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Vol. XLVIII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, JULY 24, 1913

No. 1087

Here is a Letter Received from the Secretary of a Municipal Telephone System

The Canadian Independent Telephone Co., Ltd., Toronto:

Dear Sirs,

When giving us credit for the articles returned by express please give us credit also for \$49.50 for the switchboard, which we returned when we ordered the new board. The above was the price agreed upon.

Our lines and phones are all in good working order. We have now over 300 phones and will have to build some more lines. We do not need to ask for subscribers now. The people come and ask for the service.

We thank you for your kind attention to our needs in the past year and wish you success in the future.

Yours sincerely,

Secretary.....Municipal Telephone System.

The above letter was received in the ordinary course of business from the secretary of a municipal system in business less than two years. We are giving it publicity because it makes two points very clear. 1st. That these local telephone systems can be made a success under the management of men who start with no practical experience in the telephone business. 2nd. That once the system gets working smoothly its growth comes naturally and without effort, as this secretary says, "the people come and ask" for telephones. You will also note that the above-mentioned municipal system already has had to replace its first switchboard with a new one to accommodate its increased business. And will also have to build new lines.

Incidentally we would also like you to notice that the secretary says that their lines and phones are all in good

working order. We sold this municipal system, as we have the great majority of the other municipal systems, their telephones and switchboards and the construction material for building their lines. While efficient management has been the big factor in the success of the system, the satisfactory service given the subscribers by our equipment has assisted the management in making the success, and has helped to make the system popular to the point that people come and ask for telephones.

There is no reason why an independent local or municipal telephone system in your locality would not be a success. We will give you the name and address of the secretary who wrote the above letter. He will, we believe, be glad to give you the benefit of his experience. And we, ourselves, have been closely identified in the starting of the majority of the independent systems in Ontario, and consequently are in a position to give you valuable information and advice.

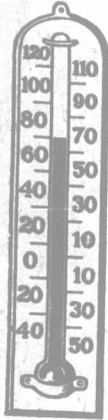
Our telephones, switchboards and materials of various kinds are all of the highest class and fully guaranteed. We carry complete stocks and ship promptly. Write and tell us in what way we can serve you.

Our No. 3 Bulletin tells how to build telephone lines. Our No. 4 Bulletin—just off the press—fully describes our magneto telephones. Both free on request.

We are exclusive Canadian representatives for the celebrated "Phone Eze" telephone bracket. If you use a desk telephone, ask about this bracket.

Canadian Independent Telephone Co., Limited
20 Duncan Street, Toronto, Canada

Even Temperature



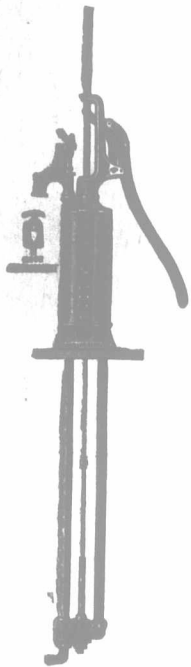
Any furnace will get a house warm at times. A "Sunshine" enables you to keep your rooms at an even temperature day or night in any weather. 70 degrees is easy to maintain every day of winter.

Our local agent will tell you why and show you many other "Sunshine" advantages. Send for free booklet.

McClary's Sunshine Furnace

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Hamilton, Calgary, Saskatoon, Edmonton. 348

Pump annoyances never worry the Farmers who are fortunate enough to be using Imperial Anti-Freezing Pump

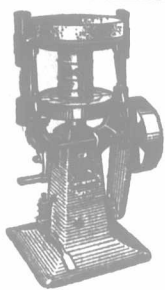


The "Imperial" is the pump best suited for all farm purposes.

It has a large air-chamber, extending to top of stand, containing 127 1/4 cubic inches. Has 1 1/4-inch plunger-pipe instead of stuffing-box. The advantage over the stuffing-box is that it has three plunger buckets which are self-expanding, and therefore require no attention. Can be used on any sized pipe from 1 1/4 to 2 inches in diameter, tapped for 1 1/4, 1 1/2 or 2-inch pipe. On tubular wells, the plunger can be withdrawn without removing the pump.

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WHY be satisfied with 15 or 20 bushels per acre when you can double the crop? Those who use the Homestead Fertilizers are harvesting large crops of first quality A-1 wheat, and if you are not yet acquainted with the merits of these Fertilizers, it will pay you to investigate them. To ripen large crops of early plump grain requires a large amount of available phosphoric acid derived from the best sources.

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Farmers in the States are using on the average about seven million tons of fertilizer every year. Are you using your share?

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\$20,000 IN PRIZES

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Entries close August 29th. Lowest rates on all railways.

Write for programme, prize list, etc., to

E. McMAHON, Manager, 26 Sparks St., Ottawa

The Western Fair

LONDON, ONTARIO

September 5th to 13th, 1913

THE GREAT LIVE STOCK EXHIBITION

\$2,000 in cash added to the Live Stock Prize List this year.

Some new sections and good specials in the Horse Department. Several silver cups in the Dairy and Poultry Department.

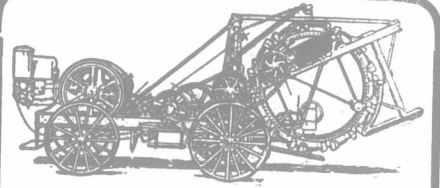
W. J. REID, President

Stockmen and breeders, get ready for London's Exhibition.

Special rates over all railroads for exhibitors and visitors.

Send to the Secretary for Prize Lists and all information.

A. M. HUNT, Secretary



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YOU can rise above the crowd. You can be one of the men who are looked up to. And it won't require years of struggling to attain this, either. It's within your reach right now. Go into the contract ditching business with a

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The modern farmer is too busy to dig his own ditches—and too wise to expect good results with slow hand-labor methods. He wants the work done quickly and efficiently, so he lets it to the man who owns a Buckeye.

The Buckeye digs every ditch clean and true, with straight, smooth sides and a perfectly-graded bottom. There is no variation to Buckeye-cut ditches, they are always uniform size.

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Write for catalogue T to-day.

The Buckeye Traction Ditcher Company

T Findlay, Ohio

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Toronto

Aug. 23rd to Sept. 8th

\$55,000 in prizes for products of the Farm, the Home and the Garden.

New Live Stock Department and extension of prizes to give the small breeder a chance.

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Complete power house on wheels. Carries its own line shaft, pulleys, belt tightener and pump jack. Delivers more service than any engine made. Gilson Engines range from 1 to 40 h. p.

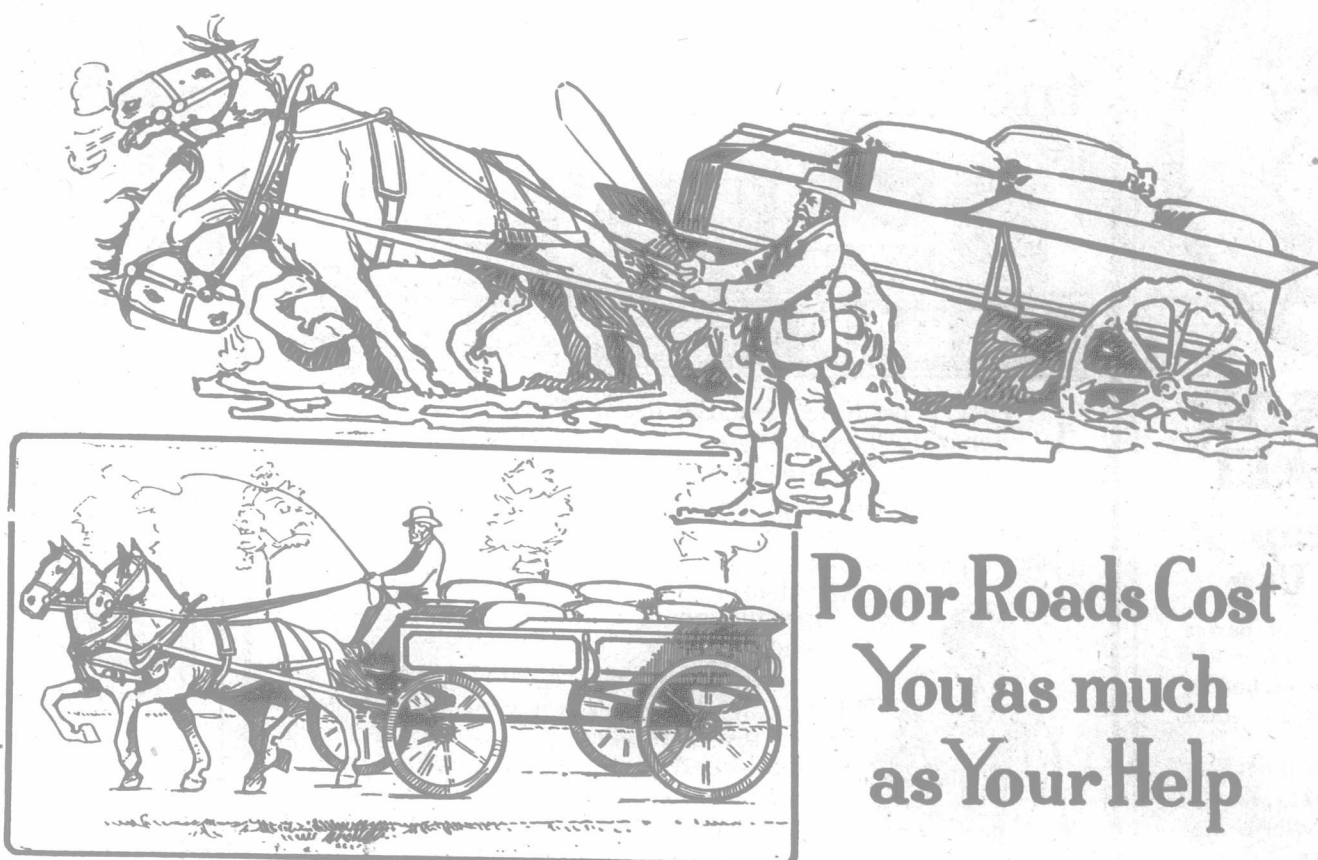


Write for particulars. Gilson Eng. Co., Ltd. York St. Guelph, Canada.

100% Service

Farm Help

Weekly parties of young men now arriving. Apply: **BOYS' FARMER LEAGUE**
Drawer 126 Winona, Ontario



**Poor Roads Cost
You as much
as Your Help**

SEVERAL thousand Minnesota farmers figured up the various losses they suffered in a year as a result of poor roads. They made the astonishing discovery that these losses came to a total large enough to pay for all their hired help!

The roads in this Minnesota district are not by any means the worst roads in America. They might be called good roads if compared to some that are only too well known. But they are bad enough to cause the loss of more than half a million dollars yearly to the farmers who have to use them.

READ THE STORY THESE FIGURES TELL :

Loss because of longer routes to town.....	\$ 61,994 01
Loss because of slow progress in hauling.....	75,627 64
Loss because of extra trips.....	137,621 66
Loss because of specific reasons (perishable goods spoiled, good markets missed, horses ruined, etc.).....	221,374 16
Loss because of inability to haul manure.....	91,925 00
Total loss.....	\$608,728 15

THE average loss to each farmer was found to be \$150.

He lost \$1.70 for every acre farmed. He lost 13 cents every time he carried a ton of produce over one mile of bad roads.

He lost one-tenth of his total crop. He paid as much for bad roads as he did for his hired help.

He paid enough to pay off his mortgage in three years and leave something over.

And all this **in addition** to his regular road tax, which was spent in the hopeless task of making a poor road good by repairing it.

Have you figured up what poor roads are costing **you** ?

Try it, and in the meantime write for information about

CONCRETE HIGHWAYS

CONCRETE has solved the good roads problem—solved it in a way that means neither high taxes nor make-shift methods. Write to-day for the booklet "Concrete Highways" and other free literature that fully explains why concrete is the best and most economical material, for country highways as well as for city streets. Address:

CONCRETE ROADS DEPARTMENT
Canada Cement Company Limited
Montreal, Canada



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not alone, because it is the purest and best salt for salting butter. But because it will salt more butter, pound for pound, than any other salt you can use.

The big creameries will tell you this—and show you tests to prove it. The Agricultural Colleges demonstrate this every day.

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70D

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Home Office: Hamilton, Can.

HOT WEATHER the Ideal Time to Use a DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATOR

THERE is no time when the use of the DE LAVAL Cream Separator is so indispensable to the profitable production of cream or butter as during the hot weather of midsummer.

The use of the separator at this season usually means the difference between a profit and a loss in dairying. It accomplishes a great saving of butter-fat that goes to waste with any other method of separation and enables the production of a higher quality of cream and butter-fat than is otherwise possible.



Moreover, with a DE LAVAL the advantages over other cream separators are greatest at this season, because the separation is more complete and the cream heavier and more even in texture. The machines turn more easily and the capacity is greater, getting the work through more quickly.

If you haven't a separator you can scarcely afford to defer the purchase of a DE LAVAL, or if you have a separator which is not doing satisfactory work, there is no better time to discard it in favor of a DE LAVAL, first trying the machines side by side for your own satisfaction, which every DE LAVAL agent will be glad to give you the opportunity to do.

See the nearest DE LAVAL agent at once, or if you do not know him, write us direct for any desired information.

The De Laval Dairy Supply Co., Limited
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THE HELLER-ALLER CO., Windsor, Ontario

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Our price for best 2-inch canvas-covered suction hose is only 60c. per ft. We sell the plain 2-inch wire-lined suction hose at only 37c. per ft. It comes in 15-, 20-, and 25-ft. lengths. We carry a large stock. Write for large catalogue of Threshers' Supplies.

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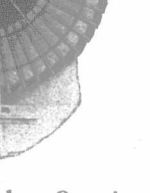
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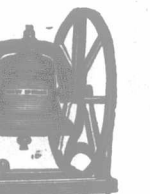
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The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine

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Vol. XLVIII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, JULY 24, 1913.

No: 1067

EDITORIAL

A stump in a cultivated field is an eyesore, a nuisance, and a loss.

A good haymaker must be something of a weather expert, but the most expert will be fooled sometimes.

Our rural public schools educate a boy expressly for the pursuits of the town and then we wonder why he goes there.

Two versions of the Royal Show report are presented in this issue, one English and one Scotch. The Irishman has not been heard from up to time of going to press.

Plowing under second-growth clover to enrich the land is well enough when one can spare the forage, but grazing off a new seeding of clover while plowing under a fresh aftermath is not very sound economy.

When a woman has crowded thirty-six hours of work into eighteen and still finds the mending undone, the windows unwashed, and the magazine uncut, it is time to devise methods for lightening the routine work. Water on tap in the house would help a good deal.

The silo, says Thos. McMillan, is likely to prove a godsend this year to many farmers in Huron County where hay is almost a failure, but where there is still hope for a corn crop. Short crop or heavy, wherever corn is grown for cattle feed the silo is a boon, but especially so in a season of short fodder supplies. An acre of ensiled corn furnishes a wealth of cattle feed.

So long as we are proud of having millionaires there will be plenty of persons willing to function in that capacity. But the day will come when, as a certain magazine writer puts it, "to be a millionaire will be more pitiable than to be a leper, because it implies extortion, the sweat of brothers for mean ends, and the gluttony of one at the expense of many."

In stacking hay or grain over-much emphasis is placed upon appearance; or rather too little relative stress is laid upon the construction as it would be revealed by a cross-section diagram. A properly built stack is one coursed up with layers resembling the lines of a pile of inverted saucers. It is well to have a neat-looking stack, but for shedding rain it is the inside shape that counts most.

Most nature-writers are too dry and technical. They talk so much about cotyledons and sepals and species with compound Latin names that the reader becomes tired and loses the interest with which he commenced to read. Mr. Klugh is different. He begins with common facts of observation, and from these leads on to a fascinating knowledge of birds, insects, plants, and various natural phenomena. He always interests and never tires. A child can follow him, yet the advanced student can frequently find in his article something he never heard of before. We think "Nature's Diary" will be voted the best thing of its kind appearing in any Canadian publication.

Sensible Summer Talk.

The period of ingathering from fields and orchards is usually one of those strenuous seasons when we excuse ourselves for working overtime, making an extra spurt to save at the proper juncture what nature, supplemented by our efforts, has for months been bringing to maturity. There are some passably good people who know no other gospel than the gospel of work, and not a few there are in the world for whom "hard labor" seems the most wholesome treatment. Theoretically, at least, we glorify those who do the world's work, and rightly enough. While it is possible to make an idol of work, or rather to pride oneself excessively in just "getting things done" on the farm, or in the home, still it is not mere physical labor, that is wrecking the health of so many people. The Christian Guardian recently put the point in a very rational way in stating that over work was often falsely blamed for breaking men down when the real trouble was the worry, much of it unnecessary, and the artificial conditions under which the work was done. "We fret and fret and fume and wear ourselves out," the editor goes on to observe, "over a multitude of things which possibly matter little whether they are done or not, and in the end we are pretty well worn out, and have very little to show for it. We put on 200 lbs. of steam just to blow the whistle and develop 100-horse power of energy just to kill a fly. Is it any wonder we wear out too quickly? What we now blame upon over-work some day we shall blame upon lack of oxygen and sunlight, lack of nourishing food and proper clothes, lack of sleep, lack of exercise—in short lack of the things which nature has declared essential, and which we foolishly have tried to do without."

In other words, let's just be sensible for a while, especially during the hot weather, and in case of the town man as well as the aspiring country family quit trying to make a \$1,500 income over a \$2,000 a year expenditure. And by all means mix in a daily supply of cheerfulness with all our laborious doings, and take time for a laugh. It will be time well spent.

Farm Experience for Implement Manufacturers.

Peter McArthur takes a "rise" out of implement manufacturers, for putting into their machines bolts without square shoulders or square heads which a wrench would keep from turning when it might be desired to unscrew a nut from the other end. To city people this would seem like a very small matter, but farmers know it is an important one. The loss of time and vexation of spirit occasioned by just such little imperfections is out of all proportion to the saving effected in cost of construction.

We are unwilling to believe that parsimony is directly responsible for these expensive little savings. We rather think it is due to a failure of manufacturers to put themselves exactly in the farmer's position. They forget that he hasn't a complete kit of wrenches, punches, chisels with vices and all the rest. They do not realize how often he may have to change rusty nuts or tighten up loose ones in the middle of a field in

a busy time. Their departments of invention are largely occupied in the laboratory and the workshop, and their occasional days in the field are too often but brief spells of observation between ten-mile automobile trips out from and back to town. They seldom get down to close practical grips where they can see things as they work out day after day for the man behind the team. As a rule, they are not quite practical enough from an agricultural standpoint, however expert they may be in a mechanical way. Every implement inventor and mechanical expert should spend several days a year as a hired man in overalls working his own implements.

Along this line might be mentioned the ridiculously short whiffletrees, doubletrees and eveners sent out by many firms, especially for working three and four horses abreast. While the whiffletrees for such a hitch must be somewhat shorter than for a two-horse team, there is no sense in cutting them down to twenty-six inches, as they are on some implements. Veterinarians will tell you about serious cases of abdominal swelling that they have treated, arising from flanks being chafed by the tugs on these excessively short whiffletrees. Besides, horses cannot work comfortably in hot weather when all huddled up in a heap.

Manufacturers, like editors, need to get out once in a while to see what is really going on. More, they need to get in between the plow handles with the lines behind their backs. Enterprise will suggest to them the wisdom of acquiring such experience. How would it be to get up a farmers' club and send the manufacturers and their agents an invitation to come and "board round" for a while? We will take one or two ourselves for a week, and charge their board up to "welfare" account.

Rats in Silage.

It is, of course, easier to preach than to practice. Some issues back we warned readers to be on the look-out for rats in the held-over silage. We knew they were already working in ours, and tried to follow our own suggestions. We set a trap, but all we got out of it was one rat foot. After that it was strictly avoided. We shut the doors, but the moisture in the corn must have supplied all the water the animals needed. When we went lately to throw off the spoiled surface, seventeen rats were found all in a nest. Thirteen were killed, but four escaped by a ladder left near the opening. By burrowing, the rodents had caused the silage to spoil to a depth of twelve to eighteen inches instead of five as last year. A number of rats were killed in this silo last winter. Once in, they could never climb up the cement wall to the opening, and when the short ladder, used for getting in and out, was tipped back they were trapped, and could easily be despatched with the ensilage fork. From a silo with a continuous door they would have usually made their escape. Where they get in around the bottom or under the foundation of earth-floored wooden silos they sometimes cause heavy waste.

We haven't very many rats left around the farm, but with a plank horse-stable floor and an open granary, we have not yet achieved a complete extermination. Cats keep the ranks thinned, while poison and traps have, at various times, been of avail. Tight granaries and cribs, cement floors and cats are the best reliance.

The Farmer's Advocate AND HOME MAGAZINE.

THE LEADING AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL
IN THE DOMINION.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE WILLIAM WELD COMPANY (LIMITED).

JOHN WELD, MANAGER.

Agents for "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Journal,"
Winnipeg, Man.

1. THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE is published every Thursday. It is impartial and independent of all cliques and parties, handsomely illustrated with original engravings, and furnishes the most practical, reliable and profitable information for farmers, dairymen, gardeners, stockmen and home-makers, of any publication in Canada.
2. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—In Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, Newfoundland and New Zealand, \$1.50 per year, in advance; \$2.00 per year when not paid in advance. United States, \$2.50 per year; all other countries 12s.; in advance.
3. ADVERTISING RATES.—Single insertion, 25 cents per line, agents. Contract rates furnished on application.
4. THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received for its discontinuance. All payments of arrearsages must be made as required by law.
5. THE LAW IS, that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until all arrearsages are paid and their paper ordered to be discontinued.
6. REMITTANCES should be made direct to us, either by Money Order or Registered Letter, which will be at our risk. When made otherwise we will not be responsible.
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8. ANONYMOUS communications will receive no attention. In every case the "Full Name and Post-office Address Must be Given."
9. WHEN A REPLY BY MAIL IS REQUIRED to Urgent Veterinary or Legal Enquiries, \$1.00 must be enclosed.
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12. WE INVITE FARMERS to write us on any agricultural topic. We are always pleased to receive practical articles. For such as we consider valuable we will pay ten cents per inch printed matter. Criticisms of Articles, Suggestions How to Improve "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," Descriptions of New Grains, Roots or Vegetables not generally known, Particulars of Experiments Tried, or Improved Methods of Cultivation, are each and all welcome. Contributions sent us must not be furnished other papers until after they have appeared in our columns. Rejected matter will be returned on receipt of postage.
13. ALL COMMUNICATIONS in reference to any matter connected with this paper should be addressed as below, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

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LONDON, CANADA.

Model Rural School Work.

In connection with the Winthrop Normal School, Rock Hill, S.C., there is a school-building of the type of a rural school, where the young people training to be teachers can see how such a school should be conducted. As an illustration of the teaching we have condensed the account of the exercises centering around the study of the potato.

Just previous to the planting time and simultaneously with the preparation of the soil the children gather around a large table to study the potato. They dissect, examine, describe the objects, and the observations and ideas formed are written on the blackboards and in their notebooks. Later these investigations are the subjects of language, spelling, and drawing lessons.

They discuss the planting under the guidance and questioning of the teacher, so that they almost feel that they are discoverers of the various processes of preparing the cuttings and committing them to the soil that they have helped to prepare.

The older pupils are directed to read books where they may learn the history and uses of the potato. Boys as well as girls learn how to prepare the tubers for the pot, and various methods of cooking them, so that before the year is over the older at least can say that they have studied, planted, cultivated, cooked, and eaten potatoes raised by their own individual efforts. The cultivation, harvesting, and cooking of the potatoes have been the basis of related language, reading and art work at appropriate times throughout the season.

Mutual Support.

Editor of "The Farmer's Advocate":

Please find enclosed \$2.25 for one new subscriber and my own renewal.

We like the paper very much and feel like standing by you when you stand by the farmer.

JOHN BURNS.

Compton Co., Que.

Prof. G. E. Day, of the Ontario Agricultural College, is in Great Britain on quest for some Shorthorn cattle of a good milking strain for the College herd. He will be joined abroad by C. F. Bailey, Assistant Deputy-Minister of Agriculture for the province, who will visit some of the stock farms in England with Prof. Day.

A Lost Oration.

By Peter McArthur.

It is not often that I want to make a speech. As a rule I would rather have a tooth filled than speak a few well-chosen words at a picnic or meeting of the Farmers' Institute, but yesterday afternoon there were some minutes when I yearned to pour forth my perturbed spirit in an adequate oration. If I could have been transported from the corn field just at the instant when the monkey-wrench slipped and I barked three knuckles of my right hand, and if at that psychological moment I could have been placed on the platform at a meeting of the Manufacturers' Association, I would have addressed a few words to that stall-fed aggregation of Privileged Pirates that would have made Demosthenes against Phillip, Cicero against Cataline, and Burke against the depoiler of the Carnatic sound like the commencement exercises at a girl's school. G-r-r-r-r-!! (meaning snarls of rage.) Why won't someone let me get at them? Their relations with the press are largely confined to the servile approaches of the advertising department, or to the well-fed compliments of the halter-broke editors who respond to the toast of the press at annual banquets. It might do them good to have a run in with a spontaneous and care-free journalistic outflow when he was in the humor to kick out the tail board of the dictionary, and let the big bouncing adjectives roll down from the sulphur-blue heights of his eloquence. I do not think it was in vain that the poison of asps was put under my lips, and if I could have got at those fellows while the monkey-wrench was in my hand they would have sent in a fire alarm, called the police, wired Colonel the Honorable Sam Hughes for a regiment, and then to a man they would have hidden their fatness under the seats until the thunder and lightning had passed, and the weather began to clear.

Of course, all this demands some explanation, but in making the explanation I want to make a few restrictions. I want it to be understood that I am talking as man to man to farmers who do their own work. What I have to say is not hired men, and who feel that because they sold their beef cattle for a few cents above the market it is to them I am referring when I speak of shady operations in High Finance. Do you know I have been finding that when I pay my respects to Sir Jingo McBore there are a lot of farmers who feel that I am attacking the propertied class, and that they are getting kicks out of the over-flow? But that is not what I want to talk about to-day. I simply want to explain to the ordinary farmer, who has to scratch gravel with both feet in order to provide for his brood, that I have stumbled on another way in which we are being looted, and it is the meanest and most exasperating trick that has come to my notice in a blue moon. I was placidly cultivating corn in the new orchard, when I noticed that the frame of the cultivator was working loose. The correct thing to do was to tighten the nuts, and I got a wrench for that purpose. Feeling that I was doing the right thing at the right time, just as a real farmer would do it, I began to turn on one of the nuts with the wrench. But it did no good. There was no tightening of the loose frame. A more careful examination showed that the bolt was turning with the nut, and I could keep on turning till the cows came home, and it would make no difference. The head of the bolt was round and flat, and there was no possible way of catching it with another wrench and holding it while the nut was being tightened. I passed on to several other nuts that were working loose, and found the same state of affairs. Every bolt would turn with the nut, and it was impossible for me to tighten anything. It was just after I had made this discovery that it occurred to me that perhaps if I gave the wrench a quick jerk, the nut would loosen and begin to turn without the bolt. I tried and the wrench slipped and my knuckles struck on the iron frame. That was the moment when I should have been introduced to the Manufacturers' Association. As it was I merely sat down on the cultivator frame, and, though there was no one but the old grey horse to hear me, I talked about the manufacturer of that cultivator for some minutes. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, about the time when he would be sipping his coffee after his luncheon, and I shouldn't wonder but he remarked to his wife that his ears were burning and that probably someone was talking about him. If he said that, he was entirely right. Someone was talking about him in a very restrained but exceedingly feverish manner.

As might be supposed there is a reason for having cultivators put together as mine is. The reason is called "Profits." When machinery is properly assembled before being sold, bolts that must be taken out from time to time are fitted with square shoulders under the head, and these fit into square holes. This makes it possible to

tighten nuts or remove them as occasion may require. But, under our modern non-competitive system, the sole purpose of the manufacturer is to get his implements put together and sold. If he does not trouble himself to have square-shouldered bolts fit into square holes, he can save the wages of several mechanics who would otherwise put in their time seeing that the implements went together properly and could be taken apart again. By using bolts that are smaller than the holes in the castings they can assemble the implements without bothering to ream out the holes, and then if you want to change the position of, say, a cultivator tooth you may find even if you are fortunate enough to get out the bolt the next hole has never been reamed out, and that you must take the cultivator to a blacksmith to get it changed. And all this is due to the fact that thrifty manufacturers want to save the wages of mechanics in assembling their implements. If they can save a few cents it does not matter that they will cause delay and annoyance to the farmers who buy their implements. It is about the meanest, cheapest form of petty graft to which they can stoop, but they are doing it every day. Sir Jingo McBore is on the board of directors, and his one purpose in life is to get more dividends. To meet his insistent clamor, the manufacturer is forced to save at every turn so as to increase profits. Machines are put together in the cheapest way possible, and even though the style and materials may be of the best, they become a source of constant annoyance and loss of time to the man who buys and uses them. When I realized just what was the matter with that cultivator, and that, in order to make a saving of fifteen or twenty cents in the wages of a mechanic who would fit the bolts into their places properly, the manufacturer had sold me an imperfect implement, I just naturally boiled over. For a few vivid moments I lost my grip on the National Policy, and all the great verities of life. While I sat on the cultivator I recalled the appearance of a manufacturer of agricultural implements whom I had the privilege of looking at for fully half an hour one day last spring. He was a mild-looking man with pink whiskers and an air of vested rights, and, judging from his tone of voice when speaking from his place in parliament, he probably contributes regularly to the funds of the Holy Name Society. And yet that man and others like him sell to the farmers implements like my cultivator, that poison the fountains of language at the source. As I recalled the meek looks of this manufacturer and rubbed my barked knuckles, I saw red. It was then that I wanted a chance to address the Manufacturers' Association, and I think I could have said a few things to them that would have been worth while. And I have a sneaking suspicion that in addressing them on this subject I would be voicing the unexpressed and unprintable opinions of thousands of farmers in this fair Canada of ours.

THE HORSE.

Habits good and bad are readily acquired by horses.

The whip is a poor starter for the horse, but often it is a good corrective.

Never discourage a young horse. If he cannot pull the load lighten it. It is never good practice to draw colts on heavy loads.

Do you know exactly upon what date your mares were bred? If not, find out from the stallion, and make a note of it. The period of gestation varies, but generally runs about 240 days. If the date of last service is carefully noted no guessing as to the date the colt may be expected is required.

The fall exhibitions give the horse breeder an excellent opportunity to demonstrate the value of his stock as breeders. Colts are easily fitted for showing, and nothing proves the worth of mares and stallions so conclusively as a fine bunch of sucking, yearling and two-year-old colts. It will pay every time to bring them out.

It is claimed on good authority that not one-half the farms in the United States produce any horses. No wonder horses are in good demand. Large cities must be supplied, and with one-half of the farming community drawing on the other half, to say nothing of the large numbers needed to fill the vacancies on farms breeding horses, market for the right kind of horses is found to be maintained.

In breaking or training colts it is always well to remember that horses bring higher prices when they are "city broken." Knowing this, teach the colt not to fear street cars, automobiles, etc., by driving him frequently where they are, and showing him that they will do him no harm. Give the drafter this training as well as the light horse.

Umbilical Hernia in Colt.

I have a colt nearly three months old, and it has a rupture the size of a hen's egg right on the navel. What should I do for it?
Grey Co., Ont.

W.G.K.

Umbilical hernia is not an uncommon trouble in young colts. In most cases nature effects a cure, and unless the enlargement begins to increase in size it is generally wise to wait awhile and allow nature a fair chance to repair matters. If it becomes necessary to treat probably the safest treatment is the truss. Some veterinary practitioners have trusses made for the purpose. They can be made out of leather by a harness-maker, or out of canvas or like material by any person possessing a reasonable amount of ingenuity. The truss consists of a strap of leather, or canvas, about six inches wide, with a protrusion about three inches in diameter, and one and a half to two inches in depth to the centre of it. The truss is placed so that this protrusion presses upon the tumor and keeps the intestine pressed into the abdominal cavity. Straps and buckles or strings extending from the bottom and top of truss are fastened to a strap around the colt's neck to keep the truss from slipping backwards. The colt is allowed to run with the dam, and the truss is left on until the opening closes, usually four to six weeks. If properly adjusted, it will not scarify. If the truss fails to effect the cure a veterinarian should be called to operate on the colt. There is some danger of tetanus developing from an operation, but if the truss will not do the work the risk must be taken.

Good, Thick, Weighty Horses.

The editor of the Scottish Farmer publishes several pointed paragraphs received in a private letter from a Canadian friend of the Clydesdale breed. This correspondent warns the Old Country exporters that too many unworthy representatives of the breed have come to Canada, impairing its prestige in competition with other breeds.

"Keep up the agitation for good, thick, weighty-horses, with good, clean, hard bone. Every scrub mare or stallion you send to Canada is doing the breed harm.

The horse trade is quiet here, and will be for a while, but good ones are all right, and will be. I am breeding some, and have plenty of enquiries for fillies of good quality with some size, but the importations will be light this year, and only good ones will be wanted."

LIVE STOCK.

Save the good calves.

Herd headers and herd builders are often overlooked in one's own herd.

Breed so as to be able to rely upon your own heifers to take the places of worn-out and unprofitable matrons

Few, if any others of our clovers and grasses stand sheep pasturing as well as does White Dutch clover. It makes a hardy, sweet addition to the permanent-pasture mixture.

Free range on the pasture is the best summer pen for the brood sow. She gets exercise in plenty, and "picks" most of her living.

During 1912 the United States Government inspectors condemned about a million hog carcasses and parts of carcasses for tuberculosis.

If possible keep the calves in during the day, and let them out at night in a good fresh grass pasture. This saves them much worry from flies.

The prices which have prevailed for pork during the past months should be sufficient encouragement to induce farmers to feed off a few pigs each year.

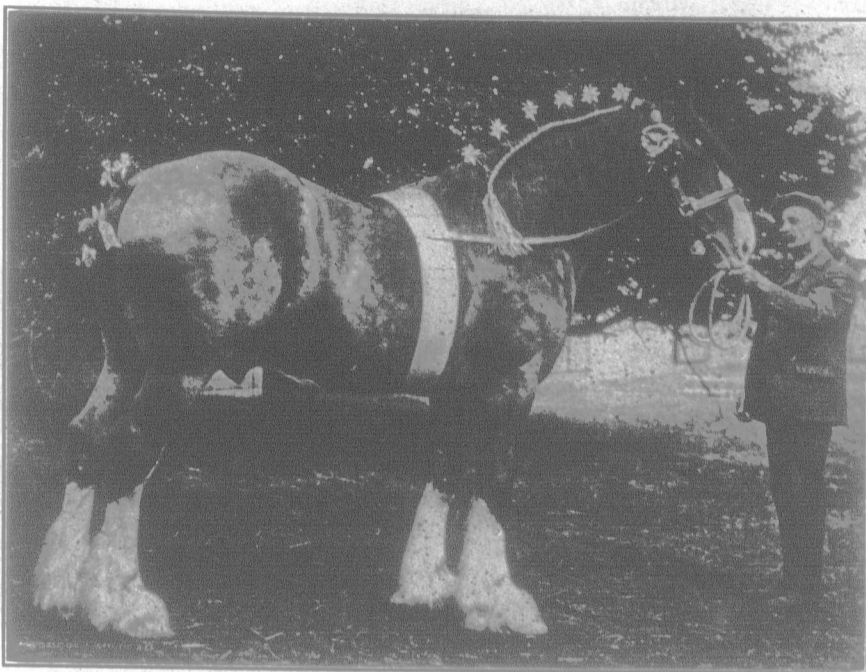
It is an advantage to teach lambs to eat grain before weaning them. They do not lose flesh after weaning if taught to eat and fed liberally at the same time, being given a run on fresh clover or new grass growth.

Comfort counts in feeding pigs as well as in feeding any other class of live stock. A roomy pen and a large grass plot or yard with plenty of shade are enjoyed by the pigs, and contribute appreciably to profitable pork production.

It would likely be wise for those who contemplate the buying of a few cattle this fall, to

feed, to get around and pick them up as soon as possible, as, no doubt, good things will be scarce, and it is always wise to buy early and get first choice.

Here is a good study for the farm boy: How many weeds are there common in your district, which the sheep will not eat? The answer to this question will involve a helpful study of agricultural botany, and will also increase interest in one of the most profitable classes of live stock on the farm. Few weeds will be found



"The Dunure."

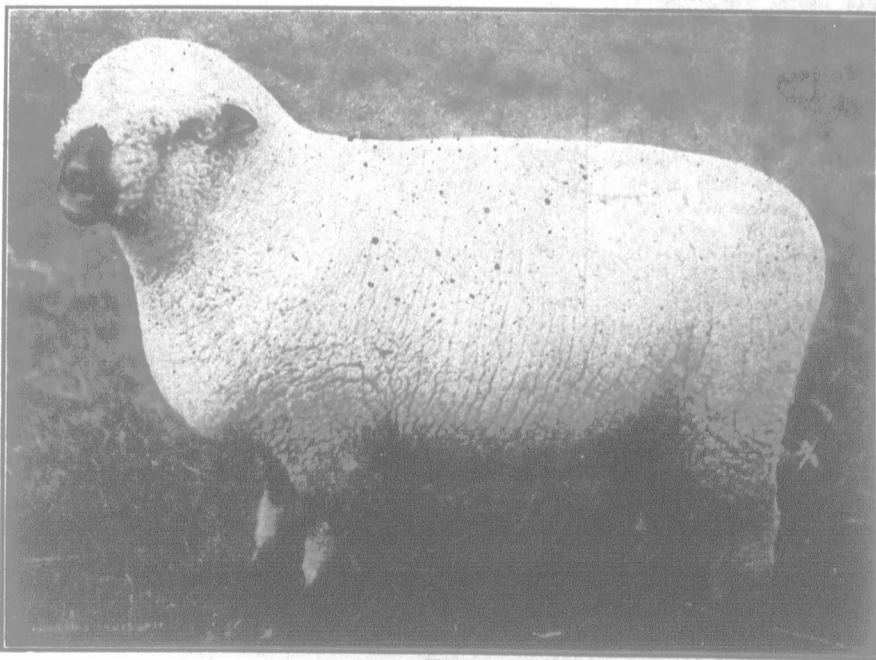
Champion Clydesdale stallion at the Royal Show, Bristol, 1913.

that the sheep will not eat, and many will be found to be trimmed very close to the ground.

An old bull which has been a good getter and is still a sure breeder, should not go to the butcher. There are plenty of herds in this country which could be benefitted greatly if their owners would purchase some of the tried bulls which breeders, from time to time, are forced to turn away to the butchers on account of their being related to the young heifers of breeding age in the herd. If such a bull is for sale, there is a grand chance for the young breeder to make strides in improving his herd. He is a surer proposition than the untried calf.

Our Scottish Letter.

At the present moment (July 5th) the one thing most of us here are thinking about is the heat. We had a weary winter and a backward



A Good Type.

Shropshire shearling ram, a champion at several county shows in England this season. Owned by A. Tanner.

spring, but now we are having glorious summer, and garments of the lightest class are being donned by both sexes. Two years ago we had a long spell of similar weather, and investments were made in light garments, which did not see the light during the weeping summer of 1912. Whether we are to have a spell of this heat belongs to the unknown, but it is very pleasant while it lasts, and in the West of Scotland we can do with a lot of it. It is not so every-

where. Down in the West of England, where the great show of the Royal Agricultural Society has been held this week, the land is greatly parched and burned up, and, one farmer who had purchased a big lot of bullocks lately, was greatly disappointed, and told us he wished he had never seen them. In the country between Wilts and Gloucester, usually a good grazing country, there is a great lack of moisture, and unless rain comes speedily the pastures will be a failure—as the hay crop already is. Taking Great Britain over, the demand of the farmer is, "Give us rain!" but in the West of Scotland we want none now for a spell until we get the hay up.

Potatoes, as all men know, are a sun-loving crop, and the present is a fine spell of weather for them. Old potatoes were scarce, and not for many years have the growers along the Ayrshire coast had a season like the present promises. The crop is doing wonderfully, but shortage in the supply of last year's crop has whetted the demand for the new season's products, and phenomenal figures per acre have been realized. It must be remembered that the most intense form of agriculture to be seen in Scotland is to be found in the early potato area of the West country. Ayrshire is, in fact, the most go-ahead of all our Scottish counties in agriculture. It contains a remarkable variety of land and forms an epitome of British agriculture. North Ayrshire or the district known as Cunningham, is the home of the Ayrshire breed, and still one finds there the finest class of cattle of this type. Kyle or the central district of the county has also done much to perfect the dairying properties of the land, and now everywhere throughout the West and South-west of Scotland the Ayrshire holds the field as the best general-purpose dairy cow—producing the best milk for the manufacture of Cheddar cheese. The utility Ayrshire cow has now come to her own, and the records of no fewer than 67,000 individual Ayrshire cows are now available for the student of milking properties. The work of establishing these records proceeds apace, and ere many years are over there is likely to be nothing seen in our Western show yards or markets but guaranteed milk-record cows. As an illustration of what can be done to raise the standard of milk production in an ordinary commercial herd, the experience of the Experiment Station at Kilmarnock may be cited. By the use of milk records as a guide in selection, the annual average yield of the cows there has been raised to 744 gallons per cow. This is equivalent in round figures to 7,440 pounds of milk per cow in a normal lactation period. Cows with an average yield up to this figure will pay well to feed and keep; cows with records of little more than one-half of those could never pay. They would be lodgers and pensioners at the farmer's expense, and, in the end, would leave him a poor man.

Reverting to Ayrshire, we are at present having a visit from an eminent son of the shire which produced Robert Burns, in the person of Hon. James Wilson, who, for sixteen years, held the portfolio of Minister of Agriculture in the Government of Scotland. Mr Wilson was born in the Girvan district over seventy years ago. He was taken to America by his father when he was fifteen years of age, and eventually became identified with the agriculture of the State of Iowa. He held office during the Presidency of McKinley, the two administrations of Roosevelt, and the administration of Taft. He has now retired, and is visiting the Old Country in company with Henry Wallace, the founder of the well-

known in the United States. Mr Wilson was born in the Girvan district over seventy years ago. He was taken to America by his father when he was fifteen years of age, and eventually became identified with the agriculture of the State of Iowa. He held office during the Presidency of McKinley, the two administrations of Roosevelt, and the administration of Taft. He has now retired, and is visiting the Old Country in company with Henry Wallace, the founder of the well-

known journal Wallace's Farmer, which holds the field in Iowa. Mr. Wilson was on Wednesday made an honorary member of the Royal Agricultural Society of England at the Bristol meeting; to-day he has been capped as Doctor of Laws and Literature at the graduation ceremony in the ancient University of Edinburgh, and next week he will receive the honorary membership diploma of the Highland and Agricultural Society at the meeting to be held in the Highland and Agricultural Society showyard at Paisley. Mr. Wilson deserves well of his fellow Scots. He has reflected credit on the Old Land, and in honoring him we in measure honor ourselves.

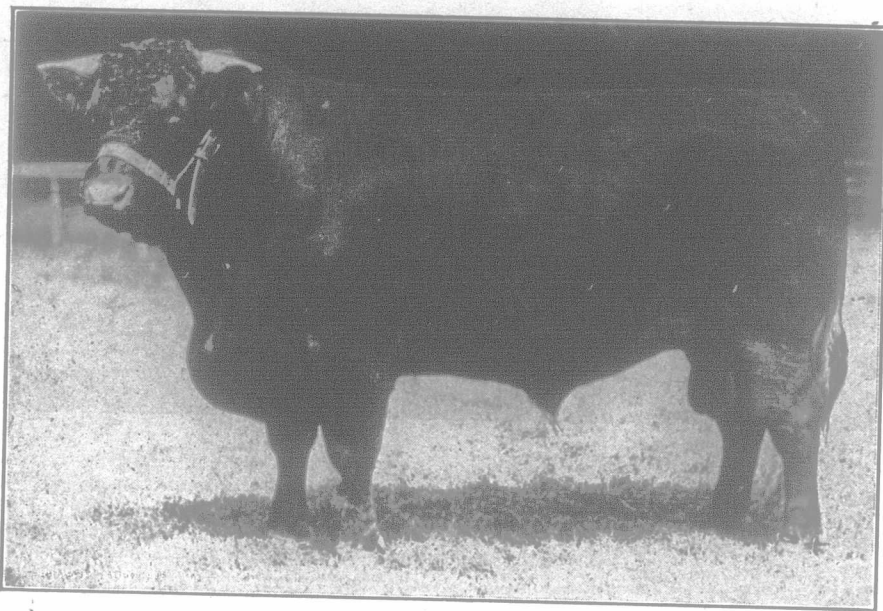
The Royal Show at Bristol which closed to-day (Saturday) has been a great success. I have attended every show of the Royal since the memorable Kilburn meeting of 1879, with the exception of the Derby meeting of 1881, and feel justified in saying that the Royal was never more worthy of being acclaimed the premier society of its kind than it is this year. To thoroughly examine everything in its vast exhibition is impossible to anyone in the five days during which it remained open, but the salient features can all be looked at. It was a sign of the times that one of the most interesting departments was that in which the mechanical milking machines were seen at work three times each day. Both of those exhibitions, which had competed in the milking tests earlier in the season, were of Swedish origin. The educational exhibits also attracted much attention, and altogether the show was a business gathering, having in it far less of the usually spectacular or entertainment elements than is usually associated with such gatherings.

Stock, however, is the leading feature, and among the cattle breeds the most outstanding was, of course, the cosmopolitan Shorthorn. In every respect this show was something to be remembered. Entries were very numerous, the quality was superb, and the judging was done by three gentlemen who have long since won their spurs as judges of Shorthorn cattle. These were Robert Burns, the Agricultural Superintendent of the Royal Dublin Society; William Duthie, Collynie, Tarves, the world-famed breeder of Cruickshank cattle; and John Handly, Greenhead, Milnthorpe, West Morland, a sterling man of the type one finds among the dales and hills of the North-west of England. These gentlemen did their work to perfection, their movements could be traced all the time, and their awards were received with a unanimity of approval not usual in show-yards. The champion bull was Woodend Stamp 118755, a marvelously well-developed dark roan, bred by Mr. Crombie, Aberdeen, and owned by George Campbell, who bought him for 200 guineas at the Aberdeen spring sale. This bull was calved on May 27th, 1911, and is a wonder for his years—in respect of size and wealth of flesh. Another very fine specimen of the Scots Shorthorn was his most formidable opponent, Montrave Ethling 109444, calved March, 1909, and bred by Sir John Gilmour, Bart., at Montrave, in Fifeshire. He is owned by John Gill, Thorn Farm, Stainton, Penrith, a great Cumberland stockman, and was brought out to perfection. Mr. Gill is an artist in Shorthorn furnishing, and when regard is had to the fact that this reserve champion bull was bought when a calf for 25 guineas, some idea of his development is obtained. His earlier owners had doubts about his firmness of back, and parted with him when occasion offered. Mr. Gill believed in him, and his optimism has been fully vindicated. Montrave Ethling is an ideal Scots Shorthorn. He has the characteristics which Booth men do not like, but in spite of that he holds his way, and some fancied him as a stiff opponent for Mr. Campbell's dark roan. The third best bull in the row, assuming the judging to be right, was the first-prize winner in the two-year-old class, calved before 31st of April, Mr. Bishop's white bull Pierrot (11279). This is a magnificent bull. The more one looks at him the better he admires him, and, in the end, he was sold by public auction to a South American buyer for 500 guineas, his white color notwithstanding. A feature of the show was the large number of really first-class white bulls and heifers. These are in the hands of some of the most prominent breeders in England, and should Mendelism apply to cattle as to other things, such splendid bulls when mated with red cows may produce the much desired roans. Meantime the color predilections of South American buyers are leading them to leave the pick of white bulls severely alone, and this will help breeders to maintain the high quality of their stock. The female champion was His Majesty the King's first-prize two-year-old heifer Windsor Belle, born on January 10th, 1911, and got by Lavender (15106), out of Zoe 9th, a Cruickshank Clipper cow, bought at the Mains of Sanquhar sale. This makes Windsor Belle an out and out Scots-bred one also, although calved in England

at the Royal Farms. The reserve was Deane Willis' great heifer Dauntless Princess, which won first in the older class of yearlings. She was born on January 10th, 1912, and was a formidable opponent for the champion honors, having, however, to rest content with the reserve. Mr. Deane Willis, who has a splendid herd at Bapton Manor, Codford, St. Mary, Wilts, was also winner of first prize for the best progeny of a female Shorthorn. The like trophy for bulls went to Lord Middleton, Birdsall, York, for a beautifully brought-out group of yearling bulls. One was first in this class and another was fourth. They are got by a bull named Illustrious Count (95537), which breeds splendid red colors, and great scale and fleshiness. We are not likely to see a better display of Shorthorns for many a day to come. The Argentine ports are open, and there is hope that they may not be closed again for a long time.

Other classes were admirably filled, and the breed generally left a good impression.

SCOTLAND YET.

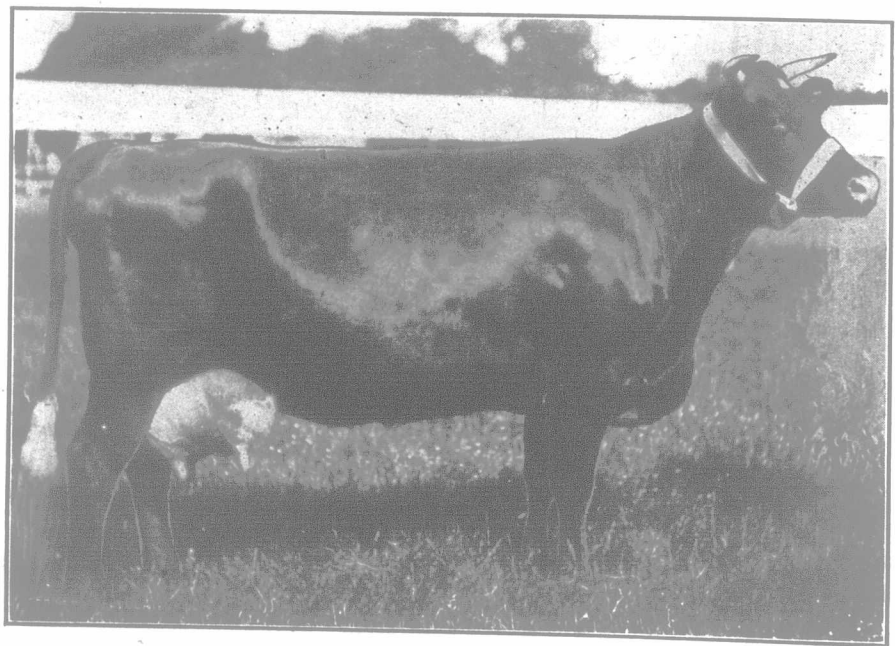


Marquis of Dorchester.

Champion Shorthorn bull at the Royal Counties Show, in England, 1913.

Breeding Pigs to Feed.

In many districts the opinion prevails that certain cross-bred pigs feed better and make greater growth on a smaller amount of food consumed than do pigs of either one of these breeds bred pure. Is this so? How often you will hear good pig breeders say: "I cross my pure-bred Yorkshire sows with pure-bred Berkshire boars because I get pigs which feed much better than either breed bred pure." The same is said of the Berkshire-Tamworth cross and many others. Practical experience is a pretty safe criterion to go by as a usual thing, and it



A Milking Shorthorn.

This cow gave 34½ lbs. of milk in the ring at the Royal Counties Show.

is no uncommon sight to see cross-bred litters make exceptionally good gains. There is a possibility that stronger, thriftier pigs may result from certain first crosses, but it would likely not prove as valuable to go farther with the crossing. We do not believe that the product of the second cross would give as good results bred to sires of either of the parent breeds as did their dam, at least, not as a general rule. Of course, individual cases might be cited where a particularly good sow bred to an outstanding potent boar is a great breeder, even though she

is a representative of several crosses, but this is not general. In the breeding of the sow of one breed to the boar of another conclusions regarding the comparative values of the offspring and those which might have resulted from breeding her to a first-class sire of her own breed are often arrived at through guess work. The cross is made and the pigs do remarkably well. All their valuable qualities are attributed to the cross, whereas if the sow had been bred to as good a boar of her own breed who knows how well the pigs might have done? We are not prepared to say which make the best feeders in all cases, pure-breds, or first-cross pigs, but we do advise not to carry the crossing farther than the first, and always use pure-bred boars, and where possible pure-bred sows. "The Farmer's Advocate" would appreciate letters giving actual experience along this line.

Grub in the Head.

We are bothered with grubs in the sheep's heads, and I would like you to answer in "The Farmer's Advocate's" next issue.

W. E. G.

Durham Co., Ont.

The sheep gad-fly, of which the grub is the larva, is a little insect of grayish color and about the size of the common house fly. It only works in the sunlight. When it attacks a sheep it darts at high speed, making a humming or buzzing noise which terrifies the sheep and she runs rapidly about with her head down, stopping occasionally and holding her head under the body of one of her mates, or in the grass or dust. Eggs, young grubs or larvae, are deposited in the nostrils of the sheep in the warm weather, and find their way to the head of the sheep. They lodge high up in the nostrils, or in the maxillary sinuses, where they grow rapidly and turn to a brownish color. Very often they cause a discharge from the nostrils and the sheep fails to thrive. All sheep having grub in the head do not show symptoms of the trouble.

The proper thing to do is to ward off attack by keeping a repellent on the noses of all the sheep in the flock. Pure pine tar is one of the best, and can do no injury to the sheep. Catch the sheep and daub each one's nose with a liberal supply of this material, or arrange a salting trough so that as the sheep put their noses in to lick the salt they get them daubed with the tar. As a rule treatment after the sheep have sickened and become quite weak is useless. Cause the sheep to sneeze if possible. Some have used snuff for this purpose. Others have claimed to have dislodged the grub by syringing tobacco juice into the nostrils, holding the head well up. Care must be taken not to smother the sheep. Some have used benzine, tying the sheep down on her side and pouring one teaspoonful of the benzine into the lower nostrils and holding the nostril closed for about 30 seconds, after which the sheep is turned over and the operation duplicated on the other nostril. Turpentine is sometimes used, and we have heard of a sharp blow on the head from a blunt instrument, causing the grubs to let go and drop out, but a great deal of care is necessary, not to hit too hard and kill the sheep, and still it requires quite a heavy blow to do the trick, making this operation rather risky to say the least. The best measure is prevention and daubing with tar is about the simplest, and is as effective as any.

Upon the quality of feed put up will depend much of the profit from live stock next winter.

THE FARM.

Sewage Disposal on the Farm.

How to dispose of sink and water-closet drainage in communities not served by municipal sewage systems, is a problem concerning which many readers are anything but clear. Directions about septic tanks and cesspits give the subject a formidable appearance. It is really simple. Anybody who can afford a few hundred feet of tile, a little gravel and cement, a few iron fittings, and a few days' time can have a satisfactory sewage system of his own, and in certain locations may use the effluent to enrich his garden soil. We installed a system in connection with the new house at Weldwood last fall, and while it has been in use only since December we feel perfectly safe in describing and recommending it. Similar tanks elsewhere have given excellent service, and there is no reason evident why this one should not do so for a great many years to come.

Our house stands on a knoll with a good slope to the east. There is a closet and sink in the laundry cellar so that the soil pipe which carries all the waste from closets and sinks is laid just below the cellar-floor level. The iron soil pipe projecting five feet through the cellar wall is connected with a four-inch glazed-tile sewer pipe, which leads eighty feet with one foot of slope, to the three-chamber septic tank or cistern, shown in our illustration. This tank is nothing but a cement and brick cesspit, with two partitions across it, and provision for drawing the liquid material from one chamber to another without causing much current, and without drawing off either the floating scum or the settlings in the bottom of the first and second chambers. Very little scum rises or sediment settles in the last chamber, the comparatively clear effluent from which is drawn off automatically and discharged into a common line of land tile leading to a main tile drain, with outlet half a mile away in a bush. A tank of one chamber would do fairly good work, but the three-chamber tank is supposed to make the process more complete, producing a clear liquid not likely to clog the drain tile or create unpleasant conditions when ultimately discharged into the open. The process that goes on in this tank is one of natural decomposition, which liquefies practically all the solids. It is automatic in operation, having required not a second's attention so far, and should continue so indefinitely, save for an occasional cleaning, perhaps once a year, or perhaps once in two or three years. That remains to be seen. It is strictly sanitary, although there is sometimes a slight smell arising from it. This will be kept down when the tank is lightly mounded over with earth, as it will be directly.

Cement concrete is the ideal material for making such a tank. We laid up the walls of ours with brick and cement mortar because we had a few brick left over from the house, and had not time before winter to haul more gravel. Our tank is 12 ft. x 5 ft. x 5 ft., outside dimensions, divided by two 4 in. partitions into three chambers with inside dimensions about 5 ft. 6 in. x 4 ft. 4 in., 2 ft. 7 in. x 4 ft. 4 in., and 2 ft. 7 in. x 4 ft. 4 in. The depth, as stated, is about five feet, but only two and a half feet of this is effective depth. The rest was merely to bring the top up to ground level—a doubtful economy, as it appeared when we got the bricklayers' bill. Had it been convenient to place the tank farther down the slope the extra two and a half feet of wall could have been saved, whilst still having the lid level with the ground, but we thought best to place the tank under a lane fence so as to have it permanently out of the way of cultivation. It is not exactly necessary to have the lid level with the ground surface so long as means are found for excluding surface water. This would usually necessitate filling over with earth, which would have to be removed whenever the tank was to be cleaned out or examined, as ours often is for purposes of information. Under other circumstances the cost might be well reduced by making the tank only three or three and a half feet deep. Circumstances alter cases.

The floor is roughly cemented. The brick walls are four inches thick. The top is of rich cement concrete about five inches thick and each chamber has a round manhole about two inches across, fitted with a bevelled cement trap door. The trap doors were made a day or so in advance of the top slab. For each, a ring of galvanized iron was cut out, bent to shape, and held in place by being tacked to blocks of wood. The molds were set on a smooth bottom, filled with cement mortar, mixed 1 : 4, a pair of shanked rings being set in each as shown. When the curbing for the top slab was in place these doors with the iron molds removed from them, were set on it, the bevelled edges being greased. After the mortar for the top slab had set a few hours, the

lids were carefully lifted out and left out until the set of all the cement was complete.

The slops come from the house, as explained above, through a line of four-inch sewer pipe, sloping one foot in 80. Because they lead past trees the joints are cemented with cement mortar worked in/ around the collars. To avoid obstructing the pipe with a rough burr of cement, which might catch paper, etc., and clog the drain, a swab was used to wipe down the inside of the tile as each joint was cemented.

The last tile was laid with a good sharp slope into the first chamber of the tank. To carry the fluid from the first into the second chamber a sewerpipe was placed through the partition, with its inlet end about six inches below its outlet end. Through this the liquid constantly trickles, leaving the scum behind. The inlet end is about on a level with the discharge end of the soil pipe. A similar arrangement might have been adopted for the next partition, but instead we used a 2 1/2 in. iron pipe with two elbows, making an inverted V-shape. The shank on the inlet end is 10 inches long, the horizontal piece 12 inches, and the discharge piece four inches. The object of using this pipe is to draw the fluid from the centre layer, leaving more room for accumulation of scum, and reducing the effect of current, which interferes with the decomposition process. The cost of the iron pipes is very much greater than for the sewer pipe, the iron pipe itself being dear and the plumbers' charge for cutting and threading even higher—much higher than the hardware man had promised it would be. We believe if doing the thing again we would use sewer pipe through both partitions as well as for discharging from the last chamber into the drain tile, keeping all the sewer pipes about on a level except the last, which may be lower, thus giving a reserve capacity in the last chamber.

To get rid of the effluent it is often recommended in light soil to lay a line of tile on the level with numerous branch laterals on each side. These tiles should not be more than a foot below the surface of the ground. When they are used a flushing system is usually designed for the tank so that a quantity of liquid will run out and fill the tile. This is intended to prevent the nearest tile filling up from dirty liquid filtering slowly through them and depositing slime. We

laborers more than offset the economy of using left-over material.

By using cement concrete and doing the work himself one could cut the cost in half, especially if he also reduced the depth. But if it could not be done more cheaply it were worth twice or four times sixty dollars in comfort and convenience. No more uncomfortable outdoor closets, no more handling of night-soil, and no more danger of polluting drinking water with seepage from closets. Of all modern rural conveniences the septic tank is one of the best worth while. We append details of cost, and might add that we have constructed a similar though smaller tank for our dairy. In many cases one tank, the size of this one, would serve both purposes quite well. We constructed a second tank to save a lot of hard digging for the soil pipe.

Material.

Old brick, 2,700 @ \$2.00 M	\$5.40
Cement, 4 barrels @ \$1.75	7.00
Sand, 1 load @ \$1.15	1.15
Gravel, 1 load @ \$1.84	1.84
6 rings for lids	1.00
Galvanized iron for making lids	1.50
4 pieces 2 1/2 in. iron pipes, 4 elbows, etc.	6.07
1 length glazed sewer pipe for partition wall	.09
Old lumber for curbing, 300ft. @ \$10.00	3.00
All material	\$26.55
Labor.	
Carpenters, 7 hours @ 40 cents (making molds and curbing)	2.80
Bricklayers, 22 hours @ 60 cents	13.20
Contractors' laborers, 50 hours @ 35 cents	17.50
All labor	\$33.50
Total cost	\$60.05

A Larger Oat Acreage.

Reports received from correspondents at the end of June enable the Census and Statistics Office to issue finally revised estimates of the areas sown to spring crops this year, and also to estimates of the areas devoted to the later-sown cereals and hoed crops. With regard to wheat, the reports are entirely confirmatory of those issued a month ago, and the area under wheat in Canada is, therefore, finally placed at 9,816,800 acres, or 57,900 acres more than in 1912. The area in spring wheat is 8,990,500 acres, or 18,100 acres more than in 1912, and the area to be harvested of fall wheat remains at 825,800 acres. Oats are estimated to occupy 9,646,400 acres, an increase of 429,500 acres; barley, 1,480,800 acres, an increase of 15,600 acres; rye, 127,200 acres, a decrease of 8,910 acres; and hay clover, 7,621,600 acres, a decrease of 12,000 acres.

The acreages under the later-sown cereals and hoed crops are estimated to be as follows: Buckwheat, 363,600; flaxseed, 1,288,600; corn for husking, 290,800; beans, 58,850; potatoes, 467,800; turnips, etc., 215,900; sugar beets, 19,250; and corn for fodder, 277,990. These are increases in the case of potatoes, turnips, etc., sugar beets and corn for fodder, but decreases in the case of the other crops.

For the three Northwest provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta the total wheat area is finally estimated at 9,013,800 acres, as compared with 8,961,800 acres last year, that of oats at 5,305,300 acres compared with 4,911,900 acres, and that of barley at 857,700 acres compared with 809,900 acres; these differences representing increases of 52,000 acres for wheat, 391,900 acres for oats, and 47,800 acres for barley, or 491,700 acres for the three crops.

During June the crops throughout Canada maintained generally the favorable average of a month ago. On June 30 the condition ex-

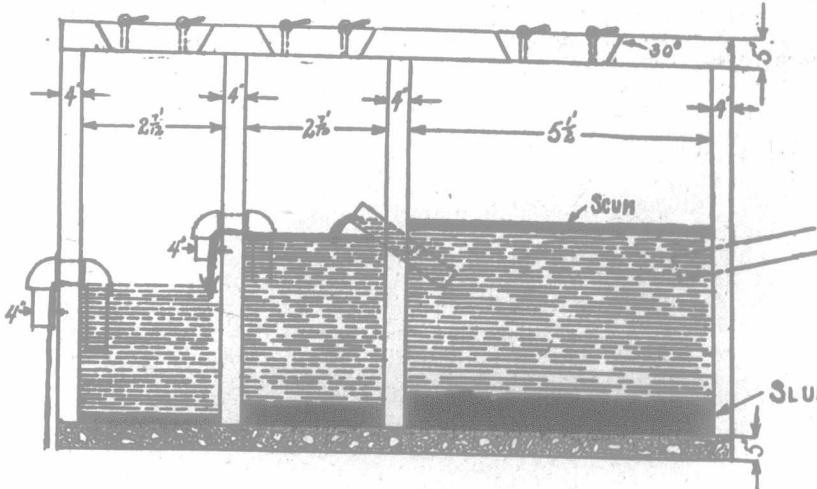
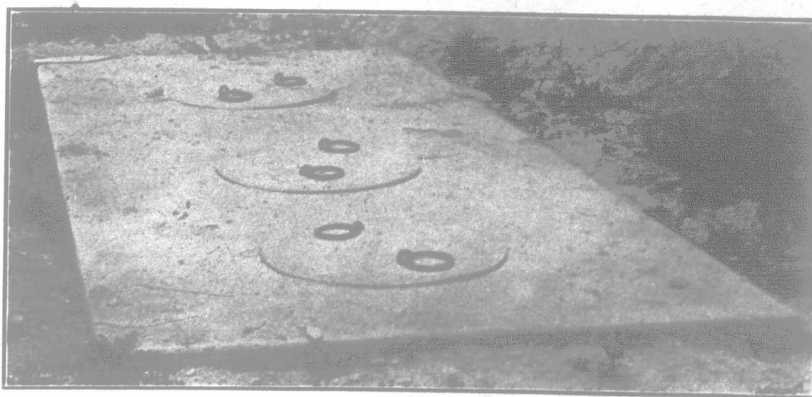


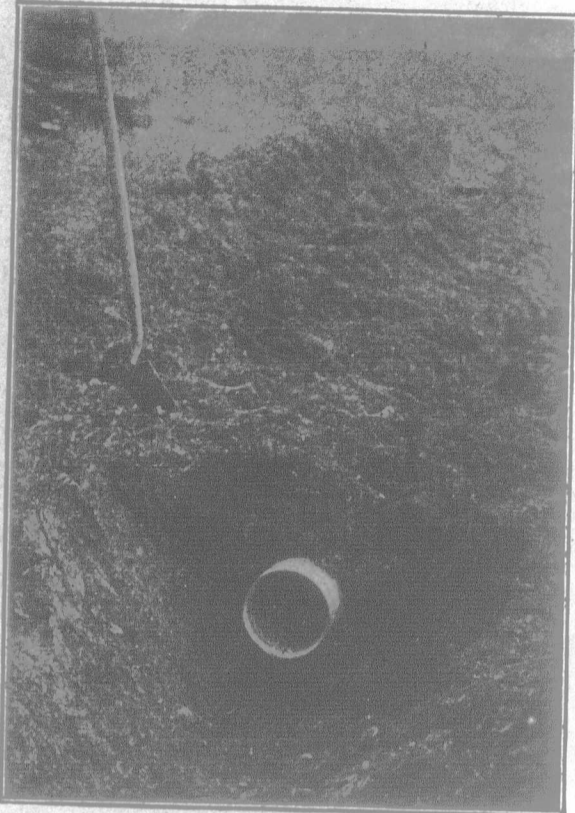
Diagram of Septic Tank.



Septic Tank at Weldwood.

thought it best to merely run the effluent through ordinary tile, with a good fall into a main land drain. This does away with the necessity of any elaborate flushing system. Nothing noticeable comes out of the tile except a few remnants of paper in winter when the tank does not decompose the solid materials so thoroughly as in summer. It takes care of all wash water and sewage from a household of from six to ten persons, and so far has given splendid satisfaction. The cost was high, for we had to leave the construction to the house contractors, whose charge of 60 cents an hour for bricklayers, and 35 cents for

pressed in percentage of the usual standard of 100, taken as representing the promise of a full crop, was as follows: Fall wheat, 81.46; spring wheat, 87.80; oats, 87.71; barley, 88.39; rye, 85.95; peas, 87.43; mixed grains, 87.12; hay and clover, 71.52; alfalfa, 77.23; and pasture, 82.31. By provinces the condition is between 80 and 90 for the Maritime provinces, Quebec, Ontario, and Manitoba.



Outlet for a Tile Drain.

In Saskatchewan and Alberta the outlook at the end of June appeared to be especially promising as the condition was above 90 in all cases excepting fall wheat, the condition of which in Alberta was 76.27.

Estimates of the numbers of farm live stock in Canada at June 30 are given as follows: Horses, 2,535,000; milch cows, 3,064,900; other cattle, 3,380,400; sheep, 2,418,400; swine, 3,254,400. These represent increases over the estimates published last year for all descriptions except "other cattle." The estimates are based upon the final figures of the census of 1911 for all the provinces except Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia; so that the totals are still subject to final revision upon completion of the census results. The condition of all classes of live stock was reported as especially favorable on June 30, being 100 or above for horses, milch cows, sheep and swine, and 29 for cattle other than milch cows.

ARCHIBALD BLUE,
Chief Officer.

Drainage Demonstration.

On July 11th over 150 farmers gave up haying for the afternoon, and turned out to the practical drainage demonstration which was being held by the department of Physics on the farm of John Matchetts near Peterborough.

Ditches were being dug with the College ditching machine at the rate of 100 rods per day. This machine, which can be seen in the photograph, will complete a six-foot ditch by going over the ground once. That is, it will dig the ditch and leave a bottom on it as smooth as a floor. It will shape the bottom of the ditch to fit any size of tile. It will put any required grade on the bottom. It will dig a ditch any required depth, from one to six feet deep. It will dig a three-foot ditch 15 inches wide in stiff, heavy clay at the rate of 100 rods per day, and use only eight or nine gallons of gasoline to do it. The engine is a 20-h.p. gasoline.

The department of physics at Guelph is carrying on a series of drainage experiments in several different counties throughout the province where little or no draining has already been done.

A uniformly level field of about 10 or 12 acres along a main road is chosen, and one-half of it is drained while the other half remains undrained. The same kind of a crop is grown over the whole field, but the crop must be harvested and

threshed separately. In this way, quite satisfactory results can be obtained from the drained and the undrained areas.

The portion of the field which is drained is used for separate experiments in drainage. Half of it is usually drained at four rods apart, while the other half is drained at two rods apart. In this way it will be comparatively easy to ascertain which is the most practical method for that particular locality and for that particular soil.

Then, too, drains are put in at different depths. One-half of the drained area is drained at a depth of two feet, while the remaining half is drained at a depth of three feet. In this way we can compare results and see whether there is any difference between two-foot and three-foot drainage. Thus we have some drains four rods apart and two feet deep, and some four rods apart and three feet deep, while we have others two rods apart and two feet deep, and still others two rods apart and three feet deep.

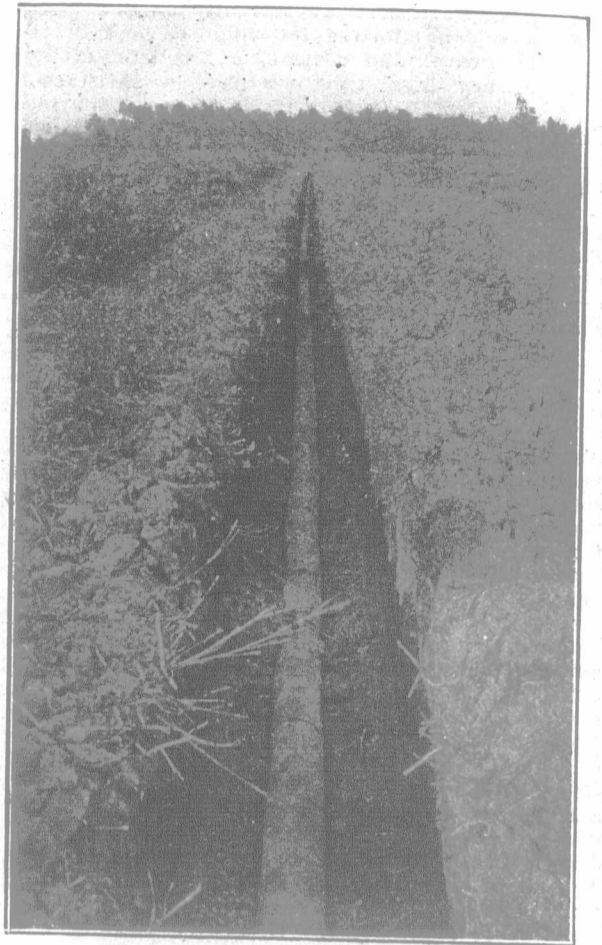
Over and above the experiments already mentioned we are enabled to make some experiments with different kinds of tile. For instance, we may put half of the drains in with ordinary clay tile, while in the other half we may use all cement tile. In this way we shall be able to inspect these tile from year to year, and thus compare the durability of cement tile with that of clay tile.

While putting in a series of experiments at the College this spring we dug up tile that were laid over thirty years ago. Now these tile were in many places only one foot deep. At different times some of them had been turned up with the plow, yet these tile were all well preserved. They appeared to be as good as they had ever been. They were solid, and they were perfectly smooth both outside and in. Yet strange though it may at first appear, real good tile that were just made last summer, but which lay above the same ground over winter were absolutely useless this spring. Some of them were cracked and chipped so badly that it was with difficulty that we could find a piece of tile more than two inches square. This, I think, is sufficient to prove that as long as tile are covered with earth they are safe from frost.

It is often noticed that wherever clay tile are used as an outlet for a system of drains, the end tiles chip to pieces from the frost. Very often in this way outlets are clogged full of dirt, and when this is the case a system of drains is of little or no use at all. It is often found that a plank outlet is better. But although it is better, it is only so for a few years. In time the plank will rot away and your outlet will be as bad as, if not worse than, if you had put in no plank at all. The latest and most approved method can be seen in the illustration. This is an outlet made of galvanized iron. It is eight inches in diameter and 12 feet long. This outlet is one that was made at a drainage demonstration in Haldimand county on June 12th. It will be noticed that the water has a good fall as it comes out from the drain. This is absolutely necessary, because live stock often tramp the mouth of a drain full of mud and thus clog the

water. Some clay tile stood in water for over three weeks and at the end of that time there were not three drops on the inside of the tile. This showed conclusively that water enters the tile by way of the joints and not by way of the pores.

The photograph shows the tile laid in the bottom of a two-foot ditch. This ditch was dug when the clay was hard and dry as can be seen by the large lumps lying along the edge of the



Tile Laid in a Trench Dug by a Traction Ditching Machine.

ditch. Wherever real heavy sticky clay exists it is thought better to put the drains in when it is dry. There are two reasons for this, first, you can make a better job of ditching when it is dry. The machine can dig the dry clay more easily than the wet clay. The second reason is that when drains are put in the dry ground, there is no chance of the wet, heavy, sticky clay becoming puddled, and thus cemented about the joints of the tile.

R. H. CLEMENS.

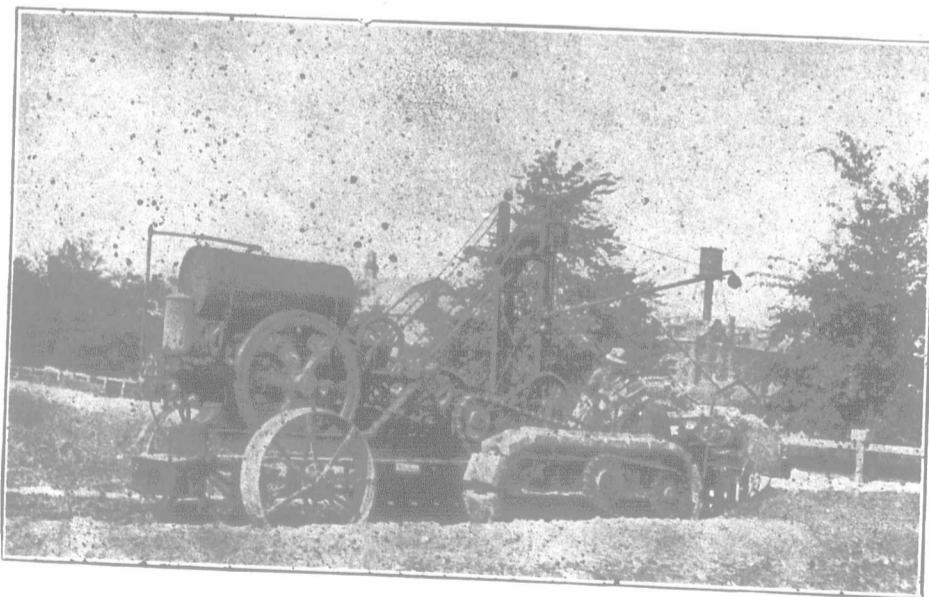
O. A. C. 72 Oats.

The success of O.A.C. 21 barley seems likely to be duplicated by the O. A. C. 72 oat which is conspicuous on the test plots at the Ontario Agricultural College this year, and which has been sent out again over the province this year for co-operative test.

This oat has made an excellent record at the College, and in one year in which it was tested in the co-operative experiments throughout Ontario, it took the lead in yield per acre throughout the Province, and was very popular with the experimenters.

The variety of oats known as the O. A. C. No. 72 was started from a single plant selected from over nine hundred plants of the Siberian variety of oats which were grown in a nursery plot. Its history has been somewhat similar to that of the O. A. C. No. 21 barley. It is an oat which has given very good straw, both in length and in strength. The yield of grain has been large, and the percentage of hull below the average.

Incredible improvement in grain crops has been effected by a few weeks of warm weather with copious showers.



A Traction Ditcher in Operation.

tile. When there is six or eight inches of fall at the mouth of a tile this is not so likely to happen.

Many people are under the impression that the water which enters a tile finds its way out by means of the pores in the tile. This is not true, for if you seal the one end of a clay tile shut, then stand it in a tub of water, it is altogether likely that the tile will take more than a week to fill with water. In fact in making tests of this nature at the College last winter we found that many clay tile were almost impervious to

What's the Matter With the Farm?
Editor of "The Farmer's Advocate":

The writer took the foregoing as a text for an address at a recent meeting of a Farmers' Institute in one of the best farming sections of Western Ontario. For the benefit of "The Farmer's Advocate" readers, we shall briefly outline the points made in the address, and if any do not agree with them, I presume, Mr. Editor, you will allow disagreeers to have their say in reply.

Many would answer the question at once by saying "there's nothing the matter with the farm—except hard labor and meagre returns for capital invested." And is this not matter enough? A well-known writer says, "Labor brutalizes all it touches." Man cannot get much above the brute so long as he is compelled to work on the eight-hour system—eight hours before dinner, and eight hours after dinner. One of the first requisites for the uplifting of the farmer is more leisure—more time to think, and also a knowledge of how to put leisure time to good use. The average farmer has not time to think or develop his mind, hence is, always has been, and is likely to be, a "Hewer of wood and drawer of water" for the other fellow. In spite of the rosy pictures of farm life painted by the "dope artists" the farming population of nearly all countries has a marked downward trend. Students and statesmen are aware of this yearly depletion of humans on the farm and many are the schemes devised to prevent it, but nothing up to the present has proved effective. Loneliness has been given as a cause of leaving the farm. This may be true to a certain extent, but the writer knows a farm district where there is a large summer resort in the midst—boating, swimming, ice-cream stands, roller coaster, merry-go-rounds, moving pictures, band concerts, and all the other "attractions" of city life, yet it is difficult to get suitable labor on the farms in the locality. The microbes of unrest and dissatisfaction seem to have been at work even in a locality where one would least expect it. A modern writer says that the three main bases of sound citizenship are, "self-reliance, self-respect, and social responsibility." Does the education which our farmers receive recognize these essentials of a good citizen?

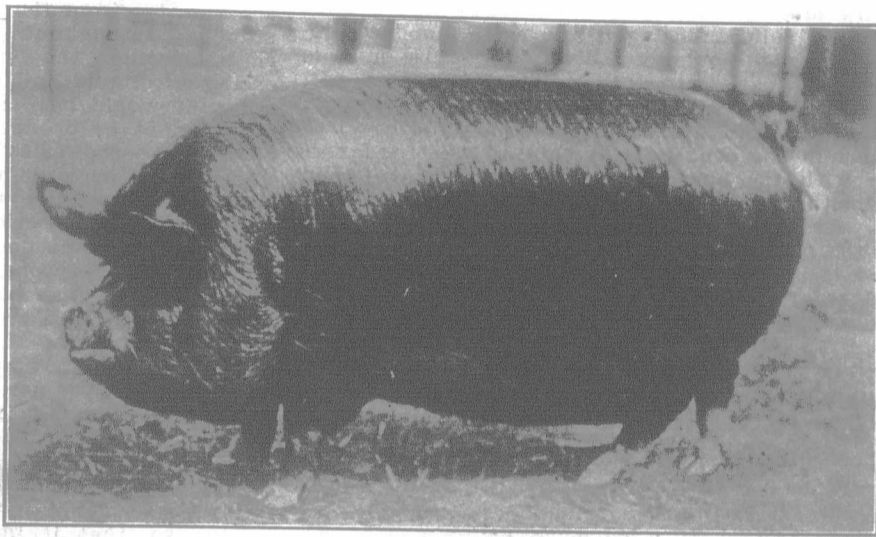
The same writer states, "The most striking characteristic of modern business is the rapidity with which it is moving from a competitive to a co-operative basis. In whatever form it may appear, however, co-operation results in two things—bigness and complexity." He further says: "Profits to-day are made by the geometrical progression of innumerable small gains instead of through the adding together of a few large gains. The day of the microscope in business, of getting infinitesimal profits infinitely multiplied has come. Thus far we have been a world of wasters, henceforth we are to be a world of savers."

In the foregoing business axioms are valuable lessons for farmers.

Co-operation is the key-note of modern farming progress, but co-operation alone will not solve the farm problem. What is needed along with co-operation is good business management, which, I regret to say, some of our modern co-operative societies lack, and hence are handicapped. It is the application of the microscope to the business part of farming which is one essential in order to improve the conditions on farms. There is great need of business training on the part of farmers. Many business men look on farmers as "fair game" in business. The writer has been astonished in his dealings with business men, to see them take for granted that a farmer is a "chump" when it comes to busi-

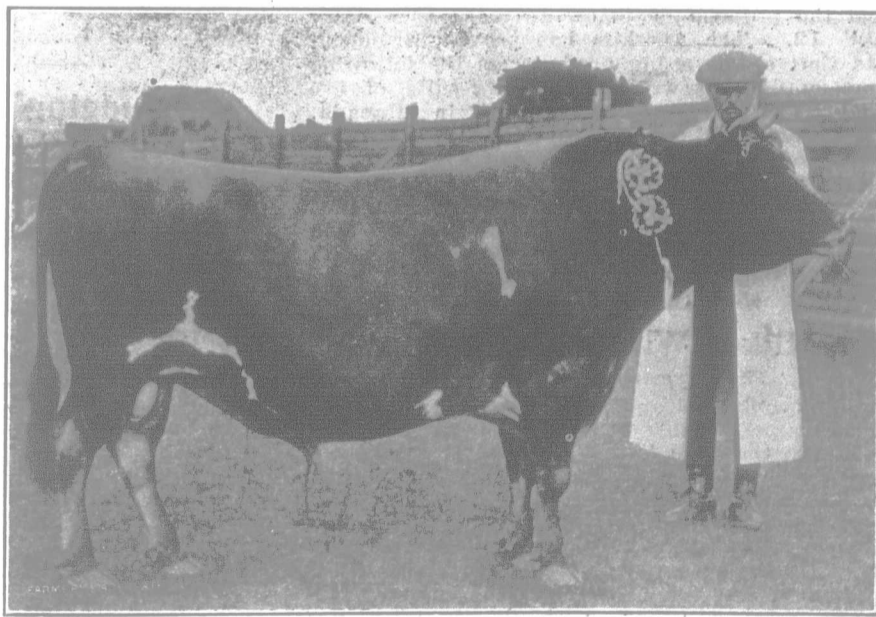
ness. Short weights, mistakes in figuring, cutting prices—all these are quite common in dealing with farmers. A farmer needs to know the weights of all articles and produce sold; he needs to check the figures on which cash is received for goods sold; he needs to have the question of price clearly and definitely settled in all business transactions, otherwise he is likely to be the loser. We do not charge business men with being dishonest, but tradesmen are not in business for their health, and the trusting, honest farmer always has been and always will be an "easy mark" for the shrewd, not over-scrupulous dealer. Lack of good business methods is one of the "matters" needing attention on the farm.

Another of the points in the "matter" referred to, is the question of soil fertility—"As the soil is, so is the heart of man," said Byron. There



Berkshire Sow.
First and champion, Royal Show, Bristol, 1913.

is a close connection between the character of the soil and the class of men and women living on the soil. A lean, hungry soil produces men and women lean in pocket and spirit. Rich soil breeds men of high spirit, brave hearts, and liberal tendencies. Worn-out soils must be replenished, and robbing of the soil should be discouraged in every way possible. The soil is a laboratory in which, Mr. Sun is chief chemist, bacteriologist, and electrician working with earth, air, water, bacteria, chemical and electrical elements. He (the Sun) does 500 times more work in producing a crop than do all the men and animals engaged in crop production. Great is the Sun! No wonder men in ages past worshipped him. About nine-tenths of a farmer's crop consists of air and water, hence the modern farmer needs to study the relation of plants to



Goodington Winks.
Champion Jersey bull at the Royal Show, Bristol, Eng., 1913.

air and water. This involves a study of water and air drainage.

Too much money has been spent on buildings and fences on some farms. It is useless to board or brick in a lot of space which is seldom or never made use of on the farm. From a business viewpoint, unnecessary money sunk in buildings and fences adds to the capitalization of the farm, and makes it that much more difficult to "make the farm pay." It corresponds to "watered stock" in modern finance.

All crops impoverish the soil—some crops more than others. O.A.C. crops are recommended for the dairy farm—O for oats; A for alfalfa and grasses; C for corn.

"No grass, no cattle,
No cattle, no manure,
No manure, no crop."

(Flemish proverb).

Of all the different kinds of live stock kept on an Ontario farm, none has proved more profitable than a good dairy cow. The use of a scale to weigh the milk from each cow is strongly recommended as a means to arouse interest in cows. If we were a millionaire we would furnish a milk-scale free to every man or woman who milks cows. Nothing so creates interest in cows as weighing the milk from each cow.

What's the matter with the men and women on the farm that they are leaving it? In one word, it is lack of opportunity, caused by lack of education to express and put into action the upward principle which is implanted in every normal man and woman. It is related of Hawthorne, the American writer, that he once joined the "Brook farm" colony where all was to be peaceful and heavenly for the individual members. While the novelty lasted he drew wonderful pictures of the advantages of farm life—similar to present-day revolving arm-chair farmers. But at the end of five months the poetry had vanished and he writes: "For five golden months I have labored to provide feed for horses and cattle." Hawthorne left the farm, never to return. His is a typical case of the unrest among ambitious men and women on the farm. What can be done to furnish scope for the latent talent on the farm?

H.H.D.

Hogs to Destroy White Grubs.

Dr. Forbes has made many observations on white grubs in Illinois. He has reported fields of corn severely injured by the grubs, just as many fields were last year in Western Ontario. One count showed an average of 34.8 grubs for each hill of corn. Ten acres of corn field, in which this count was made, was used as a run for 108 pigs from September 23rd to October 13th, when another estimate yielded only 4.8 grubs per hill, or a decrease of 86 per cent.

The beetles are often trapped by hanging a bright light over a tub containing water with a surface film of coal oil. Such a trap may be placed near trees infested by these insects, and good results obtained.

Keep Fences Repaired.

Don't forget to repair the fences. A trip around the pasture and field fences now and then will often save trouble, strength, and the time of having to drive the cattle back into the pasture. Animals are almost human when it comes to going where some one does not want them. Remove the suggestion, therefore, by not allowing any sags in the wire or any loose or decayed posts in the line. A well-kept fence is an indication of a good farmer.—C. P. Bull, Associate in Farm Crops, University Farm, Minnesota.

Drainage and Insect Injury.

Wireworms, says an Ohio bulletin by James S. Hine, appear to produce most noticeable injury on wet and sour land. Careful underdrainage appears to improve conditions. It may not be possible to prove that drainage has any direct effect on the insects, but surely fully drained fertile soil, well cultivated, makes it possible for the crop to grow so rapidly that insect injury is overcome to a greater or less extent.

THE DAIRY.

Caring for the Cream Separator.

Editor of "The Farmer's Advocate":

When the average farmer purchases his first cream separator he immediately assumes that he knows all about the thing, and starts right in like a threshing hand at the dinner table. As a rule he gets along fairly well the first few times, but in the course of a week or two he gets hung up on a particularly warm night and has to fall back on his book of instructions.

Having put the book of instructions in his hip pocket, on the first night, he cannot remember just where it really is, so goes at the machine again. This is kept up for anywhere from six months to two years, and then the machine is thrown on the scrap heap as being practically useless because there is more money in "the factory."

The first thing that should be done after the separator is taken from the crate is to read the instruction book thoroughly and carefully. It will tell you how to set it up, what screws to tighten, the best speed and the correct lubrication.

The speed at which a separator is driven is

half its life and on the speed depends the richness of the cream. A good way to determine the correct speed for the different times of the year is to make a series of tests for each season. Much will be gained in cream and considerable muscle saved.

By all means do as little tinkering with the separator as possible, but do not allow it to become rickety, nor even to have a single nut loose, as any unnecessary jerk and jar will greatly wear the machine.

Another thing in lubrication. The best straw-colored oil is the only oil that should be used. Many people use any old oil, and, as a result, the machine becomes gummed up and hard to run, causing a variation in speed and a loss of cream. At this time of year, and during all the spring and summer months, the separator does not require nearly so much oil as in the winter, when it is thick and hard to pour. It will be a great saving if the feed supply of the oil cup is tightened up during the really warm weather.

A cream separator is like any other machine. It requires the best of care in order to make it a paying proposition.

Oxford Co., Ont.

J. C. INMAN.

Flavor of Butter Injured by Metals.

Economic conditions make it necessary at present to hold butter in storage for the summer season, when it is plentiful, to the winter season, when it is scarce. If the butter is properly made this can be done without materially injuring its quality. It often occurs, however, that butter which has been held in storage for some months develops disagreeable flavors that greatly lessen its value. These bad flavors that will often pass unnoticed when the butter is fresh, may become so serious a defect after three or four months in storage as to render the butter almost unsalable. The chemical changes which cause these bad flavors are often too small to be detected by the ordinary analytical methods of the laboratory, but the senses of smell and taste are far more delicate, and as soon as bad flavors are detected by them the value of the product is lessened.

Some metals either cause or greatly accelerate certain bad flavors in butter, although most of the experiments along this line have not included storage butters. Recently the scientific staff of the Dairy Division of the Bureau of Animal Industry in the United States Department of Agriculture has reported that the presence of very small amounts of iron in cream causes certain undesirable flavors to increase in intensity during storage. These flavors are often designated by butter experts as "metallic," "oily," or "fishy." The injurious effect of iron was found by adding iron in known quantities, varying from 1 to 500 parts, to a million parts of cream. The butter made from such cream was compared with that made from cream where all precautions were taken to avoid any undue contact with iron during the whole process of butter making. The butter was stored at 6 degrees to 10 degrees Fahrenheit, and the quality of the butter was scored by experts at different times. In every instance when the butter was scored a few days after making, the samples to which iron had been added, scored lower than the butter made from cream which contained no iron. This held true in most cases on the second and third scoring, which occurred at intervals varying from 20 to 187 days. The most noticeable feature was the rapid development of bad flavor in the butter containing the iron. When both the control and the experimental butter became fishy, it was noticed that the control butter was the last to become so. There was a marked oily flavor present in most samples that subsequently became fishy. Only a small proportion of the iron added to the cream was found in the butter, the remainder having been taken up by the buttermilk and wash water.

Butter was also made from cream which had stood in rusty cans, and, in every case, this butter had a peculiar taste, and was easily picked out from all other samples. The buttermilk also had a decided metallic taste.

The influence of copper on the flavor was studied in a similar manner, and it was found that copper, even in small quantities, seemed to cause more marked changes of flavor in butter than did the iron, with a decided tendency toward a fishy flavor in storage. Two experiments showed very plainly the harmful effect of using poorly tinned pasteurizers, even though the cream came in contact with the copper surface for only a few seconds, for, aside from this, all other conditions were exactly alike during the complete process of butter manufacture.

This work shows that if cream is kept in rusty cans or comes in contact with iron or copper at any time during the process of butter making it may take up iron or copper from rusty cans, exposed bolt heads, or other metal parts of pasteurizers or churns, in sufficient quantities to affect the flavor of storage butter. Though there is nothing to show that the nature of the flavor is appreciably changed, it does demonstrate very

clearly that the rate of development of the undesirable flavor is greatly accelerated during storage by very small quantities of either iron or copper.

Ayrshire Arguments.

In a booklet giving Canadian official milk and butter-fat records of Ayrshire cows, revised to May 1st, 1913, we find a folder prepared by Secretary W. F. Stephen, setting forth the following arguments for the Ayrshire cow.

For the dairy get the Ayrshire, because—
1. The Ayrshire is the most economical producer of milk and butter of any of the so-called dairy breeds, producing the largest quantity for the food consumed, and yielding the largest net profit. This has been proved in competitive public tests. 2. The Ayrshire produces the most desirable milk for the milkman of any of the dairy breeds, because of the uniform high quality in total solids, placing it above the standards required by State laws. 3. The Ayrshire milk is the most satisfactory to peddle because it will bear transportation without churning to butter, and will hold its uniform quality to the last quart in the can. 4. Ayrshire milk is the favorite with the housekeeper because it has a good color, and never looks blue, even to the last that is poured from the pitcher, the cream remaining in the milk to give it a uniform quality until the last is used. 5. Ayrshire milk is of the highest value for infant food, because it is most evenly balanced in the bone and muscle-producing qualities of any of the dairy breeds, thus making it a perfect food for growing children. Children fed on Ayrshire milk are not inclined to stomach trouble, and make a strong and steady growth. 6. The Ayrshire has a strong, healthy body, with a superabundance of vitality and vigor, is rarely sick, and almost never has any disease of udder or teats, which is probably one reason why there is so much life-giving quality in her milk. 7. The Ayrshire has never laid claim to being at the head of the dairy breeds for butter producing, but the official records made by the Experimental Stations during the past few years, would indicate that she is a most profitable butter cow, and second to none. 8. The Ayrshire is the dairy rustler of all the dairy breeds, thriving and paying a profit where other breeds can hardly exist, because she is a vigorous feeder, and not at all dainty in her appetite, eating with relish everything that comes her way in the line of forage, good grass, poor grass, and browse; all is food for the Ayrshire cow. 9. The Ayrshire cow is a most uniform milker, holding out well up to calving, and must be watched or she will not dry off, which makes her a desirable cow for steady profit, or for a family cow. 10. The Ayrshire cow is the most attractive-looking cow, and the most perfect cow in form of body and udder of any of the dairy breeds. She breeds the truest to type, and has the smallest percentage of poor cows of any of the dairy breeds. 11. The Ayrshire in the dairy will solve the problem of "How to make the dairy pay." 12. The Ayrshire has proved by official tests that she is a big producer as the following summary of tests will show, the results of five year's Record of Performance work in Canada. To May 1st, 1913:—96 mature cows gave a yearly average of 10,051.93 lbs. milk and 413.16 butter fat. Thirty-eight 4-year-olds with 9025.80 lbs. milk, 370.18 lbs. butter fat; fifty-eight 3-year-olds with 8,443.88 lbs. milk, 344.46 lbs. butter fat; one hundred and thirty-three 2-year-olds, with 7,322 lbs. milk, 297.74 lbs. butter fat.

Milk a Wholesome Food.

Editor of "The Farmer's Advocate":

A few people, old and young, have a dislike for milk, but the number is so limited that we may safely say that the liking for milk is world-wide. It is to be found in nearly every house, and along with a cereal has become one of the staple breakfast dishes of America.

That milk has all the elements of growth within itself, is conceded by all scientific writers of the day, and yet a great deal of ignorance regarding its use as a food prevails, and costly failures result in the substitution of milks from other races of animals not allied to young being fed. Thus, we often find in the substitution of cow's milk for mare's milk in feeding foals (which may have lost their mother) the result is not always what might be expected. This is sometimes due to the constituents not agreeing with the foal's natural or constitutional condition, for the milk of the dam is, in all cases, the most wholesome to the progeny, and any substitute should approach as nearly as possible to that standard. For instance, from a table of analysis of the milk of various animals before me, I learn that, in fat alone, there is three times as much in cow's milk as there is in that of the mare, and of solids, a half more.

Nature has supplied—in all animals—the most perfect food for the offspring, and yet from

health conditions, or from certain varieties of food eaten by the dam, the milk may be very unwholesome to her young, or, if not unwholesome, at least very nauseous. We, who have supplied milk to a cheese factory, know of many investigations regarding taints in milk, which have defied the best experts to find the cause. We also know that rich clover pasture does not produce as good a flavor as Kentucky blue grass, or our June grass. How quickly everyone knows when the cows have been eating leeks, or have been fed, before milking, on turnips. Even apples may produce an objectionable milk, and still it may be quite wholesome.

I only cite these cases to show how readily flavors are imparted, and, that, although milk is a product from the food and water consumed, objectionable qualities may arise from the impurities of these.

When cows do not get a supply of pure water, and are forced by necessity to drink the unwholesome water from the roadside, where cows are standing throughout the day, fighting flies, and contaminating the muddy water with their excrement, liquid and solid, and where the word stagnant would have no significance, wholesome milk cannot be produced. Besides this, milk so readily absorbs effluvia, that, no matter how pure it may be when taken from the cow, a few hours exposure to impure surroundings, may render it both objectionable and unwholesome. Pure milk without doubt is perfectly wholesome, but may be dangerous by improper use. I have known a case of a boy eating a large quantity of "chokecherries," and gulping down what he could of new milk. He died two or three days later, not from the unwholesomeness of milk, but from its improper use, and many of the ailments supposedly caused by milk are due to conditions analogous to the case of the boy with the berries, in a modified form. Many who are unable to take a drink of milk without ill results following can sip large quantities with perfect safety, so that it looks much as if the wholesomeness depended in a measure upon the manner of use. I would positively prohibit the use of milk from sickly cows, as I would that of beef.

In my visit to many dairies in Scotland, I was surprised how clean the stables were, and ascribed this at first to the owners knowing of my visit on a given day, but later I learned that there were inspectors who visited dairies at unknown times, and if any filth or foul odors were found the owner was liable to a severe fine, consequently the droppings were taken away to the midden, and carted to a place in an adjacent field, leaving no bad odors. There was no dirt on the cow's buttocks nor filthy water to lie down in, and whether from the scrupulous cleanliness or the scientifically fed rations, I cannot tell, but I never tasted milk in Canada (newly taken from the cow) any better than, if as good as from the dairies of Scotland. Under such conditions there is practically no danger of getting unwholesome milk, and I came to the conclusion that good water, proper food, and absolute cleanliness are the main factors in the production of wholesome milk.

Bruce Co., Ont.

WM. WELSH.

Judging Dairy Cows.

Editor of "The Farmer's Advocate":

Having spent a couple of days recently at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, with the judge of live stock and field crops for Eastern Ontario, gathered there at the happy suggestion of J. Lockie Wilson, Superintendent of Fairs, possibly your readers would be interested in reading about what took place. All told, there were about 150 present to take the course of lectures and practical demonstrations provided—similar to the one held at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, the previous week for Western Ontario judges. The chief object the Superintendent had in mind, was the unifying of judgment on the part of those who will award the prizes during the coming season among the various competitors on the farm and at the fall fairs. After meeting the men who will judge crops and live stock, one is impressed with the rhyme which runs thus:

"Many men of many minds;
Many birds of many kinds;
Many fishes in the sea;
Many men who don't agree."

While, no doubt, the courses provided will do a great deal to promote uniformity of judgment so long as humanity remains as at present constituted, it is a case, largely, of "convince a man against his will, and he's of the same opinion still." We would not be understood as saying that it is impossible to get men to agree in their judgments, but it was surprising to see the variety of placings, more particularly among the dairy cow classes—admittedly the most difficult kind of live stock to judge that any man ever undertook to award prizes for. Personally, we do not think that any man or woman can go into a show-ring and award prizes that will indicate accurately the relative productive capacity

of the different cows or heifers in a class. In the case of pure-breds, all that a judge can ever hope to do is to award prizes to those animals which most nearly conform to breed standards as laid down by the various associations responsible for the purity and improvement of the breed which they represent. The moment that a judge departs from the standard for that particular breed, that moment he departs from wise judgment in awarding the prizes. It was pleasing to notice that two of the judges in dairy breeds stuck pretty closely to the score card in fixing standards. Our conviction is that the score card will have to be used more largely than is the case at present, if breeders of dairy stock would fix type in their cattle. I think I am safe in saying that not one breeder in a hundred knows what is called for in the standard fixed for his breed. Neither does he know, as a rule, how to apply the scale of points to his individual animals. The great variety in type and color found in practically all the recognized dairy breeds, is partly caused by the fact that nearly every breeder is "a law unto himself." So long as this remains a fact, we shall have continued variation in the representatives of the various breeds, until in some cases a person is somewhat puzzled to know which breed a certain animal is supposed to represent. We find Ayrshire horns on some Jerseys, and some black and white cattle that are Jerseys in everything but color, while Ayrshires may be found of almost every color under the sun. In this we are not criticising breeds, but calling attention to the wide diversity of type and color found in many herds, caused by lack of standards and fear to sacrifice animals which depart from type. Some time ago we visited a herd looking for a dairy sire. We did not purchase because of the great variety of color and conformation in that herd. Nearly all the variations possible within that special breed were to be seen represented in the individuals of this one herd. This breeder is certainly making a great mistake, and so are many others. The judges at fairs in future will, no doubt, call attention to the abnormal specimens, by passing them when awarding prizes.

When it comes to judging grade cows, a judge is placed in a very awkward position. Scarcely any two men would agree in placing the cows in the grade classes of the very excellent specimens in the certified-milk herd at the C. E. Farm, which had been selected with great care and good judgment by Mr. Archibald, Dominion Animal Husbandman. It is practically impossible to do justice in such a class. The scales and tester are the only methods of accurately awarding prizes in such cases, and these should be called in wherever and whenever possible. One-day milking trials are practicable at fairs, and these should be encouraged rather than to ask a judge to do the impossible by trying to place awards by the eye and hand—very serviceable agents for many things, but unreliable when it comes to judging cows.

The C.E. Farm management is to be congratulated on the excellent specimens of five dairy breeds (Ayrshire, French-Canadian, Guernsey, Holstein and Jerseys) and the splendid grade herd, to be found in the stables. We do not know where so many good animals of so many breeds can be found at any one place, at another point in Canada. For the dairy farmer, and the student of dairy breeds, the C.E.F. is a valuable place to visit.

Time and space will not avail us to speak of the good work done in other classes—swine, sheep, horses, poultry, and field crops. Experts were provided to take charge of the various branches, and much good was accomplished.

Prof. Shutt, acting director in the absence of Prof. Grisdale, and his assistants, did everything in their power to make the work pleasant, and profitable, even to the extent of providing an excellent luncheon on both days of our visit. They go farther at the C.E.F. than we do at the O.A.C., for they set tables covered with white table cloths, and provide visitors with paper table napkins. The menu was excellent and abundant. The new pavilion is a splendid meeting place for farmers.

Another convenience since our last visit is the entry of the street cars to the centre of the farm, obviating the long walk or drive formerly necessary.

A hurried trip about the plots and orchards indicated that crops were suffering to some extent from the prolonged drouth in Eastern Ontario. Some of those present said there had been practically no rain in the Ottawa Valley for six weeks. It is estimated that the make of cheese in Eastern Ontario will be 100,000 boxes short of last year.

In spite of all our scientific knowledge, farmers are largely at the mercy of the weather—and the hired man. There is room at this point for one of the greatest scientific attainments yet achieved by man. The fact that the food of man-

kind is practically depending on the vagaries of the weather is a condition which ought not to be.

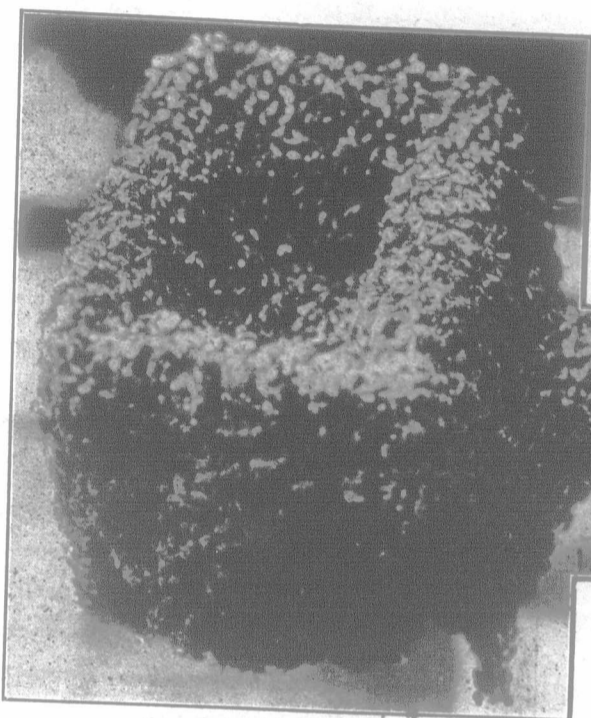
H.H.D.

THE APIARY.

Honey By the Ton.

Whether it pays the farmer to keep bees or not it certainly is proving profitable for some of the specialists to do so. In this issue are illustrated some features of the apiary of D. Anguish, Middlesex County, Ontario. Mr. Anguish has 280 colonies of bees which, like himself and Mrs. Anguish, are workers. There is money in bees, but they, like any kind of farm live stock, cannot be expected to take care of themselves. A large number of colonies of bees mean a lot of

honey. They are specially selected colonies as nearly equal in strength as possible, and the net returns from each will be interesting to note. The bees are wintered under the trees in the orchard, where they are kept, being covered over, four hives together, with large boxes for the purpose. The apiary is divided into two sections, about one-half the colonies being kept in each, and during the four months of the swarming and honey season, Mr. Anguish, his wife and son are kept busy indeed. One-half of this apiary, a first-class garden, and a large hen house, accommodating two breeds of fancy poultry, are all operated on one acre of ground. This is intensive agriculture, but bees pasture on other people's land, no lawful fence being any hindrance to them. While they trespass they benefit the man whose blossoms they visit. More bees more honey, more clover seed and more fruit.



A Mass of Bees.

A part of a swarm of bees being moved from the limb of a tree to the hive.

work, but, properly managed, few branches of specialized agriculture offer greater possibilities for the thorough specialist than does apiculture. That Mr. Anguish's bees are industrious may be seen from the illustration of the four supers taken from a single hive on June 28th representing the work of the colony up to that time. These will wholesale at \$20, and their owner firmly believes that this hive will make at least two more supers before the season closes. Thirty dollars from one colony doesn't look like bad business. The season's output of this apiary was estimated by its owner the end of June at over fifteen tons, part of which will be sold in the comb and part extracted. At the time of our visit swarming was prevalent, and all swarms were being put back into the hives from which they came, after destroying the queen cells in the brood chamber. Swarms were large, and every bee was loaded with honey. A rather interesting experiment is being conducted by Mr. Anguish with a few colonies operated for comb honey, and an equal number for extracted

HORTICULTURE.

A Fruit Sales Company.

In Bremen the sales of all fruit and vegetables arriving in bulk are not conducted, as in Hamburg, by fruit brokers, but by a limited liability fruit-sales company, which was formed some eight years ago for that specific purpose, and which has not, and cannot have, any other interests to serve outside of that function. This

company has been most successful. It is most ably managed, and has a highly efficient and wide-spread organization under which the interests of shippers to the port are said to be very well cared for. It is certainly responsible for adding a most important branch of trade

to the port of Hamburg. The company possesses a fine block of buildings in a convenient centre, containing the large auction rooms at which from October to April the sales take place twice a day, and during the rest of the year three times a week. The huge cellars of the building are utilized for ripening bananas, which are imported in great quantities. In the Free Harbor zone, at the fruit docks, the company hold specially built frost-proof fruit sheds, provided with every convenience for handling and shipping fruit cheaply. Fruit arriving in a damaged condition can be repacked, and the payment of duty on unsalable fruit is thus avoided.

The establishment of the sales company has led to a large body of wholesale dealers locating at Bremen who, with the forwarding houses, commission firms, and retailers, buy for clients over a large area. Their interests lie to a great extent in different directions with the result that the possibilities of combinations to depress prices are practically excluded, and the market, as a whole, is therefore well-supported. At the fruit auctions in Bremen only locally registered firms in the business are entitled to bid. Buyers from outside attending sales must employ a local firm. This system, it is stated, has justified itself by results.

The new joint service of the North-German Lloyds, and the Hamburg-American Steamship Company from Boston, already referred to, should provide Ontario fruit growers with an opportunity of testing the Bremen market next season.



A Profitable Acre.

Mr. Anguish and a part of his apiary.

—C. F. Just, Canadian Trade Commissioner in Hamburg, Germany.

A Quantity of One Kind.

From many standpoints co-operation justifies itself. Ability to lay down a quantity of fruit of certain variety and grade is one good point. C. F. Just, Canadian Commercial Agent in Hamburg, Germany, says in a recent report:

"It is perhaps unnecessary to refer again, except in a sentence, to the disadvantages attending the shipment of small lots. This still goes on, but is becoming more and more of an anomaly with the growing practice, especially in the United States, of shipping large lines of single varieties. Hamburg dealers prefer to take lots of 50 to 100 barrels or boxes of one kind as they are enabled thereby to execute repeat orders from their clients for the same mark and variety. The brokers were much interested to hear of the spread of the co-operative movement in connection with fruit as likely to improve Canadian supplies.

"In Hamburg the barrel trade in apples comes to an end in December, and thereafter the market looks for fruit in boxes only. It is understood that in the coming season the shipping facilities for Ontario fruit will be improved by the establishment of a service from Boston as well as from New York under a joint arrangement between the North German Lloyd, and the Hamburg-American Steamship Company."

Fruit Growing in New Ontario.

Editor of "The Farmer's Advocate":

Your readers will be interested in knowing that the Board of Control of the Horticultural Experiment Station at Vineland has taken up the matter of fruit growing in New Ontario. At a recent meeting of the Board, it was decided to request the Minister of Agriculture to appoint a competent man to cover as much of the North country as possible.

G. J. Culham, B.S.A., has been appointed to this work, and is at present visiting the various districts in New Ontario where fruit growing has been under trial. At the suggestion of the Experiment Station Board, Mr. Culham's movements are being directed from Guelph. I should be very glad to get in touch with any persons in the colder parts of Ontario who have been attempting fruit growing. Mr. Culham will endeavor to visit as many fruit growers as possible, and will no doubt be able to tender valuable advice and suggestions. So far, he has met with a very encouraging reception. Fruit growers are quite willing to give what information they can and are very anxious to learn. Mr. Culham reports the existence of several large apple-orcharding propositions on St. Joseph's Island, and also reports an excellent orchard of five hundred trees near Sault Ste. Marie.

I should be very glad indeed to hear from anyone interested in fruit growing in Northern Ontario.

J. W. CROW,
Professor of Pomology.

O.A.C., Guelph, Ont.

Amendment to the Fruit Marks Act.

The Dairy and Cold Storage Commissioner has just issued a circular giving the recent amendments to the Inspection and Sale Act with the new regulations. The amendments chiefly concern imported fruit.

Hereafter the words "packed by" must precede the name and address of the packer, as marked on any closed package of fruit intended for sale.

A new section is added empowering the Governor-in-Council to make regulations regarding the branding, marking, and inspecting of imported fruit. Persons violating such regulations are liable to a fine of not more than fifty dollars and costs, or, in default of payment, to imprisonment for a term not exceeding one month. The packages of fruit not properly marked may be confiscated.

In virtue of this amendment new regulations have been passed and were published in the Canada Gazette of June 28th, 1913. According to these regulations every importer of fruit must have all grade marks found on closed packages containing imported fruit erased or obliterated when such marks are not in accordance with the Act or the new regulations. This must be done when the packages are being taken from the railway car, steamship, or other conveyance in which they have been brought into Canada. The importer must place on the end of such packages the proper grade marks, the correct name of the variety of fruit, and his own name and address.

Copies of the circular may be obtained, free of charge, from the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, or from any Dominion Fruit Inspector.

FARM BULLETIN.

Independent Inspection or Audit.

Editor of "The Farmer's Advocate":

You are doing a grand work in regard to having our banking laws and system put on a proper basis. As far as the general public are concerned, what we should have is an entirely external inspection or audit of all banks, especially the head offices. Generally the branch reports will be pretty true as given to the head offices.

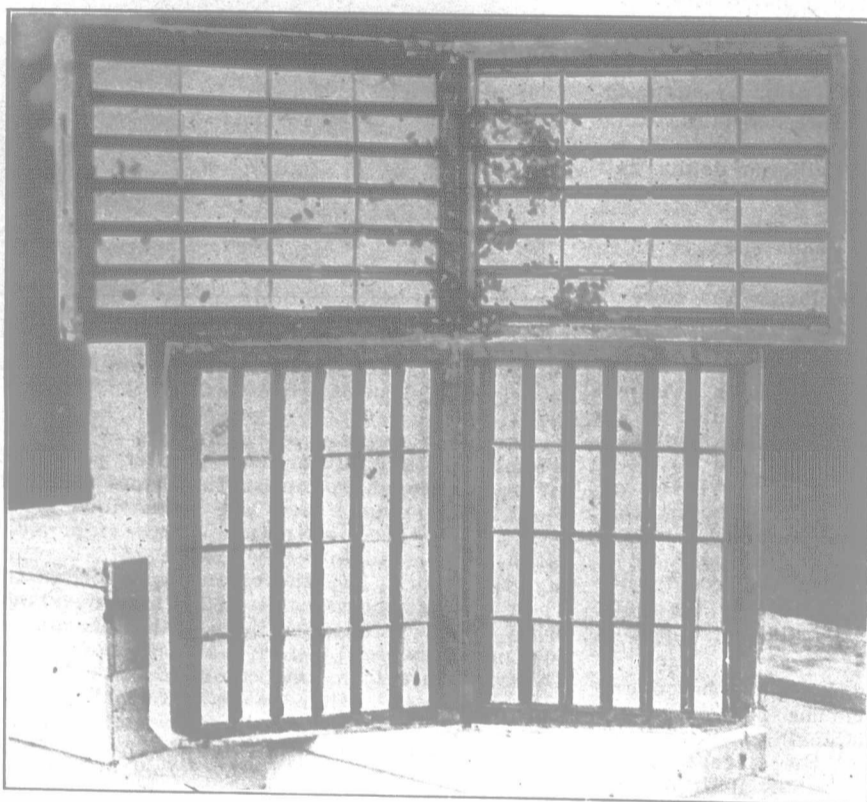
If we had the above inspection perhaps the Farmer's, Ontario, and Sovereign Banks would be in existence yet, or they would not have played the havoc they did when they went.

What we most need, as some writer in your paper stated, is a leader, and let the depositors and working class and farmers stick to him.

RAINY RIVER FARMER.

Death of Joseph Featherston.

The death occurred on July 17th inst. of Joseph Featherston, Streetville, Ont. in the 70th year of his age. He was widely known as a competent judge and successful breeder and exhibitor of high-class pure-bred pigs. He represented Peel county in the House of Commons in the Liberal interests from 1891 to 1900. His frank kind-heartedness gained him many friends wherever he was known. He had been ill from Bright's disease for some time, but was genial and patient to the last. He is survived by his second wife, two sons and three daughters.



Twenty Dollars Worth of Honey.

These four sections were made by one colony up to June 28th. There is money in bees.

American Meat Inspection.

The American Secretary of Agriculture has designated three experts in veterinary science, meat inspection, and public sanitation to inspect and report upon meat-packing establishments operating under Federal supervision at various points in New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Missouri, and Illinois. It is the purpose of the Secretary to extend this work, and to secure for these inspections the leading authorities in the country, with the idea that such action will foster confidence of the public in the meat inspection work.

This new inspection by outside experts, under temporary assignment by the Government, will in no way supersede or lessen the work now being done by the Bureau of Animal Industry. The idea, according to the Secretary, is simply to have the inspection and regulatory work checked up by competent authorities who will report directly to the secretary.

Crops Improved by Recent Showers

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

The hay crop will be above the average, as we had nice showers lately. Grain is looking better than usual. Complaint is made of grubs in turnips and potatoes in certain sections. Corn is doing well, and there is more planted than usual.

Queens Co., P. E. I.

P. S.

Conditions Good in Essex.

The era of prosperity in the peninsula is still advancing. As the years pass by material progress along all lines of agriculture is markedly manifested. Succeeding seasons give increasing encouragement to the producer, urging him to put forth greater effort in the cultivation of his earthly possessions.

The present year promises a much larger yield of grains and vegetables, fruit, and fishes than its predecessors.

The consensus of opinion apparently is that crops of every description throughout the country will give greater returns than last year. In contrast to reports from east and north regarding lightness of hay crop, Essex has abundance. Much hay is still uncut at this date (July 18) and stacks are in evidence on every hand. Fall wheat is an excellent crop. In a drive of over 50 miles through Mersea and Tilbury West not one field was seen indicating less than 30 bushels per acre, while the great majority will run between 50 and 75. Last year, i.e., 1912, our wheat crop was almost nil. While oats in some sections are short, yet the recent refreshing showers have caused them to head out remarkably well. In the well underdrained clay districts no finer oats can be seen in any part of Canada. J. S. Anslie, Tilbury West, states that his oats are the best ever grown in his long experience as a prominent grain grower. As usual greater interest centres in the corn field than in any other grain, and here the farmer has much cause for rejoicing.

One of the prettiest sights in Essex at the present time is the numerous fields of dark green foliage almost hiding the horses as they follow the rows drawing the cultivators after them. Early tomatoes (which form one of our paying crops), while checked with dry weather in early part of season, now hold forth good prospect, while the later varieties are excellent.

L. Pickles' field of late tomatoes is a revelation to one unacquainted with the production of this valuable fruit. Tobacco for various reasons is later than usual, but is coming on rapidly. Potatoes and onions, the staple products of the marsh, are in excellent condition. A visit to Bob Ross's farm, Con C., Mersea, which is being wrought by a number of Belgians, will amply reward any lover of agricultural pursuits.

Fruits of every grade except apples are giving good returns.

Raspberries are being harvested, and find ready sale at from \$3 to \$4 per crate.

Prices are kept up owing to scarcity of pickers. Many cherry trees still retain the bulk of their produce, which is slowly decaying upon the branches.

Peach trees are bending beneath the weight of fruit, and many growers are busy thinning them out.

Pasture has been extra good this summer, and cattle are in excellent condition, but butchers find it hard to supply their market stalls.

Much money still continues to pour into the farmers' pockets through the sale of hogs. One young man, the owner of 50 acres of good corn land, informed your correspondent that since December 12th, he had sold between \$800 and \$900 worth of pork, and still had in his possession 26 fine shoats. Our county still holds forth inducements for the enterprising energetic individual not presented by any other section in Canada.

Essex Co., Ont.

A. E.

More Power.

I subscribed for "The Farmer's Advocate" when it was issued twice a month, and have taken it constantly since. I congratulate you on the stand you have taken on the banking question. You have certainly thrown a lot of light on the subject for the ordinary farmer. More power to your elbow when championing farmers' rights in the future.

Stormont Co., Ont.

OSCAR EAMAN.

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ently is that t the country st year. In north regard abundance, te (July 18) hand. Fall drive of over West not 30 bushels will run be, 1912, our le oats in ent refreshing out remark- clay dis- any part of, states that his long ex- r. As usual n field than mer has much

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Advocate" r, and have tulate you e banking n a lot of y farmer. hampioning

EAMAN.

Winnipeg Exhibition.

Winnipeg's Summer Show, the Canadian Industrial, though opened with propitious weather, was marred on its best days by heavy rainfalls. The live stock exhibits were excellent in nearly all classes, and away ahead of last year's showing was the exhibit of horses. Clydesdales made a superior showing, as did also Shires and Belgians, but it remained for the Percheron exhibit to eclipse all previous records. Only a few brief notes are possible this week.

Clydesdales were judged by Jas. Durno, of Jackston, Scotland, and exhibited by William Grant, Regina, Sask.; Andrew Graham, Pomeroy, Man.; Alex. Galbraith, of Brandon; John Graham, of Carberry; A. C. McPhail, Brandon; John Wishart and D. Little, of Portage La Prairie; R. A. Bryce, Winnipeg; W. J. McCallum, Brampton, Ont.; Alex. Steele, Glenboro; Trotter & Trotter, Brandon; H. Galbraith, of Hartney; J. M. Webster, of Cartwright.

Alex. Galbraith's two-year-old Charnock was an outstanding grand champion. Grand champion female was W. Grant's yeld mare, Bloomer.

Percheron exhibits put up, it is said, the largest and highest-class exhibit ever seen in the Dominion. Grand Championship in stallions went to J. C. Drewry, on Jureur, and reserve to Geo. Lane, on Garou. Drewry also won female championship on a yeld mare.

Shires and Belgians were judged by William Graham, of Claremont, Ont. The former made a creditable showing.

Shorthorns were judged by Jas. Durno, Scotland. The quality of the individuals on exhibition was better than ever, though not out so strong in numbers. There were three exhibitors, R. W. Caswell, Saskatoon; R. L. Emmert, Oak Bluff, Man., and Anoka Farms, Wisconsin. Four bulls lined up in the aged class, the first award going to Caswell's Gainford Marquis, second to Anoka Farms' Sultan's Stamp, third to Caswell's Marshal's Heir.

The grand champion bull was Caswell's Gainford Marquis, with Emmert's Missies' Prince reserve. Grand champion female was Emmert's Sittyton Lady 3rd, with the same exhibitor's Duchess of Gloster in reserve.

Jas. Bowman, of Guelph, Ont., and J. D. McGregor, were the two main exhibitors in Aberdeen Angus. Bowman secured male championship and reserve on Elm Park Wizard and Beauty's Erwin; McGregor, the same sweep in females, with Pride of Cherokee and Black Rose of Glen-carnock.

Herefords were exhibited by J. A. Chapman, of Manitoba; L. O. Clifford, of Oshawa, Ont., and Mossom-Boyd Co., Prince Albert, Sask. Clifford secured championship on bulls with Refiner the winner in the mature class, and Mossom-Boyd reserve on Bullion 4th, a smooth, junior yearling. In females championship went to Chapman, on a massive, smooth cow, Gay Lass 5th, reserve to Mossom-Boyd on the two-year-old Valencia 3rd.

A herd of Red Polls, shown by W. J. McComb, of Manitoba, attracted a good deal of attention.

This year's showing of Ayrshires at Winnipeg was described as unsurpassed. In the male classes competition was keen, but in females much keener. R. R. Ness, of Howick, Que., was on hand with his top-notch herd, securing both male and female championships as well as reserve in each case. Good entries were also furnished by Western breeders, W. J. Briggs, W. Braid, and Thos. Hazelwood, of Manitoba; Rowland Ness, of

Alberta, and W. H. Mortson, of Saskatchewan. The aged bull, Hobbsland Masterpiece, was champion, with the yearling Hobbsland Charm as reserve. The aged cow, Torrs Bunch, was female sweepstakes, with the two-year-old Hobbsland Barbara next in line.

The Holstein display eclipsed anything previous. The exhibitors were W. J. Tregillus; Carlyle Bros., of Calgary; C. P. R. Demonstration Farm, Strathmore; Wilfrid Nelson, Airdrie; Crossley Bros., Macleod; Michener Bros., Red Deer; J. H. Laycock, Okotoks; R. W. Trotter, Calgary; H. Zimmerman, Okotoks; W. G. Hunt, Sam Taber, Calgary; J. D. Cowley, Nevis, Alta., and Atkins Bros., Calgary.

Mechner Bros' aged bull, Sir Pietertje of Riverside was champion male, with Laycock's two-year-old Korndyke Hengerveld Beauty as runner up. Female sweepstakes was Cummings' Shadelawn Queen 2nd Beauty.

There was a good display of sheep and swine, but not a great deal of keen competition. Eastern exhibitors of sheep included Peter Arkell & Son, in Oxford Downs; T. A. Cox, in Cotswolds, Lincolns, Shropshires, Leicesters, Dorsets and Southdowns; Jas. Bowman, in Suffolks, and Robt. McEwen, in Southdowns.

The Apple Crop Light.

The fruit crop report issued July 17th by the Niagara Peninsula Fruit Growers' Association holds out promises of a fine crop of nearly every thing, the average set of the various kinds of fruit being rated as follows:

Red currants, 42; gooseberries, 31; raspberries, 52; cherries, 97; Japan plums, 66; European plums, 75; early peaches, 88; late peaches, 97; pears, 82; grapes, 79; apples, 69; tomatoes, 74. In apples, Baldwins and Spies are light, Greenings and Kings good to full. As to the province generally, P. W. Hodgetts, Director of the Fruit Branch, Toronto, estimates that the apple crop will not be more than half that of last year. There are exceptions, of course, but from many parts in the western part of the Province apples range all the way from 20 to 60 per cent. At first it was thought this would apply only to the inland counties, but later reports show that the crop is only a fair one in such counties as Norfolk, Wentworth, and Elgin. Scab has developed rapidly, the last few weeks, and some poor fruit is expected from localities where spraying is not thoroughly done.

The July report of the Dominion Fruit Division, Ottawa, is of somewhat similar tone. A serious falling off in apple prospects is recorded for all districts since the June drop, which was rendered comparatively heavy by early spring frosts, by adverse weather in some sections at blossoming time, and by the rather serious development of scab and other fungus diseases. The effect of this drop may have been over estimated, but the average crop for the whole Dominion will not be more than 60 per cent., according to the Fruit Division. Gravensteins are short in Nova Scotia, Baldwins and Spies in Ontario, and Fameuse in Quebec. The Dominion report gives pear prospects as depreciated in harmony with apples, plums fair, peaches good in the main peach section (Niagara Peninsula), cherries good, grapes average, strawberries were short, red raspberries somewhat improved by late rains, black caps and currants good.

a long way towards doing it, and there is a good market open for the product. The City Dairy Co., of Toronto, is advertising for milk or cream for next winter's supply, commencing November 1st. Cans are furnished for milk, and payment is made on the tenth of the month. Write them for particulars, mentioning "The Farmer's Advocate."

Gossip.

"The proper housing of cows," is the title of a plain little book which advises clean stalls and plenty of pure air as well as pure water and good food. Any farmer who is interested in the profit end of the dairy business can probably obtain a copy of this book by writing The Canadian Potato Machinery Co., Limited, Galt, Ont. This is the firm making O. K. Canadian stalls and stanchions and O. K. potato planters, sprayers and diggers.

At a dispersion sale on June 26th, of the Jersey herd of G. W. Sisson Jr., Potsdam, N. Y., 79 head, young and old, sold for \$14,670, an average of \$185.70. The highest price, \$800, was paid by H. E. Gibbs, of New York City, for the cow Brookhill Cocotte, described as

Prince Edward Island Notes.

The weather during the past week (writing July 15th) has been very favorable for the growth of all kinds of crops.

The hay has thickened up very much and the present prospect is that there will be about 75 per cent. of an average crop. Hay making will begin about the 25th or ten days later than usual. All other crops with the exception of corn are much above the average.

Farmers are now getting the odds and ends done up before the hoeing of the root crops begins.

Since the middle of June the officials of the Department of Agriculture have been very busy in the country. Live-stock judging classes have been held, and at several places they have been in connection with Farmers' Picnics, which have proved not only very popular, but also very instructive. Wherever the picnic was held the attendance was large and a greater interest was taken in the judging classes.

The Women's Institute movement, too, is spreading rapidly under the fostering care of Miss Kathrine James, a graduate of Macdonald Institute of the O.A.C.

Several egg circles have been formed and are meeting with the usual opposition from interested parties who do not care to see farmers being organized. This opposition is only opening the eyes of the more intelligent, and the movement will spread with great rapidity.

F.R.

If Farmers Would Act Together!

I enclose herewith money order for three dollars and twenty-five cents to cover my renewal and one new subscription. Please send "The Farmer's Advocate" to _____ I consider "The Farmer's Advocate" the most up-to-date and reliable paper for farmers I have ever read.

I have noticed the stand you take in regard to the Bank Act, and consider that farmers should show their appreciation by taking your paper. If they would combine and get up farmers' clubs and all make up their minds and apply to the Government in a full, strong representative body, they could get just about any reasonable legislation passed they would ask for, but the trouble is to get them to pull together. Lincoln Co., Ont. JOHN HARSHAW.

Embargo on Feed from Europe Continued.

A six months' extension of the ministerial order prohibiting the importation into Canada of feed and litter from Continental Europe is announced in the following official communication received through Dr. F. Torrance, Veterinary Director General. The announcement reads: "During the period of six months from the sixteenth day of July the importation or introduction into Canada of any hay, straw, fodder, feed stuff, or litter accompanying horses from Continental Europe is prohibited."

I am much pleased with your paper, and find it very instructive and up-to-date, and admire your fearless stand on public questions. Nipissing District, Ont. FRED LALONDE.

Book Review.

A BOOK FOR THE TIMES.

Observers of current tendencies, must have recognized the increasing and widened activities during recent years of practically all important branches of the Christian church. This is in part a readjustment, in recognition of the warning of changes in the thought of the people regarding the teachings and attitude of the church, and in part to broadening conceptions of the function of the church in the promulgation and application of religion in the individual, community and world life. A fresh expression of these church movements appears in a volume from the Westminster Press (Toronto) entitled "Rural Life in Canada." Its trend and its tasks, by John MacDougall, of Grenville Co., Ont., with a characteristic introduction by Dr. Jas. W. Robertson, who wishes the church ever abounding success in rural districts in making known, especially to the youth, the truth about their needs and opportunities. The book lacks the characteristic of continuity and finish as a treatise, for the reason that it is an expanded series of lectures dealing with the problem of the country church prepared for a summer school at Lake Couchiching, and subsequently delivered before college students in Halifax and Toronto. The work was done by re-

quest of the Board of Social Service of the Presbyterian church, but contains such a wealth of suggestive data, illustration, and poetic settings, that it might well be in the library of every rural minister (irrespective of denomination), teacher or well wisher of rural life. In scope, the book deals with the decline of rural population, economic and social causes, solution, function and program of the church, suggestions to ministerial students, and a short review of the social uplift movement elsewhere. The defects of rural education, the banking system, the need of co-operation, and the irresistibly unifying tendencies among the churches themselves in regard to teachings and policy with many other related topics have come within the graphic purview of the author who is to be congratulated on his contribution to a very much alive subject. Copies of the book are obtainable at \$1.00 from the Presbyterian Board of Social Service and Evangelism, Toronto, Ont.

Trade Topic.

WINTER MARKET FOR MILK AND CREAM.

Feed your cows a little better, and make something worth while out of them during the winter. Silage will go

a grand cow of large size, beautiful conformation, with almost perfect udder and teats. The second highest price was \$600 for the fifteen-year-old cow Golden Fern's Red Rose, by Golden Fern's Lad, purchased by Mrs. F. D. Erhardt, West Berlin, Vt. Bartley Bull, of the firm of B. H. Bull & Son, Brampton, Ont., reached the sale when it was half over, and only secured one animal.

C. Chaboudez & Son, 205 rue La Fayette, Paris, France, buyers and exporters of Percheron horses and mares, whose advertisement runs in this paper, write under date July 5th that they have been very busy assisting in buying and shipping this class of horses for Canadian importers including R. Hamilton & Sons, Messrs Eaid, Porter, Tisdale, Hogate and others. These selections of stallions and mares are described as of extra good type and quality, including several of the prize winners at the great national Percheron Show, at Dellamers, the first week in July, where the entries comprised 189 stallions and 248 mares. These shipments were due to sail about the middle of July, and arrive before the end of the month. These importations are said to be of a sensational class.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Capital Authorized - \$ 25,000,000
 Capital Paid Up - - 11,560,000
 Reserve Funds - - - 13,000,000
 Total Assets - - - 180,000,000

HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL

Branches throughout every Province of the Dominion of Canada.

Accounts of Farmers invited.

Sale Notes collected.

Savings Department at all Branches.

Markets.

Toronto.

On Monday, July 21st, receipts at the Union Stock Yards numbered 129 cars, consisting of 25,035 cattle, 91 calves, 316 hogs, 206 sheep and lambs. No sales.

REVIEW OF LAST WEEK'S MARKET.

The total receipts of live stock at the City and Union Stock-yards for the past week were:

	City.	Union.	Total.
Cars	28	333	356
Cattle	380	5,106	5,486
Hogs	389	4,502	4,891
Sheep	1,002	3,701	4,703
Calves	89	915	1,004
Horses	21	46	67

The total receipts of live stock at the two markets for the corresponding week of 1912 were:

	City.	Union.	Total.
Cars	84	160	253
Cattle	681	2,151	2,832
Hogs	1,783	2,724	4,507
Sheep	1,080	2,058	3,138
Calves	291	194	485
Horses	21	65	86

The combined receipts of live stock for the past week at the two markets show an increase of 103 cars, 2,654 cattle, 284 hogs, 1,565 sheep, 519 calves; but a decrease of 19 horses compared with the corresponding week of 1912.

Receipts of live stock for the past week were considerably larger than for the corresponding week of 1912, but not greater than the demand.

There was an active trade in every department or class of live stock at good prices.

Cattle sold readily in every class at prices equal to those paid in our last report, excepting for feeders and stockers, especially Eastern stockers, which sold from a cent to a cent and a half per pound lower.

Hogs, were from 25c. to 40c. per cwt. higher, and lambs, on account of heavier supplies, were \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. lower. Taken all together it was the best market week in the past three months, as there was a clearance made every market day.

Exporters.—William Howard bought for Swift & Company, of Chicago, 208 export steers as follows: One hundred steers averaging 1,385 lbs., at \$6.85 to \$7.15, for the London market; and, 100 steers, 1,350 lbs., at \$6.75 to \$6.90, for the Liverpool market.

Butchers'.—Choice butchers' steers sold at \$6.75 to \$7.10; fair to good steers and heifers, \$6.50 to \$6.75; medium, \$6.20 to \$6.45; common, \$5.00 to \$6.00; inferior, \$4.00 to \$5.00; good to choice cows, \$5.25 to \$5.75; medium, \$4.50 to \$5.00; cutters, \$3.50 to \$4.25; canners, \$2.00 to \$2.50; export bulls, \$5.60 to \$6.00; butcher bulls, \$4.75 to \$5.50.

Stockers and Feeders.—Steers, 750 to 900 lbs., sold at \$5.50 to \$6.00; stockers of good quality, 450 to 700 lbs., \$4.75 to \$5.25; stockers of same weights and Eastern quality, sold from \$3.00 to \$4.50.

Milkers and Springers.—Receipts were much larger, with trade active, at about an average of \$5.00 per head higher prices than for some time past. Prices, ranged from \$40.00 to \$80.00 each, with one cow at \$85.00. The bulk of

the cows sold would average from \$60.00 to \$65.00 each.

Veal Calves.—Prices for veal calves were firm all week, but more especially at the beginning. Choice veals, sold at \$8.75 to \$9.50; good calves, \$7.75 to \$8.50; medium, \$6.50 to \$7.50; common, \$5.50 to \$6.00; Eastern calves, sold at \$4.50 to \$5.00.

Sheep and Lambs.—There was little change in the sheep prices during the week, but lambs sold all the way from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per cwt., lower. Lambs sold at the close of last week, at \$11.00 per cwt., while, on Thursday of this week, they sold at \$9.58, as the top price. Sheep, light ewes, \$4.00 to \$4.50; heavy ewes, and rams, \$3.00 to \$3.50; lambs, choice, sold at \$9.00 to \$9.50; good lambs sold at \$8.00 to \$8.50; culls, at \$6.00 to \$6.50.

Hogs.—Prices for hogs at the beginning of the week were \$9.75, fed and watered, and \$9.45, f. o. b. cars, and at the close of the week prices had advanced to, \$10.00 fed and watered, and \$10.25 weighed off cars.

Horses.—The market for horses was very quiet only a light, local business being transacted, and prices were barely steady at our last quotations. The outlook, is reported by those dealers, who ought to know, to be anything but encouraging, until the hot weather is over, and the fall trade commences.

BREADSTUFFS.

Wheat.—Ontario, No. 2 red, white or mixed, 99c. to \$1.00, outside; inferior grades, down to 70c.; Manitoba, No. 1 northern, \$1.02½; No. 2 northern, 99½c.; No. 3 northern, 96c., track, lake ports. Oats.—No. 2, 34c. to 35c., outside; 36c. to 37c., track, Toronto; Manitoba oats, No. 2, 88½c.; No. 3, 37c., lake ports. Rye.—No. 2, 61c. to 62c., outside. Peas.—No. 2, 90c. to 95c., outside. Buckwheat.—No. 2, 52c. to 53c., outside. Corn.—American, No. 2 yellow, 64½c., Midland; 69½c., track, Toronto. Barley.—For malting, 50c. to 53c.; for feed, 48c. to 48c., outside. Flour.—ninety-per-cent. Ontario, winter-wheat flour, \$4.10 to \$4.15, seaboard, in bulk. Manitoba flour—Prices at Toronto are: First patents, \$5.50; second patents, \$5.00, in cotton, 10cts. more; strong bakers', \$4.80, in jute.

HAY AND MILLFEED.

Hay.—Baled, in car lots, track, Toronto, \$13.00 to \$14.00 for No. 1; and \$11.00 to \$12.00 for No. 2. Straw.—Baled, in car lots, track, Toronto, \$9.00 to \$10.00, per ton. Bran.—Manitoba, \$18.00 per ton in bags, track, Toronto; shorts, \$20.00; Ontario bran, \$18.00, in bags; shorts, \$20.00; middlings, \$21.00 to \$23.00.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—Market steady at unchanged prices. Creamery pound rolls, 28c. to 29c.; creamery solids, 27c. to 28c.; separator dairy, 23c. to 24c.; store lots, 20c. to 21c.

Cheese.—Market steady, old, 15c. for large, and 15½c. for twins; new, 14c. for large, and 14½c. for twins.

Eggs.—Market firm, at 22c. to 23c. for case lots.

Honey.—Old honey, 13½c. for extracted. Potatoes.—Old potatoes are almost un-saleable, car lots of Ontario offered at 45c. per bag. New potatoes are selling at 45c. per basket for Ontario grown, and \$3.25 per bbl. for American.

Poultry.—Receipts have been liberal. Spring chickens, dressed, 28c. to 30c. per lb.; and 22c. per lb. alive; spring ducks, dressed, 20c. to 22c. per lb., alive, 15c. to 16c. per lb.; old hens, 18c. per lb. alive, and 20c. to 22c. dressed.

Beans.—Broken car lots, sold at \$1.60 to \$2.00 per bushel, hand picked; and \$1.75 for primes, ranging down to \$1.50, track.

HIDES AND SKINS.

No. 1 inspected steers and cows, 13c.; No. 2 inspected steers and cows, 12c.; No. 3 inspected steers, cows and bulls, 11c.; city hides, flat, 13c. to 13½c.; country hides, cured, 13c.; calf skins, per lb., 16c.; lamb skins and pelts, 20c. to 45c., each; sheep skins, \$1.50 to \$1.85 each; horse hair, 35c. to 37c. per lb.; horse hides, No. 1, \$3.50; tallow, No. 1, per lb., 5½c. to 7c.

WOOL.

Coarse, unwashed, 15c.; coarse, washed,

24c.; fine, unwashed, 17c.; fine, washed, 26c. per lb.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

The demand for Canadian fruits is greater than the supply, with prices high for this season of the year. Strawberries are about done, but those coming sell at 14c. to 15c. per quart box, by the case; raspberries, 14c. to 17c. per quart by the case; red currants, 80c. to \$1.00 per basket; black currants, \$2.00 per basket; gooseberries, \$1.00 per basket; cherries, cooking, 85c. to \$1.15; eating, \$1.50 to \$2.00; cabbage, new, per dozen, 60c. to 75c. for Canadian grown; radishes 50c. per hamper; watermelon, each, 55c. to 60c.; Canadian lettuce, per dozen heads, 40c. to 60c.; carrots, dozen, 30c.; beets, dozen, 40c.

Montreal.

The cattle market showed very little change last week. Choice stock is quite scarce and, notwithstanding the warm weather, prices are fairly firm. The best price realized on the market was 7c. and fine stock was quoted around 6½c.; medium rose from 6 to 6½c., and good from 5½ to 6c., while canning bulls were obtainable as low as 3½c. The market for small meats is fairly active, and the supply of stock is on the small side. Sheep sold at 3½ to 4½c. per lb., while lambs ranged from 4 to 5½c. per lb. There was a fairly large supply of calves, and prices ranged from \$3 to \$5 for common and \$6 to \$8 for the better quality. Hogs were in good demand, and selects sold at 10½ to 10¾c., with some selects as high as 10½c. per lb. The rough stock could not bring more than 9½c. per lb. weighed off cars.

Horses.—Heavy-draft horses, 1500 to 1700 lbs. each, \$300 to \$350; light draft, 1400 to 1500 lbs., \$225 to \$300; light horses, 1000 to 1100 lbs., \$125 to \$200 each; broken-down old animals, \$75 to \$125, and choicest saddle and carriage animals, \$350 to \$500.

Poultry.—Cold store stock was steady, as follows: Turkeys, 23 to 24c. per lb.; geese and fowl, 15 to 17c.; ducks, 20 to 22c., and chickens, 18 to 19c.

Dressed Hogs.—There was a firm tone to the market for dressed hogs and abattoir-dressed, fresh-killed sold at 14½c. per lb. Smoked meats were in demand, and medium-weight hams were quoted at 19½ to 20c. per lb. and breakfast bacon at 21 to 22c. Pure lard sold at 14½ to 14¾c. and compound at 9½ to 10c.

Potatoes.—Demand good. Quotations were 70 to 75c. per 90 lbs. for Green Mountains, carloads on track. Quebec potatoes were steady at 55 to 60c., smaller lots bringing 20 to 25c. more than carloads.

Syrup and Honey.—This market unchanged. Tins of maple syrup sold at 9 to 10c. per lb., and syrup in wood at 7 to 8c., while maple sugar was 11 to 12c. a lb. Honey, white clover comb, 16 to 17c. per lb.; extracted, 11½c. to 12c.; dark comb, 14 to 15½c. and strained, 8 to 9c.

Eggs.—A good many stale eggs are coming along and fresh stock is rather scarce. Selects still sell at 25 to 26c. here in a wholesale way, and next quality at 1c. less; while No. 1 candled were 23 to 24c. per dozen.

Butter.—Stocks are becoming fairly large, and as a result the market was on the easy side. Prices were rather lower once more, finest creamery being quoted at 25 to 25½c., fine being 24½ to 25c., and under grades 24c.; dairy butter, 22½ to 23½c. Creamery 1c. lower Monday.

Cheese.—Tone was firm and prices of Western colored, 13½ to 13¾; Eastern colored, 13½ to 13¾. White sold at a discount of about ½.

Grain.—Prices were rather easier. No. 2 Canada Western oats, 41½c. ex-store; No. 1 extra feed, 41c. and No. 1 feed, 40 to 40½c.

Flour.—Trade slow and prices unchanged at \$5.60 per bbl. for Manitoba first patents, in bags; \$5.10 for second and \$4.90 for strong bakers; Ontario winter wheat flour, \$5.50 for patents and \$5.10 for straight rollers.

Milled.—A good demand is being experienced. Shorts were \$21 per ton, in bags; bran, \$19, and middlings, \$24 per ton. Mouille steady at \$30 to \$32 per ton for pure, and \$26 to \$28 for mixed.

Hay.—Market firm. Prices: \$14.50 to

\$15 a ton for No. 1 baled hay; carlots, track, extra good No. 2 being \$13.50 to \$14, and ordinary No. 2 is \$12.50 to \$13.

Hides.—Prices steady all round. Beef hides, 11½, 12½ and 13½c. per lb. for Nos. 3, 2 and 1, respectively. Calfskins, 17c. and 19c. per lb., respectively, for Nos. 2 and 1. Lambskins, 35c. each, and horse-hides, \$1.75 to \$2.50 each. Tallow, 1½c. to 3c. per lb. for rough and 6c. to 6½c. for rendered.

Buffalo.

Cattle.—Prime steers, \$9 to \$9.25; shipping, \$8.25 to \$8.75; butchers', \$7 to \$7.65; cows, \$3.75 to \$7.25; bulls, \$7.25 to \$7.50; heifers, \$6.50 to \$8.25; stock heifers, \$5.50 to \$6.25; stockers and feeders, \$6 to \$7.50; fresh cows and springers, \$35 to \$80.

Veals.—\$6 to \$12. Hogs.—Heavy, \$9.75 to \$9.85; mixed, \$9.80 to \$9.90; yorkers and pigs, \$9.85 to \$9.90; roughs, \$8.50 to \$8.75; stags, \$7 to \$8; dairies, \$9.50 to \$9.80.

Sheep and Lambs.—Lambs, \$5.50 to \$8; yearlings, \$4 to \$6.75; wethers, \$5.65 to \$6; ewes, \$2.50 to \$5.25; sheep, mixed, \$5.35 to \$5.60.

Cheese Markets.

Campbellford, Ont., 13c.; Listowel, Ont., bidding 12½c., no sales; Iroquois, Ont., 12½c.; Victoriaville, Que., 12½c.; Picton, Ont., 12½c., 12 15-16c., 13 1-16c.; Alexandria, Ont., 12½c.; Cornwall, Ont., 12½c. to 12 13-16c.; Napanee, Ont., 12 13-16c.; Ottawa, Ont., 12½c.; Belleville, Ont., 12½c.; Cowansville, Que., butter, 23½c.; St. Hyacinthe, Que., 12 7-16c.; butter, 23½c.; London, Ont., bidding from 12½c. to 12½c., no sales; Watertown, N.Y., 13½c.

Chicago.

Cattle.—Beeves, \$7.15 to \$9.15; Texas steers, \$7 to \$8; stockers and feeders, \$5.60 to \$7.90; cows and heifers, \$3.80 to \$8.50; calves, \$8.50 to \$11.50.

Hogs.—Light, \$9.15 to \$9.55; mixed, \$8.90 to \$9.50; heavy, \$8.90 to \$9.45; rough, \$8.70 to \$8.85; pigs, \$7.60 to \$9.30.

Sheep.—Native, \$4.25 to \$5.25; yearlings, \$5.50 to \$6.75; lambs, native, \$5.75 to \$7.75.

Trade Topic.

MANY IMPROVEMENTS FOR SHERBROOKE FAIR.

Preparations for the twenty-ninth annual, Canada's great Eastern Exhibition, to be held at Sherbrooke, Que., August 30th to September 6th, 1913, are well under way. Improvements being made to the grounds include new sheep and cattle sheds, and a large enclosed cattle ring for the judging of all breeds at once. Other improvements upon a costly basis are being pushed rapidly to completion.

The prize list has been greatly extended. Two new classes are of special interest. The Canadian Seed Growers' Association have supplied free registered seed oats for twenty-four young men of the Lennoxville and Cookshire Academies, the boys to plant and attend to the raising of quarter-acre plots under the instructions issued by C. Sweet, B. S. A., Seed Branch representative in the district. From this quarter-acre plot the boys are to select a sheaf to exhibit at the annual exhibition at Sherbrooke, competing for prizes given by E. T. A. A. and Local Agricultural Societies, together with ten pounds of threshed grain.

Another class of interest is that undertaken in connection with the Poultry Department of Macdonald College. Eggs for hatching, from the College poultry farm, have been distributed to farmers' sons in the section, the chickens to be shown in their respective classes at the exhibition, for prizes offered by the Association. This is to encourage the breeding of poultry from the best strains within their respective breeds.

Admission this year will be the same as last, 25 cents. Everything points to a bumper year for this popular exhibition.



The Ballad of the Homing Man.

By Ernest Rhys.

He saw the sun, the Light-giver, step
down behind the oak,
And send a tawny arrow-shaft along the
engine smoke.

He saw the last brown harvester lift up
from mother-earth
The sheaf that holds a mystery—the seed
of death and birth;

And like a place in Paradise, the empty
stubble-field
Waited, to watch the hock-cart go, with
the children she did yield.

He saw far-off, the homing crows sail into
mottled sky—
Saw horse and horseman flag and tire,
and trees like men go by.

He saw a woman close a door upon the
warm freight
That open is the brow of day, and closed
the shade of night,

He saw above the shallows the first lamps,
lemon-hued,
Lead out the painted suburb into the
hazel wood.

He saw the bobtailed rabbits above the
stoneman's pit,
Where the years went, as the trains go,
all unaware of it.

Another mile, the roofs begin; the rigid
wilderness,
The smoke, the murky omens, upon his
heart-beat press.

The nightfall of the townfolk, the fer-
ment of the place,
Work like sharp ichor in his blood, like
salt reek in the face.

But where the fields are, fragrant and the
moody town is pass'd,
There is a house, an open door; a face,
a fire, at last.

"Three voices in a doorway," he says—
"a woman's form,
"And a lighted hearth behind her, can
make a desert warm;

"And what is Heaven but a house, like
any other one,
"Where the homing man finds harbor,
and the hundred roads are done?"
—The English Review.

Out West with the Harvesters.

By One of "The Boys."

When one has heard told the wonders
of a new place or thing, it naturally
rouses a great deal of curiosity as to
what the reality is like. Many have had
this curiosity with regard to Western
Canada satisfied, but a great number
have never yet seen the prairies. It is
this lure of the far-off opportunity which
draws so many westward every fall.

The harvesters' excursions have come
to be a regular institution, and, owing
to the very low fare, they attract many
who would not go West otherwise. In
a large excursion of this kind there will
naturally be found persons of almost
every class and occupation. It is a very
mixed-up crowd. A great many are Ont-
ario farmers who are eager to see what
Western farming is like; they are perhaps
intending to move there, but first want
to see the country. Then there are many
Englishmen who have been in Ontario a
few years, besides newly-landed immi-
grants who are making use of this ex-
cursion to help themselves on to Winni-

peg. In a train-load of this nature,
there is certain to be little regard for
conventionalities. Your near neighbors
are your impromptu friends. All are on
an equal footing, and there is plenty of
good-fellowship aboard. It is all right
after getting started, but there are a few
anxious minutes when boarding the train;
when one is once caught in the current
of moving people it is hard to get out.
Near the car steps the jam tightens,—
crush, squeeze, then a leap for the side
railing, and we scramble on! One is
not sure of getting a seat, either, until
he is sitting in it. Then it is best to
hold it for a while to prove ownership.

There are a good many people on
board these harvester trains. It is as
if a whole village went travelling at
once. But what slow travelling! Those
excursion trains are run just like
"freights." We covered exactly one hun-
dred miles in the first eight hours on
board. It reminded one of the German
story of the farmer moving around three
sides of a hay-field while the train
traversed the fourth.

Everyone who has gone over the Cana-
dian Pacific to Winnipeg must have won-
dered the first time at the scenery.
After Muskoka, it was all rocks, scrub
bush, and glacial lakes. On the third
day it was still like that. One does a
great deal of speculating as to why such
a barren waste exists, but there must be
some good reason. Though it may be
of little value, yet it is very beautiful.

Winding, winding, mile after mile, on,
on past more bluffs of rock and lakes
we go. And then—Lake Superior! The
majesty of the scenery here is beyond
description. Imposing heights of rock,
rising until their summits were hidden in
the clouds, the deep, deep blue of the
mighty lake, with the waves rolling upon
the sandy beach or dashing into spray
against the rocks. This, all tinged with
the sunset glow, made a picture not soon
forgotten. Then the track, winding and
turning, first around a bay, then out
past a bold headland, and sometimes
through a tunnel,—it was miles of
beauty.

The time went by pleasantly on board
train. There was a great deal of fun,—
singing and story-telling. Quite a few
played cards. The main aisles of the
cars were converted into a promenade-
deck, where many were taking exercise.
It was possible to walk from one end
of the train to the other, and this was
quite a distance with thirteen coaches
on. We were fortunate in being with a
quiet crowd, so there was little disorderly
conduct to complain of. As evening
came on the seats were changed into
bunks, and the boys would start to make
up their beds. It is quite an accom-
plishment to be able to sleep comfortably
in a colonist car, but every one needs to
learn it on that trip.

The railroads in the West have a sys-
tem for distributing those harvesters who
have no particular destination in mind.
A report is sent in from every district
of the three Provinces, to headquarters
at Winnipeg, stating how many men will
be needed there. Thus, the railway
officials can estimate how many men are
required to help harvest the whole West-
ern crop, and are also able to direct
the harvesters to where there is greatest
demand for help.

We pulled out of Winnipeg near mid-
night of the same day we arrived there,
on the second stage of our journey. We
were in an altogether different crowd
from the one we came with from Tor-
onto. This was a quieter lot, and did
not "mix up" much. When morning
broke, we were speeding along over the
prairie. It was much more pleasant to
watch the farming country we were now
passing through than it had been the
barren rocks of New Ontario. This

meant value in money, and work and
growing crops.

There is a peculiar form of entertain-
ment which one often enjoys when travel-
ling; that is in meeting travellers who
have been in different countries and
climes, and will tell their experiences.
It is worth while to get a wanderer talk-
ing sometimes.

Finally, after another stop and change,
we were on the last part of our journey.
It was out over an unfinished road
into the new country. (This had
been opened up quite lately, but
was reported as being one of the
finest districts in the West,—the Goose
Lake District.) What railroads they do
have out there, too. It was rough as
an Ontario corduroy road in comparison
with some of the other lines. Some-
times the cars would sway from side to
side so violently that they seemed to be
leaving the rails at every lurch. They
told us, though, that only the freight
cars did that; and, indeed, we passed
over a dozen lying on their sides, and
bottom up, beside the track.

It is remarkable how the development
of a country seems dependent on the
railroads. As we passed through a place
where the road had been finished for five
or six years, it was apparently all alive.
The farms were good, and well worked
by the look of the crops; there was not
much land lying unbroken. As we went
farther and farther out, there was not
so large a percentage of land under cul-
tivation to be seen, though the crops
were good, until finally, at the end of
the line where it had been homesteaded
only a short time, things seemed just
beginning to live.

Hiring in the West is very different
from what one might imagine from the
reports. One hears of "such a scarcity
of help in certain places, farmers frantic
for help," "crops spoiling to be cut, and
wages at phenomenal figures," but the
reality was different, as a good many
realities are. In reply to enquiries as
to farmers needing help,—"Oh, yes, there
are plenty of men needed. You'll easily
get a job."—But it took me half a day
longer to find one than it would have in
most Ontario villages."

At last we (my employer and I this
time) were started out over the prairie.
Night soon came on, as we started late.
"The boss" told me it was ten miles,
but what a long ten miles that seemed!
Up one grade and down another,—the
strange trail seemed very long. When
we did reach the farm there was another
surprise waiting me in the form of sleep-
ing-quarters. It was just a granary
that the hired men slept in, but as it
had windows and a stove, it was fairly
habitable. Whenever a man goes West,
he is naturally prepared to "rough it"
to some extent, but I was fresh from
Ontario, and the process is not very
pleasant.

The first day at work will stick in my
memory a long time. It seemed like a
never-ending task to start stooking
around an oat-field a mile long. I
thought that if I reached the far end by
night I would do well, but apparently
that is not what the Western farmer ex-
pects. One man is supposed to keep a
binder going, though he doesn't always
(or often) do all that is expected from
him. It was fine work, and I liked it
well, but after the first day it grew very
monotonous; one sheaf seemed exactly
like the ten thousands of others before
it. One's fingers are very apt to get
sore, too, at stooking, and it is neces-
sary to wear gloves.

This country that I had dropped down
into was very different from good old
Ontario. My first impression was of the
great breadth, the "wideness" of these
prairies. It seemed a land of distances,

but as the country was slightly rolling,
one could not see so far. There was
one thing that puzzled me,—something
seemed to be missing all the time;—what
was it? Why, the trees, of course; not
a tree nor shrub of any kind to be seen;
nothing six feet high within thirty miles.
Wide expanses; clear, pure air; dun-
colored earth, and such a blue sky with a
bright sun shining. Room,—that is Sas-
katchewan! And then, the sunsets they
have out there,—what beauty! I re-
member one in particular. It was even-
ing and the sun was going down. The
country being rather level made the
horizon seem very far away and subdued.
The sky was perfectly clear, and there
was not a breath of wind or a sound
from anywhere. Now the sun touches
the horizon. What a glorious thing he
is to look at! His radiance is so mag-
nificent that all the intervening space
seems just haze and indefiniteness. But
how the light bounds up into the sky!
It fills the whole Western heavens, climb-
ing higher and higher, but growing
gradually lighter until it reaches the
zenith. Now the sun has disappeared,
but his rays seem even more beautiful
than before,—what glorious color! At
last it is fading, and the deep blue of
night, dotted with its silver stars, slowly
replaces the red. Fading,—fading,—at
last—it is night on the prairie.

I hadn't been there very long before a
spell of homesickness came over me. It
is a very common form of melancholia,
but that does not make it any easier to
bear. One grows to a sudden realiza-
tion of the many miles he is from home.
Sometimes the "alone" feeling is terrible.
These fits never lasted very long, but,
during them, life didn't seem worth
living.

Much is said now in the papers about
the Americans who are settling in such
numbers in the Western Provinces, and
the desirability of having such a class
of immigrants with capital coming to
Canada. I had landed in a settlement of
these American farmers, and so had a
fine chance of knowing them at first
hand. They had come chiefly from
North and South Dakota, Minnesota, and
the other Western States near the bor-
der. Many of them had been successful
in their former homes, but had made the
change under the idea of getting a new
farm for practically nothing, while the
old one would bring a good figure. The
American is a good type of settler, but
he also has his faults. In the first
place, he is there strictly to make money.
He cares little for sentiment, and does
not want to make a home in the way a
foreigner does. This feeling is very
necessary in the citizens of that nation,
which would be strong within itself. On
the other hand, there is no other class,
perhaps, that will open up the country
faster. He is progressive, and has the
capital to carry out his plans. Also,
he makes a good citizen in another way.
He has come from a land where the cus-
toms, religion and educational systems
are similar to our own, so he is easily
Canadianized.

The country in this section seemed
quite new. There were long stretches of
unbroken prairie that probably looked as
they did a thousand years ago. It was
easy to imagine the buffalo roaming over
those plains. How sad to think that
they have disappeared so completely,
leaving no traces except a few bones
lying here and there. Some of their old
trails can still be seen.

A great deal of steam and gasoline
power is used now in farming in Sas-
katchewan. In some places the soil is

such a stiff clay that it can hardly be broken with horses. Tractors are used now for nearly everything,—plowing, cultivating, threshing, hauling—almost anything that a horse does. This kind of farming seems very odd to the Easterner, because a big steam tractor would not be a practical machine in an Eastern ten-acre field. Farming is all done on a much larger scale out there.

Threshing for the first time in the West is a novel experience, particularly if the grain is hauled right to the separator. It is strange that a team of horses can be driven close enough to such a noisy, dusty machine, to take off the load, but they do not seem to mind it. There is quite a fascination about threshing as they do it there; right out in the open air as it is, one is not bothered with the dust. It is surprising how fast the crops can be cleared off if only the grain is in proper condition. When the straw is perfectly dry and well-ripened, a good separator will eat up flax as fast as four men can feed it. There isn't so much fun in the work then, when a man has to trot his horses and work "on the jump" to keep the machine going.

There was a great feeling of freedom in our life on the gang. We slept in bunks in the caboose, a comfortable little building on trucks; our kitchen and dining-room were combined in the "cook-car," so we were totally independent of houses. If there had not been so much work, it would have been a great deal like gyping. The chief drawback was the difficulty one had of spending his spare time. There was really nothing to read; some of the boys played poker, and some were away. The time passed very slowly on Sundays, for there was no church service held within miles that one might go to.

On the whole, to an outsider, moral and spiritual life in some places seems to be at a low ebb. A slackness in these matters will creep through a whole community. A great deal of money is spent in liquor. The boys on our gang were planning to have a keg of beer brought from town some Saturday night. It is a very wide, and, therefore, lonely country, and loneliness tends rather to weaken a man's moral strength.

One difference between the West and East that impressed me very strongly is in their credit systems. One's credit is good in the West, no matter practically who he may be, if he has land. Some homesteaders have to live on credit until they sell their first crop. Last year there was a good harvest, and it was said that a man could go to the bank and write out a check, whether he had money deposited or not, provided only that he state the quality and acreage of his crop.

With the first flurry of snow and drop of the thermometer, the fellow from Ontario begins to think of home. The Western farmers seem to expect him to, but most of the harvesters stay while there is work. Some of them go out only to see the country, and do very little work. This is the class that is apt to invest heavily in real-estate. They have the advantage over their stay-at-home brothers in Ontario of seeing what they buy.

One has a very different feeling when coming home than going—if he comes home. (Thirty-three per cent. of the harvesters stay in the West.) He is leaving behind that great land of opportunity, but the East is not a dead proposition yet. We are not all pioneers, and there are openings everywhere in Ontario and the Eastern Provinces, for the man who will see and grasp them.

Letters from Abroad.

XV.

Florence, June 24, 13.

My dear Jean,—Medici! Medici! Medici! You can't escape from the Medici in Florence. Their family escutcheon, with the familiar six balls (nicknamed the Medici "piMs"), seemed to be sprinkled all over the city; the Medici busts stare at you from every street; the Medici portraits line the art galleries; the Medici tombs, by Michael Angelo, are double-starred in Baedeker, which means they are something you MUST see; the public library is stacked with Medici history; and, as for the Medici palaces—Well!

the Medici seem to have occupied at one time or another, every building of any pretension in Florence. Strange to say, there is no public square named after them, and as far as I know they have escaped that final test of greatness—the label on a cigar.

This family of tyrants, always spoken of collectively as The Medici, who lorded

Right in the center of the city is that famous Fourteenth Century group of buildings—the Duomo, Baptistery and Giotto's Tower. Commercial Florence has made this sacred historic spot the loop terminus of the street car lines, and it is almost impossible to get a near view of the buildings without risking your life. To add to the confusion,

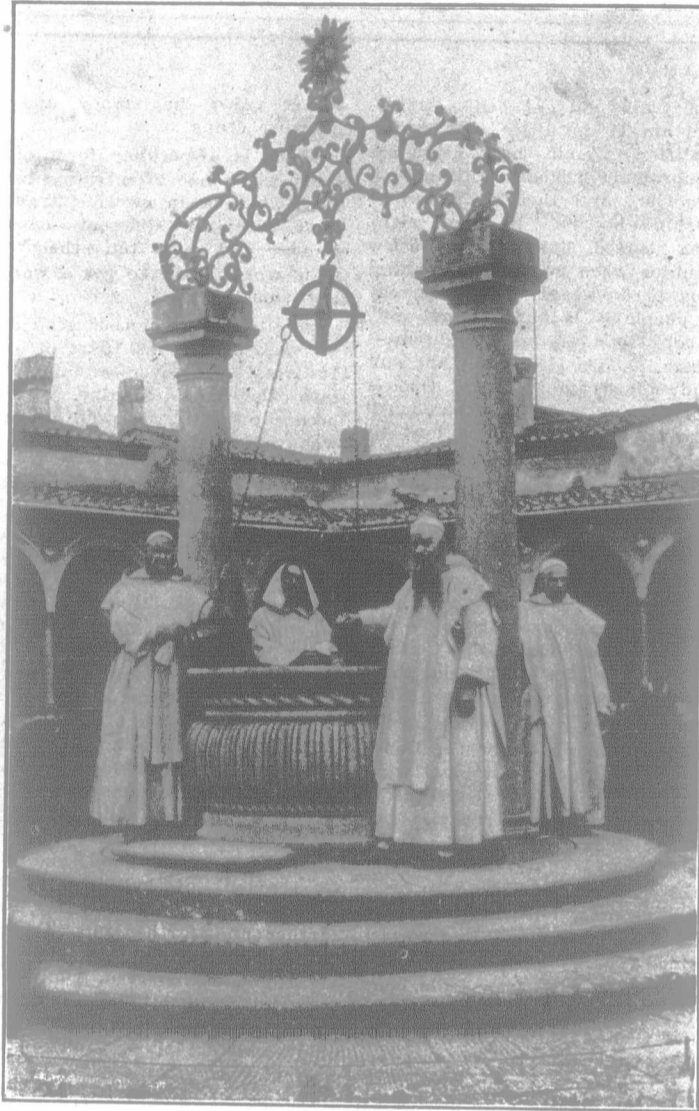
Zenobius was passing it, the shoulders of the priests who were carrying the bier accidentally touched the tree, which immediately burst into leaf. Afterwards the tree was carried away piecemeal by relic hunters, and so this column was erected as a perpetual reminder of the miracle. On it was placed a symbolical elm tree in iron, and they say that every year a new leaf is added. In the Uffizi Gallery there is a large painting depicting the scene of the miracle, with the Baptistery in the background, just as it is to-day.

I shall certainly have a permanent crick in my neck if I stay much longer in Florence and continue to prowl around in narrow, sunless streets, gazing up at tall, gloomy palaces. A book called "Old Florentine Palaces" is chiefly responsible for this exploring mania of mine. It is really quite an exciting occupation to go in pursuit of one of these ancient domestic fortresses, for, although the trail looks definite enough on the map, it proves most elusive when you are tracking it up on a zigzag lane full of side distractions, such as queer little shops, quaint old shrines, and interesting bits of architecture. The Florentines had a strange habit in olden days of building their palaces within a few feet of those opposite, the intervening passage being sometimes a mere crack between towering walls of rugged stone. The windows of the lower floors are all heavily barred like those of a jail, and the upper stories ornamented with carved stonework, elaborate iron torch-holders, and the family escutcheon, which is usually on the corner angle of the wall. On the roof is the loggia—a large outdoor room, corresponding in a way to our verandahs.

Just across the street from our pension is the house in which George Eliot wrote "Romola," that wonderful story of Florentine life, which begins on the day Lorenzo the Magnificent died, and finishes about six years afterwards, just after the death of Savonarola. The Monastery of San Marco, of which Savonarola was prior, and which George Eliot has made the scene of one of her most tragic chapters, is just a few minutes walk from here. It is now a public museum and haunted by garrulous sightseers with red-backed Baedekers. The cloisters are very beautiful, with their wonderful frescoes by Fra Angelico, who was a monk of San Marco. On the upper floor there are rows of empty monastic cells, and at the end of the long corridor the three-cell apartment which was occupied by Savonarola. A number of relics are there—his chair and desk, bits of his robe, etc., and on the wall a ghastly picture depicting his death on the square in front of the Palazzo Vecchio. He is pictured dangling from the gallows, with a fierce fire burning under him, and an excited populace looking on at the gruesome spectacle. In each upper corner of the picture is a large-sized angel resting comfortably on a nice woolly cloud and looking very much surprised at what is going on down below.

Having acquired the monastery-visiting habit, we went one day to the Certosa. It is on the summit of a high hill, near Florence, and at a distance looks like a fortified feudal castle. In this section of Italy nearly every hill-top is crowned by a monastery—quite a contrast to Germany, where the hills are topped by ruined castles. Wherever there is a ruined castle in Germany, it is sure to be visited by pedestrians, and as pedestrians you know—especially German ones—are always thirsty, there is always a nice little al fresco restaurant tucked away some place under the trees where the weary traveller can absorb liquid refreshment. But in Italy it is different, and I must admit that visiting mountain monasteries in June is a pretty dry business. But the Certosa is worth the climb. The trolley drops you at the foot of the hill, and then there is a long, steep stoney path to the building. Outside the door there was the usual beggar exhibiting his crippled limb and whining for pennies. Every church door in Italy is infested with these mendicants, whose hands cup at the sound of a near footstep.

A white-bearded, Santa-Clausish-looking Monk, in voluminous white robes, conducted us through the Monastery. He couldn't speak English, but we con-

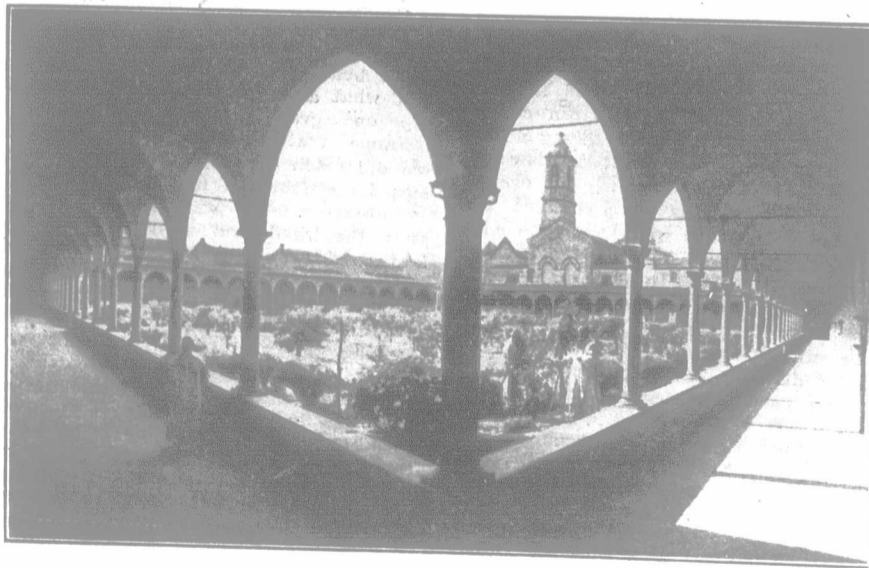


Old Well in Cloister Gardens, Florence.

it over Florence for over two hundred years, seem to have made and unmade the city. Lorenzo the Magnificent, who was the great Medici patron of art and literature, died in 1492—the same year that Columbus sighted American shores.—And, by the way, Amerigo Vespucci, who gave America its name, was a Florentine.

there is a chain of cab-stands and an army of postal-card vendors; so, between dodging street cars and cabs and postal-card sellers, it is next to impossible to spend any time studying the architecture of the buildings.

In the midst of all this jumble, with electric cars whizzing past it, irate cabbies screaming around it, and lazy



The Certosa Cloisters, Florence.

During Lorenzo's rule Florence was a perfect hive of geniuses: poets, sculptors, architects, painters, men whose names are all writ large in the temple of fame. To be sure the fickle Florentines exiled their greatest poet—Dante, and burned their greatest preacher—Savonarola, but the artists who worked out their ideas in concrete form were honored and revered.

loafers leaning against it, there rises a column of stone, surmounted by a simple cross. I wondered why it was left there, where it was such an impediment to the traffic; so one day looked up the reason and learned that once upon a time a miracle happened on that spot. This is the story:—

Formerly a dead elm tree stood there, but when the funeral procession of St.

the shoulders carrying the tree, which Afterwards piecemeal by column was milder of the a symbolical they say that ded. In the large painting miracle, with ground, just

a permanent much longer to prowl streets, gazes. A book "Palaces" is exploring quite an in pursuit of ic fortresses, books definite ves most elu- it up on a distractions, s, quaint old of architect- a strange building their of those op- message being between tower- The windows heavily barred upper stories stonework, s, and the usually on ll. On the ge outdoor ay to our

m our pen- George Eliot nderful story ins on the at died, and rwards, just arala. The of which George one of her at a few is now a y garrulous Baedekers. utiful, with ra Angelico, co. On the s of empty nd of the l apartment narola. A is chair and and on the picting his ont of the cured dang- a fierce fire an excited e gruesome rner of the gel resting cloud and at what is

ery-visiting he Certosa. h hill, near ooks like a his section is crowned contrast to are topped there is a is sure to nd as pe- ally Ger- sty, there al fresco lace under aveller can ut in Italy mit that in June is he Certosa ley drops and then ath to the there was is crippled s. Every sted with s cup at

usish-look- ite robes, Monastery. t we con-

versed very intelligently in sign language. We are becoming quite expert conversational contortionists, and can express a great deal by merely wiggling our eyebrows or shrugging our shoulders. We followed our guide through endless halls decorated with painful pictures of martyrs, into dozens of chapels, down into a gloomy crypt, and out into a sunny garden surrounded by lovely cloisters, under which was the distillery, and finally into a private suite of cells, with garden and balcony attached. The view from the balcony was so fine I could hardly drag myself away. The cloister garden was a lovely tangle of flowers, and in the middle of it was a picturesque stone well designed by Michael Angelo. Drawing water from it was another Santa Claus just like our guide. The monks live in solitude in those apartments, their meals being passed in through a hole in the wall. Formerly this monastery was very large, but after the suppression of the religious orders in Italy no new members were admitted, but a few were allowed to remain. Our guide had been there thirty-six years.

The sale of the famous wine made by the monks was taken charge of by the Italian Government. We were warm and tired and thirsty when we reached the wine room, and the sight of other people sampling wine, and the absence of any other thirst assuager, tempted us to do likewise. The wine is sold in ornamental bottles of all sizes, the smallest one being very diminutive and costing ten centesimi (two cents). I thought I could drink that much, but a few drops of the amber fluid made me feel as if I had a chain of red-hot coals all the way down my throat, so I hastily bought a package of milk-chocolate as an antidote.

Apropos of this wine, if you get a flask that is small enough to stow away in your handbag, you may fool the customs officials at the gate, but otherwise you are taxed for the wine you bring into the city.

A young German, who was on a walking tour, visited the Certosa and bought some wine, which he stowed away in his ruck-sack. But at the Porto Romano he was stopped by a stern-looking tax collector, who insisted on examining the contents of the ruck-sack. After considerable delay and much close figuring, he solemnly announced that the tax would be fifteen centesimi (three cents). "Ach so!" said the astute German, and, turning back, he hid him to a shady spot by the roadside, sat down on the grass and, in full view of the astonished customs' officials, calmly proceeded to eat his lunch and drink his wine. When he had finished, he shouldered his ruck-sack again, winked slyly at the tax-collector and stepped across the frontier unmolested.

As I anticipated, the enthusiastic old lady I mentioned in the last letter has taken a violent fancy to us and is embarrassingly devoted. It wasn't so bad when she was doing-Florence-in-eight-days, because she stuck strictly to the plan outlined in the book, and wouldn't for the world look at an eighth-day-sight on the sixth day, or see This until after she had seen That. No—everything must be done systematically according to the guide book. When the book calls for ecstasies, she has them; if the book said to go and stand on a certain corner at five o'clock in the afternoon and look at Giotto's Tower, because at that hour the sunlight was upon it and the tinted marbles looked their loveliest—she would be standing on that spot with her mouth open and her reading glasses on the end of her nose. When she finished the Eight-days-in-Florence, she collapsed like a balloon and had to go to bed for a rest. Then she decided to linger in Florence a week or two, and we have been dodging her ever since, except in our repentant and amiable moods. As a companion, she has drawbacks. Her voice is sharp and high-pitched; she drops most of her g's and always opens her mouth whenever she looks at anything. Can't you imagine her going through the art galleries? Some of the pictures shocked her dreadfully at first, but she says that she does not mind "them nudes" nearly so much now.

I have rambled on so about the Medici and monasteries that I haven't told you anything about the shopping here, which is all some people come for.

But I've promised to take the old ladyfancy to five or ten years old. "The —whose name is Butler— on a shopping expedition to buy presents for her numerous relations. If I survive the ordeal, I'll tell you about it in another letter. LAURA.

The New Public Health.

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, AND COMMENTS.

Conducted by Institute of Public Health, London, Ont.

[Questions should be addressed: "New Public Health, care of 'The Farmer's Advocate,' London, Ont." Private questions, accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, will receive private answers. Medical treatment for individual cases cannot be prescribed.]

Measles, etc.

My neighbor says that it is a good thing that my children have had measles and scarlet fever. She says that it is better to get it over when they are young. What do you think about this? E. B.

Ans.—This teaching is based on a series of misconceptions. These are:

First: That, since they are inevitable, the younger the child has them, the less trouble and expense they cause. The facts are, that the younger the child, the more severe the attack; the more helpless the patient, the more wearisome and exhausting is the nursing; it is true that children under school age do not lose school by being sick with these diseases, while older children do, but on the general average, the young sick one at home keeps at least one older school child at home, too. Moreover, it does not work out that the children, even now, "succeed" in having their diseases all over before they go to school; about one-half the children have them during school age: and interfere with the school attendance of the other half thus.

There is therefore no argument left, in face of the actual facts, for the old, out-of-date tradition, that has cost so many children's lives: there is no use living in the twentieth century if we are going to follow the worn-out, false teaching of the past generations. Few people appreciate the important fact that whooping cough is more fatal than either measles or scarlet fever. More children die of whooping cough in Ontario than of measles or scarlet fever.

The way to avoid all these diseases in the future is to avoid those who have

weakened lungs, spoiled kidneys, injured ears, and so on, that they leave with the children who survive them. H. W. HILL.

A Hog Pen Near the House.

Is it unhealthy to have a hog-pen near the house? E. B.

Ans.—A hog-pen near the house is not attractive or esthetic, as hog-pens usually are conducted; but, apart from the dirt and foul odors they usually distribute, no disease that we know of is likely to affect the house-dwellers because of such proximity, always assuming, of course, that the hogs are free from disease.

Pigs are not given a fair show as a rule; they are quite as anxious to be clean and dry as most children are—which, perhaps, is not saying much!—and to imagine a hog-pen MUST be foul, slimy, muddy, and smelly, is as bad as it is to think that a man MUST be a drunkard! Pigs will keep themselves cleaner than cows will, if they get the chance.

However, the ordinary hog-pen near the house is no harm if you don't mind the smell! The drainage may get into the well, it is true, but anyone who does not mind breathing the foul air of a hog-pen, should not mind drinking the filtered drainage from it, either.

In summer, the flies will carry whatever they find in the hog-pen into the house, if it is not too big to carry; but there are plenty of worse things for the flies to carry from the toilet, if it is not fly-proof! There is no decency or sense or esthetics in putting the hog-pen far off and keeping a non-fly-proof or neglected outdoor toilet near by. Hog manure in your food will not do you the damage that human manure in your food may do. H. W. HILL.

A Correction.

A mistake occurred in the last issue of the New Public Health Department. In the last paragraph of the answer to the "Meat or Eggs During Hot Weather" query, the line, "An egg with one-fourth its bulk of water added," should read, "An egg with equal its bulk of water added."

Closed until October.

As the doctors of the Institute of Public Health are taking a well-earned holiday, this Department will be closed until October.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

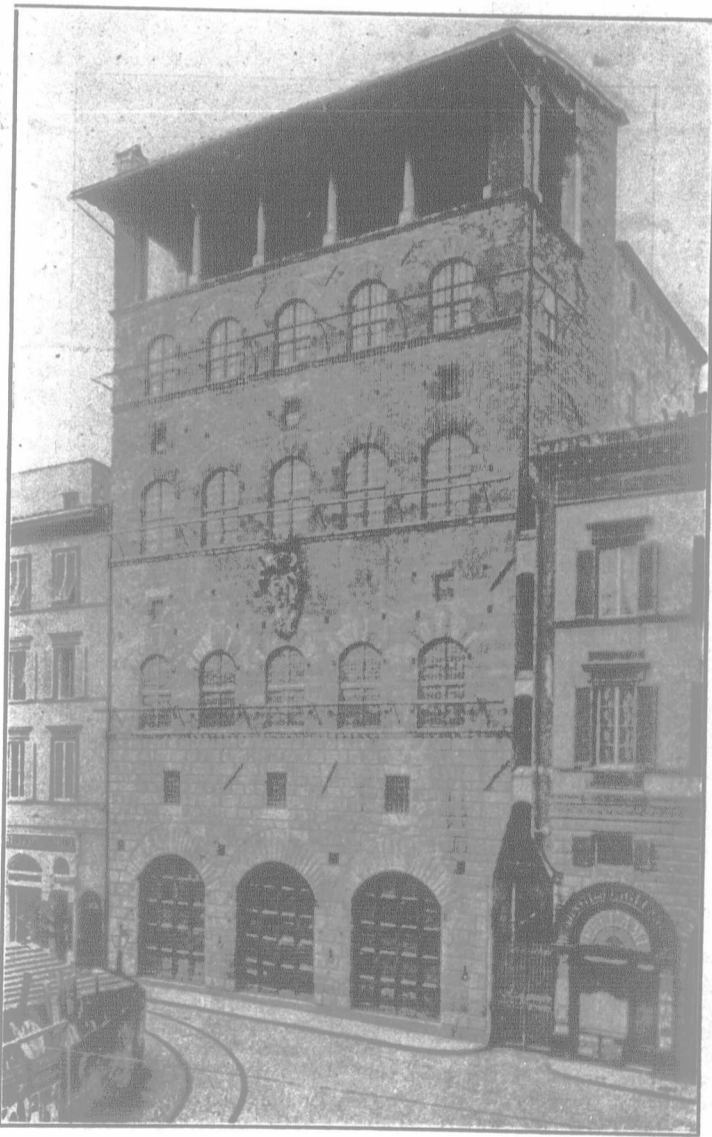
A Royal Invitation—Rejected!

God's Invitation: "Come; for all things are now ready."

Man's Refusal: "They all with one consent began to make excuse."—S. Luke xiv.: 16-20.

The knowledge of God is so glorious and infinite, that when He stoops to call men into closest fellowship with Himself, one might naturally expect that all other pursuits would seem trivial in comparison. If an angel appeared to-day, proclaiming to all the world that for one hour Christ would stand visibly in our midst, receiving all who would come to Him, the stores and factories would be closed, and the business of earth would be suspended for that most important interview. But the work of the world is—or should be—God's work. He does not wish to interfere with daily duty, and yet the great opportunity of meeting Him in wonderful fellowship is offered to each of us many times every day. Are we taking joyous advantage of it, or are we always too busy for religion, too busy to spare time for a meeting with our God?

Once a man was sitting beside our Lord at a meal, and was so delighted with His conversation that he exclaimed: "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God." Our Lord an-



Davanzati Palace, Florence, 14th Century.

Showing family escutcheon on front of building and loggia on roof.

First: That these diseases are inevitable. As a matter of fact, they are no more inevitable than body-lice or "nits" in the hair are inevitable. Our forefathers thought "vermin" could not be escaped: they are considered a disgrace now: so will measles and scarlet fever be considered in a generation or two.

Second: That, since they are inevitable, the sooner you have them the better, because they are mildest in young children, and get worse as the children grow older. The facts are that these diseases are more severe, therefore more fatal, and more permanently damaging when not fatal, in younger children, than in older ones. The least fatal age is about fifteen: the most fatal from in-

them now. The running at large of mild cases of these diseases, of convalescents who are still infectious, and of careless people associated with cases, are the sources of nearly all these cases.

In Ontario every year there are 150,000 cases of the infectious preventable diseases of children, counting only the following: Whooping cough, scarlet fever, measles, pneumonia, diphtheria, mumps, German measles, and chickenpox. If these cost only \$2 each, counting all the expenses, and averaging very, very low for doctors, nursing, medicines, funerals, loss of school attendance, etc., still they cost us \$300,000 a year in hard cash, leaving out all account of death, sorrow, and permanent damage.

swered that impulsive exclamation by the story of the great supper, which showed how well He knew the hearts of men and their carelessness about God's offer of fellowship. Many were invited to the supper, and no one actually said, "I don't want to come." They were quite courteous in their answers to the servants who brought the invitations. But they stayed away. Look again at the familiar story, and see what excuse each invited guest offered. The first must look after his property, the second must attend to his work, the third—who said he could not possibly come—found his home too attractive. There is not one hint of a life of open sin or deliberate defiance of God's call. They all recognized His claim, but were more interested in earthly concerns.

Have things changed so very much to-day? God calls us to meet Him each morning and evening—at least—in private and family prayer. He has commanded us to keep one day in the week as free as possible from earthly work and pleasure, so that we may have time to gain the blessedness of closer fellowship with Him. Do we eagerly keep the appointment with our Divine Lover, or do we fill up our time and thoughts with work and pleasure so that, even when we kneel before Him in His own house, the cares or joys of earth stand between us and Him?

Even when the work which fills our hearts is intended to do Him honor, it is possible to be too busy to hear His voice. Martha was serving Christ, but Mary was drinking in His very Life. She chose that good part, which could never be taken away from her. Work is a God-given duty, and if work is done in a noble, loving spirit, the character grows beautiful day after day. The same apparently trivial duties may have to be done again and again, thousands of times. Life seems slipping away with no lasting result from all the years of service. But if love is the motive-power which drives the busy hands and feet and brain, a lasting beauty of soul is resulting. Death may stop the work, but the beauty so faithfully won shall not be taken away from the worker. It is a precious and eternal possession.

Why should anyone spoil the beauty of life by allowing the God-given duty or pleasure to crowd out the Giver? Make excuses for missing the daily and weekly meetings with God, and soon you will forget Him entirely—will forget even to offer the excuse. It will become a matter of course to go out in the morning without kneeling in thankfulness and trust at the feet of the All-Father, and to lie down at night in utter forgetfulness of the One Whose love never fails. Sunday after Sunday will slip past, without at last, even the decent attempt to excuse one's self from going to church on the ground that it is "too hot" or "too cold" or looks a little like rain, or there is "too much to do."

Then, think of the excuse offered by the third invited guest in the parable: "I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come." Marriage should be a great uplifting force in life. Two people who love each other, and who have the high ambition of climbing daily nearer to God, can help each other marvellously. But too often the reverse is the case, and St. Paul's words are fulfilled: "He that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife . . . ; she that is married careth for the things of the world, how she may please her husband." The eyes are turned so constantly on the home that the Lord of the home is forgotten.

God has made the influence of sex a mighty force in man and in woman. This influence, if rightly used, is a great uplifting power. But any mighty force can do terrible harm if used wrongly. There is a story told of a young man who had endured torture for Christ's sake, and was returning in chains to his dark and horrible cell, praising God that he had been given the high privilege of suffering for his Lord. On his way he passed the girl he loved, and saw a smile of derision on her face. That broke down his courage, and instead of being a glorious martyr for the Faith he became a miserable deserter. He allowed the earthly love to stand in the way of the heavenly. Is it not often so? The strong influence God bestowed as a rich and mysterious gift to man and woman, intended to lead them higher, has often made them less spiritually-minded. This

influence is a great responsibility. Are you exerting it prayerfully or using it selfishly? Does the home chain its inmates to earth, or is it a holy temple where God is loyally worshipped? Are your chief interests centered on earthly things, so that you seek for an excuse when God invites you to be His guest? If so, there is something wrong with your religion. Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. You will eagerly put less important things aside in order to be free to meet your Lord, if you really love Him best. No matter how cultured or learned men may be, their hearts can never rest except on the Heart of God. A few days ago I received a letter from a friend who has been visiting in Old London. She says she enjoys hearing the good, earnest men who preach there—"inspired men, who preach Christ, not Socialism or Politics."

Some College-women once opened a class for teaching poor men in a neglected locality. They started various classes, and after some months of work there, the men were asked if there was anything in particular they wanted to learn about. One answered for the rest: "Could you tell us something about Christ." They were hungry for spiritual food.

One day I was searching for S. S. children in a city tenement house. I made the acquaintance of a Jewish widow who was in great distress about the bad behavior of one of her six sons. I told her how near in loving sympathy God

your work consciously for Him, and His service will become the one important thing in life. To make excuses when He calls is really to refuse His great invitation to a feast—the only satisfying food for heart and soul.

What if you don't get exactly what you wish for, when you accept the invitation of the King to be His guest in His palace. Can you not trust His judgment better than your own shortsighted desires? A man, who knew by experience the joy and power of fellowship with God, said, not long ago:

"Whatever else God does for us through prayer, we may well be content with this, that our prayers bring us some word from Him, some new consciousness and assurance of His living presence. The man who rises from his knees and goes out to his daily task unable to discern an answer to those moments of supplication, save a new assurance that God is with him, has answer enough. God has spoken to his soul. He has passed in through the open door and has seen the vision, if it be but for a moment. He has put out his hand in the darkness, and if it be for the briefest second, he has touched the Divine hand."

We are making our future habits of thought now. It is vitally important to us to be growing in the right direction.

I have been hoping that "Norham" would send me her name and address. The five dollars she sent gave great comfort to a poor girl who was trying to earn her living when the sight of one



Camp Time.

Have you ever tried camping in the orchard?

was, how JESUS loved her and her son, and understood all her troubles. I could hardly get away, she was so eager to hear more. She drank in the glad tidings as a thirsty traveller in the desert reaches out for life-giving water. It is very hard for Jewish women to openly declare themselves Christians, but their hearts respond, like the holy women of old, to the loving message of Him Who understands and can help them.

Life is crowded with interests until our time seems more than filled up. We can't do everything, let us see to it that the things necessarily crowded out are not the most valuable of all—the things which can never be taken away from us if we reach out and make them ours. Little by little, day after day, our ruling passion grows stronger, until we no longer control our desires, but are swept along in their train. Choose wealth for your good, and devote yourself eagerly to the business of getting rich, and you will care less and less for other and nobler ambitions. Your soul will be cramped and dwarfed and ugly.

Set your heart on following in the steps of Christ, speak to Him often, do

eye gave out. Then the other eye became useless, and she is now in the hospital, hoping that the treatment given there may in time restore her sight.

"And so for the help you proffered there, You'll reap a joy, some time—some where."

DORA FARNCOMB.

How to Face Life.

If you will sing a song as you go along, In the face of the real or fancied wrong, In spite of the doubt, if you'll fight it out

And show a heart that is brave and stout;

If you'll laugh at the jeers and refuse the tears,

You'll force the ever-reluctant cheers That the world denies when a coward cries,

To give to the man who bravely tries, And you'll win success with a little song

If you'll sing the song as you go along. —R. McClain Fields.

The Beaver Circle

OUR SENIOR BEAVERS.

[For all pupils from Senior Third to Continuation Classes, inclusive.]

Camp Life During the Summer Vacation.

Wasn't I glad when the last day of school came, for my parents were preparing to go camping during the scorching hot days of the summer? School closed in June, and immediately we left.

It was June, and the month of roses! Their fragrance filled the air, from the soft scent of the wood rose growing in the hedges, to the sweetness of the jacqueminots which climbed over the cottages, and swung their dainty heads in the gardens.

The village of King's Thorpe, nestled among the Dorset Downs, their moss contrasting vividly with the tender green of the wheat. The little village with its thatched roofs nestled in the valley, while on the left rose the towers of a church like some grey guardian spirit of the place. A little chattering brook made its way through the valley, filling it with its merry chimes. All was peaceful and picturesque there, and that is where we pitched our tents. Being tired after the exciting preparations and the journey we retired very early in our new and pleasant world.

Next morning I awoke to find the sun just peeping over the hill-tops, and filling the valley with rosy light on that blushing June day. The birds sang on every side, and the silvery chimes of the brook echoed through the valley. The first thing I did was to roam through the woods and gather the many wild flowers, and watch the frisking squirrels and bounding rabbits here and there through the woods. Cousin Lucy accompanied me, and, what was the most thrilling part, we wandered in too far and were lost in the depth of that strange, unknown woods. We wandered for what seemed to us many hours, till at last, like the Babes in the Wood, we sat down to rest. Presently some boys who were after squirrels and rabbits came, and kindly showed us the way out.

The days wore away till the buzz of the mower was heard, and the drivers' merry voices shouting to their horses. Oh! how hot was the day? The valley was fairly sick with the heat; and in a while the twitter of a bird or the cheep of a cricket was heard from some neighboring hedge. Lucy and I had planned to have a party that day, and invite all the little girls we had made friends with. Father had made us a little row-boat, and had taught us how to row. It being so hot we decided to take the girls for a row in the boat. What a jolly thing it was to be out in the water all alone, and how we did enjoy ourselves! But, alas! we came upon some water lilies, and Gladys reached out for some and unfortunately fell head first in. How we saved her none of us knew! But we reached home safely to tea, and to get dry clothes on.

Oh, dear! to-morrow we must leave this delightful place and return home. How I wish I could stay here always, for the merry brook, the croaking frogs, and the cheerful call of the farmer's boy to the calves, and everything bright and beautiful dwells in this little valley below. But farewell you beautiful place, till another good old summer time.

BERTHA McDONALD.
(Age 16.)

Dundalk, Ont.

Senior Beavers' Letter Box

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As I was reading Don Huron's letter, I decided to follow his well-set example, and write a letter about literature too.

The books I like best are "Corporal Cameron" "In Freedom's Cause," "From Log Cabin to White House," "The Deer Slayer," and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." My favorite authors are Shakespeare and Ralph Connor. I think Shakespeare's best book is "The Merchant of Venice." We took it up for literature at school last year, and also "The Lady of The Lake," which was written by Scott.

Have any of you undertaken to read

Circle

BEAVERS.

Senior Third to

ing the

ation.

last day of... Being tired...

horpe, nestled... Being tired...

find the sun... Being tired...

the buzz of... Being tired...

the valley... Being tired...

What a... Being tired...

Donald... Being tired...

ter Box

As I was... Being tired...

Corporal... Being tired...

"Ivanhoe"? It is a difficult book, and there are a great many characters in it.

I tried for the senior fourth at mid-summer and succeeded. I suppose, Puck, you will feel like throwing this letter in the w.-p. b., but I have done my best.

Yours respectfully,

JEAN BLACKBURN. (Age 12 years.)

Dresden, Ont. You have written a very good letter, Jean. No w.-p. b. for such as this.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my second letter to your charming Circle. But, as the other did not appear in your Circle, I thought I would try my luck again.

I love dumb animals. I have one pet in particular, which is a cat. Her name is Rebecca. I milk a nice quiet cow every night.

I tried for the senior third book, and my teacher says I passed. I like my teacher fine, and I think she will stay another year. Her name is Miss Crossley.

I am very fond of reading, and my favorite book is "Anne of Green Gables."

I have one sister and two brothers. My sister you may call a bookworm. She tried her entrance examination. So did one of my brothers. My other hasn't started to school yet.

Last winter my sister and I had great fun skating on the ice. I got my skates last winter. My sister got hers quite a while ago, so she can skate better than I.

I was back to the woods picking wild raspberries. My sister, who was with me, saw a rabbit. We got very thirsty, so I took a pail we had with us and milked some milk out of one of our cows.

Some day next week a lot of girls are going back to have a picnic in the woods, and my sister and I are going too. I think I shall have a birthday party next August, and I know a lot of girls and boys that I am going to ask to my party.

I was to Strathroy on the first of July to the celebration, and had a lot of fun. If any of the Beavers would like to have a full description of the celebration, I would be pleased to give it to them if they sent me word.

LAURA SULLIVAN. (Age 9, Book Sr. III.)

Kerwood, Ont. P. S.—My sister, Hazel Sullivan, age twelve, whose address is the same as mine, would like some of the Beavers near the same age to correspond with her.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I am going to tell you about our midsummer picnic. Our teacher got a picnic up and invited all the section and two other schools. We had a big time. The girls played baseball, and the boys played football. Some of the boys kicked football till they were stiff. Our teacher's name is Miss Johnston. We all like her fine. I don't go to school all the time. Do you think, Puck, is it right to gather birds' eggs?

I am going to close with some riddles. What is most like a mare's shoe? Ans.—A horse's shoe. What is most like a half a cheese? Ans.—The other half. Why is the letter K like a pig's tail? Ans.—Because it's at the end of pork. I remain,

ROSS WATERS. (Age 14, Book III.)

Moorefield, Ont. If you gather birds' eggs you will prevent just so many little birds from being hatched out. Birds eat the insects that destroy our crops and fruit, so don't you think we should try to spare them, as well for that as for their beautiful songs? Don't touch the birds' eggs, Ross—but I am sure you will not. What about trying to get other boys to leave birds' nests alone?

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my second letter to your Circle. I wrote once before, but did not see it in print. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" as long as I can remember, and

I enjoy reading your interesting letters. That was a real nice story that Mary Lennendin wrote about a man and his wife, and two girls, Laura and Ethel, living beside the large forest. I go to school every day, and have two miles and a half to walk. We have about thirty scholars going to our school. My teacher's name is Miss Howie, and I like her fine.

What is it that ties two together and only touches one? Ans.—A ring. I will close for this time, wishing the Circle every success.

RUBY BROCKELBANK. (Class Sr. III.) Walkerton, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I don't think there is anything more interesting than a garden. The flowers and vegetables all seem to come up with the sunshine and rain. Some have two round leaves when they come up, and some have long narrow leaves, and all the plants seem to have their season. Some come out early and blossom until late. I am experimenting on the flowers this year, as I have over a dozen kinds. I have two boxes made for birds, put up in trees. A sparrow built in one, and a blue-bird was surveying the other box, but has not built yet. Last year a cat-bird and an oriole built near my garden. The cat-bird is very interesting; it mews like a cat, and it can also mock any other bird. Its eggs are blue. It builds near the ground. Its nest is made out of sticks. The oriole built its nest on a top-most, slender limb of a maple. Its nest hung from the limb. I think it is a great thing to form "Boys' Leagues" for the protection of birds.

I wonder how many Beavers have seen guinea pigs. One of the boys who goes to our school has got them. If you pick them up by the tail their eyes will fall out, but you see they have not got any tail.

The young people in our district formed a Literary Society last winter. It met every fortnight at different peoples' homes. There were about fifty members. At the close we had an oyster supper. These meetings help greatly those who are backward. I guess I will close, wishing all who try in the Garden Competition every success.

HOWARD JAMIESON. (Age 15, Class V.)

Camborne, Ont. P. S.—Does it matter what size camera we use, my camera takes pictures 2 1/2 by 4 1/2. Father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for nearly thirty years, it has changed greatly since then.

[It does not matter about the size of the camera, so long as the pictures are clear.

Howard, what do you think about organizing a club for the protection of birds, in the Beaver Circle? Would you like to write us a letter about this?—P.]

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As this is my first letter to your Circle, I will try and make it as interesting as possible. My brother has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for three years. We all like it very much, and think it is the best paper we take. I like reading the letters very much.

I live on a farm of about two hundred acres. Then we have another place and a large pasture, and we raise quite a bit of stock. We have eight horses. I have two little colts which I like very much. Their names are Carrie and Millie. There is a creek runs along in front of our barn, and I lead the colts out to water. Then I have two sheep. My brothers and I have a dog. His name is Nero. He is a good sleigh dog, and can pull a heavy load.

I live on the shore of Mindemoya Lake. In summer I take a bath every day. I think now is a nice time of the year. My father makes a lot of syrup every year. We tap about twelve or thirteen hundred trees every year. One year we tapped fifteen hundred. I like syrup very much. Some nights some people come and visit our camp, and have a good time.

I have three brothers and three sisters. Four of us go to school, and like it very much. We have about a mile to go. It is all bush road, and is a very pretty scene.

I like driving a team of horses very much. As my letter is getting rather

long I will say good-bye. Wishing the Circle every success.

MORLEY J. TRACY. Spring Bay, Manitoulin Island, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As I have not written to the Circle for a long time I thought I had better write again.

How did this spring weather suit you all, Beavers? I think spring time is a time to be glad in. Doesn't it make you feel glad when you see the dear little wild flowers springing up to meet the April showers, and robin redbreast perching on a limb of a tree enjoying himself in the rain also? I think that they are glad, and enjoy themselves as much as we. But I suppose there are some city Beavers who but seldom see these joyful birds and pretty wild flowers, aren't there? Sometimes I think they do not enjoy themselves very much, but I suppose they see the birds anyway, and the warm sunshine.

I have three pet cats which I call my own. They are yellow and white in color. Two of them catch mice, but the other one is too young, I think. One day, as he was playing on the woodpile, he found an old salmon can. You know, cats like fish, and I suppose he knew (after he had smelled it) that it was 'fishy,' for he got his head into the can, and it stayed there for a while. There he was, backing up and shaking, until the can fell off.

Well, I will close with a riddle.—What is the difference between a sigh, an automobile, and a donkey? Ans.—A sigh is 'oh, dear!' an automobile is 'so dear!' and a donkey is 'you dear!' KATHLEEN FRIZELLE. (Age 11, Jr. IV. Class.) Oxford Centre, Ont.

Honor Roll: —Melville Stewart, Elizabeth Walser, Bert Abell.

RIDDLES.

What is the difference between a bottle of medicine and a bad boy? Ans.—The one you shake before you take, and the other you take before you shake.—Sent by Hazel Howard.

What shoes are made without leather? Ans.—Horse shoes.

Old mother Twitchett had but one eye, And a long tail which she can let fly, And every time she went over a gap, She left a bit of it there in a trap. Ans.—A needle and thread.

What has only one foot? Ans.—A stocking.—Sent by Eula Terry.

Eula wishes the Beavers to send answers to the following: "What do you cut off at both ends to make it longer?"

Junior Beavers' Letter Box

[Dear Little Beavers,—So very many letters came from you that we have got "away behind," and so cannot publish all the letters. Why, do you know?—We have letters on hand yet that came in March.

What shall we do? I think the only thing is to print the very best letters, and put the names of those who wrote the next best ones in an Honor Roll. So if you don't see your letter you may be able to find your name in the Honor Roll. Will that be all right?—Puck.]

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Circle. I will tell you about our two parrots. They are so funny. When we give one something to eat he holds it in his claws and takes a bite; then he passes it to the other one to have a bite too. They kiss each other and say "That is awful good!" When one gets out of sight of the other it says, "Where is the other boy?" I will close with a riddle. Round as an apple, sharp as a nail, hangs all summer, drops in the fall. Ans.—A chestnut burr.

ERMA DRAKE. (Age 7, Book I.) St. Thomas, Ont., R. R. No. 8.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. Erma's birthday was on March 26th. She got a ribbon and a doll that she had to put batting in it and sew it up, and then she had a doll, and a pen, and a bottle of candies, an orange, and a

ten-cent piece, a calendar and a picture.

Mamma made some ice cream with a cup of sugar and a cup of milk, a tablespoonful of vanilla, froze it stiff. Oh, it was so good. I hope to see this in print and surprise papa.

KENNETH DRAKE. (Age 10, Book II.) St. Thomas, Ont., R. R. No. 8.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—The last letter I wrote I told you we were drilling a well. We drilled one hundred and ten feet. We got lots of water, and we put a house over the well, and we pump water with a gasoline engine. We have a shaft up over the engine with a lot of pulleys on it which drive the turnip pulper, the cream separator, churn, washing machine, grind-stone, pump water to the house, and all through the barn wherever it is needed. Our engine is a one horse-power, and it does all the jobs at once. Wishing the Beavers success.

GREGORY G. BROHAM. (Age 8, Book II.) Aris, Ont., R. R. No. 2.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your busy Circle. I did not see my first in print, but I hope to see this one. May I join your Circle? I have read all your letters, and I enjoy reading them too. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for some time. I live near Welland, a thriving town, soon will be a city. I have a half of a mile to go to school, and go nearly every day and am head of my class.

For pets I have a dog called Printie, a cat called Nigger, a calf named Ruby, and three chickens. As my letter is getting quite long, I guess I will close with many good wishes for the Beavers. Yours truly,

ETHELWYN LEARN. (Age 9, Book Sr. II.)

Dear Puck,—I am sending you a story of my own make-up. The following is it:

A St. Bernard dog was once badly hurt by a wagon, which hurt his foot very much. As he was limping home he went to a blacksmith's and showed the man his foot. The blacksmith bathed his foot and tied his foot up to get well; every morning he went to the shop until his foot got well again.

One morning, as he was going to the shop, he met a spaniel whose foot was sore and swollen. He at once took him to the kind blacksmith. The man cared for the spaniel until he was better. He was telling a man one day about the dogs, and the other man said they are called dumb animals, but it is great how much they know.

CHESTER VAN SICKLE. (Age 7, Book II.) Guelph, Ont., R. R. No. 4.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I enjoy reading the Beaver letters. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for nearly two years, and likes it fine. I have no pets only a baby sister, and I think it is the best pet of all. I go to Sunday school. We write on the home-study leaflets, and I got my certificate and two silver seals. I go to school nearly every day.

Well, I will close. I hope this will escape the w.-p. b.

CECIL CAMPBELL. (Jr. III. Class, Age 11.) Collingwood, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to "The Farmer's Advocate." I enjoy reading the Beaver letters very much. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a number of years, and could not be without it, for every one of us like it so well. One of my sisters wrote to you before, but we never saw it in print. Her name was Jennie Coultis.

We have four hundred acres of land, and it is all very good. We tapped thirty trees on one part of it and made syrup. I suppose every one now has had the chicken pocks. They are a bad thing to have. I know for I had them. I see where one of the Beavers wanted us to have pen names. I am glad you did not allow it. I think my



Add water to milk—
You weaken the milk.
Add soft wheat to flour—
You weaken your flour.
Cheapens it too.
Soft wheat costs less—worth less.
Soft wheat flour has less gluten—less nutriment.
Your bread is less nutritious, sustaining, economical.
Soft flour has less strength, less quality gluten.
Giving less good things for your money and things less good.
Use Manitoba flour—Manitoba hard wheat flour.
Having everything the soft stuff lacks.
FIVE ROSES is all Manitoba.
Without a grain of cheaper wheat.
Strengthen your food values.
Use FIVE ROSES.

Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached



Not Blended

LAKES OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL

letter is getting rather long. So I will close for this time.

RAE COULTIS.
South Bay Mouth P. O. (Age 11.)

Junior Beavers Honor Roll:—Keith Drake, Frank Carson, Grace Grainger, Alice McRae, Laura Reid, Bertha Becker.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondence in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.]

Education for the Farm Laddie.

There are fifteen little boys playing outside of that schoolhouse door. They are just "little chaps," say six or seven years old, and if you were gifted with a magician's crystal and able to foresee the future of each in it, you might learn some interesting things.

You would find, for instance, that one of these lads is to be a preacher. Come what will, favorable fortune or unfavorable, he will win his way through to the pulpit, doggedly keeping onward with the vision at the end of the path before his eyes. Similarly another lad will be a lawyer, the advocate's desk his vision; another will be a civil engineer, the blazing of new trails his vision;—and so on over perhaps five of the number.

There are ten little boys left, and of these one from boyhood knows that he will be a farmer. The farm seems to him the ideal place for living. He

glories in the freedom of the country, and in the broad uninterrupted view and fresh air over the hills. He likes working with his hands as well as with his head. He loves animals. He is interested in all the "whys" of agriculture. He feels kin with bud, and tree, and cloud, and bush. He knows that for him working indoors away from all these things would be prison indeed.

And now there are nine little boys, nine little play-loving, irresponsible laddies, bright, sharp, ready for influences, yet altogether nebulous so far as having any idea as to what they want to do through life is concerned. They have been born, these nine little laddies, as so many people seem to be, without any very strong likes or dislikes in regard to occupation,—and now what about them? What is to be done with them?

It seems to me that it is in regard to such boys as these that influences count most. There seems no earthly reason why, circumstances being favorable, every one of these nine nebulous boys should not develop into farmers rather than drift into other businesses and trades whose complement might be easily filled in the cities and towns from the ranks of similarly nebulous boys from city homes.

The natural environment of these children is the country, why, then, should they grow up choosing to leave it, unless prejudiced by outward influences?—And here, again, the home occupies a place of importance.

If a boy, for instance, continually hears the work of the farm spoken of as drudgery, and that of the city extolled as a sort of Moslem-paradise ease by comparison, what more natural than that he make up his mind, and that right early too, to fly the drudgery just as soon as possible?

If, moreover, the lad hears farming spoken of in the home as an out-at-the-elbows, ambitionless sort of business, can he be expected, if he have the "spunk" of a mosquito, to make up his mind to cast in his lot with it?

Surely any parent who wishes his son to follow in his vocation should, at least, represent it to him as a cheerful, hopeful, happy walk of life, one that requires brain, and skill and determination in order that it make good. If the parent cannot honestly represent it thus, then he has no business to try to compel his son to be a farmer.

"He's only a farmer,"—how many a thousand times that careless, "headless," unjust utterance has driven a spirited boy from a life in which he might have found happiness, and interest, perhaps prosperity too! No boy who is worth his salt wants to be an "only."

It is upon the teacher of the rural school, however, that the onus of the blame has been laid for driving the boy from the farm to the city. Personally, I do not believe that the teacher is one-half—no, not one-tenth—as responsible in this matter as the general home atmosphere. Looking back over my own primary-school days, spent wholly in a country school, and with a number of teachers, I cannot remember one sentence nor one impression from that school that could possibly have prejudiced me against the rural life. As children we spent our time on reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history and grammar, with a little drawing and a few Latin roots thrown in. I have wished many a time since that the Latin roots had been vastly increased in number. We needed every one of the things taught. The curriculum was none too broad to give the breadth of mind

that even children need, and I for one have not the least sympathy with those who wish to oust history and grammar from the public school curriculum. Personally I have had reason to be thankful, many times over, for the laborious hours spent in that public school over the parsing and analyzing of resounding and to us often obscure stanzas from Paradise Lost, The Lady of the Lake, and Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.—"Murder," says someone "to parse and analyze poetry!" But the concentration upon the poetry even for grammatical purposes, called attention to the poetry itself, and those flashing stanzas became as glittering signals pointing on to mysterious and radiant distances filled with promise of we knew not what heights of intellectual joy. Through the grammatical analyzing we learned to grasp meaning, and through the ceaseless drilling we learned to remember the rules of correct speaking. Indeed I can truly say that never again was our little band really "taught" grammar. Teachers came afterward in higher schools, but not one who could so illumine and make interesting the study itself.

If all the people with whom one must come in touch spoke irreproachable English, then it might be reasonable to talk about putting grammar off the public school curriculum. Since, however, such unanimity is unknown, and since many children must end their school days with the public school, it seems reasonable to retain it. In its being retained lies our only hope that such ear-rending mistakes as "you was," "them cows," "him and me done it," "I seen," and "she had went" shall ever become of the past.

But to return to our text, the special education of the young farmer: An occasional teacher may, of course, ex-

ercise a definite influence in leading boys and girls to despise the country and its life, especially if she be attractive and the children like her. A young person who has spent all her life among brick walls and side-walks, dumped all at once into a country section, is almost sure to be out of harmony with her environment. She is home-sick, she doesn't like country ways, she can't see anything "in" farming, and in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred doesn't know enough about nature study to be interested even in that.

She would be a saint indeed if she did not let some expression of her dissatisfaction escape. But there is a very easy way to escape her influence, viz., by choosing teachers from the farms for country schools. A young man or woman brought up on a farm may, it is true, have a grudge against it, but the chances are that comparatively few so started in life will dislike the country, or fail to understand those who live in it.

But there are, of course, positive ways by which love of the country may be instilled, and little nebulous boys turned thoughtwards towards the rural life.

The school-garden and school-fair, when rightly managed and not made a farce of, are among these positive influences.

Then there is the school library, one of the great influences—if the books are properly chosen. Too often, however, they are a mere conglomeration of cheap volumes recommended vaguely as "children's books," bought in a lump by teacher, inspector or trustees, and previously inspected by nobody. Ostensibly wild and bloody travel stories written by people who never saw the places of which they have told, should have no place in a school library, yet these, as a rule, too often make up the bulk of books chosen for the public school. Reputable travel books, however, especially if illustrated, are very advisable. Good fiction, too, chosen with reference to the years of the readers, has its place, but in the rural school point should be made, above all things, to secure the best, and only the best, books on nature study, books that will open the eyes of the children to the wonders surrounding them on every hand. It is a notable fact that many farmers spend their whole lives on farms without seeing one thing to admire or to be interested in outside of the ordinary procession of hogs, cattle, horses and grain, regarded with an eye to the almighty dollar; yet it is in the wonders of nature that half the charm of country life lies.

Of course, in order to be effective such nature-books must be chosen as will illuminate the immediate locality. I have seen the complement of nature-books in Ontario schools wholly made of volumes dealing with orang-outangs, parakeets, cobras and other tropical creatures,—not one word about the warblers, and nuthatches of our own woods, not one word about our wonderful caterpillars and moths and butterflies, not one word about the tiny rodents and weeds of our fields or the finny families of our brooks. And yet there are hundreds of first-class books, many beautifully illustrated in color, on the flora, fauna and the bird-life of our own continent. On the spur of the moment I think of Neltje Blanchan's and Olive Miller's bird-books; Clute's "Our Ferns in Their Haunts"; Lounsbury's "Guide to the Wild Flowers"; "The Brook Book"; the illustrated butterfly and moth books, and the ever-charming books on nature written by Thompson-Seton, John Burroughs, Chas. G. D. Roberts and W. J. Long.

Above all the positive influences outside of the home, however, which tend to the making of the young farmer, must be placed the earnest, energetic teacher, one who is in love with the country and knows enough about agriculture, gardening and nature study, to be, not only sure of her ground, but enthusiastic over it. The great trouble is that there are not enough of "her" to go round. As a rule the teachers to-day are too young to be a positive

influence in anything other than the teaching of a bit of book-work. They have not had time to develop personal character to any great extent; they know practically nothing of life or human nature; they have not even theories in regard to teaching; and their education in agriculture and nature-study is a positive joke.

Occasionally, however, and even in spite of her youth, there is one who is as enthusiastic, as bright, as advanced, and as sensible of her responsibility as may be desired. If you have secured such an one in your school, hold her, if good salary and personal sympathy will keep her. Remember that she is by far the most important person in your section; realize that the influence of their Sunday-school teacher over your children is nothing to hers; and realize above all things that the education of your children, so well conducted in her hands, is more important a thousand-fold than cattle, or lands, or bank account, or anything else that is yours.

Such a teacher will be a constant stimulus to the intellect and to the solidifying of the character of your child, and stimulus, as you may understand, is the main thing. As a noted educator writing for British "Nation" has said, "When we elementary teachers have learnt to stimulate and not to deaden the appetite for knowledge, to awaken and not to stupefy, to charm and not to repel, then and not till then may we reasonably expect a universal and genuine demand for higher education. . . . We must establish the novel idea that school is not a penalty but a privilege; we must make additional schooling not compulsory but attractive."

If you have a teacher who can create this appetite for knowledge, do not cramp her work. Give her as good equipment as the section can afford. She can't teach right with a cracked blackboard, two torn maps and a box of chalk. She needs, for best work, plenty of maps, physiological charts and a globe, plenty of blackboards, colored crayons and a few apparatus for simple experiments, a good library and an allowance for magazines and Perry, Cosmos or Brown pictures.

And don't cramp her individuality. She may do differently from any teacher who has ever been in the school before, but that may be because she is doing better. Were it not for allowing teachers to exercise their own individuality and work out their own ideas, how could we ever have had educators such as Pestalozzi and Froebel, and, in our own day, Ella Frances Lynch, and Dr. Maria Montessori, whose wonderful school in Rome is to-day observed of all educators?

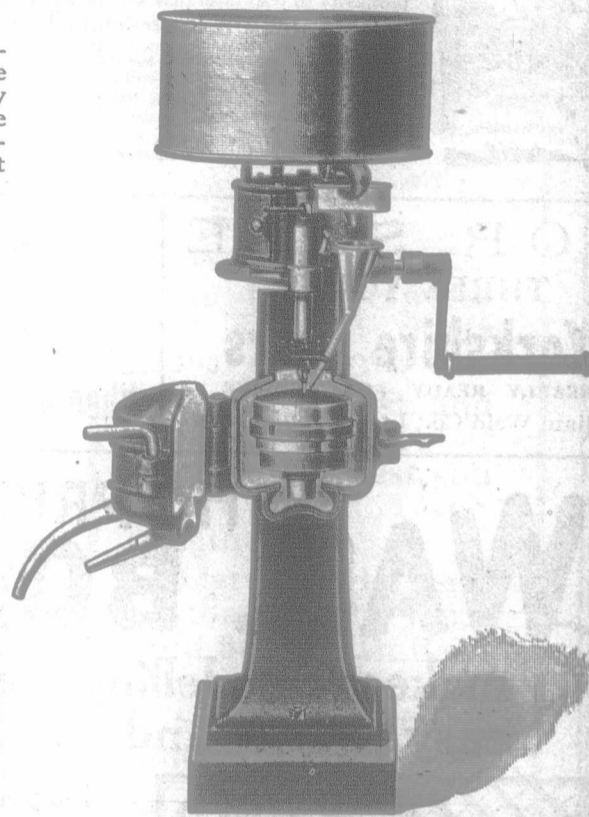
If, then, she chooses to bring frogs' eggs into the school so that the children may watch their development, your little teacher may know "what she is doing. If she takes the children off, occasionally, on long tramps through woods or by the riverside, there may be "method in her madness." Even Roosevelt the practical, in a special message to Congress in 1909, commenting on the report of the Country Life Commission which he instituted, said that a great need of American country life to-day is "a new kind of schools which shall teach the children as much outdoors as indoors." . . . All this pottering about with frogs' eggs and school gardens, all this tramping through woods, all this learning to recognize flowers, and weeds, and bird-songs, and butterfly-markings may be turning the tide in your boy's life, influencing him to be, as you wish, some day a farmer. Nor if he chances to be a genius in some other line, will all this harm him. It will but give him new avenues of pleasure in life. It is yours to recognize that genius, and yours to permit it to develop as unhindered as may be.

Once more may it be repeated, if your teacher rings true, if she is of the true guinea gold stamp, equipped with character, with enthusiasm, with thorough knowledge of and interest in her work, value her, encourage her, pay her as she should be paid for the great work she is doing. Money is a secondary matter, but the amount of a salary indicates appreciation, and is so taken by every honest worker.—JUNIA.

(To be continued.)

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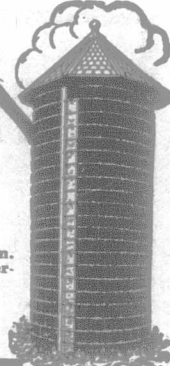
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Some Pointed Paragraphs.

"Given parents and teachers who judge men by clothes and social standing and wealth, and a dozen other superficial things, and your child takes these standards for his own."—F. G. H. in "Our Dumb Animals."

"The final point on which I will touch is the extraordinary respect which Germany, amid all its changes of fortune and of manners, pays to intelligence and to culture. The profession of teacher is especially honored, as it ought to be, in every civilized land. On a recent visit to Berlin Mr. Whitman (Sidney Whitman, author of "German Memories") saw an endless cortege of carriages filing through the streets; it was the funeral of a university professor. The socialists are especially conspicuous at such testimonials to learning. Mr. Whitman saw a great torch-light procession go through the streets of Bonn; it was in honor of a simple female teacher who had concluded her twenty-five years' service in one of the elementary schools of the town. These incidents bring Mr. Whitman to the observation that 'In spite of certain social and political disabilities, which still affect a large section of the German nation, the life of the people is, in many respects, far richer than ours.'"—T. P. O'Connor in review of "German Memories" by Sidney Whitman.

"Do you see what I am trying to prove—that it is not the mere scholar we want: it is the whole, vitalized, stimulated, wideawake YOU, the YOU that stamps your work as your own; and that we are not to be satisfied with being a pale imitation of somebody else? . . . What we need is boys and girls and men and women who realize their highest, all-round possibilities; who transform whatever they touch and give it a new color, a new shape, a new grace; who see the beauty and poetry in common every-day things and how to create it; for it shows, thank God, in teaching and housework and cooking and business and dress-making and gardening and building, just as it does in painting or modelling, or writing books. . . Be anything you like so long as you are not dull and indifferent, listless and useless."

Kate Douglas Wiggin in "Good House-keeping."

Lettuce and Its Possibilities.

When I planned to write this little paper on lettuce the temperature stood at 98 degrees in the streets of London, so what more natural than that my thoughts should run to cool woods, babbling brooks, picnics and—lettuce. Perhaps I might add cucumbers. . . As I write this we have donned heavy clothes again and are shivering even in them: isn't it strange that we never have a rain nowadays without the thermometer dropping to freezing point immediately afterwards? . . . By the time you read this it may still be cold, or worse, cold and wet, or you may be sizzling again, even on your coolest verandahs, and a screed on lettuce may be in order. On the benefit of the doubt, here goes!

Is not there something cooling in the very thought of the crisp, green leaves? What is a salad unless mounted on them? What is a sandwich without a glint of the cool green between the white slices? What is a tea or a picnic at any time during summer without the dainty presence, somewhere, of lettuce

And then it is so "good for" one. Oh, I hope you have got into the lettuce-growing habit, and if you have I dare wager dollars to doughnuts that you have found out that it needs, in order to bring forth all its fresh crispness, a rich, loose soil to grow in, plenty of water, and frequent stirring of the soil with a hoe. Rapid growth, you see, is essential to its tenderness. Some people plant a bed of lettuce in the spring, and expect that to last all summer. She who is wise sows only a short row early in spring, but continues to add other short rows at intervals of two weeks right up to the latter part of September, transplanting some of the

last heads into boxes for winter use. She who is very wise, too, chooses the best cabbage-headed varieties, whose leaves curl inward and help to keep themselves crisp and cool.

Lettuce is valuable, not only as a garnish but because of its medicinal qualities. It is said to be especially useful for nervous people, and at the luxurious tables of ancient Rome was served at the close of feasts to quiet the nerves of those who had imbibed too freely of the wines of the peninsula. I wonder if this memory, lurking somewhere in his subconsciousness, gave Charles Dudley Warner his whimsical idea that lettuce is an "aristocratic" plant. He does not touch upon the point, but surely would have done so if he had remembered.

Perhaps you remember the passage, in his "My Summer in a Garden."

"Lettuce is like conversation: it must be fresh and crisp, so sparkling that you scarcely notice the bitter in it. Lettuce, like most talkers, is, however, apt to run rapidly to seed. Blessed is that sort which comes to a head, and so remains, like a few people I know, growing more solid and satisfactory and tender at the same time, and crisp in their maturity. Lettuce, like conversation, requires a good deal of oil, to avoid friction and keep the company smooth; a pinch of attic salt; a dash of pepper; a quantity of mustard and vinegar, by all means, but so mixed that you will notice no sharp contrasts; and a trifle of sugar. You can put anything, and the more things the better, into salad, as into a conversation; but everything depends upon the skill of mixing. I feel that I am in the best society when I am with lettuce. It is in the select circle of vegetables."

Tomatoes, the writer holds, in comparison with lettuce, are quite plebeian, while beans are decidedly vulgar. Succotash—and he shudders. "It is the bean in it!"—But beans are very good food for all that, and tomatoes! What would a paradise be without tomatoes.

Have you tried all the permutations and combinations of lettuce? If not here may be some new ideas, but, first of all, see that your lettuce is gathered in good time, and soaked an hour in cold water to crisp it. If any of it is left over after a meal, however, do not keep it over night in cold water,—simply sprinkle it, put it in a vegetable dish, and put on the lid.

Of course you are acquainted with lettuce served with salad dressing, or with vinegar and sugar, but have you ever tried it with sweet cream and sugar? It is delicious. Serve the leaves whole, pour on the cream and sprinkle with sugar just before eating.

For a relish with potatoes try this: Shred the lettuce, mix it with chopped onion, stir in a little thick sour cream and add salt to taste.

A pretty salad for a hot day is made as follows: On individual plates make a "nest" of lettuce shredded into narrow strips with scissors. Over this put some thin slices of cucumber and radish, put on a spoonful of thick salad dressing, then in the centre of all a little ball of cream cheese. You may add a few chopped nuts if you like.

A more nourishing salad is very easily made. Put crisp lettuce leaves on individual plates. Add some thick slices of hard-boiled egg, then a spoonful of good salad dressing.

Last of all if you have far too much lettuce in your garden use some of it for "greens," boiling just as you would spinach, or beet-tops, or "lamb's quarters," which, after all, is only wild spinach. You will find the dish delicious. It is a great favorite in Hungary.—JUNIA.

The Scrap Bag.

Keep honey in the dark and it will not granulate as readily as if kept in the light.

CLEANING TINWARE.

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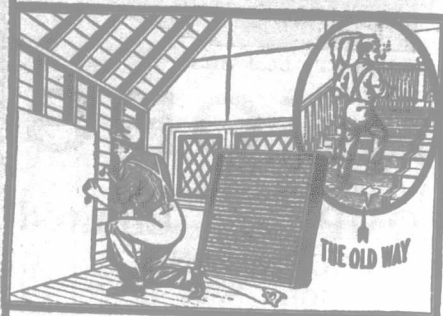
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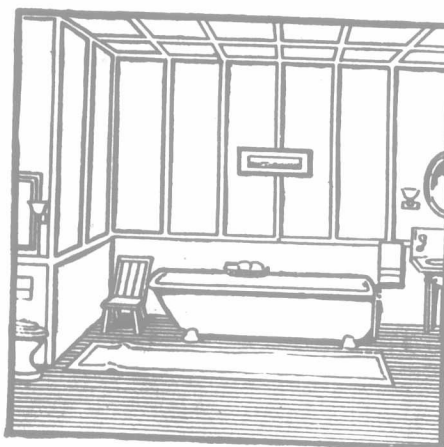


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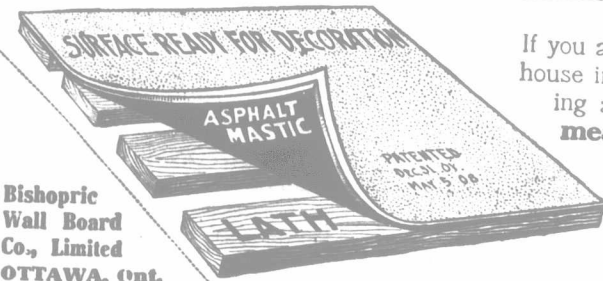
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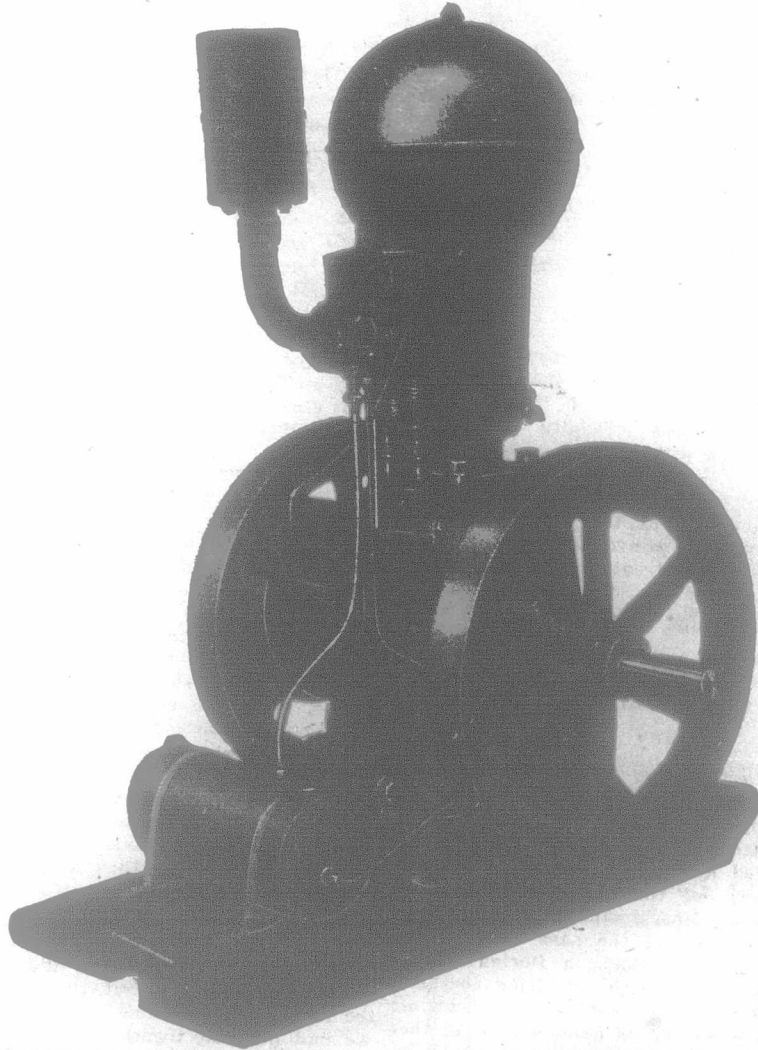
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"When are you going to fix that fence, Dick?" asked the farmer's wife.

"Oh, next week when Rob comes home from college."

"But what will the boy know about fixing a fence, Dick?"

"He ought to know a heap. He wrote me that he had been taking fencing lessons for a month," said the husband with a twinkle in his eye.

to dry without shaking. When dry gently shake out the flour, and the dirt will go with it. Remember how explosive gasoline is, and do the work out of doors away from fires or lights. Work in the shade, as even hot sunshine might ignite the gasoline.

TO WASH CRETONNE.

First shake and brush the cretonne well, then let it soak a few minutes in water with salt and vinegar added in the proportion of 4 tablespoons of each to the gallon of water. This will set the colors. Next wash in water in which a bag of bran has been boiled. Use the water luke-warm, and rinse in thinner bran water. Squeeze as dry as possible, then roll up in an old sheet. Press on the wrong side.

REDUCE DISH-WASHING IN SUMMER.

Do away with all the dish-washing you can in summer. If you have a grove or woods within easy reach have your meals there as often as possible, making papers do for bread plates, etc., and serving potatoes and meat directly on the plates of the "eaters." This will do away with washing vegetable dishes and meat platters. Three stones placed close together make an excellent out-of-doors stove, but be careful, while working about it, that the fire does not catch your skirts. Also be careful to pour water on the fire before leaving it for the night.

Salads, Fruits and Ices.

Frozen Bananas.—Cut 6 bananas in slices, add 1/2 lb. powdered sugar and let stand an hour, then add 1 quart water and the grated rind of a lemon. Put all in a freezer and freeze. You may add a pint of whipped cream if you like. Try using ice-creams instead of pudding at times during hot weather.

Raspberries and Cream.—Fill individual dishes with raspberries, sprinkle each with a tablespoon of powdered sugar and lay a large tablespoon of Devonshire cream in the centre of each. Whipped cream will do, if preferred, but is not so rich.

To make Devonshire Cream.—Put fresh milk into a shallow pan to the depth of 3 or 4 inches, then leave in a cool place for the cream to rise. This will take about 12 hours in summer. Now set the pan on the stove and heat gently,—do not boil. When the undulations on the surface look thick it is done. Remove to a cool place and when cold skim.

Ambrosia.—Mix together one pint berries, bananas and oranges to taste, and one lemon thinly sliced. Canned pineapple may also be added. Sprinkle with sugar and set on ice. Serve with whipped cream.

A New Berry Recipe.—Heat the berries and press them through a sieve. To 1 lb. pulp and juice add 1/2 lb. sugar, cook twenty minutes and seal hot. This method does away with the seeds.

Blackberry Sponge.—Soak 1/2 box plain gelatine in one-third cup cold water for half an hour. Add 1 pint boiling water, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 cup blackberry juice. Heat, then strain into a dish set in cold water or on ice. When cold beat in the well-beaten whites of 4 eggs, beat smooth and turn into a mould to harden. Serve with cream.

Potato Salad.—Press five hot-boiled potatoes through a sieve. While hot stir in 1 tablespoon butter, 1 finely chopped onion and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Beat until light. Take the pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs. Mix with it 1/2 teaspoon pepper, same of mustard and celery salt; beat in gradually 1/2 cup vinegar. Mix this well with the potatoes, then add the finely chopped whites of the eggs. Keep in a cold place until ready to serve.

Summer Salad.—First make the dressing as follows: Rub yolks of 2 hard-boiled eggs to a powder, then add 1 teaspoon white sugar, 1/2 teaspoon made mustard, 1/2 teaspoon each of pepper and salt. Let stand 5 minutes, then beat in 1/2 cup vinegar, and lastly, very gradually, 1 tablespoon salad oil or melted butter. Now chop up the hearts of 2 heads of lettuce, 1 small cucumber, and 3 tender radishes. Mix with the dressing and serve.

Neapolitan Ice-Cream.—Beat yolks of

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6 eggs. Put 2 cups sugar into 1 quart cream, cooking in a double boiler. Add 1 vanilla bean, split in two. Stir until cooked, then strain. Add to the beaten egg yolks, stir well and return to the boiler to cook until the cream begins to thicken. Take from the fire, cool, then freeze. Very nourishing.

Ideal.—"So they are married?"

"Yes; they were married last Friday in East Liverpool.

"He is a champion golfer, I understand."

"Yes; he's a champion golfer."

"And the girl?"

"Is a champion bridge-player."

"Where do they propose to live?"

"With the bride's father. He's a champion bricklayer."—Pittsburg Post.



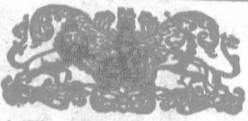
MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS ADDRESSED TO the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 22nd August, 1913, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed contract for four years, six times per week over rural mail route "B" from Ettrick, via Arva and Ballymote, Middlesex E. R., Ontario, from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen, and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Arva, Ettrick, Ballymote, and at the office of the Post-office Inspector at London.

G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.

Post Office Department,
Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa, 8th July, 1913.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS ADDRESSED TO the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 22nd August, 1913, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed contract for four years, six times per week over rural mail route from Ilderton (Bryanston), Middlesex E. R. (No. E), Ontario, from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen, and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Ilderton, Bryanston, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector at London.

G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.

Post Office Department,
Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa, 8th July, 1913.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS ADDRESSED TO the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 22nd August, 1913, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed contract for four years, six times per week over rural route "A" from London (Masonville), Middlesex East Riding and London City, Ontario, from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen, and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the Post Office of London, Broughdale, Masonville, Fanshawe, London West, and at the office of the Post-Office Inspector at London.

G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.

Post Office Department,
Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa, July 8th, 1913.

FALL AND WINTER Milk or Cream WANTED

You have got to feed your cows in the winter time whether they are milking or not, so why not arrange to have most of them earning the high price we pay for winter milk and cream.

We take all that you produce.
Furnish cans for milk.
Pay on the 10th of each month.

Winter contracts start November 1st. Make up your mind at once. We are receiving applications now. Write:

Mark the envelope
Dept. C. CITY DAIRY CO.,
Toronto, Ontario

Tamworths

A fine lot of young boars and sows.
HERBERT GERMAN, ST. GEORGE, ONT.

News of the Week. The Children of the Forest

A TRUE STORY OF A TEACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

By M. Blanche Boyd.

Chapter 7.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

Gradually the weeks went by, and the holidays were at hand. The rector and his wife had very kindly invited me to spend the vacation at their home, but as none of the settlers were going to the village until near the end of the time, I was only able to spend a few days with them, but they were pleasant ones.

The examinations were over, and I had promised the children, if possible to give out the results and distribute the prizes at the Christmas tree treat, which was to be held on the 24th of December. On the 23rd inst. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald were going to Powassan, and were to bring out the bale which my mother and friends at home had kindly sent. It was a long weary day. My head ached, and I was feeling very ill and homesick, for this was the first Christmas away from friends, and the prospects were not bright. By lying down to rest and then endeavoring to correct the papers, I managed to get them all marked. The last few weeks had been very trying ones, preparing the children for the final trial, and, as if this were not sufficient tax to one's nerves, the three children and a neighbor's child were most unruly,—the language and general conduct was disgraceful, worse than it was possible to believe of children that age. Had I been well and not had the papers to correct, I should have tried to enter into some form of amusement, thus keeping them out of mischief, but, as it was, they made good use of their freedom.

About eight o'clock the parents came home, and not until then did I give vent to my feelings, but to crown all, the lord of the mansion was intoxicated. We had our tea together and then the children received a severe reprimand from the parents for their behavior; after that we hauled in the bale.

Anyone who has not had the pleasure of receiving a bale has little idea of our delight. My troubles scattered like magic as we undid the great bundle, and one thing after another was brought to light. What was there not in that bale!

Eight thick warm coats for the women and girls, a man's suit of clothes, coats and vests for three boys, three waists, four skirts, four hoods and two caps, a pair of boots and a pair of cloth mittens. These were all second-hand articles of clothing for the children and their mothers; but besides clothing there was a very liberal portion for myself, and some groceries for us all. Besides clothing there were a splendid plum-pudding, two dozen oranges, bags of sugar, lemons, figs, dates, prunes, apricots, peaches, nuts and delicious candy; then six jointed dolls all daintily dressed, four games and two iron horses and carts, besides a great many nice books and cards.

It was amusing to see Annie array herself in a new waist, coat, skirt and Tam o' shanter, and strut up and down the room admiring herself and feeling the goods very affectionately, and pleasing to see Mr. McDonald with a suit of clothes. Mrs. McDonald in a cosey ulster and the boys in coats and vests. (In two days Annie had the waist as black as a coal and the skirt torn to ribbons, which she pinned up in every direction rather than mend.)

The next morning we did not get up very early, having been so late the previous night. Mrs. McDonald, knowing the people's needs better than myself, decided to whom each article should be given, and her husband pinned the slip containing the name of the recipient, which I had written. When all the clothing was disposed of, he and the boys drove up to the school with clothing and also took the Christmas tree, and set it in position to await the toys.

After an early dinner we all went up there too, taking with us the toys that came in the bale as well as a small gift for each child, which I had been able to get at the village. Never before did tree look so pretty or give more

CANADIAN.

The little three-year-old daughter of Dr. Allison, Caledon East, Ont., who strayed away last week, was found seven miles from home.

An important congress of geologists from all parts of the world will be held in Toronto during the first two weeks of August.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The Home Rule bill was defeated on its second reading in the House of Lords by a majority of 238.

The betrothal of Prince Arthur of Connaught and his cousin the Duchess of Fife, eldest daughter of the Princess Royal, has been officially announced. The marriage will take place in October.

It was decided at the World's Seventh Sunday School convention, at Zurich, that the next convention will be held in Japan.

Five men in a mine at Evelath, Minn., were rescued after being up to their necks in water for 31 hours.

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria is reported to be in flight. A letter issued to the foreign press by order of the King of Greece accuses the Bulgarians of having perpetrated atrocities seldom equalled in the history of the world upon those Greeks and Mussulmans who fell into their power during the past few weeks. It is reported that, in Dorian alone, they massacred, with revolting torture, 30,000 Mussulmans. At the moment of going to press it is announced that the Turks have again risen in arms and have retaken Adrianople.

Mrs. Pankhurst, outwitting the detectives, has gained her freedom and disappeared.

Mrs. Cornwallis-West, formerly Lady Randolph Churchill, and mother of Winston Churchill, has obtained a divorce from her young husband, George Frederick Mydleton Cornwallis-West. She will be known henceforth as Lady Randolph Churchill.

Knicker: Time brings strange changes. Bocker: Yes; the boy whose mother can't make him wash his neck, grows up to be a rich man who goes abroad for baths.

English Poultry Farmer—Yes, I assure you the weather was so hot here one summer that the water in the bird's drinking troughs positively boiled.

American Ditto—That's nothing! Why, in New Jersey we sometimes have to feed our hens on crushed ice to prevent them from laying hard boiled eggs.

A man whose farm is down in Pulaski county is about the worst stutterer in seventeen states, says an exchange. He has raised all the work horses he has on the place, and they understand him. Last summer he hired a man to work for him, and sent him out to plow corn. He went out with the young fellow to show him where to begin. The hand clucked to the horses and said, "Git up there." The horses looked around at him in some surprise, but didn't move. He tried it again with no better results, when the farmer came to his aid:

"T-t-the t-t-trouble is," said the farmer, "th-th-they d-d-d-don't understand y-y-you." Then he took hold of the lines and said, "G-g-g-git up there, g-g-g-gol d-d-durn y-y-your h-h-h-hides." The team moved off at once. "Well," said the hand, "if I have to work my mouth all the time the way you do in order to drive this team, you kin look fur another hand."

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Buy a sack of
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613



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS ADDRESSED TO the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 15th August, 1913, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed contract for four years, six times per week over Rural Mail Route from Granton (South-west) (Middlesex, N. R.), Ontario, from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained, at the Post Office of Granton, and at the Office of the Post-office Inspector at London.

G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.

Post Office Department,
Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa, July 3rd, 1913.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS ADDRESSED TO the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 22nd August, 1913, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed contract for four years, six times per week over rural mail route "D" from Ilderton (Salmonville), Middlesex E. R., Ontario, from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen, and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Ilderton, Salmonville, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector at London.

G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.

Post Office Department,
Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa, July 8th, 1913.

pleasure than this one did. Candles were plentiful and stood on every branch, the oranges hung on the strong boughs, fancy boxes, baskets (of tissue paper) and bags (cut in different shapes and button-holed with gay wool) of candy were dangling temptingly below the candles, and gaily dressed dolls peeped from behind the branches. There being no room for the clothing on the trees it was put on two chairs, and the books, toys and cards were arranged prettily around the root of the tree.

When the children and some of the parents had arrived, the blinds were lowered, the candles lighted, and the full glory of the tree was shown! It would have done those friends good at home had they seen the pleasure their kind gifts had given to these poor children to whom Christmas before had brought no added pleasure, or so little that they scarcely knew the meaning of it. If people more fully realized what delight they could give to their less fortunate neighbors, how many more bales would go forth on their mission of mercy, not only to the far-off mission fields, but to our own flesh and blood in fair Canada. And just here I desire to heartily thank those kind friends who contributed to that first bale, and also those who so generously contributed to the one which I sent to these people upon my return to Southern Ontario, and which contained about 240 articles of clothing and \$10.80 in cash, which was used to pay freight charges, to buy groceries, wool and goods. I mention these facts as so many people wonder what to send in a bale.

The results of the examination were most encouraging and only one pupil failed, and by only two marks. Having done well on the other subjects, she was permitted to enter the next class. Two children were successful in obtaining over 75 per cent, so were allowed to skip a class as promised. These two also got the prizes awarded for the best essay, which, as will be remembered, was generously offered by a Toronto friend. As well as the prizes a prettily dressed doll arrived from one of her little pupils in the class which she had in one of the city schools (to which class she had told about these "children of the forest") to be given to "my best little girl." That really was a very difficult problem to solve, as "my" little girls were all so good.

The first prize was awarded to a little girl who had never written a composition before the September previous, and the little boy's composition was so good that a prize was sent to him also. First prize was "Alice in Wonderland," and the second was "Tales from Shakespeare." After the prizes had been awarded and the Christmas tree shorn of its glory, we had a little refreshment and then one of the trustees made a speech. The people trudging home from the school looked like so many Indians, so laden with gifts and as happy as could be.

Much to my surprise I was the recipient of a cup and saucer, a silk tie, three cards, a buckle, three apples and a quart of milk, which were all much appreciated. Not having any milk at home this came in very useful, as a packet of cornstarch had come in the bale, and the milk enabled me to make some blanc mange.

One woman informed us she came to see what kind of a 'crazy' thing it would be any way, and expected to find four or five presents and as many candles.—Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.

That night we had a splendid time playing "Old Maid" and "Draughts," and enjoying the good things of the bale. The children had no dolls nor toys to play with until the bale brought some.

Near the end of the holidays one of my trustees was going into the village, so I was enabled to visit the rectory. It was such a nice comfortable frame house, and so much like what I had been accustomed to that it was delightful to be there. Unfortunately the rector and his little boy were both sick, but, as I have the happy faculty of enjoying myself almost anywhere, there was great pleasure in the visit. One of the parishoners kindly invited me to tea, and her husband entertained me by recounting to me many exciting incidents

among the settlers. There were many fur mats on the floors, and a large wolf's head above the hall door which looked very formidable, and indeed this wolf had only been killed the winter before after a desperate struggle.

On the Sunday—first Sunday of the New Year—the rector asked me if I should like to accompany him to Nipissing village, some eleven miles distant, to one of his parishes. This little log church had seats in it which resembled painted doors nailed together—and daylight shone through between the logs. There were seventeen members present. For dinner we were kindly invited to a missionary's home about three miles through the bush. This home was adorned with Japanese things, and looked so pretty. Even the cups and saucers were Japanese. In the afternoon there were two little children christened there, and after an early tea we started for the village, as service was to be held there. Our road lay through a more lonely part than the other, as there we had passed about half a dozen houses, but here we scarcely passed one. Having travelled about three miles (a shorter route) we reached the summit of a hill which is three quarters of a mile from top to bottom. From here, on a bright day may be seen North Bay. Far below us, and as if at our feet lay the lights of Powassan, in reality seven miles distant. When we reached the bottom of this hill, it was so pretty to see the narrow winding road bordered on either side by the dense forest.

The next morning when the rector was driving me home we had got within about a mile and a half when he exclaimed, "See, look at the bear ahead of us!" and sure enough, a black bear was shambling across the road and soon disappeared in the woods beyond. It is a very rare thing for a bear to come out during the winter, although they occasionally do for a short time on a bright sunny day.

This, then, is a glimpse of holiday time in the North.

Chapter 8
OCCUPATIONS.

On the 4th of October our first winter weather began, for it snowed quite heavily, and it was not until the following June (my last day there) that one could wear summer clothing. The day before two men arrived at 6 a. m. to be ready for the threshers who were expected, but after waiting all morning they failed to arrive. The machine is very small, and is worked by horsepower instead of steam.

When I had first arrived the settlers were cutting their grain with cradles, scythes and sickles. First they seize a quantity in their hands and then cut it, the cuts being bound together by hand and left until the grain has pretty well all been cut, when it is stacked (five or six bundles standing up together). Thus it takes a long weary process before the grain is finally stored in the barn, especially as rains are so frequent that, just as the grain is nearly dry, another down-pour comes and it is necessary again to wait a few days. When, however, it is in the barn and threshed, it is necessary to put it through the fanning-mill to clean it. The farmer then takes it in bags to the mill about six miles distant, where it is ground into flour for him.

The first week in September the men began working on the government road (there was only a narrow foot-path before), and it was difficult to walk on such sandy ground. Trees and stumps were burnt, and then jerked out by three teams of horses. An immense chain is hooked around the root of the stump and the other end is attached to the whiffletree, then a great jerk tears it from mother earth's embrace. These stumps and brush are piled together and burned. But as well as stumps there were immense rocks which had to be blasted, which sounds like cannon going off, and frequently tears a great hole in the ground. It was very disagreeable walking on sandy roads and among fires, for the smoke is suffocating, but as a good many men were working it was quickly done. The government gave \$500 for the road, and each man got \$1.50 a day. When the rain came down in torrents, the roads were so muddy that it was necessary for two of us to pull the children out, and even where the bigger ones stepped it was with much

When summer's heat oppresses, drink

"SALADA"

Iced Tea. It will prove most refreshing and as delightful as a dip in the sea.

Allow the tea to steep for five minutes and then pour off into another vessel to cool gradually. Never use artificial means of cooling until ready to serve; then add sugar, ice and lemon.



Wherever the strain is greatest there the Ford is doubly fortified—with Vanadium steel. And there is more Vanadium used in Ford than in any other automobile construction. That's the reason the Ford is strongest—lightest—and most durable.

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A. T. MacNeill, B.A.

Woodstock College

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- \$5.25** Powerful \$28 Binoocular Field Glasses (by Chevalier); 10 lens magnification power, brilliant definition, over 60 miles range, great depth of focus, large field of view; adjusted to the highest degree of scientific accuracy; in saddler made sting case; tremendous bargain; sacrifice, \$5.25.
- \$9.50** Powerful \$50 Double Draw Binooculars, 12 lens magnification power (by Lumiere), as supplied to H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Greece; most powerful glass made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore; quick focus, brilliant field of view; colourless achromatic crystal lenses, enhanced stereoscopic effect, great penetration power; in solid brown English leather case; sacrifice, \$9.50.
- \$3.25** Gent's heavy 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunter Watch, improved action (John Forrest, London); 10 years' warranty; absolutely perfect timekeeper; also Double Curb Albert, same quality with handsome Compass attached; all quite indistinguishable from new; complete, sacrifice, \$3.25.
- \$3.25** Lady's handsome 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Watch, improved action (Allen & Co., London); exact timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; also long Watch Guard, elegant design, same quality; together, sacrifice, \$3.25.
- \$3.75** (Worth \$17). Real Russian Furs, long; Granville Stole, deep shaped collar, beautifully trimmed, 12 tails and heads; large Granny Muff matching; together, \$3.75.
- \$5.75** (Worth \$25). Real Russian Furs, Princess Stole, trimmed with head and tails at back and on shoulders; also large animal Muff, with heads and tails hanging; in perfectly new condition; together, great sacrifice, \$5.75.
- \$3.25** Gent's fashionable Double Albert, 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern, heavy solid links; sacrifice, \$3.25.
- \$3.75** Lady's handsome \$16 18-ct. Gold Diamond Ring; hall marked, 5-Stone Half-hoop real fine quality; wonderful bargain; sacrifice, \$3.75.
- \$4.75** Lady's \$25 18-ct. Solid Gold, hall-marked, Diamond and Sapphire Doublet Half-hoop Ring, claw setting, large faultless stones; sacrifice, \$4.75.
- \$16.50** Lady's \$70 5-Stone Diamond and Sapphire Half-hoop Ring, 18-ct. Gold, Government hall-marked, claw setting, containing two large round diamonds of dazzling whiteness and three beautiful sapphires of richest quality; \$16.50.
- \$3.25** (Worth \$10). Eight superfine quality Chemises, Knickers, and Petticoats; magnificent parcel; sacrifice, \$3.25.

- \$5.75** Lady's \$30 Solid Gold English, hall-marked, Keyless Watch, highly finished jewelled movement, exact timekeeper, richly engraved; 12 years' warranty; \$5.75.
- \$17.50** Magnificent Gent's \$70 Single Stone Diamond Ring, exceptionally fine pure white stone, perfect in every respect, mounted in 18-ct. Gold, Government hall-marked, claw setting; sacrifice, \$17.50.
- \$4.25** Sheffield Cutlery; \$20 Service of 12 Large, 12 Small Knives, Carvers and Steel, Crayford Ivory handles; \$4.25.
- \$5.75** Lady's \$30 Solid Gold long Watch in pattern, stamped and guaranteed, in faultless and new condition; sacrifice, \$5.75.
- \$13.75** Gent's magnificent \$55 Solid Gold English, hall-marked, Keyless Lever, Centre Seconds, Chronograph Stop Watch, exam. by celebrated watchmaker (W. Russell, London); jewelled movement, perfect reliability in any climate in the world; timed to a minute a month; 20 years' warranty; 6 months' trial; great bargain; sacrifice, \$13.75.
- \$15** Lady's magnificent \$60 Diamond and Sapphire Cluster Ring, 18-ct. Gold, diamonds surrounding a superb sapphire of richest quality; to appreciate the full beauty of this Ring it must be seen; sacrifice, \$15.
- \$11.75** Powerful \$65 4-draw Brass Telescope (by Lemaitre, Paris), covered black morocco, with brass cap and definition, 3-in. diameter object glass, perfect definition, over 70 miles' clear range; a more powerful glass could not be purchased, specially adapted to the use of coastguards and astronomers; new condition; sacrifice, \$11.75.
- \$24.50** Finest quality \$80 Hammerless Breechloader Gun, by renowned maker, Anson & Deeley pattern; double barreled, interchangeable 12-bore quadruple cross bolt action; automatic safety bolt; steel barrels; left choke. This Gun is a really first-class weapon. Sacrifice, \$24.50.
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- \$6.50** Gent's \$20 fashionable Dark Grey Tweed Jacket Suit (by Stroud, High-class Tailor); splendid quality, latest West End cut and finish, never worn; breast 39 in., waist 36 in., length 32 in.; \$6.50.

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difficulty that we could extricate ourselves from the soft and sticky mud.

In the winter a number of the men go to the lumber camp or mines to earn some money, as this is their only means of obtaining money. Those who could not leave home spend their time clearing the land. As the first streaks of morning break out they start with axes over their shoulder. Having to work out in the cold woods they are obliged to wear three and sometimes even four pairs of thick heavy socks underneath their long oil-tanned moccasins. It is then that the woods ring as the woodman's axe fells the mighty pines.

After the logs are cut they are dragged home on a stone-boat or by just the chain as before mentioned. When a large number have been brought home, they are sawn into lengths required, by the cross-cut saw, and then split and piled ready for use.

The settlers are not allowed to use any of the good pine trees as the government claims them, and most of the settlers cut these trees into given lengths, and drag them down to the edge of the creek where a 'dump' is formed with them in readiness for the river-drivers who take them away in April.

It was on one of these 'dumps' that a sad accident occurred. Like most of daring young people, two girls and several young men wished to see the dump on their way home from church. There was a great pile of logs upon which they jumped and ran, and one suggested they roll a tiny log from the top for the fun of seeing it go tumbling headlong into the creek. The girls immediately jumped to the ground just as the boys jerked the log, but the boys did not escape in time, for this tiny log started others rolling and pinned one of the poor fellows down underneath and hurt another one. The girls ran through the dusky forest to the nearest house, half a mile distant, for aid, while the boys hauled their comrade out and hastily made a litter of two poles with brush lying across it on which to carry the victim home, but in ten minutes he had breathed his last. It was so sad, for he was his mother's favorite son, and his twin brother had run away from home some years before. He was always so kind and thoughtful for his mother, and, in fact, every one who knew him liked him. This accident for a time proved a warning to the reckless children, but it did not last long. (On this very dump some of us young people had been a short time before.)

In the early part of April the government men came to stamp the Company's name upon the end of the logs, examine and measure them, so that no useless wood was bought. When all was ready, the river-driving commenced. First the dam was blocked with stop-logs to flood the creek to make it deep enough to carry the logs. These stop-logs are immense square beams let down by chains, similar to the method used in drawing water from a well by means of a bucket and rope, but instead of turning a handle, ropes or chains are placed around the roller log, this being turned by a peevy (a long pole with spike and hook on one end). When the water was deep enough, the men came from their camp five miles away with their peevies and snipe poles over their shoulders, in Indian file, along the road, and wended their way along the bank of the stream. At seven o'clock each morning they passed our house. A lad carried their lunch all that way for them, gathered stones together and lighted a fire, and there in the drizzling rain, on the edge of the creek and woods, they would hastily devour the mid-day meal, and then set right to work again, and at nightfall walk all the way back to 'camp.'

Occasionally a great cheer would ring through the forest—a sure sign that some poor unfortunate fellow had tumbled off a log into the cold water, and would have to work right on regardless of cold and wet until night. There were only about 500 logs to go past our house, but I was most anxious to see them, and at noon one day I heard a sound like peals of thunder and knew that the logs were going over the dam, so I hurried on. On the hill near the house overlooking the dam one could command an excellent view. The river-drivers (mostly Frenchmen) were anxious

"to show off" before us. It is perfectly marvellous to see how those men run, skip and jump from one log to another as easily as we would on "terra firma" and with spike-poles, drag or spear the logs to carry them along. In order to get the stray logs, a raft is used which brings up the rear in the procession. It is a pretty sight to see hundreds of logs floating gently down the stream, some with men standing upon them, and hauling all other logs within reach. As they near the dam the men must all get to land for safety, as the current is swift enough to carry the logs on, and it would mean instant death were a person to be hurled on with the tide. Some men stand on the dam to help the logs through, by getting them in position with their spike-poles. On come the logs silently and swiftly, then all at once they are dashed on the rocks below by the roaring, rushing, foaming water.

When the logs are through the dam, sometimes a 'jam' is formed upon which it is most dangerous for the men to work, and it often carries away bridges in its headlong rush. As the logs go over the rapids they rock gently up and down, sometimes disappearing beneath the shining water.

On they go, down the Wissa Wassa, gathering strength in numbers as they journey along, and at last go down the South River to the lumber mills when they are made into lumber and sent to all parts of the country. If the lumber contained in our homes could speak, it would tell wonderful tales of the great dangers and difficulties encountered by the river-drivers in making them what they are, and we would then not wonder at the high price which we are compelled to pay.

River-driving was so interesting that Henry would go to stand upon the bridge—a most dangerous place, but from it one could obtain a splendid view. Norman went down the road to call him back, and, not being able to persuade him to leave the post of danger, gave him a kick. This so enraged him that, without a word and as quick as lightning, he seized his jackknife and stabbed his brother in the wrist. When all the logs had gone the boy came up to the house as white as a sheet and wearing such a dogged, determined look. His mother at once accosted him to give an explanation of his conduct. "What are you coming to boy, are you growing up to be a murderer?" Having given his promise not to do such a thing again, he folded his arms and without finching, bore the stinging blows of the cane across his shoulders.

If there is any truth in the saying about sparing the rod and spoiling the child, then these ought to have been model children, for I have seen the fourteen-year-old girl black and blue and bleeding, yet she would not give in. If ever child had power of endurance it was she. "Well, mother," she declared one day, "you can do no more than kill me and that only once, and I can stand everything to that." You are inclined to exclaim, "What a cruel unnatural mother!" but had you known the disposition of that child you would not say so. Her mother had left her with the grandmother to bring up, thinking the child would get an education and be able to come home and teach her brothers, there not being any school in their section at that time. Imagine the parents' grief when, at eleven years old, she came not even able to read,—a lazy, slovenly, obstinate girl, out of whom nothing could be got but by frequent lashings with the cruel rawhide whip. Her mother had tried kindness, and, being a very capable hard-working woman, she wished her child to be so too, and be able to keep house for her father or go to service if necessary, but all to no purpose. As the girl's ideal of a happy life was to be a lady and have nothing to do, but have servants to do all the work, always she would escape every bit of work of every description whenever possible. She was a pretty child, and this had been her ruin, as she had been spoiled and never made to do anything she didn't want to.

In April of this year the farmers began to cultivate the land. The 'cleared' land is full of stumps, as it takes many years to get rid of the pine stumps even although they are burned spring and fall of each year until they become small

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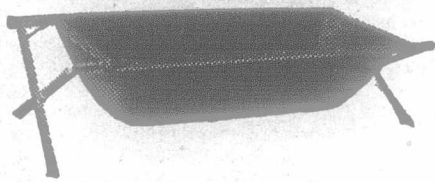
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enough to be jerked out with horse-power. This, of course, makes it hard work for the settler, as he is obliged to go around the stumps with his heavy plough. The seed is put in an apron made in the form of a bag, and with both hands the farmer sows the grain broadcast. The spring harrow is the only one which can be used, as our farm implements used in Southern Ontario are not strong enough to stand the rough usage in working the land. This harrow is comparatively light—has four diamond-shapes of iron, a straight rod down the centre and a curve steel spring on each corner of the diamond, and two in the centre. You will see by this that farming is done by very primitive methods.

Chapter 9. THE FOREST FIRE.

In the spring when the ground is dry the settlers "fire" their fallow to help them clear the land. The boys also went then to the woods, and brought home a large quantity of balsam brush with which to make brooms by tying bunches to a pole. At one time this was the only broom known among them, but now they are only used for outdoor purposes. With these brooms and homemade rakes, we all turned out to clear up all chips around the house and make several bonfires of the rubbish. We then set fire to the stump piles, so that when the fires did come the sparks would have nothing to feed upon. Next we took pails down to the creek, drew water and filled some large barrels to have on hand in case of emergency.

On the 16th of May a neighbor "fired" his fallow just across the creek from us. It was grand to hear the mighty roar of the flames and the crash of mighty trees falling, and to see great volumes of brown-colored smoke ascending to the heavens. The red flames were creeping stealthily along the ground, and great tongues of flame shot upwards to the sky, and the crackling sounded like fireworks. The scenery at night was grand! From my bedroom window I counted sixty lights, and some were flickering through the leaves of the forest. At night the fire dies low and resembles a distant city lighted with electric lights. At about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun has driven away the dew, it is at the height of its fury.

The day after the fire commenced we were out by the back door, and as it was Saturday, it gave me leisure to watch the progress of the devouring flames; it was useless to do any washing, for the dense smoke would blacken everything as soon as it would be hung on the line.

The sun shone forth in all its glory, the heat from the fire was intense, the smoke suffocating at times. A spark had blown across the creek, and so our farm was on fire. The field at the back of the house reminded one of what Sodom and Gomorrah must have looked like—nothing but red flames visible. In the forest the fire shot up the immense pine trees with a "swish" like a skyrocket, and the whole resembled a volcanic eruption, as sparks scattered far and wide and columns of smoke belched upward; then with a mighty crash as of thunder the giant pine would crash to the ground, bringing three or four other trees down in its descent. For nearly two weeks this fire raged, until three heavy downfalls of rain quenched the devouring flames. Everything must be placed in God's hands; He alone could save us, as the changing wind might bring it to our home.

All day Sunday the settlers were out fighting fires, carrying pails of water, tearing down fences and ploughing around the houses. When the house is in danger they throw wet blankets on the roof. One poor man walked six miles to see his little child, never dreaming of danger, as the wind was blowing favorably, but during his absence it had changed, and upon his arrival he found his buildings and animals all burnt. A German family were also burnt out and lost everything.

We also had a narrow escape. About eleven o'clock at night we were peacefully sleeping, unconscious of any danger, when the stealthy fire crept up to the house, having crossed the dam. I heard somebody walk around the house, which woke me, but the family

laughed at my fears next morning when I declared the fact. We afterwards learned that some of the settlers who were guarding their homes and the dam, had seen our danger and come to the rescue.

The reflection of the flames on the river was beautiful. Seldom could one view a more magnificent scene, but though grand it was awful. Think of all the poor birds and animals with their young families in the fiery furnace that would not leave their young, and out of which there was no escape. Many must have been the piteous cries of those poor dumb creatures as they saw their homes destroyed which they had taken such pains to build, and saw their little ones suffering and dying, unable to offer any assistance. After all was over it was no uncommon sight to see poor creatures—animals and birds—lying by the roadside dead, with their fur and feathers all scorched in their vain attempts to escape.

These fires account for the scarcity of fences, as nearly all fences are burned to a great extent at this time, and all the men's labor is for naught. One day Norman came in to dinner in a perfect fury because the fence he and his father had spent so many hours in making was burned. In his passion he set fire to the house but we discovered it in time, and after his mother had given him a sound thrashing, the poor boy came to his senses.

The illumination in the swamp was grand, and, as the family went to the hay field behind the swamp to watch their stump piles so that the fire would not spread too rapidly to spoil their hay, I went over to have a closer view. That night a spark had blown from the swamp to one of the stump piles, and then all the piles caught fire. It reminded one of the "beacon lights blazing on the hills afar." How exciting it was to hear the roar and crackling! How many of my young friends like adventure and excitement where danger is present? It always has a fascination for me, and were I a man I think no life would be more pleasant or rather interesting than to be like Livingston—an explorer,—but as well as that he had such a noble mission. The story of his life is so interesting and exciting.

For two long weeks we were in the midst of fires for there were twelve raging around us, the sky was a fiery red, the heat terrible and the smoke suffocating, but fortunately we had thirty acres cleared around us; although in one place the woods were very close, we were comparatively safe.

Strict watch had to be kept of the school-house, as the swamp was just a short distance to the back of it, and I was ready at any minute to hurry off to rescue books or whatever could be saved should the fire creep up to it. Sometimes we felt a trifle nervous during the study hours for fear our enemy might creep up and take us unawares, but no danger arose.

When we saw so much destruction on the farm I asked Mr. McDonald what he thought of his fences and wood-piles,—which meant so much of his winter's work, to say nothing of his grain, being destroyed. "Oh, well," he said, "One must take his chances, and any of us is liable to suffer. Let us watch and admire the beauty of the flames while they last."—"If such a spirit prevails in a man uneducated and professing no Christianity, surely he is a noble example to Christians. How many Christians would take it so calmly if they all saw their winter's labor for nothing, especially one so poor, the result of whose labor meant so much to him? Yes, there was many a noble trait of character hidden beneath that rough exterior.

Chapter 10. BEES.

Our grandparents tell us with pride all about the bees there used to be here about fifty or sixty years ago. There were quilting bees, logging bees, ploughing bees, and many other kind of bees.

At the end of September a neighbor had a "logging bee,"—that is, the men come to cut down trees, bring their teams to jerk out old stumps and have a general clearing and burning up of stumps, brush and roots. Now it is almost impossible to get up a bee unless you have a dance afterward. This is their reward for the labor, and is

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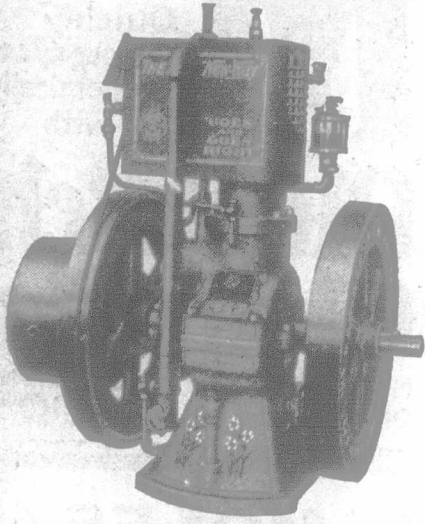
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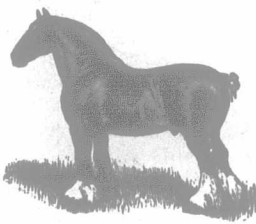
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looked forward to eagerly. The men who live far way, of course, cannot go home to "rig up" as they call it, so the "women folk" have to come alone to the dance, and it is no uncommon thing for even girls to walk six or seven miles to attend one of these festive gatherings.

We all had an invitation to the dance, so went about half past eight. "Dances" was about the only pleasure these people had for there were no lectures (except among their own families and they were plentiful), no concerts, no church, nor, in fact, anything, and, as it was not safe to stay in the house alone, I was compelled to accompany the family. The fact was that I wanted to see what they were like anyway, having heard of them at home from our pioneers. When I discovered, however, that, as a rule, about midnight all the men became intoxicated, I begged the family not to go and they eventually kindly gave them up for my sake.

The house where this particular dance was held was divided into two rooms downstairs. It was a log house, of course, with the walls unpapered, and rough beams on the ceiling which made the room very dark in appearance, and it was lighted by several lanterns on the walls and ceiling, as some neighbors were asked to lend their lanterns for the occasion. (We never thought of going out after nightfall without a lantern, especially as it is necessary to pass the woods). Along the sides of the room were huge blocks of wood with rough boards, placed on them for the guests to sit upon. It was at one of these parties that the board broke in the centre, and deposited the young and old people in a heap on the floor. It was great fun for the rest of us, but not so much for the others.

Despite the lanterns it was almost impossible to recognize people especially your partner, and to add to the confusion of your senses there is such an amount of swinging (somewhat similar to the English waltz) that you hardly knew whether you were standing on your head or your heels, until you were roughly seized and thus prevented from falling backwards from dizziness. The only dance was a "square" one, a sort of quadrille, and it became so monotonous to watch the swings and twirls of the excited dancers as they went in and out, with the dust fairly flying.

The room was decorated with beautiful colored maple leaves, sunflowers and tomatoes (the only ones I saw during my sojourn in the north.)

About eleven o'clock we had a very nice supper of sandwiches, cake and coffee. After that some of the guests sang songs, for the most part "more expressive than elegant." For many a long day we used the choruses as bye words, and had a good deal of fun over it. When anybody would find a thing, and asked us if we owned it we used to reply, "You'll have to enquire of somebody higher, it don't belong to me." When sleigh-riding through the woods, bumpy-bump over the logs, we would say, "As we went bobbing up and down, up and down, up and down, as we went bobbing up and down," of course, singing the air as well.

The Frenchman was soon urged to produce his "fiddle" again, as the young people were anxious to be on their feet again to take advantage of every moment of precious time, as if their lives depended upon it.

I noticed the men, one at a time, going out the front door, but was not at first aware that they went out to take a glass of whiskey; it would be too noticeable if more than one went at a time. We always left about 1.30 a.m., so did not see the worst of it or as they think,—the best of it when men all get "jolly." I had all I wanted and more. The men who do not care to dance sit around on the table or benches, with their hats on one side and enjoy a good smoke. It certainly is a great contrast to the innocent little dancing evenings at home, although they have their courtesies, too, as far as they know.

The upstairs in this house consisted of one room divided by one or two sheets for curtains, and contained nothing but beds and clothes hung on nails on the wall. Considering the fact that there were eleven members belonging to the family, you can imagine that there

would be little room for anything but beds.

About a month afterwards we had our own bee and dance, but this time it was a "ploughing bee." There were about thirteen teams which managed to plough about twelve acres, and altogether the event proved a great success. It was such fun watching the men ploughing—some with horses, some with oxen, and some with an ox and a horse. They always raced along the furrows, but the races were rather unfair as the oxen, no matter how good, are like snails, although a great number of the horses were not much better. They say a horse that is hardly able to work at all costs about \$100.00, so, of course, there are few good ones. One old horse used to draw a coal wagon on the streets of Toronto so was painfully slow, and, when standing still, used to go to sleep and suddenly go flop on the ground and often break its harness. It gave me such a start one day in the woods at the dump when it dropped beside me. In all parts of the country it would be had enough, but in such a cold part it would be better to walk than drive behind it in the big square homemade box-wagon which his owners had.

Upon my arrival from school I found the men at tea. The supports were put up at either end of the room, upon which were placed boards with a sheet spread over them for a table cloth. When they had finished we had our tea. Two neighbors had come to assist Mrs. McDonald with the cooking, etc., so they, two of the scholars and myself sat down and had quite a merry time, as they dearly love a joke. What a comfort to me it was that they always saw the funny side of everything! How much pleasure a person loses who has not this faculty! Even our troubles we were able to laugh at after they were over.

When the dishes were cleared away the guests began to arrive. This dance kept up until after four in the morning, and we thought the people would never go. It was the first dance they had had in this new house, and they were loath to leave. People who are used to going to bed about eight o'clock will sympathize with us if, some day, they cannot get to bed until about 5 a.m. after such excitement. Mr. McDonald bought no spirits for the men, and they did not like it very well. Some had brought a supply, but not so much as is usual, so altogether it was more quiet and respectable. At this party I positively refused to dance, but enjoyed watching the others and reading a book at intervals, though at last could scarcely keep my eyes open.

Three of the girls had walked several miles to it, but were so tired with such excitement that one young man walked home about a mile to get his oxen to drive them home. Such a comical picture, we presented—altogether six girls sound asleep on different chairs! Although sometimes we would wake up for a moment or so, only to doze off again almost immediately. Our attitudes were ludicrous, although I had the advantage of having a table to rest upon. The girls had a long tedious drive, but slept a good part of the way home.

(To be continued.)

Women Men Like.

Men like all kinds of women. There are ugly men who adore beautiful women, but there are also handsome men who worship at the shrines of women who are quite unlike Helen of Troy. Many good men have loved, and will love, bad women. Who has not seen bad men devoted to saintly women? On the other hand, the dwarf is often captivated by the large-framed woman whose head approaches the ceiling. I have known deaf women beloved by talkative men; lame women cherished by men who are agile; stupid women thought sensible, or even clever, by men who were brilliant; affected women solemnly admired by the most natural of men; girls who turned the heads of grandfathers, and old women who lured mere boys to their feet. . . . All kinds of women are liked—nay, more, are loved by men. Why not? For where is the man who cannot find one woman—if not two—to think him what he probably thinks himself, the most perfect man in the world—until the honeymoon is wanting?—Robert Hitchens, in the "Strand."

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The safest, Best BLISTER ever used. Takes the place of all liniments for mild or severe action. Removes all Bunches or Eruptions from Horses and Cattle. SUPERSEDES ALL CAUTERY OR FIRING. Impossible to produce scar or Blemish. Every bottle sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars. The Lawrence-Williams Co., Toronto, Ont.

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F. J. Sullivan, Importer and Dealer Windsor - Ont.

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Good size, to lease for \$50.00 per year. For particulars, apply to
WILLIAM HENDRIE, Hamilton, Ontario.

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I will go anywhere in Canada to castrate ridglings, horses and old stallions. Write for price and circulars. G. W. Ziegler, Comber, Ont.

Too Practical.—"Never count your chickens before they are hatched."
"Of course!" sneered Mr. Crosslots. "You're another of those people who want to take the chief pleasure out of the poultry business."—Washington Star.



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The Only cleaner that will effectually remove grease, oil or paint stains and leave the hands smooth and soft. 100% better than soap.
Your Dealer Sells Snap. 15c. a Can. Save the Coupons. Soap Company Limited, Montreal

Browsings Among the Books.

ON WEEDS.

[From "My Summer in a Garden," by Charles Dudley Warner, a good book to read when one wants to smile often.]

I scarcely dare trust myself to speak of the weeds. They grow as if the devil was in them. I know a lady, a member of the church, and a very good sort of woman, considering the subject condition of that class, who says that the weeds work on her to that extent, that, in going through her garden, she has the greatest difficulty in keeping the ten commandments in anything like an unfractured condition. I asked her which one, but she said, all of them: one felt like breaking the whole lot. The sort of weed which I most hate (if I can be said to hate anything which grows in my own garden) is the "pusley," a fat, ground-clinging, spreading, greasy thing, and the most propagacious (it is not my fault if the word is not in the dictionary) plant I know I saw a Chinaman, who came over with a returned missionary and pretended to be converted, boil a lot of it in a pot, stir in eggs and mix and eat it with a relish—"Me likee he." It will be a good thing to keep the Chinamen on when they come to do our gardening. I only fear they will cultivate it at the expense of the strawberries and melons. Who can say that other weeds which we despise may not be the favorite food of some remote people or tribe? We ought to abate our conceit. It is possible that we destroy in our gardens that which is really of most value in some other place. Perhaps, in like manner, our faults and vices are virtues in some remote planet. I cannot see, however, that this thought is of the slightest value to us here, any more than weeds are.

(Several weeks later).—But another enemy had come into the strawberries, which, after all that has been said in these papers, I am almost ashamed to mention. But does the preacher in the pulpit, Sunday after Sunday, year after year, shrink from speaking of sin? I refer, of course, to the greatest enemy of mankind, "p-s-l-y." The ground was carpeted with it. I should think that this was the tenth crop of the season; and it was as good as the first. I see no reason why our mother soil is not as prolific as that of the tropics, and will not produce as many crops in the year. The mistake we make is in trying to force things that are not natural to it. I have no doubt that, if we turn our attention to 'pusley,' we can beat the world.

I had no idea, until recently, how generally this simple and thrifty plant 'is feared and hated. Far beyond what I had regarded as the bounds of civilization, it is held as one of the mysteries of a fallen world; accompanying the home missionary on his wanderings and preceding the footsteps of the Tract Society. I was not long ago in the Adirondacks. We had built a camp for the night in the heart of the woods, high up on John's Brook, and near the foot of Mount Marcy: I can see the lovely spot now. It was on the bank of the crystal, rocky stream, at the foot of high and slender falls, which poured into a broad amber basin. Out of this basin we had just taken trout enough for our supper, which had been killed and roasted over the fire on sharp sticks, and eaten before they had an opportunity to feel the chill of this deceitful world. We were lying under the hut of spruce-bark, on fragrant hemlock-boughs, talking, after supper. In front of us was a huge fire of birch-logs; and over it we could see the top of the falls glistening in the moonlight; and the roar of the falls and the brawling of the stream near us, filled all the ancient woods. It was a scene upon which one would think no thought of sin could enter. We were talking with old Phelps, the guide. Old Phelps is at once guide, philosopher, and friend. He knows the woods and streams and mountains, and their savage inhabitants, as well as we know all our rich relations, and what they are doing; and in lonely bear-hunts and sable-trappings he has thought out and solved most of the problems of life. As he stands in his wood-gear, he is as grizzly as an

old cedar-tree; and he speaks in a high falsetto which would be invaluable to a boatswain at sea.

We had been talking of all subjects about which rational men are interested,—bears, panthers, trapping, the habits of trout, the tariff, the internal revenue. . . . the propagation of seeds in the wilderness (as, for instance, where were the seeds lying for ages that spring up into certain plants and flowers as soon as a spot is cleared anywhere in the most remote forest; and why does a growth of oak-trees always come up after a growth of pine has been removed?)—in short, we had pretty nearly reached a solution of many mysteries, when Phelps suddenly exclaimed with uncommon energy,—

"Wall, there's one thing that beats me!"

"What's that?" we asked with undisciplined curiosity.

"That's 'pusley'!" he replied, in the tone of a man who has come to one door in life which is hopelessly shut.

"Where it comes from I don't know, nor what to do with it. It's in my garden; and I can't get rid of it. It beats me."

About "pusley" the guide had no theory and no hope. A feeling of awe came over me, as we lay there at midnight, hushed by the sound of the stream and the rising wind in the spruce-tops. Then man can go nowhere that "pusley" will not attend him. Though he camp on the Upper Au Sable, or penetrate the forest where rolls the Allegash, and hears no sound save his own allegations, he will not escape it. It has entered the happy valley of Keene, although there is yet no church there, and only a feeble school part of the year. Sin travels faster than they that ride in chariots. I take my hoe and begin; but I feel that I am warring against something whose roots take hold on H.

By the time a man gets to be eighty he learns that he is compassed by limitations, and that there has been a natural boundary set to his individual powers. As he goes on in life, he begins to doubt his ability to destroy all evil and to reform all abuses, and to suspect that there will be much left to do after he has gone. I stepped into my garden in the spring not doubting that I should be easily master of the weeds. I have simply learned that an institution which is at least six thousand years old, and I believe six millions, is not to be put down in one season.

To a Brown Thrush.

Dear little bird on wind-tossed bough,
Singing away through the pelting rain,
Happier far than I art thou;
When storms assail you ne'er complain.

"Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up," you cry.
Who taught thee thus to sing and sing?
In notes so clear, so sweet, so high,
Dear little bird with rain-wet wing.

Brave little bird that all day long
When skies are bright, or skies are gray,
Dost cheer me with thy matchless song
O, tell me, if thou canst, I pray,

Is this fond fancy but a dream,
That thou when summer days have flown
Wilt wing thy flight o'er vale and stream


To some fair spot that I have known?
Art thou a messenger that's sent
By some dear friend now far away,
To breathe to me of sweet content,
And sing to me when skies are gray?
—Alice D. O. Greenwood, in Our Dumb Animals.

Teacher (sternly): "Johnny, what is the matter with your eye? If you and Willie Whyte have been fighting again I shall give each of you a good whipping."

Johnny (with the victor's generosity): "Yes'm. But needn't mind about Bill; he's had his."

"I tell you I am glad I went on that trip around the world."

"So was everyone else that knew you."



Lump Jaw

The first remedy to cure Lump Jaw was Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure and it remains today the standard treatment, with years of success back of it, known to be a cure and guaranteed to cure. Don't experiment with substitutes or imitations. Use it, no matter how old or bad the case or what else you may have tried—your money back if Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure ever fails. Our fair plan of selling, together with exhaustive information on Lump Jaw and its treatment, is given in Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Advisor. Most complete veterinary book ever printed to be given away. Durable bound, indexed and illustrated. Write us for a free copy. FLEMING BROS., Chemists, 75 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.

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Each Tuesday until Oct. 28, inclusive. WINNIPEG AND RETURN.....\$35.00 EDMONTON AND RETURN.....\$48.00 Low rates to other points. Return limit two months. Pullman Tourists Sleepers leave Toronto 11:35 p.m. on above dates running through to WINNIPEG via Chicago and St. Paul without change. Tickets are also on sale via Sarnia and Northern Navigation Company. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is the shortest and quickest route between Winnipeg, Saskatoon and Edmonton. Tickets now on sale at all Grand Trunk Ticket offices.

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Bulls of useful age all sold. Would appreciate your enquiry for females. Catalogue and list of young animals.

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Spring Valley Shorthorns

A few of the best young bull prospects we ever had. They will please you. Will sell females too. Visit the herd; we think we can suit you. Particulars on application.

KYLE BROS. - RR. No. 1, Drumbo, Ont.

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50 Shorthorns—Dual Purpose. Red Baron—81645—is for sale. He is one of our stock bulls, three-year-old and of an excellent milking family; also a good one 20 months; both red in color; good cattle and no big prices.

JNO. ELDER & SON, Hensall, Ont. P.S.—Scotch Grey—72692—still heads the herd.

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Six choice young bulls fit for service, at reasonable prices, from good milking strain.

ROBERT NICHOL & SONS Hagersville - Ontario

Shorthorns and Swine

Have some choice young bulls for sale, also cows and heifers of show material, some with calves at foot. Also choice Yorkshire and Berkshire sows.

ISRAEL GROFF - Elmira, Ontario

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choice lot, and heifers in calf. Former sires Joy of Morning (imp.)—32070—and Benachie (imp.)—60954—. Present stock bull, Royal Bruce (imp.)—65038—(89909).
GEO. D. FLETCHER, R. R. No. 2, Erin, Ont.

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Pure Scotch, of most fashionable breeding, Scotch-topped, of heavy milking qualities. Heifers and young bulls of show-ring form, high in quality, low in price. A. G. Smilie, R. R. No. 2, Kippure, Hensall Sta., L.D. Phone.

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at the head of the herd which numbers about 50 head. Heifers and bulls of the best quality for sale at reasonable prices.

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Every form of poultry life is more or less afflicted with lice. They suck the blood and sap the life of your fowls, thus seriously interfering with egg production. **PRATTS Powdered Lice Killer** instantly reaches and kills all lice on hens and chicks, and destroys insects and bugs on vines, plants and flowers. Sifter-top cans, 25c and 50c. **PRATTS Liquid Disinfectant** keeps the poultry houses clean and sanitary. Highly concentrated. "Your Money Back If It Fails" \$1.50 a gal.; 90c a half-gal.; 50c a qt. At your Dealer's.



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5 bulls from 8 to 15 months—3 roans and 2 reds. Females of all ages. 11 imported mares—4 with foals by their side, 5 three-year-olds, and 2 two-year-olds; all of the choicest breeding. Catalogue of Clydesdales mailed on application. BELL 'PHONE. BURLINGTON JCT. STA. W. G. Pettit & Sons, Freeman, Ont.

I STILL HAVE FOUR YOUNG BULLS FOR SALE AND MORE COMING ON. Several heifers that are bred right and that will make great cows; some of them in calf now to my great breeding sire, Superb Sultana—75413—perhaps the greatest son of the great Whitehall Sultan—55049—that was imported by me and used so long in Mr. Harding's herd. I sell nothing but high-class cattle, but the price is within the reach of all. A few Clydesdales, Shropshires and Cotswolds always on offer. Local and Long Distance Telephone.

ROBERT MILLER, STOUFFVILLE, ONT.
5 Shorthorn Bulls 5—We have for sale at moderate prices 5 Scotch Shorthorn bulls, including one of our herd bulls. Also a number of high-class heifers and heifer calves.
A. J. HOWDEN & CO., COLUMBUS, ONT.
Myrtle G. T. R. & C. P. R. Long-distance 'phone.

SHORTHORNS—Records show that cattle bought from the Salem herd won numerous ribbons the past season; we have others. Several young bulls are priced reasonably.
ELORA, G.T.R. and C.P.R. J. A. WATT, SALEM, ONT.

Springhurst Shorthorns—Four of the first-prize Shorthorns at the late Guelph Show, including the champion and grand champion fat heifer, were all sired by bulls of my breeding. I have now for sale ten young herd headers of this champion-producing breeding. HARRY SMITH, HAY P. O., ONT. Exeter Station. Long-distance Telephone.

Song of the Red-eyed Vireo

By Richard M. Hunt.

This is my dreamy lay,
All through the summer day,—
Vireo, vireay,
Vireo, vue!

While the wren seeks retreat
Far from the midday heat,
Ceaselessly I repeat,
Vireo, vue.

Hushed is the robin's song,
Hushed all the feathered throng,
But you'll hear all day long,
Vireo, vue.

Busy, too, all the while,
Hunting some leafy aisle;
Music with food 's my style:
Vireo, vue.

No rapture note is mine,
No ebullition fine;
I speak it, line by line,—
Vireo, vue.

Mine's a contented lot;
Never care I a jot
Whether the day is hot;
Vireo, vue.

Hark to my dreamy lay,
All through the summer day,—
Vireo, vireay,
Vireo, vue!

—Our Dumb Animals.

Gossip.

Ben. Finlayson, of Throsk, Stirling, Scotland, announces through our advertising columns, that he will arrive in London during the middle of August with a very select shipment of Clydesdale fillies and one or two stallions. Horses exported from their farm in Scotland, won many leading prizes in Western Canada last spring, including firsts and champion at Calgary; second at Brandon, and first at Regina. Mr. Finlayson has been making personal selections all through Scotland, paying particular attention to the wants of Ontario farmers. He will be pleased to execute orders on commission. Write him at once to Throsk, Stirling, Scotland.

England's Royal Agricultural Show

(Our English correspondence.)

Another "Royal Show" has come and gone, and Bristol, the City of the West, can be said to have fairly risen to the occasion. The entries were numerous and good all round.

CATTLE.

Naturally, the West of England was well represented by the symmetrical breed of cattle known as Devons. Perhaps the most perfect Devon in the whole section was L. H. Alford's Horridge Belle. She was made first and champion, and has thus continued her unbeaten career since she came out of the Somerset County.

Two-year-old bulls constituted the smartest class. The King was first with Star of Windsor, a very level-backed, even type of bull.

First in South Devon cows went to David Camp & Sons, for Orange Girl, and F. B. Mildmay stood first in two-year-old heifers, with the lovely Camelia 2nd. Ben Luscombe's five-year-old bull, Leigham Sort, led in old bulls. He would measure close on 17 feet from tip to tip, and weighs well on towards a ton and a half. He was declared champion.

In aged Shorthorn cows, W. M. Scott led with Gay Maid, a cow whose sweet character increases with age. The King had an outstanding winner, which eventually became champion female of the breed, in Windsor Belle, a lovely roan two-year-old. Standing well out from a large class of older yearlings was J. Deane Willis' Dauntless Princess, a deep-bodied and heavily-fleshed roan of great scope, and so level that only on the casting vote of a referee was she deprived of the championship, an honor for which she was reserve.

Aged bulls formed a remarkably good

class, in which John Gill led with the Tredegar champion, Montrave Ethling, a bull which has kept his shape so well that he was reserve champion of the breed. The male champion was found in G. Campbell's Wood-end Stamp, a smooth-fleshed, masculine, and deep-bodied roan, by Golden Banner. He stood at the head of a very big and good class of April two-year-olds.

In dairy Shorthorns, the champion cow, exhibited by Captain Wills, was an exceptionally fine sort, and well shown, and rightly deserved premier honor. In the family class, S. Sanday came out top, R. W. Hobbs being reserved.

Longhorn heifers, calved in 1911 or 1912, followed, an outstanding winner being F. A. N. Newdegate's Arbury Duchess. Bulls calved previous to 1911 mustered to the number of five, the best of them being Lord Gerard's Eastwell Eagle, a five-year-old bull. Very lengthy and deep in his frame, with well-placed hips, a capital loin, and a grand head, he is a typical specimen of the breed.

J. G. Williams won in three-year-old Lincolnshire Red heifers, with Blue Eye 4th. The winner possesses such wealth and evenness of flesh, and such nice style and quality, that she was selected as reserve for the champion prize, an honor won by the same exhibitor's Strubby Violet 2nd, a very blocky and thick-fleshed daughter of Scampton Juba, which won in the two-year-old class. Aged bulls had an outstanding winner in B. Rowland's Dunsley Red 2nd, whose massive proportions, great depth, and masculine character, gained for him the champion prize.

In the aged Welsh bull class, nothing could touch Wern Inky, R. M. Greaves' winner. With a level top line, depth of rib, extra good thighs, and generally smooth outline, he might be taken for an Aberdeen-Angus, but for his horns. His weight is over 22 cwt., yet he is compact in build.

In the aged Sussex bulls, Apsley Albert 2nd was deservedly placed first for W. G. Fladgate, winning also the silver medal as best male.

Aged Jersey bulls were headed, as at the Royal Counties, by Miller Hallett's Goddington Winks, subsequently awarded the championship.

In Kerry cows, L. Currie was first, and afterwards champion, with his level Minley Mistress. A good class of ten Dexter bulls was headed by Jack Robin, belonging to His Majesty the King, a first-rate bull, with a grand head and neck and fore-end, and good hind-quarters. He won the championship.

In a small class of aged Hereford cows, J. G. Cooke-Hill's grand cow, Shelsley Primula had a little opposition, whilst she added to her success by taking the female championship of the breed.

W. K. Milnes won first and reserve for championship in the three-year-old class, with May Morn, a very neat, yet heavily-fleshed heifer, by Ronald, which stands close to the ground.

A great contest was witnessed in aged bulls, in which nine of the best of the year took part. For the second time, the King's handsome three-year-old, Avondale, which won at Windsor, met his match in H. W. Taylor's great bull, Quarto, now out in the top of his form. He was given the place of honor, with Avondale second.

A good class of eleven two-year-old bulls had a clear winner in H. Moore's Shucknall Victor, a grandly-fleshed, deep-bodied son of Moorend King, showing great massiveness of front. He was made reserve for champion honors.

There was a capital class of Aberdeen-Angus cows, and G. D. Faber's Itala, of the Lady Ida family, bred at Doonholm, and by Mythologist, from Idiom, by Mail-bag, won clearly enough. The three two-year-old heifers represented different types. J. M. Petrie, the only exhibitor from the Scottish side, was given lead with Pride of Don 2nd, a very big and evenly-fleshed, but somewhat high-standing daughter of the champion, Metaphor.

Lord Allendale's famous Elmhore, now four years old, was the outstanding animal in the male classes. Bred at Abergeldie, and sired by Eleanor of Ballindaloch, his beautiful head, immense thickness, and grand quality, are great assets. He was made champion, and goes abroad at a big price. His reserve was J. J. Cridlan's two-year-old. The English Aberdeen-Angus Association medal

for best female, went as clearly to Faber's cow, Cridlan's yearling having reserve.

HORSES.

Yearling Shire stallions made a very good muster, the leading honors going to J. C. Jackson, for Champion's Comrade, a 400-guinea purchase at the great Tring sale. Two-year-olds were well led by Lord Rothschild's Tandridge Future King, a bouncing colt, bred by Michaelis. The winning three-year-old proved to be also the gold-medal winning stallion, F. W. Griffin's Rowington Dray King, a fine upstanding colt. J. Edgar Appleby's Royston Forest King was second.

Yearling fillies were headed, as in London, by the Duke of Westminster's Eaton Encore. Two-year-olds were not strong, but an unbeaten filly came forward in Sir Arthur Nicholson's Leek Dorothy, by Redlynch Forest King. A sensational class was that for three-year-old fillies, in which J. G. Williams led, with Halstead Duchess VII., and she subsequently took the champion gold medal, for which her half-sister, Leek Dorothy, was reserved. A good winner in the aged mare class was Sir Walpole Greenwell's Marden Peach, by Lockinge Forest King.

The male championship in Clydesdales lay between Dunlop's three-year-old stallion, The Dunure, and Brydon's yearling colt, Phillipine. Female championship went to W. Stephen's Nannie, with the brood mare, Dunure Nyrene, as reserve.

Sir Cuthbert Quilter had no difficulty in heading the class for three-year-old stallions with Bawdsley Harvest King.

Kenneth Clark had many victories, too, taking two firsts for young stallions, with Sudbourne Aristocrat and Sudbourne Red Cup; two firsts for fillies, with Sudbourne Laurel and Sudbourne Merrilass; a first for mare with foal at foot, with Sudbourne Diamond, and a first for foals, the latter by Sudbourne Arabi.

HACKNEYS, ETC.

Hackneys left nothing to be desired on the score of quality. Best of the yearling stallions was Walter Brigg's Albin Brigella, a chestnut son of Albin Wildfire, the New York winner. With well-moulded head and neck, and a good mid-diepiece, he has every appearance of turning out a good sort. In senior stallions, we were introduced to the ultimate male champion, i. e., W. W. Rycroft's Hopwood King, the chestnut, bred by Sir Lees Knowles. He went very high in front, and is built on the best of lines. In a nice class of two-year-old fillies, Ernest Bewley's Beckingham Lady Gracious, a mare of what is now called classical breeding, and of beautiful mould, won for her Irish owner.

The three-year-old fillies were headed by Ernest Bewley's Woodhatch Sunflower, who had won in London ere now, and is a sweetly pretty mare to look at. The mare championship fell to Woodhatch Sunflower, and her stable companion, Beckingham Lady Gracious, was reserve—a triumph for Bewley.

Champion in Welsh pony stallions was Sir Walter Gilbey's Bledfa Shooting Star, and reserve to him stood H. Meuric Lloyd's Dyoll Starlight, the sire of the winner. Thus was the London decision reversed. Other firsts were R. H. Sampson's Bryngwili Bright Light, Mrs. Green's Nantyrharn Starlight, and Miss E. C. V. Hughes' Hawddgar Piccadilly. The champion mare was Nantyrharn Starlight.

Champion in Shetland ponies fell to W. Mungall, for the stallion Selwood of Fransy. Best of the mares was W. Mungall's Stella, and she was also reserve for the championship.

Cleveland Bays were good in quality, though short in numbers. First-prize stallion was John Lett's Rillington Victor. First for mares was J. Webster's Harcome Beauty.

SHEEP.

In Oxford Down yearling rams, first and second were owned by James Horlick. The single ram lamb class brought out a fine group, showing development, and plenty of strength and substance. The winner, owned by H. W. Stilgoe, was an admirable lamb, with an overwhelming wealth of flesh, masculine type, and bone.

In aged Shropshire rams, the leader was noticeable, for he was that very for A. Tanner. This is a ram teeming in the corresponding class at Shrewsbury for A. Tanner. This is a ram teeming with quality, yet covered with good flesh, has a beautiful touch, and is true

to type. Eleven pens of five yearling rams made up a meritorious class; in fact, the winners, owned by Mrs. W. F. Inge, were of very superior quality, notably in respect of flesh, fleece, and skin.

In Southdowns, a fine entry numbered sixty-six pens. The aged ram class winner (to which champion honors subsequently went) was a very deep, wide sheep, owned by C. R. W. Adeane, a ram of very good character, with a wealth of flesh and good fleece, that must make him a desirable stud sheep. Pens of three yearling rams numbered nine, and Sir J. Colman, in taking first and second, scored a notable success. As six rams, they were beautifully matched.

In the yearling ewe class, the position of previous shows was somewhat varied, H. M. the King sending out to win a very excellent pen, firm and good in their flesh, and well matched in other respects. They also took the championship honors as being the leading pen of females.

The aged ram class in Hampshire Downs was a good one, numbering six, and a ram of great scale, substance, and width of carcass, led for H. C. Stephens. Twenty ram lambs made up a very excellent class. H. C. Stephens won with one that had all the attributes of a stud ram lamb, being good from all viewpoints, and he subsequently secured champion honors as the best lamb in the show.

The aged ram class in Kent sheep numbered thirteen. Few more typical rams have ever led than Robert Kenward's Udimore No. 12 of 1911, which also won championship. Twenty-nine yearling rams made up a strong class, and to take first, second, third, and h. c., as J. E. Queded did, winning also the reserve for champion honors with the leading ram, was a success quite startling.

For pens of five, an entry of eleven was made. Here, again, Queded's led the way. Few better pens of five rams have ever won in this class. Ram lambs had for their winners three, showing great scale, bone, and substance, with well-covered heads, owned by S. W. Millen, whose success upon his first entry at the Royal is deserving of congratulation.

Lincolns totalled sixty-seven. In two-shear rams, Herbert Pears, with a ram bred by his father, won. It is a ram of grand type, fleece and flesh, to which subsequently the reserve for championship honors went.

Yearling rams numbered fifteen. Here the late H. Dudding's Riby flock went ahead, for first, second, and reserve honors were won. A class for five rams was a strong one, with eleven entries. H. Smith, Jr.'s, was adjudged best, and the position was secured by a pen that scored in evenness of size, substance, and bone. Dudding's won the championship plate outright.

PIGS.

Best of the aged Berkshire boars undoubtedly was L. Currie's Minley Warrior, and his quality, length, substance, and masculine character entitled him to his position, and also to winner of special as best Berkshire. Minley Primrose, L. Currie's sow, also won first prize in her class.

In aged Tamworth boars, C. L. Coxon's was undoubtedly the best; his length of carcass and quality of flesh also helped to secure for the boar the medal for best male. In sows farrowed in 1912, Henry C. Stephens took not only first prize, but medal for best sow, and well did she deserve her high position.

In Middle Whites, first aged boar, exhibited by Leopold Paget, was full of merit. In the aged sow class, C. Spencer's beautiful sow, Holywell Perfection, got the highest position, not only in her class, but as the best of the females of the breed. This sow is on short legs, yet is long in the body, and of fine quality.

In Large Whites, Sir Gilbert Greenall, Edmund Wherry, J. and R. Purvis, R. E. W. Stephenson, and D. R. Daybell, won lion's share of classes, Sir Gilbert's stock taking three firsts.

In Large Blacks, first were scored by Messrs. T. F. Hooley, K. M. Clark, S. A. Stimpson, W. Wills, J. Warne, and W. H. Whitley.

Winners in Curley-coated Lincolnshire pigs were E. Roysds and L. C. Harvey (three firsts), W. Bray and J. Cock.

G. T. BURROWS.

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LAKEVIEW HOLSTEINS

Herd headed by Count Hengerveld Fayne De Kol, by Pietertje Hengerveld's Count De Kol out of Grace Fayne 2nd. He has 12 daughters already in the Record of Merit, and many more to follow. Junior sire.—Dutchland Colantha Sir Mona, by Colantha Jehanna Lad out of Mona Pauline de Kol (27.18 butter) the dam of one daughter over 30-lbs. and one over 27-lbs. also the dam of the World's champion junior three-year-old for milk production. A few bull calves for sale.

H. F. OSLER, Bronte, Ont.

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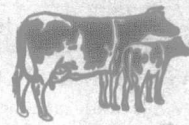
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L. D. PHONE FINGAL VIA ST. THOMAS.

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Headed by Prince Aagie Mechthilde. For sale at present: Choice bull calves, from Record of Merit dams with records up to 20-lbs. butter in 7 days. All sired by our own herd bull. Prices reasonable.
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BRAMPTON JERSEYS The spring trade is on; we are doing the
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Canada's Greatest Jersey Herd.

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Will be pleased to hear from you if interested in sheep as "No business no harm" is my motto
JOHN MILLER, Brougham, Ont. Pickering Stn. G.T.R. 7 miles. Claremont Stn., C.P.P. 3 miles.

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Our present offering is a number of superior
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ewes, either by imported sires or g. sires imported.
Also fifteen yearling **HAMPSHIRE** ewes.

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Large White Yorkshires Have a choice lot of sows in pig.
Boars ready for service and young pigs
of both sexes supplied not akin, at
reasonable prices. All breeding stock imported, or from imported stock from the best
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Morrison Tamworths and Shorthorns—bred from the prize-winning
herds of England; have a choice lot of young pigs.
both sexes, pairs not akin; and also the dual-pur-
pose Shorthorns. Satisfaction guaranteed.
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Present offering: Select sows. Choice boars, ready for service; also younger stock
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offering: Sows bred and others ready to breed; also younger
stock of both sexes. Prices reasonable.
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breeding age, chuck full of
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Grand stock, either sex, constantly for sale. Price
reasonable. **MAG CAMPBELL & SONS,
Northwood, Ontario.**

Questions and Answers.
Miscellaneous.

Chickens Sneeze.

Have some chickens which go around
with their feathers ruffled, eyes shut, re-
fuse to eat, and sneeze once in a while.
Can you tell what I can do for them?
G. W. B.

Ans.—Symptoms indicate common cold.
Keep them in a dry place nights, and
until dew is off in the morning. Avoid
close housing, and give free range and
good feed.

Octagon Silo Roof.

Please give me a list of material re-
quired for silo roof. silo 12 x 36 feet,
walls 7 inches thick. I do not want
too flat a roof, but one built in propor-
tion to height and size of silo. Must
be two dormers for chute and filling.
Eight-cornered roof preferred. **T. C.**

Ans.—Perhaps someone who has built
an octagon roof of this description will
oblige with details. An account of what
has been done is always preferable to a
mere estimate of material.

Spurious Seed.

In the spring of 1912 I purchased 100
pounds of alfalfa seed from a local dealer.
The seed was supposed to be No. 1, Gov-
ernment-tested alfalfa. Now I discover
that fully seventy-five per cent. of it is
the common sweet clover.

1. Have I a case for damages?
2. If so, how should I proceed?
Ontario. J. M. M.

Ans.—1. Yes.
2. You should instruct your solicitor
to demand damages on your behalf; and
then, if necessary, enter the claim in
suit.

Quack Grass.

Last year I got some orchard grass to
sow along with other mixture of perma-
nent pasture, and find I have more quack
than orchard grass. We never had quack
grass on our farm before, and would not
for a good deal have had it. Can we
get any recompense? Please give best
method to eradicate. **W. D.**

Ans.—It is doubtful whether you could
get any damages from seedsman who sold
you the seed. If he sold it to you for
No. 1, and you still have a sample, you
might send it to the Seed Branch, Ot-
tawa, and have them analyze it to see
whether it would comply with the Seed
Control Act. If not, something might
be done. Clean and frequent cultivation
is the best means of eradication. Culti-
vate once or twice a week all summer.
If roots are thick, rake them up and
burn them. Buckwheat or rape, the lat-
ter sown in drills, is a good smothering
crop to follow the season of cultivation.

Empire Day.

Will you please answer, in your column
of Questions and Answers, the following?
It was brought up in our young people's
meeting, and we were unable to secure
information which was reliable.

When and why celebrated is Empire
Day? Is it a holiday?
Middlesex Co., Ont. Z.

Ans.—Empire Day is not a holiday, but
a school-day—the nearest one preceding
Victoria Day, the 24th of May—upon
which special exercises are conducted.
These exercises relate to the history and
geography of the British Empire. Visi-
tors are invited to give patriotic ad-
dresses, and readings and recitations of
a similar character are given by selected
pupils.

This year it was observed on Friday,
the 23rd of May. The official readings
sent to the schools of Ontario by the
Education Department, consisted of poems
by Chesterton on King Alfred, Newbolt
on the Navy, and Kipling's "If," and
prose pieces under the titles—"The Flag
of the Empire," "The Meaning of Em-
pire," "The Livingstone Centenary," and
"The Death of Captain Scott."

As to the origin of the idea of Empire
Day, we find in a report of the Went-
worth Historical Society, dated 13th
June, 1899, a statement that Empire
Day was this year, that is 1899, duly
inaugurated, a fact in which the Society
is particularly interested on account of
the prominent part taken by its Cor-
responding Secretary, Mrs. C. Fessenden,
in presenting it to the Government and
School Boards. Mr. Hopkins gives Sir
Geo. W. Ross credit for proposing the
idea as it is now understood, while an
Old Country nobleman has also laid claim
to its conception. Possibly the idea

may have occurred independently to dif-
ferent minds about the same time.

**Farmers' Bank Settlement—Drilled
Well for School.**

1. Is there any chance of the Govern-
ment paying 75 cents on the dollar to
the depositors of the Farmers' Bank?

2. Have the shareholders of the Farm-
ers' Bank been called on for the double
liability? If not; why not?

3. Give short history of bank since its
failure?

4. Does a drilled well in a country
school yard give general satisfaction?
Will it be necessary to have a lot of
water pumped out now and then, or will
the water stay good in the iron casing?
Ontario. A. B. C.

Ans.—1. We are unable to say what
amount, if any, the Government contem-
plates paying to the depositors in the
Farmers' Bank.

2. With respect to the shareholders,
the Curator, Mr. Clarkson, informs us
that judgments are outstanding against
those who did not defend the claim made
against them for double liability, and the
bank is in the position to levy for such
judgments, if it desires to, but in view
of negotiations with the Government,
action has not been taken in that direc-
tion.

3. The assets of the bank have been
realized upon wherever realizable. There
are a number of speculative assets yet
to realize upon, and there is \$300,000 of
circulation yet outstanding which has to
be paid. It is doubtful whether the as-
sets will be sufficient to pay this circula-
tion unless the Keeley mine materializes,
in respect of which there is now hope
that it will produce something, but how
much, nobody can tell.

4. A drilled well should prove a fairly
satisfactory source of water supply for
a school, but the water should be pumped
out from time to time.

**A HIGH-CLASS IMPORTATION OF
AYRSHIRES.**

**D. M. Watt, of St. Louis Station,
Quebec, has lately landed at quarantine,
Pt. Levis, Que., what is probably the
choicest lot of Ayrshires ever landed in
Canada. Already the majority of them
are sold to the Alta Crest Farms, of
Spencer, Mass., but a number are still
on hand for parties looking for high-
class show and producing Ayrshires. The
shipment contained thirty-odd head, the
majority of them from two to four years
of age, among which were such high-class
animals as Kilfrid Bloomer, four years
old, with an official record of 810 gal-
lons (8,100 lbs.), as a quey, and last year,
as a three-year-old, giving over 1,100
gallons, and freshening in eleven months.
This is certainly one of the best cows
ever imported, carrying an immense udder
and big teats, and, withal, is a great
show cow. Kilfrid Beauty is another
big-capacity cow, with over 900 gallons
to her credit this year. From John
Cochrane, of Nether Craig, were secured
three exceptionally choice ones. Forest
Queen, a daughter of his old champion
cow, Nether Craig Sweet Marie, a two-
year-old, due to freshen in September, is
a show proposition of a high order. The
other was a yearling bull, got by the
great sire, Nether Craig Northern Star,
and out of Lady Mary Ramsay, with a
record of 950 gallons in 36 weeks, test-
ing 4.2 per cent. butter-fat. This
youngster was shown at Kilmours, easily
winning first in a class of ten. An-
other beautiful heifer of Auchinbrain
breeding is a daughter of Lessnessock
Good Gift. From the same herd came
a choice show heifer, Auchinbrain Craig
15th. From the famous Barleith herd
came a five-year-old that was second in
the dairy test at Ayr last year. From
the Auchinclod herd came a grand pair
of two-year-old heifers, daughters of the
great sire, Brae Rising Star, and in calf
to Scot Let. One of the great ones of
the shipment is Woodburn White Heifer,
a massive three-year-old daughter of the
famous Envy Me. Several others are
daughters and granddaughters of the re-
nowned sire, Spicy Sam, and the lot are
representative of the largest and most
noted breeders and herds in Scotland.
Very many of them are winners at the
big Ayrshire shows, and nearly all in
milk have official records. All in all,
this is one of the greatest shipments of
Ayrshires that have ever left the land of
the breed's origin, and certainly Mr. Watt
is to be congratulated on his selection.**



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Gossip.

SASKATCHEWAN HORSE BREEDERS' ACT.

Under section 32 of the Saskatchewan Horse Breeders' Act, the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council has authorized the following regulations:

(1) No stallion under 30 months of age will be examined for license.

(2) Horses that have been previously examined and granted license, may, after the three-year limit has expired, be permitted to stand for service by the issuance of a temporary license, provided it is impossible to re-examine them before the season opens. (Proviso to Section 28.)

(3) Any owner of any licensed stallion which contracts any contagious or infectious disease, shall notify the Board immediately on recognizing or being informed of said condition, when the license will be officially rendered void until such time as the owner can produce a veterinarian's certificate of health, upon receipt of which the Commissioner shall notify owner of validity of license. Owners not complying with the regulation shall be subject to annulment of license.

(4) The Board shall constitute a Board of Appeal to consider requests for re-examination made by the owners of stallions.

(5) The committee for the second examination shall consist of at least one member of the Board itself, and shall contain no member of the committee making the previous examination.

(6) The appeal shall be accompanied by a deposit of \$25 to cover expenses, said sum to be refunded if appeal sustained. Any appeal which is not accompanied by said deposit will not be considered by the Board.

(7) For horses which, owing to some accident or temporary defect, are not in a position to be definitely passed upon, a temporary license for the ensuing season will be granted, with the privilege of re-examination previous to being licensed for further service.

(a) In districts during the first year of the enforcement of the Act for certain horses, which are not considered suitable either for license or temporary license, and have no more than one of the specific unsoundnesses outlined in the Act, a certificate shall be issued, to be known as a district permit, granting the stallion owner permission to stand or travel his horse within certain units of the licensed stallion district without the privilege of re-examination for further service.

(8) In the case of stallions owned by syndicates, the word person shall refer to the individual recorded owner, or the individual in whose charge the stallion is placed. All other members of a syndicate, even though shareholders, shall be regarded as being on the same footing as the general public.

Mr. and Mrs. Dawson held an at-home on their return from the continent. They were very proud of the trip, and Mrs. Dawson could not stop talking about it. "And, oh, the gorge at Andermatt!" she exclaimed. "You haven't forgotten the lovely gorge, have you Fred?" "The gorge at the Grand Hotel?" drawled Fred, wearily. "By no means! I'll remember that gorge to my dying day. Why, bless me, it was the only square meal we got in Switzerland!"

Familiar Path.—Miller—"Just as Millet and the widow started up the aisle to the altar, every light in the church went out." Munford—"What did the couple do then?" Miller—"Kept on going. The widow knew the way."—Judge.

Mr. Brown and his family were standing in front of the lion's cage. "John," said Mrs. Brown, "if those animals were to escape, whom would you first save—me or the children?" "Me," answered John, without hesitation.

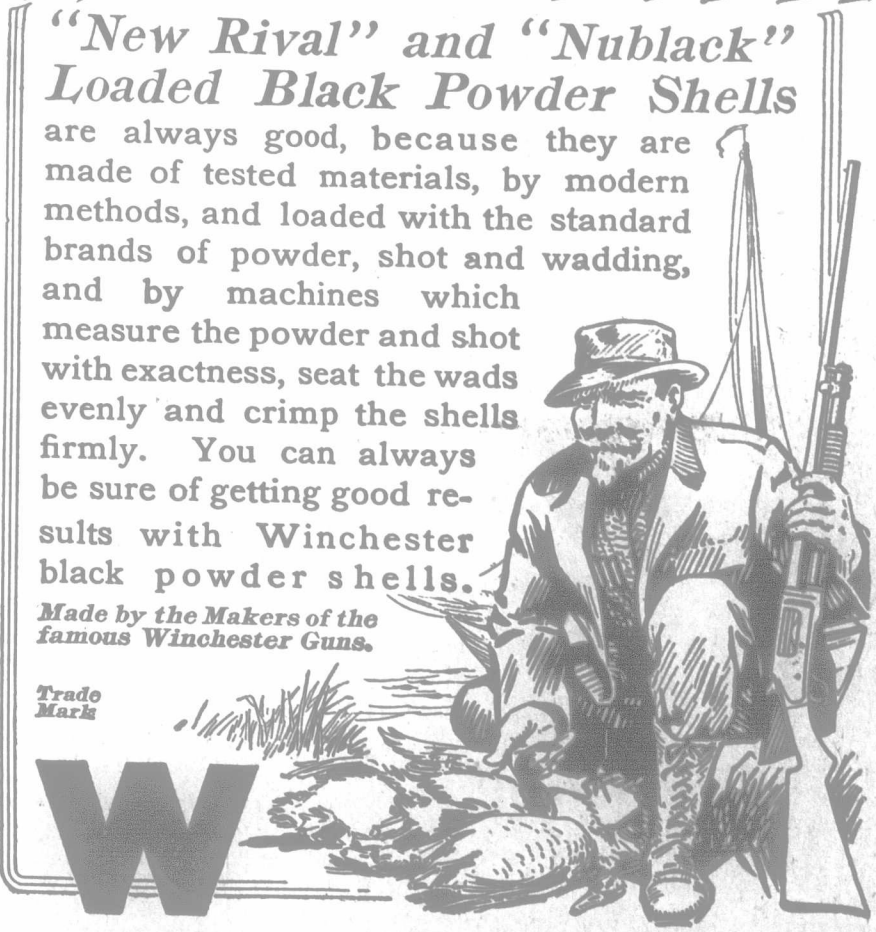
Energy will do anything that can be done in this world; and no circumstances, no opportunity, will make a man without it.

WINCHESTER

"New Rival" and "Nublack"
Loaded Black Powder Shells

are always good, because they are made of tested materials, by modern methods, and loaded with the standard brands of powder, shot and wadding, and by machines which measure the powder and shot with exactness, seat the wads evenly and crimp the shells firmly. You can always be sure of getting good results with Winchester black powder shells.

Made by the Makers of the famous Winchester Guns.



Trade Mark

Can Be Sown With Seed Drill

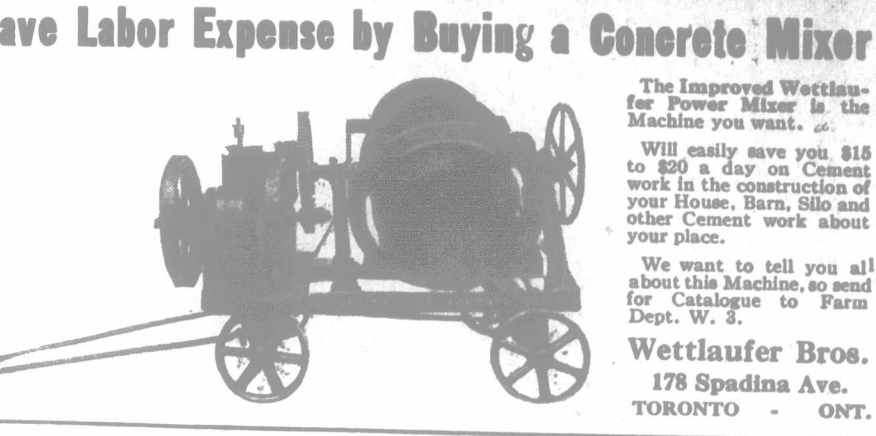
USE Harab Fertilizers for your fall wheat. They are so dry and finely ground that they can be sown with an ordinary seed drill.

Harab FERTILIZERS

are natural fertilizers, and nourish the soil besides stimulating the crops. Write for full particulars about our fall wheat fertilizer.

The Harris Abattoir Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada

Save Labor Expense by Buying a Concrete Mixer



The Improved Wettlaufer Power Mixer is the Machine you want.

Will easily save you \$15 to \$20 a day on Cement work in the construction of your House, Barn, Silo and other Cement work about your place.

We want to tell you all about this Machine, so send for Catalogue to Farm Dept. W. 3.

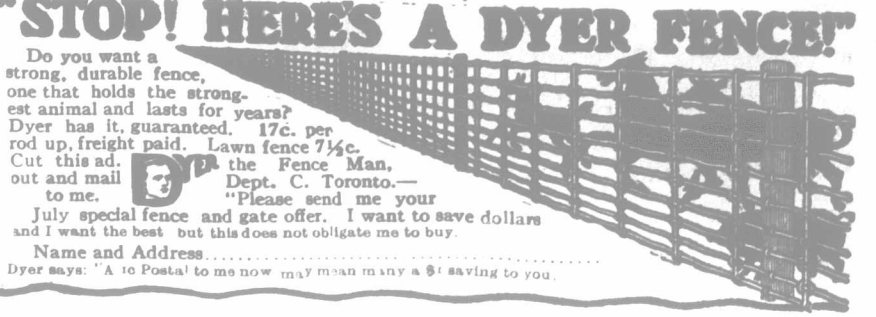
Wettlaufer Bros.
178 Spadina Ave.
TORONTO - ONT.

"STOP! HERE'S A DYER FENCE!"

Do you want a strong, durable fence, one that holds the strongest animal and lasts for years? Dyer has it, guaranteed. 17c. per rod up, freight paid. Lawn fence 7 1/2c. Cut this ad. the Fence Man. out and mail to me. Dept. C. Toronto. Please send me your July special fence and gate offer. I want to save dollars and I want the best but this does not obligate me to buy.

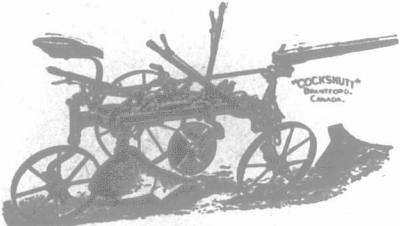
Name and Address.....

Dyer says: "A to Postal to me now may mean many a \$1 saving to you."



MODERN FARMING

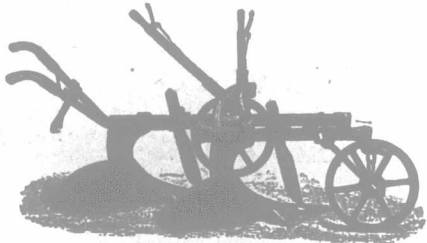
Now is the Time to Select Your

**COCKSHUTT
PLOW**for This Fall's
Plowing

ONTARIO FOOTLIFT SULKY

THIS plow solves the hired help problem when you begin your fall plowing. As soon as your grain is off the field, your son on the Footlift Sulky can start the plowing while you finish up the harvest. Adjust this plow for depth of cut. After that the plowing is simply driving. The bottom raises instantly at a touch of the foot, or lifts itself automatically at an obstruction and immediately goes back to work again. This feature saves broken share points.

We supply our Judy bottom, specially adapted to sod plowing, or our No. 21 bottom as shown above. We have made the Ontario Footlift frame exceptionally strong, with no superfluous weight. Every brace and casting is placed to do the most good. A Cockshutt Plow gets you full value to the last cent. Operators can do excellent work with this plow if they can drive.

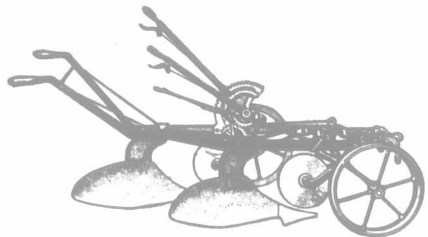


MAPLE LEAF GANG.

THIS two or three horse walking gang is particularly suited to work in lighter soils. As a general purpose plow for the man without help, this style is a great boon. With it he can do his work in just half the time required by a single furrow plow, as well or perhaps a little better than with the single furrow plow because this gang is steadier in the ground.

The steel frame bars on the Maple Leaf are adjustable, in or out, for different widths. They are marked for 8-inch, 9-inch and 10-inch work. To adjust the frame is only a moment's work.

A Maple Leaf gang means good plowing quickly done by one man.



CROWN GANG PLOW.

THIS is built along similar lines to the Maple Leaf, but a little heavier and stronger. We recommend it particularly for stubble and heavy clay. It will soon repay, in time and labor saved, more than its original cost.

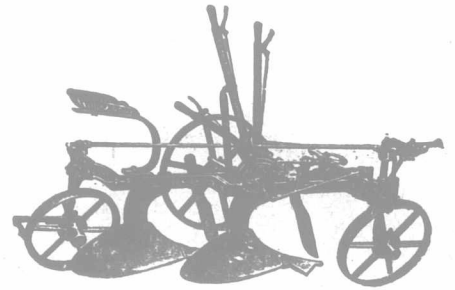
Strength is due to the frame, and the shape of mouldboards and points. The solid frame, of steel bars securely bolted together gives the best support against plowing strains. The steering lever, directly in front of the operator, lines up the furrow wheel in a second. All levers are convenient and easily operated. Wheels have dust-proof boxes with generous roller bearings, thereby reducing draft and insuring long life to the plow. See a sample at your Cockshutt agent's warehouse.



NO. 21 PLOW

THIS represents one of our single furrow walking Plows for field and garden. It cuts a furrow 10 to 12 inches wide and 4 to 8 inches deep; handles nicely, and does excellent work. It is perhaps the most popular plow of its class on the market. Has plenty of strength for heavy work.

Most farms need more than one style plow—at least a sod plow and a stubble or general purpose one. See our agent. Ask him to show you different styles of Cockshutt Plows.

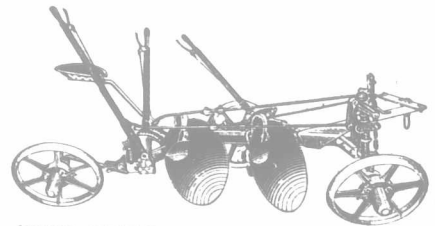


BEAVER GANG PLOW.

THIS three horse riding gang has the wheels so placed that the bottoms always cut to a uniform depth even on rough land instead of having the front land and furrow wheels directly opposite each other. The Beaver is easily operated—all adjustments are conveniently made from the seat. A strong helper spring aids in raising the bottoms so a youth can operate the Beaver readily.

In buying the Beaver you have the choice of four bottoms; our "Judy" is narrow, cutting 7-ins. to 10-ins. wide and 5-ins. to 8-ins. deep; the "Nip" is wider, cutting 10-ins. to 12-ins. wide and 3-ins. to 8-ins. deep and turning an especially good furrow; and two "Kangaroo" bottoms—one wide and the other narrower. With such a variety you get equipment exactly suitable to your own needs.

A plow like this saves wages and reduces your cost of plowing by a big fraction. A boy on a Beaver can do excellent work. It has effected big savings. The frame is high and gives plenty of clearance when working in stubble or dirty ground—no dragging of clods to make heavy draft. Bearings in the wheels are dust-proof and carry a large quantity of oil.



TWO FURROW "STEEL" DISC PLOW

THIS all-steel plow is one to five furrow sizes, has great strength and stiffness. The Discs turn on large bearings properly protected from dust and grit, thereby insuring easy running and long life.

A Disc Plow handles hard, dry or sticky land that an ordinary mouldboard plow wouldn't touch. We do not advocate the use of a Disc Plow in any other kind of ground. The action of the discs is to break up the ground so it can absorb moisture for cultivation. If you have land that you cannot handle satisfactorily with your mouldboard plow try a Cockshutt Disc Plow and you'll get the work done properly.

The discs are highly polished and are kept clean by large adjustable scrapers which can be regulated to suit the exact conditions of plowing. Heavy coil springs assist in raising and lowering.

THE thoughtful farmer is learning the great value of specialization in his plowing, and how particular models of plows reduce the cost of plowing and time needed, while they bring much bigger harvests than plows not adapted to his land.

Not many years ago a man's farm was 100 acres big and only 5 inches deep. His living was made on that 5 inches of surface. Now-a-days he is mining 2, 3, 4 or 5 inches deeper, and bringing up a seed-bed of virgin soil gradually, that becomes more and more productive.

For this change in plowing practice, the Cockshutt organization is devising suitable plows. For reduction of plowing cost suitable plows are being made. To meet the scarcity of hired help, other plows are designed that need no hired man.

For each farm in Canada, farmed under any methods, there are Cockshutt Plows to suit the farm soil and conditions of operation. Use the right plow properly, and harvest profits will greatly increase. The plow for you is in our catalogue—it is a Cockshutt Plow—now is the time to select it.

WRITE TO US and tell your requirements. We know you can get the exact plow for your needs from our extensive line, and are anxious to give you all the information and assistance we can to enable you to buy to best advantage. Write us to-day on a post card—or see our agent.

Sold in Western Ontario and Western Canada by

COCKSHUTT PLOW CO. Limited
Brantford, Ont.

Sold in Eastern Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces by

The FROST & WOOD CO. Limited
Smith's Falls, Ont.

IMPLEMENTS OF QUALITY