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of coarse forage, until about two weeks before calving. Then there should be a slow but steady increase of feed of a nourishing and laxative kind. Wheat bran is good at this time, but new process linseed meal is preferable. It is better to have the cows calve on the upgrade while daily gaining in strength and vigor. A week before calving give the cow a comfortable, roomy box stall, within hearing or sight of the herd, and watch for the event. Be sure her bowels are moving freely for two days before calving.

Why I returned to the Farm.

The Story of Another Farmer's Son. "Why did you ever drift into farming?" "Isn't it a very lonesome existence?" "Is there anything in it?" These and kindred questions I have been asked again and again by benighted friends in the city since I became a farmer, Some of them have splendid positions, but the majority are not so fortunate. These are too deeply in the ruts of city life however, to get out. Others have lost ambition, and acquired some con-

I was born, and, in a sense, raised on a farm, though since my parents were well-to-do and the district school not so good as it might be I was early sent away to boarding-school, and thus for a number of years was at home only during the summer months and

ed all the formulas obtainable for making flavoring extracts, syrups, ketchup, and so forth, and with these it was "up to me" to produce these articles for less than we had been paying, and to sell them at the same prices we had been receiving.

Those were the glorious days before Doctor Wiley and the Pure Food laws, and I shudder to think of the horrible concections that we made and sold to an unsuspecting public—for they did sell, and in gratifying quantities too. I took special pride in my maple syrup. With a sample of good Verment syrup before me I experimented for days until I produced a syrup that would have deceived the very elect, and yet it contained very little maple sugar.

My employer was much pleased at the success of his enterprise, and sent me to New York to purchase materials—some of them damaged goods and to select labels for the stuff. While there I bought a large quantity of dried apples, which upon their arrival proved to be too far gone even for our in-iquitous purposes. I felt rather foolish at being deceived by maggoty apples, for the whole mass was squirming weirdly; but, as I was in the office, showing the boss a sample of the fruit, the manager of the best store restaurant in the bay came in. He seemed interested in the apples, and presently bought them all at a bargain. I won-dered what use he had for them. "Oh, I make 'em into pies." he replied. Only the holidays. Whether on reaching a few days after, when looking out of manhood I should of my own accord the window, I saw some society or other



A Modern Farm House with pleasant surroundings.

have become a farmer I cannot say. Fate decided this for me. My father suffered some heavy losses which necessitated the sale of his farm and stock. He went to the West Indies "to begin over again," as he said, and a place was found for me in a wholesale grocery house, which, the head of the firm informed me, was an unusually fine opportunity for a young man who wanted to learn the business and "grow up with the concern." My salary was six dollars a week.

For the next six months my job consisted, in the main, of nailing up and opening boxes, but meanwhile I was being carefully initiated into the business by a sub-boss who was a capable man. At the end of this time I was thoroughly acquainted with the stock, and could name everything in the store from Aunt Somebody's Pancake Flour to the newest brand of dog biscuit. I was also weary of nailing boxes and of my meager six dollars a week. After a talk with my employer, who had been watching me more closely than I had thought, I was given ten dollars a week, and was to act as assistant to the ship-

ping clerk. I continued in my new position for several months, putting in a part of my time in the office as salesman. One Saturday my employer called me into his office, and unfolded a plan for starting a manufacturing department, and placing me in charge. This opened fine possibilities if it should work out as we expected, and I entered into the new occupation with great zest, feeling that here lay my opportunities. After the installation of mixing-tanks, bettling machines, and other paraphernalia we

embarking on a steamer for a day and dinner at his resort, and thought of the apple pies. I also bought a good many beets for pure tomato ketchup.

Things now ran along very smoothly for a year and a half. During this time we had added equipment to the plant, and were gradually becoming over-stocked. I spoke of this to the boss, and suggested as a remedy that he have one salesman make a specialty of our products instead of letting all the salesmen handle them as a side line, as had been done. This did not appeal to him, but the money he was making from the department did, and he thought that a word from him to the salesman would cause them to make greater efforts. It was a never-ending marvel to me that they sold any of the stuff. He also asked me if I could not reduce still farther the cost of production. I said no.

About two weeks after my talk with him he appeared one morning, bringing with him an ill-nourished Englishman, who, he explained, was an expert in manufacturing-he must have meant debasing-bottled foodstuffs, and who was to coach me for a week or two. Under his guidance I made some fearsome concoctions, though I must admit that they tasted pretty good. But I was becoming disgusted at the business, and one morning after mixing an especially villainous compound under the instruction of my English friend my soul revolted. Going to the boss I entered a protest. He seemed much surprised at my dislike of the business and made several caustic remarks about a young man and his ideas of trade. I took exception to his talk and, being pretty well worked were ready for business. I had gather- up over the whole thing, "chucked my W.A. WESER, Box 642

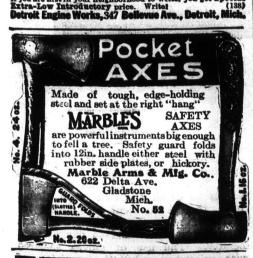






MY ROSE COMBED BLACK MINORCAS won 7 prizes at Saskatoen Poultry Show in December. EXCELLENT layers of LARGE white eggs. Very hardy fowl and splendid broilers. First prize cockerell for sale and one cock, \$5 each. Eggs for hatching \$3 for 13; \$6 for 30. Also good strain Barred P. Rocks. Eggs for Hatching \$1,50 for 13; \$3 for 30. One Cockerellleft at \$3. W. C. LUSK, Saskatoen.





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