

limbs, driven at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, drenched with sweat, and perhaps rubbed by defective pulling harness, seeming almost ready to drop from exhaustion, yet urged on by tongue and blow of the human brute behind. Nothing, sir, makes my blood boil quicker than an occurrence of that kind, and I have many a time suppressed a strong desire to put the whip in another and more deserved quarter.

Frequently I meet men who are ministers of the gospel beating their horses in such a manner. Invariably I conclude that they are heartless hypocrites, for godliness would never permit any such abuse of such a noble animal. A man who can pray elegantly for three-fourths of an hour, and then drive four miles in the balance of an hour, and that through the scorching meridian of a summer day, is telling his character more plainly in the fifteen minutes than in the forty-five.

But driving is not all. Farm working also offers very many opportunities of horse abuse. Too often the faithful farm animals are overworked. At it in the early morning until the noon mark is crossed; then a half hour's rest in a hot stable; and then at it again until the light of day has gone. Here is a great mistake. It will do no harm to work horses, if well-fed reasonably hard for reasonably long hours; but by all means give them a good rest at noon, and frequent breathing spells beneath some shade tree during the day. It is best to begin early in the morning, as early as the dew will permit. In cutting hay, of course you can begin very early, and if you begin thus, you can afford to rest a long while at noon. A team which begins to cut grass at five o'clock in the morning, ought to be allowed to rest from ten o'clock to three, in a cool place, after which latter hour they will be able to go on without injury and with some kind of good spirit. Nothing will be lost by such an arrangement of labor, but much will be gained.

You will hear from me again next week.—MARTIN J. B.—, Ancaster, Ont.

#### BREAKING COLTS.

ED. CANADIAN FARMER.—I have a few words to say about breaking colts. I like to begin to break a colt when it is about two weeks old. Put a halter on it and teach it to stand tied in the stable or wherever you wish to tie it. By commencing when the colt is young you can easily put something on it that it won't break. By being careful at this time the colt rarely ever acquires the habit of breaking loose afterwards. Then if you wish the colt to go along when working the team, tie it to the side of its mother. Be careful at first, and in less than half a day you have it learned to lead. When the colt is old enough to work, put the harness on carefully, also harness a good, quiet work horse, get on the work horse and ride him around a while, leading the colt alongside until it gets used to the other horse and harness; then hitch the work horse to the wagon or sled, as the case may be, hitch the colt in carefully, get on the work horse, take the colt's hitching or coupling strap in your right hand, fasten a line or rope to the colt's bridle bit, let some one take hold of the line and walk alongside the colt; then you are prepared for any emergency. After drilling the colt this way for some time, put on the check lines, and after working a while thus, unhitch and put the colt on the near side. If your colt has a good disposition you will soon

have it ready to work almost any place. Some think it not necessary to go to so much trouble, but I like to get a colt started. If it does take a little more time and trouble. I helped a neighbor to break a colt this spring on this plan. He said it was the first colt he ever had broke to please him.

I prefer to break a colt to the lead or single line, when plowing, in the spring of the year; then there are no flies to bother. I prefer a left-hand plow. First, put the check lines on until the colt gets used to following the furrow and turning at the corners of the land; then put the lead line on. Have some one hold the plow a few rounds, and walk along-side the colt. When you wish him to turn to the left, call out "haw," pulling the line; if to the right, call out "gee," jerking the line. In a short time you can manage the colt and plow yourself. The reason for walking alongside the colt is this: When a colt once gets started to turn it is apt to go too far; then you can catch it by the bridle.

W. M. MUSTARD.

#### CULTIVATION OF CURRANTS.

ED. CANADIAN FARMER.—I for one am very much pleased with the fact that Mr. Lilius Wolverton, who is, I understand, one of the most intelligent fruit growers of this province, is contributing to your columns. In his paper published in your last week's issue, he very ably discusses the question of currants and their cultivation, and I am sure his letter will be read with great interest. I have had some experience with currants, and hence your readers will pardon me for inflicting upon them another notice of the currant question.

The currant has always been a universal favorite, not so much, perhaps, because of the real nature of the fruit as because of the extreme hardness of the bush, which hitherto has withstood a good deal of neglect, with little or no attention. After once planting them in some remote corner of the garden, or under the fence, they are left severely alone. But with the currant, as with other things, as soon as they become scarce, the demand for them will increase, and better prices rule. My plan of cultivation—which I do not claim as the best, but which has always succeeded with me—is simply this: As soon as the leaves are off the bushes in the fall, I go through them with a sharp knife and trim out the old branches, and any of the new that show signs of borer, and cut back all new shoots one-third. I then rake up all the wood that has been cut out, and burn it to make sure of destroying all insects that might cling thereto. This done, I work in deep—usually with the spade—three or four shovelfuls of good, well-rotted barn manure around each bush, to the space of about three feet; the ground between the rows is now either plowed or spaded, and the whole given a liberal top dressing of light manure, and the work is done for the winter.

As soon as the first worms appear in the spring—which is early—I take a heaping tablespoonful of powdered white hellebore, and thoroughly wet it with boiling water—a quart or so. I now turn this to a pail of clean cold water, stirring constantly all the while, till every particle of the powder is well mixed. It is ready now for application to the bushes, which is done with a large watering pot, taking great care to thoroughly sprinkle every bush; repeat this as often as the worms reappear. Usually two applications, one early in the spring, and the other just before the fruit

ripens, are sufficient to keep down the worms. Keep the ground around them mellow and free from weeds, and if at any time through the summer a branch is seen to wilt, it is immediately cut away and burned, as such is the "sign of the borer."

Following this method of cultivation, I have never lost a bush or had a poor crop of fruit. And I bespeak the same success to any who will take the same trouble for the sake of this delicious fruit. It will pay.

D. B. C.

#### FARMER'S MISTAKES.

ED. CANADIAN FARMER.—The most of your contributors tell what we should do, and I think I might be permitted to say a few words about what we should not do. In the first place we Ontario farmers should not grab for too much land. "A small farm well tilled," the old adage says, and there never was a truer one. Our Province, if put under thorough cultivation, would produce just four times as much value as it does at present. Hence I say, don't let us work alone for big farms, but let us work well what we have. Ten acres well tilled will produce more than 100 acres neglected. Let us be wise and have "small farms well tilled."

Another thing we should not do, and that is to depend on a single crop for our returns. I agree with you Mr. Editor, about mixed farming, and I am glad you are advocating more fruit, more stock, and less wheat. A third thing not to do: to keep poor stock. Good stock is cheaper in the end. The Durham's I now have give me more return and greater satisfaction than twice the number of scrub cattle; therefore, I say, keep more good cattle.

To allow weeds to get the upper hand of us, is another thing that ought not to be done, they are tyrannical masters. You can't keep ice and red hot iron together. Neither can you grow weeds and grain together. One must disappear. Let it be the weeds. Again don't depend on hired help. If you are not able to engage in the work yourselves, at least have it done under your own directions.

Numbers of farmers make mistakes about their homes, too. Don't let things be unattractive there, or the boys will get tired of the farm, and your wife and daughters will pine for a life anywhere but on a farm.

But, Mr. Editor, I might go on don'ting until I should fill up a lot of your space, so I will just conclude by telling you: "Don't forget to change the date on my paper, since I herewith send you a dollar to pay up till next year."

I am, Sir,

R. H. B.

Simcoe, Ont.

#### POULTRY.

For the CANADIAN FARMER.

#### HIGH CLASS POULTRY.

The mind and heart of mankind seems to be so formed that it drags out a miserable existence without something to love and cherish, and the mortal is depraved, indeed, that has not some tender sympathetic spot left in his nature. Even the miserable unhappy being, who lives a life of celibacy in want of human companionship, has his dog or cat, or perhaps both upon which to bestow his sympathy. The ragged unkempt urchin, whose hand seems to be like that of the descendants of Ishmael, against every man's hand, and every man's hand against him, is almost sure to have his dog, very often the same nature as his master, with whom he is on the best

of terms. The maiden lady of uncertain age has in most cases a cat or a bird to love and cherish. Now it is this love of animated nature that induces us to improve our stock of all kinds; visit the breeder of Short Horns, go with him through his stables and note the barn of pleasure as he points out his favorites, and dwells on their special merits, or rather their points of special merit. This man takes a pleasure in his stock unknown to the breeder of scrub cattle; the same with the horseman. He has a good horse, because it gives him pleasure to own and drive such a horse. He might get through his work with an ungainly, slab-sided creature that would not be worth half the money his elegant steed represents, but the pleasure and pride he takes in a good horse enables him to make money out of horses, for whoever saw a man make money out of horses, who kept only cheap raw-boned nags. And on the contrary, very few men who keep good horses lose money on them.

Now this is the case with fowls to as great an extent as horses and cattle. Show me a man or a woman either (for there are many of the latter as well as the former engaged in poultry breeding) who takes pleasure in caring for fowls, who prefers feeding the birds themselves to allowing some one else to do it, and who takes pleasure in their spare moments in watching the movements of their fowls. I will show you a successful poulterer, or if engaged in business, a fancy or thoroughbred stock, they are the ones that monopolize the red tickets at the fairs, and if they have surplus stock, can generally find a ready sale for it at fair prices. Of course we assume that they are reasonably intelligent, and keep up to the times by reading and other means. But whoever saw a successful breeder of any kind of stock who commenced with the idea that because his neighbor made money at it, that it was full of money waiting to roll in his pocket as well. We have seen many start poultry breeding with this idea and no other qualification, and we have seen just that many fail. So now are you really a lover of really fine fowls, not for their pecuniary value, but would you like to have a few about you for the pleasure of it, provided they just paid expenses and no more. If your answer is no, then we advise you to read no further in this column, but turn over to the serial story and read it. If you mentally answer yes, then we say follow us carefully through this series of papers, and we will endeavor to assist you to the best of our ability. Of course you will bear in mind we do not presume to be infallible; we only give you the benefit (if such it is) of our study and experience in breeding thoroughbred poultry. We will next week take up the prerequisites, and how to begin in the meantime.

AU REVOIR,

Breeder.

New York city consumes over \$20,000,000 worth of eggs, and 100,000 tons of poultry annually. Over \$200,000,000 worth of eggs are consumed annually in the United States and more is wanted.

Give the young chicks a fair share of your time and you will be well repaid. Keep them pushing ahead from the first if you wish them to become first-class birds. Stagnation at any period of their growth can never be fully amended by after care however sedulously bestowed.