

distance of city markets from the sale of early lambs, which frequently bring from six to ten dollars each at eight to ten weeks old.

With fairly fresh pasture, no matter how short, the ram may run with the small flock of ewes in the breeding season without extra feeding; but if he has been grain-fed, for show or sale, he should be given a feed of oats, or oats and bran, once or twice daily. It is a good plan to color the ram's breast daily with a mixture of lampblack in water to mark the ewes that have been served, and to change the color at the end of two weeks to notice what proportion are returning, and again at the end of four weeks, as the period of oestrus in the ewe is about 14 to 16 days. If many are returning the second time, it is evidence that the ram is not proving a sure breeder, and it may be well to secure another. In experience, however, this is not often found necessary.

### Fattening Hogs in Corn Field.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I see in your issue of July 15th, under the heading of "Hogging Down Corn," an account of some farmers in Essex and Middlesex counties who have had satisfactory results in fattening hogs by turning them in uncut corn in the field. I have done the same in the past, and considered it financially satisfactory, but always felt guilty of being wasteful when going near the field and hearing the frozen and dried-up stalks rattling with the wind. The plan I now adopt is more profitable and satisfactory. We plant some fairly early maturing variety, which grows a good-sized stalk—Early Butler seems to fill the bill with us here. We plant in hills, 3 ft. 8 in. apart each way, and when cultivating the last time sow rape among the corn. Have been growing from 75 to 125 bushels of husked corn to the acre for the last five years. When the corn gets to the glazed stage, and a day or two before filling the silo, we break off the best of the ears, about three-quarters of them, leaving one-quarter to go in with the silage. When breaking off the ears, with husks left on, we throw them from four rows of corn into one row on the ground, which is convenient, as a man can walk between two rows and break from them and throw the ears between the next two by his side. By taking a little care to throw the row of ears a little closer to one row of cornstalks than the other, the stalks can be cut with the corn binder without driving on the row of ears; but we prefer cutting by hand with the corn hoe, as a man can get enough more stalk at the ground to pay his wages, and we are not bothered with as large a stubble when next working the ground. Care should be taken when drawing the stalks for the silo not to drive on the rows of ears; they should be thrown back from the headlands at each end of the field, so that the teams can turn without driving on them. If we have a few more stalks in the field than will go in the silo, we cut and draw them off the field and shock them. Then we are ready to turn the hogs in the field of corn, ears and rape. If the rape has not done well, so that the hogs cannot get what green pasture they would eat, we open the fence in some adjoining field of young clover or green pasture of some kind, and let them run in both fields. It is surprising the amount of rape or green pasture they will eat when getting all the corn they care for, and it is essential that they get it, or some other light feed, with the corn, as the corn is not a proper food to feed alone to hogs. There should be a box of salt kept for them near their drinking and wallowing place, which should be in the field or near by. We always try to have hogs enough to turn in the field to eat the corn all up in at least two months time, as they won't do well in the open field when the weather gets very cold and wet. They should have a dry shelter for a sleeping place. They should be taken out of the field before they get the corn entirely all cleaned up, as they would have to do too much travelling to be good for them when getting the last of it. Some brood sows or other pigs can be turned in to clean up the field. Corn will stand quite a lot of wet before it spoils when the husks are on the ears, but it should be watched, and after a very heavy rain, when the top side of the ears dry a little, take the horse hay rake and take every other tooth out, and run up the rows of corn and stir them up; the raking won't hurt the rape, and will keep the corn from spoiling.

The hog is a lazy animal, and don't care to husk and shell off any more corn than he wants to eat, though he will sometimes slobber some of the corn off of the cob on the ground, and leave it, but when he comes along again, or the next hog comes along, he will pick that up rather than bother husking and shelling. If the weather should become extra wet, so that you have to rake it over pretty often to keep it from spoiling, it is a good plan to turn some small pigs in with the large hogs, as they will keep the shelled gathered up. One year we took the pains to weigh 44 shoats, which weighed 4,840 lbs. the day we turned them in a 12-acre field of ears of

corn and rape. They ate the corn up in 46 days, and when we took them out and weighed them they weighed 9,394 lbs., having made a gain of 4,554 lbs. We estimated there were about 75 or 80 bushels of husked corn to the acre for the hogs; the stand of rape was good, and there was a stream of running water in the field. They had nothing else to eat for the 46 days but the corn and rape and all the salt they wanted, and nothing else to drink but the water.

Elgin Co., Ont.

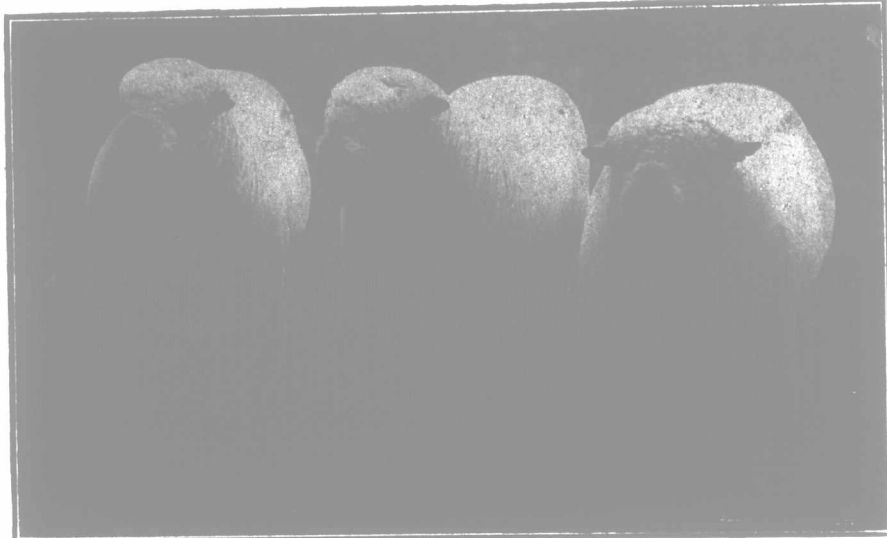
J. A. JACKSON.

## THE FARM.

### For Good Roads.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

The public in general, and your readers in particular, are very grateful for your interest in good roads for the benefit of the farmer. Your illustration and description of the split-log drag, and the benefits to be gained by its use, are very opportune, when so much is being written and published in the interests of good roads for Ontario. A few are opposing the movement, thinking that a growing class of wealthy people are advocating it for purposes of pleasure and amusement, and hindering the taxpayers to a certain extent from using the roads when so improved. But roads of some kind are just as necessary as are farms and residences. W. B. Rittenhouse, in supplementing your article in a recent July number, and advocating the assistance of the Provincial Government to some scheme for the bringing into general use of the split-log drag on earth roads, should receive support from farmers generally in different parts of the Province. If one million has been set apart for good leading roads in Ontario, as farmers we would be satisfied if less than a quarter of that amount were set apart for the improvement of our earth roads. As the matter is to a certain extent educational,



Shropshires Fitted for Show.

it would be well that the initiation of such improved roads should be general throughout the Province, which might, for the purpose, be divided into districts, or the present county boundaries used, limiting the payment of prizes or bonuses to a fixed number in each district or county. Every municipality making application for a portion of the grant should have an inspector, who might be also an instructor, or two adjoining municipalities might use the same official.

Competition is good; prizes might be awarded for best in each municipality. Let judges be appointed by Provincial authorities, who should view road before work is commenced, then annually for three years, when prizes would be awarded. Many things would necessarily be taken into consideration in making awards. No doubt, in a few years' time, the value of this kind of road would be appreciated, and become general, and this, in many sections, would be one way of solving that annoying question, statute labor. Farmers would take pride in their roads, work would be done at a time when farm work was not urgent, and we would have but three classes of roads—"good, better, and best."

We would have roads useful and safe, and a good degree of enjoyment in their use.

You, Mr. Editor, with other editors of agricultural papers, and men from different parts of the Province who are interested in good roads, might wait upon the Provincial Government next fall, asking for a grant, and possibly a commission or committee might plan a feasible scheme or basis for expending the money in the interests of good earth roads for all who may use the same. Hoping to hear from other parts of the Province upon this important matter.

York Co., Ont.

D. JAMES.

### The "Retired Farmer" Again.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I judge, from a late issue of "The Farmer's Advocate," that you are under the impression that I am "cooped up" in a house in town. Whilst I do live in town, I have the "back yard" to exercise in, and, as there are 25 acres in my back yard, one can do several things therein. To see things grow, as you say, is always interesting, but some of us, who have watched things grown on ordinarily-tilled land, like a little change. My back yard comprises hill and dale, bog-swamp and sand-hills, and, to make a beauty-spot out of an eyesore, to make a park out of a wilderness, is just now furnishing me with exercise and pleasure. Already, I can show corn—yes, corn supposed to be unsuited to low land—growing on this bog-hole, where only a year ago the frogs held their merry meetings each spring, and bullrushes swayed their lofty heads throughout the summer. The high land is sandy, and the "natives" tell me it has not been plowed for forty years before I purchased it, and was not growing enough grass per acre to pasture a hen. On the same land there are now growing potatoes, corn, mangels and strawberry plants, which would delight the eye of any good farmer. The hill-sides, too steep for a horse to climb, are set out with little pines, which will, as the years roll by, make for utility and beauty. It is in such work as this that the "retired farmer" can truly find rest from the more exacting life of a large farm, and "The Highlands," my retreat, has already become a subject for the picture-post-card artist.

Certainly, we like to see things grow and grow where never useful plants grew before since the world has been; and they tell me I am growing every day—younger. If a man is not any older than he feels, then I am just "four years old." A person told me the other day that I had the reputation, among the natives, of making a success of everything. That would be, I consider, the highest possible compliment, and I feel

it in my bones that I am going to make a success of the "retired-farmer" business.

Neither have I lost my affection for the cow. Calamity Jane is being provided, in her old age, with the comfort which is her due; as long as she chooses to live, there will be something good for her to chew, and when she finally lays down her life, her bones will not be desecrated by being picked by cannibals, but we will bury her deep in a quiet spot, where the squirrels play, the birds sing, and the woodpecker beating his tattoo overhead will not disturb her sleep. No tablet of stone is needed upon which to record her works and keep her memory green. The records of a

good cow are now put in the pages of books for future generations to read and profit by; their memory is kept green through their offspring furnishing irrefutable proof that blood tells, that breeding counts.

Can you tell me, Mr. Editor, how it is that so many that say the country is the best place in which to spend old age live in the cities and towns? If they believe that, why don't they get out into the country? I saw a gobbler tied up to a stake, with a string about his leg. It was easy to see why he did not go where he wanted to, and I guess it must be about the same with the city chap. I have sympathy for anyone who has not full liberty of action. Did they not keep me in bed for three months at a stretch, and when I did get out to see my stock, I got such a shock at their condition that I had a relapse. They said I went back to work again too soon, but the sight of the stock was enough to make anyone sick. Yet, there was an abundance of good feed, and men to give it out, but it takes more than that to make a success of feeding. It is the same with all classes of stock, and I have had to do with nearly all kinds, excepting donkeys and goats.

Again, "In the good old summer time," over which poets and artists enthuse, the farmer has to fight weeds, a host of kinds, and myriads of each kind; flies and bugs, seen and unseen. There is hardly a plant that has not its insect enemy, and several have many. These pesky things will not call a truce whilst the farmer takes a spell off in Muskoka or some other resort, like his fellow townsman. There is really no chance for a farmer to relax as long as he is on the fighting line. His enemies are small but very numerous and very aggressive, and even if he has men to do the work, to be most effective, he must, like the cap-