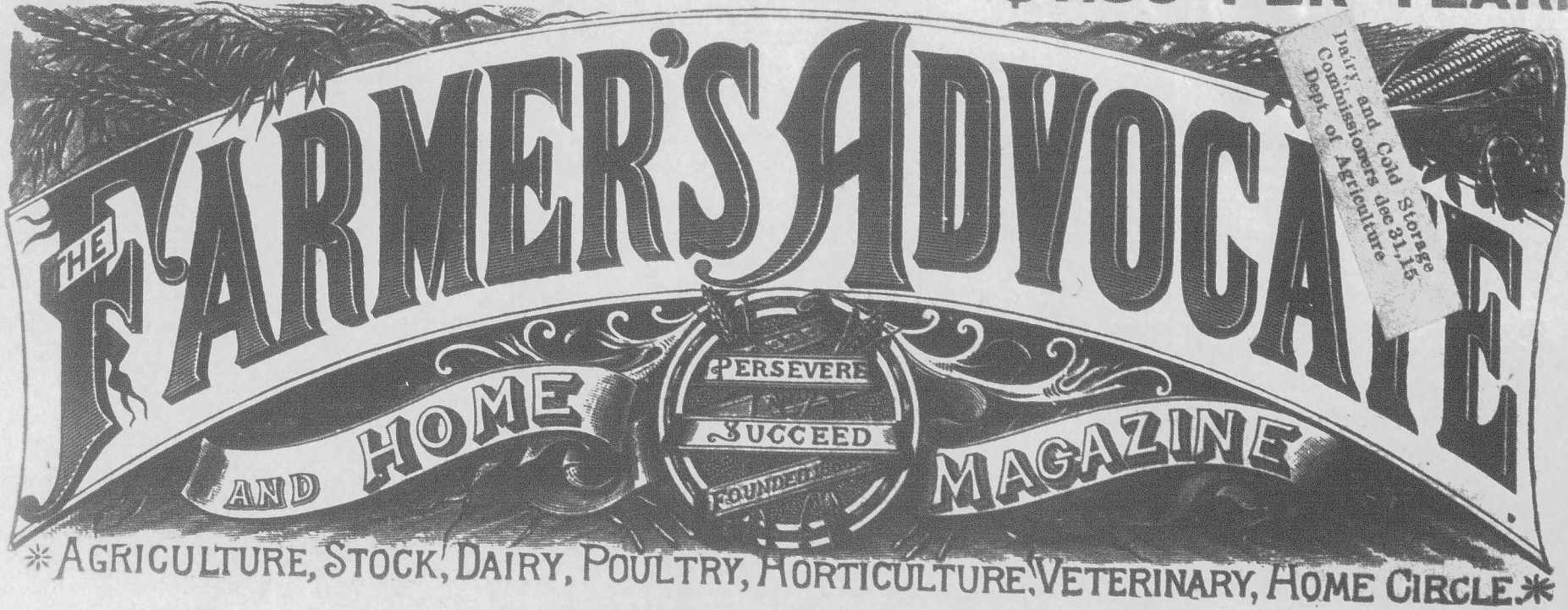


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VOL. L.

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LONDON, ONTARIO, JULY 1, 1915.

No. 1188

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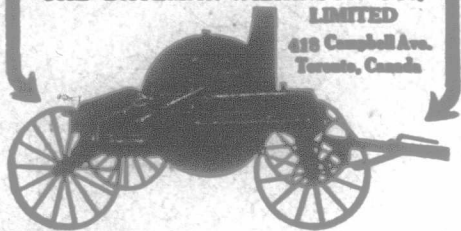
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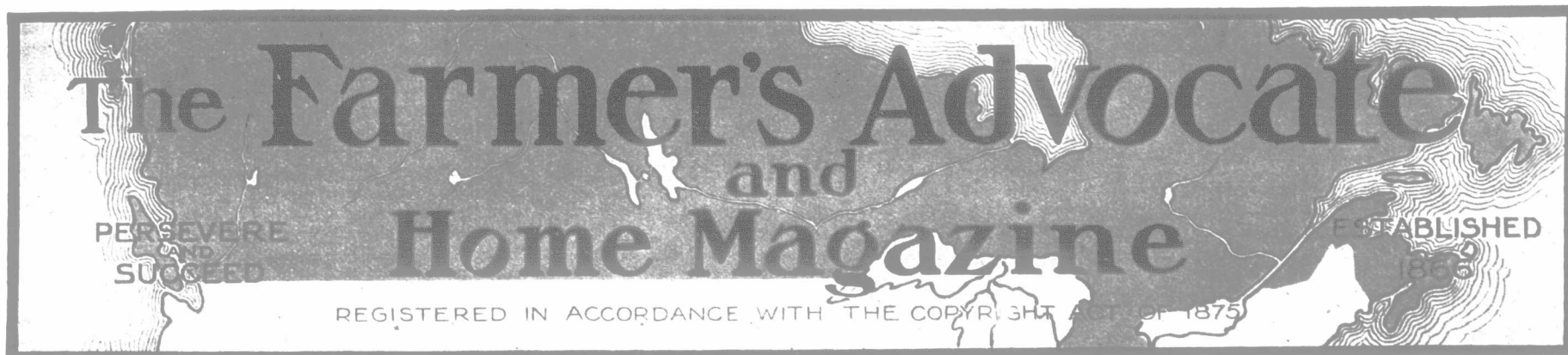
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Vol. L.

LONDON, ONTARIO, JULY 1, 1915.

No. 1188

EDITORIAL.

Make hay while the sun shines.

A weedy field means a poorer yield.

The pessimist is as bad as the deserter.

A supplement to the pasture may soon prove profitable.

Milk and meat, summer or winter, cannot be made without feed.

Do you realize that Canada is at war? If so do your part to bring it to a successful issue.

Again the city business man asks: "How's the crops?" He is more interested than ever.

A good way to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before is to uproot the adjoining weed.

Already Britain is laying plans for producing more food in 1916. It is not too early to make a start in Canada.

Do not neglect the corn during haying and harvest. Keep it cultivated regularly, thoroughly and frequently.

This is Canada's birthday, but any celebrations which may be held will be over-shadowed by events in Europe.

The farm is one of the greatest "munitions" factories in the world. We should ever keep this in mind in the big struggle.

Canada must get squared away to be ready to handle the business which should come to the Dominion when hostilities cease.

The world is full of heroes. The man who enlists in this war is no coward, and he deserves the best the nation can afford.

The old sire, so many years more than half the herd, would prove more valuable in another herd than on the butcher's counter.

The advent of the auto in rural road traffic and the effect of the war on finance are retarding the realization of electric radial lines.

What would have been considered catastrophes this time last year, are mere incidents passed over almost without notice in this year of awful carnage.

The trench warfare of the politicians is different from the military trench warfare now waging in Europe in that both sides have and use poisoned gas.

Plenty of cold water, and, better still, ice, together with clean stables and a sanitary milk-room mean sweet cream and no complaints. Carelessness causes cream troubles.

Having accomplished little else than high-sounding talk, Kaiser Wilhelm has inerably recorded his name across the fair page of the Twentieth Century in characters of blood.

Is a Change Taking Place?

Is a change taking place in rural conditions in Eastern Canada? Such a question may be considered ridiculous, for changes are always operative, but a right-about-face does not come every year in the country districts. Old things do not give way to new in a day or in a year or two. Great changes come after generations of hard work. The complaint has been heard on every hand, for the past two decades, that Eastern Canada's young people were leaving the farms for city employment and city opportunities. But we hear that the flow has diminished and that young men, and young women too, are staying in the country, and, better still, are glad to stay. We hope that every district is experiencing this wholesome difference in things, for it can only result from the changed conditions which cause it. What are these changed conditions? They are many, and all could not be enumerated here, but chief among them are: better prices for things which the farmer has for sale; more comforts in the home; the giving over of an interest in the operation of the farm to the young folks; and an automobile or good horse and a rig with which to take a little pleasure out of life after the day's work is over. These are the reasons brought up by a Nova Scotia minister who lately called at "The Farmer's Advocate" office and who stated that he now found far more young people on the farms than was the case twenty years ago. This is encouraging, and we feel more earnest than ever in making the claim that there is no place quite so good for the boy and girl born in the country as the country, especially if they are given an interest in the farm and develop a liking for rural life and work. Some of the old ways are passing away and many things are new. We hope that among the passing may be numbered the unwarranted idea that to be successful the farm boy must enter city life and business, and that numbered with the new will be found a confidence in the ability of the rising generation on the farms, marked by a gradual turning over of the business of farming to the young men and young women as the old folks advance in years. Let the boys and girls take the burden from the bent shoulders of father and mother, and they will bear it with a devotion to duty and an interest which will ensure the saving of more good men and women to the land.

A Partnership Which Will Endure.

The past decade has been the city's, but the next ten years may be the country's. The farmer is no longer a "haysed" in the eyes of the best city people. He is, on the other hand, a business man engaged in the noble calling of feeding those not able to feed themselves. Not that exactly, but at any rate he produces the necessities of life and some of the luxuries, while the city dweller produces luxuries. The rising generation, in country as well as city, has noticed the changed conditions, and with a little encouragement and help is ready to make agricultural history in this Dominion. The best form of encouragement is for the farm owners who have had their day at farming to gradually shift the responsibilities of their work to the younger and willing shoulders. Youth enjoys responsibility. Youth succeeds when given a vital interest. Youth fails when all the planning is done by father and mother. Neither can middle age and greater years exist without some interest in life. The man who has had forty or fifty years of hard

work on the farm and has "held the reins" so tenaciously as to drive all the boys and girls away sells out and moves to town, but he does not last. He has nothing of interest to him to occupy his mind and hands. He is almost sure to be troubled with biliousness and bad temper, and soon passes. But there is a retiring that is different. Nothing of this sort occurs where the boy has been brought up to take an interest in the farming operations through actual ownership of things, and year after year developed and encouraged by further money interest in the operations, until, when the father is ready to release the reins entirely, the boy eagerly and capably takes them up and carries on the work with renewed vigor. The father retires in a new house on the corner of the farm, or in a comfortable dwelling in the village a mile or so away. He rarely misses a day at the farm. He goes out and looks around; advises the son; helps with the hoeing or does other light work in rush seasons; gets needed exercise and much satisfaction. He lives and enjoys himself. His son lives, enjoys himself, and makes money out of farming. This is a partnership which will endure and which ensures more good farmers, satisfied and happy on Canadian farms. This is the change from the old to the new.

Reducing the Price of Fruit to Consumer.

There are two phases of the fruit industry which are worthy of consideration at this time. One is the tendency on the part of growers to produce choice fruit, pack it in the most up-to-date manner, and ship it in expensive containers. These efforts have been lauded by educationists and through the press. On the other hand there is a vast consuming populace that are not particular about perfection, but desire serviceable fruit at moderate cost. There are a few growers who are striving to supply this demand, but they are not receiving much encouragement outside of their cash remuneration. It is true that all consumers desire quality in what they buy, but there is a class that demands fancy, and another class that will purchase the serviceable product.

When apples were going to waste in the country last fall people in the city were loath to pay \$3.00 per barrel or more for them because they felt that they were paying too much for the service of the trades people or for the container, or for something that would not serve as food because the apples themselves were not worth it. When transportation, trade service and other items amount to more than the original value of a farm product it is time to stop and consider. There must be a stronger union between the producer and the man who ultimately buys. It would be nonsense to talk of eliminating the middleman. He is doing a legitimate business, but we cannot assert that his charges are always legitimate. There is such an intricate piece of machinery between the orchard and the table that the defect has never been located, and it may be said here that co-operative associations, although they have had a wonderful influence, must become more efficient and must purge themselves of internal dissention and distrust before anyone of them can lead the fruit growers out of Egypt. In the Canadian West there is much organization. In Ontario there are Farmer's Clubs, Granges, United Farmers of Ontario, and other associations of whatever name they are pleased to call themselves. If they cannot buy from one farmer

The Farmer's Advocate AND HOME MAGAZINE.

THE LEADING AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL IN THE
DOMINION.

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JOHN WELD, Manager.

Agents for "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Journal,"
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what another farmer produces and they themselves do not, they should devote themselves to oratorical and literary achievement, for they are not true co-operative associations. These organizations should assist farmer to deal with farmer, and keep within the industry the small profits which the man of the soil truly earns. The members of a Farmer's Club located in a strictly stock-raising country might desire 100 barrels of apples, 50 bushels of peaches and other small fruits. Why should not the secretary take the orders for the entire quantity and hand it over to some fruit growers' association? There would be no dealers' losses, no capital tied up in counter goods and, owing to the direct disposal of fruit, no waste. This would be real co-operation. It would be no reflection on the dealer if the produce were placed more cheaply than he could do it, for the circumstances connected with the transaction are altogether different.

Bushel baskets as containers for peaches are used largely in the United States, and they will this year be used in an experimental way in Ontario. The idea is to make the fruit a staple instead of a luxury, as many people consider it. Furthermore, the labor connected with the container will be lessened, which will tend to reduce the price.

The advantage of the six or eleven-quart basket is that it is easily handled by the customer, but the time is quickly passing when the buyer "carries things home," for they are usually the same price when delivered. The less fancy container will be serviceable for fruit of preserving quality and where quantity is sought.

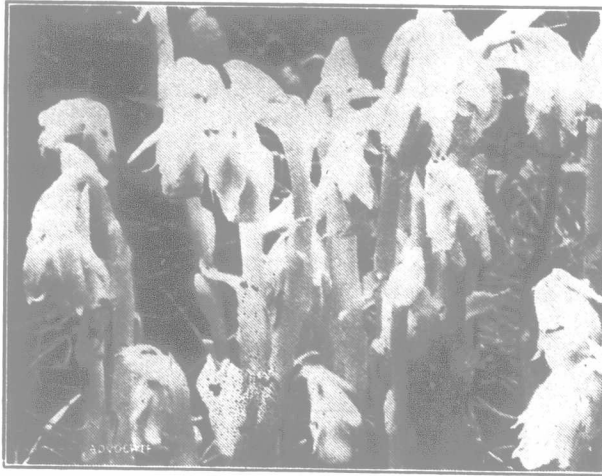
We would not be understood to advise retrogression to the careless, awkward packs and packages of former years, but we must bear in mind that the container is of little value to the consumer after it has protected the fruit and carried it to him. There is a vast population

who are ready to buy and use fruit if the price is in keeping with their income, and we should not forget that. It should be remembered that a demand will always exist for the special and high-quality product, and growers should strive to supply the demand and create more, but they should not forget the consumer who works for a moderate wage, and who usually has a larger family than the purchaser of the fancy article. These are the people who would use more fruit if it came within their reach.

The rural trade and consumers with moderate incomes will take the product in a modest package if the value is in the fruit. We must have strength in the container and quality in the contents. In striving to please the fastidious the great consuming mass of the people should not be forgotten. It is they who will prevent over-production.

The Cheesemaker's Year.

Judged by the first three months, and making allowances for less favorable prices and conditions ahead, 1915 bids fair to be the red letter season of Canadian cheesemaking. Thus far, it has been a remarkable and exceptional year in respect to the price of cheese, which has surpassed anything heretofore realized. This is attributed to the war, and the extent to which the Canadian product enters into the rations of the army. If a pound of cheese be equal to two or three pounds of beef in nutriment, with the added advantage of being non-perishable, easily handled and ready for consumption, it seems an ideal food in the exigencies of war. In the next place the season is remarkable in the volume of milk received as a rule at the factories, and also because of the excellent condition in which the vast bulk of it has arrived at the receiving cans. The remarkably favorable weather prevailing has produced abundance of the cheapest of foods—grass, and low temperatures have made the preservation of milk an easy task. Long experience has reduced cheddar cheesemaking to an exact science in Canada. Preliminary training of makers, and the admirable system of expert inspection and itinerant counsel at the factories under the Dairymen's Associations, have made it really difficult to go wrong providing the weather, the feed and the water for the cows, furnish the factory with raw material that is pure and sweet. July and August may bring more trying conditions for the man behind the cow. Furthermore, it is said



Indian Pipe.

that the sediment test and the expert by the vat finds notwithstanding all the lecturing and instructing of the past quarter century, that the patron of to-day, like the patron of yesterday, is liable to fall into an unwholesome rut. He backslides and everything must be done over again. We shall never outlive the instructor. He is a fixture so long as dairying endures.

The prices for cheese have revived languishing factories, and stimulated the output of every cow. Ex-President John Brodie, of the Western Ontario Dairymen's Association, in looking over the quarter century records of his factory at Mapleton, in East Elgin, which may be taken as a good representation of modern cheesemaking, recalls one year long ago, when, in the spring, cheese sold as low as 6½ cents per pound. In May of this year the highest sale price was 18½ cents! And towards the latter part of June

more milk was received than ever before in the history of the factory, about 200 standard 90-lb. cheeses being made up in one week from the milk supplied by about 105 patrons. Last year prices were thought to be good, but this year they are far in excess of 1914. This season, the patrons received \$1.50 net per hundred pounds of May milk and the whey in addition for pig feeding, variously valued at 10 cents to 15 cents per hundred pounds—just about in accordance with whether men think there is "money in hogs" or not. In former times if the price kept up near \$1.00 per hundred pounds of milk all seemed well. Last year the May rate per hundred was 98.23 cts, and in November it reached \$1.40. One patron alone this season received by his May check for milk \$350. It seemed like "found money"—almost too much for him to take. In the month a single cow brought in to her owner no less than \$17. We sometimes repine that the old days were better than these degenerate times, but that does not apply to the sale of cheese in 1915. All is not gold that glistens, however. Farm help costs more and cow feed is higher, the tax collector grows more outrageous now, and cows that used to be worth \$35 now cost \$100. And then, compared with 20 or 25 years ago, the help of the factoryman has just about doubled in cost. This season rennet is dearer, and contrasted with old times the cheese boxes once eight cents each have practically doubled in price, and the transportation companies grow more exacting as to the quality and strength of the packages. With the growing scarcity of suitable timber this trade may yet have to adopt the New Zealand type of crate, barrel in form, holding two standard size cheeses. In recent years the cheese has increased somewhat in size and weight, and there have been modifications in the details of making resulting in the production of a more uniformly fine product, mellow and richer in texture while the body and keeping quality have been preserved. This has resulted, as we have seen, from a more thorough understanding both of the science and practice involved in handling the milk and curd. The favorable state of the cheese business has tended to draw milk hitherto drifting in other directions, so that altogether the stimulus has been favorable to men in all branches of dairying. As a universal money-maker the dairy cow is still supreme.

Nature's Diary.

A. B. Klugh, M.A.

In ponds with muddy bottoms we may often find a little animal with an elongated body, a long tail, which is flattened vertically, and short legs. Many people unhesitatingly call it a Lizard, though it is not a lizard but a Newt. The Newt is about four inches in length and individuals vary somewhat in coloration. Usually it is olive green above, lemon yellow beneath with small black dots, while on the sides is a row of rather large scarlet spots, each spot being surrounded by a black ring. The Newt crawls about on the bottom on its short legs, but when it swims, which it does with rapidity, it propels itself entirely by means of its tail.

Other animals which resemble the Newt in shape, (and which are likewise often termed Lizards) but which are usually found on land are the Salamanders. The two commonest species in Ontario are the Red-backed Salamander and the Spotted Salamander, the former being gray above with a broad longitudinal red stripe and the latter black with a series of round yellow spots on each side of the back. The Salamanders are usually found under rotten logs in the woods in the daytime, as they are nocturnal in their habits.

There are many important differences between the Newts and Salamanders on one hand and the Lizards on the other. The former belong to the Batrachia, the class to which the Frogs and Toads also belong, while the latter belong to the Reptilia, the class which also includes the Snakes and Turtles. In the Newts and Salamanders the skin is naked and moist, while the Lizards are covered with scales. The Lizards have true teeth set in bony jaws; the Newts and Salamanders have no true teeth. The eggs of the Salamanders and Newts are soft and gelatinous, while those of the Lizards have a leathery skin. The young of the Newts and Salamanders after they are hatched breathe for some time by means of external gills, just as is the case in the tadpoles of the Frogs and Toads, but the young of the Lizards show no gills after leaving the eggs. Finally the structure of the heart is different, in the Newts and Sala-

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manders it consists of two auricles and one ventricular, while in the Lizards it has two auricles and two ventricles, though the septum between the two ventricles is incomplete.

In Eastern Canada we have no Lizards except the Blue-tailed Skink, which is only found in the extreme south-west of the Ontario peninsula. In British Columbia there is a little Lizard which is not uncommon, known by the rather formidable name of the Northern Alligator Lizard.

A plant which always arouses the interest of those who notice it in the woods is the Indian Pipe, shown in our illustration. Its waxy whiteness, its rigidity and its shape mark it off as something different from ordinary plants, and many are puzzled as to what sort of a plant it is, some being inclined to think it is a fungus. As a matter of fact it is a flowering plant and belongs to the Heath Family—the same family to which the Blueberry, Cranberry, and Wintergreen belong. Its peculiar color, or rather lack of color, is due to the absence of chlorophyll, and it is able to do without this substance so necessary to most plants to enable them to manufacture their food because it lives on dead plant matter. If we dig it up we find no ordinary root, but a mass of fibrous rootlets. These rootlets contain little knots of a thread-like fungus, and it is through the agency of this fungus that the Indian Pipe is able to feed on dead plant remains. Thus it is what is termed a Saprophyte, and not a parasite, since parasites feed on living matter. The Indian Pipe is well-named and another name which is extremely suggestive, not only of its appearance but also of the dark woods in which it is usually found, is Ghost Flower.

THE HORSE.

A Question of Service.

Many a good stallion has been ruined by too frequent service and "doping." Horsemen differ in their methods of handling stallions during the breeding season just as mare owners have different ways of caring for mares. We have known good horsemen to allow their valuable stallions to cover mares every two hours and during the rush of the breeding season keep this up day after day well into the night. Other horse owners do not believe that a horse should be used so frequently. In talking with a Western Ontario stallion owner a few days ago he said that he never allowed his horses to serve more than three mares a day, giving them complete rest on Sunday. Is this a better practice than breeding mares every two hours? It would seem that there is a chance that a horse over-worked will not prove sure but what we want to get at is: when is a horse over-worked? And how should he be handled to ensure mare owners of a high percentage of strong living foals? The season is nearly over but thousands of mares will be bred during the next two months and a little discussion might prove valuable. By the way, it might prove profitable to breed some of those mares held over until this time now that the season is advanced and the sires will not be so over-taxed.

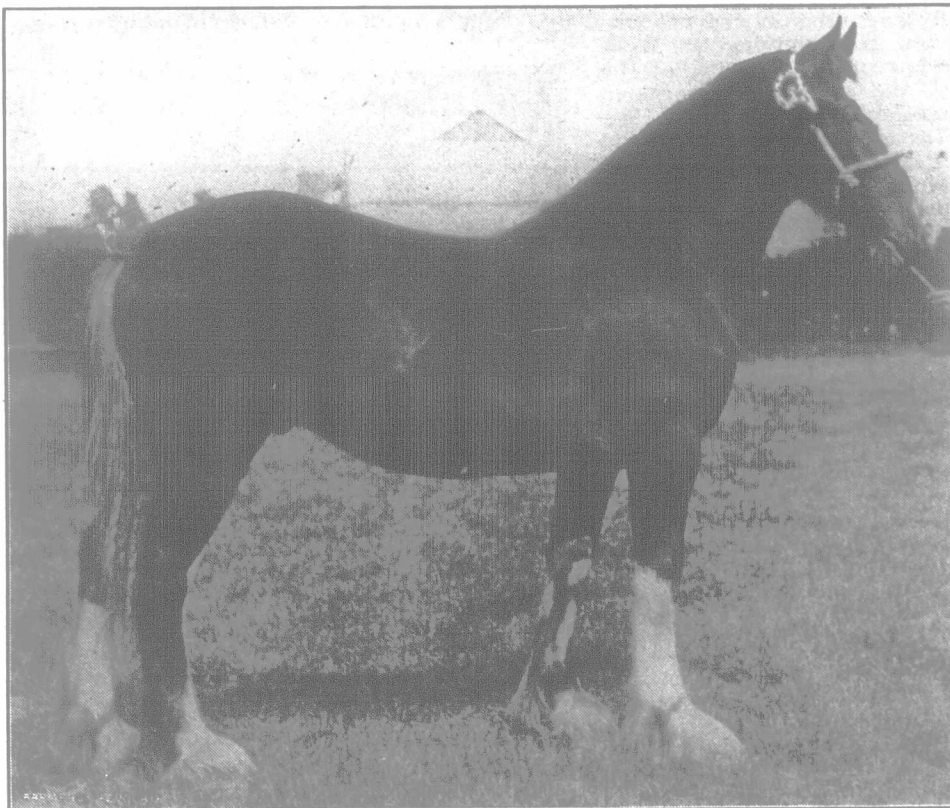
Possibly the Last Importation.

The other day, while looking at a fine Percheron stallion imported from France before the war, and thinking what a pity that so many of this class of horses were being destroyed in the conflict, the owner, a prominent horseman, remarked that he had a good horse and was going to keep him because he felt sure that this would be the last Percheron horse he would be able to bring from France during the remainder of his life. This statement brings the whole situation vividly before one. The importer, a man of middle age, does not expect to be able to get any more horses in France, and he is not the only one, for most of the horsemen in America are of the same opinion. There is a note of warning in this for the man owning a good stallion and also for the man having in his possession valuable brood mares. Not only from France will the supply be cut off but also from Belgium and from Great Britain. These have been the breeding grounds upon which breeders in America have drawn for new blood for years. Deprived of this the horse-breeding industry in this country must look to itself for improvement. It is necessary, then, that every good stallion be kept and properly cared for. The importer who owned the Percheron stallion mentioned undoubtedly has the right idea, because he feels certain that this good horse should be made the most of in the hope of maintaining and improving the quality of the horse stock of the country. So should every stallion whose breeding and individuality warrant be kept under the best possible conditions at the stud in this country. The owners of good mares should also put away all carelessness and take it upon themselves to do their part in the situation. There is no excuse at the present time for breeding good

mares to poor horses, and, notwithstanding the fact that horses have not been selling as readily as they might have done, there is very little excuse for refraining from breeding all the available mares. It is only necessary to go back to the statement of this particular horseman and think what it means. For years to come very few horses are likely to come out of Europe to America. Thousands upon thousands are being destroyed in battle and the old breeding grounds ruined. It is rather a serious matter and one worthy the thought and action of every man in Canada interested in the future of horse breeding. Good horses may be at a premium sooner than we now think.

A Quality Colt.

While it is important that every draft horse show an abundance of size and constitutional vigor, it is equally imperative that the animal have that something about it which every good horseman knows as quality. Quality is hard to explain, but not difficult to recognize in a horse. The accompanying illustration of a colt which has been a champion in the Old Land shows very clearly what is meant by quality in a Clydesdale and quality in one breed of drafters is not very different from quality in another, barring, of course, certain breed characteristics. The colt here shown has plenty of size for its age, being only a yearling at the time the photograph was taken, and we wish our readers to particularly note the flat, clean, hard-appearing bone and the great spring of pastern. It is not often that a photograph shows spring of pastern quite so well as this one does. This is the slope which the



A Quality Colt.

Clydesdale man likes in a horse's pastern and which is an indication of quality and strength. The feet do not show very well in the illustration but the reader can easily see that they are large and have prominent hoof heads. The only thing not clear and distinct is the depth of the heel which should be well marked. The photograph also shows a fine quality of feather. This is important, because, as a general thing with hairy-legged horses, the quality of the hair, that is whether it is fine or coarse, denotes the quality of bone the animal carries. Whether or not there is a direct connection the fact remains that as a general thing a horse with fine, silky hair on its legs shows hard, flat, flinty bone, while on the other hand, the horse with coarse hair, knotted and curly, generally is set upon round, coarse, meaty legs. Take notice also of the slope of shoulders in this horse and the muscling of forearm, as well as the general smoothness and uniformity shown. It requires some little practice with horses to be able to distinguish all the earmarks of quality on sight, but with a little practice and a little study of good horses and illustrations it is not so difficult for the amateur to become fairly familiar with quality in draft horses and able to recognize it on every occasion.

All the causes of underproduction, not only in farm crops but in all industries with a direct bearing on the outcome of the war, should be ferreted out and remedied if possible by individual effort. If the people will not cure the ills of the nation voluntarily then legislation should.

LIVE STOCK.

Causes of Bone-chewing and Similar Abnormal Cravings in Cattle.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

From time to time enquiries are received regarding certain abnormal cravings of cattle evidenced by the chewing and swallowing of such material as wood, earth, cloth, old sacks, leather, bones, etc. While with the herds at the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa, no such abnormality has ever been noted, more or less information concerning it has come to hand, a brief summary of which follows.

The craving of animals for unnatural material may be simply classified as to cause, as follows:-

(1) The phenomena may appear during the early spring months when cattle have access to organic and mineral substances. Where animals are wintered on a poor maintenance ration composed largely of hay and straw, the necessary mineral constituents may fall short of the animal's requirements; particularly if but little succulent feed is used. The lack of salt during the winter months will frequently cause the mineral requirements to fall well below what should be present in the animal system.

With all or any of the latter conditions present, animals, during early spring, will frequently eat earth, wood, or any of the substances enumerated. As soon, however, as the normal balance of the system is regained by this direct method, the animals will show no more signs of this abnormal appetite. For the control of this condition prophylactic measures are the major consideration.

Where animals have been fed a well-balanced ration, whether for fattening, milk production, or merely for maintenance,—where at least part of this ration has been produced elsewhere than locally,—where roots make up part of the ration, and particularly where salt is used freely, preferably accessible at all times, the mineral requirements of the animal system are usually met with.

(2) Individuals of herds frequently show this peculiarity in the form of a habit or vice similar to that of "cribbing" in horses; in others similarly affected the cause may be a functional defect or abnormality, or some lack in the metabolism of

the animals. A specific cause for the latter cases is of course difficult to give, as isolated cases may appear in the best-regulated herds. In persistent cases, however, the treatments to be outlined might be of benefit. Isolated cases are, however, rare.

(3) While the term "bone-chewing" is used more or less erroneously to describe the condition outlined in sections 1 and 2 it correctly relates to a disease known technically as "osteomalacia." While this disease in its true and worst form is perhaps rarely found in Canada, cattle in certain localities have shown symptoms closely approximating it, the cause being, in all likelihood, the same in all cases.

BONE-CHEWING (OSTEO-MALACIA)—

Symptoms.—The actual symptoms of this disease are frequently preceded by digestive disturbances. Cattle will be noticed to lick stalls, mangers, iron fastenings, etc. Usually a disposition is shown to lick and swallow objects containing lime, although portions of wood, leather, etc., are frequently swallowed. Later the craving may turn toward material of an offensive nature, feces, decaying flesh, urine, etc. The appetite for the regular ration, however tempting, is capricious, the animal eating less and less until emaciation becomes manifest, with harsh, dry hair, suspended rumination, and diarrhoea.

The movements of the animal are characteristic, the walk being stiff with lameness apparent, the back arched, and feet spread apart. Pain is shown in lying down, with a refusal to rise unless forced. The joints frequently give rise to a

creaking or cracking noise. Fractures and bulgings of the joints may be found as the disease progresses. Finally the animal lies persistently, becomes exhausted, and dies.

The above very briefly describes a typical case of osteo-malacia. Frequently, however, a condition is met with of a less serious nature but showing one or more of the characteristic symptoms. As all such cases likely rise from the same source, the causes are worthy of particular mention.

Causes.—Outbreaks of this nature have led to exhaustive studies of the food of the animals, the soil upon which it grew, the source and nature of the water supply, and of all questions pertaining to the nutrition of the animal. Knowing that unaffected areas supply the necessary quantities of mineral salts (lime, potash, and phosphoric acid) for the maintenance of health, through the medium of the foods grown on the soil and consumed by the cow, the following facts may be enumerated:—

(1) Soils from affected areas contain less nitrogen, potash, and phosphoric acid than do those from the non-affected areas.

(2) The ash of fodders grown on areas so affected contains less of the ingredients mentioned than would be found normally.

(3) The total amount of mineral matter fed in a full ration grown in an affected area is considerably less than that required by the normal animal.

(4) Bones of animals raised on affected areas contain less lime and less phosphoric acid than do those raised where the condition is unknown.

(5) A series of dry summers may prevent the rendering available of the necessary constituents to the growing plant even if present in the soil.

Treatment: Preventative.—The prophylactic or preventative measures, it will be seen, are involved, making necessary the systematic manuring of pastures and all land used in the production of food, with a view to supplying the lacking constituents. Not infrequently, liming of the soil is highly beneficial; the use of phosphorus in the form of phosphates may also supply the deficiency, although the action of phosphorus and lime in the soil is not altogether understood in this connection. Certainly, it is known that animals in a limestone region have particularly hard osseous tissues. That some method of fertilization is necessary other than the use of locally produced barn-yard manure, will be readily seen; but before any definite action is taken a thorough analysis of the soil and water should be made.

Treatment of Affected Animals.—Animals showing any of the tendencies or symptoms described may be benefited, as would be expected by supplying in the proper form the lacking constituents. The following mixture may be added to the daily ration:—

Bonedust, 2 ozs.
Slaked Lime, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
Sulphate of Potash, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ozs.

A mixture made up as follows and placed where the animals may have free access is recommended:—

Bone Ash, 100 lbs.
Salt, 10 lbs.
Iron Sulphate, Fe₂SO₄, 4 lbs.
Molasses sufficient to make the whole into a mass.

With these remedies the use of fodders of other than local growth would be indicated, seeing that in most cases it is impossible to move the affected animals. Advanced cases, where the bones have become weakened, and the joints affected are difficult to deal with, and recovery doubtful. The suggestion might be made where a district shows signs of affection along the lines briefly described, that owners of cattle communicate with the Veterinary-Director-General, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

G. B. ROTHWELL,
Assistant Dominion Animal Husbandman.
C. E. F.

A Method of Saving Sires.

While visiting a few stock breeders recently, we came across two who have inaugurated something which should prove very valuable in the herds, and which should induce others to make use of this means of conserving good sires. These two breeders each had a particularly good Short-horn bull which had done several year's service in their herds, and which they did not like to see go to the butcher. Both bulls were still active, sure, and good stock-getters, but their heifers, in the herds in which they had been used, had reached breeding age and either these heifers or the old sire had to go. Of course, as is always the case, the axe fell on the bulls. The two owners came to the conclusion that the bulls were too valuable to go to the block, and they made a deal which simply changed stables for the old sires, and at the present time each is doing good service and proving valuable in his new surroundings. Far too many of the country's best breeding sires go to the butcher prematurely, in fact just when they have reached their prime.

Many a stockman will tell you that he would rather have calves from an old bull than by a young, undeveloped sire. Why could not more "exchanging" be done? It need not be "trading" if this practice is objected to. Stockmen could often buy each others old bulls. It seems a pity to see so many good old sires replaced by mere calves which may never grow into a sire worth keeping. It would pay to save more of the old sires, and the method these two breeders followed seems quite practicable.

Hog Culture.

What I don't know about hogs would fill several columns of this great family journal. I am going to tell you something of what I do know—not to the end that you might make more dollars. I am away beyond dollars and write solely for the public's amusement that it may forget dollars if possible and get feeling good again, as it once did—before dollars were. I am confident that if dollars were forgotten—or even partially forgotten—the nations would not make war any more and would content themselves with oratory and an occasional international law suit without heat.

Hog culture has an interest apart from dollars which is seldom touched in this great family journal which seems to think that getting dollars is the sole interests of its clientele, an opinion not altogether justified but too true. I am writing and will continue to write for that non-commercial element that sees a dignity in the game apart from the profits—an ever growing element, let the able editors take notice, the increase of which, the present deplorable blood-letting in Europe will accelerate.

Interesting—you bet! If people who add up silly figures in banks and counting-houses—to say

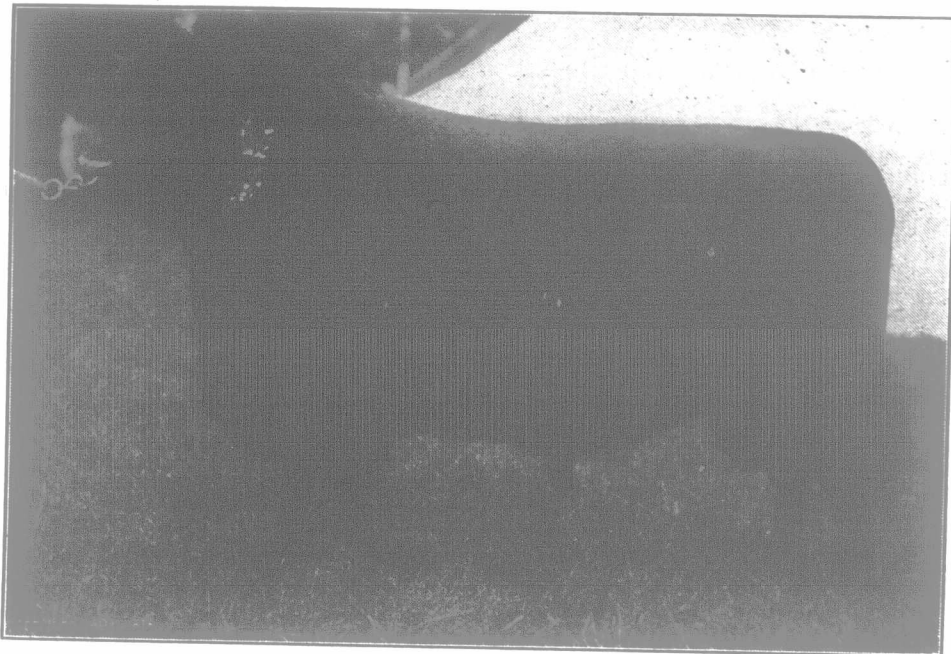
alternately, a moment at each, and his eye resting on the unused one with an anxious, "grafter" gleam in it, and he also seems to be concerned lest his appetite fail to hold out, but this may be imagination. There is very little of the sense of justice in pigs at any age. Might, in the pig-pen, is right and as the double inheritance of "dinner" tends to produce might there is little hope of social justice. All controversies settled, there comes a purring sound from the nest that reminds you of Dan'l eating soup, punctuated every second or two by a grunt of satisfaction from mother. "Ugh," she says "Ugh, ugh!" "Ugh, ugh, ugh." Pigs seldom count more than three, when they grunt and they grunt only on two occasions—when they are satisfied and when they are not. When they are enjoying themselves they grunt in the above ratio "one" "one, two"; "one, two, three." I have heard Oscar, the cat, count ninety-six in one breath and have hopes that he will soon reach the hundred mark. Cats are farther advanced in mathematics than pigs but the pigs have compensating advantages. Pigs excel in grafting and studies of that sort and while cats have an advantage in cleanliness and spend much time at the toilet, primping and perking themselves, there is a great deal more human interest attached to the pig.

Pigs complete their babyhood at about four weeks. About that time mother gets peppery, and resents piggish importunity. She reaches a sort of disillusionment, and light breaks into dark places in her mind. It seems to dawn upon her that she has been very foolish to waste her sweetness and affection on these selfish beings whose interest upon closer examination is merely the exploitation of her affections. She stands for whole minutes at a stretch—considering—new disillusionment and painful light constantly breaking in. "Grafters they sure are" she meditates,—like an awakened electorate reflecting on its home

market, "grafters who tease me to distraction to gain their ends." No wonder she is irascible, poor old swinette—so shrunken that the light of disillusionment and other light goes clear through her like an X-ray in some thin places, her spare ribs showing numerous on the outside of her bacon-hams painfully convex, barely bone, sinew and hamstring with rind and an occasional hair—nothing conspicuous except the udder with what little pap for grafters it contains—nerves all shocked with new light—irascible, did I say? Poor old, mental wreck, could she but see herself as others see her, what then? Irascibility is, after

all, but a form of nervous weakness due to bad nutrition, not to clearness of vision, and grafting is still occasionally tolerated, while the pap lasts so imperative is habit. Nature, on her own account finally puts an end to grafting. Pap in time gives out completely and the grafter piglets are rooted away angrily in sheaves of three or four at a time, regardless of protesting squeals, till they tumble to the fact that mother means what she grunts, and can be pumped no longer. Piglets learn to digest corn and whey and in a sense become self supporting.

But she is not heroine altogether. She is a composite character. When not engaged in nursing babies a mother pig ("Old sow," she is usually called, though she seldom attains an age that would warrant the name, her flesh, properly cured, being relished by hired men and other nuisances) engages in many shady things. She is noted for a certain dark intelligence of a burglarious order directed toward opening gates and doors. She holds her secrets tenaciously. When she finds a hole in the cornfield fence she uses it for both entrance and exit when no one is about. If she is driven out she assumes an air of meek ignorance, apparently looking intently for the place, everywhere where she knows it is not and when she passes it she does so in an abstracted, absent-minded way as though continual seeking had tired her brain. She has many ruses to divert your attention from the fence when passing the hole. Sometimes she will stand in a stupid attitude a rail's length from the place until you arrive with your cornstalk gad. She knows the exact affect this will have on your harassed temper, having been engaged in analyzing your character since her first acquaintance with you. A rap over the ham with the cornstalk and a wrathful "g'wan, gosh blast yeh!"



Everard II. of Maisemore.

Champion Aberdeen-Angus bull at the Bath and West.

nothing about discounting houses and multiplying, subtracting- and dividing-houses, could know this interest they would beat their fool ledgers into hog pens. I admit there is an interest of a dry, drab-colored sort in counting-houses as also in doing up sugar, and factory cotton etc., but to watch a family of a dozen chubby pigs grow into robust hoghood, has these forms of amusement beaten several ways. To lean over the edge of the pen and watch that dozen at nursing time for instance, is for people with understanding better than a circus. The time is announced from the bed corner by a chorus of "oigh! oigh! oigh! oigh! oigh! oigh! oigh!"—a medley of words and music full of meaning, well understood by mother who rests complacently on her stomach, thinking stolidly while her bacon is rooted comfortably by a dozen baby snouts—a massaging for which she is grateful. She awaits the psychological moment when the proper side has an overwhelming majority and the danger of overlaying a piglet is at the minimum, then stretches out carefully on one side. A mother pig does this very adroitly so as not to injure the babies—giving a sort of brushing kick with her spine to clear away any absent-minded from the danger zone. If one is caught beneath a maternal ham he makes no secret of it and mother comes to an upright position with a protesting grunt, which, in English, means "keep out of there, then." When she hears the note of relief from the piglet she resumes the broadside position again.

Then ensues a struggle for place. When the family is small, certain of the babies appropriate what nature intended to nourish two and the privilege once enjoyed, a sort of divine right is assumed, and strenuously defended. A piglet thus favored does very interesting things to hold his privileges. He sucks his double inheritance

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"Haying—Then."

is awaited in certain expectancy. She starts forward with a sort of whining, protesting grunt, that for downright hypocrisy and stage play is seldom equalled. She knows you will lunge forward, hoping for another good whack at the ham and forget your inspection of the fence. When she is finally evicted through the gateway and you have apprised the universe that "you'll be 'dabusted how she got into that field," she grunts about as if she too were much puzzled. When the episode is forgotten by all but herself she goes back into the cornfield—through the hole. She has other diplomatic ruses and often dark subterranean secrets. She is bad, morally. Motherhood does not ennoble her. The criminal tendencies remain to the end and she dies as she lived, unrepentant, base, dishonest, shady, unscrupulous, full of guile.

When the little fellows have graduated from babyhood they are shut up by themselves in a sort of kindergarten and given "way" or skimmed milk. (This "skimmed" milk is not to be confused with the "skim" milk that the farmer uses to wet his porridge. The latter is a sort of yellow scum that accumulates on the surface of the milk over night and is so unsightly that many farmers take it off and use it for their own tables.) If it is summer the piglets are given a run in a clover patch, where they play "pigs in the clover" all day and furnish artistic souls with a picture of contentment, ignorance and bliss, unequalled anywhere. There are occasional spats when two tiny pugilists spar for several minutes, driving the spot on their lower jaw, where tusks will grow if they live a long time, into each other's side meat. Contests of this kind are not without interest owing to the good nature of it. Both belligerents seem to be aware of the humor of the thing and the audience half expect them to finish the bout in a playful scamper.

Sometimes they are given the "run of the place"; that is they are privileged to go where they please, but before that is allowed each piglet is adorned with a coppered, three-sided ring in the remote end of his nose. The object of the ring is to support his immature will when assailed with the temptation to root up lawns, looking for fish worms and other bait. The ring reminds him when the temptation gets too strong. This freedom with a ring to it has drawbacks and there is not the same sunny good nature as prevailed in the clover patch. There is a look of pensive uneasiness and a desire to be all over the farm at one time that discounts the freedom of it. When a piglet is in a clover patch and has a reasonable assurance of the impossibility of getting out of it he is likely to be more contented and productive of bacon.

The production of bacon—Here then is the object of all this culture. To develop a digestive system that will turn the minimum of corn into the maximum of bacon. Bacon is the chief end of, and the only reason for, a pig's existence. High-browed pigs may speculate on a higher destiny, but the fact remains. The existence of millions of pigs everywhere is due to man's hankering for bacon. If the race were converted to the mosaic persuasion pigs would become extinct, with the exception probably of specimens in menageries. They would never be bred for their fur, and, nature, concerned probably lest their hair should take to falling out, drove it clear through the skin clinching it on the inside, said skin being so full of bristle holes as to render it unfit for leather. Their fat could not compete with Standard oil. There remains merely their flavor and interesting appearance. To survive in any respectable numbers the pig must be palatable. He seems to be aware of this and directs his whole attention to the production of juicy, tender streaks of fat and lean.

"Finishing up" the hogs is not, as the term

might seem to imply, the butchering. It refers to that period, when the pig is nearing maturity and is placed in custody for the last time, and is alternately fed and starved in the ratio you want the fat and lean streaks proportioned. During this period of close confinement, he is seldom referred to as a "pig", and the harsh and more brutal term "hog" is used. The interest in him changes from paternal to commercial. If he gets ill your concern is not for his suffering but for your loss. His character changes to fit the new attitude. He becomes harsh, unfeeling, hoggish; and you forget that a few short weeks ago, he was a tiny piglet, doing funny stunts and playing "pigs in the clover." It takes an effort to recall his pudgy babyhood when you marked the cute gait of him and the comical curl in his tail. The shadow of a vast, brutal commercialism has settled over the hog-pen, and yourself, distorting things. It is hard to realize that you are the same being who looked on at that nursery scene only three pens up the gangway. Not the pigs alone have turned hog. There are disgusted moments when something in your remote psychological "innards" shudders. You look down into eyes that have lost all expression except greed, upon forms of bloated, shapeless inaction, with excess of lard as supreme ideal—types of bestiality and hoggery. You seem to be an accomplice in the crime of arresting nature—of substituting ideals. They bark discordantly, in chorus, for a moment; then listen—expectantly—with erect ears. They are listening for the only music that appeals to them—the rattle of corn ears. There is nothing beautiful left in them. Not that they are living solely for self, which they did always. Selfishness has shrunk to mere appetite—or mere craving for appetite more beastly and hoggish still. Lost souls these, in very deed. Action, even the most primitive, is abandoned except that having reference to corn. Absorption has become the one propensity,—their law,—their universe. You take a handful of ears and throw them, disgustedly, one by one, at their snouts, and go down the gangway to the nursery pen, where another family has recently arrived. You call them "tootsies"; stoop over and pull a curly tail till the owner makes his cute protest and mother delivers angry eloquence, refreshing to the soul, sodden by the late bestial picture. Beauty, motherly self sacrifice, romance even, these are not entirely absent from the piggery. Even "Jarge," who lives a sort of bachelor life across the gangway—ferocious Jarge great in the strength of his heavy neck and tusk-armed jaw, does not lack in things to admire. One spot alone repels, nauseates, disgusts,—there degeneracy is king, and to this end does the piggery exist.

Middlesex Co., Ont.

ANGUS McKYE.

FARM.

Making Alfalfa Hay.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

There is no one way of making the best hay. We must be guided, to a large extent, by the conditions that exist on our farms, and the weather. Cutting, tedding and coiling and letting it stand in the field for a number of days, will make excellent hay, provided the weather conditions are right and the supply of labor is adequate. On most Ontario farms there is not sufficient labor to save large quantities of hay by the above-mentioned method.

Our plan for a number of years has been to cut our alfalfa when it is coming into bloom, or more properly speaking, when the buds at the base of the stock have started a new growth. This is important, as the following cutting depends largely on this. If cut too early the following crop will be slow in starting, and if cut too late the young plants will have started from the base of the old stalks, and the young shoots injured by the mower cutting the top off. If the alfalfa has too far advanced there is a greater loss of leaves, which are the most valuable part of the plant, and the stalks contain a greater quantity of woody fibre which is largely indigestible, therefore, it is important to get as much of the crop cut at the proper time as possible. We aim to start when the weather conditions appear favorable. We start to cut in the morning after the dew has pretty well dried off. The reason for waiting for the dew to dry off is that the alfalfa dries more quickly standing than when cut down. We cut with two large-sized mowers, which makes it an easy matter to cut down a twelve-acre field in the forenoon. The most of our fields are of that size. The tedder follows the mowers about a half hour later, so that the field is all cut and tedded before dinner. It is again tedded after dinner and raked into windrows the same evening. It is sometimes difficult to rake, requiring the second sweep to be taken. The twice tedding has kept the hay open and loose, and allowed the wind to pass through it. This operation causes a rapid evaporation of the sap. It is allowed to lay in the windrows overnight. They are tedded lengthwise the next forenoon and again in the afternoon, and allowed to lay in the windrow the second night; it is again tedded the third morning, and the hay loader is immediately put to work and the hay stored in the barn. This makes an excellent quality of hay, which comes out of the mow in the winter as green and fresh as when put in the barn. It contains practically all of the nutrients in the best possible form for feeding stock.

Some farmers will object to this method on the ground that it takes so much labor, tedding, and there will be a great loss of leaves. To the first objection I wish to call their attention to the fact that the work is done by a span of horses and a man, and that it does not require a great length of time to do the work, as it is only the windrows that are tedded, and it allows the use of the hay loader, which reduces the manual labor to a minimum. To the second objection that there will be a great loss of leaves from the frequent tedding, I grant that the matured leaves at the base of the stalks will fly off. This will occur under any system, but by the frequent use of the tedder we prevent the leaves on the hay that is exposed to the sun from becoming too dry. They are kept in a wilted condition, and the leaf, which is the natural organ for pumping the sap out of the stems, continues to perform the functions that nature intended it to do.

If the weather continues favorable, a large acreage can be stored in a few days. If the weather conditions are not favorable we have to fall back on the old and more laborious method of coiling. We follow the same method in saving red clover and timothy hay.

I would like to call attention to a couple of points in connection with weather conditions



Haying—Now.

that I think are important. First, try and have at least one day to intervene between rain and cutting, so that the ground is fairly dry. This is important on heavy clay soils. Second, fresh-cut clovers or grasses appear to dry out better with a northwest wind than they do with a south or east wind.

Ontario Co., Ont.

HY. GLENDINNING.

Curing Alfalfa in Mid-air.

Driving recently through the County of Lincoln in Ontario the writer happened to notice a field of curing hay put up in an exceptionally peculiar style. The stacks were not unlike those to be seen scattered over the marshes on the Bay of Fundy, yet they were smaller in size and consequently more numerous. They were elevated, however, as though to avoid floods, but in this conclusion we were wrong, for it is the way in which Otto Herold, of Lincoln County, cures his alfalfa even on the high uplands. Mr. Herold informed us that the method is practiced in parts of the State of Illinois, in Ireland and in Germany, and although a little preparation is necessary before cutting, after the alfalfa is thus handled it is proof against injury during unsettled or rainy weather. In his advocacy of this system Mr. Herold laid particular emphasis upon the way the leaves will cling to the stalks and to the absence of any necessity of drawing the alfalfa as soon as it is dry. On a farm with many departments, such as the one in question, this is an important factor, for if the teams and the men are busy at one job they are not obliged to leave and haul the alfalfa at once. This farm is producing vegetable seeds in large quantities in addition to fruit and other products, so a method of curing hay without extravagant or inopportune demands upon the men and teams is exceptionally well suited to his particular conditions.

To cure his alfalfa in this way a man was sent to the bush to cut and prepare the stands. No special name was given the frame on which the alfalfa is stored, so the writer will use the term "skeleton" for this occasion. Three sticks, 7 feet long and not more than 3 inches in diameter at the large end, were first cut and loosely wired together at the top. It would be better, we were informed, had holes been bored near the top and the wire fastened through. As it was staples held the wire from moving, and appeared to be rendering efficient service. A five-inch spike is then driven into each stake, 18 inches from the ground. After the skeleton is stood up in tripod form a 6-foot stick, lighter in weight than the uprights, is laid across two spikes. Then another stick is laid on the remaining spike and brought inside of one leg of the tripod to rest on the first horizontal bar. When a third horizontal bar is laid in place the skeleton, as illustrated, is complete. Counting the material used and the man's time each skeleton or form cost 7 cents. The sticks themselves were not calculated as they came from the woodlot on the place, but the man's time cutting them is included in the cost. Mr. Herold recommended boring holes and using wooden pegs in place of the spikes. Such a change would make them more easily stored, as the pegs could be removed in the fall. On another farm owned by the same farmer pegs are used instead of spikes, and the improvement is marked. In stacking a forkful is first placed on each projection of two horizontal bars, then a forkful on each bar between two legs on the tripod. After that the building may go on round and round the form until enough is laid on to weight approximately 500 pounds when it is dry enough to haul to the barn. Being elevated 18 inches from the ground there is abundant opportunity for a circulation of air under the stack and up in the cone-shaped center of it. The plants beneath the stack should not be killed out either if the alfalfa be allowed to stand a considerable time in the field, as often happens when the crop is cured in cocks.

In preparing the alfalfa for this system of curing it is tedded, and in some cases put on the skeleton the same day it is cut. If the dew and extra water is dried off and nothing left but the juices within the plant it is safe. It is left thus until it is fit to draw to the mow. Mr. Herold said, "I will guarantee it to stand two weeks of unsettled, rainy weather and not spoil. It will bleach of course on the outside, but under that it will be fresh and best of all the leaves will remain on it."

Two eight-acre fields of alfalfa had been treated in this way when we were shown them on the 17th of June, and in each field were about eighty such stacks. Never having had experience with curing alfalfa in this manner we are simply describing the system and repeating Mr. Herold's recommendation of it.

When cutting hay, do not forget to mow the weeds just about to seed in the fence corners. One of the most prevalent and productive means of spreading noxious weeds is dirty fence rows. A man with a scythe can soon cut off their chances of reproduction.

Watch for Bladder Campion.

Every farmer knows white cockle and most are familiar with night flowering catchfly but not all know bladder campion, which is in reality the worst of the cockles and is not hard to identify. What botanists call an inflated calyx, which looks like a small bladder, is a distinguishing feature which should aid anyone to correctly name the plant. It is a troublesome perennial, with deep root stocks, spreading by these as well as by seeds. The plant is a light green in color, smooth, and, as a general thing, from one foot to twenty inches in height. The flowers are white



Form Ready to Receive the Alfalfa.

and about an inch in diameter. The seed closely resembles that of white cockle and night flowering catchfly. Only a man who has made a study of these seeds can distinguish one from the others. It is a roadside, fence-corner and grass-land weed and where present crowds out cultivated plants and does not yield readily to cultivation. The seed is very hard to get out of red clover seed in which it is a common impurity. Clover or hay fields infested by this weed should be cut early before the campion has seeded and then plowed deeply and thoroughly worked until fall. The following year the field should be hoed. Avoid sowing clover containing the seed of this weed and also refrain from seeding down land



The Small Stack Complete.

One of 160 small stacks of alfalfa seen curing on the farm of Otto Herold in Lincoln County, Ont.

already infested with the weed. Follow a rotation of crops which permits of deep cultivation early in spring and throughout the fall. Annual crops to be cut green for fodder are advisable and the land may be plowed deeply immediately afterward. Where a few isolated weeds are found in the clover they should be hand-pulled. It is necessary to be on the lookout for this weed, seeds of which are often found in clover seed.

No one would advise a young man to form the tobacco habit, but the soldiers at the front call tobacco their greatest comfort. They should not be deprived of anything which allays their suffering.

THE DAIRY.

More About Municipality-owned Milk Plants.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Some one has said that students have an infinite variety of means for resisting the introduction of knowledge into their heads. If this be true of students it is much more so of the "average" man, as we have usually found students anxious for, and receptive of new ideas. Experience shows that new ideas for the advancement and improvement of humanity require considerable "hammering" before they will be received by the masses. It is for this reason that we are returning again to the subject of city-owned milk plants in the hope that some one with the necessary initiative and will-power, may take up the idea in a practical way and give the method a fair trial in Canada.

It is one of those questions that requires, not so much the knowledge of a specialist, as that of a man who is a "born leader of men." While there is no doubt a good deal of truth in the saying of President Hill, of North Carolina, at the Agricultural College Convention recently held at Washington—"Profound knowledge of a specialty, plus power to be reasonably at home in many realms of thought—these after all are the ingredients of forceful manhood," this type of man is not necessary to start and carry out such an undertaking as we have in mind. Rather, what is needed, is a man of one idea with the necessary grit and determination to carry it through to a successful issue. Such men are met with in nearly all walks of life. They are commonly known as "cranks," but as a rule it is impossible to turn them,—from the object they have in view. The world needs a considerable number of these "cranks" in order that it may progress and get out of the "ruts" which tend to prevent the onward movement of the "Jitney," Democracy.

Let us hear what a well-known New York philanthropist, Nathan Straus, has to say on the question, as quoted from address given recently before the Public Health Association in the United States:—

"City owned, city purified, and city distributed water supplies have cut out one of the three great causes of typhoid fever, and this policy has been vindicated; but milk, even more than water, is a carrier of the germs of diseases; not of one disease but of six,—typhoid, scarlet fever, septic sore throat, diphtheria and summer complaints, and more serious than all these, milk is a common vehicle for the transmission of tuberculosis to the human being."

We need not be alarmed by the foregoing statements. It will cause no more disease to know that certain foods are common carriers. It will tend to prevent the spread of these contagious diseases by recognizing frankly, possible sources of contamination. Human beings are all too careless of that wonderful thing called life. The wonder is that we live so long as we do, considering the extreme carelessness of most persons, with regard to what is commonly known as their health.

Not long ago we were talking with the manager of a city milk plant, who, we believe, is honestly trying to secure for, and sell to, the people of that city, a pure and wholesome supply of milk at reasonable cost. He is not a native of the city where the plant is located and which he recently purchased. He said, the chief difficulty he found was the laxness of city control with reference to the milk supply. As an instance he cited the following:—A certain producer of milk came to him and desired to sell his milk. The manager of the milk plant went out to the man's place, on the outskirts of the city, where he found the owner feeding "swill" to his cows. There were tubs and troughs of "swill" all around the yard and the cows were drinking this to produce milk. The manager refused to handle the milk, under any consideration. The owner of the swill-milk factory, was surprised as he had, or said he could get, a milk-license to sell milk in the city. This is an example of the extreme laxity of many city regulations.

Some might argue that if such things occur under present conditions, they would be worse if the milk business were entirely controlled and owned by the city. Not necessarily so, as in this latter case, the city officials would be more likely to consider it their duty to properly look after the milk supply. As it is now, "what is everybody's business is nobody's business."

Let us hear Nathan Straus further:—"We have the fact that municipal governments intervened and took control of the water supplies chiefly to stop the ravages of one disease, typhoid fever. My proposition is that the same policy should be followed in dealing with an article of food of universal use, and insist that it is a common cause of six plagues. The obligation to do this is recognized by all. The only room for discussion, is as to how this duty is to be fulfilled. Absolute municipal control of the milk supply

will, I believe be found to be the effective way, not merely to check but to wipe out the milk-borne diseases. I think the time has come to recognize these facts frankly. The time has come to insist urgently upon pasteurization and to consider and work out the problem of making this protection thoroughly efficient by municipal pasteurization."

The foregoing are the views of a man who has given very careful thought to the milk question for a large city. He has not only given time and thought to the problem, but he has spent large sums of money in providing laboratories where pure milk has been prepared and sold to the poor people of New York at cost; and where the people were unable to pay for it, the milk has been provided free. His reward has been in seeing the death rate among children very materially lowered as a result of his philanthropic efforts.

In case readers may think there is no need for similar work in Canada, we would refer them to a bulletin on "The Milk Supply of Montreal," published by Macdonald College in 1914, which, by the way, is one of the most comprehensive bulletins on the city milk question, which has come under our notice. The authors state: "The enormous death rate of infants in Montreal due to intestinal disease is due in great measure to improper methods of feeding and to dirty milk." They go on to quote: "Out of every hundred children born in the city of Montreal, thirty-two die before the end of their first year, and out of every hundred deaths at all ages occurring in this city fifty-three are children under five years of age, and of these 70 per cent. are under the age of twelve months. In 1910, more than 4,500 infants under one year of age died in the city!"

The foregoing statements are startling. As students of problems in Canadian development, and of methods for increasing population in this country of vast areas, we may very well ask, would it not be the part of wisdom to save the native born by every possible means, rather than spend money to bring in people who are foreigners? Is not each child born in, and raised for, Canada, worth considerably more than a person born outside of, and foreign to the customs and genius of Canada and the Canadians?

As we have seen very few press references to this Macdonald College Bulletin on the Milk Problem we shall review it briefly in next issue of "The Farmer's Advocate."

O. A. C.

H. H. DEAN.

POULTRY.

Does Farm Poultry Pay?

Were this question asked of the farmers of this country, I doubt not but what 95 per cent. would have to answer they do not know. Many reasons might be given for it, but in a general way it is the indifference to what is supposed to be a somewhat insignificant line of farm work. In the summer time most of the farm hens lay eggs, require no care and pick up their own living; but in the winter time the "brutes don't lay" and still have to be fed, which naturally puts them in the class of stock that eat more than they are worth; don't pay and, therefore, are looked after whenever it is convenient. If we would stop to consider the actual cost of feeding the farm flock of hens a year and figure up what they produce, we would find that in the majority of cases, even under adverse conditions, they are paying for their keep. If such be the case under poor conditions, we may assume that hens will pay well on the money invested if they are looked after properly. No class of stock will respond so quickly to proper treatment as the hen, but, on the other hand, no class of stock will show the effects of improper care quicker than poultry. Were we to investigate more closely, we would find that on the farms, where hens do not pay they have to shift for themselves and receive no attention, except when eggs or table poultry are required. We would far sooner see fewer hens on our farms, under better conditions, so that they would pay than see large flocks kept at a loss. Hens kept under filthy, unclean conditions will never show large returns in the egg basket. This is one of the most serious drawbacks to profitable poultry keeping on the farm. Dirty poultry houses and filthy habits of feeding are the direct causes of diseases and deaths in young and old stock, and probably 90 per cent. of the mortality is due to these conditions.

Eggs and meat are the two chief sources of revenue from the farm flock of hens, and the farmer or his wife should direct their efforts to secure the largest number of eggs and get a good class of table poultry. This does not mean killing off the entire farm flock and starting in fresh with pure-bred hens, but rather gradually weeding out, developing and breeding up the flock to a high average.

Eggs and dressed poultry are always in demand, and good prices can be realized for these poultry products at all times of the year. A

flock of heavy layers does not cost any more to feed than one of poor layers, and, as for meat production, a pound of pure-bred or grade chicken is always cheaper to produce than a pound of mongrel. As far as breeds are concerned, there is but very little difference in the cost of producing a pound of meat or a dozen of eggs in any of the utility breeds. Choose the breed that meets your requirements as to eggs and table poultry, then follow proper methods of rearing, feeding and housing, and you will find that poultry keeping on the farm pays no matter what breed you have.

Poultry keeping pays best where a variety of poultry products are produced, such as market eggs, eggs for hatching, broilers, roasters and fowl. Eggs are, of course, the best paying proposition on a farm, in that all the feed required to produce them can be had at first cost, and a good deal of it is, in fact, nothing more than waste on a farm. I venture to say that the cost of summer eggs on the farm is not more than eight cents a dozen—if it is more than this there is something wrong. Winter eggs should not cost more than 15 cents a dozen—if they do there is something wrong again; either the stock consists of poor layers or the kind of food or the way of feeding it is at fault. In a flock of 400 White Leghorn pullets our eggs during the month of February cost us 12½ cents a dozen, and this where we had to pay retail prices for the feed. In order to make the farm hens pay better, you should aim to have some class of poultry product always to sell. Winter eggs are, of course, the best paying thing in poultry keeping.

As soon as the price for these comes down, you should have eggs for hatching to sell, providing you have a good strain of bred-to-lay hens. Broilers follow next, and this line, if properly managed, pays large profits. Only one breed, however, is specially adapted for this—the White Leghorn. Any farmer who is so situated that he

quires skill, and unless you are experienced you had better leave it alone.

Roaster production is the best paying and the easiest line to follow on the average farm. For this the hens can be used for hatching the eggs and the chicks can be raised with hens. It requires but very little in the way of equipment and skill, and there is always a little money in it. Last season, however, a good many of our farmers found prices too low to make it pay. The lesson to be learned from last year's experience is to market earlier in the fall and distribute over a longer period, say start to kill off September 15 and continue late in the fall. Last year it was almost impossible to get a chicken even in the middle of October. Old hens then sold at 16 cents a pound and broilers, so late in the season, at 20 cents a pound. A month later chickens were selling as low as 10 cents a pound. The market was literally glutted and, worst of all, the stuff was in a terrible condition. There was raw, unfinished, poorly killed and poorly dressed poultry of all descriptions in abundance. The high price of feed aggravated the conditions. After New Year, as soon as the market was relieved, prices immediately recovered and choice roasters sold at 20 cents a pound. This shows us that our farmers should market earlier and distribute it over a longer period of time.

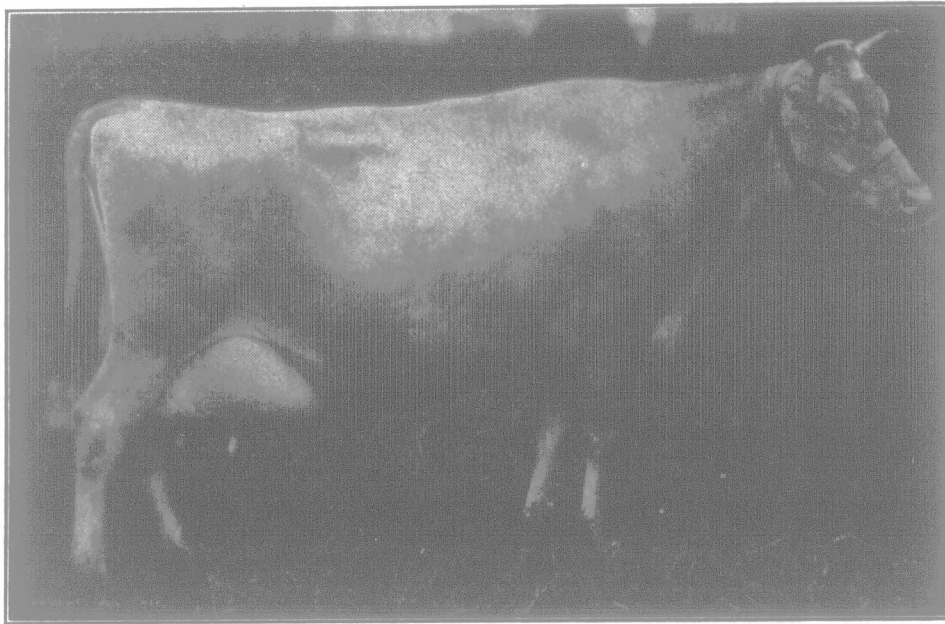
Another point I wish to mention is the money our farmers are losing by not fattening their cockerels before selling them. Our work last fall showed that chickens bought of our farmers can be fattened at a profit of 15 to 20 cents each in three weeks' time. When large wholesale firms can install fattening equipment and make money fattening chickens, surely then, our farmers could do even better in that they have everything at first cost. Here again is a place where our farmers can make more money from their poultry if they follow different methods.

In poultry production there is room for a good many more larger producers. Many of our farms could stock up with poultry a good deal heavier. While we do not advocate extensive poultry culture, still the average farm flock should have anywhere from 75 to 200 laying hens. This number would make it worth while spending more time on the hens, giving them better attention, and in this way avoid some of the losses that occur when only a few chickens are raised and but little time is spent with them.

A close study of conditions shows me that the death rate in young chickens is 50 per cent. higher than it need be under proper conditions. Every chick that dies cuts down the profits, in that it increases the cost of those living. Disease, vermin, improper conditions, rats, crows, hawks and various other things contribute their share of the loss. Disease can be prevented by having the coops clean, feeding out of clean troughs and drinking vessels and feeding clean food. Insect powder on the hens and chicks will keep them free from lice. Coal oil and carbolic acid sprayed on the roosts in the hen house and in the coops where the chicks are will keep them free from red mites. Rats can be kept away from the chicks by having wooden floors in the coops and closing the coops at night so that no rats can get in. Rats very seldom take chicks during the day, but in a single night I have known one rat to kill off 15 to 20 chicks. Crows and hawks are a little more difficult to handle, but usually a shot gun, used early in the season, will tend to keep these enemies at a distance. A few dead crows suspended from a pole by a cord will have the effect of keeping the other crows away. Ordinary binder twine strung across the place where the chickens are reared will help to keep the crows away. String up strands 10 feet apart each way and 10 feet off the ground, and crows will not dare to get underneath this net work.

Hatch the chickens early and feed plenty of dry mash, such as equal parts of wheat and barley chopped fine and hulls sifted out, and buttermilk to drink, and you will get good, strong, vigorous, well-matured chickens by October 1—pullets that are ready to do business as winter egg producers and cockerels that, with a few weeks of fattening, will command the highest market prices. Winter eggs should be the biggest source of profit from the farm hens.

Spring work with the laying hens consists in



A Winning English Jersey.

can ship dressed broilers easily to a good market, could make quite a little money out of his early chickens by selling them as broilers. Probably this line requires a little more equipment than any other line, but if a farmer has an incubator and a brooder, anyway he could easily get a good start. As soon as the broilers begin to go down in price, the roasters should be ready to be killed off. Previous to this the old hens should be killed off. This should be done during July or at the end of the laying period. First get all the eggs they lay, then get rid of them. Here is where a good many make a mistake; they keep too many old hens, and if they do kill them off they do it at the wrong time of the year. The price of old hens now is 17 cents a pound dressed, so get rid of them. Broilers sell readily at 50 cents a pound.

Our first flock of 180 broilers hatched March 23, were marketed during the period from May 7 to June 4 at a total weight of 202 pounds, and the amount received for them was \$100.94. These broilers cost us about 35 cents each all told to produce, thus leaving us a very substantial profit. We do not give these figures to indicate that any farmer could do the same, for we know that situated as we are, close to the city, we can get better prices than a farmer living out in the country could, and our facilities for handling the product are better than a farmer generally could have, but at the same time there is money in this line for anybody close to the main line of any railway so that the broilers can be shipped in good condition. If you are close to the station and have ice so that you can cool the carcasses properly, pack and send them in first-class shape, you can readily secure 35 cents a pound for them at 8 to 12 weeks of age, providing they are milk fed, properly fattened, killed and dressed. This is a line, however, that re-

feeding them properly, keeping the house clean and free from lice. Break up every broody hen not required for hatching eggs by putting her in a coop having a wire slatted bottom. Raise it off the ground to allow for a free circulation of air under her. Coop her up and feed lightly for a few days. Dust the setting hens well with some reliable insect powder at setting time and a day or two before hatching. Feed and water well during the hatching period. As soon as you have all the eggs you need for hatching purposes, the roosters should be removed or killed off. Remember there is a good demand for a new-laid, non-fertile egg, and quite a few firms are now paying a premium for this class.

The poultry house should be thoroughly cleaned out during the summer and a liberal coat of whitewash applied. If buttermilk or sour milk is available use these to make the whitewash, as either of these will stick far better than water. Also add five per cent. of carbolic acid as a disinfectant. If an earth floor is used, a few inches of the top soil should be removed and clean sand or gravel put in. Air-slaked lime used liberally under the perches will go a long way to prevent disease. An occasional dose of Epsom salts will act as a good tonic. One pound dissolved in hot water and fed in a soft mash or in the drinking water will do for a hundred hens.

In my poultry work I am convinced more and more that the success or failure of poultry keeping on the farm, in the village or on the city lot depends almost entirely on the attention given to the little details in the work. The faithful performance of the many small tasks goes a long way towards ensuring success in the poultry work. A sick hen left unnoticed may spread disease through an entire flock in a short time. A setting hen, becoming infested with red mites, may mean the loss of 13 chicks. A rain storm may come up suddenly and drown out a few dozen chicks in an hour, where a little care previous to the storm would have saved them all. Neglect of any detail is always sure to be followed by some loss, be it large or small. Poultry keeping is not learned in a day, nor is it gotten out of books. Success comes alone through hard experience. Chicken men, or chicken women for that matter, are not made, they are born. If you know chicken nature and know what that chicken is going to do next, then you are a "chicken man." If you profit by experience and are able to make good on past mistakes—whatever those may have been—then you are on the right track. These are the foundations upon which you must build your farm poultry keeping if it is to be successful. If you have been successful in your way, try to improve on that and get still greater profits. If you have made your poultry pay, see if you cannot get them to pay a little better by following up the market demands. If you see there is a demand for a special line of poultry product, go ahead and supply it; don't wait for your neighbor to do it. If you have found some good line of production and cannot meet the demand, get your neighbor in on it, too—co-operate as much as possible. If you have a high-class article, let the consumers know that they are eating your products. If you see there is a demand for high-class poultry products, you get busy and supply it; don't let the middleman get in ahead of you and do it, for you can do it cheaper. If you see there is a demand for non-fertile, guaranteed, new-laid eggs, get busy! If you see that milk-fed, crate-fattened roasters bring a fancy price, get busy! In all other lines of production there is a distinct grading as to brand and quality. Why not in poultry products? It is up to you as a producer to show that not all eggs are alike and that there are different grades of table poultry. Do not be satisfied with anything but the best. Do not forget to let the consumer know he is eating your products and that there are more of the same kind where those came from. You are in business the same as any firm. They boost their goods and their wares. You go ahead and boost your goods. Live up to the claims you make. If you need help to boost your goods and cannot do it alone, get your neighbor in on it. Work together—co-operate.

These suggestions, thrown out more or less at random, are given as a result of a number of years of practical experience with poultry on a farm, a careful survey of conditions under which poultry is produced on the average farm, and a study of the problems connected with extensive poultry raising both on commercial poultry plants and at agricultural colleges. All of these factors at one time or another play their part in the profit or loss at which hens are kept on the farm.—M. C. Herner, in "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Journal," Winnipeg, Man.

It is time to remove the roosters from the flock and make an effort to ensure nothing but fresh eggs to the consumer. The demand for eggs would be greatly enhanced if the consuming public could feel sure that every egg purchased was fresh. Producing infertile eggs is a big step forward in this direction.

Strain is Important.

Again we wish to place emphasis upon the fact that there is really more in strain than in breed of poultry for egg production. Frequently the question is asked: which breed are the best layers? And the answer must always be: there is no best breed, but there is a wide difference in strains. It is always well, after deciding on a breed, to find out something about the strain from which the birds about to be purchased came. If the ancestors were show birds, there is very little likelihood of the hens being great layers. If the sires and dams of the hens were heavy layers, and from heavy layers with records, then it is reasonable to expect that the pullets will be heavy layers. Forget about comparing the laying propensities of breeds, and pay more attention to the laying qualities of different strains. We have known Plymouth Rocks, which were almost perfect in conformation and feathering, which would lay from only 10 to 12 eggs per year. We have also seen birds of the same breed, not so beautiful, but far more useful, which have laid over 280 eggs in a year—the same breed but not the same strain. Also, it should be remembered, that according to the best work of the most prominent poultry investigators, the tendency toward egg production is transmitted through the male birds rather than through the pullets. For instance, pullets from heavy laying hens may not transmit heavy-laying qualities to their offspring, in fact, may not be heavy layers themselves unless from a male bird with laying blood behind him, whereas cockerels from a pronounced laying strain are far more likely to transmit laying qualities to their pullets. Hens will soon have records as important as those kept for each cow in a well-regulated dairy stable. It is the strain that is important.

Use Garden Refuse for Green Feed.

It would surprise you to see, if you have never noticed, young chickens eat green stuff from the garden. We do not mean to turn the chicks loose among the vegetables, but, where chicks are raised in confinement as they often are, they will relish any green stuff such as lettuce, radishes (leaves and roots), beet leaves, pea stalks, cabbage leaves and such material from the garden. Lettuce very often grows rank and abundant in the farm garden and may well be fed to the chicks. A great deal of the other materials are daily found as refuse in cleaning vegetables for the table and may be profitably utilized in supplying green feed for the chickens. And it must always be remembered that green feed is necessary to the best growth of the youngsters.

HORTICULTURE.

Lime-sulphur not a Good Potato Spray.

According to a leaflet recently issued by the New York Agricultural Experiment Station, Geneva, N. Y., lime-sulphur has not been actually proven of value when used on potatoes.

For four years the Station has failed to secure proof that lime-sulphur will or will not prevent potato diseases. In three seasons practically no blight appeared on the test fields, and in the fourth year it appeared so late that many of the lime-sulphur sprayed plants were already dead from the effects of the spray mixture.

To know the effect of lime-sulphur on the disease is very desirable, and the experiments will be continued with that object in view; but we have learned already that this material is not to be recommended for use on potatoes because of its harmful effect on the plants themselves. In 1911, lime-sulphur dwarfed the potato plants and reduced the yield 4) bushels to the acre below that on check rows not sprayed; and in 1912 it dwarfed the plants so that they died very early and produced 111½ bushels less marketable potatoes to the acre than those on Bordeaux-sprayed rows.

In tests reported in the present bulletin no late blight appeared in either 1913 or 1914, but lime-sulphur aggravated the effect of tipburn, dwarfed the plants, shortened the period of growth and reduced the yield each season. In 1913 early frost killed the plants on much of the experimental area when the Bordeaux-sprayed rows were still growing luxuriantly, though many of the lime-sulphur sprayed plants had been dead from two to three weeks. This frost lessened the contrast between the treatments, but the lime-sulphur rows produced about 25 bushels less to the acre than the check rows, while those sprayed with Bordeaux gave almost 20 bushels more than the checks. In 1914, Bordeaux spraying increased the yield 104 bushels to the acre, and lime-sulphur spraying decreased it 16 bushels. Of six reports from other investigators, only one, based on a single small test, gives as great an increase from the lime-sulphur as from Bordeaux mixture, while five show unfavorable results from

the use of lime-sulphur similar to those in our tests. Lime-sulphur is not a good spraying mixture for potatoes.

Fighting Frosts With Fire Pots.

While visiting the Experimental Farm, at Ottawa, last summer we noticed fire pots and a frost alarm which had been installed to protect truck crops. On September 28, 1914, a severe frost was experienced at the Farms and the apparatus was brought into service. W. T. Macoun, Dominion Horticulturist, in his Summary of Results in Horticulture during 1914, reports on the cost of operating the pots and the advantages that accrue to the gardener through their use.

The heaters used were the ordinary lard-pail type. They were placed 20 by 20 feet apart or at the rate of 100 per acre. Thermometers were placed both inside and outside the heated area, being used in each case, one on the ground and one 14 inches above. Readings were taken at intervals throughout the frost period and a careful record kept of the temperatures. Besides this method of testing a number of tomato plants from the greenhouse were placed outside some being within the heated area and others outside of it.

Until 1.30 a.m. the heated area had a minimum temperature of 32 degrees F. against a minimum temperature of 28 degrees F. for the outside area. During the coldest period of the night there was a difference of 7 degrees between the heated and unheated areas. Most significant of all, the tomato plants protected by the heaters survived the frost while those beyond the influence of the fires were killed to the ground.

The expense of the plant and the cost of operating are of course the influencing factors. In this case 100 heaters cost \$31.00 and \$30.00 was paid for a frost alarm. The operating expenses were as follows:—

Placing and filling 100 heaters	\$ 1.25
Tending heaters, 2 men, 5 hours,	2.00
Fuel	12.50
Gasoline, 2 quarts at 10 cents,20

Maximum cost of operating for 1 acre, 5 hours

\$16.95

The fuel used is known as "fuel oil." It will not light with a match so gasoline is poured on top and lighted. Before the gasoline burns away the heavy oil will ignite.

The question of economy must be decided by the value of the crop. It is evident that this method of combating frosts will be more practicable where the product will yield a handsome revenue per acre. Otherwise the expense is too much. However there are numerous instances where gardeners will forego a small expense over and above the ordinary cost of operations in order to procure crops of certain kinds considerably out of season. After the severe frosts during the latter part of May, 1915 Prof. Macoun sends us the following report:—

"We have used several hundred pots this year, trying them with different crops, and have found that the temperature can be kept above freezing when the ordinary spring frosts occur. In the case of crops which are within a foot of the ground, such as strawberries, we find there is the greatest difficulty as the cold air passes close to the ground, and as the heat rises so rapidly there is difficulty in raising the temperature close to the ground. In the case of tomatoes and grapes the protectors protected the plants quite well. It is hoped that by preventing the inrush of cold air along the ground by running a strip of cotton or some other material along one side of a plantation the temperature could be controlled better, and we hope to get some information in regard to this before long. From our experience here I should say that these fire pots should prove very useful, where spring frosts occur, to protect crops which are a foot or more above the ground."

The results of the frost which occurred during the latter part of May are now quite apparent. The foliage of strawberries in some districts was injured thus precluding the possibility of a normal crop. In other instances the bloom was destroyed and the prospects darkened. On a field recently seen, Warfields showed the most injury. Berries were numerous enough but the foliage was so weakened as to make it impossible to bring the crop to sufficient size and maturity. Dunlaps had been injured in the blossom and the crop curtailed. The complaints regarding damage to the strawberry crop have been quite general but with regard to grapes and other fruit some reports were exaggerated and did not express the real conditions.

It will not pay to allow the weeds to gain a foot-hold on the patch of young strawberry plants. It would be easy to overcome the lawful plant with the persistent weed and that is what will happen if the grower is not vigilant.

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Garden Pests and How to Combat Them.

In recent issues such troublesome visitors as plant lice, root maggots, cutworms, cabbage butterfly and cucumber beetles have been discussed; also the potato beetle and blights of potato. Some of these pests will now probably have lived the term of their natural existence in the destructive stage and will be undergoing various changes in peculiar places. However the potato should be carefully watched and the entire garden surveyed every day for new insect pests or fungous diseases.

Asparagus beetles.—In almost any garden where asparagus is grown there will be small, colored beetles about one-fourth of an inch long feeding on the plants. There will also be a number of larvae or the young of the beetle, and combined the parent and offspring will do no small amount of injury. In the autumn the mature insect or beetle hibernates beneath convenient shelter in or near the garden so it is expedient in the fall to collect and burn all foliage or rubbish that might protect this and other insects during winter.

Chickens are very fond of the asparagus beetle and are a wonderful assistance in keeping them in check. There are also predaceous insects such as the ladybird beetle which will destroy large numbers. It should be said here in behalf of the ladybird beetle that it is a beneficial insect and should never be destroyed. Both the adult and larvae destroy large numbers of the injurious insects and are a very great factor in limiting their numbers. At this season of the year the shoots should be growing and storing food for next season's crop. Under these conditions it will be necessary to treat the pest accordingly. In the spring young shoots should be left as a decoy for eggs and beetles and afterwards destroyed but during the hot weather in summer many of the larvae will perish if shook to the ground. Air-slacked lime dusted on the plants in early morning when the dew is on quickly destroys the grubs and if some arsenical can be mixed with it many beetles will also be killed.

Wireworms and white grubs.—It is needless to describe these two enemies of a great variety of crops. The former is the young of the click beetle with which children often amuse themselves by watching it click to its feet when placed upon its back. The white grub is the larvae of the May beetle or "June bug" and has much the same life history as the wireworm. These worms and grubs often appear in the garden but their depredations are most marked in land that has been in sod for a number of years. Since the larvae live in the soil for two or three years such land should be sown with crops that the insects do not attack with vigor. Buckwheat and beans may be mentioned as somewhat undesirable to these insects. The first season that land is broken up there is considerable sod which serves as food and growers should not be surprised if the injury is worse as a result of their feeding on the crop in the following year. Cultivation and rotation of crops is the practical remedy but where a few berry plants are being attacked by the white grub and the grower desires very much to preserve them, the kerosene emulsion described under root maggots in a previous issue will be useful. Dilute the emulsion about 10 times and pour on the ground around the infested plants. This should be done before a rain so the emulsion will be carried into the soil.

Currant worms.—Gardeners or farmers in general cannot fail to notice the denuded appearance of their currant bushes throughout the summer when the currant worms are working. This pest is usually green when in the larval stage but it changes its appearance several times throughout the season. The worms appear in great numbers and quickly defoliate the plants leaving the branches and framework of the leaves.

When no fruit is in evidence this pest can be destroyed by spraying with 1/4 lb. of Paris green or 1 pound of arsenate of lead to 25 gallons of water. If the bushes are maturing fruit it would be better to use fresh hellebore at the rate of 4 ounces to 2 or 3 gallons of water or, as a dry application, 1 lb. to 5 pounds of flour or air-slacked lime. Hellebore is poisonous to insect life but sufficient quantity will not gather on the fruit to affect humans in any way.

Tomato blight.—Tomatoes are attacked by both fungous diseases and insect life. The tomato worm is sometimes common but it is large, easily apprehended, and combated without difficulty. The blight is quite different and will first be observed by the wilted and darkened appearance of the plants. Bordeaux mixture as commonly used will be an efficient preventive and it should be applied as soon as any evidence of disease appears.

Methods of Growing Young Fruit Trees.

The question is often asked: "Would alfalfa be good with which to seed down a young orchard?" This is answered in a recent bulletin published by the State College of Pennsylvania. Several matters pertaining to young orchards are discussed in the issue but that part dealing more particularly with tillage and care of young orchards deserve attention at this season.

One experiment included 8 different plats intended to show the advantages and disadvantages of certain cultural methods. Thorough tillage, no tillage, cover crops and fertilizers were subjected to trials while modifications of these provided further information. In the accompanying table the findings of the first seven years are condensed and compared.

Plat	Treatment	Moisture Content 1913 %	Average Gain in Girth in.	Total Yield '1914 lb.	Gen'l Rank
2	Tillage	10.6	6.84	1.5	8
3	Tillage and inter-crop ..	5.5	7.69	21.6	6
4	Tillage and cover-crop ..	8.5	6.84	7.0	7
5	Cover-crop and manure ..	9.2	8.31	135.4	3
6	Cover-crop and fert.lizer ..	9.4	7.76	18.9	5
7	Mulch	17.1	8.29	38.5	4
8	Mulch and manure	18.2	8.76	300.5	2
9	Mulch and fertilizer ...	18.1	8.93	390.1	1

In the fall of 1907 the plats numbered 2 to 6 were plowed and prepared about as for corn in the spring of 1908, when the trees were planted. Since then several methods named in the table have been followed annually, in 45-tree plats, each involving three varieties of trees.

In the plats 7 to 9, inclusive, no tillage of any kind has been given. The trees were merely planted in the rather thin sod in holes dug with a spade and then were mulched with about 100 pounds of straw per tree. Since then the growth between the trees has been cut at least twice annually and the material obtained in the first cutting has been added to the mulch while the second cutting was left where it fell. In addition, the initial mulch of outside material has been repeated about every other year. The results at the end of seven years is shown in the table.

In the first place, it will be noted that the least growth was made in plats 2 and 4. The annual cover-crop, which consisted of a mixture of red and crimson clover, has therefore shown no benefit to the trees. The use of a tilled annual inter-crop, in plat 3, followed by a late cover-crop of rye, not only resulted in no apparent injury, but the trees on this plat were actually making nearly 12 1/2 per cent. more growth than those under either of the more usual treatments in plats 2 and 4.

The financial returns from the inter-crops with potatoes usually ran from \$40 to \$50 per acre. The inter-cropping method is evidently the most practical where tillage is involved.

Where tillage and inter-crops are not feasible however and fruit is the one objective the mulch system should prove effective if as good results can be obtained as those indicated in plats 7 to 9 in the table. The special success of the mulch is evidently due to the unusual effectiveness in conserving moisture. The test was made after a six-weeks' period of drought and the moisture about the mulched trees was far in excess of that about the roots of the trees in tilled land which had been reduced to a dust-dry condition.

To determine the relative merits of various cover-crops another experiment was conducted including 13 different plats. Of these alfalfa used as a mulch and permanent crop ranked first in results. Of those subjected to annual tillage, buckwheat as a cover-crop was first and stood second in the entire test. Hairy vetch was third with rape and turnips fourth. Regarding the experiment the authors say:

"In this case also it is a notable fact that the mulched and the untilled trees associated with the permanent cover of plat 13 (alfalfa) are again in the lead. In addition to this, the alfalfa has produced all the mulching material required and some surplus besides, especially in the earlier years. The mulching, moreover, has always been heavy enough to keep down practically all growth immediately above the majority of the feeding roots of the trees. This is probably essential for best results with this plant as the permanent cover because of its special affinity both for moisture and soil nitrogen.

"In a good alfalfa soil, however, it is possible to get an abundant mulch of this sort and still have a considerable surplus of good hay besides. In other words this particular method gives us a mulch and something of an inter-crop at the same time, without any tillage and without any apparent injury to the trees, where mulching and protection against mice are both sufficient. This, it will be observed, is a relatively new idea in orchard development, and the present method, or some modification of it, is evidently very well adapted for large acreages, or for places where tillage and inter-crops are not available."

The last few words of the preceding paragraph explain the advantages of such a system. In Canada it is customary to inter-crop as most growers desire a fair revenue from the land during the early years of the orchard. Where conditions are such as to render tillage and inter-cropping undesirable the experiment explained here is worthy of a trial, especially on soil adapted to the growing of alfalfa.

Exploiting the Local Market.

In the disposal of this season's fruit, growers should not neglect the local market. This market includes the farmer who may produce his own apples but who may require small fruits and berries. In many instances growers have canvassed the country with considerable success while others have loaded their wagon and have sent a good salesman with it up and down the lines and concessions. When the fruit is shown, fresh and in good condition, to the people they will often purchase whereas they would refuse to book an order. Nice peaches, plums, pears or cherries have a certain selling value in themselves and the presence of the fruit often excites a desire for it. In many cases a No. 2 product is as good as No. 1 when size is the deciding factor and in preserving fruit this is more commonly true; however it is poor policy to load a wagon entirely with the poorer grades and dispose of the No. 1's to distant or city demands. When approaching a prospective customer present the best first. That will arouse interest but if the price is not satisfactory perhaps a cheaper grade will suffice and a sale will be made. An entire load of small fruit and of poor quality is liable to discourage a prospect. Keep the good stuff upper-most but have all grades that may be used for.

Celebrations, and centres where Fall Fairs are being held often make a convenient place to dispose of a load of fruit. The maternal head of the family may desire something to take home with which to imitate or surpass the prize jams and preserves at the Fair. There are many opportunities open to fruit growers who have a choice product to dispose of. All markets should be exploited.

Openings for Canadian Fruit.

It is considered that the Canadian fruit trade may find room to expand as a result of events now engaging the attention of the World. The following communication from Ottawa throws some statistical light on the subject.

"As showing to some extent how much good fruit-growing means to Canada, it is worth while noting the amount of trade formerly done by the countries at war that lies open for cultivation by this country. At the Canadian Fruit Growers' Conference, held at Grimsby last September, J. A. Ruddick, Dairy and Cold Storage Commissioner, stated that he had taken a period of five years and that he had found the importations of apples from Germany to Britain varied each year from 5,000 to 14,000 bushel boxes; from Belgium from 100,000 to 500,000 boxes; from France from 50,000 to 575,000 boxes, and from Portugal from 175,000 to 350,000 boxes. Of pears the importations varied from 4,480 to 56,000 bushel boxes from Germany; from 262,800 to 508,480 boxes from Belgium, and from 422,440 to 506,160 boxes from Portugal. Large quantities were also imported from the Netherlands, which may not be available. Mr. Ruddick prognosticated an increased demand for dried and evaporated fruit from Great Britain for use in the army. In 1913 Canada exported of this line to the United Kingdom 121,188 pounds, to Newfoundland 10,899 pounds, and to Germany 247,802 pounds. Of course the trade with Germany will be cut off, but the exportations should expand in other directions."

A correspondent writes: "I might add from my garden note-book a hint re the cucumber and squash beetle dealt with in the timely and practical series of articles you are running on garden pests. In the morning while the dew is still on I dust the leaves freely with a mixture of air-slacked lime and white hellebore or Paris green, the latter in about the same strength one would use for the potato beetle. If thus treated in time I have never failed to put the little, striped beetle out of business."

FARM BULLETIN.

"Little Robert Reid"

By Peter McArthur.

I wonder if any reader of "The Farmer's Advocate" can furnish me with a copy of a little poem that we had to learn by heart either in the public school or Sunday School about forty years ago. I am not asking for it because of its literary merits, but because I should like to analyze it with a more mature mind than I had in those early days. The poem to which I have made reference dealt with the virtues and sayings and doings of a little prig called Robert Reid. About all that I can remember about Robbie is part of a couplet he used to spout.

"I never use tobacco," said little Robert Reid,
Tee tumpy, tumpy, tumpy tump—for it's a
filthy weed."

I sincerely hope that little Robert was able to live up to this noble sentiment and that in later life he did not yield to temptation and become a smoker, for I feel about smoking as Tom Sawyer did: "If I had it to do over again I wouldn't start." But even though the virtue of little Robert Reid was impressed on my growing mind at a tender age, it is a melancholy fact that for many years I smoked like a furnace. You will please observe that I used the past tense in speaking of smoking. A long, long time ago—fully three weeks ago—I stopped smoking and now I feel that I am in a position to discuss with knowledge the agitating question, "Should we send tobacco to the soldiers?" The debate is running so high that I sometimes think that it would be a good idea for both sides to soothe their nerves by stopping and having a smoke.

Before taking up the main issue I want to say a word about my personal relations to tobacco. I was not a moderate smoker. I was a heavy smoker, and I did not swear off on either moral grounds or on my doctor's advice. I couldn't very well do it on my doctor's advice for he is as heavy a smoker as I was, and the first thing he did when I told him what I had done was to push towards me a box of excellent cigars and say, "Don't be a fool." The moral side of the question I did not consider until after I had stopped—but more of that anon, as they used to say in old-fashioned novels. I stopped smoking because my nerves were bothering me and making me lose sleep, and I got into my head that tobacco might be the cause. Of course I might have slowed down on smoking, but I would rather stop altogether than tense myself by trying to smoke in a definite and regular way. And there was no grand-stand play about my stopping either. I had stopped over a week before anyone in the family had noticed that I was not smoking. Still more incredible, I had no craving for tobacco after the first day, although I would occasionally fumble through my pockets as if hunting for something I had forgotten. The fact was that I was too busy about other things that took all my attention to give any thought to tobacco. I do not expect to be bothered any more about it either, for I once stopped for a year and a half and only started again to while away the tedium of a slow convalescence. You may think from this that I was never a real smoker any more than I am a real farmer, but you are mistaken, for I used either a plug or a package every three or four days—and I used an incredible amount of matches. So much for the first part of the confession.

During the past week, and more especially since I began to notice the discussion about sending tobacco to the soldiers I have felt mightily like starting again—not because I craved a smoke, but to get rid of a certain loathsome feeling of self-righteousness I felt stealing over me. If you read over the last paragraph you may notice a taint of self-righteousness in the complacent way in which I tell how easy it was for me to stop. There is nothing in the world quite so insidious as that feeling of self-righteousness. If a fellow isn't careful he may even be self-righteous in the way that he condemns self-righteousness. But, honestly, the first twinge I felt of this vice in a long time was when I began to feel that I was not like other men, even like those who "occasionally take a mild cigar." As a rule I usually have something troubling my conscience enough to keep me from feeling self-righteous, some thorn in the flesh that feelingly reminds me of what I am, but when I stop to think how I stopped smoking and how many people there are in "this fair Canada of ours" who think it just about the noblest of all virtues to stop smoking, I find the loathsome feeling stealing over me. Moreover, these good people seem to feel that the only thing more virtuous than not smoking themselves is to prevent someone else from having a smoke. But I am not misled into the belief that because they do not smoke or allow anyone else

to smoke that they are entirely virtuous. By no means. I am inclined to believe with Hudibras that they

"Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to."

I do not think I know many non-smokers, or many people of any kind, who are not willing to take a profit on any business transaction in which they may engage, and yet it is easy to demonstrate that "Profit is Theft." I incline to the opinion that the world would be considerably reformed if people would devote their attention to stopping stealing instead of to stopping smoking. It is unfortunately true of many excellent people as it was of a certain embezzling banker described by the New York World. The editor enumerated a long list of his virtues. He did not drink, smoke, use profane language, etc. and would not employ anyone who did any of these things. "In short, the good man had only one weakness—he stole."

Now about the soldiers. If I had gone out to slay my fellow men, no matter how knightly and holy the cause might be—and surely the cause of our soldiers is worthy if any cause ever was—I would not feel that I was imperilling my soul if I soothed myself after the tumult of battle with a quiet smoke. That tobacco is soothing and comforting to those who use it is a fact in spite of little Robert Reid and all who voted against sending it to the soldiers. If we act on the much discussed resolution disapproving of sending them tobacco all we will do will be to deprive brave men in a desperate situation of a possible trifle of solace and at the same time poison a lot of unctious, home-keeping, profit-taking, meddling Canadians with loathsome self-righteousness. Better let the soldiers have their tobacco. And, by the way, you needn't send me a copy of "Little Robert Reid." It would make me bilious.

Cost of Making and Selling Bread.

In an address before the Texas Bakers' Convention recently, John Gattlob gave the following illustration from his own experience: "Taking 100 pounds of good flour as a basis, which will absorb 60 pounds of water, and using ingredients such as yeast and shortening, amounting to 5 pounds, we will have a dough of 165 pounds. This dough scaled at 12 ounces would approximately give 205 loaves. No doubt, there are some differences in various shops in handling their daily output. In our shop we figure one-half cent per loaf for the manufacture, one-half cent per delivery, and one-fourth cent for other expenses, such as rent, fuel, power, light, wear and tear and repairs. "According to above figures, with flour at \$8.00 per barrel, a loaf scaled at 12 ounces costs 3 cents; at \$7.00 per barrel, a loaf scaled at 12 ounces costs 2½ cents; at \$6.00 per barrel, a loaf scaled at 12 ounces costs 2¼ cents; and so on. Adding to this a reasonable profit for the master baker, which should in no case be less than 10 per cent., we would be able to wholesale this size of loaf of bread at 30 for \$1.00."—Canadian Miller and Cerealist.

Hackneys Sold Well.

It was a large and interested gathering of Hackney horse admirers that attended the dispersion sale of the noted Hackney stud of J. R. Thompson, of Guelph, on Wednesday, June 23, and the prices realized was evidence that the Hackney horse is still the prime favorite, as the classical aristocrat among all the light harness breeds. Although no sensational prices were paid the general average was most satisfactory, particularly just now when the demand for horses of any kind is practically at a standstill. The highest price paid was \$305 for last fall's Ottawa champion, Dixie 992, a brown, three-year-old daughter of Imp. Warwick Model. She was one of the big bargains of the sale, and went to the bid of Dr. Grenide, of Guelph. Eleven brood mares ranging in age from 5 to 19 years, sold for an average of \$183.20, five of them for an average of \$233. The stallion, Warwick 615, sold for \$300 to Miller & Milne, of Brantford, and at that price was probably the big snap of the sale. Many of the younger things went well over the \$100 mark.

A New World's Record.

The Holstein-Friesian cow FINDERNE PRIDE Johanna Rue 121083 has broken all records for fat production by producing in 365 consecutive days 28,403.7 lbs. of milk containing 1,176.47 lbs. of butter-fat. She freshened at the age of 5 years, 4 months and 4 days. Her sire is Johanna Rue 3rd's Lad 26939, and her dam Jondine Pride 60247. She was bred by Bernhard Meyer FINDERNE, N. J., and is now the property of the Somerset Holstein Breeders' Company, Somerville, N. J.

My Old Cayuse.

Some like to travel on the train, some like the auto best,
And some must have their coach and pair to give
their travel zest,
Some like the soaring aeroplane, but I make no
excuse
That I prefer to all of these my spavined old
Cayuse.

I made Old Bill's acquaintance first some thirty
years ago,
When he was running with the bunch, and by
George! he could go,
The Rancher threw his lariat and spat tobacco
juice
Until he cast ten devils out of that piebald
Cayuse.

We saddled Bill and bridled him, and led him
'round awhile,
And when I started to get up I saw the Rancher
smile,
I caught my stirrup, dug my spurs, and then
old Bill cut loose
As if a score of devils dwelt inside that wild
Cayuse.

We struck the perpendicular, then suddenly
reversed,
And forty different motions tried to see which
could be first,
And, when he bucked in proper style, I landed in
the sluice,
And waited till the Rancher caught my circling
Cayuse.

Of course, I would not give him up, and so I
tried again,
Until he let me keep my seat and guide him
with the rein,
I found him tough as hickory and speedy as a
moose,
And money never tempted me to part with my
Cayuse.

At length the time that comes to all, the time
of making love,
Arrived for me, and I set out to imitate the dove,
You may depend we tidied up and made ourselves
look spruce,
Until at last we won our prize, I and my good
Cayuse.

Four years of pleasure unalloyed sped o'er us as
a day,
And then the darkness settled down upon my life
to stay,
The best that we could do for her we found was
all no use.
She left me in the world alone, save for my old
Cayuse.

At round-up time the boys all planned to have a
day of sport,
And looked with scorn upon the man who tried
to hold the fort,
But when they got to raising Cain, I'd cut the
whole caboose
And live the old days o'er again alone with my
Cayuse.

With tender memories clustering around my dear
Old Bill,
You will not wonder at my wish to have him
near me still,
Perhaps you'll call it sentiment, and take me for
a goose,
But she seems nearer to me when I'm with my
old Cayuse.

The years have told upon us both, our best days
are behind,
But while we have each other still, I think we
shall not mind:
I'd like to ford The Stream with Bill—What's
that you say? The deuce!
He's gone across ahead of me—Goodbye, my Old
Cayuse.
B. C. D. H. HATT.

A Big Crop in Russia.

Preliminary estimates on Russia's wheat crop made by the International Institute of Agriculture give a forecast of the crop for 54 governments in European Russia as 301,000,000 bushels, and for winter rye 941,000,000 bushels. This is an increase of 40 per cent. for wheat, and 20 per cent. for rye as compared with last year.

R. H. Coats, editor of The Labor Gazette and Chief Statistical Officer of the Labor Department, has been appointed Chief Dominion Statistician and Controller of the Census in succession to the late Archibald Blue. Mr. Coats is a member of the High Cost of Living Commission. The office is under the head of the Department of Trade and Commerce.

The Alsike Crop Outlook.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Alsike, for several years now, has been associated with comparatively high prices, needless to say, much to the benefit of the Canadian farmer. The returns per acre from this crop for some time past, have tended to encourage farmers to save anything and everything for seed. A few suggestions to growers at the present time, may prove acceptable if they are willing to give them due and proper consideration.

In the past, with the desire to save all seed possible, a very large number of fields have been kept for seed, full of weeds and grasses, which in 75 per cent. of such instances would have given a better return had they been cut for hay, in addition to which a considerable amount of trouble and expense would have been saved. The European war has resulted in entirely upsetting the seed trade, and, so far as can be seen, there seems very little hope of any rally for some time to come. And, if, as appears likely, there is a very considerable crop, even if not a large crop of alsike in Ontario this season, prices for same promise to be lower than for several years past. The weather of late has been ideal for this crop. Checked by the cold, it will not be too bulky on most soils, and the showers at the present time are of a most encouraging nature; consequently one can safely prophecy a good crop and a good yield.

With timothy, clover and other grass crops associated with the production of hay, somewhat stunted in growth, with considerable timothy put out of business by late frosts, it would seem that a very fair price, will be attached to hay of all descriptions. Under such conditions many fields of alsike will yield a better return for hay than if left for seed, in addition to which a very considerable number of weeds will be got rid of. Then again, the land is available sooner for ploughing and cultivating for fall wheat, of which we may assume a very considerable average will be planted again this year.

Suggestions on harvesting the alsike seed crop may also be welcome to some. Many of the most reliable judges in the seed trade maintain that there is about as much of the alsike seed crop lost in harvesting operations as there is sent to market and sold. Anything that can help to stop this loss should be welcome. This crop is allowed to stand far too long before cutting. In ordinary seasons it is always safe to cut for the first and second bloom, and even for these, cut a little on the green side. Green alsike if matured is always worth as much as dark seed. By cutting on the green side the crop can be

handled with half the trouble that is necessary if left to get dead ripe. This process also prevents many weeds from shelling out on the land. There can be no doubt but that, taking into consideration crop prospects in Ontario for this seed, in addition to undoubted fine prospects in seed-growing sections of the United States, and with export prospects to Europe at the present time of a precarious nature, prices cannot be other than of a low nature. Trade is far from good anywhere, and there seems but little possibility of final retailers stocking up with any seed this season, until nearing date of requirements. Thus it would seem to be advisable for farmers to go carefully over their growing crops, and where the same are not up to a really good standard, cut for hay.

Haldimand Co., Ont. J. E. TITCHMARSH.

The Acreage in Wheat.

Charles M. Daugherty, Statistical Expert, United States Department of Agriculture, has handed out the following on the world's wheat acreage this year. Some alarmists have talked shortage; others have been thinking that the acreage would be largely increased because of enhanced prices, but it seems that the acreage has remained about the same as in 1914, but we hear that Russia will have a bumper crop, and conditions have, so far, been favorable for heavy yields in America. Here is what Mr. Daugherty says:

The aggregate acreage ordinarily sown to winter wheat in the contending countries of Europe is about 55,000,000 acres. A reduction in that acreage of over 15 per cent. would be necessary to offset the 8,500,000 acres increase in the aggregate sowings of the three exporting countries mentioned above. That there has been a reduction is generally admitted. Doubt arises only as to its extent. The area under wheat in the British Isles is officially estimated as larger than in 1914; the Russian acreage is a little less extensive than last year. Belgium is not an important wheat producer, and Germany's acreage, usually only about 5,000,000 acres, is, it is claimed, a large one.

It is therefore apparent that whatever contraction there may have been in the winter-wheat acreage of the countries at war has occurred for the most part in France, Austria-Hungary and Serbia. Their aggregate winter-wheat area in time of peace is normally about 29,000,000 acres.

In view of these and other facts, it seems logical that, weather and labor conditions favoring, there would be a heavy extension this season in

the sowing of spring wheat. Of the approximately 240,000,000 acres of wheat in the world, between 85,000,000 and 90,000,000 are of this variety. Practically the entire crop is the product of three countries—Russia (including Asiatic), the United States and Canada. Russia in the best years sows about 60,000,000 acres, the United States 20,000,000 acres (last year 17,533,000), and Canada 10,000,000 acres (9,320,000 in 1914). Though the next most important producing countries are France and Germany, their combined acreage in average years is less than a million acres. In other European countries than those mentioned spring-wheat culture is ordinarily on such a small scale as to be almost negligible. The cultivation of this variety is not popular either in the States of central or western Europe. Even in France and Germany increases above the normal area are usually due to the failure of winter wheat in localities.

Though no definite figures upon the extent sown in the different countries this spring have yet been published, present indications do not point to the heavy increase in the world's acreage that was at one time anticipated. Owing to the prolonged closing of the Dardanelles and most other routes of export, the surplus wheat still remaining in Russia from the last harvest is believed to be very heavy. The depressing effect of this unexported surplus upon the Russian markets, together with the strained labor situation and other abnormal economic conditions incident to the war, seem to be having a restraining influence upon seeding operations; late commercial reports suggest a probable reduction in the Russian spring-wheat area of 10 to 15 per cent. Should this expectation be realized, it will go far toward neutralizing the heavy increase in sowings expected in all other spring-wheat countries combined, and leave the world's acreage little if any, larger than that of last year.

Late Frost.

Wednesday, June 23, was reported by the weather bureau as the coldest June 23 in 75 years. The day was followed by a very cool night. The wind which had blown a gale all day died away at evening and the overcast sky soon cleared and the temperature dropped. The official temperature in London was 34 degrees F. but potatoes, tomatoes, beans and other frost-tender plants showed that there had been a lower temperature in some spots. Slight frosts were reported from different parts of Middlesex county and in some parts of the inland Northern counties early potatoes were nipped off and corn injured. June has been a very cool month.

Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo, and Other Leading Markets.

Toronto.

Receipts at the Union Stock-yards, West Toronto, since Friday, June 25, to Monday, June 28, numbered 255 cars, comprising 2,738 cattle, 1,453 hogs, 306 sheep, 112 calves, and 2,047 horses. Trade in all classes was active. Top cattle were 20c. higher than one week ago. Heavy steers, \$8.60 to \$8.90; choice butchers', \$8.40 to \$8.70; cows, \$5 to \$7.50; bulls, \$6.50 to \$7.60; feeders and stockers, slow sale; choice steers, \$7 to \$7.25; stockers, \$5.75 to \$6.75; milkers firmer, at \$60 to \$100 each; calves firm, at \$6 to \$10. Sheep steady; light, \$5.50 to \$6.50; heavy, \$3.50 to \$4.50; yearlings, \$6.50 to \$7.50; spring lambs, \$10 to \$11.75 per cwt. Hogs quoted at \$9.10, weighed off cars.

REVIEW OF LAST WEEK'S MARKETS
The total receipts of live stock at the City and Union Stock-yards for the past week were:

	City.	Union.	Total.
Cars	33	516	549
Cattle	209	3,760	3,969
Hogs	586	8,339	8,925
Sheep	533	2,014	2,547
Calves	58	915	973
Horses	48	4,087	4,135

The total receipts of live stock at the two markets for the corresponding week of 1914 were:

	City.	Union.	Total.
Cars	16	378	394
Cattle	185	4,355	4,540
Hogs	182	10,644	10,826
Sheep	454	1,830	2,284
Calves	40	1,062	1,102
Horses	—	102	102

The combined receipts of live stock at the City and Union Stock-yards for the past week show an increase of 155 car-loads, 263 sheep and lambs, and 4,033 horses; but a decrease of 571 cattle, 1,901 hogs, and 129 calves, compared with the corresponding week of 1914.

The supply of live stock in all classes was not greater than the demand at any

time during the past week. The result was that there was a good, healthy trade on each market day, at strong prices generally, and in cattle values were a little higher. The stall-fed cattle are pretty well out as far as we could gather, but there are a large number of cattle that were stall-fed before going on grass which was earlier this season than usual, and many of these have been fed meal on grass, so that many good-quality cattle have still to come, if we are correctly informed.

Export Cattle.—A few choice steers and heavy cows were bought to fill an order from France. Export steers sold from \$8.40 to \$8.65, and one or two lots at \$8.70; cows at \$7 to \$7.40, and a few at \$7.50.

Butchers' Cattle.—Choice heavy steers sold at \$8.25 to \$8.50; choice loads of steers and heifers, \$8.25 to \$8.50, that is for cattle 900 to 1,100 lbs., which are in strong demand; good butchers', \$7.90 to \$8.15; medium, \$7.75 to \$8.00; common butchers', \$7.15 to \$7.50; inferior, light grassers, \$6.75 to \$7; choice cows, \$7 to \$7.25; good cows, \$6.75 to \$7; medium, \$5.75 to \$6; canners, \$4.50 to \$5.25; good bulls, \$7.25 to \$7.50; medium bulls, \$6.50 to \$7; bologna bulls, \$5.50 to \$6.

Stockers and Feeders.—There was little business being transacted in feeders and stockers, and prices were barely steady. Steers, 750 to 900 lbs., \$7.25 to \$7.50; medium steers, same weights, \$6.75 to \$7.15; stockers, \$5.75 to \$6.50.

Milkers and Springers.—The market for milkers and springers was not as strong as for some time past, although the offerings were not as liberal, especially for good to choice quality, very few reaching the \$90 mark. The general run for the best cows was from \$70 to \$85; medium to good cows, \$60 to \$70; common cows and late springers, \$45 to \$55. Dealers are talking lower prices for the next month or six weeks, as

grass is plentiful and the milk production liberal.

Veal Calves.—Prices have ruled steady to strong, especially for good to choice veals. Choice calves sold at \$9 to \$10.50; good, \$8 to \$9; medium, \$7 to \$7.75; common, \$5.50 to \$6.75.

Sheep and Lambs.—Light sheep sold at \$5.50 to \$6.50; heavy sheep, \$3.50 to \$4.50; yearling lambs, \$6 to \$7; spring lambs, \$10 to \$11.50 per cwt.

Hogs.—On Monday there was a liberal run of Northwest hogs, and prices were down from 40c. to 50c. per cwt.; on Tuesday they advanced 10c. to 15c., and on Wednesday hogs weighed off cars sold from \$9.35 to \$9.60, which was a gain of what they had lost.

HORSE MARKET.

There was little doing on the Toronto horse market last week, the Remount Commission having discontinued buying, being unable to get boat transportation, but will commence again on Monday. Prices remained unchanged for the few purchases made.

BREADSTUFFS.

Wheat.—Ontario, No. 2, \$1.10 to \$1.12, outside; Manitoba, at bay ports, No. 1 northern, \$1.30; No. 2 northern, \$1.27; No. 3 northern, \$1.25.

Oats.—Ontario, No. 2 new, white, 74c. to 55c.; No. 3, white, 53c. to 54c., outside; Canadian Western oats, No. 2, 58c.; No. 3, 57c. to 57c., track, bay ports. Extra No. 1 feed, 57c. to 57c., track, bay ports.

Rye.—No. 2, \$1.05 to \$1.10.

Buckwheat.—74c. to 76c.

Barley.—Ontario, good malting, 70c. to 73c., outside; feed barley, 65c., outside.

American Corn.—No. 2 yellow, 79c., track, lake ports; Canadian, No. 2 yellow, 77c., track, Toronto.

Peas.—No. 2, \$1.50 to \$1.60, in car lots, outside; very scarce.

Rolled Oats.—Per bag of 90 lbs., \$3.40 to \$3.50.

Flour.—Ontario, winter, 90 - per - cent.

patents, \$4.60, seaboard. Manitoba flour—Prices at Toronto were: First patents, \$7; second patents, \$6.50, in jute; strong bakers', \$6.30, in jute; in cotton, 10c. more.

HAY AND MILLFEED.

Hay.—Baled, car lots, track, Toronto, No. 1, \$16.50 to \$18; No. 2, \$14.50 to \$16.

Straw.—Baled, car lots, \$7 to \$8, track, Toronto.

Bran.—Manitoba, \$26 in bags, delivered, Montreal freight; shorts, \$23, delivered, Montreal freight; middlings, \$29, delivered, Montreal freight.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—Prices remained stationary during the past week. Creamery pound squares, 27c. to 29c. per lb.; creamery solids, 26c. to 28c.; separator dairy, 25c. to 26c.

Eggs.—New - laid eggs have advanced 2c. per dozen, selling at 24c. to 26c. per dozen, wholesale.

Cheese.—New, large, 18c. per lb.; twins, 18c.

Honey.—Extracted, 11c. to 12c., per pound; combs, per dozen sections, \$2.50 to \$3.

Beans.—Primes, \$3.25 per bushel; hand-picked, \$3.40 per bushel.

Potatoes.—Ontarios, car lots, per bag, track, Toronto, 45c.; New Brunswick, 47c. to 50c. per bag, track, Toronto.

Poultry.—Live-weight prices: Spring chickens, 20c. to 25c. per lb.; spring ducks, 18c. per lb.; hens, 12c. per lb.; turkeys, 17c. per lb.; squabs, no demand.

HIDES AND SKINS.

City hides, flat 14c.; country hides, cured, 13c. to 14c.; country hides, part cured, 12c. to 13c.; country hides, green, 12c.; calf skins, per lb., 14c.; kip skins, per lb., 12c.; sheep skins, \$1.50 to \$2; horse hair, per lb., 88c. to 40c.; horse hides, No. 1, \$3.50 to \$4.50; wool, washed, coarse and fine, 32c. to 37c.; wool, unwashed, coarse and fine,

25c. to 27c.; rejections, washed, 20c.; lamb skins and pelts, 25c. to 35c.; tallow, No. 1, per lb., 5½c. to 7c.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Strawberries came on the market in such suddenly large quantities on Tuesday last that the prices dropped from as high as 18c. per box to 6½c. to 12c. per box, selling at 8c. to 12c. on Thursday.

Cherries are coming in in increasing quantities and improving in quality, selling at 50c. to 90c. per 6-quart basket, and 75c. to \$1.25 per 11-quart baskets. Small gooseberries are a drug on the market even at 30c. per 11-quart basket; the large ones selling at 75c., \$1 and \$1.25 per 11-quart basket.

Green peas are coming in fairly large shipments, selling at 50c. to 75c. per 11-quart basket.

The first out-door grown tomatoes came on the market on Wednesday, and sold at \$1.25 per 6-quart basket, the hot-house selling at 16c. to 18c. per lb. Canadian new cabbage slow sale, at 45c. to 75c. per bushel.

Pine-apples, Cuban, \$2.25 to \$2.50 per case; bananas, \$1.75 to \$2.25 per bunch; grape-fruit, \$4 to \$4.50 per case; lemons, Verdill, \$3.75 to \$4.50 per case; California, \$3.50 per case; oranges, \$4 to \$4.50 per case; beets, 20c. to 40c. per dozen bunches; cabbages, new (imported), \$1.25 per crate; Canadian, 45c. to 75c. per bushel hamper; celery, Kalamazoo, 50c. dozen bunches; onions, Texas Bermudas, \$1.25 to \$1.50 per 50-lb. case; leaf lettuce, 20c. to 40c. per dozen bunches; potatoes, Ontarios, 50c. per bag; New Brunswick Delawares, 60c. per bag; new potatoes, \$3 to \$3.25 per barrel; hot-house tomatoes, 16c. to 18c. per lb.; Mississippi and Texas, 85c. to \$1 per case; hot-house cucumbers, 75c. to \$1 per 11-quart basket; beans, wax and green, \$1.60 to \$1.75 per hamper; peas, \$1.75 to \$2 per hamper; Canadian, 50c. to 75c. per 11-quart basket; asparagus, \$1 to \$1.25 per 11-quart basket.

Montreal.

Live Stock.—Receipts of live stock on the local market continued on the light side. This applies more especially to cattle, the better qualities of these being quite scarce. Prices did not show any very great change, the range being much the same as of late. The weather during the week was rainy, and generally cooler, and consumption was somewhat larger, as is frequently the case when the temperature is low. Best steers offering on the market sold at 8½c. to 8¾c. per lb., medium grades selling at 7½c. to 8c., and lower grades going as low as 6c. per lb. Butchers' cows and bulls ranged from 6c. to 7½c. per pound for the general run, with variations slightly below and above. There was a good demand for spring lambs, and prices were \$5.50 to \$6 each, with old sheep at 5½c. to 6c. per lb. The supply of calves was liberal, and prices were \$1.50 to \$4 each for common, and up to \$10 each for best. Hogs showed little change, and the range was from 9½c. to 9¾c. per lb. for selects, weighed off cars.

Horses.—This market is in a peculiar position. Considerable numbers are arriving for the remount depot, but the trade is light so far as the regular domestic market is concerned. There was little change in price. Heavy draft horses, weighing from 1,500 to 1,700 lbs. each, are quoted at \$250 to \$300 each; light draft, weighing 1,400 to 1,500 lbs., \$175 to \$225 each; small horses, \$175 to \$200 each; culls, \$50 to \$100 each, and fancy saddle and driving horses, \$300 to \$400 each.

Dressed Hogs.—Dressed hogs were fractionally lower last week, but demand was good. Abattoir-dressed, fresh-killed stock, Ontario, was 13½c. to 13¾c. per lb., while Manitoba stock was 13c. to 13½c. per lb.

Potatoes.—Potatoes continued at the same price. Although the season is well advanced, purchases were still made at 42½c. for 90 lbs., car lots, track, for Green Mountains, with jobbing prices 10c. to 15c. above these figures.

Honey and Syrup.—Maple syrup was steady, at 65c. to 70c. for 8½ lb. tins, and up to \$1.20 for 13 lb. tins. Sugar was 9c. to 10c. per lb. White-clover comb honey was 14½c. to 16c. per lb., extracted, 11c. to 12c.; dark, and strained, 8c. to 9c. per lb.

Eggs.—Demand for export trade was

brisk, and as a consequence prices were quite firm. Local consumption is not specially large. Straight-gathered stock was quoted at 22c. to 23c., while selected was 24c. to 25c. No. 1 candied was 21c. to 22c., and No. 2 steady, at 19c. to 20c. per dozen.

Butter.—The strength of the market for cheese is having its effect on the market for creamery, and prices showed a further advance. Finest creamery was quoted at 28½c. to 29c. per lb., while fine creamery was 28c. to 28½c., and seconds 27c. to 27½c. Dairy butter was 23½c. to 24½c. per lb.

Cheese.—No change took place in the market for cheese. A good business was done over the cable. Quotations were from 16½c. to 17c. for finest Western colored, with white at 16½c. Finest Eastern was 16c. to 16½c. for white or colored, with undergrades at 1c. less.

Grain.—The market for wheat was generally on the easy side, and oats mostly lower. Local No. 2 white oats were unchanged, at 59c.; No. 3 were 58c. per bushel, and No. 4 were 57c., ex store. Canadian Western were down to 57½c. for No. 3 and extra No. 1 feed, and No. 2 feed were 55½c.; American No. 3 yellow corn was 80c. ex store; No. 4 Manitoba barley, 72c. Beans were steady, at \$3.25 for 1½-lb. pickers; \$3 for 3-lb., and \$2.90 for 5-lb. Cheaper stock was \$2.75, in car lots.

Flour.—The market for Manitoba flour declined, but Ontario was unchanged in price. Quotations were \$7.10 per barrel for Manitoba first patents; \$6.60 for seconds, and \$6.40 for strong bakers' in bags. Ontario patents were \$6.80, and straight rollers \$6.40 to \$6.50 per barrel in wood, and the latter \$3.05 per bag.

Millfeed.—Bran was \$26 per ton in bags; shorts, \$28; middlings, \$33 to \$34 per ton; mouille, higher, at \$38 to \$40 for pure, and \$35 to \$37 for mixed, bags included.

Hay.—Hay advanced in price \$1 per ton; No. 1 pressed hay, Montreal, ex track, was \$22 to \$22.50 per ton; No. 2 was \$21 to \$21.50, and No. 3, \$20 to \$20.50.

Hides.—Prices up 1c. per lb. last week on hides and calf skins. Beef skins were 18c., 19c. and 20c., for Nos. 3, 2 and 1 respectively. Calf skins were 19c. per lb. Lamb skins, 35c. each. Horse hides, \$1.50 for No. 2, to \$2.50 each for No. 1. Tallow was 6c. per lb. for refined, and 2½c. for crude.

Seeds.—Seed merchants report the market practically finished for the season and the stocks are being all shipped out.

Buffalo.

Cattle.—Receipts dropped off at Buffalo last week, demand from the east was strong, and a good trade was had, especially on shipping cattle. Canada supplied quite a few loads, three of which—the best seen here for some months past from the Dominion, making \$9.00 per cwt. Generally speaking, the trade was steady on good steers, but on a plain and medium kind of grassy steers on the lighter order and cows and heifers, it looked a dime to fifteen cents lower. Cows from six cents down that show grass are being priced considerably in price, but the same weights that are strictly dry-fed are taken readily, and at prices that figure from a half to a dollar per hundred. Generally, the first run of the grassers kill out bad—dark and small percentage of beef—and killers show marked discrimination against them. But with the second crop of grassers—those off of the matured grass—come some pretty decent killers, and some authorities are prepared to believe that this year these good, fat grass steers will be making some very high marks. Best steers here the past week sold from \$8.35 to \$8.50, these extreme top sales being for steers that were either strictly yearlings or on the yearling order, running in weight from 1,110 to 1,200 lbs. Good quality, well-bred cattle are taken readily, and the Canadians last week that fetched nine cents were well-bred stuff. Sellers maintain that none too many of the choice handy weight steers are coming, nor is it believed that there will be a surplus of these kinds for any week during the summer. Popular cuts during hot weather are the handy cuts, and handy cattle now are reaching up to the highest prices, big steers dropping below the rates obtained for the handy and

medium weight kinds. Bulls have been selling pretty good of late, especially a decent kind, while the little, grassy commoner stuff appears to be bringing about steady prices. Fancy dry-fed bulls reached up to \$7.75 the past week, but it takes good bulls to get within the seven cent money. Not many fat cows are ranging above \$7, unless on the heifery order, one of the kinds the past week reaching eight cents. Outlook is for a continued good trade right along on the strictly dry-fed cattle, and the four large order buyers here for eastern killers act like they will take each week everything in this line that comes. A movement is now on foot to keep the big packers from buying in the country, and some success has been met with. General opinion is among commission houses, that the feeders and farmers would get more money for their cattle were the big fellows to keep away from the feed lots and let the stuff find its way to market through the regular channels. The matter is now in the hands of the National Live Stock Exchange. Receipts last week here were 3,900 head against 5,175 head the previous week, and 4,325 for the corresponding week last year. Quotations:

Choice to prime native shipping steers, 1,250 to 1,500 lbs., \$8.75 to \$9.50; fair to good, \$8.25 to \$8.50; plain and coarse, \$7.50 to \$8; Canadian steers, 1,300 to 1,450 lbs., \$8.50 to \$9; Canadian steers, 1,100 to 1,250 lbs., \$8.25 to \$8.50; choice to prime handy steers, native, \$8.25 to \$8.65; fair to good grassers, \$7.25 to \$7.75; light, common grassers, \$6.50 to \$7; yearlings, dry-fed, \$8.50 to \$9.25; prime fat heavy heifers, \$7.75 to \$8.25; good butchering heifers, \$7.50 to \$7.75; light, dry-fed, \$7.75 to \$8; light grassy heifers, \$5.50 to \$6.50; best heavy fat cows, \$6.75 to \$7; good butchering cows, \$5.50 to \$6; cutters, \$4.25 to \$4.50; canners, \$3 to \$4; fancy bulls, \$6.50 to \$7; best butchering bulls, \$6 to \$6.25; light bulls, \$5 to \$5.50.

Hogs.—Trade at Buffalo last week was very satisfactory. Prices showed a good margin over all other points, and a good clearance was had from day to day. On the opening day of the week pigs sold at \$8, and other grades were landed generally at \$8.15; Tuesday, the spread was from \$8 to \$8.25, light hogs being on top; Wednesday best weight grades sold at \$8.10 and \$8.15, with the bulk of the hogs weighing under 200 pounds selling at \$8.20, few reaching \$8.30; Thursday, buyers got heavies down to \$7.90, heavy mixed grades sold at \$8 and \$8.05, and the majority of the lighter weight grades moved at \$8.10, and Friday, the general run of sales were made on a basis of \$8.15. Roughs, \$6.50 to \$6.75, and stags \$5 to \$5.75. Receipts last week showed a grand total of approximately 32,500 head, being against 30,684 head for the previous week, and 33,280 head for the same week a year ago.

Sheep and Lambs.—Receipts last week were again very light, there being approximately 3,400 head, as against 3,064 head for the week before, and 5,400 head for the corresponding week a year ago. Demand was good, and owing to the short supply buyers were unable to get all they wanted. Top spring lambs on the opening day sold mostly at \$10.00, and before the week was out the best springers sold up to \$10.50, with a few reaching \$10.75. Winter lambs brought up to \$8.50, wether sheep made \$7 and \$7.25, and the ewe range was from \$4.50 to \$6, as to weight, it taking a handy kind to bring above a nickel.

Calves.—Trade was active last week, and prices showed improvement as the week advanced. Monday top veals sold at \$10.00; Tuesday's trade was steady; Wednesday best lots sold at \$10 and \$10.25; Thursday's top was \$10.50, and Friday, under a red-hot demand, best veals were jumped up to \$11.50. Culls the fore part of the week sold from \$8.50 down, and Friday some good throwouts brought as high as \$10. Receipts last week total approximately 3,300 head, being against 2,828 head for the previous week, and 2,500 head for the same week a year ago.

Cheese Markets.

Kingston, Ont., 17c.; Mount Joli, Que., 16½c.; Iroquois, Ont., 17 5-16c.; Napanee, Ont., 17 3-16c.; Cornwall, Ont., 17 3-16c.; Kemptville, 17c.; Picton, 17½c. to 17 3-16c.

Chicago.

Cattle.—Beeves, \$6.75 to \$9.60; western steers, \$7.10 to \$8.30; cows and heifers, \$3.25 to \$9.30; calves, \$7 to \$10.10.

Hogs.—Light, \$7.60 to \$7.95; mixed, \$7.45 to \$7.90; heavy, \$7.20 to \$7.80; rough, \$7.20 to \$7.35; pigs, \$6.25 to \$7.60; bulk of sales, \$7.65 to \$7.85.

Sheep.—Native, \$5.75 to \$6.80. Lambs, native, \$7 to \$9.50; do springs, \$7.25 to \$10.60.

Gossip.

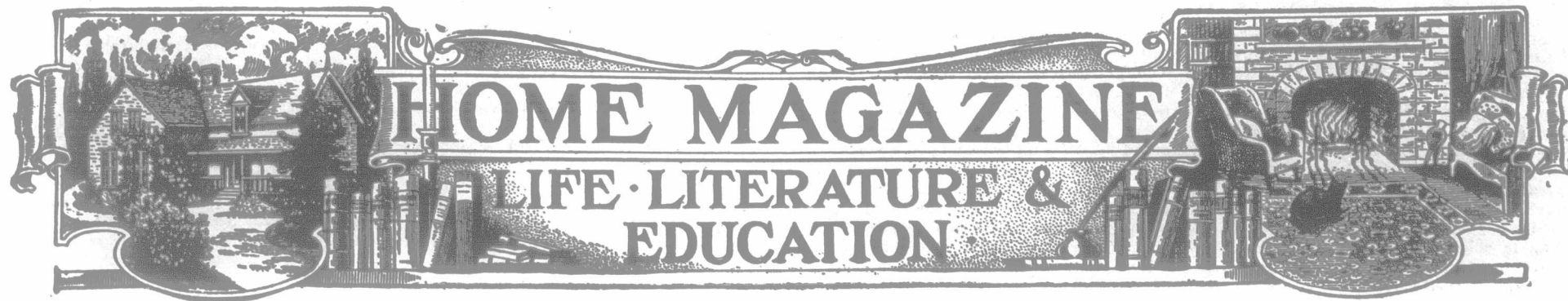
The Central Canada Exhibition Association is announcing the main features of its 1915 fair. A new Dominion Government grant of \$5,000 has been put into the prize list, making the total premiums amount to \$25,000. For the third year the Association is paying the freight to Ottawa on live-stock exhibits from all points in Ontario and Quebec. An excellent show of field and garden produce is foreshadowed for the new Agricultural and Horticultural Hall, finished last year. The prizes on these things, as well as live stock, have been increased. Altogether, the Ottawa Fair has now a total display space in pavilions of nearly 300,000 square feet. As in former years, there will be six days and six nights (September 13 to 18) of complete program. The final day will be marked by amateur sports in the afternoon.

THE NOTED ARKELL FLOCK OF OXFORDS.

After winning all the leading honors hung up for competition at the big Canadian shows for many years in the Oxford Down sheep classes, Henry Arkell, of Arkell, Ont., has for the last four or five years been resting on his oars, so far as exhibiting sheep goes, and has put all his attention to the general up-building of his flock as a whole, and it is safe to say that this year he is in a position to attend to his large and steadily increasing trade for breeding Oxford Downs of both sexes quite stronger than ever before. In shearing rams there are considerably over a hundred head, big, strong, growthy rams, many of them of high-class show quality. The same number of shearing ewes of equally high standard are in the flock, and in lambs, sired by his last year's grand pair of imported stock rams, there are an exceptionally choice lot, showing exceptional growth and ideal color. Mr. Arkell has also a limited number of nice Hampshires, shearing rams and ewes. Breeders wanting Oxford Downs in large or small numbers, or a few Hampshires, will get their wants supplied at the noted Arkell Farm, five miles south of Guelph.

The Ontario Agricultural College.

The fortieth annual report of the Ontario Agricultural College and Macdonald Institute, Guelph, has just been issued. The President, Dr. G. C. Creelman, gives an interesting account of his trip abroad, when he investigated agricultural conditions in Hawaii, New Zealand, Australia, China, Japan, and the Philippine Islands, and came to the conclusion that Ontario is still the most attractive farming place that it is his pleasure to know. Considerable emphasis is placed upon the educational work of the District Representatives in the public and high schools, and the co-operation of the Department of Education in assisting to train rural public school teachers for agricultural effort. A synopsis of the reports of the various heads of the departments to the President is also presented. These deal chiefly with the army-worm, weeds, orchard-work, drainage, lightning-rods, field crops, and animal husbandry. This renders the report less bulky, but those who desire more complete information regarding the special work of the several departments will find it issued in bulletin form from time to time. An analysis of the College Roll is given, together with a list of graduates of the year, and the names of those who won diplomas and certificates in the lesser courses. A financial statement of the institution is appended.



The Summer Rain.

He will come down like rain upon the meadows,
Showers of cool summer rain upon the earth.
The purple lilies shall lift their heads
And dance among the tall meadow grasses.
Streams of water shall rush from the hills
To quench the thirst of the weary land.
The summer rains falleth softly. It bringeth refreshment,
As the cool drops fall welcome, incessantly.
He comes with abundant peace unto His own.
O Beloved, walk out in the meadows when it is raining.
The rain falleth upon the grass and on the purple lilies.
While the silver moon endureth, He giveth peace.
Dance with the lilies, Beloved! Oh, sorrow no more.
This is the song I sing of the purple lilies.
The sun rose in the east, and a silver light spread over the western sky.
I took my harp and went out into the meadows.
The lambs frolicked as to the spring, and sheep sedate with curious glance went by.
I tuned my harp and sang of the joy of summer,
Its rush of flowers in green and shadowy glen.
I sang till the little moon, like a cloud appearing,
Sank in the east, pale gold and thin; and then,
I waited until the rain in a shower came falling
Over the meadows, fresh and cool, again.
Ah, me! It came silently. Silence is very sweet.
It fell on the meadow grasses and the lilies at my feet.
Silence is sweeter than song. The silver light lingered fair as at morning's birth, and peace o'er the meadows stole abroad while the scent of meadow earth rose like a balm.
The perfume of woodland lilies, purple and gold, pure as the dew, arose.
This is the song of lilies, the song of rain,
Of silence that healeth the world's unrest and pain.
While the earth endureth—till the moon shall be no more,
Peace shall come in the falling rain, deep peace, till her cup run o'er.
—Blanche Ableson, in "Craftsman."

A Witness For The Prosecution.

By Leslie Floyd.

"It is not the possessor, but the victor, who has the right."—Von Bernhardt.
It was very dark and stuffy in the little corner cupboard where the child had lain, for so many hours, dozing and crying softly to herself. "Hide and seek," her mother had said, and she had hidden obediently. Indeed, she was not likely to do anything else, for the foul and hideous noises with which the little house was shaken, directly afterwards, had frightened her until she was almost afraid to breathe. These had died away long ago, and the stillness had brought back her belief that it was all a game. Presently she began to push on the door. It gave suddenly, and, with a little giggle, the child peeped out into the room.
It was very quiet there, now, with the afternoon sunlight pouring in, and the flies booming to and fro between the little window and something which lay

on the floor beneath it. At first she could not see her mother at all, then she made her out. Funny, funny mother, lying there like that, with her hair all pulled down and her face hidden on her arm. This was a new game. With a chuckle, she squeezed her plump little body out of the cupboard, and, trotting across the room, patted the quiet figure on the shoulder. Getting no answer, she put her fat paws over her eyes.
"Pee-eep," she said.
No movement! A great blue-bottle buzzed down and settled on her hand. She shook it off. This wasn't a very nice game, after all.
"Mamma!" she called, with just the hint of a sob at the end of the word. It was the signal that always ended their games with a kiss; but there was no change in the queer attitude, and she fell to lavishing all her baby arts upon the poor clay, beating gently upon the white kerchief about the shoulders, putting back the loose hair and blowing softly into the ear beneath.
Suddenly she stopped and sat looking about her. On the chubby face was an expression, part childish wonder, part something that was not childlike at all. It had come to her that this was not her mother, this tumbled room not her home. For a moment the foundations of her little world rocked, then, with the curious philosophy of her age, she accepted the fact. She wanted her mother very much, therefore her mother would come to her some time.

Going to the door the child looked out and gave a cry of delight. There, upon the flags of the door-yard, his great limbs asprawl, lay Jost. Old Jost, who carried the shiny milk cans to market in their little red cart, and who would, if properly approached, forget his canine dignity to play with a rather lonely little girl.
"Jost," her mother used to say, "Call Jost. Nothing will hurt thee while the good Jost is about."

him, she buried her hands in his thick ruff.
"Jost! Aw Jost," she coaxed, tugging the stiff head into her lap. He always liked that.
Between the locked teeth was a bit of blue-gray cloth, part of a soldier's stock-collar,—poor futile hero!
For a moment the child fingered it curiously, then the sight of something wet and sticky on one of her hands caught her attention. She rubbed it on the other experimentally, and surveyed the result with disapproval.
"Ka," she said gravely, "Ka-a! Nasty, dirty, filthy hands!"—this with conscious virtue. Surely such a confession of guilt must move the court to mercy. But there came no sign from within, only the booming of the flies, swinging about their nameless business. Nor, when she had dabbled her hands in the rain-barrel and afterwards wiped them stealthily on her little red petticoat,—a crime, this last, that might move the heavens to horror,—did she receive any reproof. Somehow this frightened her more than anything. Our virtue may be ignored, but that our offences be overpassed is a thing uncanny to the verge of the terrible.
For the first time she began to question. What could it be? Soldiers? In the last few weeks she had learned that foreign soldiers were the cause of all calamity. But it couldn't be soldiers, because soldiers always cut off little girls' hands. She had heard her father say so, when he thought her asleep; and there were her hands plainly before her. She spread them out and looked at them critically. Yes, there they were, with the dimple below each finger, the little, fat rings around the wrists, and the funny little crinkles on the palms, that were so fascinating to follow out; and soldiers always cut off little girls' hands. Always!
The angel that guards little children from the uttermost horror of Life,—and Death,—still kept his post; but the wall

Let them say who will that a child knows nothing of death. Those who, as children, have seen their dead lie peacefully in the coffin, know otherwise; and there was no peace here, in spite of the silence. That which was in the cottage lay, mercifully, on its face; this was on its back, staring upward, a curse to the naked heavens. Nothing was spared the child as she crouched beside it.

For a while she gazed at it with a weird, aging look on her face. Suddenly she screamed in a shrill, broken way, like some small animal hunted to its death. All the resources of her tiny kingdom had failed her, gone was the kind angel; and the lonely horror, that is older than time, swooped down. With little gasping cries she ran back to the house, avoiding, by some new instinct, the stiff form in the dooryard. But that which hunted behind was on the doorstep to meet her. She doubled like a little white rabbit that sees the hounds close upon it,—doubled back into the open, down once more to where the gloating water chuckled over its prey, until, amongst the ungarnered grain, she came upon a little hollow and there crouched, panting.

From far away came a throbbing,—Thud! thud! thud! It told where men went, shouting, to a hot, red death. That it was good to die; but here the strange, cold ally of the defenders worked more quietly. The all-mothering darkness came down, peacefully enough, upon a ruined countryside, a ravaged farmstead, and a little child, sobbing,—alone with her dead.

Switzerland seems to be getting farther away from Canada all the time. Before the war it was just a matter of a few days' comfortable travelling with pleasant prospects ahead. Immediately after the war it was a matter of weeks of uncomfortable travelling with unpleasant prospects ahead. Ever since then the old Atlantic Ocean seems to have been growing wider and wider and more perilous. Every added danger seems to lengthen the distance across, and now, the terrible tragedy of the Lusitania has made the sea so wide and treacherous that one despairs of ever again reaching the other side.
I feel like adding another parody to the thousand and one on "Tipperary."

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go;
It's a wet way to Tipperary,
And too dangerous to go.
Bombs come from the ocean,
Bombs fall from above,
It's a long, wet way, to Tipperary,
To the land I love.

Everything in Lugano now centers around the soldiers and the news-stands. People go out to buy newspapers and to see the soldiers as regularly as they take their meals. Whenever the sound of the bugle and the beat of the drum is heard, a crowd collects on the street. Almost any hour of the day one is apt to see soldiers on the march, but one can count with certainty on seeing them at noon, and at nine o'clock in the evening, when they patrol the city. At noon the band plays different marching airs, but at night it is always the same thing—the Retreat Federal, the "go-to-bed tune" someone called it.
At night the brilliantly-lighted Piazza della Riforma is the center of life and gaiety. It is the hub of Lugano's wheel. No matter where you start from, or where you are going, you always land on the Piazza sooner or later. There

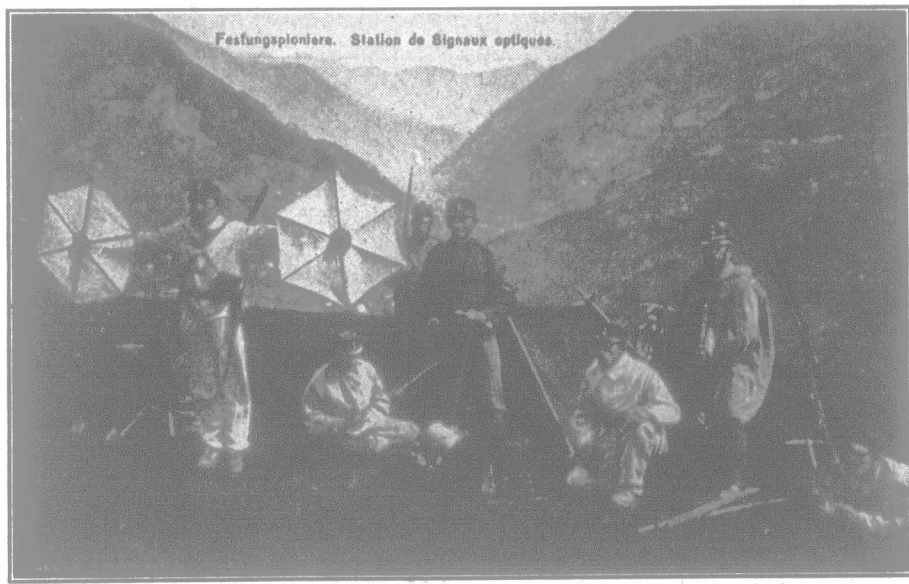
Travel Notes.

FROM HELEN'S DIARY.

Lugano, Switzerland, May 19, '15.

Switzerland seems to be getting farther away from Canada all the time. Before the war it was just a matter of a few days' comfortable travelling with pleasant prospects ahead. Immediately after the war it was a matter of weeks of uncomfortable travelling with unpleasant prospects ahead. Ever since then the old Atlantic Ocean seems to have been growing wider and wider and more perilous. Every added danger seems to lengthen the distance across, and now, the terrible tragedy of the Lusitania has made the sea so wide and treacherous that one despairs of ever again reaching the other side.
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Swiss Soldiers Signalling with White Flags.

Then the dog would come feathering up, his great tail lashing his sides, laughing with eyes and ears and jaws, all at the same time. At first she had been rather frightened, but that was when she was very little,—oh, very little indeed.
"Jost," she shrilled, now, "Joo-oost." The wise head did not lift. He was like that sometimes when he was tired.
"Jost!" stamping her foot with baby authority. No response!
"Jost naughty," she announced coldly, turning a fat shoulder on him.
But her growing loneliness soon broke down this dignity, and creeping up to

was breached and Fear came creeping in. The child began to trot about the farmstead calling, now upon one, now upon another of the kindly gods of her little cosmos,—calling quietly at first, then with sobs, and finally, as she got no answer, with shrill little bleats of desperation. Out she went into the home pasture, past the smouldering, black circles where the ricks had stood, down the path to the waters of the flooded country that lapped and sucked at the mound on which the house stood. There she came upon the crumpled thing that lay where her father had met his death with sullen, peasant courage.

is nothing attractive about it except the fact that everybody goes there, and everything happens there. We often go to the Piazza in the evening to one of the cafes, get a table under the arcades, and sit there watching the passing show. All sorts and conditions of people collect on the Piazza in the evening—hotel-guests, townspeople, students, shop-girls, workmen and their families,—all kinds.

As it nears nine o'clock the crowd begins to watch the clock on the City Hall.

Suddenly there is a tremendous boom—then another, and still another, the echoes reverberating from mountain to mountain like heavy thunder.

It is the boom of the cannon on the summit of Monte Bre.

The crowd becomes more animated, and the people from the surrounding streets flock into the Piazza.

The rat-ta-ta of drums is heard, coming nearer and nearer. All eyes turn in the direction of the sound. In a few minutes the flash of bayonets and flare of trumpets can be seen up one of the narrow streets. Then the band begins to play, and the soldiers—preceded by hundreds of children in a delirious state of joy—burst into the glare of the Piazza, march across to the other side, down the Promenade, and back to the barracks. This happens regularly every night, and no matter how bad the weather may be, never fails to draw a crowd.

May 21st.

Every day now the excitement increases. What will Italy do? That is what everyone is asking. Hundreds of German refugees who have been waiting here in uncertainty, left for Germany today. The Promenade which, a few days ago, was swarming with Germans, is now, by comparison, almost empty.

Our visiting Chronicle of Daily Events—the German masseuse—came in to-day all on fire about a fearful outrage that had been committed on the Promenade. The victim was an innocent German gentleman from Milan—one of the wealthy refugees. According to her version, he was standing alone under the shade of the chestnut trees, gazing out upon the placid lake, and not doing anything more dangerous than thinking.

Just behind him three Italian men were discussing Italian affairs. They denounced Gioletti, the friend of Bulow and Germany, as a traitor to his country.

The innocent German gentleman overheard them and turned and looked at them.

"Not one word said he," asserted the masseuse, "only just looked. Gott in Himmel! can nicht a person look?"

But I think there must have been something extraordinary irritating about that "look," for one of the Italians immediately pointed a finger of scorn at the innocent German gentleman and shrieked out, "You are a German!"

The innocent German gentleman was completely taken by surprise at this unexpected behaviour on the part of the Italian, and wishing to avoid anything in the way of a street fracas, declared that he was not a German, but a Swede.

But there was something about his speech and appearance which made the Italian doubt his statement.

Again he pointed his finger at him, and again he said, "You are a German!"

And the innocent German gentleman asserted as before that he was not a German, but a Swede.

But this the Italian refused to believe, and forthwith chucked him in the lake.

"And for what?" asked the masseuse with flashing eyes, "For what?" The German did nichts. Only just look. Just turn the head and look. Es ist schrecklich that such thing can be. Mein Gott! never can you trust these Italian."

"But," asked Aunt Julia, "why did the German gentleman say he was a Swede?"

"Why? He had wife, he had daughters. Natürlich, he not want any scandal. He wish not make trouble for them. He has in Italy lived. He know the Italian, how they carry knife and stab quick. He know they have the hot blood. And so he say he is Swede. He say it for to protect his frau, his family. Natürlich!"

That this is the month of May no one can doubt. The flowers proclaim it. The gardens of Lugano are fairly rioting in color, and the air is heavy with fragrance. Everything seems to have burst into bloom at once. There are great patches of wistaria purpling the houses and pergolas, and tumbling over the fences; there are pink streams of roses cascading over the gray-stone walls; and wonderful pansies—great plots and borders of them massed in solid colors. And in the gardens are shoals of other flowers of every size and color and variety.

But most beautiful of all are the wild-flowers growing so luxuriantly everywhere; every hill is covered with them,



A House in Lugano.

This shows how they decorate a blank wall. All the ornamentation on the end of this house is painted in colors on a flat surface.

every field is full of them, the roadways are fringed with them, and even the sombre rocks are tufted with gay blossoms. Some of the mountain slopes are starred white with ox-eye daisies of enormous size, and others are golden with buttercups. And there are millions of other flowers, purple ones, and blue, and crimson—all growing together in picturesque confusion. I wish I knew their names. At least, the names of some of them. It would be hopeless to even dream of knowing them all. But it would be such a satisfaction to recognize a flower as an old acquaintance, and it would give one such a delightfully superior sort of feeling when wandering, for instance, in the woods on Monte San Salvatore, to be able to say: "Oh, look! there's a Daphne cneorum. What

which Switzerland took its name), Schupfheim (sounds exactly like a sneeze), Tschierschen (sounds like a worse sneeze), Gstaad, Tschemutt—they all sound as if you had your mouth full of water.

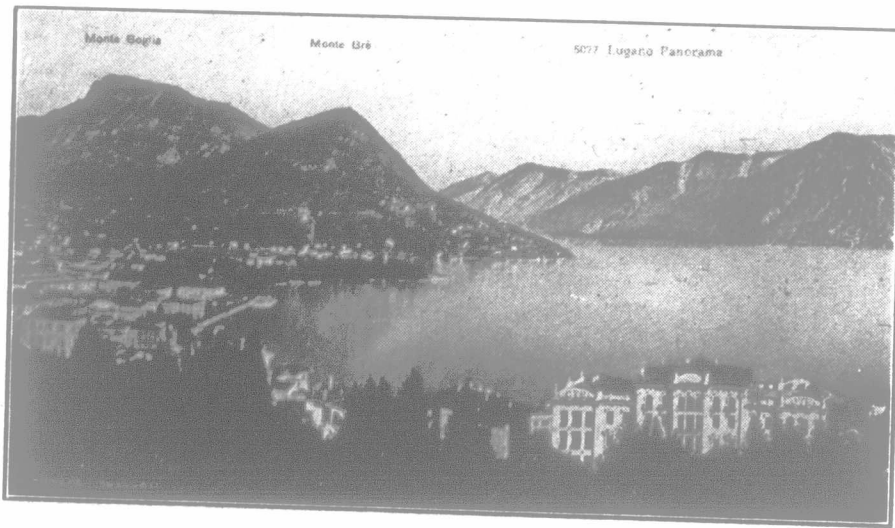
And apropos of names, the system of street nomenclature in vogue in Lugano seems to be especially designed to honor men of prominence, and as the names are all Italian, I conclude that the men so honored are of local or cantonal fame. In order that no mistake in identity should be made, the Christian names are given in full. For instance, via Carlo Francesco Soave; via Vittorio Battaglini Luini. These are not the real names, but I lost my list, and these are as near like them as I can remember. If this system was adopted in Canada we might be living on John James Smith street, doing our shopping on Henry Hawkins street, going for a fashionable promenade on Alexander Thompson McKay avenue, and spinning along in our autos on Montague Montmorency boulevard. Such is fame! A man never knows whether he will be known to posterity as a street, a popular-priced cigar, or a special brand of whisky.

The favorite sport of the Ticinese men in this district is out-door bowling. In all parts of the town, and on all the country walks, one comes across these bowling alleys, shaded by trees or vines, and adjacent to a wine-cellar. The wine-cellar seems to be an indispensable adjunct, and the men drink the wine out of large earthen bowls. Almost any hour of the day one can hear the cick of the balls, and the excited voices of the players, but Sunday is the great day for this pastime.

The Luganese, like the Locarnese, have a penchant for decorating their houses with mock architecture, but in Lugano the ornamentation is not so elaborate, seeming to run more to imitation windows than anything else. A realistic touch is added by introducing figures in the windows in the act of gazing out at passers-by. A blank wall next to one of the bowling alleys is decorated in this way, but the painted lady in the painted window on the second floor, and the painted gentleman in the painted window on the first floor just below, are having such an absorbing flirtation with each other that they are perfectly oblivious to the spirited contest going on in the bowling alley right in front of them.

May 25th.

We took a jaunt skywards yesterday—went up to the summit of Monte Bre (3,500 feet), and looked the landscape o'er. The view was vast and magnificent. We could see many lakes, num-



Lugano and Monte Bre.

a wonderfully vivid pink it is, and how very fragrant!"

Of course, your companion wouldn't know anything about it, and you would proceed to explain that the Daphne cneorum was a very rare Alpine flower, and in this part of Switzerland was never found except on the slopes of Monte San Salvatore.

I would love to be a botanist—in May, in Lugano. I would spend all my days on the hills among the wild-flowers.

All the names of places in this district are so soft-sounding and musical—Martino, Canobbio, Carona, Caprino, Sorengo, etc., so different from the harsh-sounding tongue-twisters of German-Switzerland, such as: Schwyz (from

berless towns and villages, and mountain peaks without end. We could see over into Italy,—as far as Lombardy. The lake of Lugano looked like a placid river winding along between green hills, and the steamers plying on the waters like little toy launches. On the summit of Monte Bre there is the usual hotel and restaurant and observation tower, and, of course, this being Ticino, a chapel. But we were more interested in the soldiers on Monte Bre than the chapel, and we were particularly interested in watching the flag-signal operators at work. Far, far away, on another mountain peak, we could see the white gleam of the other flags answering the signals from Monte Bre. By means

of these flag-signals the Swiss soldiers scattered over their mountains and in the valleys are able to keep in constant touch.

May 26th.

The population of Lugano is half Italian, and for the last few days they have been feverishly awaiting Italy's decision. Now that war is really declared, there are many sad faces to be seen, and much weeping and wailing among the women, for Italy's call to arms will take away from Lugano hundreds of young men. Many of these young men are Swiss by birth, but by some peculiar kink in the law they are considered by Italy as Italians, unless at the age of twenty they renounce allegiance to that country. Many of them have already gone, and more are going every day. It is said that fifteen thousand have already gone from Ticino.

There is considerable friction between the Italians and the German refugees, especially at the station when the men are leaving for Italy, and all their relations and friends are there to see them off. One day there was quite a fracas, which began by some Germans hissing the Italians, and ended by the soldiers on guard at the station making a bayonet charge on the crowd. There was another row on the Piazza in the evening. Stones were thrown, some people were injured, and the soldiers again charged on the crowd.

This led to a clash between the civic and military authorities, the civic authorities claiming that the local police were quite capable of dealing with city affairs, and that the military had no right to interfere. The case was carried to Berne, and the Federal authorities decided in favor of the Luganese.

There's no doubt there is a decidedly antagonistic feeling between the people of Ticino and the Germans. The Germans are arrogant and domineering, and the Ticinese are excitable, and consequently there is always more or less friction between them, which just now, of course, is greatly emphasized. Some of the Luganese carry their dislike of all things German so far that they despise the German-Swiss soldiers so numerous now around Lugano, and say very unflattering things to them.

But then, sometimes, they deserve it.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

For the Healing of the Nations.

In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.—Rev. xxii.: 2.

One small life in God's great plan,
How futile it seems as the ages roll!
Do what it may, or strive how it can,
To alter the sweep of the infinite whole.
A single stitch in an endless web,
A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb.
But the pattern is rent where the stitch
is lost,
Or marred where the tangled threads
have crossed;
And each life that fails of its true
intent,
Mars the perfect plan that its Master
meant.

—Susan Coolidge.

"The healing of the nations"! When will that great work begin? At present it seems as if the utter destruction of the nations were our object. Of course, we know that this war can't go on forever; but will the peace that follows be the peace of exhaustion and despair, or will it bring hope and healing on its wings? In the text our eyes are directed to the Tree of Life in the midst of the River of water of life which flows from the throne of God. The leaves of the tree are called to undertake the great task of healing the nations.

The Tree, of course, is our Lord Himself, but who are the leaves? He said to the apostles, on that solemn night of wonderful converse, "I am the Vine, ye

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are the branches: He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without Me ye can do nothing."

If the apostles—those who were the channels through which Christ's Life flowed out to purify the nations—were the branches of the Tree of Life, may we not suppose that the "leaves" of our text represent the great multitude of believers? Season after season a fresh crop of leaves wave on a living tree. Each leaf may seem to be of trifling importance, but each does its part silently and faithfully. Each draws its life from the hidden roots, and lives its short span here for the good of the whole. Year after year the tree grows larger, gaining by the contribution of each tiny leaf, spreading its branches and yielding much fruit.

The healing of the nations is a tremendous work which only God can accomplish; but He expects us all to do our share in that mighty miracle. If we feel helpless and incapable, let us consider our Master's promise to the apostles that if they abide in Him and He in them, they shall bring forth much fruit. Let us also remember His solemn warning: "Without Me ye can do nothing." In the margin of the Bible it is "severed from Me." The branch or leaf can do nothing if severed from the tree, and we can do nothing in this great work of healing the nations unless we abide in Christ. It is His Life only that can perform the great miracle, and He can work through His servants if they abide in Him and allow Him to abide in them.

The awful disease of sin has broken out now in an open sore. As Isaiah has expressed it: "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores: they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment. Your country is desolate, your cities are burned with fire: your land, strangers devour it in your presence." That sounds like the condition of things in Europe, doesn't it? But Isaiah did not yield to despair, in spite of the sad condition of his people, for he said again: "The light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days, in the day that the LORD bindeth up the breach of His people, and healeth the stroke of their wound." God, and God only, can heal the nations; and yet our text shows that the high privilege and heavy responsibility of being His fellow-workers rests upon those who have been "grafted in" to the Tree of Life.

We may be unnoticed in the multitude, as a leaf is unnoticed on a large tree, but God has not put us in the world for nothing. He has special work for each one of us to do, and He is ready to supply needed power if we abide in Him and keep open the channels of communication so that He may fill us with His life-giving presence. We have prayed earnestly for a righteous peace, built on a solid and permanent basis; and our prayers seem to have accomplished little. Is that any reason for neglect of prayer? If a man had been suffering for a long time from tuberculosis, and began to treat the disease according to the most approved methods, he would be foolish to give up in despair because a week or month spent in a tent failed to work a complete cure. When our Lord was in an agony He "prayed more earnestly," and the prayer was gloriously answered, although the cup of agony was still pressed to his lips. God always answers trustful prayer, though we may not be able instantly to understand His answer. If we are to be among the leaves of the Tree of Life, carrying His healing to the tortured nations, we must pray earnestly, trustfully, and constantly, accepting humbly the answers He sends, even when we fail to understand them.

Our great business, as leaves, is to abide in the Tree of Life, and our Lord has said: He that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, dwalleth in Me, and I in him."—(S. John vi.: 56.) We want the open sore of the world to be healed, and we know that God only can heal it; is it possible that we are refusing the

strength He promises, refusing His offered indwelling presence?

Do you feel very insignificant and helpless? So is a leaf very small and weak. If it tries to act alone it can do nothing; but the life of the tree expresses itself in multitudes of leaves, and they are united by its life—united to each other as well as to the tree. Elijah thought he stood alone for God against idolatry; but God was pouring His Life into the world through seven thousand unknown souls—unknown to men, but very dear to Him. The infant Church of God went out to conquer the world for Him. It seemed very weak, having no learning, worldly influence or wealth, and there were only 120 names on its roll-call. How impossible it seemed that its ambition—"the world for Christ"—could be fulfilled, yet in less than 300 years the Roman Empire was conquered. The Lamb had triumphed over the lion. To-day the "Christian" nations, in spite of their disobedience to their Divine King, are the leading nations of the earth. Christian ideals are acknowledged to be the noblest the world has ever dreamed of. JESUS—the village Carpenter—reigns to-day over a greater empire than any other ruler has ever known. Thousands have laid their lives at His feet in every century, and now there are millions of souls on this earth proclaiming His Name to be above every name.

Tertullian lived in the second century of Christianity, yet he was able to say: "We are but of yesterday, and we have

We are weak, but He—our Life—is mighty, and our . . . "feeble hands and helpless, reaching blindly through the darkness, Touch God's right Hand in that darkness And are lifted up and strengthened."
DORA FARNCOMB.

The Beaver Circle

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

Vacation Days.

When Johnnie comes to grandma's house old Towser runs away;
The kitten climbs the apple tree and stays up there all day;
The chickens in the barn-yard are as flustered as can be;
They don't approve of little boys, as any one can see.
And many a night before he comes poor Nora lies awake
Devising hiding places for the things that he might break.
The jam and jelly's sure to be up on the highest shelf,
But grandma gets them down, sometimes, and bids him help himself.

And the cause of all the trouble—do you think the rascal cares?—
Is miles away in Slumber Land in his small bed upstairs.
But grandma says when she goes in to tuck the blankets down,
"Dear, dear, we will be lonesome when that boy goes back to town."
—Marie Grove.

My Best Chum.

By Stuart Taber.

I'm chums with all th' fellers around this end o' town;
There's only one among 'em that ever put me down.
I'm fond o' Bill an' Lefty, an' Toots, an' all th' rest,
But that don't make no diff'rence; I like my dog th' best.
He never steals my marbles like other fellers do,
An' when I get a lickin' he allus feels bad too.
An' when we go a-swimmin' he don't throw mud at me.
An' never hides my jacket inside er hollow tree.
I'm friends with all th' fellers; they're fine fer playin' ball—
But when it comes to chummin', my dog's th' best of all.

You and Your Dog.

Dear Beavers,—I don't think I am making a mistake in speaking of "you and your dog," for the boy or girl who doesn't love a dog is rare enough. And very wisely, too. The very best of chums he can be,—can't he?—the very most loving of friends, always ready to greet you with a friendly wag of the tail, always ready for a romp, usually anxious to help you, so far as he understands, with your work.

But to have him like this you must use him well, and you must talk to him plenty, as only by that can he learn to understand. "Treat a dog like a man," says a dog-lover, "and you will have a noble animal; treat him like a dog and you will have a dog. Never lose sight of the fact that your dog knows more than you do. Proof: he understands your language; you do not understand his."

I think there is another proof, too, that, in one way at least, your dog knows more than you or I, or at least has an extra sense. Don't you know how he can follow you, half an hour after you have gone, smelling his way, and finally catching up to you with great bounds of glee? Now, you couldn't track anyone that way—could you?—nor could I. There is an old superstition, too, which says that dogs can see spirits, as often, when anyone dies, they are observed to howl and act strangely.

However, that may be, we all know that dogs often act with a courage and wisdom that no human need be ashamed of. Dogs have been known to drag drowning people out of the water, and alarm the sleeping occupants of burning houses. Then you all know about the wonderful dogs of the Hospital of St. Bernard, do you not?

If not, may I tell you about them? Away up in the Alps, 8,000 feet above sea-level, there are two big, gloomy buildings with thick stone walls and narrow windows, buildings well fitted to bear the buffeting of Alpine storms. The first ones were placed at this point over one thousand years ago by a monk named Bernard, to serve as a refuge for travellers lost in the snow, and so the place became known as the Hospital of "St. Bernard." About fifteen monks stay there all the year round, caring for travellers, and, during great storms, opening the doors and windows of the Hospital to admit thousands of birds that fly in for safety.

Early in the history of the place it was found that powerful dogs might be of great service in finding travellers lost in the mountain snows, and so in every storm huge "St. Bernards" were sent out to search, each at first invariably in company with a monk. Hither and thither the noble animals prowled, howling to attract attention as soon as any-



Beaver Circle Competition.

Write a true story about a dog. See elsewhere for directions.

filled all that belongs to you—the cities, the fortresses, the free towns, the very camps, the palace, the senate, the forum; we leave to you the temples only." That was less than 200 years after the Master sent His little band out, as sheep in the midst of wolves, to win the world for Him. They were poor and weak and ignorant, but love for Him was burning within them, and His Divine Life was—and still is—able to do all things.

Why should we despair? The Tree of Life is indestructible. Though some leaves may fall in the fierce storm, or in the hot summer drought, the Life of the world cannot be killed. He is still the Good Physician, the Healer of the nations, working through innumerable hands. Is He able to make use of us? Have we placed our lives at His disposal? Are we willing to be unknown and unnoticed, to do our given work quietly and faithfully, joyously certain that our Master understands the mysteries which are dark to us, and that He is able to heal the nations?

When Johnnie comes to grandma's house there's mud upon the floor,
And thumb-prints on the banisters and grease on every door;
The house is always up-side-down the whole time he is there;
Poor Nora sighs and wonders why dear grandma doesn't care.

But when at last that boy's in bed and everything is still,
Old Towser leaves the barn and Tabby ventures forth at will—
'Tis then the much-abused arm-chair holds conclave in the dark,
With the old clock in the corner, standing there so stiff and stark.

"I'm quite worn out," she limply sighs.
"Since that young scrapegrace, John,
Came out from town I've been at times most rudely sat upon."
"It beats my time," the clock replied,
"how modern young folks do;
It wasn't so in my day. What's the world a-coming to?"

one was found fallen exhausted in the snow. Of late years, however, a telephone has been put in at the Hospital, so that now travellers call ahead that they are coming, and the dogs are sent out alone to act as guides. There are about twenty dogs in all, each trained to rescue work. Of one fine fellow named "Barry" it is told that he has saved over forty lives.

Then you have heard of the famous German dog, "Don," have you not? Don is just a big brown hound, but the strange thing about him is that he can say several words. One day when playing with some children he suddenly caused some excitement by asking for "Kuchen,"—cakes. After that pains were taken with him, and he was taught to say "Ja" (yes), "Nein" (no), "haben" (have), "Haberland" (the name of his master) and a few other words. To any (silence!) in a very deep tone of voice. One who bothers him he says "Ruhe!" "Before long "a charge" was made to hear Don speak, and before the war he was earning \$1,000 a week, and was insured for \$50,000. Birds have been taught to talk, but Don is the only animal ever known to acquire this accomplishment.

In parts of Scotland sheep-dog trials attract as large crowds as horse races do here. Sometimes thirty or forty dogs are entered. They are all brought together and sent by their masters to gather up their own sheep, bring them between two flags set up for the purpose, and put them safely into a small fold. The dogs try very hard indeed, and are loudly cheered by the crowd when they do their work well. Perhaps they understand, too, when the prizes and ribbons are awarded to them. At least they seem to, if broad dog-smiles and energetic tail-waggings say anything.

We must not close, however, without saying something about the wonderful Belgian and French dogs that are now serving in the war, carrying dispatches, hauling things, and even doing ambulance work. They have been found very useful, and often, it is said, save their masters' lives by helping during hand-to-hand action.

Not long ago, one of these dogs, "Marquis," belonging to the Twenty-third French Infantry, received honorable mention in the dispatches of brave deeds at the front. At Sarrebourg, on the Belgian frontier, the battle became so fierce that it was impossible to send a man across the fire zone, yet it was very necessary that one of the officers send a report at once to his superior. Marquis was trusted with the mission. Off he ran, and just as he almost reached his goal a German ball struck him down. He struggled up, dragged himself to the officer saw the dispatch in his hand, and died. The soldiers of the regiment are raising a fund for a monument to be set up in his honor, on which are to be inscribed the words, "Marquis—Killed on the Field of Honor."

CARE OF THE DOG.

Surely all these stories should make you want to take good care of your dog, and teach him all that you can. But remember only patience and kindness will teach a dog to be intelligent; you can't bully or scold him into that.

And now about taking care of him. In the first place he must have plenty of exercise; no dog that is kept tied up all the time can be well. An outside shed is a very good place for him to sleep in, but if he has a kennel it should be kept very clean and white-washed often. Pine shavings are better than straw for a bed, as they are not so attractive to fleas. If fleas appear on the dog wash him with soapy water to which a teaspoon of coal-oil has been added, then, after a while rinse him with warm water. This should be done on a warm day.

The dog's eating and drinking dishes should be kept clean to prevent disease from germs, and he should have plenty of cold water to drink. Many a poor animal has been thought to be mad when he was only feverish and crazed from thirst.

The dog's meals may consist of porridge and milk, any scraps of vegetables and meat from the table, dog biscuit,

and bread, and once a week he may be given a bone from which the meat has been cut. This will make him gnaw, and will make a flow of saliva which will be good for his health. If, at any time, he seems to be "off his feed" and doesn't want to eat, give him a drink, but let him go without food for a day or two, until he begs for it. A dish of sour milk once a week or more will help his digestion.

And now what do you say about having a competition?

A Competition.

Write a true story about a dog—your dog or someone else's—of which you have heard. Prizes will be given for the three best ones. All letters to be received at this office not later than July 20th. Do not copy a story from any paper. Your contribution must be "original," never before published. Please mark "Competition" on the corner of the envelope, and be sure to address to "The Beaver Circle," Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine, London, Ont.

Senior Beaver's Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your charming Circle, and I thought I would like to join. May I? I like reading books, and I have read a lot of them. My favorite author is Horatio Alger Jr. I also like music. We have five horses. Their names are, Bessie, Lady, Katie, and Cora. We don't know what to call the colt. Would you send a nice name for him, please?

I am an English boy of 12 years old. I came from Southampton. I have three brothers and two sisters. One of my sisters is a cripple. She makes artificial flowers in England. I am hired with a man named Mr. W. Henderson. He is a nice boss. He takes "The Farmer's Advocate," and I think it's a good paper. Well, I must close, wishing this letter will escape that greedy waste-paper basket. Good-bye.

ALBERT E. LIVING.

Bowmanville, Ont.

I wish some one would write to me. [Can some of the Beavers find a name for Albert's Colt?]

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As I saw my first and second letter in print I thought I would try to get my third letter in print also. We have a garden at our school this year, and each scholar has a plot of his or her own. I have beets in my plot and they are up. I keep them weeded well so they will grow. Our teacher is going to give a prize of \$2.00 for the best kept plot. We have eight young turkeys and forty-two Rhode Island Red chickens, and expect to have some more in a few days. School will soon be stopped now. Exams will start soon, and I am going to try for the Sr. IV. and hope I will pass. It will not seem long now until haying will start again, and then after haying comes harvesting. Hoping to see my letter in print I will close with a riddle.

If there were twelve ears of corn in a basket and a pig came along and took three ears away at once, how many trips would he make? Ans.—Twelve trips, because he would take his own two ears every trip.

Wishing the Beaver Circle every success.

THOMAS E. NOTT.

MacLennan, Ont. (Age 12, Jr. IV.)

Junior Beavers' Letter Box.

[For all pupils from the First Book to Junior Third, inclusive.]

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your Circle. I live on a farm near the village of Thorndale. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Easton. I am able to read the Beavers' letters and enjoy them very much. I have a sister five years old. Her name is Lillian. We take "The Farmer's Advocate." We have two horses and one colt. We have four lambs. I will close, wishing the Beavers every success.

SABRA E. WRIGHT.

Thorndale, Ont., R. R. No. 3.

(Age 8 years.)

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I have never written to your Circle before, and as I have read a good many of the little Beavers' letters, I thought I would write a piece too. My uncle who lives on a farm takes the paper. I live on a farm in Mazerall, N. B., which is nice. Say Beavers, do any of you like reading? I am very fond of it, but am not a regular book-worm. I have read these books, The Grand Jury Party, A. B. C., Animals, and books of all kinds. Say Beavers, I do not go to school as I am not very well. I did not put in any flowers this year, but I am going to next summer. As my letter is long enough I will close, hoping the waste-paper basket won't catch this, and wishing the Beavers every success.

VIOLET M. MAZERALL.

Mazerall, York Co., N. B.

P. S.—I would like some of the Beavers to correspond with me.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your charming Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a long time. I like reading the Beavers' letters very much. I live on a farm of one hundred acres, two miles from Thornton. I go to school every day I can. My teacher's name is Mr. Corbett, he is my uncle. I like him very much. For pets I have one dog named Jack, four cats and one little colt named Bessie. I will close now wishing the Beaver Circle every success. I hope my letter will escape the w.-p. b.

MARGUERITE GROSS.

Thornton, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your charming Circle. I would like to join it. For pets I have a horse named Grace, a dog named Mutt, and a kitten named Posy. I also have six calves, one of them has its front leg broken; her name is "Daisy." The names of the other five are: "Tricky," "Bossy," "Speckle," "Mary," and "Ray." My second eldest sister owns one named "Rony," which is a very pretty calf. I will close wishing the Circle much success, and hope this letter will escape the w.-p. b.

Denfield, Ont. MABEL MARTIN.

R. R. No. 1. (Age 8.)

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.]

A Jam Shower for the Soldiers.

Dear Ingle Nook Friends,—Haven't you thought more than once, since reading the nurse's letter published in last week's issue, of her words in regard to the wounded soldiers in that palace hospital in Northern France—"these men are heroes, every one"?—And haven't you thought more than once of that young Irish lad, left to face life's battle with but one leg, but who "smiles and smiles"?

Yes, heroes every one, these men who are going to the front, facing death for a principle—for at this stage of the conflict at least, there are few who can go from any other reason. And it takes a greater heroism to go forth to battle now than in the old days when war meant blare of music, dashing charges with pennons fluttering above and the great game centering about the standards,—then all over and triumphant return. Trench warfare is a tedious thing. The friend of whom I told you once before, and who has been since killed in action, wrote of it once as "sitting in this hole dodging shells for two days and a night, and trying to snipe off the

other fellows at every chance."—Poor lads! Poor lads!—They do not love to kill, but they have to do it, some of them sickening at the very thought of it. And meanwhile there is the endless discomfort, blistered feet, tired bodies, ears weary of noise; the ugliness of those long grave-like channels which afford the only refuge from instant death, now muddy, now unbearably hot, with the stench everywhere and the shriek of shrapnel above cutting shrilly above the crack of rifles and the deeper booming of cannon. Sometimes, too, "the trenches" mean just dull waiting for days, standing about pretty much in one spot desultorily sniping or being sniped at, and perhaps that is the most wearisome of all. Truly there's little enough romance about it, and it is safe to say that as the awful weeks drag by old home days are being relived every hour by the patient lads—thoughts winging back to the free, old days, to working in field, or factory, or office, to "tramps and picnics in clean-aided Canadian woods, and quiet happy talks with friends.—So far from home, so homesick, wondering so often if there will be any return, or, instead, a lone grave in Europe, with a little wooden cross and a mutely eloquent battle-worn soldier's cap above.

It seems to me that we cannot do too much towards helping to bring a little comfort and pleasure among these men. Indeed, the very most we can do is so little. They should have all the tobacco they want—it helps to kill the awful odors—they should have all the socks they need for their tired feet, and the tooth-brushes and mouth-organs for which so many of them ask. As far as possible, too, they should have the most appetizing things to eat that can be forwarded to them.

Some of the money which you have sent to us through the Dollar Chain has gone to the Canadian War Contingent Association to be spent for these—and other—comforts; and now I am coming to you with another plea. I know you will be glad and happy to respond.

Fruit season is here, and, while we have all the fruit we want, how can we help thinking about the soldiers in the trenches—Now, wouldn't you like to send a little jar of jelly or jam, of your own making, straight to the front, to the battle line? The Canadian War Contingent Association is prepared to handle all supplies of this kind, sent to their store-rooms from us, so all you need to do is to send us your jar, per parcel post or express, well-packed in a little box to prevent breaking. We will see to the rest. Do not send canned fruit—jelly and thick jams and marmalades are the only kinds that can be managed—and choose sealers of one pint, one quart or two quarts capacity. If you have bees and prefer to send honey that will be very acceptable.

It is not intended that these donations shall in any way take the place of cash donations to the Dollar Chain,—the need there fairly cries aloud for more money to buy hospital supplies, to feed the Belgian children, etc.—This is merely a little supplement—a "shower for the soldiers." I am sure you will be glad to help along with this, and (don't tell anybody) I'm hoping your response will be so great that our business offices and editorial rooms will be lined up with jars like a grocer's shop, and a dray kept busy hauling them away. I think it would be nice for you to paste a label on the jar telling what is in it, also giving your own name and address. The soldiers will be interested, and perhaps your jar may find its way to one of them who knows you. Kindly prepay the postage or express necessary.

Now, to start the shower on its way we have donations from the following, all belonging to this city: Miss Webbe, Mrs. Toole, Miss Little, Miss Plastow, Miss Irwin, Miss Martin, Mrs. Holman, "Junia," Mrs. Griffith, Mrs. Porter, Miss Burch, Miss Powell, Miss MacKay, Miss Heritage, Miss Lucas, Miss Betts, Miss Bartlett, Miss Bailey, Miss Scott, Mrs. Hall, Miss Parker, Miss Smith, Miss Law, Miss Downs, Miss Heron, Miss James, "M. D.," Miss Snow.

Donations may be addressed, as are those of the "Dollar Chain," to "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ont. Now, who will be the next?

JUNIA.

Keeping Cool in Hot Weather.

This has been a cool summer, for the most part, but with the dog days the thermometer may go up at any moment and the matter of keeping cool will become a problem.

Wise people say to keep your temper always, but in hot weather especially, as cholera (as well as "collar") tends to add to the temperature. Hand in hand with this injunction might go a hint to leave fat of all kind out of one's diet as much as possible during the hottest part of the summer. Fat creates warmth in the body just as stoking coal into a furnace heats up the furnace; that's why Eskimos find it wise to regale themselves on seal oil and blubber in the face of their arctic atmosphere. Down here in Canada fat pork, suet pudding, etc., may be ideal enough for January and February, but they should be given a long absence during July and August. Oatmeal and cornmeal are also heating to the blood; to a less extent, however.

In short, during hot weather it is well to keep rather closely to a diet whose list is made up of the following: lean meat (preferably beef), eggs, cheese, fish, salads, green vegetables, light puddings, custards, bread and rolls, with plenty of raw fruit and cooling drinks. Ice-cream is likely to be popular, but is not really very cooling, as the cream of which it is composed contains a large percentage of fat—a heat-producer. Water-ices and sherbets are really better for comfort though not so valuable from the standpoint of nutriment.

Use plenty of fresh vegetables during warm weather,—lettuce, green onions, "greens" of all kinds, tomatoes, cucumbers, radishes—all are helpful. Speaking of greens try this for supper some evening: Boil spinach or beet-tops, drain dry and flavor nicely with pepper, salt and butter. Serve on hot buttered toast, and put a poached egg on top of each mound of green.

The next point is to "dress" for hot weather. You can't be cool with thick clothing that keeps out all the breeze, and, thanks be, in this Twentieth Century there are all sorts of cool cotton materials from which to make dresses. Muslins, cotton voiles and dimities stand first, perhaps, for very hot days, with thin silks, cotton crepes, seersuckers and fine ginghams and linens following closely after.

You may find a net corset a great comfort, and be sure to do away with high collars. If a "low neck" is not becoming try tying a narrow baby-ribbon about the throat to take away the effect of long bare neck. If this does not recommend itself, then fall back upon the little net yokes with collars that are the next best to nothing at all about the neck.

Simplify work during hot weather;—this is a great aid. For instance, if you have an upper verandah or porch put the beds out there, with a few curtains to run between as screens when necessary. If there is no verandah a tent on the lawn may answer the purpose. The littering up of bedrooms is saved by this, and, besides, sleeping in the open air is so much better for all concerned. Mosquito netting protectors over the beds will remove all annoyance of insects; or, if one can afford it wire netting may be arranged all around the sleeping-porch.

Simplify work again by doing everything possible out of doors, so saving the house from muss and upset. Even serve the meals on a verandah or porch, or in a shady spot in the back yard, if convenient.—And study out dishes that may be made in the cool of the morning and served as cold desserts. Custards of different kinds are good, and mousses that are quite easily made if one has ice and an ice-cream freezer; yet nothing, perhaps, can quite equal bread and fruit with or without cream.

Of course a fireless cooker is a great help in saving the heating-up of the kitchen. With one of them and an oil-stove even preserving and canning may be done out of doors. If you have not these modern labor-savers try setting up an old cookstove out of doors or in a back shed. It will simplify matters

greatly, leaving the house cleaner and cooler, and giving an added excuse for staying out of doors.

Have plenty of utensils arranged in convenient places, and so save steps. In short—simplify everywhere.

Do as little dish-washing as possible,—by doing away with extra and unnecessary plates, etc., as far as you can while still keeping up the attractiveness of the table. Do away also, with ironing, as far as possible, and choose to work during the coolness of morning and evening rather than in the very heat of the day. It often seems that even men would be wise to extend the noon-hour to two or even three, taking the extra on to morning or evening instead.

Try warm, soapy water on the maple syrup, restoring the pile of the velvet afterwards by steaming it over a hot iron.

RECIPES WANTED.

Dear Junia,—I have read your helpful columns with interest for a number of years, and am at last coming for help. Can you please find me a receipt for: 1, Jewish Passover Bread or Biscuit; 2, Flead Cakes.

Thanking you in advance.

DEVONSHIRE LASS.

Can anyone send these recipes for "Devonshire Lass"?



If You Have an Upper Verandah or Porch Put the Beds On It.

Seasonable Recipes.

Vanilla Ice Cream.—Mix 1/2 cup thin cream, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla and a few grains of salt and freeze as usual, using three parts crushed ice to one of coarse salt.

Tutti-Frutti Ice Cream.—Make a custard of the yolks of 6 eggs, 2 pints fresh milk and sugar to taste, and pour hot on 1 cup raisins, 1 lb. almonds blanched and powdered, and 1 cup strawberry preserves. Flavor with vanilla. Let cool and then freeze. When partially frozen stir in 8 pints whipped and sweetened cream. Continue freezing, stirring often.

Parfait and Mousse.—These are made without "turning" as for ordinary ice

Finally take plenty of baths and be sure to drink plenty of cold water. Evaporation from the body is excessive during hot dry weather, and water must be taken to supply its place. For variety have lemonade, lime juice and iced tea. These are all especially nice for sending out to the men in the harvest-field, where plain water left standing even for a short time is likely to become brackish and unpalatable.

REMOVING STAINS.

We have been taking your paper for some years and like it very much, I am asking a favor of you. What will take milk stains out of an Alice blue silk dress, and maple syrup stains out of navy blue velvet? CANADIAN.



A Good Place to Live in Hot Weather.

Rub magnesia on the milk stains and leave over night, then brush out. If this does not remove the stain try the following, from Scientific American. Mix 5 parts glycerine with 5 of water and 1/2 part ammonia. Try it on some under part of the garment to see if it removes the color. If it does leave out the ammonia. Apply with a soft brush, leave 6 or 8 hours, then rub with a clean cloth, and scrape off if necessary with a knife. Brush over with clean water, press between cloths and dry. If any mark still remains rub with dry bread. To restore the gloss brush with a thin solution of gum arabic, dry and iron.

cream, hence it is not necessary, when making them, to have a freezer. Any can or covered mould will do, packed in a larger pail with salt and ice. When making them well whipped cream is necessary, and the mixture must never be stirred during the freezing.

Strawberry Parfait.—Beat until stiff 1 pint cream, add 1 cup strawberry juice and 1 cup sugar. Put into a mould and pack in salt and ice from 4 to 5 hours. Garnish with fresh berries.

Frozen Chocolate.—Cook 3 squares chocolate with 1 cup boiling water with a dash of salt for 5 minutes. Turn into 1 quart scalded milk, add 1 cup sugar and 2 teaspoons vanilla. Cool

and freeze. Serve in glasses with whipped cream on top.

Cherry Salad.—Take the stones out of cherries and put hazel nuts in their place. Serve on lettuce with a salad dressing mixed with whipped cream.

Raspberry Jam.—Take 6 quarts raspberries and weigh. Heat an equal weight of fine, granulated sugar. Mash a few of the berries in a granite kettle with a wooden masher and continue until all the fruit is used. Heat slowly to the boiling point and add the heated sugar. Again bring to the boiling point and simmer about 40 minutes.

Raspberry Jam No. 2.—Mash the berries, add equal parts of sugar and let stand half an hour. Put on the stove in a kettle containing 1/2 cup water to prevent sticking. Boil until it thickens. Put into jars or tumblers, and when cold cover with melted paraffin. Blackberry and strawberry jam may be made in the same way.

Raspberry Sauce.—Work 1/2 cup butter until creamy, and add 1 1/2 cups confectioners' sugar very gradually, while stirring and beating constantly, then add 1/2 cup raspberry syrup very gradually. Garnish with whole berries and serve with blanc-mange or other dessert.

Raspberry Syrup.—Mash 2 quarts berries, sprinkle with 4 cups granulated sugar, cover and let stand over night. In the morning add 1 cup cold water, bring slowly to boiling point and let simmer 20 minutes. Drain through a double thickness of cheesecloth and again bring to the boiling point. Bottle, seal and keep in a cool place. This is a good foundation for fruit drinks and sauces.

Raspberry Jelly.—Over a small box of berries sprinkle 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar and let stand until sugar is melted. Crush through a colander. There should be a pint of juice, but if not add enough water to make up a pint. Dissolve 2 tablespoons gelatine in 1 cup warm water and stir into the fruit juice, then set in a cool place to harden. Serve with whipped cream and raspberry juice.

The Scrap Bag.

COLORING RUGS.

A writer in an American magazine tells how she renewed a dining-room rug that had become faded. First, she beat it well and cleaned the spots with soap and water, then she laid it flat on the ground and applied dye, hot, with a scrub brush. The only warning she gives is not to use dye that is too dark, as that will make the rug look muddy.

POPIES FOR BOUQUETS.

When gathering poppies for bouquets carry a pail of water instead of a basket, and plunge the stems at once into it. The flowers will not droop, and the leaves will not fall off so soon.

CLEANING A HAT.

Panama or other white hats that have become soiled may be cleaned very nicely by washing them with peroxide of hydrogen which may be bought at any drug store. Apply with a brush.

LAUNDERING YELLOW CLOTHES.

If white clothes have become very much yellowed keep wet and hanging in bright sunshine for two or three days. Or mix together coal-oil, clear lime water and turpentine in equal parts. Add 1 cup of mixture to a boiler of the clothes and boil half an hour.

LAUNDERING COLORED PRINTS AND GINGHAMS.

It is said that colored cottons will not fade if treated as follows: Make a gallon of flour starch, straining it as usual. Pour half of it into two pails of soft water and wash the clothes in this until clean. Put the rest of the starch in the rinsing water, dry in the shade, and iron on the wrong side. . . . Another good plan to keep colored things from fading is to soak them in water to which a little turpentine—a teaspoon to the half-gallon—has been added. Wash as usual.

ANTI-TYPHOID VACCINATION.

Anti-typhoid vaccination has been used upon all the Canadian soldiers and

Fashion Dept.

nurses who have gone to the front. It is also being largely used upon railway and other construction gangs in various places, and with marked results. As shown by results in the United States the protection lasts three to five years, where amongst 130,000 men in the army and navy there were only nine cases in a whole year. In conjunction with the treatment care is taken regarding water supplies, flies, food, milk, etc., and early diagnosis and sanitary treatment of cases to prevent contact infection.

WHY IS AIR BAD?

[The following article is one of many issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, New York City.]

Air is bad, when it is overheated, when it contains an excess of moisture, and when it is chemically contaminated. This is the conclusion of the New York State Commission on Ventilation, as summarized by Professor C. E. A. Winslow, Chairman, in the official organ of The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, the Journal of the Outdoor Life.

Professor Winslow shows that while it has been a matter of common belief for a long time that stagnant air was bad for the body, until recently no one knew why this was so. The New York State Commission on Ventilation has definitely proven two counts against bad air, one of them for the first time in history, and will probably prove others later on.

The first indictment against bad air shows that an increase in temperature beyond the normal seventy degrees produces serious derangement of the vaso-motor mechanism of the body, resulting in a rise of temperature, increased pulse, and a lowered blood pressure, with a corresponding decrease in efficiency, both physical and mental. In addition to this, overheating conduces to an undesirable congestion of the mucous membranes of the nose, thus, possibly paving the way for colds, sore throats, and attacks of various germ diseases.

The work of the Commission also proves that chemical accumulations in the air as a result of air stagnation, bring about a decreased appetite for food, which in turn must have an unfavorable effect on the entire body. In the Commissioner's experiments, the people living in fresh air ate 4 1/2 to 13 per cent. more than those living in stagnant air.

"These experiments," says Professor Winslow, "indicate that fresh air is needed at all times and in all places. While we have changed our ideas as to what causes bad air, ventilation is just as essential to remove the heat produced by human bodies as it was once thought to be to remove the carbon dioxide produced by human lungs, and it is now proved also to be essential for carrying away chemical products which exert a measurable effect upon the appetite for food. People who live and work in overheated and unventilated rooms are reducing their vitality and rendering themselves an easy prey to all sorts of diseases, such as tuberculosis, pneumonia, grippe, etc."

But He Understood.

The artist was painting—sunset, red, with blue streaks and green dots.

The old rustic, at a respectful distance, was watching.

"Ah," said the artist, looking up suddenly, "perhaps to you, too, Nature has opened her sky-pictures page by page? Have you seen the lambent flame of dawn leaping across the livid east; the red-stained, sulfurous islets floating in the lake of fire in the west; the ragged clouds at midnight, black as a raven's wing, blotting out the shuddering moon?"

"No," replied the rustic, shortly; "not since I signed the pledge."—Tit-Bits.

A nervous young lawyer arose to make his first address in a crowded courtroom. He began: "Your honor, my unfortunate client—my unfortunate client—your

"Go on, sir!" shouted the exasperated judge. "As far as you have proceeded the Court entirely agrees with you."—Strauss.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Order by number, giving age or measurement, as required, and allowing at least ten days to receive pattern. Also state in which issue pattern appeared. Price ten cents PER PATTERN. If two numbers appear for the one suit, one for coat, the other for skirt, twenty cents must be sent. Address Fashion Department, "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ont. Be sure to sign your name when ordering patterns. Many forget to do this.

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Send the following pattern to:

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 Number of pattern.....
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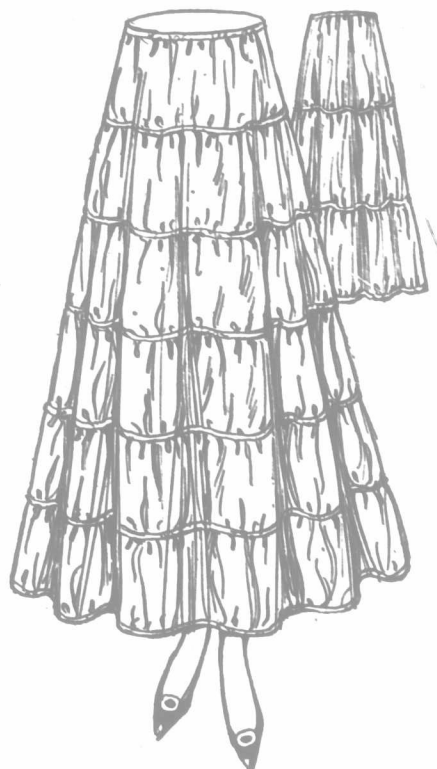
8684 Yoke Waist with Box Plaits, 34 to 40 bust.



8683 Suspender Dress for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



6703 Girl's Dress, 4 to 8 years.



8698 Three-Piece Skirt, 24 or 26, 28 or 30 waist.



8706 Child's Dress, 6 months or 1 year, 2 and 4 years.



8696 Blouse with Vest Effect, 34 to 42 bust.



8701 Child's Dress, 4 to 8 years.



8681 Child's Rompers, 1, 2 and 4 years.

News of the Week

King Albert of Belgium has accepted the degree of Doctor of Laws tendered to him by McGill University, Montreal.

Minister of Munitions Lloyd-George is rapidly organizing the workshops of England for the more rapid production of all munitions of war, and will cooperate with the French in massing heavy guns at chosen points.

On June 22nd and 23rd Dunkirk was bombarded by guns placed at a point in Belgium 23 miles away. Half a million British troops are being massed between the German army and Calais.

General De Wet, the rebel Boer General of South Africa, has been found guilty on eight counts of the indictment charging.

During the week there has been considerable fighting in various parts of the war zone, with very little that is decisive in result. In the section where the British troops are massed there has been a comparative lull, but the French have been engaged in some heavy battles, especially in the vicinity of the Argonne Forest in Northern France, where the Germans again used flaming liquids and asphyxiating bombs. There has also been severe fighting in North-eastern France, where the French have made very satisfactory progress, having reached within five miles of the German Lorraine border. . . . The Italians also have been in the thick of battle, and, although with heavy losses, are pushing resolutely forward, having gained Monfalcone and pushed on to a comparatively short distance from Trieste. The Austrians deny that the Italians have taken Plava, as stated in recent despatches. . . . After withdrawing in orderly retreat from Lemberg, and so saving their army, the Russians have again concentrated, and are making a stubborn stand on the Dniester River, where, at time of going to press, fierce battles are in progress. . . . From the Dardanelles little of moment is reported, but there is a rumour that seven German submarines, en route for that locality, have passed through the Strait of Gibraltar. If true, there will be necessity, for strenuous precautions on the part of the Allied vessels in Eastern waters.

The Flowing Invocation.

(By Helen Waddell, in the 'Manchester Guardian'.)

Shinzo sat cross-legged in the courtyard of his house and looked before him. The stream from the mountains slipped past him in the darkness, chuckling to itself; from the rice-fields rose the croaking of the unwearied frogs. The paper shutters of his house were drawn; they glowed with the opaque radiance of a Chinese lantern. Figures went to and fro within, casting shadows. It reminded Shinzo of a toy that he had seen once in Tokio—a painted paper house that revolved round a candle. Inside the screens they were preparing the body of O Tsuyu San, his wife, for burial.

O Tsuyu San's name signified the dew of the morning. They had been married for a year, and she was dead in childbirth. It augurs ill for a woman when she dies in childbirth. Shinzo was not imaginative, but on that visit to Tokio he had seen the lacquer panels in the outer court of the temple at Asakusa, reproductions of the seven Buddhist hells. The seventh is the Lake of Blood, in which O Tsuyu San was even now drowning. Shinzo remembered the lacquer red and black, and with it, consequently, the pitiful roundness of her chin.

A mosquito sang through the darkness, shrilling suddenly in his ear. He struck at it, and the small voice stopped. Shinzo was sorry. Remorse took him; he fell to wondering whose soul it was he had sent out again and in which hell it would expiate that short, poisonous life. Or if the gods would let it be re-born again before they struck. One thing was certain; they would not forget. It might have been many rebirths

since O Tsuyu San was a woman of evil life; but the gods had not forgotten, and to-day they had struck, and her soul would go down into the Lake of Blood until it was clean of that stain. Then it would begin again, after its aeons of torment, some little life, low down on the Wheel, without warning and without memory. The croaking in the ricefields rose to an ecstasy and the shadows on the screens were monstrous.

Presently their wailing ceased. There came a small sound of tapping; it was O Ba San, his mother, emptying her pipe against the metal of the 'tabakobon.' The screens slid apart and the neighbor women come out, groping in the dark below the verandah for their wooden clogs and lanterns, while O Ba San, squatted on her heels in the gap of the shutters, bowed her head to the floor, and pursued the retreating guests with ceremonious leave-takings. There was a chorus of the 'Sayonara' ('Since it must be'), which makes even farewell in the East a compliment, and the women clicked past him on their high clogs, each with her swaying lantern, until the night received them. They did not see him where he sat. The mother of Shinzo, peering into the darkness, detected in the shadow the motionless figure of her son. Her cracked treble rose querulously.

'Didst hear it, O Shinzo? The wife of the Maker of Tubs? But yesterday, and delivered of twins. And I had the offer off her for thee.'

The stolid figure made no sign of having heard. O Ba San shrilled higher.

'Hast thou no shame in thee, O Shinzo, to have brought such shame upon this house as never was in Sakai? To-morrow will the Flowing Invocation be set up over the brook yonder, that every evil-smelling seller of 'daikon' that passes on the road may put up a prayer for her, and think pity on the man that took her to wife, and the house where she brought to birth.'

Shinzo raised his heavy eyes. 'The Flowing Invocation?'

'Did I not say it?' cried O Ba San triumphantly. 'Never in thy memory hath there been need of it in Sakai. But once—hast thou no mind of it?—thou wert but as high as a 'tatami' is broad—I took thee to the hills, to the house of thy father's uncle at Mitamura. And we passed it on the road, and I made thee fill the dipper and pour water for the poor soul in torment. I had to hold thee up; thou couldst not reach so high.'

Slowly Shinzo remembered; a little mountain stream, and a cloth flung across it, hung by the corners to four bamboo poles, a cloth with characters upon it, and a weather-beaten tablet with the name of a woman dead. He remembered how he had filled the dipper that hung by it, and emptied it into the cloth, and said after his mother the great invocation, 'Namu yo, namu yo ho ren ge Kyo.' He remembered, too, how slowly the water had dripped through.

'Ay, said Shinzo. "I remember. But what has that to do with—her?'

O Ba San eyed him half pityingly. 'The sooner thou hast one set up yonder the better for her. See you, Shinzo, it is this way. Kwannon the Compassionate had a tenderness for women in her case—there be some say that Kwannon herself.'

'It is not good,' said Shinzo, 'to speak ill of the gods.'

O Ba San spread her hands. 'Under the candlestick,' she said profoundly, 'is the darkest place. How so be it, Kwannon got leave from the Buddha that the like of O Tsuyu San should have pain in the Lake of Blood only so long as the Web of Expiation is wearing through. And every time the water is poured and the name of Buddha named the mesh grows thinner. And when it wears a hole and the water drips readily, even so her soul slips through the nets of hell.'

'And how long,' asked Shinzo eagerly, 'might that be?'

O Ba San meditated. 'The one on the hills at Mitamura, it was nine years. But,' hastily, 'it was a lonely spot, and few passers-by. And one by the Great House at Owari. But she was a 'daimyo's' wife. It was six weeks.'

'How!'

O Ba San laughed a little contemptuously. 'Thou has not much wit,

Shinzo. Kwannon wove a web before she changed her world; it is kept in the temple at Nikko; so fine that the mists might drip through it. And the priests sell it. But not to the like of you.'

'What might the price of it be?'

Again O Ba San laughed.

'The 'daimyo' at Owari paid a thousand yen. Thou hadst better go down to the temple and see what they will give thee for thyself, and thy father's house, and all that thou hast.'

Shinzo's head had sunk upon his breast. O Ba San eyed him, and turned in, drawing the screens behind her. She was sorry for Shinzo, but it was not her fault that she had borne a fool. How great a fool she had not realized. For that same night Shinzo did indeed go to the temple and drive his bargain with the priests. His house and his seven ricefields he mortgaged; sell it he could not, for his duty to his mother, which is piety, came before his duty to his wife, which is inclination; also he bound himself three days in every month to serve as jinrickshaman in the temple festivals. For this they gave him a web which cost one hundred yen; not of Kwannon's weaving, but guaranteed of an admirable delicacy. Shinzo felt it all the way home between his finger and thumb. His heart sank at the coarseness of it.

For a while they told stories further down the valley of a crazed man who stood knee-deep in the Kanagawa and baled continuously, seeming to rest neither day nor night. At first he stopped between every dipperful and eyed the cloth anxiously where it sagged at the great name of Buddha. But experience taught him patience; it only wasted time. Then on the evening of the thirteenth day O Ba San, his mother, came out to him, and, sitting on the bank, reproached him with the bitter reproaching of old age in the East. The baling slackened after that, and Shinzo went doggedly to the thinning of the rice in his fields, watching the road eagerly for passers-by. There were not many.

It lasted eighty-seven days. Then came a night that Shinzo went out an hour before dawn, as he was wont to do, and the brightening east found him squatted before the Flowing Invocation, the dipper idle beside him. A devil had possessed him; not of doubt—that would have set him free,—but of guile. The light broadened. Shinzo reached for the dipper, he had not emptied it once. Deliberately he rose and poured the water, but instead of chanting the invocation he counted ten, stooping the while that he might see the under side. 'Ichi—ni—san—shi—go—roku—shichi—hachi—ku—ju.' In the pause the first drop globed itself and fell with great deliberation. So had it done for seventeen days. Shinzo straightened himself. Then he went and searched in the brook for two rough stones, and when he had found them he stood over the Web of Expiation and ground the Sacred Name between them. He did it carefully, for it is not easy to hoodwink the gods. Then he filled the dipper and emptied it, uttering the invocation with great devotion and reverence. The stuff scraped from the cotton settled like fine, clogging sand. He brushed it off with his hand and bent to look up. A spark of light gleamed in the opaque whiteness of the web, like the hole a child makes with a pin in the paper shutters. Shinzo laid down the dipper and went home to sleep, stepping carefully, for the dew was bright on the grass.

It happened when Shinzo was three-and-twenty. He is now middle aged, and the father of seven sons. For in a few months' time he married the sister of the wife of the Maker of Tubs, thereby performing his duty to the ancestors, and O Ba San died respecting him. But for himself, he has no illusions. He knows that when he dies the devils will receive him and will grind him, even as he ground the sacred name of Buddha, between the upper and nether millstones of hell. Yet is his serenity unshaken. As he went home that morning he saw O Tsuyu San reborn. She is a dewdrop on the lotus that grows before Kwannon in paradise.

A Brace.

The Collector—"I bought two Whistlers to-day."

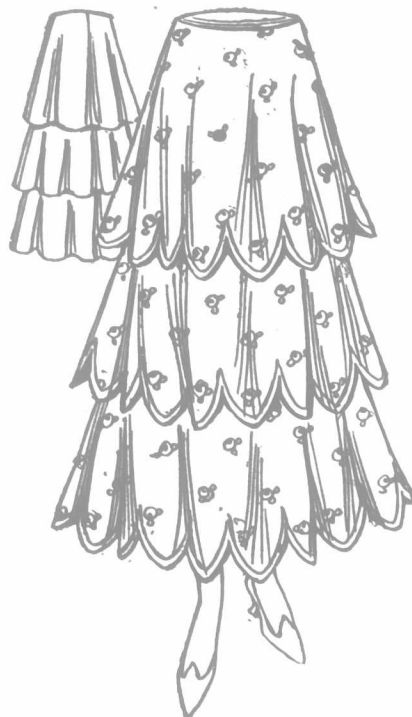
The Lady—"Ah!" A male and a female, I presume."—Judge.



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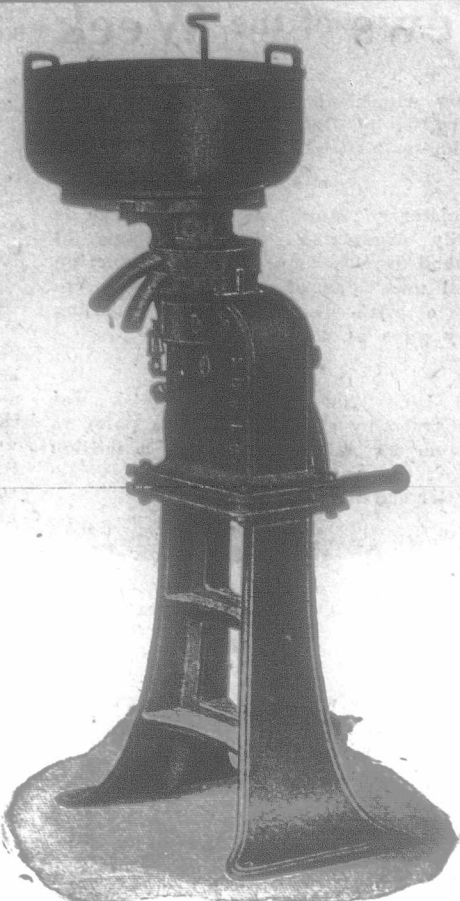
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[We are not giving you now a story of the war,—there is war enough in the air without having its distresses woven, at this juncture, into our "serial." "The Chaperon," however, gives a very clear picture of a little country that is very much in the midst of the war zone, and that may, indeed, be drawn into the great conflict before it is over,—Holland. We have felt that its descriptive portions might be of exceptional interest at this time, because Holland is twin sister to that other country of the Netherlands, Belgium,—brave little Belgium. But an invisible boundary, for the most part, separates the two, and many of the characteristics of both country and people are common to the two. . . "The Chaperon," in short, is just a bright, breezy, little tale, written by two clever and well-known writers, and when you have finished it you are sure to feel that you have met, and intimately, some of the interesting folk on the now seething war-border.—We leave the story with you.—Ed.]

NELL VAN BUREN'S POINT OF VIEW.

Chapter 1.

Sometimes I think that having a bath is the nicest part of the day, especially if you take too long over it, when you ought to be hurrying.

Phyllis and I (Phil is my stepsister, though she is the most English creature alive) have no proper bath-room in our flat. What can you expect for forty pounds a year, even at Clapham? But we have a fitted-up arrangement in the box-room, and it has never exploded yet. Phyllis allows herself ten minutes for her bath every morning, just as she allows herself five minutes for her prayers, six to do her hair, and four for everything else, except when she wears laced-up boots; but then, she has principles, and I have none; at least I have no maxims. And this morning, just because there were lots of things to do I was luxuriating in the tub, thinking cool, delicious thoughts.

As a general rule, when you paint glorious pictures for yourself of your future as you would like it to be, it clouds your existence with gray afterwards, because the reality is duller by contrast; but it was different this morning. I had stopped awake all night thinking the same things, and I was no more tired of the thoughts now than when I first began.

I lay with my eyes shut, sniffing Eau de Cologne (I'd poured in a bottleful for a kind of libation, because I could afford to be extravagant), and planning what a delightful future we would have.

"I should love to chop up Phil's typewriter and burn the remains," I said to myself; "but she's much more likely to put it away in lavender, or give it to the next-door-girl with the snub nose. Anyhow, I shall never have to write another serial story for Queen-Woman, or The Fireside Lamp, or any of the other horrors. Oh the joy of not being forced to create villains, only to crush them in the end! No more secret doors and coiners' dens, and unnaturally beautiful dressmakers' assistants for me! Instead of doing typing at ninepence a thousand words Phil can embroider things for curates, and instead of peopling the world with prigs and puppets at a guinea a thou', I can—oh, I can do anything. I don't know what I shall want to do most, and that's the best of it—just to know I can do it. We'll have a beautiful house in a nice part of town,

(Continued on page 1076.)

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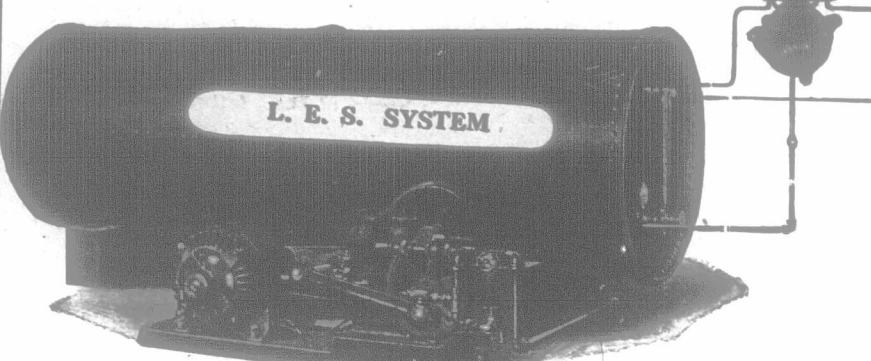
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The Dollar Chain

A fund maintained by readers of "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine" for (1) Belgian Relief; (2) Soldiers' Comforts; (3) Red Cross Supplies.

This week another welcome order for \$10.00 has been sent to us by Mrs. Ernest Peel, of Amherst, Cumberland Co., N. S., who collected the amount from ladies of her acquaintance whose names are given below. If Mrs. Peel could see the good her efforts are producing she would feel well repaid.

Mrs. Boomer, President of the Belgian Relief Fund Branch of this city, also wrote us recently as follows:

"Your most welcome 'Still Another' check for our Local Council's Belgian Babies' Fund has reached me safely, and most grateful are we for it. It is a great help towards enabling us to get sufficient for the third consignment of milk. When we had turned the corner of \$700 we almost stopped, realising how many claims were before us all needing help, but a few unhopd-for contributions dropped in and made it possible to reach the \$1,000, which seems now almost in sight.

"We know that every Belgian baby saved means a man or woman for Belgium when it is once more able to take its place amongst the nations, and to send help now means more than it would be in the happier bye and bye which is surely coming.

"We thank the givers to the Dollar Chain of 'The Farmer's Advocate' very gratefully. Most cordially yours and theirs,
H. A. BOOMER,
Foreign Secretary Local Council of Women."

The list of contributions from June 18th to June 25th is as follows:

Amounts of over \$1.00 each:—
Order for \$10.00 sent by Mrs. Peel, Amherst, N. S., to which the following ladies contributed: Mrs. Geo. Douglas, \$2.00; and \$1.00 each—Mrs. H. Stevens, Mrs. Wm. Knight, Mrs. (Dr.) H. R. McCully, Mrs. A. J. Crease, Mrs. C. W. Munro, Mrs. J. N. Fage, Mrs. Newton Rogers, Mrs. C. J. Silliker.

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D. Johnston, Jr., Glanworth, Ont., 50 cents.

Amount previously acknowledged from Jan. 30th to June 18th...\$1,454.50

Total to June 25th.....\$1,472.50

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CHERRY JELLY

From a recipe of Charles Francastell, Chief Cook to Queen Victoria. Published in 1865.

Clean 2 lbs. cherries and a handful of red currants; and bruise stones and kernels in a mortar; place in small preserving pan with 1 lb. John Redpath's sugar loaf and 1/4 pint spring-water; boil on the stove-fire about five minutes, taking care to remove scum as it rises; pour into a beaver jelly-bag and filter in usual way. Mix juice with two ounces clarified isinglass, and pour into jars or mould.



nut butter, arranged on lettuce leaves. It was really very pretty, and I felt that it would amuse and interest my visitors, and help to break the ice between us.

Well! they were certainly interested, those honest, husky Virginia farmers. Their long-legged men cumbrously drew up to the little tables, and their wives, as buxom as Greek goddesses, timidly handled the little forks of my odd luncheon set, but conversation lagged, and in a very short time I realized that I was alone with a practically un-tasted supper.

I sat disconsolate and flustered, till Sarah came in to clear away the things. "Wha's the matter, honey?" she asked, as she began, scraping the remains of salad and sardines.

I felt myself dangerously near to tears. That salad has cost time, money and effort; besides, its chief dressing had been my pride in something rare and unusual, and it wasn't pleasant to see all that going to the pig.

Sarah meditatively bit into an olive, and hastily followed it with a cracker. "Good Lawd!" she aspostrophized the stars, and spat. "Eben braid don' kill dat tas'e." She pensively gathered and began to fold the doilies. "You sho' is good lookin', you is," she said to the largest one, and carried them away.

"Sarah," I called.
"Yaas 'm."
"Why didn't anybody eat anything?"
A rattle of the dishpan from the "cook-house" preceded the quaintly drawled answer. "Huh—m. Reckon 'cause they wa'n't nothin' t'eat, honey."

"Sarah!"
"Yaas 'm."
"Come here this instant. What do you mean?"

"Yaas 'm, comin'—presen'ly." I heard her go out and heave a large amount of something into the pig sty, and I wondered in exasperation why those farmers need have taken the good things on their plates if they didn't intend to eat any.

"Now—Sarah—"
"Yaas 'm."

"Why did everybody act so queer, and eat nothing, and go home right away?"
"Wa-a-l, Miss Lou—you see—hit's this-a-ways. The folkses down yere is used to eatin'. Yaas 'm, they sho' is; an' I reckon they hain't used to settin' down with jes' these yer little doilies—no'm, I reckon they hain't."

"But, Sarah—that wasn't all I had."
"Wa'n't hit?"
"Don't be silly."

"Ef yo' mean them apples an' nuts and mustard and ile whut yo' mused up together, Miss Lou, and them little sour molives, er whuteber yo' call 'em, an' them pizen mean little fishes, Miss Lou, them things ain't nothin' t' eat. No'm, they sho' haint."

"They aren't? Well, what is, then, I should like to know?"

"Whut is, Miss Lou? what is? Sompin' t' eat, Miss Lou, is a good ham, thet's bin hiled and roasted and sliced col'; an' peach jam, an' pickled chirries, an' baked oysters, an' hot braid, and sugar-cake. That's sompin' t' eat, thet is. An' you sho' couldn't eat them things on these yer little doilies—No'm., you sho' couldn't."

I laughed at Sarah and felt very tolerant, amused and indulgent toward the "old-fashioned" corner of the world in which I had found myself; but as time goes on, I don't know—I don't know—I "Doilies" have begun to irritate me, and the food which seems to gravitate to them satisfies me less and less.

Since then, I have eaten with the full-blooded Italian, who can never keep a tablecloth clean because he drinks wine continuously, which will drip, and who delights in the elusive and spatterly spaghetti, and shivers at the bare idea of using a fork on his salad, so that he bedews the adjacent scenery with his incomparable oil; I have eaten with the daintiest of French, who shamelessly commit my childhood's sin of "sopping up the gravy," and who pick-the bones of meat with a delicate gusto all their own; Germans have fed me sauerbraten and noodle soup; I have eaten the conglomerate chop-suey, served by a sloe-eyed Celestial;—in fact I have eaten as variously and comprehensively as a mortal with but one stomach may, and nary a doily have I seen at those repasts, which still gratefully linger in memory's halls!

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Richard's QUICK NAPHTHA THE WOMAN'S SOAP
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whose toil-worn hand "did up" my doilies with a tenderness like to that of a mother washing a beautiful child.

I consulted her as to refreshments for my next guests, but she refused to lend me counsel. "You-all is sho got cur'ous notions, Miss Lou," she replied, to all my angling for advice, "I p'intedly is 'terminated' t' see what you-all's gwine fix."

The country abounded in delicious things, peculiar to that section—chickens, the rare Lynnhaven oyster, plenty of fresh and salt fish, fruit and vegetables of many kinds,—but I wanted something special; so I sent to Norfolk for stuffed olives, the wee-est of sardines, marvelously thin, salty crackers, peanut butter, English Walnuts, and a special salad "dressing" to whose charms I had fallen captive. Thus equipped, I awaited visitors with sedateness.

Came, finally, a wonderful moonlight night, calm, and enticing, as only moonlight nights, under southern skies, can be; came, two loads of people who were fearfully embarrassed at meeting a stranger, but doggedly determined to do their social duty; came, Sarah, in an apron starched so stiff that it seemed to walk alone, and a bright bandanna handkerchief wound around her woolly head. She bobbed to the company and began to bring out the little folding-tables which I had had sent from New York. Each table had a center doily and six place doilies, with a pretty bowl filled with "Waldorf" salad, attendant sardines, garnished with lemons and cress, crackers on silver dishes, and pea-

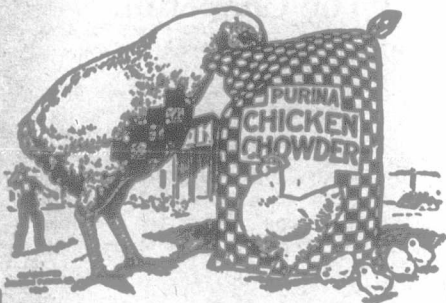
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I have not lost my liking for a dainty table, but I have grown distrustful of the doily; not for itself, but for what is apt to be placed upon it. Certain kinds of salads seem to foist themselves upon the doily—salads fit for the consumption of the ghosts that haunt our nightmares,—but surely not food for plain, prosaic, hard-working mortals. What affinity can exist between cherries, lettuce, tomatoes and walnuts? Yet my memory of many a pleasant meeting of friends, over a rare face table-cover, or a wonderful "set" of doilies, is spoiled by the recollection of this monstrosity. One of my hostesses pressed it upon me as "Spanish salad," and under her watchful eye I had to get some of it down my throat; while, adown the vista of past years I yearned after Sarah's "ham, sliced col', an' peach jam, an' pickled chirries, an' baked oysters, an' hot braid, an' sugar-cake," with a longing beyond words.

I do not dislike doilies, mind you. They are graceful, charming things, but I want something more substantial than their fragile beauty to stay my stomach. Why should I be forced to eat grapefruit, stuffed with strawberries, "marinated" (yes, that's the word; I looked it up in the dictionary), with oil and vinegar, piled with sliced green peppers and smothered in whipped cream, in order to see the beauties of my friend's linen closet? Let no unsophisticated person think that this awful thing is the product of my own imagination. It is recognized in society, and it can be ordered in some restaurants—American ones. Try it in a French or Italian place, and the head waiter will send for a doctor and a policeman.

No amount of Mexican drawnwork or embroidery or rick-rack, or whatever the "motif" of the table decoration is, can reconcile me to such monstrosities. I would just as lief eat beefsteak, smothered in marrons glace, or cabbage and chocolate-cake sandwiches, and I do not believe that they would be a whit worse in taste than the better-known atrocities. I believe that there would be found plenty of misguided persons to declare them delicious, if only they were named some a la this or that, and were served on fine doilies. The woman does not live who dares to perpetrate the ghastly things on a plain, honest tablecloth, as part of a commonplace, hunger-filling repast.

No, it is not against the doily that I rage, but against the sort of food that usually accompanies it. I saw a very pretty table, the other day, in a country parsonage, where good taste and good appetite were both gratified. The oblong table at which we sat was so old that it would no longer polish, so it was spread with a linen cloth, of a delicate shade of green, which served to bring out the pretty pattern of the lace doilies which decorated it. A big bowl of potato salad, garnished with cress, occupied the chief post, an old-fashioned blue platter held a generous amount of thinly sliced ham; a box of genuine Norwegian sardines, stuffed olives and brown bread, home-made ice-cream and a pat of sweet cream-cheese were among those present, and the party was a success, from every standpoint.

In contrast to this, I treasure the recollection of a most doily-ish luncheon. It began with little balls of cream-cheese, inside of which were rolled very salty anchovies; next, we had "frappe of peas," a congealed puree, that ought to have tasted of salt and pepper and meat stock, but instead was sweet and cloying, and was flavored—of all things—with bitter almonds. Thin—ethereally thin—slices of bread accompanied this, spread with the strongest of mustard and the sharpest of currant jelly; and, after that, calves'-foot jelly, in which peaches were imbedded,—and, with each changing of the covers, doilies and more doilies appeared.

The people who got away with this mess were decent, God-fearing persons, strange as it may seem. They discussed politics, the rearing of children, and last season's hats, with seeming intelligence. One or two had traveled much, and most of them were well-read, yet they complacently ate that awful meal, untouched by shame or disgust. I told them that in some parts of New Jersey it is considered quite the thing to put condensed milk on one's lettuce. "Mercy!" cried my cheese-anchovy-peas-almond-mustard-

jelly-friends, "such a way of eating is barbarous."

It was. Without doubt. I felt that it was and said so, and rose to depart. "Must you go?" asked my charming hostess. "Can't you wait for the fried rhubarb? such a bright idea—"

"No," I said, "I'm sorry, but I can't wait for that, or for the iced pork chops or the sourkraut lemonade. I really have a most pressing engagement. I'm going around the corner, to a disreputable place I know, and get sompin' t' eat," and I went away amid some silence. I went to a little Italian place and ordered some salami, some tunny fish, and Spanish Peppers, and Zuppa del Pollo, and resotto, and Misto Fritto, and a glass of Chianti; and if you don't know what those things are I pity you from the bottom of my heart. I ate and ate, and drank and ate some more, and the happy Signora beamed upon me from her little desk, and the waiter hovered around me solicitously, for he saw that I was a person who had long been denied food.

Let no one think that I am extolling Italian cooks above all others. I like fried chicken, and hot breads, and goulash, and pot-au-feu, and Turkish candy, and chop-suey, and gem gets, and Wiener schnitzel, and handcase, and the little sour, pickle plum that every Jap carries about as a handy tidbit; and I like New England boiled dinners, clam chowder and chili con carne, and more things than I could write about in the course of a month. If my head knew as much, in proportion, of the world as my stomach does, I should be a wonder,—but toward doily-ish meals I am an enemy and a scoffer. I cast no disparagement upon doilies themselves, they merely suffer through an unfortunate association, for which they are more to be pitied than blamed.

Put all the doilies on my table that you want to—I'll admire them, and try not to spill things,—but, for mercy's sake, give me, on them, sompin' t' eat.—Louise Rice, in "Suburban Life."

The Windrow.

Recruiting at Windsor, Ont., has been greatly stimulated by the recent attempt to destroy the Armories.

Canada has increased her wheat acreage this year by 14 per cent.

"Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall."—Confucius.

"Success is ten per cent. opportunity and ninety per cent. intelligent hustle."—Elbert Hubbard.

Field Marshal Sir John French has recommended many Canadians for Decorations of Honor for distinguished service in the field.

On the 5th of June the King of Denmark signed the new Constitution, which gives suffrage and eligibility to office to the women of that country on the same terms as to men. The women of all Scandinavia are now fully enfranchised, except that in Sweden they lack the vote for members of Parliament.

Sergeant Michael O'Leary, of the Irish Guards, has been awarded the Victoria Cross for "virtually capturing a German position single-handed." O'Leary, who was a reservist, was in the Royal North-west Mounted Police of Canada before the war.

Four hundred women are fighting at the front with the Russian army, and of that number fifty have been on the casualty lists of killed and wounded. Madame Kokovtseva is the Colonel commanding the 6th Ural Cossack regiment. She has been twice wounded, and was recently awarded the Cross of St. George for bravery.

According to Dun's Bulletin, 60,000 men are now engaged in making shells in Canada, the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company alone forging 12,000 a

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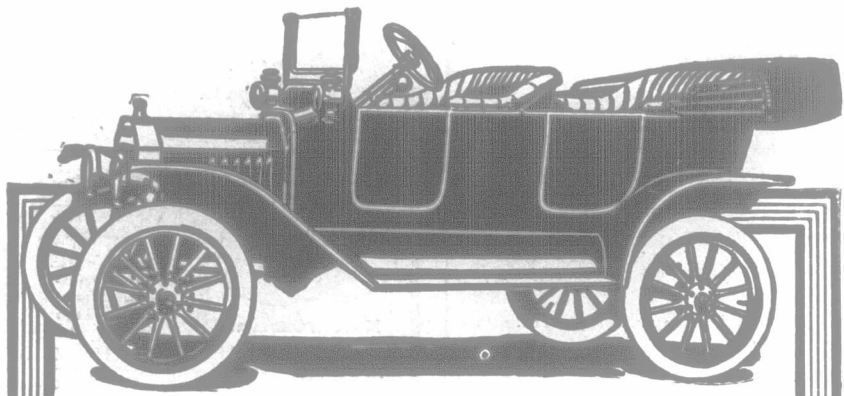
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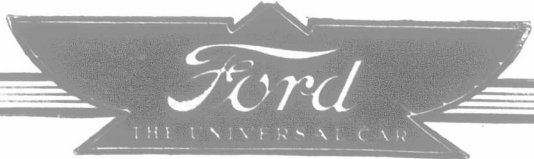
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THE BERSAGLIERI.

The Bersaglieri, of whom we shall probably hear much during the war, are the riflemen, the very flower of the army of Italy. They are exceptionally well trained, especially in endurance, and present a unique appearance because of the dashing green "smasher" hats, adorned with cockades of drooping feathers, which they wear. They have been trained on rough ground, and especially to hill fighting, and are expert marksmen. Every man is picked. To each regiment a battalion of cyclists is attached, and so successful has this innovation proved that some of the British army leaders have been anxious to see similar forces introduced into the regular British army.

WHENCE COME THE GOLDFISH?

Do you know that the source of the goldfish, which often wins our sympathy because of its confinement in narrow, glass globes, is in the far-away Flowery Kingdom across the Pacific?

While some of the goldfish are grown from eggs of the female fish kept in hatcheries of the glittering coated inhabitants of the water, most of them come from Japan—the natural home of the toy fish.

Large quantities of goldfish are grown for the export trade by Japanese dealers in the Yokohama district. The majority of these fish are shipped to San Francisco and Seattle for the local and Eastern markets. Approximately 100,000 goldfish are shipped annually from Yokohama to the United States, reports Deputy Consul General G. J. Barrett, of Yokohama.

There are four principal varieties of this fish available for export—namely, the ranchu, demekin, riukin and wakin. Of these, the ranchu is most in demand. It is not considered advisable to export these fish until they have reached the age of two years. The average life of the Japanese goldfish is seven years, although, with exceptionally good care and attention, they frequently live for ten years.

Safety in transportation is the present problem confronting the dealer. Of extremely fragile and delicate construction, the fish often become bruised by the rolling motion of the ship and die in transit; usually 40 per cent. become sickly and die before delivery is finally made to the American purchaser.—Our Dumb Animals.

WOMEN OF PARIS IN WAR-TIME.

You could not say of Paris of this war-time that it is an Adamless Eden, but you would say that it is in great measure a city of women. The Parisienne, young, middle-aged, or aged, is everywhere doing everything. She is attending to her husband's shop in his absence, she is scavenging his particular range of streets, she is, perhaps, managing his counting-house or his bank. The Frenchwoman is possibly the most capable woman in the world, whether in domestic or business affairs. She is practical, she is efficient, she is quick, and, with it all, she remains a very womanly woman. You can see her by the hundred and the thousand coming to business from the suburbs in the morning. She is fresh and alert, and she has not lost those qualities when she returns to the suburbs in the evening. She dresses quietly, in black if she has lost people, anyhow in quiet dark colors, and while she thus reflects the presence of war, she does not lose her own charm as a Parisienne. She retains all her natural gift for wearing clothes which suggest the atmosphere about her, whatever it may be, as in her grey vivandiere skirt, her long-legged boots, her blouse which suggests a tunic, and her hat, half military, half coquettish. That is the wonderful thing in the Frenchwoman; she can be brave and resolute, sorrowful and tearful, charming and pretty at one and the same time. She has, somehow, a faculty for reflecting, as in one gleam, the varying moods which pass over other women in succession, and in this, perhaps, lies much of the secret of her attractiveness as a personality.

"The Chaperon."

(Continued from page 1072.)

a cottage by the river, and, best of all, we can travel—travel—travel."

Then I began to furnish the cottage and the house, and was putting up a purple curtain in a white marble bathroom with steps down to the bath, when a knock came at the door.

I knew it was Phil, for it could be nobody else; but it was as unlike Phil as possible—as unlike her as a mountain is unlike itself when it is having an eruption.

"Nell," she called outside the door. "Nell, darling! Are you ready?"

"Only just begun," I answered. "I shall be—oh, minutes and minutes, yet. Why?"

"I don't want to worry you," replied Phil's creamy voice, with just a little of the cream skimmed off; "but do make haste."

"Have you been cooking something nice for breakfast?" (Our usual meal is Quaker oats, with milk; and tea, of course; Phil would think it sacrilegious to begin the day on any other drink.)

"Yes, I have. And it's wasted."

"Have you spilt—or burnt it?"

"No; but there's nothing to rejoice over or celebrate, after all; at least, comparatively nothing."

"Good gracious! What do you mean?" I shrieked, with my card-house beginning to collapse, while the Eau de Cologne lost its savor in my nostrils. "Has a codicil been found in Captain Noble's will, as in last summer of my serial for—"

"No; but the post's come, with a letter from his solicitor. Oh, how stupid we were to believe that Mrs. Keithley wrote—just silly, gossip. We ought to have remembered that she couldn't know; and she never got a story straight, anyway. Do hurry and come out."

"I've lost the soap now. Everything invariably goes wrong at once. I can't get hold of it. I shall probably be in this bath all the rest of my life. For goodness' sake, what does the lawyer man say?"

"I can't stand here yelling such things at the top of my lungs."

Then I knew how dreadfully poor Phil was really upset, for her lively voice was quite snappy; and I've always thought she would not snap on the rack or in the boiling oil. As for me, my bath began to feel like that—boiling oil, I mean; and I splashed about anyhow, not caring whether I got my hair wet or not. Because, if we had to go on being poor after our great expectations, nothing could possibly matter, not even looking like a drowned rat.

I hadn't the spirit to coax Phyllis, but I might have known she wouldn't go away, really. When I didn't answer except by splashes which might have been sob, she went on, her mouth apparently at the crack of the door—

"I suppose we ought to be thankful for such mercies as have been granted; but after what we'd been led to expect—"

"What mercies, as a matter of fact, remain to us?" I asked, trying to restore depressed spirits as well as circulation with a towel as harsh as fate.

"Two hundred pounds and a motor-boat."

A motor-boat? For goodness' sake?"

"Yes. The pounds are for me, the boat for you. It seems you once unfortunately wrote a postcard, and told poor dear Captain Noble you envied him having it. It's said to be as good as new; so there's one comfort you can sell it second-hand, and perhaps get as much money as he left me."

I came very near falling down again in the bath with an awful splash, beneath the crushing weight of disappointment, and the soap slipping under my foot.

"Two hundred pounds and a motor-boat—instead of all those thousands!" I groaned—not very loudly; but Phil heard me through the door.

"Never mind, dearest," she called, striving, in that irritating way saints

have, to be cheerful in spite of all. "It's better than nothing. We can invest it."

"Invest it!" I screamed. "What are two hundred pounds and a motor-boat when invested?"

Evidently she was doing a sum in mental arithmetic. After a few seconds' silence she answered bravely—

"About twelve pounds a year."

"Hang twelve pounds a year!" I shrieked. Then something odd seemed to happen to my inner workings. My blood gave a jump and flew up to my head, where I could hear it singing—a wild, excited song. Perhaps it was the Eau de Cologne, and not being used to it in my bath, which made me feel like that. "I shan't invest my motor-boat," I said. "I'm going a cruise in it, and so are you."

"My darling girl, I hope you haven't gone out of your mind from the blow!" There was alarm and solicitude in Phil's accents. "When you've slipped on your dressing-gown and come out we'll talk things over."

"Nothing can make me change my mind," I answered. "It's been made up a whole minute. Everything is clear now. Providence has put a motor-boat into our hands as a means of seeing life, and to console us for not being Captain Noble's heiresses, as Mrs. Keithley wrote we were going to be. I will not fly in Providence's face. I haven't been brought up to it by you. We are going to have the time of our lives with that motor-boat."

The door shook with Phil's disapproval. "You do talk like an American," she flung at me through the panel.

"That's good. I'm glad adoption hasn't ruined me," I retorted. "But could you—just because you're English—contentedly give up our beautiful plans, and settle down as if nothing had happened—with your typewriter?"

"I hope I have the strength of mind to bear it," faltered Phyllis. "We've only had two days of hoping for better things."

"We've only lived for two days. There's no going back; there can't be. We've burned our ships behind us, and must take to the motor-boat."

"Dearest, I don't think this is a proper time for joking—and you in your bath, too," protested Phil mildly.

"I'm out of it now. But I refuse to be out of everything. Miss Phyllis Rivers—why, your very name's a prophecy—I formally invite you to take a trip with me in my motor-boat. It may cost us half, if not more, of your part of the legacy; but I will merely borrow from you the wherewithal to pay our expenses. Somehow—afterwards—I'll pay it back, even if I have to re-establish communication with heavenly shop-girls and villainous duchesses. Oh, Phil, we'll get some fun out of this, after all. Anyhow, we shall go on living—for a few weeks. What matter if, after that, the deluge?"

"You speak exactly as if you were planning to be an adventuress," said Phyllis, coldly.

"I should love to be one," said I. "I've always thought it must be more fun than anything—till the last chapter. We'll both embark—in the motor-boat—on a brief but bright career as adventuresses."

With that, before she could give me an answer, I opened the door and walked out in my dressing-gown, so suddenly that she almost pitched forward into the bath. Phyllis, heard from behind a cold, unsympathetic door, and Phyllis seen in all her virginal Burne-Jones attractiveness, might as well be two different girls. If you carried on a conversation with Miss Rivers on ethics and conventionalities and curates, and things of that kind from behind a door, without having first peeped round to see what she was like, you would do the real Phil an injustice.

There is nothing pink and soft and dimpled about Phyllis's views of life (or, at least, what she supposes her views to be); but about Phyllis in flesh and blood there is more of that than anything else; which is one reason why she has been a constant fountain of joy to my heart as well as my sense of humor, over since her clever Herefordshire father married my pretty Kentucky mother.

Phil would like, if published, to be a Sunday-school book, and a volume of

"Good Form for High Society" rolled into one; but she is really more like a treatise on flower-gardens, and a recipe for making Devonshire junket with clotted cream.

Not that she's a regular beauty, or that she goes in for any specialty by way of features or eyelashes, or hair, or a figure, or anything really sensational of that sort, as I do in one or two directions. But there's a rose and pearl and gold-brown adorableness about her; you like her all the better for some little puritanical quaintnesses; and if you are an Englishman or an American girl, you long to bully her.

She is taller than I am (as she ought to be, with Burne-Jones nose and eyes), but this morning, when I sprang at her out of the bath-room, like a young tigress escaped from its cage on its ruthless way to a motor-boat, she looked so piteous and yielding, that I felt I could carry her—and my point at the same time—half across the world.

She had made cream eggs for breakfast, poor darling (I could have sobbed on them), and actually coffee for me, because she knows I love it. I didn't worry her any more until an egg and a cup of tea were on duty to keep her strength up, and then I poured plans, which I made as I went on, upon her meekly protesting head.

That boat, it appeared, lay in Holland, which fact, as I pointed out to Phil, was another sign that Providence had set its heart upon our using her: for we've always wanted to see Holland. We often said, if we ever took a holiday from serials and the type-writer, we would go to Holland; but somehow the time for holidays and Holland never seemed to arrive. Now, here it was; and it would be the time of our lives.

Poor Captain Noble meant to use the boat himself this summer, but he had taken ill late in the season on the Riviera and died there. It was from Mentone that Mrs. Keithley wrote what was being said among his friends about a huge legacy for us; and we, poor deluded ones, had believed.

Captain Noble, a dear old retired naval officer, was a friend of Phyllis's father since the beginning of the world, and, though Phil was sixteen and I fifteen when our respective parents (widowed both, ages before) met and married, the good man took my mother also to his heart. Phil and I have been alone in the world together now for three years; she is twenty-two, I twenty-one. Though many moons have passed since we saw anything of Captain Noble except picture postcards, we were not taken entirely by surprise when we heard that he had left us a large legacy. It is easy to get used to nice things, and far more difficult to crawl down gracefully from gilded heights.

Crawl we must, however; so I determined it should be into that motor-boat floating idly on a canal in Holland.

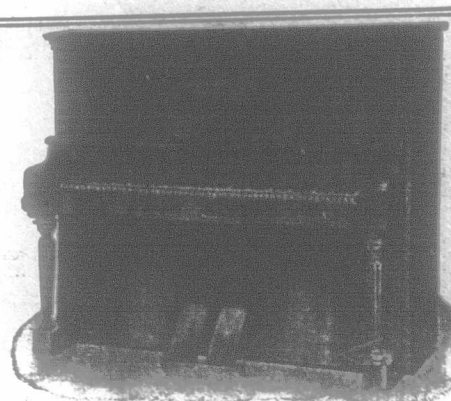
The letter from the solicitor (a French solicitor, or the equivalent, writing from the Riviera) told us all about the boat and about the money. The boat must be got by going or sending to Rotterdam, the money obtained in London.

A thirty horse-power (why not thirty dolphin-power?) motor-boat sounds very grand to read about; and as I recovered from my first disappointment I began to feel as if I'd suddenly become proprietor of a whole circus full of champing steeds. I tried to persuade Phyllis that I should write better stories if I could travel a little in my own motor-boat, as it would broaden my mind; therefore it would pay in the end. Besides, I wasn't sure my health was not breaking down from over-strain; not only that, I felt it would be right to go; and, anyhow, I just would go—so there.

I argued till I was on the point of fainting or having a fit, and I've no doubt that it was my drawn face (what face wouldn't have been drawn?) to which Phil's soft heart and obstinate mind finally succumbed.

She said that, as I seemed determined to go through fire and water (I never heard of any hot springs in the canals of Holland), she supposed she would have to stick by me, for she was older than I and couldn't allow me to go alone under any consideration, especially with my coloring and hair. But, though experience of me had accustomed her to shocks and, she must confess, to sacrifices, she had never expected until now

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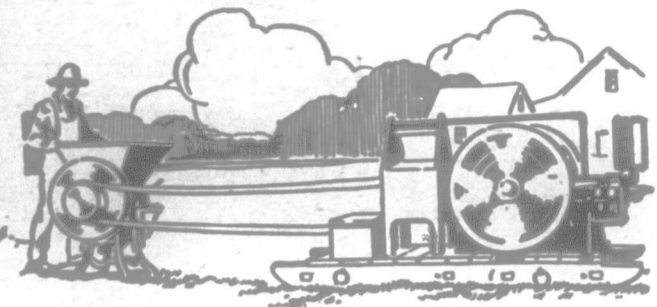
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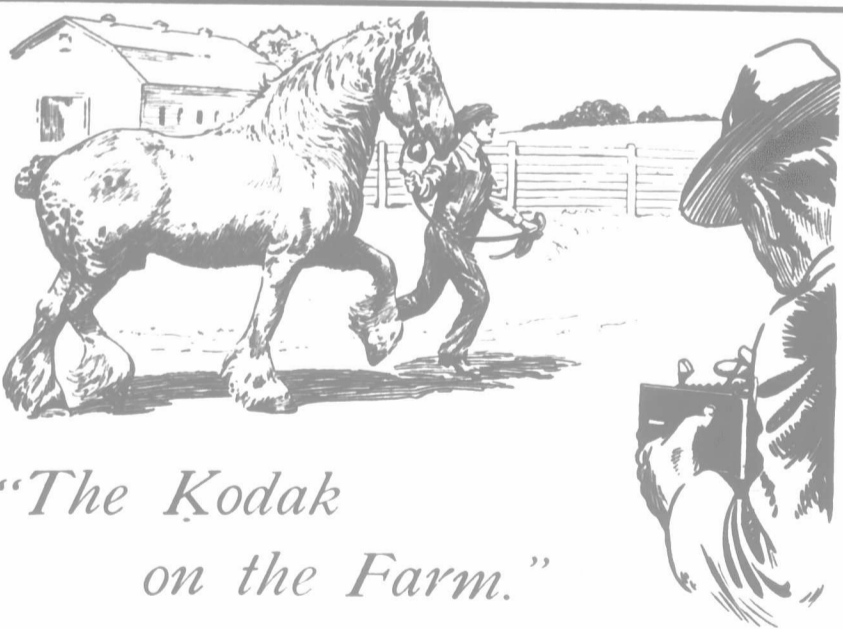
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that she would be called upon for my sake to become an adventuress.

As for the two hundred pounds, that part didn't signify. I needn't suppose she was thinking of it; thank Heaven, whether we worked or were idle we would still have our settled hundred and twenty pounds a year each. It was our reputation for which she cared most, and she was sure the least evil that could befall us would be to blow up.

"Better do it on a grand scale in a thirty horse-power motor-boat than in a gas-meter bath-tub of a five-room flat in Clapham," I remarked; and somehow that silenced Phyllis, except for a sigh.

Since then I've been in a whirl of excitement preparing my watery path as a motor-boat adventuress, and buying a dress or two to suit the part. It doesn't even depress me that Phil has selected hers with the air of acquiring a serviceable shroud.

I've finished up three serials in as many days, killing off my villains like flies, and creating a perfect epidemic of hastily made matches among titled heroes and virtuous nursery governesses. Scarcely an aristocratic house in England that wouldn't shake to its foundations if fiction were fact; but then my fiction isn't of the kind that anything short of a dislocated universe could possibly make fact.

Phyllis, with the face of a tragic Muse, has been writing letters to her clients recommending another typist—quite a professional sort of person, who was her understudy once, a year or so ago, when she thoughtlessly allowed herself to come down with measles.

"Miss Brown never puts 'q' instead of 'a,' or gets chapter titles on one side; and she knows how to make the loveliest curlicues under her headings. Nobody will ever want me to come back," the poor girl wailed.

"All the better for them, if you're going to blow up, as you are convinced you will," I strove to console her, as I tried on a yachting-cap, reduced to two three-farthings from four shillings. But she merely shuddered. And now, when at last we have shut up the flat, turned the key upon our pasts, and got irrevocably on board the "Batavier" boat, which will land us in Rotterdam, she has moaned more than once, "I feel as if nothing would be the same with us ever, ever again."

"So do I," I've answered unfeelingly. "And I'm glad."

(To be continued.)

Tommy's Tub and Firing-Line Footlights.

The British, it seems, are taking a chapter out of the German Encyclopedia of Efficiency. We are hearing more and more of Tommy as a fighting-machine, and perceive a new tendency in the War office to regard the private as a problem in psychology. By a United Press correspondent, William G. Shepherd, we are shown two novel items in the equipment of England's fighting force. While there still lingers some doubt as to which side heaven especially favors, England—recalling that "cleanliness is next to godliness"—makes sure of second place by providing its men with baths. In the instance quoted this particular aid to efficiency was worked out independently by a typical subject of his Majesty, mentioned in a dispatch to the New York Evening Sun. He appears thus:

I can show you a young English officer, who probably wears a monocle, whose stride is Piccadilly, and who never loses his well-bred expression of being bored, even while he is showing you over the great bath-house and laundry which he started some months ago.

"Well, here's the bag of tricks," he says as he waves his riding-stick across the entrance to the red building in a certain town. "You see there were an awful lot of our men who got no chance to bathe during the early part of the war. Some of them went three months without bathing. I've got two of their shirts nailed up in picture-frames, which ought to be presented to the British Museum. It isn't the dirt so much as the little animals. What? Well, we took this jolly old place and turned it into a cleaning-house for the soldiers." "We" is really this London chap.

"Had to work with what we could find

here," he explained. "We're bathing a thousand soldiers here every day. It takes a soldier an hour to go through the mill, and he comes out with his uniform sterilized and with his socks, shirt, and underwear all clean and fresh and darned."

"How do you get his clothes washed and dried so soon?"

"Oh, you see, he doesn't get his own underwear and shirt and socks back. He gets a layout that was left by some soldier yesterday; he leaves his layout here, and some soldier that comes tomorrow will get that. Beat these patent-drier sort of things, doesn't it? Couldn't get the patent-drier things here anyhow. Did the best we could. Get just exactly the same results. Man turned out in an hour; not a bug left in his clothes; not a germ on him; underclothes fresh as new. Thousand a day going through this old thread-factory now. Rather interesting, what?"

In the most matter-of-fact manner, this young English officer shows you a marvel in the way of adaptability and efficiency. There is not a waste motion in the place. The big tubs are so efficiently used, and the drying-rooms yield such vast results, considering their small space, that it looks as if the building had been made for a bath-house in the first place.

A hundred Frenchwomen, churning away with washing-machines of every description, which the young officer had found in the neighborhood, were happily chanting a French song when we went through the wash-room.

"Rather a happy lot, that?" said the young army man. "They'd all have been out of work if it hadn't been for this jolly old bath-house." This young officer has done a man's-sized job in this war with a lack of waste motion that ought to make him a great laundry-proprietor in peace-times, or a great soldier.

But England is no longer satisfied to attend merely to the physical well-being of its soldiers. Modern warfare, at its best and worst, means a terrible mental strain on the fighting man. England's strength has been said to lie in the dogged, calm persistence of the typical Tommy. Lest this be turned to frenzy in the mad, unnatural, inhuman business of war, some means is sought of relaxing tension, when occasion permits. The method followed in the particular locality already observed is described by Mr. Shepherd as follows:

In a town not a great distance from the bath-house is "The Follies." It's a theater. If you're wondering why theatres are run in London in war-time you have only to come out here where the audience is made up nightly of 3,000 or more men who have been in the trenches face to face with death, and are going back again, and you will see the cheering values of theatrical amusements.

The object of this theatre is to make the soldier behind the trench-line forget all about the war. It has exactly the same object as the remarkable new convalescent hospitals in the war-zone, which are nothing more nor less than "rest-cures" for tired or nerve-strained men, and not hospitals for wounded or sick men.

"The Follies" is a real theater in a fair-sized town. It's a soldiers' show. The six men who make up the troupe were soldiers, excused from shooting and fighting just because they could sing and dance and make other soldiers forget themselves. There are two performances a night; the place is always packed, and the British soldier troops out happy and laughing. They do not go in companies but in crowds or singly, as they please, just as they would go to a show in London.

The night I saw "The Follies" there were London officers around me who enjoyed the show as heartily apparently as if it had been given in a music-hall in London. The song-hit of the night was this:

Here the military bands a-playing
"Rule Britannia" and "God Save the King."

But for the fellows in the trenches
Thinking of their wenches
There's one song only,
When they're sad and lonely,
And that's "Little Johnny Morgan"
On his old mouth-organ
Playing "Home, Sweet Home."

—Sel.

Questions and Answers. Miscellaneous.

Sow Thistle—Direct to Consumer.

- 1. Is sow thistle considered a very bad weed? What way should it be treated? Will a hoed crop kill it?
2. Kindly tell me of some company that handles all kinds of groceries and will deal direct with consumer.

J. O. S.

Ans.—1. Perennial sow thistle is considered one of the worst weeds with which farmers must contend. The most effective treatment is to cultivate the land as a summer-fallow until about July 1. Then sow rape in drills at the rate of 1 1/2 lbs. per acre, and cultivate as long as possible. Follow this on the succeeding year with a hoed crop.

2. Such houses as the T. Eaton Co., Toronto, are concerned in this business. There are also some co-operative associations that deal in this way.

Squab-raising.

Kindly give me some information about squab-raising in Canada.

- 1. Who are in the business, and where?
2. Is there a market? If so, where?
3. What price do they bring?
4. Where could a plant be seen?
5. Would more than ordinary intelligence be required to run a plant?
6. How much capital would one require to start with 100 pairs?

J. O. R.

Ans.—1 and 4. We cannot at present name a plant of any size.

2. High-class restaurants and hotels take the bulk of the squabs offered. Producers must agree with users of squabs to handle them. There is no general market where they are bought and sold in any quantity.

3. They are worth from \$3.50 to \$3.60 per dozen, dressed, when they will average around ten ounces each.

5 and 6. Ordinary intelligence would be very necessary, of course, but the business will probably go more smoothly after some experience has been gained. Capital, too, is necessary at the beginning, but not knowing the conditions under which our enquirer is obliged to start, it would be impossible to venture an opinion.

A Canadian in the Trenches.

An Ottawa boy, Lieut. Hubert Stetchem, who went to the front as a member of the machine-gun section of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, sends back to a friend in the capital a weird and harrowing story of experiences of the fighting of May 22 and 25. A portion of it is reproduced as first published in the Ottawa Citizen:

My first engagement was on the 22nd inst. I was ordered to proceed to the trenches on the night of the 21st, without my men or machine guns, to act as an observing officer and assist the M.G. officer of the — Battalion. About 150 men of my regiment were also detailed to fill a gap in the line.

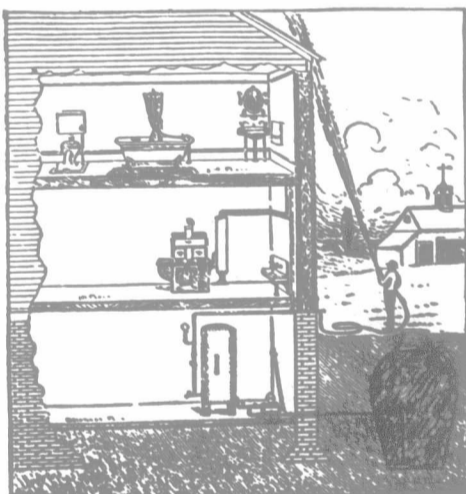
We marched 3 miles out of 5 1/2 with no trouble. The next mile was under long range shell fire, and then we struck the reserve trenches. The next mile and a half was awful. The ground was littered with corpses—English and German—not a case of an odd body, but thousands, it being the ground over which the — English brigade charged a week before. This area is being constantly shelled by German artillery, and it is impossible to bury the dead.

As we left the reserve trenches we had to wander over this awful field by moonlight and under fire from artillery. I had only gone perhaps 30 yards when a sniper nearly got me—"behing-gg" and a bullet passed within six inches of my face. I was at the tail-end of the column. It certainly broke my nerve for a minute.

A few seconds later and a shell shrieked overhead and burst with a deafening roar. We threw ourselves flat on the ground at once—many of us having to lie beside or even on these khaki-clad corpses.

Several shells followed and we had to

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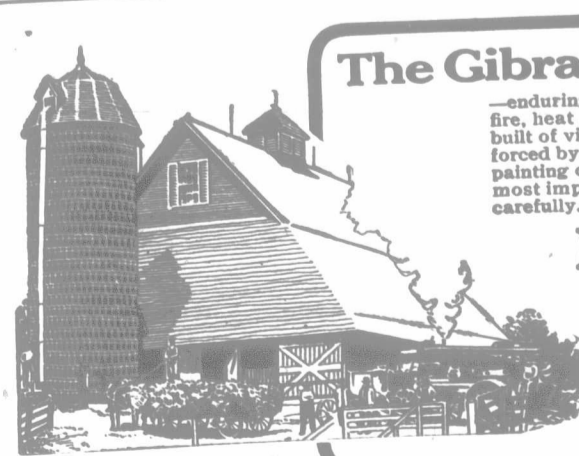
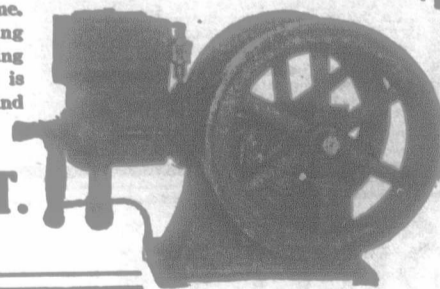
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move in short spasms. When almost at our trenches the earth seemed to shake, and a deafening roar of cannon, rifles and machine guns started, and flares of a vivid green lit up the night. We lay there, hugging the ground as close as we could for 1 1/2 hours till it blew over. It was an attack by an Indian division on our left. Then we reached our trenches and set to work with shovels to effect repairs and alterations.

Daylight came at 3.45, and we stood to. The trenches at this point were hastily constructed, and only about four feet deep by two feet six inches wide—and one man to every four feet. The worst of it all was that the bottom of the trench was paved with Germans. The trench was beyond description. I sat on a body all night—with just my rubber sheet between us. I had to either sit there or stand up and be shot.

All went well till about 6 a. m., when the shells started to come. I had by this time moved to the machine-gun emplacement and was talking to the machine-gun officer when a shell landed and a poor chap lost his leg.

The shelling lasted all day, and the battalion had numerous casualties. At one time they landed a "series" of about twelve melinite shells within twenty-five yards of me. And by the time they were over, although, thank God, I had not been hit, my nerve was gone and I was all in. At 7.30 p. m. I was relieved, and with a little trouble got back beyond the reserves and walked to my billet, where I threw myself down and slept till noon the next day.

At 5 p. m. on the 24th orders came for my brigade to move to the trenches at dusk. This time in a district a little more southerly. The first twenty-four hours (25th May) we spent in the reserve trenches, 500 yards from the firing line. The "trenches" were really sand-bag breastworks. We arrived there at about 10 p. m., and I started our repairs and alterations. I had my guns placed and ready by daylight. All went well till 10 a. m. when the Germans decided to shell us. Really, I couldn't make you believe the number of shells they sent into a place, nor the awful, terrific force of the shells. After a few shrapnel shells, they sent a few well-placed "coal-boxes"—six-inch high explosive. Then came the call "Stretcher-bearers." One of my guns being near this point, I rushed along the works and saw a sight I shall not forget. The shell had blown up the parapet and caught two men in the dug-out. One, an Indian of ours, was yelling terribly. His hand was torn off and his body one mass of shell wounds, gashed and torn. He died shortly after. He had forty-one wounds on his body. The other man was already dead—a hole about four inches in diameter through his chest. They carried them away to the doctor's dug-out.

This kept up all day long—shell after shell bursting and blowing up. That awful call of "Stretcher-bearers at the double" just seemed to make one's stomach turn cold.

Several times I moved my dug-out, and several times it got blown up. The shells seemed everywhere. No amount of earth can protect you from a "coal-box" shell. For a while they changed to shrapnel. One of our men (Hartland) got a piece on his head and crossed the Great Divide.

INDESCRIBABLE CARNAGE.

We were able to get our wounded back from here as fast as they got hurt. At 9 p. m. I was ordered to advance my guns to the firing line. This sounds easy, but it was just a case of taking your life in your hands and taking a chance of the shells catching you. Eventually we reached these trenches and found them in an absolutely indescribable state—bodies all over. In my emplacements there were three pairs of legs in German uniforms sticking out from the wall (sandbag) of the trench. There was a gap in the rear wall of the breastwork, and outside it lay about eleven bodies. We buried them before we left. They had been there some time, and when the sun came up we had to put on respirators.

The worst of it all is shell fire. One can hardly describe it. Shells shriek past overhead and are harmless. Then suddenly there will be a short, sharp

shriek, and a deafening explosion, and a shell bursts somewhere by you, and even before its gassy, yellow smoke has cleared, the call for "bearers" is heard. What is worse is as the shells burst to hear the awful yell of some poor beggar who has been caught and torn asunder—just a sort of death cry.

In some unknown way they discovered my emplacements, and at 9.30 p. m. started to rain shells of every kind around us. I ordered my guns to be dismantled and laid in the bottom of the trench and the men to lie flat in the bottom and close to the parapet. In a few minutes the shelling got so hot that I thought we must soon all get it—"Swing-g-g-g—Bang!" A whistling of jagged pieces of iron, a cloud of smoke and flying dirt. The air clears. I hear a groaning and there lies one of my gunners (my best man, too), his leg shattered above the knee. We tie it up and cover it, and drag him into a dug-out "Bang! bang!" two more shells not quite so close. Another man gets a couple of shrapnel balls in his shoulder.

We call for stretcher-bearers, and at the same time a "Jack Johnson" (nine-inch shell) drives in the parapet of sandbags and hurdle-work at the end of our emplacements, cutting us off from our support trenches and incidentally preventing our stretcher-bearers from reaching our wounded.

FIVE MEN BURIED.

In the caving-in of the parapet five men are buried (from another unit—English regiment). We pull them out as best we can. Three were wounded; two dead; one with his legs blown off. I carry a little bottle of morphine tablets, and so hand out one-quarter grain to each and also pour some rum into them. The sun is burning and the air in my dug-out gets stifling—so I amuse myself by fanning these poor suffering men with a piece of tin off an ammunition box.

After two hours the shelling ceased a little, and a working party managed to open up the trench again and stretchers came through and carried the wounded away to the end of the trench. There they have to remain till they can be got out under cover of darkness.

The dead are thrown out over the back of the trench, and if the shelling is not too heavy we bury them at night—unless we attack the next trench ahead, in which case we cannot do so.

Two of my men went almost insane owing to their nerves giving out. My own nerves were absolutely gone by night. I had had forty-eight hours of it—shelled nearly all the time—and never had a chance to fire a shot (in my section).

Food. Yes, at 1 p. m. on the second day a bag was passed up containing bread, cheese and jam. It is difficult to get rations into some of the trenches.

Water? Only what you have in your bottle, although in some trenches water parties manage to crawl out and get some.

Outside our trench in front lay a poor Highlander, with both legs shattered badly. He had lain there three and a half days. One of our men (Sergt. Hollowell), together with Corporal Pym, decided to at least try and get him, and jumped over the parapet with a stretcher. Hollowell got sniped through the thigh just as he reached the man. Pym managed to get back. Hollowell gave his water bottle to the wounded man and tried to crawl back to the trench, but got three more shots, and finally a shrapnel shell ended his misery.

The trenches are full of men of this type. Thousands of men should get the V. C. who are never heard of. We did get the Highlander eventually—after dusk.

A shell burst near me at about 8.30 p. m., and a piece of it caught my hand and tore my forefinger pretty badly—but not enough to go sick with. We came out at midnight on the 26th, and I was all in. There is no such thing as sleep in the trenches (as long as shells are going, anyway).

We came back to our billets—clothes torn and absolutely covered with mud, and all kinds of equipment lost. I was tired, absolutely dead tired and fagged out—too tired to even wash the grime and blood off my face and hands—but not too tired to get on my knees and thank my Heavenly Father for having brought me through safely.

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SOONER OR LATER you will realize that in Save-The-Horse lies success. Why not know it now and stop the loss?

ISAAC P. DANDY, General Photographer, Alesia, Md., May 22nd, 1915, writes:—

I truthfully owe you this. Some time ago I had a mare with ringbone. She was fired, then blistered by two doctors; neither did any good. I wrote to you stating the case. She was so lame at that time I couldn't hardly get her out of the stable and she had a running sore about the size of a silver dollar and about a half inch deep. I sent for a bottle of Save-The-Horse and used it as you directed and in three weeks she was as game as ever, and never went lame a step since; it was the cheapest bottle of medicine I ever bought and it did all you claimed. As I am widely known in the State of Maryland if any one wishes I will gladly tell what Save-The-Horse has done for me.

CURES THREE

LLOYD COLEGROVE, R. No. 2, Springwater, N.Y., Feb. 16th, 1915 writes:—

Please send me your new book. We cured three horses with Save-The-Horse. One had a spavin and one had a bunch just above the hoof and one had the heaves, so she was not worth much. They are all sound horses to-day.

No blistering or loss of hair. Horse works. Every bottle sold with Signed Contract to return money if remedy fails on Ringbone, Thoropin—SPAVIN—or ANY Shoulder, Knee, Ankle, Hoof or Tendon Disease. Book, Sample Contract and Advice all FREE.

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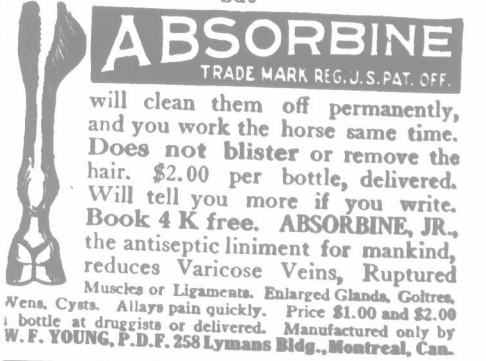
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Look Out For

The Imperial Life Assurance Company's big advertisement in next week's issue entitled

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It has an interesting message for YOU

Dr. Bell's Veterinary Medical Wonder. 10,000 \$1.00 bottles to horsemen who will give the Wonder a fair trial. Guaranteed for inflammation of the Lungs, Bowels, Kidneys, Fevers, Distemper, etc. Send 10 cents for mailing, packing, etc. Agents wanted. Write address plainly Dr. Bell, V.S., Kingston, Ontario

Maxwellton Farm, St. Anne de Bellevue, Que. Imported **Percheron Stallion** Five Year First prize Montreal Horse Show and Williamstown, Ont. Also several younger registered Stallions and Jerseys. All highest grade.

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ABERDEEN-ANGUS CATTLE OXFORD SHEEP For Sale—Good young show bulls and females, also a few Oxford rams. Thos. B. Broadfoot, Fergus, Ontario G.T.R. and C.P.R.

ABERDEEN-ANGUS CATTLE For Sale, from the imported sire "PRADAMERE." Apply—A. DINSMORE, Manager "Grape Grange Farm" - Clarksburg, Ont.

Please mention "The Farmer's Advocate."

Gossip.

Robt. McEwen, of Byron, Ont., writes that the supply of Collie puppies is exhausted at present, but he has ready for customers fitted flocks of Southdowns, and high-class individuals for both breeding and exhibition purposes. Buyers should see the advertisement and inspect these flocks.

A NEW RECORD.

M. H. Haley's Colantha Butter Girl some time ago made as a two-year-old 25.48 lbs. of butter in seven days. She also heads the thirty-day list. Queen B. B. Payne, a full sister of this heifer, has recently been tested and is now recorded as champion two-year-old of Canada in thirty-day milk production, having given 2,007 lbs. of milk and 95.34 lbs. butter. She gave in seven days 22.71 lbs. butter from 485 lbs. milk. She, as a junior two-year-old, is not outclassed by any senior two-year-old in Canada for butter, with the exception of her full sister. These are daughters of the champion Queen Butter Baroness. Since Jan. 1 six two-year-olds in this herd, all juniors but one, have been tested, and five have an average seven-day record of over 21 lbs. butter, and four an average thirty-day record of 90.52 lbs. butter. They are sired by Grace Payne 2nd Sir Colantha.

Questions and Answers.

1st—Questions asked by bona-fide subscribers to "The Farmer's Advocate" are answered in this department free.

2nd—Questions should be clearly stated and plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer.

3rd—In veterinary questions, the symptoms especially must be fully and clearly stated, otherwise satisfactory replies cannot be given.

4th—When a reply by mail is required to urgent veterinary or legal enquiries, \$1.00 must be enclosing.

Veterinary.

Tumor.

Cow has a lump about the size of a hen's egg in her mouth, between the front teeth and the lip. C. A. B.

Ans.—This is a tumor, and should be carefully dissected out. Local applications will do no good. It will be wise to employ a veterinarian to operate. V.

Nasal Discharge.

Calf had a swelling on his jaw. This disappeared, and he now has a discharge from his nostrils and is not doing well. Another calf appears to be taking it. L. S.

Ans.—Give him 10 grains sulphate of copper three times daily, and steam the nostrils three times daily by holding the head over a pot of boiling water with a couple of drams of carbolic acid in it. V.

Diarrhea in Pigs.

Pigs seven weeks old are fed on skimmed milk, buttermilk, and boiled mashed potatoes. Some of them have diarrhea. J. J. F. II.

Ans.—See that their feeding troughs are kept perfectly clean, and add to the milk they get one-quarter of its bulk of lime water. Also, try feeding the potatoes raw. Allow them free run on grass for a few hours daily. V.

Fatality in Pigs.

My pigs are fed on mixed oat and barley chop, slops, and skimmed milk, and have access to pasture. I have lost two with the following symptoms: Lameness in the left fore foot, which gradually increases until the patient refuses food, nose poked out and back humped in about a week. It becomes unable to walk, and lies on its side and works its legs until it dies. Twelve hours before death a small swelling developed on the left leg near the body. R. P.

Ans.—It would have required a careful post-mortem to enable a man to determine the cause of death. The symptoms indicate an injury to the leg, but the trouble may have been indigestion. I would suggest feeding no more chop for a week or two. Feed shorts and milk, and allow those that are still alive free run on grass. If any show symptoms of trouble, give a purgative of 1 to 4 ounces Epsom salts, according to size. V.

Miscellaneous.

Holidays for Hired Man.

Please publish in your next issue the legal holidays for a hired man. H. R.

Ans.—Sundays, New Year's Day, Good Friday, Easter Monday, Victoria Day, Dominion Day, Labor Day, Christmas Day, and any other day or days appointed by proclamation for a general fast or thanksgiving.

Sowing Alfalfa.

I want you to give full information on what time of year a person can sow alfalfa? A. L.

Ans.—Alfalfa may be sown early in the spring with barley, spring wheat, or possibly oats, sown thinly as a nurse crop. It may also be sown late in June or early in July on a well-prepared field alone. Sow 20 lbs. per acre, and be sure to have the field free of weeds.

About Couch Grass.

I have a large field of couch grass. How can I best stamp out this weed? I have sown buckwheat on it, but the grass smothered it out. I have tried a root crop on it and have burned it off, but both attempts to kill it have failed. G. O.

Ans.—See article, "Killing the Most Troublesome Grass," page 759, issue of May 6, 1915.

Cow Fails to Conceive.

I have a pure-bred cow and I cannot get her with calf. She is three years old, and had her first calf last January. She is in first-class condition, and she comes around regularly every three weeks. After being served she works and maneuvers about for two days and then the blood flows from her. She does that every time. Can you tell me what is wrong with the cow, and give me a cure for same? J. S.

Ans.—Allow the cow to become well advanced in oestrus before breeding her. After breeding, place her in a stall away from the other cattle until she is well over the period. Some place a scantling over the stall at such a height as to prevent the cow humping her back and straining. It may be also that the yeast treatment would do some good. It consists in mixing an ordinary two-cent cake of yeast to a paste with a little warm water and allow to stand for twelve hours in a moderately warm place, then stir in one pint of freshly-boiled lukewarm water and allow to stand another twelve hours. The mixture is then ready to use, and the entire quantity should be injected into the vagina of the cow as soon as oestrus is noticed. Breed at the end of the period of oestrus.

Distress for Rent—Assault.

I had a tenant in my house and he left without letting me know he was going away. When I went to town there was a wagon belonging to him left on the lot, so I went down to see the lawyer and he gave me a landlord's warrant to give to the bailiff. When he got it he took possession of the wagon at once, and got a man to take it off the premises, and I did not get anything for the wagon. What step should I take to get the wagon or the money from him? Can the man who took the wagon from the place be punished? If so, what should I do with him? A lady friend of mine was in town the other day. She met the bailiff on the street and asked him what about the wagon. He pushed her right off the sidewalk and struck her. She said, "I will see to you for that"; and he said, "I will strike you again!" Can she do anything to him for striking her on the street, as she has witnesses against him? Ontario. A READER.

Ans.—Regarding the wagon, and the bailiff's seizure of same and subsequent conduct in respect of it, you should consult further the lawyer you employed at the outset. As to the other matter, the lady can lay an information against the bailiff for assault, and have him punished by the magistrate. It is likely that a fine and costs would be imposed, with imprisonment in case of default in payment.

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applies to our Poultry Fencing just right. It keeps your chickens at home—and their enemies out. Each intersection securely locked—the kind that stays "put."

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is made of the best Open Hearth steel fence wire—tough, elastic and springy—and will not snap or break under sudden shocks or quick atmospheric changes. Our method of galvanizing prevents rust and will not flake, peel or chip off. The joints are securely held with the "Peerless Lock," which will withstand all sudden shocks and strains, yet Peerless Poultry Fence can be erected on the most hilly and uneven ground without buckling, snapping or kinking. The heavy stay wires we use prevent sagging and require only about half as many posts as other fences. We also build Farm and Ornamental Fencing and gates. Write for catalog. AGENTS NEARLY EVERYWHERE. LIVE AGENTS WANTED IN UNASSIGNED TERRITORY. THE HANWELL-WOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., Ltd., Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.

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Three, four and five years of age, prize-winners and champions at Ottawa and Guelph, up to 2,100 lbs. in weight, with the highest quality and choicest breeding. When buying a stallion get the best, we have them; also several big, well bred, tried and proven sires from 7 to 12 years of age, cheap.

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I have just landed a new importation of Clydesdale stallions, in ages from 3 years up to the big, drafty kind that makes the money. I can satisfy any buyer no matter what he wants; a visit will convince.

WM. COLQUHOUN, Mitchell, Ont.

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We are offering at reasonable prices a few bull calves up to 10 months old, sired by Prince Bravo Imp. 4503, the champion bull of the breed at the Canadian National Exhibition, and out of imported dams. Also a few in calf heifers and heifer calves.

Come and make your own selection from a large herd. Correspondence solicited.

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We have a few bulls from one to two years. Cows with calves at foot by good bulls, also heifers, different ages. Address: James Bowman :: :: Box 14 :: :: Guelph, Ontario

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12 SHORTHORN BULLS and as many heifers for sale. Write your wants. You know the Harry Smith Standard.

Woodholme Shorthorns For a high-class pure Scotch herd header write me; also one Scotch topped out of a 60-lb. dam, a show bull too, every one of these will please the most exacting.

G. M. Forsyth, North Claremont, Ontario, C.P.R.

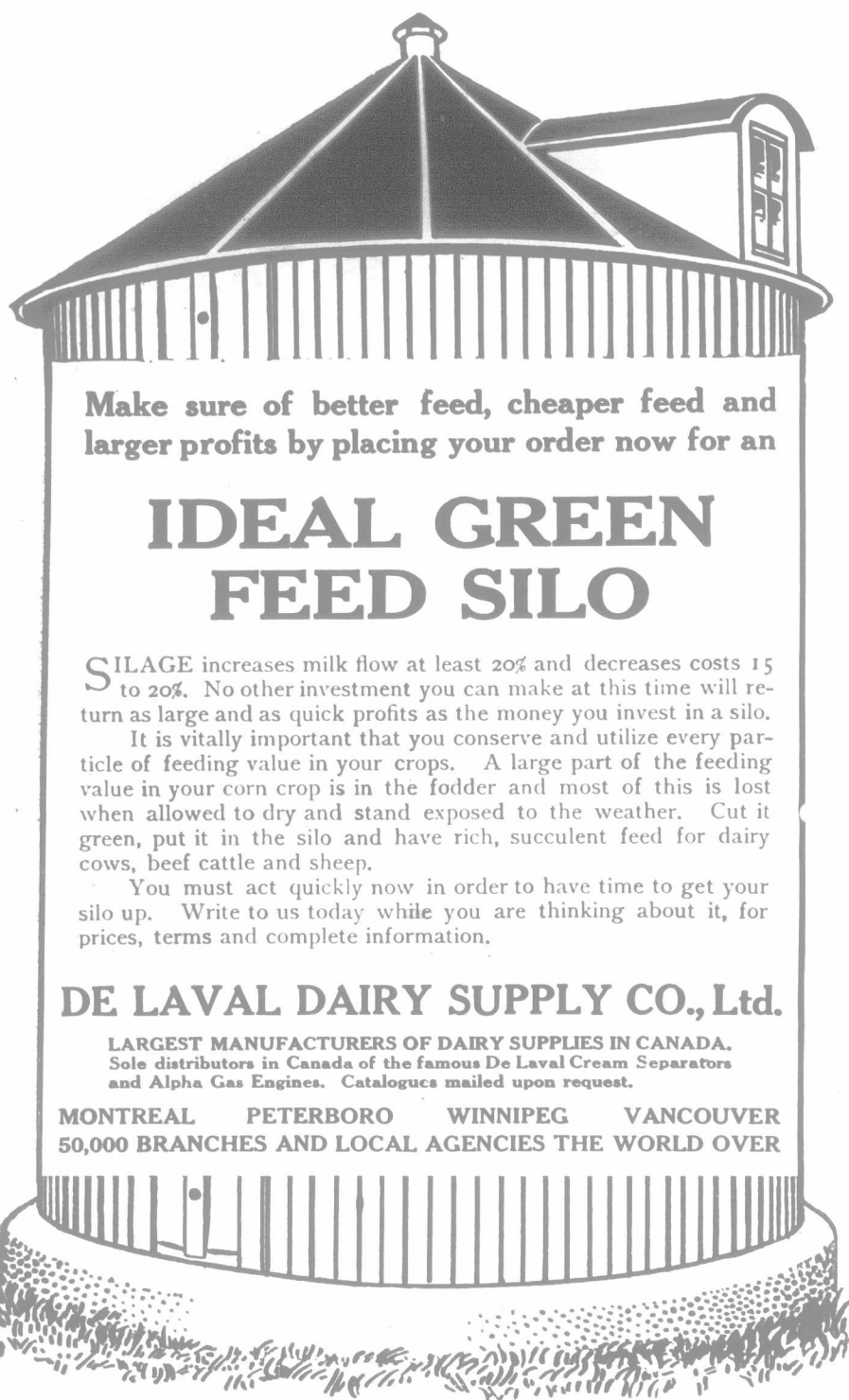
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And in addition he can furnish great, strong, thick fleshed Shorthorn bulls at a price that will surprise you. Many of them bred to head good herds and improve them. Many of them of a kind to get good feeders and great milkers, and all of them low down, thick and smooth with good heads and horns, that will grow into big weights and bring more money in the market than you are asked for them now. Some high-class heifers for sale too. Write for what you want.

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Many of our Shorthorn bulls are good enough to head the best herds. Others big and growthy that will sire the best kind of steers. Elora is only thirteen miles from Guelph. Three trains daily each way.

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Having bought out two Shorthorn herds puts me in a position to have cattle suitable in breeding and ages for all who want to buy. Cows, heifers and bulls all fashionable bred.

JNO. MILLER - - C.P.R. and G.T.R. - - ASHBURN, ONT.

Scotch—SHORTHORNS—English

If you want a thick, even fleshed heifer for either show or breeding purposes, or young cows with calves at foot, or a thick, mellow, beautifully-fleshed young bull, or a right good milker bred to produce milk; remember I can surely supply your wants. Come and see.

A. J. HOWDEN Myrtle, C.P.R.; Brooklin, G.T.R. COLUMBUS, P.O., ONT.

Shorthorns and Clydesdales

Bulls of serviceable age all sold; have some good ones a year old in September, and are offering females of all ages. Have a choice lot of heifers bred to Clansman = 87809 =. Also four choice fillies, all from imported stock.

L.-D. Phone. A. B. & T. W. DOUGLAS, Strathroy, Ont.

Shorthorns and Clydesdales

We have five young bulls of serviceable age that we will sell at moderate prices. In Clydesdales, we have eight imported mares with foals. We can spare some of these and will sell them worth the money or would consider some good Shorthorn females in exchange. We also have a two-year-old stallion and a pair of good yearling fillies.

Station: Burlington Jct., G. T. R. J. A. & H. M. PETTIT, (formerly W. G. Pettit & Sons), FREEMAN, ONT. Phone Burlington

Escana Farm Shorthorns

—100 head in the herd, which is headed by the noted bulls, Right Sort, Imp., the sire of the first-prize calf herd at 1914 Toronto National Show and Raphael, Imp., grand champion at London Western Fair, 1913. For sale, 20 bull calves, 9 to 14 months old, several in show form, also 20 cows and heifers.

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GLENGOW SHORTHORNS

For this season's trade we have the best lot of young bulls we ever bred. Wedding Gifts, Strathallans, Crimson Flowers and Kiblean Beautys, sired by Broadhooks Prime. These are a thick, mellow, well-bred lot. Heifers from calves up.

WM. SMITH & SON, - - COLUMBUS, ONTARIO

Questions and Answers. Miscellaneous.

Hide Destroyed.

I sent a hide to a tannery to be tanned, and it was destroyed in the tannery. Can I claim damages?

Ontario. SUBSCRIBER.

Ans.—It depends, of course, on the circumstances, but it is probable that you are in a position to recover damages. Certainly you are if you can prove that there was negligence on the part of the tanner.

Miscellaneous Queries.

1. How many yards of gravel will it take to build a cement silo 12 feet by 35 feet, with a 7-inch wall and a continuous doorway, not using any stone, except for the foundation? Are small stones better put in or not?

2. How many yards of gravel does it take to make a cord?

3. If hiring a man and his horse to put with another to draw gravel, can only go two loads per day as it is 11 miles of a trip, how much is it worth?

4. What will clean mica in the sides of a buggy-top, as they seem to be scratched and cannot see out very well?

5. How much is a man and team worth drawing corn to fill a silo?

6. When horses are working hard does it hurt to give them all the water they want if they are not too warm when they come in from work, and also giving them their grain as soon as they get in the stable?

7. Is that why horses are hard to keep up in flesh, as they seem to eat their grain too fast, and it does not seem to do them the same good?

8. When horses are watered before fed, is it better to let them eat hay for half an hour and then give them their grain? Do you think they will keep up in flesh better when working hard?

9. How much is it worth for a man and team drawing gravel for a silo; can only go two loads per day?

10. How much per day would you allow for a man working around a silo, such as digging out the foundation and putting up a chute, and any other necessary thing to be done?

11. A horse that has been driven considerable is put on drawing gravel. When drawing up hill, horse takes little short steps and seems to step a little heavy on her toes, does not seem to step free and easy, but all right when on the level. She had been driven a lot before we got her. Does this show signs of tender feet, and what is the best way to treat them, as she has to do considerable drawing?

12. When a horse has been driven a considerable distance and then put in the stable and you see him standing with one front leg bent forward and then the other leg, does that show a sign of tender feet, or what signs will a driving horse show that has tender feet?

H. E. G.

Ans.—1. About 27 yards. In a wall of this thickness we would not advise using many, if any, stones.

2. Approximately 4 1/2.

3. If no wagon or harness is furnished, possibly \$3 per day.

4. We do not know that there is any way of taking scratches out of mica.

5. At least \$4 per day; possibly \$5.

6. Water is better given little and often.

7. To avoid them eating too fast, grind the grain, or put some small stones in their oat-boxes.

8. Many consider it so, and it is good practice.

9. The number of loads would not matter. A day's work is a day's work, and should be allowed for at from \$4 to \$5, according to conditions.

10. It depends on the man. A good man in a busy time is worth 15 cents per hour.

11. It is the load that makes the step short going up hill and "toe in."

12. This is simply a position in which the animal rests. The best indication of tender feet is standing with one leg out in front and bearing no weight most of the time. Also, short steps and crippled action on the level.

Bone Spavin

No matter how old the blemish, how lame the horse, or how many doctors have tried and failed, use

Fleming's Spavin and Ringbone Paste

Use it under our guarantee—your money refunded if it doesn't make the horse go sound. Most cases cured by a single 45-minute application—occasionally two required. Cures Bone Spavin, Ringbone and Sidebone, new and old cases alike. Write for detailed information and a free copy of

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Ninety-six pages, durably bound, indexed and illustrated. Covers over one hundred veterinary subjects. Read this book before you treat any kind of lameness in horses.

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CROWN LIFE BUILDING, TORONTO, ONT.

DAIRY SHORTHORNS

For Sale—"Lynnore Duke," age 1 year and 9 months—from imported stock—highly bred.

BERKSHIRE PIGS

For Sale:—Boars and sows, 9 months, 4 months and 3 months, from choice Imported English Stock.

LYNNORE STOCK FARM

F. Wallace Cockshutt - Brantford

SHORTHORNS

Present offering:—20 cows and heifers and a few extra choice young bulls; they are bred so that they will produce money makers in the dairy and steers that will be market toppers and the prices are so low it will pay you to buy. Come and see them.

Stewart M. Graham - Lindsay, Ont.

Spring Valley Shorthorns

Herd headed by the two great breeding bulls Newton Ringleader (Imp.) 73783, and Nonpariel Ramsden 83422. Can supply a few of either sex.

KYLE BROS., DRUMBO, ONTARIO
Phone and Telegraph via Ayr.

Oakland-60-Shorthorns

A great herd of dual-purpose always headed by selected bulls of the good kind. Present offering is 8 choice bulls from 8 to 14 months, also females.

No big prices.

John Elder & Son, - Hensall, Ontario

1854 MAPLE LODGE STOCK FARM 1915 SHORTHORNS AND LEICESTERS

We have sold all the bulls advertised. Have a fine lot of lambs that will soon be ready for sale, all of the usual Maple Lodge quality.

(MISS) C. SMITH - Clandeboye, R. R. 1
Lucan Crossing one mile east of farm.

FLETCHER'S SHORTHORNS

Present offering 3 choice roan bulls fit for service. High-class herd headers, and females in calf.

Geo. D. Fletcher, Erin, R.R. No. 1
L.-D. Phone. Erin Sta., C.P.R.

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Females, breeding milkers for over 40 years, reds and roans, best type, quality and size cows milking up to 50 lbs. per day. Prices easy.

Thomas Graham, R. R. 3, Port Perry, Ont.

Lakeside Ayrshires

The herd is headed by the well-known Auchenbrain Seafoam (Imp.) = 35755 =. A few young bulls for sale from Record of Performance dams, imported and home-bred.

Geo. H. Montgomery, Proprietor
Dominion Express Building, Montreal
D. McArthur, Manager, Philipsburg, Que.

High-Class Ayrshires

If you are wanting a richly-bred young bull out of a 50-lb.-a-day and over cow, imported or Canadian-bred dam or sire. Write me. Females all ages. Prices are easy.

D. A. MacFarlane, Kelso, Quebec.

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Offers bull calves from sisters of Calamity Snow Mechthilde, at 2 years 15,000 lbs. milk, 722 lbs. butter; R. O. P. 24.45 lbs. butter 7 days at 3 years. All calves sired by Canary Hartog. Two nearest dams 29.89 lbs. butter 7 days, two grand-dams average 115 lbs. milk in one day. Write: Walburn Rivers, R. R. No. 5, Ingersoll, Ont.

THE FAIRVIEW HOLSTEIN HERD offers ready-for-service sons of Homestead Colantha Prince—3 nearest dams average over twenty-nine pounds of butter a week; also daughters from one week to two years old. Prices right.

FRED ABBOTT, MOSSLEY, ONT., R.R. No. 1

Mention The Advocate

Questions and Answers.
Miscellaneous.

Cutworms.

Please answer, in the columns of your next issue if possible, what to do with the cutworms, as they are so numerous this year I cannot set out cabbage plants.

J. W. D.

Ans.—This pest is mentioned in the Questions and Answers columns, as well as in the Horticultural Department of last week's issue.

Lining a Silo.

Have silo 14 feet square by 20 feet high. Walls are sound, but dried apart. Have been told that galvanized iron would be good for a lining. Kindly let me know in your next issue what your opinion is, and any information regarding the lining of silos would be gladly received.

J. C. Y.

Ans.—This lining of silo does not look practicable to us. However, we have had no experience with such a practice and invite discussion of it. The acid in the silage might destroy the galvanizing in time.

Barns Burned.

Would like a little help from you if convenient. A rented his farm to B; the barns got on fire and were burned down; A pays insurance on buildings and B on contents; there were no contents in the building at time of fire. Can B compel A to rebuild barns as there was not very much insurance on buildings, or could B rent an adjoining farm with barns, and have all crops of A's farm and feed his stock on the adjoining farm, as the insurance would not build a barn? I would be very thankful for some advice.

D. D.

Ans.—It is more than likely that the owner of the farm would be called upon to provide necessary buildings in which to save the tenant's crop. This is no more than fair and just. The amount of insurance would not matter. The tenant rented the farm with a barn on it, and unless the owner can make arrangements with him, which is always the best practice, it would be necessary to rebuild at once. He will likely expect it. It would not be fair to the farm to cart everything away to an adjoining place.

Climbing Cutworm.

Having seen the description of "army-worm" given in "The Farmer's Advocate" of June 3, I think the pest has made its appearance in this locality, though last year it was not seen around here, nor do I think anywhere on the Island of Montreal. Although it is only a few days since the worm has been seen it has already done much damage. Onions and garden stuff which is much grown around here have been the first victims. On many farms the onions have been completely eaten off and the land plowed up. Most of the young onions have been eaten through close to the ground, but many others have had the points eaten off. On our own farm in three days a two-acre plot of onions has been greatly damaged. They are also eating parsnips, carrots, and beets. They answer exactly to the description given in your paper, but unlike those you describe, seem able to climb a perpendicular obstruction, so that plowing a furrow around a field would be of little use. They are to be found just under the surface of the soil close to the root of the plant.

J. A. S.

Ans.—There is a striking resemblance between the armyworm and cutworm. In fact, they are very closely related. One variety of cutworms acquires the climbing habit when food gets scarce, and in times of dearth of food they will travel, as do the real armyworms. Judging from the season of the year when this attack occurred, and the habits of the insect, we believe it is the cutworm which has been doing the damage. Owing to their great numbers, however, their injury is comparable to that perpetrated by the much-dreaded armyworm. The poisoned-bran mixture mentioned in last week's issue is the most practical treatment. The Entomological Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, would probably be interested in such a significant outbreak of this insect.

Ten Manure Commandments.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

1. Thou shalt consider the value of thy farm manure, for it is very great, not only unto thee, but unto them that shall come after thee.

2. Thou shalt at all times endeavor to prevent fermentation and super-heating, because it will, in three or four months, mean a loss to thee of from one-third to one-half of the original value of the manure.

3. Thou shalt not pile the manure under the eaves or on the hillside where leaching may deprive thee of fertility worth more than what thou payest annually in taxes.

4. Thou shalt not despise the urine or liquid portion, because in it is contained over half the total fertilizing value of the manure.

5. Thou shalt not bore holes in the stable floor or otherwise facilitate the escape of the liquid manure.

6. Thou shalt use sufficient litter to absorb the liquid. If thou art short of straw thou shalt use leaves, sawdust, or air-dried muck as an absorbent.

7. Thou shalt not in ordinary farm practice apply the manure too heavily. It is more profitable for thee and for thy children that thy land receive frequent light dressings than heavy dressings at longer intervals.

8. Thou shalt apply the manure at the time and in the manner to give thee best results. To be able to do this thou must ascertain the results of experiments conducted for this purpose, and make repeated trials on thine own farm.

9. Thou shalt keep live stock on thy farm, lest peradventure thy land become impoverished or blow away from thee because it containeth no humus or fibre. It is better for thee to practice mixed farming than to follow the single-crop system. Mixed farming will protect thee from the times of adversity and cause thy children to rejoice and call thee blessed.

10. Thou shalt henceforth give the farm manure more attention. It is of greater value each year than the wheat crop. Thou wouldst hold up thy hands in horror at the thought of one-third of thy wheat being lost, yet thou allowest that amount of fertility to escape from the manure. It is expedient for thee to refrain from wasting thy substance.

F. C. NUNNICK,
Commissioner of Conservation.

Weeds on Vacant Lots.

What undoubtedly constitutes a menace to those farmers who are making an honest effort to keep their farms clean is the crop of weeds found growing on vacant lots and roadsides in and around our towns and cities. These vacant lots are often nothing more nor less than nurseries and breeding places for all kinds of weeds. This is especially true of towns where large areas adjoining have been subject to wildcat subdivision and have roadways plowed, forming lodging-places for weeds, which are allowed to grow unmolested. These produce countless numbers of seeds, to be blown and scattered by the winds over the farms. So far, bulletins, articles and advice pertaining to weed control have been directed at the farmer. A glance at the conditions found in most of the cities and towns will prove convincing that the farmer is not entirely to blame in the matter of weed-seed production and distribution.

In the West the weed inspectors are being trained and instructed along lines that will enable them to assist the farmers in weed control, while at the same time provision by law is made to prevent any farmer from allowing his farm to become a breeding-place for weeds and a menace to his neighbors. In most towns there are by-laws covering the weed problem, but too often they are not enforced. Those living in towns and cities should co-operate and do their bit in the war against weeds. This is an important matter, and should receive strict attention by every town council. Action should be taken at once, and not deferred until the weeds ripen and scatter their seeds.—F. C. N.

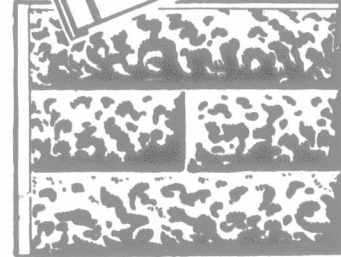


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Needn't paint for years unless you want to—unlike inflammable wood that needs constant protection. "Metallic" plates are absolutely wind, snow, rain, fire and storm-proof. "Metallic" Patterns are many and pleasing, the Rock and Brick-faced being the most popular.



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R.R. No. 4, Port Perry, Ontario

H. Bollert, R.R. No. 1, Tavistock

King Segis Walker whose dam, granddam and great granddam have records over 30 lbs., the greatest producing and transmitting family of the breed. I have for sale some of his Sons combining the blood of Pont. Korndyke, King Segis and King Walker, the greatest trio of bulls obtainable. King Segis Walker's oldest daughter with her first calf has just completed a record of 24 lbs. butter in 7 days.

Send for Pedigree and Photo.

A. A. FAREWELL, OSHAWA, ONTARIO

HOLSTEIN CATTLE

Canary Mercedes Pieterje Hartog 7th heads our herd. His dam gave 116 lbs. milk in one day and 6197 in sixty days and made 34.60 lbs. butter in 7 days. There are more cows in our herd giving over one hundred lbs. of milk a day than any other in Ontario. We have both bulls and heifers for sale.

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Riverside Holsteins!

Herd headed by KING JOHANNA PONTIAC KORNDYKE, a grandson of PONTIAC KORNDYKE, and a brother of PONTIAC LADY KORNDYKE 38.02 lbs. butter in 7 days, 156.92 lbs. in 30 days—world's record when made.

J. W. Richardson, R. R. No. 2, Caledonia, Ontario

Constitution That Counts in any animal; our herd sires are noted for stamping that in their get and they are breaking the records. Choice young stock for sale. Write for prices.

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Offers for sale a splendid bull calf, born Jan. 31st, 1915, whose dam gave 60 lbs. milk a day as a Jr. two-year-old, and whose sire is a grandson of Count Lakeview Rattler. This calf is evenly marked, straight and well developed.

GRIESBACH BROS., L.-D. Phone COLLINGWOOD, ONT.

LAKEVIEW STOCK FARM, Bronte, Ont. Breeders of High-Class Holsteins

E. F. OSLER, Prop. Offer for sale some choice young stock of both sexes. T. A. DAWSON, Mgr.

HOLSTEINS At Hamilton Farms For Sale:—cows and heifers in calf to our great herd sires Prince Hengerveld of the Pontiacs, son of King of the Pontiacs and King Isabella Walker, son of King Walker. If you want a grandson of King of the Pontiacs, write us. We have some splendid bull calves

F. HAMILTON, St. Catharines, Ont.

Brampton Jerseys

We are busy. Sales were never more abundant. Our cows on yearly test never did better. We have some bulls for sale from record of Performance cows. These bulls are fit for any show ring.

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With 84 head to select from we can spare 5 mature cows, 2 yearling heifers in calf, sired by Fountaine Boyle and bred to Eminent Royal Fern, 4 yearling heifers not bred, and 4 yearling bulls besides a number of 6 months heifers. We never offered a better lot. D. Duncan & Son, Todmorden, R.R. No. 1, Duncan Sta., C.N.O.



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ALLOWAY LODGE STOCK FARM
Angus, Southdowns, Collies

Special By champion rams, fitted show individuals and flocks.

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Sheep, Swine and Seed Corn—Young stock of both sexes in Dorset Horn and Shropshire sheep and in swine: Poland Chinas, Duroc Jerseys, Berkshires and Chester Whites. Also Seed Corn, all varieties. Consult me before buying. Cecil Stobbs, Leamington, Ont. Phone 284, M.C.R., P.M. & Electric Ry.

OXFORD DOWN SHEEP

Shorthorn Cattle, Yorkshire Hogs—Present offering: Lambs of either sex. For prices, etc. Write to John Cousins & Sons "Buena Vista Farm": Harriston, Ontario

IMPROVED
Yorkshires
FOR SALE

Two sows seven months old and thirty young pigs about ready to wean. Can supply pairs not akin. All registered.

WELDWOOD FARM
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SAVE \$7.75 on Every Barrel of **SALT**

For your stock get "MEDICO"—mix it yourself with common salt. Cheapest and most effective way to kill worms. Write for "Worm Destruction" free on request. WIL. COOPER & NEPHEWS, 184 W. Huron Street, CHICAGO

TAMWORTHS

25 young sows, bred for spring farrow and a few choice young boars, registered. Write for prices before buying elsewhere

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BERKSHIRES AND JERSEYS

Berkshires from prize-winning dams, Guelph and Toronto. Herd headed by Mountain Pat, 1st aged class and champion at Toronto in Aug. and Nov. and at London, 1913. Young stock for sale; prices low

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Cloverdale Large English Berkshires

Sows ready, others ready to breed; boars ready for service; younger stock, both sexes, pairs not akin. All breeding stock imp. or from imp. stock. Prices reasonable.

C. J. Lang, Burketon, Ont. R.R. 3

Morrison Tamworths and Shorthorns—Bred from the prizewinning herds of England. A choice lot of young sows to farrow, dandies and young boars, also choice young bulls and heifers in calf sired by Proud Royalist (Imp.) from extra choice milkers.

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Pine Grove Yorkshires Bred from prize-winning Groves of England and Canada. Have a choice lot of young pigs of both sexes, pairs not akin, to offer at reasonable prices. Guaranteed satisfaction

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Poland China and Chester White Swine—Choice stock of any age, either sex, both breeds. Order early. Prices easy.

GEO. G. GOULD, Essex, Ont. R. R. No. 4.

Questions and Answers.
Miscellaneous.

Implement Shed, Horse Mangers Doors and Salt Feeder.

1. I would like some information that would help me build an implement or drive-shed that would house the machinery and tools necessary on a 160-acre farm, with only about half that area under cultivation at present. After framing barn have timber left; would build shed 48 x 22 feet. Please state what size, in your opinion, to be best and most convenient, also height; in fact, any information will be welcome in this line. Some time ago I saw such information promised in "The Farmer's Advocate."

2. Give some information re horse stable at the Weldwood farm—size of mangers if any, depth of stall from manger to drop behind, length of partition. Please explain the top of partition.

3. Give your opinion re stable doors four feet in concrete wall, whether hinged or track doors would be most satisfactory. Can track door be made to fit as tight as the other?

4. Describe more fully an inverted jar in horse stalls holding salt, mentioned some time ago. May say that I am getting along fine with a 60 x 44-foot barn on concrete wall, thanks to your paper.

Ans.—1. You should be able to get a very good implement shed out of your old frame, and one large enough for an average farm equipment. Our shed at Weldwood is 60 feet by 26 feet, but it is larger than most. It is about 11 feet high at the eaves, with a double pitch room and a storage overhead. It is entirely closed in with metal. Studding is 2 x 6 material, 30 inches apart, and horizontal strips 1 inch by 2 inches are nailed to this studding 24 inches apart. To these the metal siding is nailed. Having the frame, you could board in or cover with metal as desired. Some leave a part of the shed open to drive in wagons, etc., and this is a very good plan. At Weldwood, 10-foot sliding doors are placed over the openings. Your shed might be better a little wider, but you could manage with 22 feet.

2. The stalls are 9 feet deep from front of manger to drop behind horses. The manger is 25 inches wide at top, and narrower at bottom, so that from top of manger to back of stall the distance is 6 feet 11 inches. The stalls are 5 feet 8 inches wide inside the partitions, which makes the manger this length. The oat-box is 10 inches wide, 25 inches long, and 13 inches deep. The top of manger, oat-box, and also the bottom of oat-box, are strapped with 1½-inch metal to prevent the horses from gnawing them down. Stall partitions are solid plank to a height of 4 feet 6 inches, set in posts at the rear of stall. Above this at the front and extending back half the depth of the stall are 1-inch iron rods placed 3 inches apart and set in holes bored in the edge of the top plank, and also in holes in a 2 by 4 strip fastened to joist directly above the stall partition. These are entirely satisfactory. The manger is set up 6 inches from the floor, has a plank bottom, and an opening about 2 inches wide to allow chaff to sift out, or by which it may be cleaned out. It is 30 inches deep.

3. Either might work under certain conditions, but for stable doors we prefer hinges.

4. We can do no better than quote the following from a letter from a user of these feeders: "These are called the 'Roto Salt Feeder,' manufactured in New York State, but sold here by the Toronto Salt Works, Toronto, Ont., who also furnish the cakes to fill them. They are placed on the wall with screws, high enough that the horse cannot nibble at the top, but in a convenient place so he can get at the bottom. One feeder and one cake of salt to fill it will cost 40 cents, and the cakes to refill are \$1.50 a dozen. One cake will last some horses three months, while it will not last others more than one month. There seems to be a great difference in the amount of salt which various horses require."

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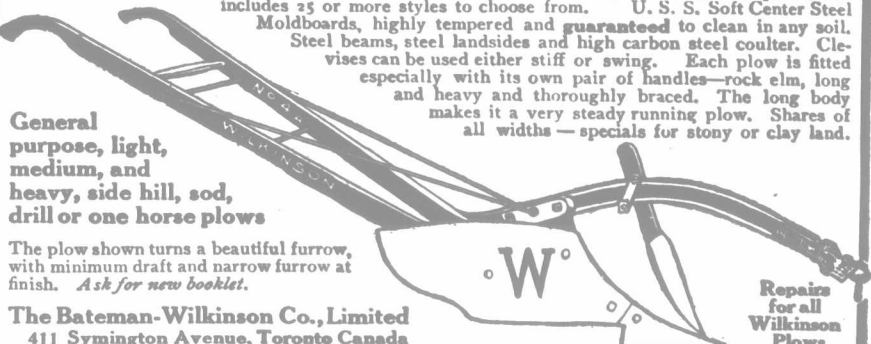
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All added to premiums for utility classes of horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry. Unprecedented upward revision of Prize List.

ENTRIES CLOSE SEPTEMBER 3rd
This Exhibition is unsurpassed for shows of animals and poultry. New \$50,000 hall for displays of grain, fruit and vegetables.

Write for Prize List, Entry Forms, Programme of attractions, etc., to
E. McMAHON, Manager, 26 Sparks St., Ottawa

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THE oldest line of steel beam plows in the Dominion, made in the old Wilkinson Plow Co's factory, by old Wilkinson Plow Co. experts—every one of them men who know their business. It is the standard line of plows and includes 25 or more styles to choose from. U. S. S. Soft Center Steel Moldboards, highly tempered and guaranteed to clean in any soil. Steel beams, steel landsides and high carbon steel coulters. Clevises can be used either stiff or swing. Each plow is fitted especially with its own pair of handles—rock elm, long and heavy and thoroughly braced. The long body makes it a very steady running plow. Shares of all widths—specials for stony or clay land.



General purpose, light, medium, and heavy, side hill, sod, drill or one horse plows

The plow shown turns a beautiful furrow, with minimum draft and narrow furrow at finish. Ask for new booklet.

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Farnham Farm Oxford and Hampshire Downs

Flock Established in 1881 from the best flocks in England

We are offering a splendid lot of yearling rams and ram lambs for flock headers or show purposes. We ourselves have retired from the show ring so hold nothing back. We are also offering one hundred Oxford range rams and 80 yearling ewes and ewe lambs. All registered, prices reasonable.

HENRY ARKELL & SON, Route 2, GUELPH, ONT.
Guelph, G.T.R.; Arkell C.P.R. Telegraph Guelph, Long-distance phone in house.

BERKSHIRES

My Berkshires for many years have won the leading prizes at Toronto, London and Guelph. Highcleres and Sallys the best strain of the breed, both sexes any age.

ADAM THOMPSON, R.R. No. 1, STRATFORD, ONTARIO
Shakespeare Station, G.T.R.

NEWCASTLE TAMWORTHS AND SHORTHORNS

Boars and sows all ages, sows bred, others ready to breed, all descendants of Imp. and Championship Stock. Several choice young bulls from 10 to 16 months old and a few calves recently dropped, all at reasonable prices.

A. A. COLWILL, Long-Distance Telephone, NEWCASTLE, ONTARIO

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From our recent importation of sows, together with the stock boar Suddon Torredor we can supply select breeding stock, all ages. Satisfaction and safe delivery guaranteed.

H. M. VANDERLIP, Breeder and Importer, CAINSVILLE, ONTARIO
Langford Station on Brantford and Hamilton Radial.

BERKSHIRES—Woodburn Stock Farms

We are offering for immediate sale: 25 choice boars ready for service, 25 young sows ready for service, all of first quality from our prize-winning herd.

E. BRIEN & Sons, Proprietors, RIDGETOWN, ONTARIO

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 British herds. Write or call

H. J. Davis, Long-Distance Phone, C.P.R., G.T.R. Woodstock, Ont.

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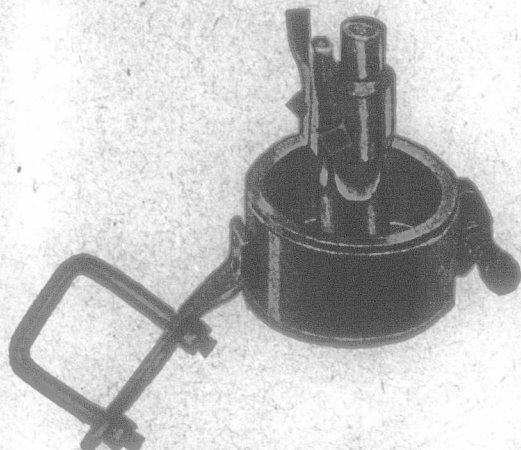
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Synopsis of Canadian North-West Land Regulations

THE sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at any Dominion Lands Agency (but not Sub-Agency), on certain conditions.

Duties—Six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required except where residence is performed in the vicinity.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre.

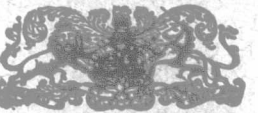
Duties—Six months residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation. Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead patent, on certain conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 80 acres and erect a house worth \$300.

The area of cultivation is subject to reduction in case of rough, scrubby or stony land. Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

W. W. CORY, C.M.G.,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.—64388.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, the 9th day of July, 1915, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed contract for four years, six times per week, over London (Hyde Park Corners) Rural Route, 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 Offices of London, London West and Hyde Park Corner, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector, London.

Post Office Department, Canada, Mail Service Branch, Ottawa, 28th May, 1915.

G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.

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What Ontario Farmers Think of
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Mr. T. H. Hill, J. P., Jellyby, Leeds County, writes on the 15th October, 1914, as follows:

"Seven years before your company started operations I purchased a ton of BASIC SLAG in New Brunswick and applied it to a portion of a field on my farm. The results were simply marvellous, and even at this time the effects of the Slag are apparent. Last year (1913), as the result of your advertisement I used two tons, and had equally good success. This year I used eight tons for spring crops, three tons for fall wheat and 2,200 lbs. for meadow, and I intend to Slag 25 acres this fall for grain and seeding down. In my opinion the best time to apply BASIC SLAG to the land is in the fall, even for spring crops. I have used fertilizers of all kinds ever since they were introduced, but none has given me the same results as BASIC SLAG, and I can honestly, therefore, recommend it to my brother farmers as the best paying fertilizer I ever used. My advice to every farmer is to try it for himself."

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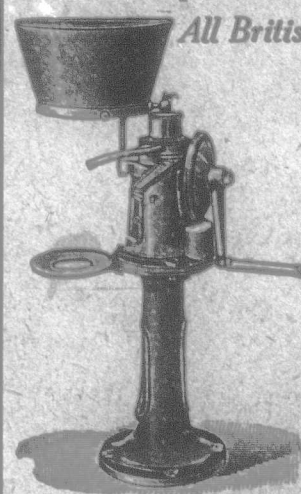
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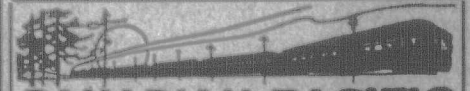
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