

FARM BULLETIN.

Don't Worry.

By Peter McArthur.

I know I should have a silo for the corn-stalks or at least a cutting box, but I haven't either and the result is that I have trouble. How to get ten-foot stalks into a four-foot manger is a problem that I have to wrestle with every day and I am no nearer the solution than I was at the beginning of the winter. I have to stand them on end in front of the cows and as the soft ears were all left on the stalks, the cattle go at them wildly and toss them all over the place in their hurry to get the ears. The result is that every few days I have to clean out the rejected stalks from the mangers and the front of the stalls and that makes more trouble. I wish someone would tell me why it is that the joints of a fork will slip through corn-stalks so easily and are so hard to pull out. I do not find very much trouble in getting a good forkful of the stalks but when I carry them out to the hole in the barnyard where I am piling them in the hope that they will rot sometime I have a wrestle with them that starts me quoting poetry:

"On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly placed his heel;
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel."

When I have thrown down my load I find that every time has three or four stalks on it so that it looks like Neptune's trident entangled with sea-weeds. But though it is a nuisance clearing out the stalks in this way I have a vivid recollection of trying to pitch manure that had corn-stalks mixed with it and I have made up my mind that that will never happen again. I try to keep them out of the manure as far as possible, even though I may be robbing the "stercoraceous heap" of some of its most valuable fertilizing constituents.

The more I work among cows and study their ways the more puzzling they become to me. Sometimes when I am feeling a bit conceited I think I understand them pretty well and then something happens that puts me entirely out of countenance. One warm day last week when I had let them out to water I thought I would let them stand out and sun themselves for a while before driving them back to their stalls. I half remembered that the gate to the young orchard had been opened when the snow was deep and left open but I did not give it a thought. The government drain had been flooded and was covered with slippery ice that I was sure they could not cross and I felt that everything was serene for a pleasant sunbath for the cows. Half an hour later I took a look to see where they were and every last one of them was in the young orchard picking at some long grass that had been brought into sight by the thaw. There was no waiting about starting to get them out

for you know the way cows have of rubbing their necks against young trees and breaking off limbs. Luckily they had not started rubbing and had done no damage but I had to do some rushing around before I finally got them out of the orchard. But when I got them back to the icy government drain there was all kinds of trouble. You never saw such a timid bunch of cows in your life. It was absurd to think that they could walk on ice like that and what was more they wouldn't do it. But I knew that they couldn't fly and that they had crossed that ice on the way to the orchard and I was just as stubborn as they were. Gritting my teeth with determination I went at those cows and in a few minutes each one of them had been personally conducted across the ice by an earnest man who was earnestly twisting her tail. I then made the discovery that twisting a cow's tail puts a lot of ginger in her for when the last one was across they began to group around the field. I saw that I would have trouble getting them into the stable and went to the house to get someone. I don't think I was in the house five minutes, but when I went out again with reinforcements, those wretched cows were on the other side of the government drain again and headed towards the orchard gate. Apparently it was no trouble at all for them to cross ice when on the way to mischief. I may say that on the return trip they did not wait for much tail twisting. Possibly the second twist hurts more than the first. Anyway they hustled back and didn't stop to argue with me.

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To relieve the minds of people who are worrying about a lot of wild stories that are floating through the country about traitors and alien enemies and possible raids, I am going to tell you without mentioning any names the experience I had with the most circumstantial story that has reached me since war was declared. I was told that a certain merchant, in a certain city, had been arrested and imprisoned because it had been found that one of his warehouses was filled with guns and ammunition to be used by raiders and that the warehouse was painted red so that the enemy could recognize it from afar off. Names and dates were given with the utmost particularity and I got myself disliked because I ventured to doubt the story. Finally the argument waxed so hot that I wrote to the editor of a paper in that city and asked if there was any foundation in fact for the wild yarn. He replied that there was not a particle of truth in it, but suggested that it had probably originated from the fact that another man of similar name had been falsely accused of being an alien enemy. The man who was accused was also absolutely innocent but the story had travelled hundreds of miles with changes and additions until it reached me. It had not been published in any paper. And I suppose it will continue to travel. As someone has sagely observed "A lie can travel around the world while the truth is getting its boots on." In concluding his letter in reply to the question I had asked the editor said:—

"You can safely disbelieve most of the sensational stories that you hear nowadays." I am going to go further and disbelieve all of them. Let the Government do the worrying about sensational things of this kind. There are competent officials on the watch everywhere and even if they did discover anything they would not tell about it until they had taken action and attended to the danger. Don't worry!

Conditions in Ontario Co. Ont.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Another year of prosperity has just closed for our county. Grain on the whole was a good crop and with the present prices more than usual have been induced to sell. A great deal of mill-feed has been brought in to replace the grain sold. Cottonseed meal wherever used appears to have given the most economical results particularly with dairy cattle. Fewer feeders than usual were put up, the very high fall prices and cost of feed barred many, but the number of young stuff being carried over was increased. We notice with regret that more calves are being raised, but the quality does not improve. Many that are raised would make more gain for the owner if killed for veal, and some even sooner. Dairying is looking brighter. We have unusual facilities for shipping milk to Toronto and more are learning that it is a money-making business and a sure market, and when carried on systematically we do not see that it is such "slavish work."

Hogs are quiet, prices too low, feed too high. Certainly the profits in finishing hogs have been slight, but when the market turns where will the hogs come from? We believe some farmers are not very far-seeing.

Clover seed and Timothy is almost nothing, much of the grass seed now will be brought in from elsewhere with the usual danger of new noxious weeds.

Farm laborers are almost equal to the present demand. When reading of the hundreds of unemployed in our larger cities we think "how fortunate the rural workers are."

Ontario Co., Ont.

F. H. WESTNEY.

Ayrshire Breeders' Annual Meeting.

The Canadian Ayrshire Breeders' Association will be held in the Monument National, 296 St. Lawrence Boulevard, Montreal, on February 10th, 1915, at 10 a.m. Arrangements will be made to inspect some of the leading herds of Ayrshires in the vicinity of Montreal and this with other features will ensure an interesting convention.

It is reported that large numbers of milk bottles holding only wine measure have been imported into Canada and that orders have gone out for customs officials to send for the nearest inspector of weights and measures to test all future shipments.

Exhibits of Live Stock and Preparations for War at Ottawa.

Ottawa Fair Grounds and buildings have been given over for the training and preparation of troops for the front, yet production is of such paramount importance in this country that such an event as the Ottawa Winter Fair could not be omitted. Howick pavilion was cleared of war accoutrements and filled with live stock and seeds for the Annual Winter Fair, lasting from January 19 to 22, 1915. It was a strange sight to Canadians to see preparations for war being made on grounds that have always been the scene of peace and plenty, but everyone is beginning to feel that Canada is at war and the effort to increase our food supply through the medium of a Winter Fair was not inopportune.

In numbers the exhibits were not equal to some former events that have been staged in Howick Pavilion, but considering the times and the quietness in all lines,—the Winter Fair Board could not complain. One feature of the exhibition is outstanding and that is the lack of support by the city of Ottawa itself. In no wise does the attendance from the city compare with the patronage tendered the Guelph Winter Fair by the residents of the Royal City.

Ottawa Winter Fair of 1915 was held during trying times and the Board should be complimented in the success which crowned their efforts.

HORSES.

The horse department of the Ottawa Winter Fair has been more largely patronized by exhibitors than in 1915, but the Clydesdale breed came forward in good numbers especially the Canadian-breds.

CLYDESDALES.—The imported classes are never equal at Ottawa to the Canadian-bred line-ups. While the champions were found in the imported horses, many good ones answered the call

when time came for the home-bred candidates to come forward.

Only four aged stallions appeared and they were placed in the order of Scotia's Pride, Bladnoch, Baron Crawford and Everard Hy.

The winning horse came before the judges at Guelph Winter Fair, but took second place to Baron Minto in his class. At Ottawa he was more successful. He won his class and the highest honors of the Fair, being the best stallion, imported or Canadian-bred. Scotia's Pride is a horse with abundant scale and good quality. Bladnoch, one of Everlasting's good progeny gave a very good exhibition of action and Baron Crawford stood out on account of his substance and strong coupling.

Seven was the number of three-year-olds in the ring. Of these, Tressilian was given first place, and Craigie Member the second honors. Both the former horses and Helsington Sportsman, the third-prize winner, were good Clydesdales with substance and quality. Dunottar was fourth and Bonnie Pride fifth.

The two-year-olds were headed by Baron's Blend, a Pride colt of good conformation. Second came Thorndale, by High Honor, and although a horse with considerable quality he was not so firmly coupled as the first-prize winner. The white ribbon went to Baron Strathaven, another Pride colt which was showed in good growing condition and which promised to develop in a horse of considerable merit. Memento Silver Ravids and Riverside Baron were fourth and fifth respectively. The former is a big colt but not so sterling in quality as some of the winners while the latter did not show quite enough substance to compete in his class.

There was competition in two classes of females and in the aged class, Ella Fleming was

placed first. She has been shown many times heretofore and has always acquitted herself creditably in the ring and any honors she has gained have been well earned. Not only did she win her class, but she was made grand champion of the females, winning honors from Black Maid, the winning two-year-old and Ivory's Margaret, the champion Canadian-bred female. Ella Fleming has superior underpinning and a conformation above it that recommends her as an excellent brood mare. Laura Dee came second, and Ruby Jen third. The former mare won her class at Guelph in keen competition and put up a struggle in this event, but the odds were against her. Ruby Jen is a large, black mare with conformation and quality to attract inspection. The fourth candidate was Lady Sangster and in fifth place stood Manila.

The awards in the imported classes were made by Jas. Torrance, of Markham, Ont.

Exhibitors.—Ronald Hamilton, Navan, Ont.; Smith & Richardson, Columbus, Ont.; R. Ness & Son, Howick, Que.; B. Rothwell, Ottawa; A. Watson & Sons, St. Thomas, Ont.; H. K. Hodgins, Carp, Ont.; Adam a Scarf, Cumming's Bridge, Ont.; Jas. Burt, Britannia Bay, Ont.; D. K. Sinclair, Maxville, Ont.; W. N. Scharf, Cumming's Bridge; W. W. Hogg, Thamesford.

Awards.—Aged stallions: 1 and 3, Smith & Richardson on Scotia's Pride by Crossrig, and Baron Crawford by Blacon Sensation; 2, Ness & Son on Bladnoch by Everlasting; 4, Hamilton on Everard Hy by Hiawatha. Stallion foaled in 1911: 1 and 3, Smith & Richardson on Tressilian by Sir Hugo, and Helsington Sportsman by Quicksilver; 2, A. Scarf on Craigie Member by Montreathmont; 4, Rothwell on Dunottar by Glenshinnock; 5, Ness & Son on Bonnie Pride by Mendal. Stallion foaled in 1912: 1 and 2,