take to her calf when she is still in love with her yearling?"

Well, that was exactly the state of affairs that met the red calf when she came into the world. Her mother was still in love with the yearling that had been allowed to run with her in the pasture on the previous summer. She had no welcome for the newcomer; in fact, she never looked at it from the hour when it was born, and to this day the unnatural mother has to be kept away with a club when her neglected offspring is being fed. If the poor little thing gets an apple and tries to eat it, her own mother is the first to hunt her aside and take it away from her. At the same time that cow goes frantic if her yearling gets out of her sight. They are seldom a rod apart in the pasture field, and they invariably get into mischief together. I use the same club on both of them when they find a gate open and get into the orchard.

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About the only creature on the farm that pays any attention to the calf is Sheppy, the Collie dog. He stands in front of her by the hour, growling and barking, while she keeps her little sprouts of horns towards him and goes on feeding. I wish I could understand dog language well enough to know what Sheppy is saying to her, for he seems to be dreadfully in earnest, even though he never ventures near enough to give her a nip. As a matter of fact, Sheppy is cow-shy, and it is all due to the capable mother of this calf. When he was in the puppy stage, and beginning bravely to learn his work in the world, she reached him with a swinging kick that

knocked him heels over head across the barnyard, and took all the spunk out of him as far as cows are concerned. He will drive a horse or pigs, and the turkey-gobblers have no terrors for him, but I can't make him go after the cows. She taught him a lesson that he hasn't forgotten. Possibly that is why he snarls so much at her calf. If he knew how to quote Shelley, he would probably be saying:

"Loathed image of thy mother,

Thy milky meek face makes me sick with hate."

In spite of all this bluster, Sheppy is thoroughly afraid of the calf. One day, when I was watching them, the calf coughed unexpectedly, and Sheppy fell over backwards in his hurry to get out of the way. He evidently thought that she was going to bite him. She knows that he is afraid of her, for after she has listened to all the barking she thinks she can stand, she shakes her head at him, and he makes off instantly with his tail between his legs.

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I sometimes wonder if our scientists have observed the calf as carefully as they should. Everyone who has fed calves knows their tendency to bunt unexpectedly when feeding. They do the same when feeding from the cow, and it is just possible that there is light and leading in this fact for our inventors of milking machines. It is well known that incubators were a failure until some one noticed that sitting hens always turn their eggs at regular intervals. This hint led him to turn the eggs in the incubator in the same way as the hen does, and from that hour dates the success of artificial incubation. Perhaps, if someone would invent a milking machine that would bunt the cow at regular intervals, they would be a complete success. It is worth thinking about. Possibly, also, if we studied calves a little, the job of feeding them would not be so trying on the temper and damaging to our clothes. I have noticed that, when it is feeding, a calf always wiggles its tail, and it has occurred to me that there may be some connection between this and its bunting. Mark Twain once showed that a donkey couldn't bray if it couldn't lift its tail at the same time. He tied a brick to the tail of one that was serenading him, and it stopped at once. Perhaps if one tied a brick to a calf's tail, it wouldn't bunt over the pail when learning to feed by itself. The co-ordination of actions is one of the mysteries of nature. Someone who has a young calf might try it and report the result. The calf I have under observation is too far advanced to be experimented on in this way. It is passing from the milk stage, and now has a preference for harness straps, and it seems to positively relish a yard or two of night-shirt when it can get near the clothes-line.

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The lonesome calf has convinced me that there is something in the law of heredity. Its mother is probably about as impudent a piece of cow-flesh as ever was allowed to live. She was raised as a pet, and human beings have no terrors for her. Nothing ever proved more clearly than she does that familiarity breeds contempt. I could safely defy anyone to carry a pail across a field that she is in, without having her get her nose in it. If a gate or door shows a crack an inch wide, she will work it open, and, followed by her darling yearling, will proceed to get into mischief. If she happens to be in the lane when someone comes along in a buggy, she will stand right in the middle of the path and stare in the most unmannerly way. It is useless to yell at her. The only thing to do is to get out and use the buggy whip on her and her yearling. Now, I have noticed that the calf is developing along the same lines. Every day I have to push it out of my way, and it has the same investigating spirit. It pokes its way into everything, and then looks surprised and hurt when it is reproved. Sometimes it is hurt, too, for some people inherit hasty tempers. But the point I want to make is that the calf has really inherited its exasperating ways. It hasn't learned them from its mother, because they are seldom or never together. They are bred in its bones. I hope that her good qualities, as the producer of a liberal supply of milk, rich in butter-fat, are also inherited. If they are, I shall forgive much. Anyway, I have learned that heredity is a real thing, and if I ever go in for a herd of cows, I shall take care to get a few that will have all the good qualities that a cow should have, in the firm belief that their offspring will inherit their virtues. It seems to me it should be just as easy to have good cows as poor ones, if one started right.

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A couple of weeks ago, the red cow and her yearling got on the road and started off to see the world. Of course, it was the wettest day of the season, but that didn't matter. I had to hitch up and hunt for them. It was then I realized for the first time how complex is our system of roads. Within a radius of two miles, there were no less than eighteen turns they might

have taken. If they went further than that, the roads that might invite them were almost beyond computation. I hadn't the faintest hint of the direction they had taken, and the search was bewildering. I splashed through the rain around a couple of blocks, stopping at every farmhouse that was near the road to ask if anyone had been pestered by a red cow and a yearling that were cheeky enough to go on the front lawn without wiping their feet, and that wouldn't hesitate to help themselves from the swill-barrel. No one had seen them. I also questioned everyone who was fool enough to be out on the road in such weather, but could get no trace of them. At last, when I was about to give up in despair, and was thinking of advertising in the "Lost, Strayed or Stolen" column of the local paper, I remembered that on the previous night I had dreamed of an old schoolmate who was living a couple of miles away. Possibly that was an omen. Anyway, I couldn't think of anything better to do, so I headed in that direction. Sure enough, I found the cow and her yearling. She was in the field, and the yearling on the road. How she got into the field, I cannot imagine, for it was well fenced, and I had to let the fence down to the last rail before I could get her out. She probably found some spot where she poked through with her usual impudence. Of course, I don't want to put myself on record as believing that the dream had anything to do with my finding the cow. All I want to point out is that when a cow has gone astray, a dream is just as likely to lead you to her as anything else. But I am not going to act as if I had found an infallible method of finding a stray cow. No, indeed. Instead of doing that, I have fixed the fence where she got out.

When I got home in the rain with the stray cows, the lonesome calf was standing humped up under the drip of the granary.

Blaa-aa-aa-umph!

The Canadian Census.

The official results of the Canadian census of 1911, taken under the direction of Archibald Blue, Chief Commissioner, were given out at Ottawa, by Hon. Martin Burrell, the new Minister of Agriculture, last week, and show that the population is about 7,100,000, an increase of nearly 2,000,000, compared with ten years ago, and three times as great as the increase of the previous decade. A few districts had not made complete returns, so that the final total will be still better than this. Some of the newspapers affect disappointment that expectations of an 8,000,000 population had not been realized, but a more reasonable view is that the increase is substantial and healthy. The country is steadily receiving all the accessions to population from natural increase and immigration that it can properly care for and train. The quality of the individuals is what counts, not mere numbers. A policy of selfish exclusion is not commendable, nor would it be wise to throw the doors wide open with absurd immigration bonusing, causing an inrush of the riff-raff of the world. There has been too much of a disposition to give away the land and other natural resources of the country to railways and other exploiters. Under wise administration these things are not going to be lost, and, in the long run, natural growth is safer than hothouse development. It must be remembered, also, there is always considerable emigration going on, liable to be especially large during periods of railway construction and mining, which attract transients. The Western boom period has caused a shifting of population from the Eastern Provinces, which, with immigration, has given British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba remarkably large increases, though all the Provinces have increases, except Prince Edward Island, which shows a slight decrease. The railways are substantial beneficiaries of this shifting about of population, perhaps more so than a good many of those who move. A redistribution of Parliamentary representation will follow, in which the East will lose about nine seats, and the West will have a net gain of about twenty. Perhaps the most disquieting feature of the census is that the population of the country, East, as well as West, is drifting into the cities and towns. In Ontario, for example, the number of people actually living on the land or in villages and small towns is less than ten years ago. Of the cities, Calgary shows the largest percentage increase, and Montreal, with suburbs, which has passed the half-million mark, the greatest aggregate increase.

For the Ontario Horticultural Exhibition, to be held this year in the St. Lawrence Arena, King St., West, Toronto, November 14th to 18th, over 2,200 boxes of apples have already been allotted space, while practically every good fruit county in the Province will be represented by special exhibits, some of them very elaborate. During the show, the Ontario Fruit-growers' Convention will be held, Nov. 15th and 16th, and the Ontario Vegetable-growers' meeting on Nov. 15th.