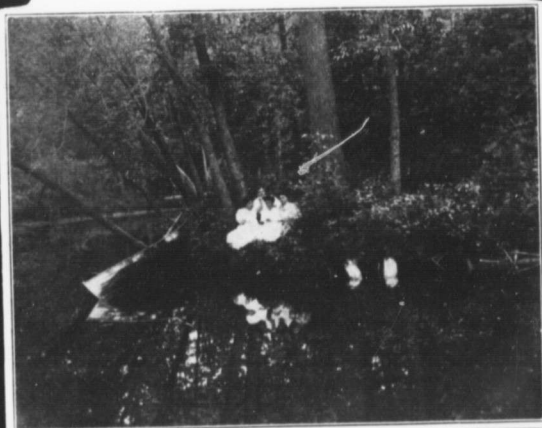


Volume XXIV.

Number 8

# O.A.C REVIEW

MAY  
1912

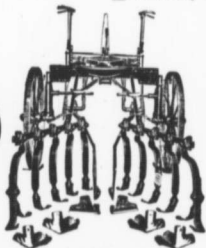


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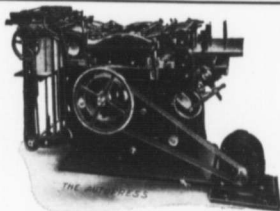
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Series A.

GUELPH, May, 1912.

No. 5.

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### THE LOUDEN LINE OF HAY AND BARN TOOLS

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## Louden Machinery Co., Guelph Ont.

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# CONTENTS

VOL. XXIV.

MAY, 1912.

NO. 8.

## SPECIALS FOR MAY—

The Woman On the Farm—Mrs. M. C. Dawson.....	405
The Science of Living—Professor Tennyson D. Jarvis.....	414
Farmers' Clubs—No. 2—Orloff Mallory.....	424
The Roads We Take—Short Story—O. Henry.....	428
Farm Organizations and Politics—No. 3—W. C. Good.....	435
Under the Deck Awnings—Short Story—Jack London.....	442
The Woman On the Farm—Mrs. W. Buchanan.....	450
Photo of Review Staff.....	453
Swimming and Life Saving—E. L. Davies.....	464
May Day—K. C.....	466

## PRACTICAL ARTICLES UPON AGRICULTURAL

### OPERATIONS—

A Professional Tiler?—R. H. Clemens.....	410
The Bean Crop in Ontario—O. McMillan.....	412
The Selection and Management of the Laying Hen —C. A. Webster.....	422
Aid to Thoroughbred Stallions.....	426
A Unique Poultry Farm—John Fay.....	431
Stock Improvement.....	432
Poultry As a Fad—John Fay.....	434
The Fertilizer Compliment—W. M. Aikenhead.....	439
Some Experiments With Fertilizers—A. Hutchinson.....	448

### DEPARTMENTS—

Editorials.....	454
Alumni.....	458
College Life.....	462
Athletics.....	464
Macdonald.....	466
Locals.....	470

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# THE O. A. C. REVIEW

THE DIGNITY OF A CALLING IS ITS UTILITY.

VOL. XXIV.

MAY, 1912.

No. 8

## The Woman On The Farm

MRS. M. C. DAWSON, PARKHILL, ONT.

NOTE—In this article the opinions of a very close observer are expressed. The writer after living for six years upon a farm is now living in a town, and so has had ample opportunity to study this question. All who are interested in Rural Home conditions should seriously consider the arguments herein given.

THERE is one point which is usually overlooked in discussions on "The Woman on the Farm," and that is her economic position, which differs materially from that of the town woman. The town man earns the money and then places it in his wife's hands to spend for their mutual needs. Her responsibility begins, after the money is earned. But with the woman on the farm this is not the case. She actually earns the money for their mutual needs herself. Her husband claims that he supports her, but he is mistaken. The truth of the matter is that she supports him. Let us see if this is not so. Her husband gives her the butter, eggs, and poultry money for her own. He does not place the cash in her hand, as does the town man, and to get the cash she must make the butter and care for the poultry. She herself earns the money. Out of the money so obtained, she feeds and clothes her family. She feeds her husband and his hired help. At the end of the year the money which she has earned is all gone. It has been eaten up by household expenses. Her husband, on the other hand, comes to the end

of the year with a nice bank account to his credit. He has sold his grain, his cattle, his horses, his pigs, and the proceeds are all his. Would his bank account be so large if he paid his share of the household expenses? They tell us that if you give a boy a lamb, you must be sure and let him have the money received for that lamb, or you will discourage him and he will leave the farm. Then what about the wives and daughters? Is it right to give them the butter and eggs and the privilege of raising poultry, and then to take all they earn away from them through the medium of household expenses? I think not. Either the farmer should recognize the fact that his wife and daughters have made his large bank account possible and should give them some tangible interest in that bank account, or he should pay his share toward the board and clothing of his family and allow his wife and daughters the privilege of starting a bank account of their own. What for? Did you ever read the average farmer's will? His daughter Mary, good faithful girl, who happened to be the oldest in the family and who worked accordingly for

thirty-five years, gets one hundred dollars and a cow. His son John, the youngest of the family, gets the farm, and John's wife has the comfortable home which John's mother and John's sisters helped so materially to earn. Mary can live with John and care for his babies or go out to service. This is one thing about the average farmer that I never can understand. Why does he prefer to see some other man's daughter well provided for than to see that his own daughter has a home and a means of support?

We read a great deal about the hard work and monotony of farm life. Hard work there is a-plenty and monotony there is without a doubt, but with reasonable care these two elements should not work such havoc as they have been allowed to do in the past. Statistics prove that farmers wives are more largely represented than any other class of women in our lunatic asylums. Hard work and monotony are only responsible for this because the woman had to contend with these during the years when nature was making tremendous additional demands on her physical strength and vitality. Every farmer knows the care and rest which are due to the mother of his colt, if he is to be a successful stock-raiser. Does he give the same care and rest to the mother of his son? He cannot get help for her? Not if he insists on paying about six or seven dollars a month for a maid. Certainly not. He cannot hire a man for the wages which prevailed in his father's time. Then why expect to engage a maid for the wages which his mother paid? The real trouble arises because he cannot unburden himself of the idea that the house-

work is not as important as the outside work. If his wife is not able to do it, why let it go. Besides, the neighbors would have a lot to say if he kept help for his wife. They might even go so far as to accuse her of being lazy, or they might pity him for having married so worthless and extravagant a creature. And to know that they said either of these things would be hard, for every farmer wants his neighbors to know and to say that he has a smart wife.

So during the years when she is entitled to a certain amount of care and rest, the woman on the farm struggles along, bearing burdens which should only be borne by those who are physically strong. She is unable to cope with her work, and she lets some of it go. Then she shrinks within herself, lest some neighbor should drop in and find her unprepared. Her appearance begins to suffer. Her shoulders stoop and her whole figure assumes the attitude which she adopts most frequently when working hard, and it is usually an attitude neither graceful nor proper. Her clothes wear out and she has little time to spend on having them replaced. Her teeth go, and she cannot leave the babies long enough to have them attended to. To go to church with two or three small children means the hardest and busiest day of the week. And all this comes in the nine or ten years which follow her courtship and marriage. Is it any wonder that many a young woman finds the change from girlhood to such strenuous wifehood too great for her mental or physical strength? She succumbs. She is laid away in the churchyard or she is taken to the asylum for the insane. And after she is gone, some one else

cares for the house; some one else minds the babies; some one else who could not be found to do it when she was there, appears on the scene. If she is dead they lay flowers on her grave. If she is insane, she gets care and rest. She is surrounded by green lawns and flowers, and she "toils not, neither does she spin." But it is too late. One year sooner the care and rest would have saved her, and from a financial point of view, if from no other, she should be worth the saving.

These are to me some of the most important things which make the life of the woman on the farm not all that an ideal life should be. To discuss the manners of farmers as compared with the manners of townsmen is to discuss what is superficial and not of real account. The farmer deals with nature, hence he will naturally lack some of the polish which the artificial town life imparts. The farmer dresses like his work and he is not wont to dwell much in the show-rooms of his house, consequently he lacks the ease which comes with

use and the social graces which constant practice gives to the man in town. But what then? The real gentleman is born, not made, and kindness and courtesy may be inbred, even if the man forgets to raise his hat or does not jump to open a door when a woman wishes to leave the room. And here again custom comes in. In some sections the boy who raises his hat is laughed out of countenance. In some sections, particularly where the public school has not been highly valued, a large percentage of the young men take a pride in being rude and discourteous. They regard their ignorance of the proper social forms as a badge of manliness. You will find this class of young man in town also, but, according to the population, the percentage of him is not so large as in the country. But to divide men into two classes, viz., town men and country men, and to sweepingly condemn one class as devoid of manners is ridiculous and unreasonable, for no matter where we find men, we find the good and the bad, the courteous and the discourteous, the noble and the debased.

The man that knows not, and knows not that he knows not is stupid—experience may teach him.

The man that knows not and knows that he knows not is appreciative—help him.

The man that knows and knows not that he knows is asleep—arouse him.

The man that knows not and thinks that he knows is a fool—shun him.

The man that knows and knows that he knows is wise—follow him.

—The Gateway.

## A Professional Tiler

R. H. CLEMENS.

THE subject of land drainage is attracting more widespread attention throughout the Province of Ontario at the present time than ever before. It makes little difference how much improved seed grain goes on a water soaked farm or it makes little difference how much improved live stock goes on a very wet farm, for under these conditions it is bound to deteriorate. In one way perhaps Prof. W. H. Day, in his good work on drainage has been of more economic importance, to the water logged farmer than all other agriculture or farm societies combined. Through his work the farmer is beginning to see that drainage pays.

The farmer is beginning to look upon drainage as being a good investment, an investment which cannot introduce a swindler at the head of the game. If many of our farmers who so readily invested so much of their hard earned gold in the Farmers' Bank had attempted to invest the same amount of money in tile or in a ditching machine to tile their farms, what would have been the result? Why many of their good neighbors would have made it a special point to call around, to tell them not to risk so much money in such an unreliable business, and no doubt many of them would have been influenced not to invest.

Having helped to put in several miles of tile by hand, also having worked one season on a traction ditching machine, and one season making plans of farm drains, I am in a position to make a comparison between

the work done by hand under average conditions, and that work done by the gasoline traction ditching machine. The most common statement which is made in regard to putting in tile by hand is that it is real hard, dirty, wet work, which, when completed, has only one chance in ten of being satisfactory.

Until recently one could say without being very far wrong that over two-thirds of the work done by hand was not done right. Many farmers will say, Oh, well, my tile was put in right. Why we got "old so-and-so" to put them in and he's a "professional tiler." He always does good work. But if they only knew that "old so-and-so" was also a professional stone dodger; if they only knew how well "old so-and-so" could cut corners, how well he could break a tile and (after having it partially buried) leave it there. How quickly he could make a joint (when no one was looking), and how quickly he could cover up that same joint, why the farmers then could see how much better it would be to have the work done with a ditching machine.

A drainage system is no stronger than its poorest laid tile. When ditches are dug with the shovel and spade, the tile is put in and covered over "foot by foot" or "rod by rod," hence you have little or no opportunity to inspect the full length of the ditch, when completed. On the other hand when the machine is used the tile is laid not "foot by foot," but "mile by mile," and in this way you can look up the full length of one ditch and down another before any

of the tile have been covered. In this way you may detect at a glance any tile which has not been properly laid.

#### Some Drainage Ifs.

If a ditching machine does the work easier, better and quicker, than it can be done by hand.

If land is ready for seeding earlier.

If crops begin a healthier growth at once.

If fertilizers are not washed away by surface drainage.

If crops are better able to stand drought.

If there is no loss of crops from heavy rains.

If frost does less injury to crops.

If crops make a much more vigorous growth, and profits are greatly increased.

If roads and walks are bettered.

If sanitary conditions on the farm are improved.

If the attraction of farm premises is increased, and disease among farm animals is decreased, it is high time that every single farmer and farmer's son in the whole Province should know it.

#### A REQUEST.

Give me but six-feet-three (one inch to spare)  
Of Irish ground, dig it anywhere;  
And for the poor soul say an Irish prayer.  
Above the spot.

Let it be hill where cloud and mountain meet,  
Or vale where grows the tufted meadow sweet,  
Or "borreen" trod by peasant's shoeless feet;  
It matters not.

I loved them all—the vale, the hill,  
The moaning sea, the flagger-lilied rill,  
The yellow furze, the lake-shore lone and still,  
The wild bird's song.

But more than hill or valley, bird or moor,  
More than the green fields of my River Suir,  
I loved those hapless ones—the Irish Poor—  
All my life long.

Little I did for them in outward deed,  
And yet be unto them of praise the meed,  
For the stiff fight I waged 'gainst lust and greed;  
I learnt it there.

So give me Irish grave, 'mid Irish air,  
With Irish grass above it—anywhere;  
And let some passing peasant give a prayer  
For the soul there.

—Sir W. Butler.

# The Bean Crop in Ontario

A. McMILLAN.

**W**ITH spring operations about to commence, the question of a suitable hoe crop for the coming season is worthy of due consideration on every farm. Weeds are becoming all too prevalent and must be kept in check. The problem of retaining the fertility of the soil requires more careful study in selecting a suitable rotation for the farms of Ontario. In Southwestern Ontario, especially in the counties bordering Lake Erie, the bean industry has developed rapidly during the last few years and the old time fallow has been largely replaced by this crop. Being a member of the Leguminocia family it adds nitrogen to the soil. In addition to this it prevents washing from heavy rains, gives an excellent opportunity for destroying weeds, and leaves the soil in a moist mellow condition, several workings of the spring tooth cultivator or disc harrow being sufficient to make an excellent seed bed for fall wheat.

## Selection of Seed.

The first essential in planting beans is proper selection of seed grain. The seed should be uniform, of medium size and one variety. After careful screening to remove all small and large grains, the seed should be hand-picked to remove all colored grains. By planting bright seed of uniform size the plants make an even start and ripen more uniformly, thus reducing the percentage of colored beans, which reduce the selling price of the crop after threshing. Many varieties are for sale on the market, but a variety should be selected which has proved itself a good yielder.

## Preparation of the Soil.

Beans thrive on a great variety of soils, ranging from a sandy soil to a clay loam. Clay soils, on account of their close texture, restrict the growth of vine and are unsatisfactory except in special cases. As the bean plant obtains its nitrogen from the air it is essential that the ground be well drained and friable, allowing free circulation of air. The ground may be ploughed in the spring or fall. Fall ploughing usually gives the best results. If fall wheat is to follow beans the land should receive a heavy coating of manure as the manure increases the yield of beans and is available for the fall wheat. If ploughed in the spring the ground should be worked frequently to prevent loss of moisture and kill as many weeds as possible. By the first of June, the ground should be thoroughly cultivated, leaving a fine, moist seed bed.

## Planting.

As soon as all danger of spring frost is past planting may begin. The crop is usually sown between the last week in May and the twentieth of June. Some farmers use a bean planter, but those growing only a few acres use the ordinary eleven-hose grain drill, planting three rows, twenty-eight inches apart. The depth of planting depends largely on the soil. In sandy soils two to three inches would not be too deep, but in heavier soils one to two inches would be deep enough. If small seed is sown three pecks of grain will plant one acre. With larger seed sow one bushel per acre.



**After Cultivation.**

As soon as the rows can be seen across the field, cultivation should begin. If a heavy rain has fallen before the crop is up, a run of a light harrow will break the crust and enable the plants to come through more quickly. No definite rules can be laid down as to how often the crop should be cultivated, as this depends largely on the weather. If frequent showers occur, one cultivation a week will probably be enough, but if the season is dry, the crop cannot be cultivated too often. The conservation of moisture and the destruction of weeds are the important factors in the cultivation of this crop. When the plants come out in flower cultivation should cease.

**Harvesting and Threshing.**

As soon as the pods are ripe harvesting should begin. The crop is pulled by a bean puller, which fits on the two horse corn cultivator, pulling two rows at a time. After pulling the

plants, they must be shook out and turned frequently until dry. Turning may be done by hand with a fork, but the side delivery hay rake is much faster and does good work. When thoroughly dry the crop is hauled to the barn and mowed. It is not considered wise to thresh for at least six weeks after mowing until sweating ceases, as the grain is apt to heat in the bin. Bean threshers are used for threshing the crop.

The yield per acre varies from fifteen to forty-five bushels per acre, but thirty bushels is considered a good crop. At present, bean growing in Ontario is confined to a very small area, but even although frost-tender it would seem that this crop could be grown on a much larger area. In addition to the monetary returns from the crop this is a better rotation for keeping a farm free of weeds, and retaining the fertility of the soil than the short three year rotation, beans, wheat and clover.

**THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.**

All around the happy village  
 Stood the maize-fields green and shining,  
 Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,  
 Waved his soft and sunny tresses,  
 Filling all the land with plenty.  
 'Twas the women who in Spring-time  
 Planted the broad fields and fruitful,  
 Buried in the earth Mondamin;

\* \* \*

Summer passed, and Shawondasee  
 Breathed his sighs o'er all the landscape,  
 From the South-land sent his ardors,  
 Wafted kisses warm and tender;  
 And the maize-field grew and ripened,  
 Till it stood in all the splendor  
 Of its garments green and yellow,  
 Of its tassels and its plumage,  
 And the maize-ears full and shining  
 Gleamed from bursting sheaths of verdure.

# The Science of Living

PROFESSOR TENNYSON D. JARVIS

(Continued from May Issue.)

## The Unnatural in Dress.

**F**IRST, we used the foot in its natural condition; then the sandal was used to protect the foot; then a loose fitting shoe to protect the top part of the foot from the weather as well as the bottom from the pressure of walking; now we have specialized in sizes and shapes, till at last we refuse to wear a shoe large enough for us but usually a size or two too small, for effect. Of course in cold climates the foot must be protected from the frosts in winter, but it is a long call from simple protection to the elaborate and oppressive footwear of the present day. We specialize in height of heel and shape of toe. We raise the foot on a pedestal and throw our bodies forward and thus stuff our toes out into the points of our shoes till they are turned out of shape and often made to overlap and become deformed. The Chinese never did worse than that though they are spoken of in hushed terms as heathen.

Heavy, tight fitting underclothing is not any less atrocious. The skin being the organ of oxidation requires free circulation of air between the skin and the garment. If we press the clothing tight up against the skin, we choke up the pores, not only preventing the intake of oxygen but also preventing the obnoxious gases and waste material from getting away. It is akin to what we do in laboratories when we press a wad of cotton batting into a test tube to prevent any-

thing from passing in or out of the tube, only in this case we do so deliberately and with the aim of keeping the culture pure. The point is that the batting representing the clothing is an excellent preventative of circulation.

Then the various devices for giving effect at the expense of pinching and contorting the body are most numerous. Corsets, belts, straps, suspenders, garters, tight laces, etc.—all these can have but one result: to change the body from its normal condition to an abnormal one. We irritate congested portions and prevent the circulation of the blood and the normal expansion of the internal organs. To assist the actual shaping of the body to our will by use of straps and laces, we resort to the practice of padding of all parts of the body, even to the top of the head. Besides the deceit thus effected the heavy and unnatural pads are a burden to the body and a menace to good health. Heavy overcoats and fur caps are in the same unwholesome and unhealthy class. A fur cap is impervious to air and is ruinous to the scalp. Painting and powdering need only be mentioned to show that they spoil the natural condition of the skin.

## Literature.

It is the newspaper that has the greatest influence over us in the present day. It is more extensively circulated, considering its daily and weekly editions, than any other piece of literature, not excepting the

bible. Therefore, it is from this that the masses derive the greatest part of their literary education. If the newspaper does not produce a healthy growth in this line, then the minds of the people cannot be

riculum? In place of devoting large space to accounts of crime and what is base in society, if they would render the same space to nature, art, good literature, and healthy and manly sport, what an improvement



A MOST UNWELCOME SIGHT TO NATURE.

"A primrose by a river's brim,  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more."

healthy. What a wonderful work the newspapers could do if they were edited by men having a thorough understanding of the laws of nature and psychology. But how can our editors gain this knowledge when scarcely any of the schools of the world offer this course in their cur-

would overtake our thought, our morals, our aspirations, and our lives in general!

In books there is not so much a lack of the principal of character as the super-abundance of those bordering on the yellow nature. Practically all the novels and stories of the

detective class might well be dispensed with, but we must not overlook the fact that there is a public taste for such, and until the child in his early life is given a taste for clean and wholesome literature, we cannot expect a very great improvement. We are tempted to read trashy stuff by the flagrant and curiosity-arousing head lines, due to the unnatural exciteableness of the age. The hurry and rush and bustle of present-day life urges us on to go faster and faster. There is no knowing where this will end if some restraining influence is not soon applied. Indeed much of the popular literature concerning science is not doing the good designed for it, because it is untruthful.

#### Worry.

The modern rush for riches is associated with great irregularities in the vital phenomena of life, such as sleeping, eating, working and resting. The speculative and uncertain features of investing and gambling in stocks produces great intensity of thought and reasoning. So intense is the excitement that every brain cell becomes permanently habituated to going without rest: nature refuses to allow a man sleep even when he should and has the time for it. The brain must have its rest every day or else we upset the balance of nature in the inner world. We try to do in a few years what should take a life time and many try to accomplish what is altogether unnecessary and may even become itself a great burden. It also becomes a fixed habit, and even though we do gain riches we are compelled to continue this fast mode of living after all danger of need is past. Then

again the wealth obtained is usually put to bad use. The things purchased are not those which afford sweet and simple pleasures and such as would be conducive to a slaking of the pace the man is going but of increasing it. A man's nerves are not rested by running motor cars at terrific speeds or keeping up elaborately furnished houses, or plunging himself into nerve-racking social life. Often those who are in a position to avail themselves of these things are most in need of an education to use them properly. The worry grows on us on every hand from day to day and from year to year.

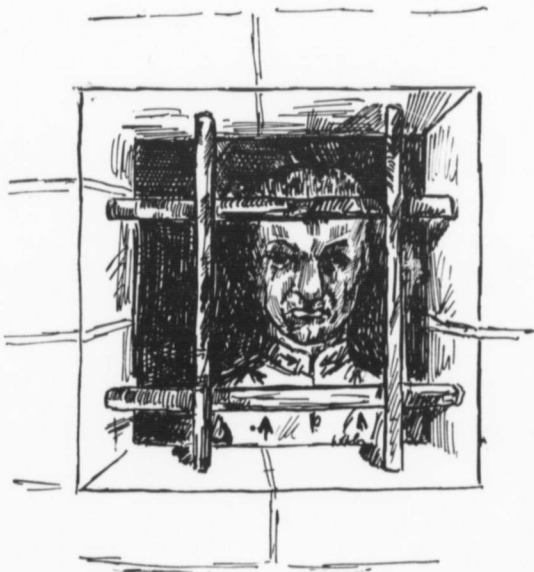
#### Extravagance.

Another evidence of abnormal life is seen in the extravagant manner in which we are living with regard to food, clothing and social pleasures. The chief business in life is to get a living and the most successful individual in nature is the one who can subsist on the smallest amount of food and still perform all the natural functions of the body. In this country the waste in food is sufficient to supply a great mass in other parts of the world who are starving. In addition to this, our quick method of eating is another great waste of food and an extra work for the organs of the body, so that we lose both ways. We consume the food for which we have worked to no purpose and throw on our systems an excessive amount of work which in the end must weaken the constitution.

In dress again we have become altogether too complex. We no longer dress merely for comfort, we dress more for effect and show than for protection and use. Our ideas of

comfort have been warped. We buy expensive things not for use but for style and fashion. Many men ride in a motor car whose savings would scarcely warrant a wheel barrow. People will mortgage their peace of

and tivolies are eating up large quantities of the social dividend without giving anything of use in return. In all our habits and means of enjoyment we are the greatest squanderers.



#### INNOCENT.

"He was not taught the laws of Nature,  
To me the meanest flower that blows, can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

mind for this so-called enjoyment. Someone is setting the pace and we follow blindly.

A most ruthless waste of money is seen in the various and debasing forms of amusement to which men and women are enticed. Nickle shows, vaudeville, san soucies, white cities

#### Conformity.

Following the current in extremes and unnatural fashion and customs is one of our greatest sins. In politics we conform to party principles no matter whether they are right or wrong. In social circles we conform to other people's belief to be agree-

able, though it is as bad as lying. We make people believe that some foolish notion is right when we ourselves know it is wrong. We conform to a host of ideas without giving them any reason at all. We never think about them. We accept them and that is all. The absurd customs of social life we follow blindly. How often, for instance, may we be in the open air having our school exercises and church services there if it were not for this rigid custom of shutting ourselves up in close and dismal buildings.

#### Life in the Modern City.

In almost every country where we examine census returns we find a great exodus from the country to the city—an increase in the urban population at the expense of the rural. Without going into the cause of this, which is beyond the scope of this article, we might turn our attention to the effects of this condition on the individual. In the country we find very few unnatural stimuli to excite the sensory organs. In the country we see industry, order, truth, love, sympathy, purity, health and cleanliness in evidence on all sides. The woods abound in a variety of wholesome and natural life. In the fields wherever we look we observe pictures of beauty and harmony of color. Every stream, every brook, every valley, glade and hill are full of interest and have a guiding and elevating effect upon the character. There is nothing abnormal. Our senses are not unduly alarmed by artificial stimulants and disorder.

Let us contrast this with the state of life in town and city. We approach the city through a haze of smoke and dust and a tumult of noise and

uproar. We are rushed by car or motor to all parts of the city. The signs and placards are glaring and unnatural, the air is impure, the danger of accident is a menace to the nervous system. At night there is no rest; it is never quite dark, train whistles, rumbling traffic, yelling, shouting and singing create what is pandemonium in comparison to the country. Sometimes we think we are used to it and become unconscious of these things, but still the strain is there and we must unconsciously suffer sooner or later from this intense nervous strain. Faces often tell the tale, the tense expressions, obvious in every movement, show that life is hurried. The constitution wears rapidly. Sometimes it breaks down entirely under the strain. But we must not conclude that country life alone would afford a panacea for all our troubles. It would if the advantages of it were known by the people. In the city every possible means and precaution is taken to attract the individual to the interesting side of city life, whereas in the country little or nothing is done to point out the important features. In the country everything is thrown open 'tis true, but yet 'tis quite sealed to the person who cannot understand it. It is not enough to urge people back to the country—we must prepare them to appreciate and understand the things to be found there. Now apart from the distracting side of city life which we have mentioned, there is an attractive side which is just as unnatural and harmful to the welfare of the individual. Take the modern home with its up-to-date equipment. A man may sit in his easy chair, with a telephone on his desk and do

a day's work without scarcely moving a muscle. Although no one can deny that these are great conveniences, yet it takes a person away off at a tangent from the normal life. One cannot sit still and keep the body in a state of health. Every cell of the body must be worked regularly, not strenuously nor yet in a loitering manner. We are already far afield from this course and rapidly wandering farther. We walk only when we cannot help it; we lift or handle nothing heavy; we support ourselves in easy chairs, we polish not our own shoes, neither do we shave ourselves. Little or no manual labor is performed but the brain work is unceasing. It is urged and spurred and forced to do more and more regardless of its limitations.

Note again that the city is the centre for all unnatural stimulants, such as the bar-room, the confectionery store, the gambling den, the theatre, and nickle show, the pool room and bowling alley, the tea room and the drug den.

All the irritants, such as dust, smoke, impure air, glaring light, flagrant colors, have a disastrous effect on the ears, eyes, lungs and throat.

#### **Irregularity of Habit.**

Still again we are irregular in our habits of rising and resting. We stay up all night when we imagine we are busy and have to, and then perhaps take an extra amount of rest in the day, thereby turning day into night and night into day. On the other hand, to catch trains, boats, cars, etc., we sometimes break our rest and take food irregularly. It is all to hasten us toward the coming end.

This is the age of specialization and it is far from my purpose to discourage it, but the danger is in our over-specializing at the expense of things more vital.

#### **Nutrition.**

Nutrition is the process by which growth is promoted and waste repaired. This process is studied to best advantage in the single celled animals. Here it is seen that the organism comes into direct contact with its food, oxygen and stimuli. In a simple and satisfactory manner this little microscopic animal performs all the functions of nutrition. It ingests, digests and assimilates food and egests waste material. This little cell is fairly representative of the unit of structure of our own bodies. The highly specialized system and organs are only arrangements for conveying the food and stimuli to and from the individual cells. If we study a single cell of the body and determine what its requirements would be for a perfect life, we have the true idea of the work of nutrition for the whole body. Each cell is bathed by a fluid called lymph, which acts as a middleman between the cells and the blood vessel. This lymph contains the food in solution which was absorbed by the blood vessels. There is a constant interchange of food and gases between the lymph and capillaries. The amount of food required by the cell will depend upon the amount of work it has to do in repair and, in the growing animal, to make the required growth. The cell cannot possibly take more than is required for these purposes. If a cell does not work it will not experience hunger, it will not partake of food but remain in a quiescent state. In the

complex body of man there are many millions of these cells. If, then, only a small percentage of these cells are working, we would not expect that that body would require as much food as the one whose whole being is engaged in regular work. For example, a book-keeper sitting at a desk all day will not require as much food as a man digging a ditch. With the concentrated foods of to-day, it is possible to take into the system several times as much food as the body requires for the purposes of growth and repair.

but there is a limit to this work beyond which disease is bound to follow. Over digestion is the great danger in early life when the machinery is in a good state of repair.

Let us look now at another side of food supply. The amount of food that can be digested by the machinery of any body is limited but the food supply and space is unlimited. If then a man consumes more than the machinery can digest, or strains the machinery from day to day by giving it all the work it can possibly do, one can plainly see how this may



INHABITANTS OF THE INNER WORLD DEMANDING BETTER TREATMENT.

The surplus food that is digested by the organs of the alimentary canal and absorbed by the blood vessels and lymphic fluid will have to go to storehouses in the body or else remain as sediment in the blood vessels and lymphatic system. This excess chokes up the smaller canals and causes congestion of the tissues. This congestion may be in any or all parts of the body. The bacteria and other scavengers, such as the white blood corpuscles which are always present in the blood, assist nature in preserving a healthy balance. If the excess of digested food is not too great these agencies are sufficient to look after this abnormal condition

offset the balance of life in the inner world and eventually break down the machinery. The food that is placed before us at regular intervals acts as a stimulus on the vision and we respond by eating until we are full or when we think we have had enough. The quantity eaten varies with the individual and with the custom of the country. We do not eat because we are hungry but because we are attracted by the stimuli of the odors and pleasing form and condition of the food. In a common boarding house we have laboring men and professional men sitting down at the same table; they are all attracted by the same stimuli and they usually eat about the same



quantity of food. This is again proof of the fact that it is the stimulus and not the experience of hunger that tempts us to eat. It is very rarely that any of us ever experience natural hunger. If we fast we miss the stimulus although there may be quantities of food in the system ready for use.

#### Cause of Disease.

All through my many years of study and observation of plant and animal behaviour and relations it has been a continual source of wonder to me why the human being should be so afflicted with disease while life in general is so sweet, pure, clean, happy and healthy. For example, take the birds: they breathe the same air, eat similar food, use the same drink; they work as we do; they have their pleasures and pastimes, their language and music; they take their rest; they prepare their houses for their offspring; and they have their questions of defence and combat. They perform all these functions and enjoy every one of them, while the larger part of the civilized race miss this enjoyment and, moreover, suffer years of pain and make life miserable for other beings.

A study of nature in its balanced state makes it clear to me that with a proper understanding of nature's laws, man, with his great intellect, might not only enjoy the same pleasures of other species, but improve upon them.

The most successful individual in nature is the one who can subsist on the minimum of food, and perform all the functions of life. The best way to determine the actual amount of food required to replace waste energy and to allow for growth is to reduce the amount of food taken into

the system gradually until we find the amount that is really necessary. Weakness of the body is often felt, due to lack of food stimuli when there is plenty of food in the body. This should not be mistaken for hunger. Real hunger is a keen desire for food whereas weakness occurring through lack of stimulant is a restless feeling. Any extra food taken into the system will mean extra work for the organs of the body and, when we consider that the extra food has to be forced through yards and yards of intestine, we see the superfluous amount of work done by the body. This surplus food also goes to feed bacteria in the system and thereby there is a waste of energy in consuming it.

#### Disease Caused by Congestion of Surplus Food.

The digested food of the body that is absorbed by the organs of absorption: blood, lacteals, etc., that is not consumed by the cells of the body, will have to go to storehouses or remain in the blood vessel or lymphal spaces and channels as was shown in our discussion of nutrition. This superfluous nutriment will choke or block up the canals and more especially the small canals known as capillaries, preventing the circulation of the blood which bears the nourishment for the tissues of the body. Let us examine the effect of this accumulated material upon the balance of the internal world. In the first place circulation is checked and the cells beyond the effected parts suffer from lack of food. The case of a railroad train loaded with provisions meeting a snow blockade a short distance from its destination is a parallel case. The people depending upon their provisions may starve with abundance of food near at hand.

(To be continued in June Issue.)

## The Selection and Management of the Laying Hen

C. A. WEBSTER.

**W**ITH poultry, the question of the greatest profit with the least expenditure of labor and money is a vital one.

To secure this end, the selection and building up of a strain of fowls with strong constitutions and a pronounced inclination to lay is the goal to which we should aim.

The selection of good breeding stock is rather difficult. The bird with a strong constitution shows health and vigor. It should be fairly low set and compact, with strong, smooth legs and a body well proportioned behind and front. The head is a good indication. It should be broad and full with a stout well-curved beak and bright clear eyes.

Without the use of trap nests and egg records it is impossible to know for certain the good layers. There are certain physical characters, however, that generally distinguish the profitable laying hen. She is comparatively stout with a long back and good sized comb. The hindquarter also is usually heavier than the front one. She should have a strong head with an alert expression in her bright eyes as if she was eagerly waiting for a worm or a bit of grain.

The early maturing bird is always the best. Young stock intended for laying should be carried along the summer steadily; not forced, but obtaining a sure rapid development. The best chickens seem to be those hatched in April or early May.

Then they are brought along in warm dry weather with no set backs.

About the middle of June they may be placed in the orchard or field, the cockerels being separated from the pullets. A good type of house to use is the colony house. This is simply a portable house on runners, so it may be moved from place to place. An ideal place to raise young chickens is a corn field. Here they grow rapidly into strong, sturdy young pullets that lay early.

The question of housing the fowls is an important one. The location should be one with a southern exposure and well-drained. There are various types of houses, the tendency being towards cheaper ones with abundance of light. Curtains are very satisfactory, giving ventilation with no draft. They should be of light material such as cheese cloth. Curtains are usually used in conjunction with glass, about one-third glass to two-thirds cloth. The curtain should be arranged so it may be rolled up on sunny days. To keep the hens in, a wire screen is nailed over the opening.

A house in successful operation at the O. A. C. is one with a low-down, open front. The front is entirely open, with the exception of a wire screen to keep the fowls in and has a large window on the west side. The front faces the south. It is 20x20 feet square, 3 feet high in front and 4 feet 6 inches at the back and 7 feet from floor to the ridge. This house will hold 75 to 100 hens. Its cost is

not excessive being slightly over a dollar per hen.

Fowls require a varied ration. It should consist of grain, green food, animal food and grit. A portion of the food should be given in a form to induce exercise, thus keeping the birds healthy. The drinking vessels must be kept clean and filled and the food given fresh and wholesome. In the summer give whole grain twice a day. This is scattered in the litter both morning and evening. The grains commonly used are wheat, barley, oats and corn. Skim milk is supplied as drink and the green and animal food is secured by the fowls in the run. They should be given a wide range of feeding ground to obtain the best results.

In the winter, which is considered to commence about October, a larger

proportion of fattening foods is given such as corn. The grain is given morning and evening. At noon green food, such as mangels, cabbages or clover hay is given. Rolled oats in a hopper is kept constantly before them and skim milk or buttermilk as a drink.

Throughout the winter, trap nests and egg records could be kept by the farmer, as he has then more time to look after the chickens. Thus the record of each hen would be kept and the producers distinguished from the non-producers.

In the spring, when preparing to breed only those birds that have laid well during the winter and that have shown good constitutions should be chosen to breed from. By this means would the stock be improved and the production increased.

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### TO-DAY.

We shall do so much in the years to come  
 But what have we done to-day?  
 We shall give our gold in a princely sum,  
 But what did we give to-day?  
 We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,  
 We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,  
 We shall speak with words of love and cheer,  
 But what have we done to-day?  
 We shall be so kind in the after while,  
 But what have we been to-day?  
 We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,  
 But what have we brought to-day?  
 We shall give to truth a grander birth.  
 And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,  
 We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,  
 But whom have we fed to-day?

—Nixon Waterman.

## Farmers' Clubs--No. 2

ORLOFF MALLORY CASTLETON, ONT.

NOTE—This article is the 2nd of the series of articles upon Farm Organizations we are publishing. The author, who is an ex-student of the College, has had practical experience in the formation of such a club as he describes. The club is at present doing very good work and is recognized in that locality to be a great success.

LET us take a peek up Yonge St., Toronto, and see the men walking and riding up and down. We see shoe dealers, grocery keepers, drygoods merchants; some living in the city, some from small towns and some from farm communities. And nearly all have their eyes open to watch for chances to buy the best goods as cheaply as possible, and they figure to sell so as to make a good profit, many of them specializing in the sale of some one article.

Now let us look up a rural road not many miles from Yonge Street, and see men struggling through the mud, taking grain to the mill to be ground. While they are going they wonder where they will be able to hire a man at a reasonable wage to help them work on the farm this summer (rise at 5 a.m. and work hard until 7 p.m.). Meanwhile scores of men are walking up and down Yonge Street wondering where they are going to get a quarter to buy a supper or a night's lodging. Men hang around the cities, farmers drudge away on the farm. You and I can better these conditions if we have a mind to do so. You can't do it alone or I can't do it alone, but if you will take hold of one end of it and I will take hold of the other we can assist in bringing about a better state of affairs. I said "if we had a mind to do so," but perhaps I shouldn't have said that, because we are bettering things already. City people are beginning to realize that a

healthy body is more important than easy money and the Ontario Agricultural College and the Farmers' Magazines are doing good work in educating the men in the country districts. And this education is what is going to do the work, for as soon as farmers can see where they are and then where they should be; see how they can make more money with less work and at the same time get more real enjoyment out of life, they are going to do it. As a result of this gradual change of conditions the surplus young men and women in the city will be attracted to the country, with emphasis on "attracted." As I have said farmers are beginning to read farm journals and think and talk on what they read therein. They are also beginning to believe in the benefits obtained from the Ontario Agricultural College, by visiting the institution and by getting literature, advice and good seed from there. But I can see another way which will help the man in the country district, the big, strong, simple ones (taking the extreme cases) who know no more nor can do practically more than drive a team or cut wood. Let me repeat that the solution of this problem, and it is a problem if we have ideas of a pure, strong intelligent Canada, is to educate the man on the farm. My opinion is that the farming class is the backbone of this country, and that the man of this class, of a superior type is the man who has a small

farm, which he understands and can handle easily.

Now if you are a man living in a farm community, who can think and talk, I want to talk to you. If you think you are not a man who can think and talk try to make yourself believe that you are such a man; assume that you are capable and self-reliant, and if you are willing to work and sacrifice somewhat for the good of your fellowman I can show you how you can be a blessing in your community. This summer when you take a rest at the end of the row of potatoes you have been hoeing or when you have a little spare time on a rainy day, think out a plan how, where and why you can and should organize a club in your community. The best way for you in my opinion is to go around among the neighbors just as soon as the ground freezes up next fall and tell them that you want to organize a club (for whatever purpose you decide is best). I would suggest that you try to form a club so as to get everyone of all the denominations to attend, also everyone in the household from Grandpa and Grandma down to baby, and have all take an interest. Tell them to come to the town hall, school house, or any place suitable that you can secure for the purpose, at say, half-past seven on next Wednesday night; that you want to form a club to meet weekly,

bi-monthly or monthly as desired. For the first hour have a lecture, debate or speeches, and for the last hour a good time, playing games, bean bags, checkers, flinch, etc., and start on time and finish on time. If you haven't the time to visit all these homes letters written to every home will be the next best thing to bring the people together. Now comes the hardest part of all, and that is when someone will say that he does not agree with your suggestions. When you have the club started it is up to you to keep the ball rolling steadily. Don't tackle too much as many a man in private affairs has become a failure by attempting more than he could handle. Don't have too good a time as every too good a feeling has its reaction. Have executive meetings often, the executive to consist of not less than four members. This will not necessarily be a literary club, or a religious club or a rowdy club, but it will be what you have a mind to make it. Many people in the community will not do a thing to help the community along, but will do all they can, perhaps, unintentionally, to hinder it; but as I have said it depends upon you. If you are willing to work and sacrifice, the club will very likely be a success as clubs of different sorts in different communities have already proven to be.

A shadow here, a shadow there,  
 A little sunshine everywhere;  
 To-day great love, to-morrow care,  
 A throb of love, a thrill of hate,  
 A long, long waiting at the gate  
 For dawns that break an hour too late.  
 And yet a splendid round, a strife  
 That man may win, who dares the knife  
 And plays the game, the game of life.

—Schoolman.

## Aid to Thoroughbred Stallions

THE policy initiated in 1911 by the Department of Agriculture with reference to the granting of aid, under certain conditions, to the owners of thoroughbred stallions is generally meeting with approval and is accomplishing, in part at least, the objects sought when the policy was undertaken. Amongst other maintaining really high class horses

individuals, may be expected to exert such an influence, in the development of Canadian horses for saddle and harness use, as is greatly needed and greatly to be desired. The premium placed upon quality, soundness and prepotency, through the grants awarded by the department is serving to check the use of unsuitable sires and is tending to conserve a type of thoroughbred, the utility of which is beyond question.

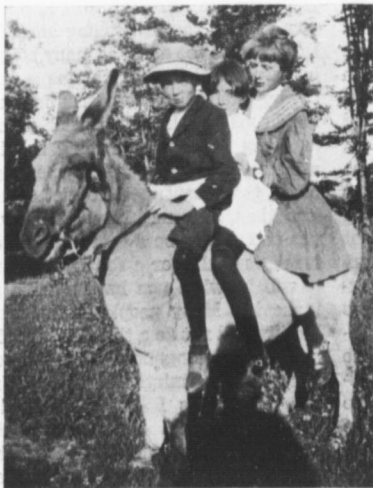
While, as perhaps should be stated, it is not the intention of the department to encourage the breeding of thoroughbred horses or to develop a type in light horses approximating closely to that of the thoroughbred, there is no question but that a strong infusion of thoroughbred blood in the light legged mares of the country will be of inestimable value in improving the quality of the stock got from them by stallions of the various light harness breeds.

Believing himself to be justified, therefore, in further prosecuting the policy began last year, the Honorable Martin Burrell, Minister of Agriculture, has authorized the continuance of the grant, to be available for

all thoroughbred stallions, standing for public service during the season of 1912, which comply with the conditions imposed by the department.

The conditions under which assistance will be given are as follows:

1. All horses on account of which aid is given by the department must be registered in the Thoroughbred Stud Book of the Canadian National Live Stock Records.



STRONG PASTERNS REQUIRED

and is serving to organize the system of breeding followed in the different communities where thoroughbred stallions are located. The stimulus given, in this manner, to the use of thoroughbred blood will, it is believed, owing to the rigid conditions imposed, lead to an improvement in the light horse stock of the country. Thoroughbred stallions, if really good

2. Horses shall be of good size, quality and conformation and shall be free from all hereditary unsoundness; these conditions to be ensured by submission annually to a thorough, careful examination either at the hands of the Veterinary Director General or such other members of the veterinary staff of the department, or other persons as the Minister may from time to time appoint for this purpose.

3. Horses so approved shall be duly and properly advertised to stand for service of mares, under the ordinary and general conditions usual in the districts in which they are to be kept, at an annual service fee (except in the case of thoroughbred mares) of not more than \$10.00 to insure, such service fee to become due and payable only when mares prove to be in foal.

Any person, firm or corporation owning or controlling any thorough-

bred stallion in regard to which all of the conditions above set forth shall have been duly and properly fulfilled, shall, on production of satisfactory evidence thereof and of the fact that a reasonable number of mares, other than thoroughbred mares, have been served during the season, be entitled to receive at the close of each such season the sum of \$250, from the funds of the live stock branch. If, in the event of a horse dying or becoming incapacitated for service during the season, an approved substitute is immediately placed in the same district, the Minister may, after due consideration of the circumstances, authorize the payment of the subsidy above mentioned.

The necessary forms will be furnished on application to the Veterinary Director-General and Live Stock Commissioner, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

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#### A. D. 2000.

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,  
 And the sodium alkali,  
 For I'm going to make a pie, mamma;  
 I'm going to make a pie,  
 For John will be hungry and tired, ma,  
 And his tissues will decompose;  
 So give me a gram of phosphate,  
 And the carbon and cellulose,  
 Now give me a chunk of caseine, ma,  
 To shorten the thermic fat,  
 And give me the oxygen bottle, ma,  
 And look at the thermostat,  
 And if the electric oven is cold  
 Just turn it on half an ohm,  
 For I want to have the supper ready  
 As soon as John comes home.

—Exchange.

## The Roads We Take

O. HENRY.

**T**WENTY miles west of Tucson the "Sunset Express" stopped at a tank to take water. Besides the aqueous addition, the engine of that famous flyer acquired some other things that were not good for it.

While the fireman was lowering the feeding hose, Bob Tidball, "Shark" Dodson and a quarter-bred Creek Indian called John Big Dog, climbed on the engine and showed the engineer three round orifices in pieces of ordnance that they carried. These orifices so impressed the engineer with their possibilities that he raised both hands in a gesture such as accompanies the ejaculation "Do tell."

At the crisp command of "Shark" Dodson, who was leader of the attacking force, the engineer descended to the ground and uncoupled the engine and tender. Then John Big Dog, perched upon the coal, sportively held two guns upon the engine driver and the fireman, and suggested that they run the engine fifty yards away and there await further orders.

Shark Dodson and Bob Tidball, scorning to put such low-grade ore as the passengers through the mill, struck out for the rich pocket of the express car. They found the messenger serene in the belief that the "Sunset Express" was taking on nothing more stimulating and dangerous than aqua pura. While Bob was knocking the idea out of his head with the butt-end of his six-shooter Shark Dodson was already dosing the express car safe with dynamite.

The safe exploded to the tune of \$30,000, all gold and currency. The

passengers cast their heads casually out of the windows to look for the thunder cloud. The conductor jerked at the bell-rope, which sagged down loose and unresisting at his tug. Shark Dodson and Bob Tidball, with their booty in a stout canvas bag, tumbled out of the express car and ran awkwardly in their high-heeled boots to the engine.

The engineer, sullenly angry but wise, ran the engine, according to orders, rapidly away from the inert train. But before this was accomplished the express messenger recovered from Bob Tidball's persuader to neutrality, jumped out of his car with a Winchester rifle and took a trick in the game. Mr. John Big Dog sitting on the coal tender unwittingly made a wrong lead by giving an imitation of a target, and the messenger trumped him. With a ball exactly between his shoulder blades the Creek chevalier of industry rolled off to the ground, thus increasing the share of his comrades in the loot by one-sixth each. Two miles from the tank the engineer was ordered to stop. The robbers waved a defiant adieu and plunged down the steep slope into the thick woods that lined the track. Five minutes of crashing through a thicket of chapparal brought them to open woods, where three horses were tied to low-hanging branches. One was waiting for John Big Dog, who would never ride by night or by day again. This animal the robbers divested of saddle and bridle and set free. They mounted the other two with the bag across one pommel, and rode fast and with discretion through the for-



est and up a primeval, lonely gorge. Here the animal that bore Bob Tidball slipped on a mossy boulder and broke a fore-leg. They shot him through the head at once and sat down to hold a council of flight. Made secure for the present by the tortuous trail they had travelled, the question of time was no longer so big. Many miles and hours lay between them and the spryest posse that could follow. Shark Dodson's horse, with trailing rope and dropped bridle, panted and cropped thankfully off the grass along the stream in the gorge. Bob Tidball opened the sack, drew out double handfuls of the neat packages of currency and the one sack of gold and chuckled with the glee of a child.

"Say, you old double-decked pirate," he called joyfully to Dodson, "you said we could do it—you got a head for financing that knocks the horns off of anything in Arizona."

"What are we going to do about a horse for you, Bob? We ain't got long to wait here. They'll be on our trail before daylight in the morning."

"Oh, I guess that cayuse of yourn'll carry double for a while," answered the sanguine Bob. "We'll annex first animal we come across. By jingoes, we made a haul, didn't we? According to the marks on the money there's \$30,000—\$15,000 apiece."

"It's short of what I expected," said Shark Dodson, kicking softly at the packages with the toe of his boot. And then he looked pensively at the wet sides of his tired horse.

"Old Boliver's mighty nigh played out," he said, slowly. "I wish that sorrel of yours hadn't got hurt."

"So do I," said Bob heartily, "it can't be helped. Bolivar's got plenty of bottom—he'll get us both far enough to get fresh mounts. Dang

it, Shark, I can't help thinking how funny it is that an Easterner like you can come out here and give us Western fellows cards and spades in the desperado business. What part of the East was you from, anyway?"

"New York State," said Shark Dodson, sitting down on a boulder and chewing a twig. "I was born on a farm in Ulster County. I ran away from home when I was seventeen. It was an accident my coming West. I was walkin' along the road with my clothes in a bundle, makin' for New York City. I had an idea of goin' there and makin' lots of money. I always felt like I could do it. I came to a place one evening where the road forked, and I didn't know which fork to take. I studied about it for half an hour, and then I took the left-hand. That night I run into the camp of a Wild West show that was traveling among the little towns, and I went West with it. I've often wondered if I wouldn't have turned out different if I'd took the other road."

"Oh, I reckon you'd have ended up about the same," said Bob Tidball, cheerfully philosophical. "It ain't the roads we take; it's what's inside of us that makes us turn out the way we do."

Shark Dodson got up and leaned against a tree.

"I'd a good deal rather that sorrel of yourn hadn't hurt himself, Bob," he said again, almost pathetically.

"Same here," agreed Bob, "he was sure a first-rate kind of a crowbait. But Bolivar, he'll pull us through all right. Reckon we'd better be movin' on, hadn't we, Shark? I'll bag this boodle ag'in and we'll hit the trail for higher timber."

Bob Tidball replaced the spoil in the bag and tied the mouth of it

tightly with a cord. When he looked up the most prominent object that he saw was the muzzle of Shark Dodson's 45 held upon him.

"Stop your funnin'," said Bob, "We've got to be hittin' the breeze."

"Set still," said Shark. "You ain't goin' to hit no breeze, Bob. I hate to tell you, but there ain't any chance for but one of us. Bolivar, he's plenty tired, and he can't carry double."

"We been pards, me and you, Shark Dodson, for three years," Bob said quietly. "We've risked our lives together time and again. I've always give you a square deal, and I thought you was a man. I've heard some queer stories about you shooting one or two men in a peculiar way, but I never believed 'em. Now if you're just havin' a little fun with me, Shark, put your gun up, and we'll get on Bolivar and vamoose. If you mean to shoot—shoot, you black-hearted son of a tarantula."

Shark Dodson's face bore a deeply sorrowful look.

"You don't know how bad I feel," he sighed, "about that sorrel of yours breakin' his leg, Bob."

The expression on Dodson's face changed in an instant to one of cold ferocity mingled with inexorable cupidity. The soul of the man showed itself for a moment like an evil face in the window of a reputable house.

Truly Bob Tidball was never to "hit the breeze again. The deadly 45 of the false friend cracked and filled the gorge with a roar that the walls hurled back with indignant echoes. And Bolivar, unconscious accomplice, swiftly bore away the last of the holders-up of the "Sunset Express," not put to the stress of "carrying double." But as "Shark" Dodson galloped away the woods seemed to fade from his

view, the revolver in his right hand turned to the curved arm of a mahogany chair; his saddle was strangely upholstered, and he opened his eyes and saw his feet, not in stirrups, but resting quietly on the edge of a quartered-oak desk.

I am telling you that Dodson, of the firm of Dodson & Decker, Wall Street brokers, opened his eyes. Peabody, the confidential clerk, was standing by his chair, hesitating to speak. There was a confused hum of wheels below, and a sedative buzz of an electric fan.

"Ahem! Peabody," said Dodson blinking. "I must have fallen asleep. I had a most remarkable dream. What is it, Peabody?"

"Mr. Williams, sir, of Tracy & Williams, is outside. He has come to settle his deal in X. Y. Z. The market caught him short, if you remember."

"Yes, I remember. What is X. Y. Z. quoted at to-day, Peabody?"

"One eighty-five, sir."

"Then that's his price."

"Excuse me," said Peabody, rather nervously, "for speaking of it, but I have been talking to Williams. He's an old friend of yours, Mr. Dodson, and you practically have a corner in X. Y. Z. I thought you might—that is I thought you might not remember that he sold you the stock at 98. If he settles at the market price it will take every cent he has in the world, and his home too to deliver the shares."

The expression on Dodson's face changed in an instant to one of cold ferocity.

The soul of the man showed itself for a moment like an evil face in the window of a reputable house.

"He will settle at one eight-five," said Dodson. "Bolivar cannot carry double."

## A Unique Poultry Farm

JOHN FAY.

**L**AST August it was my pleasure to visit the fruit and poultry farm of Mr. H. D. Shepherd, in Worcester County, Mass. Some years since Mr. Shepherd was Professor of Horticulture at Maine State University, and it was while there that he became interested especially in breeding Barred Plymouth Rocks, for which Orono has since become famous.

Unfortunately, Mr. Shepherd was seriously injured in a bad railway wreck, and it was several years before he was able to do any work. Finally, when he found he could not stand the confinement of teaching, he bought a farm up in the hills of Massachusetts, five miles from the railroad and proceeded to make it blossom as the rose.

The land is of a gravelly nature, and he therefore decided at once it would be good for poultry. Immediately his thoughts went back to Orono and the egg strain that Professor Gowell worked so hard to produce. So he procured enough of the stock to make a fair start and commenced to breed the strain on his own place three years ago.

Last winter he kept 350 laying hens and the egg yield he claims to have procured is something phenomenal.

During December of 1910 he gathered (so he says) a 60% egg yield, in January it rose to 70%, and for February, 1911, it was 80%. I did not get sworn statements as to the fact of this phenomenal yield, but have no doubt it is true.

His location is ideal for poultry.

The soil being gravelly, is naturally well drained. The basements of barn, shop and sheds face toward the south, and make fine, comfortable quarters for laying stock. Last winter he used, beside this, one house 20x40 feet and one 16x30 feet. These, as well as the basements, were open in front nearly all the time, even in very cold weather, for Mr. Shepherd believes in fresh air, and lots of it.

Last summer he enlarged the 20x40 house so that it is now 40 x 40, with an entire open front, screened in with wire. The height of this house or shed, at the eaves, is about 4½ ft., and, as the roof slopes all one way (toward the north), the front or open side is about 15 feet high.

Although it would seem that this building would be very draughty, yet the hens have done very well in it. There were 350 pullets placed in it, and when we consider that each bird has over five square feet of floor space, plenty of room is available.

The perches are arranged along the back, or low side, and burlap screens are hinged to the roof so as to swing down in front of the birds on very cold windy nights.

Mr. Shepherd's method of feeding is very simple. The only grain purchased last summer for the birds was red-dog flour and oats. His method of saving grain bills and at the same time keeping the stock in the best condition is unique and might be practiced more generally than it is.

During the summer, the morning feed has been of some sort of green fodder run through a feed cutter, and

mixed with red-dog flour. Sometimes it would be grass, sometimes weeds. As soon as his crops of vegetables and corn was large enough, these constituted the bulk of material for mixing with the flour. The mixture is made up immediately as wanted, fresh every feed. It is remarkable how greedily the birds attack this green food smeared with flour, when they have unlimited free range through the corn fields, potato and vegetable lots, and orchard.

Even sunflower stalks, and rag-weeds, when cut fine and mixed with flour, are as greedily eaten as the rest. For the noon feed, a few oats scattered on the ground or in the litter is usually used. At night the flour and cut feed is again given to the fowls. During the winter however, this night feed consists of whole corn. In summer no animal matter is provided for other than that the birds find for themselves in the fields.

In winter when green feed is cut off, outside cabbage, corn fodder, clover hay, turnips and roots of various kinds are used cut and mixed with flour. Cheap animal matter is provided in the form of decadent horses, the bones of which he utilizes without waste as he used a power bone cutter.

The past winter the birds have had the pleasure of threshing out the

sheaf wheat from five acres. This serves as the noon feed, when a few sheaves are thrown into each of the houses.

Several acres of corn grown on the place further helps to cut down the cost of grain. Mr. Shepherd believes in growing as much feed as possible on the farm, which is needed for the poultry, and he has succeeded admirably.

About fifteen acres of orchard have been planted by Mr. Shepherd, composed mostly of apples and peaches, and some of the trees are already beginning to bear, particularly the Wealthy apples. He grows his crops of "hen feed," as he calls it, among the growing fruit trees and his vegetables, sunflowers and corn are good to see.

He rears his young stock from selected layers, mated with males from heavy laying families. He has paid special attention to the selection of the young males for future breeders. The earlier maturing cockerels of the greatest vigor are the ones selected, and marked, so that there is no mistake later on when the surplus ones are disposed of.

The eggs are set under hens, but the little chicks are removed from the hens and kept in a sunny basement, which is heated with a coal stove until no more artificial heat is required.

## Stock Improvement

A township sanitary inspector visited a farm near one of our large cities in order that he might, with due deference, sign or not sign a statement as to whether conditions were satisfactory for the granting of a license to the farm owner to sell milk. He

was not satisfied with the conditions discovered and declared to the applicant for license: "Your cans are dirty, your buildings unsanitary, your yards are filthy and your cows are a disgrace. Clean up, or you can not sell milk in the city." This indictment was

rather savage, it aroused the ire of the owner, and had the desired effect of making him clean up and maintain sanitary conditions. But it failed in one respect, the cows remained the same. The law could compel him to improve conditions, but it could not

compel him to improve his stock. Will public opinion ever reach the point where we will have compulsory live stock improvement? Scrub animals are a great enemy to many men. A law on the statute books might help the slack or lazy farmer.

## Level Cultivation

The old style of cultivation practiced in growing corn, potatoes, mangels, etc., was to "hill up." This system was all right in seasons of abundant rainfall, but all wrong in seasons like 1911.

A cardinal rule in good farming is to conduct operations so as to safeguard against injury from drouth—a condition which seldom fails to visit us at least once during the year. Level cultivation is in consonance with this rule for the following reasons: Furrowed ground presents more surface to the sun, and thus is subjected to

greater evaporation; a hilled up row sheds off rain instead of allowing it to soak down, while the accompanying furrow rapidly carries it off. Hilling the rows encourages washing of soil. When the soil is taken from the middles and thrown up around the plants, the soil stratum where the roots do most of their feeding is reduced in depth, and the available fertility reduced.

Hilling is of real advantage only to crops growing on low land lacking in surface drainage, especially in seasons when rainfall is above average.

### TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Not the great ten, but echoes from them, which a minister gave for young men:—

"Do not speak of the 'old gent' and the 'old woman.' Fathers and mothers are a necessary evil in the present system of things. They have spoken respectfully of you when outsiders could not see anything on which they could hang even a small compliment.

"Do not give all your attention to the education of the brains on the outside of your head. Football hair and a big letter on your jersey are not a sufficient training for life. The young fellow who is old-fashioned enough to go to school for study still has a place in the world.

"Do not invest your nickel in a glass of beer, then afterward criticize the other fellow who has invested his nickel in a savings bank. Beer checks and bank checks as investments are not in the same class.

"Do not put the money of your tailor and your washerwoman in five dollar opera seats and two dollar theatre tickets. They may prefer to spend their earnings in some other way.

"Do not measure your job entirely by the size of the pay envelope and the length of the vacation. Highway robbery is an ideal vocation measured in these ways.

"Do not try to get rich quick; smarter men than you, who have come to town without a cent, have tried it and lost all they had.

"Don't speak ill of women.

"Do not profile your tongue with profane and vulgar speech, revealing ignorance and showing the coarseness in your soul.

"Do not think you have sounded all the ocean of truth when you have let out all your little line. The ocean on whose shore Newton had gathered only a few pebbles can never be all in your little tin cup.

"Do not be a stranger to the church of your father. The old pew looks lonesome without you. Your father went to his honor and his prosperity straight from the church door. The path is still there. You need the church and church needs you.

## Poultry as a Fad

JOHN FAY.

**P**OULTRY may be kept as a fad in almost any surroundings, from the little coop on the back veranda in town to the big farm where the pet birds may be allowed to run at will.

The fascination that makes poultry fanciers is not confined to one class alone. Men and women, boys and girls, from all classes and conditions of life find a great deal of enjoyment in fussing with chickens, or fooling with hens, as Webster defines it.

The perfection of existing varieties along the line toward a definite ideal offers a large field for the skill of the breeder; and the opportunities for establishing new varieties are as great and promising as ever they were. Poultry culture is an especially rich field in which to practise breeding, because one may obtain results so quickly. Maturity is reached in a few months, and where quick results are desired two generations may be secured in the course of a year.

The show is an important function with poultry fanciers. Here they get together to match the products of their skill as breeders. Here it is they come to see what their fellow fanciers are doing, admire their beautiful birds perhaps, and talk over the vital interests of poultrydom.

Did you ever notice how much enjoyment some young friend of yours got from a few bantams, and how many fundamental truths of life they unconsciously learned through the care of some of these fascinating pets? Perhaps you have enjoyed these experiences yourself, and still

have the same old fascinations for fine chickens, cooled and tempered with reason. We have all delighted in possessing something really alive. We have watched and tended them with absorbing interest through all the phases of their lives and have been wiser and better for it. How proud we were of the faith and attachment the little creatures gave us in return for good care; and how thoroughly we learned the sad lessons that neglect taught.

Most of us still retain some of the lessons of early years; the fascination of the study of life and living things still grips us, and the problems that confront every breeder attract and sometimes puzzle us. We are fonder than ever of developing the rare and beautiful qualities that are so alluring—the delicate shades of coloring, or the ideal of shape and form. Some of us even like to bring out those odd and freakish developments, that only serve to hold our curiosity.

The sprightliness, beauty and gallantry of our feathered friends are well known. What a pleasure it is to watch them. What lessons of chivalry we may learn from a little bantam cock. And what an example of grit and "stick-to-it-ness" we have in the pit games. They are the models of courage, courtesy and pugnacity the world over. That is why I suppose it is that poultry fanciers are such good "scrappers," and why they are so fetching with the fair sex.

So don't be backward about becoming a chicken fancier if you are fond of poultry for it is a sure enough way to enjoy life.

# Farmers' Organizations and Politics

## --No. 3

W. C. GOOD.

NOTE—This is the 3rd of our series of articles upon Farm Organizations. In this article arguments are given, by Mr. Good, in favor of discussing political questions at Farmers' Organizations. Next month we shall publish an article advocating purely non-political discussions.

A GOOD many years ago it was deemed advisable by those in charge of Farmers' Institute work to embody in the Farmers' Institute regulations a prohibition of the discussion of questions generally known as political. One reason for this prohibition was that the discussion of such questions tended to call forth or aggravate political partisanship, out of which grew sufficient acrimony to endanger the success of the meetings. It was, of course, no compliment to the farmers that they could not discuss certain questions good naturedly and dispassionately. Nevertheless it was a fact that, speaking generally, they could not, or would not do so; with the result that any question which might happen to become, so to speak, the property of a political party, was straightway tabooed in all Farmers' Institute meetings.

Now this condition of affairs cannot help suggesting, to the thoughtful observer, an examination of the whole matter, with a view to discover what is the essential difference between political and other questions, if there be any; and also to answer the question as to whether or not farmers' organizations should "dabble in politics."

Defining politics roughly as the science of government, we are met, at the very beginning of our inquiry, by a singular fact, viz., that we have

one system of government in our municipalities and another in our provinces and Dominion. Putting the case otherwise we may say that the party system prevails in our larger communities, while it does not prevail in our smaller. Try as we will we can find no valid reason for this difference, as the same kinds of business and problems confront all our governments, whether municipal, provincial or federal. The collection and expenditure of taxes, the enacting of "laws" to regulate social conduct—these and similar questions constitute the business of all our governments and legislative bodies. The reader will therefore find it either very difficult or impossible to justify the retention of the party system in any one sphere while he sanctions its abolition in another. It is good or bad for all alike.

Now the party system, though it is but an accident of English history, derives its strength from the fighting instinct in man; and every candid observer recognises the fact that, when public questions are made party questions, members (or adherents) of the two opposing parties are driven, almost in spite of themselves, to take the position of extreme advocates of opposing views. Municipal questions can usually be discussed calmly and reasonably; but, when we come to those public questions which lie within the jurisdiction of party gov-

ernments, it is the exception to find them discussed with even an aim at fairness. As the saying goes: "Everything is fair in war and politics." Any thoughtful person who has sampled Canadian "political campaigning" will have had abundant proof of the above statement, and I need say nothing further in connection therewith.

The misrepresentation and verbal trickery, then, that we find characteristic of political discussions where the party system prevails, accounts for, and justifies, in some measure, the rather drastic regulation already mentioned. But, if social progress is to be made, political questions must be discussed frankly, honestly and fully by the electorate, of which the farmers constitute a very important part. It is important for the farmers to know how to obtain maximum returns from their fields with a minimum of labor, and the Farmers' Institute has done (and is doing) splendid educational work along this line. But it is equally important for them, and vastly more important for society in general, that the wealth thus produced shall be equitably distributed and wisely consumed. The farmer may be taught to grow larger crops or raise better stock; but if the increased wealth which his intelligence thus creates either brings no direct profit to him or is diverted from its normal use to the maintenance of idle or mischievous social parasites, then neither the farmer nor society in general gains anything by the increase in production. In fact, under such conditions, technical and scientific progress is soon followed by moral and social decay.

Now it so happens that political questions have to deal largely with

the distribution of wealth. Production is chiefly a question of the individual's control of the forces of external nature, but distribution involves the free play of the forces of human nature, and depends upon custom, law, and moral and social ideals and standards. Agriculturally the individual farmer will be an efficient producer of crops if he understands soils and plant life; but, in a state of society such as ours, his share of the crops thus produced will depend largely upon the social methods and laws in force, and these latter questions are, or are likely to become, "political." Take for example the matter of transportation charges. If legislation permits unregulated monopoly of the transportation of commodities by a railway corporation, then a large percentage of the value of these commodities is extracted by the railway in excessive freight rates, and neither producer nor consumer may gain by increase in production. Similarly any official or governmental support of combines in restraint of trade increases the degree of social parasitism. A protective tariff, also, by artificially enhancing the prices of certain commodities, causes a one-sided transfer of wealth from the consumer to the producer of those commodities; while a tariff for revenue fills the public coffers by taxing citizens according to their use of wealth. All methods of taxation so far in use take a certain proportion of the wealth produced by the individual for social purposes, and these methods are determined by legislative and applied by executive action. Moreover all public franchises, vested rights and privileges, conferred upon individuals or corporations by



governments, influence the distribution of wealth. Hence, turn where we will, we shall find that the distribution of wealth is chiefly affected by legislative or political action.

The consumption of wealth, also, is not only influenced by its distribution—being wise in proportion to the equity of distribution—but is profoundly affected by moral and intellectual standards that are largely embodied in legislative enactments.

The average citizen, then, should take a deep interest in political questions, and the farmer, both as citizen and agriculturist, must do the same. As a good citizen he must try to have good laws properly enforced, while, as a tiller of the soil, he must see to it that his hard earned wealth is not filched from him and used for the aggrandizement of a few and the corruption of society.

We must also bear in mind that, while there is general unanimity regarding the methods of increasing production, there is great diversity of opinion when it comes to a question of distribution. Mankind retains a goodly share of the acquisitive instinct, and no defamation of human nature is meant when I refer to the general unanimity with which a bunch of hogs regard a double feed put into their trough and the sharp differences of opinion which arise when the feed is put within their reach. All are agreed as to the propriety of having good crops, but the farmers and the railways do not agree very well as to their respective shares of these crops.

We have arrived, then, at certain fairly definite preliminary conclusions. First that it is highly necessary, for the welfare of agriculture

and of society in general, that political questions be frankly and fairly discussed by farmers and all citizens. Secondly that, both from their intrinsic nature (having to do with the distribution rather than with the production of wealth) and from their connection with the party system of government, these questions are in practice hard to discuss without acrimonious misrepresentation. Thirdly, that the difficulty just mentioned has led to a rather extensive tabooing of political questions in most farmers organizations and meetings, and, for that matter, in most other associations of citizens except what may be termed the political standing armies. Politically, therefore, we are well qualified to join in the general confession and say: "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us."

No one specific remedy for this state of affairs can be prescribed or applied; but there are several things that can be done with profit.

In the first place citizens can be weaned from blind allegiance to party by being shown how terrible are the social consequences of that allegiance. It is a sight fit to make the gods weep to see fifty honest farmers go to the polls and kill the votes of fifty other honest farmers whose interests are identical with theirs. Farmers would not be such political nonentities if they got away from party and discussed political questions solely on their merits. But the designing politician and the grafter laugh at, and fatten upon, the partisanship of the electors, while, at the same time they flatter,

and inflame party passion, with devilish skill.

In the second place our political machinery can be so modified that the attention of the average elector will be diverted from parties to principles, and the habit formed of discussing political questions on their own merits. The best (and easiest) way in which this can be done is by the adoption of Direct Legislation through the Initiative and the Referendum, political methods that I have described to readers of the Review on former occasions. Proportional representation, also, would give some representation to progressive minorities, and would help to destroy the rigidly bipartite quality of our legislatures, thus weakening partisanship in that quarter.

And thirdly, farmers' organizations should not, in my judgment, be afraid to venture upon the preserves of the political standing armies, for their losses through political inactivity far outweigh the dangers of political controversy. The Grange,

the Farmers' Association and the Grain Growers' Associations of the West have always discussed public, or political questions, and, although controversy has frequently been keen, there has been a vast amount of very important educational work done, and, as might be expected, a tendency to arrive at fairly definite conclusions which were subsequently impressed upon legislative or governmental authorities. Difference of opinion there has been, as there must always be, but the discussions have been illuminative, and the outcome has always been beneficial. To detail the work and influence of the above farmers' organizations would be a long story and is beyond my present purpose. Suffice it to say that for reasons already outlined, those farmers' organizations which permit free discussions on all kinds of questions are those which first merit the farmers' support, and which are calculated to be of greatest benefit to agriculture and to the whole people.

### EVENING

After the duty, the toil of the day,  
Whether with sighing or laughter 'twas done,  
Fall the soft shadows, like mantle of grey,  
Telling the course of that day has been run.

Falls a sweet calmness o'er hillside and dell,  
Whisperings of happiness throb on the air;  
Over the city streets—magic the spell;  
'Wakening joy, where at noontide was care.

Comes from the vesper bells music that thrills,  
Flies now the wandering bird to its nest;  
Comes like a friar the dusk o'er the hills,  
Bringing for weary ones hours of rest.

—Lillian Waters McMurtry.

## The Fertilizer Complement

W. M. AIKENHEAD.

**I**F any one is intensive in his methods, it is the horticulturalist. If he is a trucker or market gardener his success is gauged by his ability to use every foot of ground to the best advantage. If fruit growing is his vocation, his trees, bushes, or vines are planted to utilize best a given area. In the greenhouse,—well every one knows that under glass the man who cannot fit something into every inch of space has missed one of the fundamental principles of the business.

This intensive man must make every factor of his work tell, and fertilizing and fertilizers are great factors in the business. The farming public for the most part seem to have acquired the idea that it is "commercial fertilizers vs. farm yard manure." The idea followed in this article is that artificial fertilizers should be used with or complementarily to farm yard manure or similar organic manures.

Commercial fertilizers are expensive and in order that they be used economically, the needs of the soil, the needs of the crop, and the composition of the fertilizer is and the availability of its constituents for plant food, must be known.

Plants require from the soil water and various minerals. Of those required the farmer need only concern himself about nitrates, phosphoric acid, and potash. Lime is much used but not so much for direct plant requirements as for its action upon the soil and upon the availability of other plant foods.

It may be found upon analysis of soils that enough phosphorous and potash are contained for many years, but these constituents are held mostly in an unavailable form and under the most favorable conditions it is improbable that ample quantities of these substances for certain crops will be rendered available in certain seasons. Nitrogen contained in the soil is usually in the form of organic matter. Otherwise it rapidly leaches away in drainage water. If commercial fertilizers alone are added to the soil and its nitrogen is in the form of ammonia or nitrates only such of these as the plant can make immediate use of are at all valuable. If dried blood or other organic substances are applied the nitrogen while not immediately available continues so throughout the season. If the ash constituents are applied in a soluble form they soon change chemically to an insoluble one and so become unavailable.

Hence it is seen that commercial fertilizers alone are insufficient. Further it has been proven that all or nearly all plant foods are rendered available by the action of soil bacteria. These bacteria require moisture, air, warmth and organic material upon which to live. The moisture, warmth and air content of the soil, are controlled largely by drainage and tillage and partly by the organic content of the soil. Thus the organic matter of the soil has a five-fold purpose. Its dark color keeps the soil warmer, it holds moisture and its porosity makes the soil more airy

and the bacteria acting through and upon it render phosphous and potash available, and as it decays nitrogen is freed for the uses of the plant. Small wonder that practical men in all times have put so high a value upon farm yard manure and other animal and vegetable fertilizers. They themselves contain some quantity of ash constituents as well as valuable physical properties.

Farm yard manure may then be expected to add to the soil quantities of organic matter containing about ten to fifteen pounds of nitrogen, about five pounds of phosphoric acid and the same or a little more of potash per ton. Beside this it brings to the soil quantities of bacteria needed for the work of rendering this and other food into a condition for the plant to use. Where this manure is to be had it should be made the most of and firefanging and leaching prevented as much as possible. Where it is obtainable in limited amounts cover crops may be used and as these obviously add nothing of mineral value to the soil, except nitrogen from the air in the case of the legumes, the farm yard manure should be used as light or occasional dressings.

So much for known soil requirements. Analysis may be of some value but the grower can best learn his own needs by simple experiment. A good plan to be followed in determining the needs of the soil and the requirements of the plant, and at the same time to become familiar with the constituents of fertilizers is to use a five plot experiment such as follows:

Plot 1—No fertilizer.

Plot 2—The three main elements

(nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid).

Plot 3—No potash, but the same amounts of nitrogen and phosphoric acid as in No. 2.

Plot 4—No phosphoric acid, but the same amounts of nitrogen and potash as in No. 2.

No. 5—No nitrogen, but the same amounts of phosphoric acid and potash as in No. 2.

It is evident that the plots should be upon uniform soil, and that the cultivation, drainage and other treatment of soil and crop should be the same.

For potatoes, vegetables and small fruits in this experiment the following quantities per acre may be used:

150 lbs. nitrate of soda.

350 lbs. superphosphate.

200 lbs. sulphate of potash.

The plots can be large or small as desired. For corn or roots slightly different quantities may be used, as for instance 120 lbs. of nitrate; 400 lbs. of superphosphate, 140 lbs. of muriate of potash. If such experiments are conscientiously worked out the operator will learn what his soil requires for the particular crop which he wishes to cultivate better than anyone else can tell him, and he will be able to have a more intelligent interest in his soil, crops and the mixtures he uses upon them.

If we study the requirements of our plants we shall find that they differ in food requirements and in ability to procure necessary food. Thus cereals are grown at a season of the year when there are comparatively small amounts of nitrates in the soil, and while wheat, oats and barley do not take half the nitrogen from the soil that legumes do they have greater difficulty in getting it. Bac-

teria on legume roots usually secure for the plants more than they require. The legumes require a large amount of potash, but do not seem as able to gather it as the cereals. Turnips have difficulty in getting a supply of phosphoric acid, and mangels in gathering the nitrogen they need. As a rule we find large fleshy leaved plants, particularly those which store quantities of starch and sugar, requiring not only much nitrogen, but an abundance of available potash. Crops grown for leaf and stem and harvested before maturity such as lettuce, celery and cabbage, may take an abundance of nitrogen while crops to be matured necessitate a regulation of this constituent. Nitrogen forms big leaf and stem growth, phosphoric acid hastens maturity, while potash has to do with the formation of carbohydrates, and is needed in quantity in big fleshy leaved plants.

There are especial needs of plants and especial desirabilities and undesirabilities of certain fertilizers. In the orchard when an especially heavy crop is being borne especial feeding is needed. Potash and phosphoric acid applied early in the season give added color to the fruit and answer the needs of a leguminous cover crop. Also if the trees have a tired look at the beginning of the following season a hundred pounds of nitrogen in the form of a quick

acting nitrate will send the trees into the season in a vigorous condition and its effect will be gone long before it is necessary to ripen off the wood.

Then it will not do to apply the cheaper muriate of potash to grapes intended for wine, beets for sugar, or to potatoes. The potatoes become waxy and the refining and fermentations of the others are hindered. Also wood ashes are an excellent form to apply to the orchard and to most vegetables requiring potash, but because the lime of the ashes is favorable to scab they will not do for potatoes. Also it must be remembered that nitrogen not used by the plant leaches and excessive dressings of manure yearly largely go to waste. Better use less manure, spread it out more and put in some complementary fertilizer.

Lastly, remember in buying manure the cost of the constituents. Nitrogen which leguminous cover crops may be made to furnish costs 16c to 20c per pound. Potash is worth 5c, phosphoric acid 6c. In the best forms they can be bought for this. When we buy mixed fertilizers we pay the dealer or manufacturer anyhow eight or ten dollars for mixing them probably in proportions we do not want. If then by careful experiment and study we can learn our needs we may soon come to the best means of satisfying them.



## Under the Deck Awnings

JACK LONDON

"CAN any man—a gentleman, I mean—call a woman a pig?"

The little man flung this challenge forth to the whole group, then leaned back in his deck chair, sipping lemonade with an air commingled of certitude and watchful belligerence. Nobody made answer. They were used to the little man and his sudden passions and high elevations.

"I repeat, it was in my presence that he said a certain lady, whom none of you know, was a pig. He did not say swine. He grossly said she was a pig. And I hold that no man who is a man could possibly make such a remark about any woman."

Dr. Dawson puffed stolidly at his black pipe. Matthews, with knees hunched up and clasped by the arms, was absorbed in the flight of a guny. Sweet, finishing his Scotch-and-soda, was questing about with his eyes for a deck steward.

"I ask you, Mr. Treloar, can any man call any woman a pig?"

Treloar, who happened to be sitting next to him, was startled by the abruptness of the attack, and wondered what grounds he had ever given the little man to believe that he could call a woman a pig.

"I should say," he began his hesitant answer, "that it'er depends on the -er-the lady."

The little man was aghast.

"You mean . . . ?" he quavered.

"That I have seen female humans who were as bad as pigs—and worse."

There was a long, pained silence. The little man seemed withered by

the coarse brutality of the reply. In his face was unutterable hurt and woe.

"You have told of a man who made a not nice remark, and you have classified him," Treloar said in cold, even tones. "I shall now tell you about a woman—I beg your pardon—a lady, and when I have finished I shall ask you to classify her.

Miss Caruthers I shall call her, principally for the reason that it is not her name. It was on a P. & O. boat, and it occurred neither more nor less than several years ago.

"Miss Caruthers was charming. No; that is not the word. She was amazing. She was a young woman, and a lady. Her father was a certain high official, whose name if I mentioned it would be immediately recognized by all of you. She was with her mother and two maids and at the time, going out to join the old gentleman, wherever you like to wish, in the East.

"She, and pardon me for repeating, was amazing. It is the one adequate word. Even the most minor adjectives applicable to her are bound to be sheer superlatives. There was nothing she could not do better than any woman and than most men. Sing, play—bah!—as some rhetorician once said of old Nap, competition fled from her. Swim! She could have made a fortune and a name as a public performer. She was one of those rare women who can strip off all the frills of dress, and in simple swimming suit be more satisfyingly beautiful. Dress! She was an artist. Her taste was unerring.

"But her swimming. Physically, she was the perfect woman—you know what I mean; not in the gross, muscular way of acrobats, but in all the delicacy of line and fragility of frame and texture. And combined with this, strength. How she could do it was the marvel. You know the wonder of a woman's arm—the forearm, I mean; the sweet fading away from rounded biceps and hint of muscle, down through small elbow and firm, soft swell to the wrist, small, unthinkable small, and round and strong. This was hers. And yet, to see her swimming the sharp, quick English overhand stroke, and getting somewhere with it, too, was—well, I understand anatomy and athletics and such things, and yet it was a mystery to me how she could do it.

"She could stay under water for two minutes. I have timed her. No man on board, except Dennitson, could capture as many coins as she with a single dive. On the forward main-deck was a big canvas tank with six feet of sea water. We used to toss small coins into it. I have seen her dive from the bridge-deck—no mean feat in itself—into that six feet of water, and fetch up no fewer than forty-seven coins scattered willy-nilly over the whole bottom of the tank. Dennitson, a quiet young Englishman, never exceeded her in this, though he made it a point always to tie her score.

"She was a sea-woman, true. But she was a land-woman, a horse-woman—a—she was the universal woman. To see her all softness of flowing dress, surrounded by half a dozen eager men, languidly careless of them all or flashing brightness and wit on them and through them and at them, one would fancy she was good for nothing else in the world. At such

moments I have compelled myself to remember her score of forty-seven coins from the bottom of the swimming tank. But that was she, the everlasting wonder of a woman who did all things well.

"She fascinated every betrousered human around her. She had me—and I don't mind confessing it—she had me to heel along with the rest. Young puppies and old grey dogs who ought to have known better—oh, they all came up and crawled around her skirts and whined and fawned when she whistled. They were all guilty, from young Ardmore, a pink cherub of nineteen, outward bound for some clerkship in the Consular Service, to old Captain Bentley, grizzled and sea-worn, and as emotional, to look at, as a Chinese joss. There was a nice, middle-aged chap—Perkins, I believe—who forgot his wife was on board until Miss Caruthers sent him to the right-about and back where he belonged.

"Men were wax in her hands. She melted them or softly moulded them or incinerated them, as she pleased. There wasn't a steward, even, grand and remote as she was, who at her bidding, would have hesitated to souse the Old Man himself with a plate of soup. You have all seen such women—a sort of world's desire to all men. As a man-conquerer she was supreme. She was a whip-lash, a sting and a flame, an electric spark. Oh, believe me, at times there were flashes of will that scorched through her beauty and seduction and smote a victim into blank and shivering idiocy and fear.

"And don't fail to mark, in the light of what is to come, that she was a prideful woman. Pride of race, pride of caste, pride of sex, pride of

power—she had it all; a pride strange and wilful and terrible.

"She ran the ship, she ran the voyage, she ran everything and she ran Dennitson. That he had outdistanced the pack even the least wise of us admitted. That she liked him, and that this feeling was growing, there was no doubt. I am certain that she looked on him with kinder eyes than she ever looked on man before. We still worshipped, and were always hanging around waiting to be whistled up, though we knew that Dennitson was laps and laps ahead of us. What might have happened we shall never know, for we came to Colombo, and something else happened.

"You know Colombo, and how the native boys dive for coins in the shark-infested bay. Of course it is only among the ground sharks and fish sharks that they venture. It is also uncanny the way they know sharks and can sense the presence of a real killer—a tiger-shark or a grey nurse strayed up from Australian waters. But let such a shark appear, and long before the passenger can guess, every mother's son of them is out of the water in a wild scramble for safety.

"It was just after tiffin, and Miss Caruthers was holding her usual court under the deck awnings. Old Captain Bentley had just been whistled up, and had granted her what he had never granted before—nor since—permission for the boys to come up on the promenade deck. You see Miss Caruthers was a swimmer, and she was interested. She took up a collection of all our small change, and herself tossed it overside, singly and in handfuls, arranging the terms of the contests, chiding a miss, giving extra rewards to clever wins, in short, managing the whole exhibition.

"She was especially keen on their jumping. Jumping feet first from a height; it is very difficult to hold the body perpendicularly while in the air. The centre of gravity of the human body is high, and the tendency is to overtopple. But the little beggars employed a method which she declared was new to her, and which she desired to learn. Leaping from the davits of the boat-deck above, they plunged downward, their faces and shoulders bowed forward, looking at the water. And only at the last moment did they abruptly straighten up and enter the water erect and true.

"It was a pretty sight. Their diving was not so good, though there was one of them who was excellent at it, as he was in all the other stunts. Some white man must have taught him for he made the proper swan dive, and did it as beautifully as I have ever seen it. You know, it is head-first into the water, and from a great height the problem is to enter the water at the perfect angle. Miss the angle and it means at least a twisted back and injury for life. Also it has meant death for many a bungler. But this boy could do it—seventy feet I know he cleared in one dive from the rigging—clenched hands on chest, head thrown back—sailing more like a bird, upward and out, and out and down, body flat on the air so that if it struck the surface in that position it would be split in half like a herring. But the moment before the water is reached the head drops forward, the hands go out and lock the arms in an arch in advance of the head, and the body curves gracefully downward and enters the water just right.

"This the boy did again and again to the delight of all of us, but particularly of Miss Caruthers. He



could not have been a moment over twelve or thirteen, yet he was by far the cleverest of the gang. He was the favorite of the crowd, and its leader. Though there were a number older than he, they acknowledged his chieftaincy. He was a beautiful boy, a lithe young god in breathing bronze, eyes wide apart, intelligent, and daring—a bubble, a note, a beautiful flash and sparkle of life. You have seen wonderful, glorious creatures—anything, a leopard, a horse restless, eager, too much alive ever to be still, silken of muscle, each slightest movement a benediction of grace, every action wild, untrammelled and over all spilling out that intense vitality, that sheen and lustre of living light. The boy had it. Life poured out of him almost in an effulgence. His skin glowed with it. It burned in his eyes. I swear I could almost hear it crackle from him. Looking at him it was like as if a whiff of ozone came to one's nostrils, so fresh and young was he, so resplendent with health, so wildly wild.

"This was the boy. And it was he who gave the alarm in the midst of the sport. The boys made a dash of it for the gang-way platform, swimming the fastest strokes they knew, pell-mell, floundering and splashing, fright in their faces, clambering out with jumps and surges, any way to get out, leading one another a hand to safety, till all were strung along the gang-way and peering down into the water.

"What is the matter," asked Miss Caruthers.

"A shark, I fancy," Captain Bentley answered. "Lucky little beggars that he didn't get one of them."

"Are they afraid of sharks?" she asked.

"Aren't you?" he asked back.

"She shuddered, looked overside the water and made a move.

"Not for the world would I venture where a shark might be," she said, and shuddered again. "They are horrible! horrible!"

"The boys came up on the promenade deck; clustering close to the rail and worshipping Miss Caruthers, who had flung them such a wealth of backsheesh. The performance being over Captain Bentley motioned to them to clear out. But she stopped him.

"One moment please, Captain. I have always understood that the natives are not afraid of sharks."

"She beckoned the boy of the swan-dive nearer to her, and signed to him to dive over again. He shook his head and along with all his crew behind him laughed as if it were a good joke.

"Shark," he volunteered pointing to the water.

"No," she said. "There is no shark."

"But he nodded his head positively, and the boys behind him nodded with equal positiveness.

"No, no, no," she cries. And then to us "Who'll lend me a half-crown and a sovereign?"

"Immediately the half-dozen of us were presenting her with crowns and sovereigns, and she accepted the two coins from young Ardmore.

"She held up the half-crown for the boys to see. But there was no eager rush to the rail preparatory for leaping. They stood there grinning sheepishly. She offered the coin to each one individually, and each as his turn came, rubbed his foot against his calf, shook his head and grinned. Then she tossed the half-crown overboard. With wistful, regretful faces they watched its silver flight through

the air, but no one moved to follow it.

"Don't do it with the sovereign,"

Dennitson said to her in a low voice.

"She took no notice but held up the gold coin before the eyes of the boy of the swan dive.

"Don't," said Captain Bentley. "I wouldn't throw a sick cat overside with a shark around."

"But she laughed, bent on her purpose, and continued to dazzle the boy.

"Don't tempt him," Dennitson urged. "It is a fortune to him and he might go over after it."

"Wouldn't you?" she flared at him.

"If I threw it?" the last more softly.

"Dennitson shook his head.

"Your price is high," she said.

"For how many sovereigns would you go?"

"There are not enough coined to get me overside," was his answer.

"She debated a moment, the boy forgotten in her tilt with Dennitson.

"For me?" she said very softly.

"To save your life—yes. But not otherwise."

She turned back to the boy. Again she held the coin before his eyes, dazzling him with the vastness of its value. Then she made as to toss it out, and involuntarily he made a half-movement toward the rail, but was checked by sharp-cries of reproof from his companions. There was anger in their voices as well.

"I know it is only fooling," Dennitson said. "Carry it as far as you like, but for heaven's sake don't throw it."

"Whether it was that strange wilfulness of hers, or whether she doubted the boy could be persuaded, there is no telling. It was unexpected to all of us. Out from the shade of the awning the coin flashed golden in the blaze of the sunshine, and fell toward the sea in a glittering arch.

Before a hand could stay him, the boy was over the rail and curving beautifully downward after the coin. Both were in the air at the same time. It was a pretty sight. The sovereign cut the water sharply, and the very spot, almost the same instant, with scarcely a splash the boy entered.

"From the quicker-eyed black boys watching came an exclamation. We were all at the rail. Don't tell me it is necessary for a shark to turn on its back. That one didn't. In the clear water, from the height we were above it, we saw everything. The shark was a big brute, and with one drive he cut the boy squarely in half.

"There was a murmur or something among us—who made it I did not know; it might have been I. And then there was silence. Miss Caruthers was the first to speak. Her face was deathly white.

"I—I never dreamed," she said and laughed a short hysterical laugh.

"All her pride was at work to give her control. She turned weakly toward Dennitson and then on from one to another of us. In her eyes was a terrible sickness, and her lips were trembling. We were brutes—oh, I know it, now that I look back upon it. But we did nothing.

"Mr. Dennitson," she said, "Tom, won't you take me below?"

"He never changed the direction of his gaze, which was the bleakest I have ever seen in a man's face, nor did he move an eyelid. He took a cigarette from his case and lighted it. Captain made a nasty sound in his throat, and spat overboard. That was all; that and the silence.

"She turned away and started to walk firmly down the deck. Twenty feet away she swayed and thrust her hand against the wall to save herself. And so she went on supporting her-

self against the cabins and walking very slowly."

Treloar ceased. He turned and favored the little man with a cold look of inquiry.

"Well," he said finally. "Classify her."

The little man gulped and swallowed.

"I have nothing to say," he said.

"I have nothing whatever to say."

—The Saturday Evening Post., R. C.



#### THE BEST THAT YOU CAN.

Did you meet that trouble that came your way  
With a resolute heart and cheerful?  
Or hide your face from the light of day  
With a craven soul and fearful;  
For a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,  
It isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,  
But only, how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?  
Get up with a smiling face,  
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,  
But to lie there—that's the disgrace;  
For, the harder you're hit, the higher you bounce,  
Be proud of your blackened eye;  
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts,  
But how did you fight, and why?

And when you are done to the death, what then?  
If you have done the best you could.  
If you've taken your place in the world of men,  
Why, the critic will call you good.  
Death comes with a crawl or comes with a pounce,  
And whether it be slow or spry,  
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,  
But only, how did you die.—Exchange.

## Some Experiments with Fertilizers

A. HUTCHINSON, MT. FOREST, ONT.

**D**URING the last two or three years the use of commercial or artificial fertilizers has attracted more attention from the farmers of Ontario than ever before, and there are ever increasing numbers of enquiries and questions, appearing in our agricultural papers from week to week on this subject.

In the older countries farmers use enormous quantities of these fertilizers, being driven to their use by the high price of land, and the absolute necessity they are under to make their business pay. In Ontario, farmers have not in the past paid very much attention to whether they were making a profit out of their farming operations or not, and in far too many cases our farmers have worked hard and long, for little more than their board. The last decade has seen a marked change in this respect however, and now we are being compelled to study the use of fertilizers, not, alas, because our land has increased in value, but because of the extreme scarcity and high price of labor; this and the increasing need of our land for the application of barnyard manure, making it necessary to put it on thinner, so that we can cover more ground each year, are, I consider, the two main factors, that are compelling us to use mineral or artificial fertilizers.

There is no more labor required, hence no more expense, in attending to an acre of roots producing 30 tons than there is in caring for a 15-ton-to-the-acre crop. Supposing that we require 100 tons of roots for winter

feeding, the saving in labor alone is very great, if we can grow them on four acres instead of six or seven. From various observations and experiments made during the past four or five years, it appears to take from 30 to 40 tons per acre of barn yard manure to grow a maximum crop of turnips or potatoes. But apart from the reason mentioned above for making a lighter dressing, there are two serious objections to the application of so much manure at one time; if dry weather sets in soon, there is great danger that the land will be too loose and the plants will suffer from want of moisture. Then the following season the grain will probably be altogether too rank, and either the quality, or yield, or both will suffer. About half the quantity of barn yard manure, supplemented by a moderate dressing of artificial, will give as large a crop of roots, without running any risk of injury to either that crop or the succeeding one.

Then the question arises, what is best to use and how much to apply? And this can only be answered after many careful experiments and tests. No two crops have exactly the same food requirements, and our soils vary even more. One soil may be deficient in phosphates, another in potash and a third in nitrogen, and only actual experiment will determine what will give the best results in each case.

Without going into detail, I give the conclusions arrived at so far, from a number of tests on a sandy loam soil on the northern boundaries of Wellington County. On turnips 320

lbs. per acre of acid phosphate increased the yield 7 to 9 tons, at a cost of 50c per ton. The addition of muriate of potash gave a further increase, but only about enough to pay for the extra fertilizer. On potatoes acid phosphate increased the yield 70 bus. per acre at a cost of 5c per bus. The addition of potash was of no benefit whatever. Nitrate of soda had no effect on the yield. On mangels a mixture of phosphate 160 lbs. and potash 80 lbs. increased the yield about two tons per acre at a cost of \$2 per ton. Nitrate of soda alone gave a similar increase, while 200 lbs. common salt gave an increase of 5 tons per acre at a cost of 20c per ton. On fall wheat, while both phosphate and potash, applied alone, had a marked effect, the former especially hastening maturity; a mixture of half the quantity of each, gave decidedly the

best results. Applied to rape, acid phosphate had an extraordinary effect in stimulating growth during the early stages; it also appears to aid the young plants to withstand drought. In no case has there been any benefit observable from the application of nitrate of soda; but it must be borne in mind that on another farm the same experiments might give exactly opposite results. The tests on potatoes and turnips have been made three times, on mangels and wheat twice, and rape only once.

Hitherto the writer has used only mineral fertilizers. This season it is intended to make some extensive experiments with animal fertilizers, and it is hoped that some material will be found that will have as pronounced an effect on mangels, as phosphate has on turnips.

Never hurt any one's self-respect; never trample on any soul, though it may be lying in the veriest mire. For that last spark of self-respect is its only hope, its only chance, the last seed of a new and better life, the voice of God which still whispers to it: "You are not what you ought to be, and you are not what you can be, but you are still God's child, still an immortal soul; you may rise, conquer, and be a man yet after the likeness of God who made you." Oh, why crush that voice in any heart? If you do, the poor creature is lost and lies where he or she falls, never to rise again.—Charles Kingsley.

#### VOCATION.

Every man has his own vocation. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertion. He is like a ship in a river; he runs against obstructions on every side but one; on that side all obstruction is taken away, and he sweeps serenely over a deepening channel into an infinite sea.—Emerson.

# The Woman on the Farm

MRS. W. BUCHANAN, RAVENA, ONT.

NOTE—This article written by a practical, progressive farmer's wife treats the Rural Home question in another manner. The writer is the president of the Women's Institute of her locality, and has advanced views that are worthy of deep consideration. Communications upon this subject by farmers and farmers' wives will be always welcomed.

**N**EARLY three years ago, at the time of the Quinquennial Congress in Toronto, I was standing outside the door of Convocation Hall, waiting for the time to arrive for a session to begin. All at once a group of women gathered at my back and started to discuss "farmers' wives," and according to them we were, and are, a poor down-trodden race. I was forced to listen, or lose my chance of a good seat by moving off, but happily, just as I had nearly reached the boiling over stage, the door was opened and the explosion averted.

The funny thing was that, at the same time, I was pitying the people in town with all my heart, and wearying for the time to come when I could go back home for a good drink of fresh spring water, and away from the incessant din, back to the "country" that God made, "far from the madding crowd." It is not that I do not like to go to the "city," for I do. I like to go for the experience I get, and the knowledge I gain, but such knowledge only makes me the more thankful a thousand times over, each time I go, that my lot was cast in the country, and I don't see how anyone can prefer the city, with its everlasting noise and clangour, and cramped up ways of living, to the beautiful expanses of country with its green fields, and singing birds and rippling brooks. As to the work. Yes, we work hard, but there are

worse things than that—not to be able to work at all for instance, and not to know how. One of the things those women of whom I spoke mentioned, was about the poor drudges who milked cows, and did all manner of dirty work outside, on wet and cold mornings, and how they had heard that more farmers' wives went insane than any other class of women. Now, my experience extends over a long period, and I have never known of a farmer's wife to go insane yet through hard work. Hard work (I claim) never killed anybody, unless they lifted loads beyond their strength, and, as to milking cows—well the days of chivalry are not yet past, and very few farmers will see their women folks go out when the weather is not fit. To my mind, it is our women on the farms who are our nation buliders. To a great extent it is the mother's loving and guiding influence that moulds the future character and usefulness of her children, but, to accomplish this successfully, she must be inspired with a love for agriculture, country life and nature. The women on the farms are made up of two classes, "the way-backs" and "the go-aheads," or those who belong to our Women's Institutes and those who do not. Prejudice dies hard, and there seems to be a great deal of it in some quarters, regarding our institutes. But the same could be said of the O. A. College at Guelph when it was

first started, and who would dare to point a finger or say that it was not a success now. And the same can also be said of our Women's Institute. It is going ahead by leaps and bounds, and the women who belong to it are in the van. They are not household drudges. They are emancipated, right-thinking women. They can afford to take an afternoon off once in a while, and both they and their households are all the better for it. I have seen the household drudge, and I know a little about her. I met one just recently, but she was not a farmer's wife. Many of the women on the farm are considered uneducated. In what does education consist? I have known school teachers and others who considered themselves "ladies" who could not cook a meal properly, nor bake, nor sew, nor manage a house, and who considered such things beneath them. Were they educated? I say not along the right lines. Book-learning is all right in its place, but there are other things that are essential also. The women in towns seem to me to lead a very monotonous and hum-drum sort of existence. Those in the upper strata of society are all taken up with "at home" days and social events, while those lower down, such as the wives of mechanics and artisans and laborers think they have a great deal to do with only their little bit of housework. They buy their bread, and butter, and meat, and send out their washing, and if they want a new article of wearing apparel they send out and get it ready-made. The water is ready to their hands, either hot or cold, and all they have to do is to put a match to the gas to have a fire whereon to do their modest cooking. Yet such are the ones who talk

about the high price of living. One Scotch friend said to me "you fermer folk hae an awfu cheek tae chairge 40 cents a pun for butter, and two dollars a bag for taties," but they forget that we work for it, while they don't. A farmer's wife does not have her living provided for her; she earns it. She looks well to the ways of her household. She bakes the bread, and makes the butter, and cans the fruit, and sees to the curing of the meat, and dozens of other things besides. A farmer's wife has more trades at her finger ends than anybody else that I know of, but then she has the satisfaction of knowing whereof she and the other members of her family eats, and she knows that it is clean. Then, as to the high price of living, it was not always high. When butter was only 11 cents a pound and potatoes 15 cents a bushel, that is when the city dweller should have sympathized with us. We may have needed it then. Of course they never got provisions as cheap as that, but they have also to consider how the streets are full of tradesmen's vans, and how many satelites and middlemen make a living off both them and the farmer. One thing that farmer folk would be the better of would be more bath rooms, and bath tubs, but they are coming, and I think that the up-to-date farm home of the present is as well equipped as most city houses. Some of us have water systems installed, but if we hadn't, I would rather draw the water out of a well with an old oaken bucket than use the stuff that is supplied in some cities. One disadvantage that some farm women have to put up with is the hired man. In some cases he is all right, but in more he is not. He knows he is a necessity, or the farmer would

not have him, and often he presumes to do things that he would not dare to do if labor were more plentiful. One fellow I know wanted a feather bed. He had always been used to one, he said. When he got it he wanted black tea. The family used green. They made tea in two teapots for a while till he wanted something else, and they were glad when they got rid of him. Then there is the hired man who swears. If there are children, especially small boys, the woman on the farm has often quite a lot to put up with in that respect.

Taking it all through, however, I would rather be a woman on a farm than a woman anywhere else. The work is strenuous, but there are recompenses. It is nice to live near to nature and see things grow. If I could not have my garden, life would hardly be worth while living, not only for the pleasure we derive of eating of the fruits thereof, but the healthy appetite we gain by working therein, and the pleasure of watching each tiny shoot, and leaf, and bud, and blossom, mature. At this time of the year I often hie myself off to the sugar bush, and although I am far from being dressed as a lady of fashion, and often take an active part in the work going on there, there is no lady at any ceremonious function or tea party who enjoys herself more

than I do, eating a lunch out in the open with the squirrels and chipmunks as companions, and the new life springing all around.

In the country, as elsewhere, it takes all kinds to make a world, and we will always have those who loiter in the rear. But it is their own fault if they do. At certain seasons of the year we have to hurry, for nature won't wait, but there are so many labor-saving devices and helps, nowadays, and so many channels whereby we can gain information as to the easiest methods of doing things, that neither farmers' wives nor anybody else need deteriorate into mere household drudges.

I would advocate living more simply, having less pies and frippery and taking the extra time gained for mental improvement. I have often thought if we could live as the late Count Tolstoi suggested our lives would be ideal. His plan was that everybody should do hard physical labor half of the day, and have the other half for resting and recreation. Oh, if we only could! How we should enjoy the rest we had earned and the time to read. But since we cannot, let us do the best we can with the time at our disposal, and be thankful that there is nothing so very hard in our lives but what "it micht hae been wour."







O. A. C. REVIEW STAFF, 1911-12.  
 Top Row, left to right—H. M. McELROY, Athletics; J. H. FAY, Poultry; F. WATERHOUSE, Artist; J. H. WINSLOW, Loans; E. BRADT,  
 Experimental; C. W. STANLEY, College Life.  
 Bottom Row, left to right—E. A. WEIR, Business Mer.; G. J. JENKINS, Asst. Business Mer.; J. MILLER, Editor-in-Chief; L. B. HENRY, Alumni;  
 L. STEVENSON, Agricultural.

# THE O. A. C. REVIEW

## REVIEW STAFF.

J. MILLER, Editor-in-Chief.

L. STEVENSON, Agriculture.

H. M. McELROY, Athletics.

E. BRADT, Experimental.

L. B. HENRY, Alumni.

W. M. AIKENHEAD, Horticulture.

MISS ISABEL SHAW, Macdonald.

J. H. FAY, Poultry.

J. H. WINSLOW, Locals.

C. W. STANLEY, College Life.

F. WATERHOUSE, Artist.

E. A. WEIR, Business Manager.

G. J. JENKINS, Assistant Business Manager.

## Editorials

Have you ever stopped to think how wonderful is the power of thought? Perhaps,

**Do You  
Ever Think?**

sometimes you would gladly not think, but how powerless you are! At best you can only think you don't want to think. Thoughts come and go, and go and come in all our wakeful hours, and even in our sleep. The brain cells work constantly whether we will them to or not, until often the reason breaks and distorted thoughts have complete dominion over that hapless person. Sometimes we hear of men, driven insanely desparate by tormenting thought, taking their lives in the hope of silencing forever that grim monitor.

So thought in itself is not an indicator of greatness; but to think deeply, consistently and clearly distinguishes the broad man from the multitude. This power, perhaps, is not entirely made. It may be born—but it is never born readymade. He must learn to think by thinking. And every one of us, to become a good citizen and a true man, must develop

this power to the very highest degree that our mental ability will allow. For this power marks and makes individuals and nations alike.

We hear much these days of agricultural troubles. Something seems to be wrong. Co-operation isn't spreading rapidly, laborers can be secured only with great difficulty, young men leave the farms, the middleman is branded as a shark—and so it goes. For each evil many remedies are popularly recommended, from giving the young boy a calf of his own to raise, to loving the neighbors like brothers. But practise proves that more than a calf is required to turn a boy's mind to agriculture, and our love for our neighbors becomes of secondary importance when the mortgage falls due. But one force there is that will undoubtedly carry agriculture to as high a position in dignity and importance as any of us desire. Money cannot buy it, though money is a help. Time, alone, will never bring it, though time is necessary for its development. Hard work in itself is not sufficient though mental activity

is essential for its acquirement. It is the cheapest and yet the dearest thing in the world. Without it not one invention would have been made, nor one step taken from primeval savagery. Can you guess what it is? It is spelled T-H-O-U-G-H-T. And so because the readers of this magazine are thinkers—or they wouldn't read it—we purpose giving a few thoughts. These may not necessarily have a bearing upon agriculture, and they may not always be very wise or very deep thoughts. But that is not of greatest importance. You take them, straighten them, mould them, broaden them and pass the clear, full thoughts thus formed to someone else, and their mission is quite fulfilled. If you don't like them, or if you do like them, in short, if you have anything to say that will make people think, remember there is always space in the O. A. C. Review for your opinions.

#### A Dry Thought.

To many people who haven't thought deeply enough this means politics. Now why should we think of politics? Because of the vital importance they bear upon our economic and social welfare. They affect our schools, the prices of things we buy and sell, our taxation system, our postal system, our chances of successful co-operation, our telephones, our transportation companies, and in fact they influence in some way almost every phase of our lives. Governments are great distributors of wealth and an opinion has long been current among farmers that not a burdensome amount of wealth has flowed their way. People have thought of this for years—thought of it so seriously that the organization of a farmers' party was attempted once. But it failed. A third party

must embrace a percentage of all classes to be justly representative and successfully formed, it seems, hence the failure. Since those days much has been said: but has as much been thought? Perhaps the thoughts fell a little short of the goal. The fight for reciprocity last fall brought to our attention a certain trend of rural thought—not a new trend but an old one becoming stronger. Before the elections we heard some loyal Conservatives say that to really test public opinion a referendum was the only honorable course to be pursued—for they thought it would be defeated through party influences. Now we hear equally loyal Liberals declaring that a referendum might have shown the people of Canada less opposed to reciprocity than the result of the elections seems to indicate—for they argue it was defeated by misrepresentation and party bitterness. Now these two facts—the defeat of the farmers' party and the interest becoming manifested in direct legislation seem to prove that farmers are beginning to understand that by the former system they can gain nothing at all, but by the latter they may gain very much, indeed.

What then is this direct legislation, what will it do, and how will it benefit the farmers particularly? A big question truly, and one that cannot be very fully dealt with here. Well, briefly it consists of the **Initiative** and the **Referendum**. The initiative is the right, of usually eight per cent. of qualified voters, to propose a law by petition. This law may be enacted by the legislature or if not it is obligatory to submit it to the people in a referendum.

The referendum is of several kinds: First, the Obligatory Referendum, according to which a legislative body

must always submit certain laws to the people for sanction or repeal. Second, The Optional Referendum, (a) at the option of the legislature and (b) at the option of the people. This first form of Optional Referendum is already constitutional in Canada, but of little use as governments employ it only when desiring to shirk responsibility. The second form is not constitutional in this country. It is the right, of usually five per cent. of duly qualified voters, to demand a legislature to submit to the people for final approval or rejection any law or laws it may pass.

The benefits of direct legislation are:

(1) It will help undermine partisanship, because when a specific measure is submitted the fate of neither party depends upon the decision, and independent judgment is called upon.

(2) It will disentangle issues. At a general election at the present time, although one issue may be most prominent, as was reciprocity recently, there are always many others involved. Thus, when voting for a party, a man must vote for some things he believes to be wrong—if he be a fair-minded man. The referendum is always used to decide one specific issue.

(3) It will simplify law, because a measure to be submitted to the people must be both clear and simple.

(4) It will tend to prevent graft and privileges because measures won't be rushed through in the closing hours of the legislative sessions.

(5) It must have a profound educational effect. When once political questions are separated from party defeats and successes, they will be studied for their own merits and defects.

These benefits are all fully realized

in those countries where this system is employed. J. W. Sullivan, who went to study Swiss Government in 1888, reports:

"The Zurich Legislature knows nothing of bribery. It never sees a lobbyist. There are no vestiges remaining of the public extravagance, the confusion of laws, the partisan feeling, the personal campaigns, characteristic of representative government."

And how will farmers gain by it? First, they must be sure of what they want. Here again comes in that little word "thought." They require leaders—and if you think enough you may be a coming leader. Then by Initiative they will be empowered to have these questions placed before the legislature. Then by the Referendum these will be finally adopted or rejected by the people. And because the fate of neither party is concerned, farmers will not be influenced by party loyalty to take a view of the question such as under normal conditions they would not take. Farmers know just about what is best for them. They have an idea of what they want—the difficulty is mostly how to get it. Now with the majority of qualified voters living in the country, with a system whereby they might make their peculiar problems political issues and vote directly upon them alone, and with party loyalty eliminated, what do you suppose the gambling chance would be of Canadian farmers working out to their satisfaction many of these problems that now face them?

Have you thought enough about this to want to think some more? Then send to J. J. Morrison, secretary of the Dominion Grange, Arthur, Ontario, for a little booklet, written by W. C. Good, entitled "Direct Legis-

lation Through the Initiative and the Referendum." It treats this subject in a very concise and entertaining manner, and will be sent free to anyone desiring it. It will cost you one cent and probably an hour's study. Just think about it. Your move now.

Have you ever stopped to think that the happiness of men depend,

**See Here  
Old Man**

not so much upon the wealth they possess nor the philosophy with which they view life, but upon the enjoyment they find in their homes. And since the success or failure of the home is directly due to the woman, the male element of the race is indebted to her for his comfort and happiness. Hence, it can hardly be denied that to re-produce a fine class of children, to evolve the best social conditions, and to develop the human race most successfully the ladies must live under congenial conditions that will promote the development of their highest and most gracious qualities. And directly in proportion to their advancement the members of their households will be happier and more successful. This, we believe, will not arouse controversy. And yet are not many ladies upon the farms of Canada enduring drudgery and neglect, hardship and abuse? Isn't it about time for us to pay as much attention to the birth of highly-developed children as to the birth of highly-pedigreed colts? We've improved our barns wonderfully and made conditions very pleasant for a heavy-milking, self-respecting cow, but have our homes been improved just as much, and is the comfort of the women in it as much considered? This is pretty plain, isn't it! Perhaps you don't like it either! But if there is any truth

in it, we must meet these conditions just exactly as they exist and remedy them. The farmers aren't heartless fellows at all. They do so much hard work themselves and their wives help them so willingly that they don't notice the effects. We are all inclined soon to take little acts of courtesy as a matter of course and as our due. We never notice them, and that is just what is wrong with agricultural problems generally—we don't notice them enough.

This is what one editor says: "Is one who has lived on a farm, and has seen farmers' wives and daughters serve their term of dreadful drudgery under the conditions to which only the very poor in the cities are subjected, some reasons why farm girls marry away from home quickly suggest themselves.

"Perhaps if young marrying farmers with quarter sections would cut down their acreage, and increase their household furnishings, pay less for blooded bulls and more for hired girls, build fewer wire fences and more cement walks, cut down on farm machinery and buy more washing-machines and gasoline ranges, build bathrooms before silos, and show a real desire to make the work for women on the farm easier, and life more worth the living, the tide of marrying farm girls would be changed."

Another remarks: "Woman from time immemorial has been the drudge of the world. She is still struggling for relief from her burden."

Still another writes: "Women have and always will suffer in silence for man's neglect. But any thinking man knows that a home is not a home which has not yet escaped from the bondage of being an appendage to the barnyard as completely as might be desired."

These extracts have all been taken from agricultural journals and are written by men who are supposed to be authorities.

What should be done? It's always easy to name a complaint but hard to cure it. One argument that is used, excusing these conditions, is that the ordinary farmer doesn't make enough money to pay for sufficient hired help for either the farm or the house. Another is that this help can't be secured. We heard one gentleman remark that he had driven "500 miles, if he had a foot, to get a 'hired girl,'" and wasn't successful. Each district has its peculiar problems but these two seem fairly common to all.

The first may often be true in a sense, because by not getting help they never are wealthy enough to hire it. Sounds paradoxical, doesn't it? But to make the most money in any business, enough labor must be applied to carry on the working operations. Moreover a woman who can't afford to pay \$16 a month to a maid is always wealthy enough to invest \$20 a week in a hospital. Her children can help support a doctor too—and who ever saw the husband who couldn't buy a binder or a horse or build a silo?

The labor problem surely is perplexing. But in the fields it is being solved by machinery and by co-operation. Why can't the same principles be applied in the house. This is the age of machinery and the ladies should study the question. In all our best magazines and in our farm journals are accounts of labor-saving devices. We read of vacuum cleaners, water-motor washing machines, bread mixers, fireless cookers, gaso-

line lighting systems (also harmless), stoves with small glass doors, etc., etc. The latest report is of co-operative laundries that are being operated most successfully in Kansas. One of these is being established in each radius of five or six miles. The farmers pay an assessment according to the number of their family, and the size of their farm. The machinery is purchased, set up and placed in charge of an expert. It is usually placed near the local cheese factory, so that the daily trip with the farmers' milk will serve also for the bringing and taking of the farm laundry.

The maintenance cost is divided up between the patrons in much the same manner as the profits of a cheese factory is divided. The actual cost of running the establishment monthly is figured out and a farmer assessed for this according to the work done for him. There is a minimum monthly charge for each patron.

All of these things unfortunately cost money. Some of them may be dear, but after all are they as dear as health and happiness?

We think the ladies are largely to blame. Thought and study and a private campaign for "larger wages and shorter hours" would remedy the trouble before long. We have not enough lady readers, perhaps, to warrant taking a great deal of space in discussing and describing these inventions, but anything contributed by the ladies themselves will always be welcomed. We might suggest that Macdonald Hall girls give their views upon this matter and suggest improvements. We have secured articles upon this question from practical women, the wives of farmers, who discuss both sides of the question. The first two of this series appear in the present number.

# ALUMNI

L. R. Martin entered college with the Class of '11, and after passing successfully through two years of his course he left at the end of his second year with his associate diploma. He then turned his attentions to the more practical side of farming and is now on the old homestead at

T. L. King first opened a college hall door in the year '99, and left before the end of his second year to take up practical farming at Hickson, Ont. He has been engaged in this pursuit ever since, and has made a success of dairy farming, having a fine herd of Holstein cattle. Like



HOME OF L. R. MARTIN, '11, JORDAN HARBOR.

Jordan Harbor. Leo is still with his father and has turned out to be a poultry fancier, paying a great deal of attention to the different feathered breeds, but he intends to branch out into fruit growing rather extensively in the future. On the farm are found all modern conveniences and a more cosy and up-to-date home cannot be found in the district.

many other old boys, Mr. King could not see the advantages of single blessedness and so joined the ranks of the benedicts. He now has two little Kings, who no doubt will follow their father's footsteps and come to the O. A. C. for their final education.

H. Barton, who was graduated in '07, went to Macdonald College in

September of the same year as Assistant to Professor Arkell of the Animal Husbandry Department. When the latter resigned the professorship, Mr. Barton assumed the dignified robes of office and has been advancing his department very fast ever since. Perhaps it is well to recall to the minds of Review readers that it was Professor Barton's judging team that won first place in the annual judging competition, held at Chicago last winter. We have a report that he is not yet married, but just so near that it can be taken for granted.

J. F. Monroe gave up his position in the Horticultural Department of Macdonald College a year ago, to accept one which savors more of commercialism. He is now agricultural agent for the Great Southern Railroad, with headquarters at Washington and is investigating the agricultural possibilities of the Southern States, and also is working to increase the value of land along the railroad by which he is employed.

In the person of Mr. Amasa Snyder, B. S. A., '10, manager of the Murray farm at Suffield, Alta., his contemporaries at the O. A. C. will not find it a matter of great difficulty to recognize our old friend "Dutchie."

So regular an attendant at the Mac. as to have earned the epithet of "constant," he is yet single. With his solid personality, his wide smile and his efficient vocabulary he presides over twenty-five thousand acres of sunny Alberta's richest wheat lands. Since commencing work a year ago he has, with the aid of eight power plows, broken and backset ten thousand acres of prairie.

He is as jolly as ever, but expresses a desire for a quiet dip of the paddle in the dear old Speed. The indications are that he is a reformed man, because "Sunny Jim" tells us that he has applications from no less than three of Dutchie's former lady friends wishing to know why "Amsie" doesn't write.

In a real estate office in Moose Jaw, surrounded by pretty stenographers and busy as a bee, sits an old basketball friend of ours, "Leary" Learmonth, junior partner in the firm of Mohr, Learmonth & Co. "Leary" can no longer haunt the red brick shades in search of tennis and other pleasures, but now pays strict attention to business and bids fair to become one of the monied men of the Jaw.

Kenneth Foster, an associate man of Class '10, was one of the steady old sort who have friends wherever they may go, and whose friendship was and is still something worth while. In short he is a good old fashioned Methodist.

"Falstaff" is the prosperous owner of a farm at Abernethy, Sask., near his old home. To say that his wife his worthy of him is to give her great praise and his young son bears ample tribute to the efficient teachings of Professor Wade.

G. H. Cutler is still a lecturer in the Aerial Department of Macdonald College, having been there ever since he was graduated from this institution in '09. Last June he felt that lonely feeling stealing over him and consequently was married to Miss Gertrude Campbell, of Watford, Ont., and as the saying is, has lived happily ever afterwards.

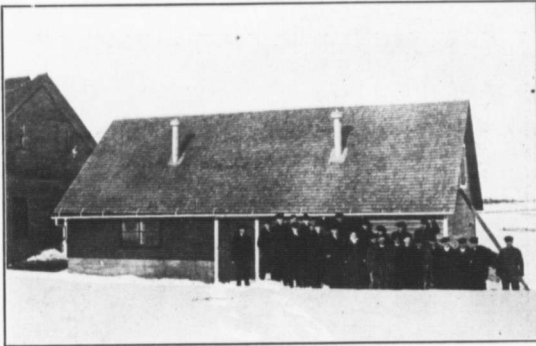


N. R. Craig entered the college with the '04 Class, and being of a very practical turn of mind, took special work rather than the regular course; taking advantage of such branches of the two year course as would be of the most practical use to him when he returned to the farm. After leaving Guelph, Craig returned to his father's farm at North Gower, where he is now one of the highly-respected and prosperous farmers of that section. He is secretary of the Farmers' Club and takes an active part in anything of interest or bene-

Stirling, both of whom held short courses during this last winter. We are printing a photo taken during Mr. Jackson's short course, which was a great success. Men of Class '13 will no doubt be able to pick out Wallace who dropped out at the end of second year.

Mr. McIntosh's course was attended by a very large class, there being fifty-two students enrolled and an average attendance of thirty-five. This is what one of the students says about it.

"Not a little of the success of the



MR. JACKSON'S SHORT COURSE STUDENTS.

fit to the farmers of his community. His musical ability also carries him into the social sphere, where he is no less adept than on the farm.

The district representatives are certainly doing great work towards putting agriculture on a firmer and a more commercial basis than it has been in the past, as well as dispelling some of the ignorance which usually exists in agricultural communities.

Two men who are doing excellent work along this line are W. D. Jackson, at Carp, and A. D. McIntosh, at

class is due to the instructor, who is the right man in the right place. The Government, the County of Hastings, and the Village of Stirling are to be congratulated on securing such an efficient teacher as Mr. McIntosh has proven himself to be and the people of the surrounding country have shown their appreciation of his efforts by very largely attending all the courses which he has outlined.

After he was graduated in '10, Fred. Carpenter set out for British

Columbia, where he obtained a position as assistant horticulturist for the B. C. Government, with headquarters in Victoria. He has now been there nearly two years and has seen nearly everything there is to see in the Pacific Coast Province and intends to return to the home sod at Fruitland this summer. Since going West, Fred has certainly made good with both feet, but anyway, all who know him would expect nothing else.

We are requested to credit W. D. Albright, of Class '05, now the editor of the Farmers' Advocate, with one

he certainly has done wonders, even with his first crop. The accompanying cut is a photo of his oat field, which won the premium at the New York Land Show last fall. The field contains 39 acres and averaged 128 bushels to the acre. Not so bad, eh?

R. B. Cooley, who was graduated in '10, has been a lecturer in Animal Husbandry at Macdonald College, for the past year and a half. At last he has been drawn to the West by brighter prospects and has taken an interest in the Noble Advertising Agency, of Vancouver, B. C.



128 BUSHELS OF OATS TO THE ACRE.

more Albright, which happens to be a girl this time. W. D. is proving himself a worthy representative of the O. A. C. in more ways than one, but is going a little too far we think in asking for a new census.

Another "Old Boy," of whom Bozeman, Montana, can boast, is Wm. J. Hartman, an '07 man. He has always made good and last year purchased a half section of land in the Gallatin Valley, Montana, where

G. L. Barbaree, of class '03, says that he is enjoying good health, married life, and a fair degree of success in operating and managing the Hammond Creamery Association of Hammond, Minnesota, which is a co-operative farmers' creamery. Two years ago he was seized by that lonely feeling and sought a life companion in the person of Miss Lena Fuerstnan, of Hammond. The happy couple are now blessed with a future student of the O. A. C.

# College Life

## Election Returns.

The following are the results of the polling on election day.

### Literary Society.

Honorary President — Professor W. H. Day.

President—H. M. King.

Treasurer—D. M. McLennan.

Secretary—T. H. H. Fortier.

Auditors—A. J. Galbraith, B.S.A.; S. H. Gandier, B.S.A.

### Students' Publishing Association.

Associate Editor—J. H. Winslow.

Business Manager—G. J. Jenkins.

Ass't Business Manager—W. F. Strong.

Circulation Manager—S. C. Johnston.

Ass't Circulation Manager—G. F. Kingsmill.

Agricultural Editor—C. W. Stanley.

Experimental Editor—J. L. Tenant.

Horticultural Editor—L. B. Henry.

Poultry Editor—C. A. Webster.

Query Editor—F. Waterhouse.

Alumni—J. E. Lattimer.

College Life—C. A. Good.

Athletics—G. C. Duff.

Locals—H. P. Horobin.

Artist—J. Lever.

Auditors—R. L. Vining and G. G. Bramhill.

### Philharmonic Society.

President—P. S. D. Harding.

Leader of Rooters' Club—H. P. Horobin.

Manager of Orchestra—A. C. Cleeves.

### Athletic Association.

Honorary President—Dr. H. G. Reed.

Honorary Vice-President—W. J. Squirrel, B.S.A.

President—W. H. J. Tisdale.

Vice-President—C. F. Neelands.

Secretary—E. Malloch.

Treasurer—H. R. Hare.

### Representatives.

1913—G. J. Culham, E. F. Palmer.

1915—D. B. Fraser, W. L. Horobin.

1916—To be elected.

### Y. M. C. A.

Honorary President—Prof. J. B. Reynolds.

President—M. H. Howitt.

Vice-President—W. G. Nixon.

Secretary—W. R. White.

Treasurer—A. C. Moore.

Chairman Bible Study Committee—A. H. Tomlinson.

Chairman Mission Study Committee—E. F. Neff.

Chairman Musical Committee—R. B. Hinman.

Librarian—W. F. Linklater.

The Philharmonic Society are offering two prizes, the first of three dollars and the second two dollars for the two most appropriate college songs or yells composed by students.

These may be handed in to any member of the executive before October 1st. This is a splendid opportunity for developing poetic genius and earning some easy money in your spare time.

#### Valedictory Prize Winner.

Mr. G. S. Hirst was successful in winning the Valedictory Prize for the best second-year thesis. His subject was "The Outlook for Fruit-Growing in Ontario."

#### Changes in the Staff.

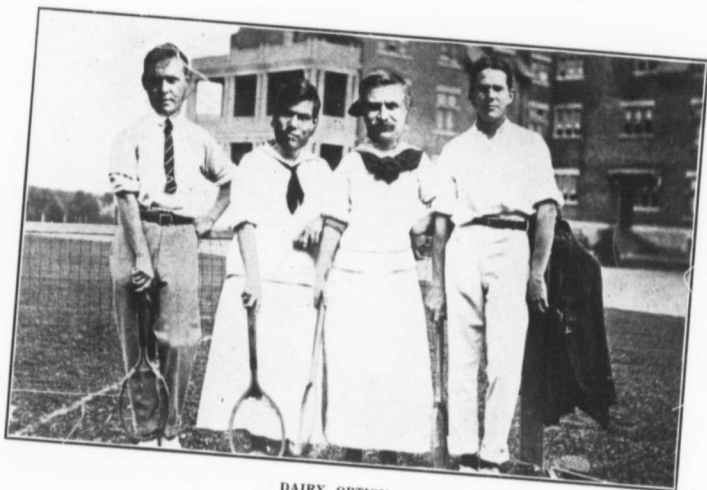
The Chemistry Department are losing two valuable men, Mr. G. E. Smith and G. P. McKay, B.A. Both men came to the College in 1910 and during the past two years both men

have done excellent work in that department.

Mr. Smith hails from Black County, England. He attended Dudley Grammar School, and there gained sundry prizes and a scholarship. After that for 9 years he worked at practical chemistry. In 1904 he came to Canada and took a course in Applied Chemistry at Toronto University, after which he came to the O. A. College as Demonstrator in Chemistry.

Mr. G. P. McKay is a son of Chancellor McKay, of McMaster University, and was graduated from the 1910 Arts Class with a science specialty. Mr. McKay has been a valuable addition to the chemistry staff.

The Review wishes them continued success in their work.



DAIRY OPTION, 1912.

# Athletics

## Swimming and Life Saving

E. L. DAVIES,

**A**LTHOUGH the art of swimming is fairly well known in Canada the number of deaths by drowning is appalling. A great proportion of this loss of life would be pre-

safely brought to shore but by improper treatment have subsequently died.

### Lose No Time.

The belief that a drowning person must rise three times before he



FIRST YEAR BASKET-BALL TEAM.  
INTER-YEAR CHAMPIONS, 1911-12.

vented were the various methods of rescue, release and resuscitation known. Many cases are known where men apparently drowned have been

finally sinks is a fallacy. Whether he rises at all or how often depends upon circumstances. As soon as unconscious the body will sink. It is

important therefore to lose no time, for it is difficult to find a sunken body.

#### Approach.

To one who knows release methods from a drowning clutch the approach is not dangerous, but the rescuer must use his own judgment as to whether he will approach from front or behind. Once a drowning person feels himself firmly supported he usually ceases struggling.

#### Release.

There are three methods of release but only two are given, the second one serving in most cases. First method, if the drowning person takes hold of the rescuer's arm, hold the arms up in the air and bring them down suddenly.

Second method, if the body is held or hugged, place the left hand in the small of the back or on the shoulder. Put the palm of the other hand on the chin and pinch the nostrils shut. At the same time put the knee to the lower part of the chest and suddenly throw the whole body backwards.

#### Rescue Methods.

There are five methods, but the

two most useful are given. First method is to slip the hands under the armpits of the drowning person and place them on his chest, turn on the back and swim. The second method, for the over-arm stroke, is the same but only one hand is on the chest and the other is used for swimming.

#### Resuscitation—Schafer Method.

When a person is lifted out of the water in an apparently drowned condition there must be no time lost in the resuscitation. Place the patient face down. Get to one side or astride of the body, place both hands flat in the small of the back with thumbs nearly touching and fingers spread out. Lean forward and slowly put a downward pressure upon the lungs. This forces any water or air in the lungs. Immediately release the pressure and let air into the lungs again. Repeat this motion every four or five seconds until the patient can breathe naturally. At the same time warmth may be produced in the limbs by friction or warm blankets, but no restoratives must be given until breathing is natural, then only small quantities of warm water, brandy, wine and beef tea must be given.

---

### A BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

To wed or not to wed:  
That is the question.  
Whether 'tis better  
To remain single<sup>er</sup>  
And disappoint a few women—  
For a time;  
Or marry  
And disappoint one woman—  
For life!

# MACDONALD

## "The Au Revoir Dance"

Friday, April 12th, 1912.

E. A. F. B.

"Parting's such sweet pain," I've  
heard,  
But never could believe the word,  
And thought that tears the vision  
blurred  
When saying "Au Revoir."  
But mesamis—that saying's true!  
Six nights a week I'd dance adieu,

And count myself most lucky too—  
Till time to say "bon soir."  
So thanks, sirs, for that parting  
dance,  
And now before the smiles enhance,  
The charms of "Mac," we take this  
chance  
To say again "au revoir."

## May Day

K. C.

As far back as the time of the Romans, we read of a celebration that corresponds to our present May Day. It was fitting that a superstitious people such as they should celebrate the coming spring and pay tribute to the goddess of flowers—Flora. We in our modern times are apt to feel ourselves superior to these primitive people and their gods and by right of increasing experience we are. But despite the fact that our belief in such deities may not be great, we too, celebrate May Day. It is the revival of a pretty custom called again into existence by that season of the year that above all others may be called beautiful. Autumn may excell in gorgeousness of color, but it is tinged with the sadness of things past. It is the spring, bright with its

glorious promises and complete with hope, that calls for an expression of joy, happiness and good will.

It is to the early English that we owe the term: "May Day"—they placed their celebration on the first fair day in May, preferably the first and named it accordingly. To them it was a general holiday. All ranks of people arose early and went out "a-maying" to celebrate the coming spring. They chose one as May Queen to represent the goddess Flora and crowned her as such with becoming ceremony. Tennyson gives us the words of the May Queen:

"All the valley, Mother 'll be fresh  
and green and still,  
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are  
over all the hill;

And the rivulet in the flowery dell  
 'll merrily glance and play,  
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mo-  
 ther, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The rites in connection with the May pole are also of historic renown. Years ago it was a general gathering of the people, sanctioned by the priests. Together they journeyed to the woods on May morning and chose their May pole. Then, returning in triumph with it, set it up in the market place or some fitting spot, decking it with branches and flowers and other emblems of spring. Often this May pole was left standing to the end of the year and we read that the last May pole erected in London was taken down in 1718 and taken to Essex to form a support for a large telescope which Sir Isaac Newton was setting up. This pole stood where the church in the Strand now stands.

These two ceremonies were, perhaps the most common though they were by no means the only ones. The ceremonies in the northern counties differed from those of the south. Queen Elizabeth is said to have observed the day by games at Greenwich and Henry VIII. followed his own ideas in heralding the advent of spring. We in our modern times have revived these old customs, adding to them and altering them to suit our own convenience.

It was in the year 1910 that the first May Day was held at Macdonald. The May Queen was chosen by a vote of the students and her crowning was the chief event of the day. But the May pole was not neglected and some of the prettiest pictures in the College May Day book are of the May pole dances.

This year formed the precedent. Last year the form was varied only

slightly. This year there are rumors of an evening function with lights among the trees. Of one thing we are certain—that it is going to be the very best May Day yet. One writer tells us that the chimney sweeps are the only ones interested in May Day at the present time, but we know better.

### Baseball.

"Mac Specials versus O. A. C. Giants"

On Wednesday, April 10th, 1912, the gymnasium of Macdonald Hall was the scene of a most remarkable event. We refer to the famous baseball game, in which, to put it mildly, the O. A. C. Giants managed to score rather more points than the Mac Specials.

The teams were as follows:—Mac Specials — Misses Shaw, Stewart, Smith, Templeton, Bond, Beattie, Corrigan, Chapman and Robertson.

O. A. C. Giants—Giants Fulmer, Gardier, Squirrel, Baker, McLennan, Ringland, Klink, Forsythe and McCubbin.

The game throughout was full of interest to the spectators. This interest was increased, we might add, by the frequent trips that the ball made into the audience. No one would suggest that a baseball might be useful as a pianoplayer or curtain raiser, but such was the case. The ball certainly made a hit with the audience.

But, perhaps, even more striking than the ball were characteristics of certain players. Miss Corrigan did not neglect the fact that it was leap year, and frequently embraced the opportunity (or the giant) to keep him from winning a home. It would be impossible to name one special in this "all star team." All worked like trojans, heroines and Mac girls.

As for the Giants—certainly Giant



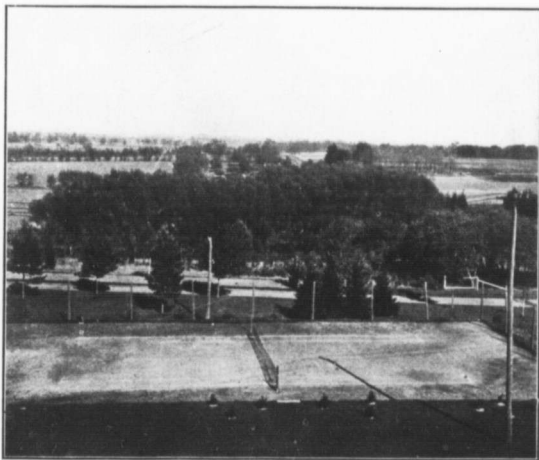
Baker deserves special mention. His jaw and arm movements were particularly graceful. In pitching he began to tie knots up in the air and his balls were knotty (naughty). Giant McLennan's slides and Giant Ringland's slow and measured tread between bases were decidedly noteworthy features, as was also the energy the latter expended in "batting the pill into the pasture" when it wasn't his turn to "swat." Giant

efforts are due the success of the game. The audience and players wish to express their sincerest thanks through the medium of the press.

The Mac Specials rather expect that the next game will have to be reported as O. A. C. Giants versus Giant Killers.—A. O. P.

#### Among Our Graduates.

We wish in this number to continue our brief notices of Mac gradu-



TENNIS COURT, MACDONALD HALL.

Fulmer made a good impression on the ladies by his extreme courtesy. They said he even got off the bases to let them on. Giant Gandier was "a terror for his size." Giants Klink, Forsythe and McCubbin all did their best to make the Mac Specials' lives miserable. Mr. Palmer was referee and Dr. Ross rendered base decisions (?) "You're safe," was her usual verdict.

To Dr. Ross's and Professor McLennan's enthusiasm and untiring

ates who are taking their place in different parts of the continent in disseminating the knowledge of Household Science gained here. A number of our students have evidently found conditions more attractive on the other side of the line for we find Miss V. Gardner a housekeeper at Hurley Hospital, Flint, Mich.; Miss McKenzie, '07, dietitian and housekeeper, Butterworth Hospital, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Miss M. Powell, '05, dietitian, St. Barnabas' Hospital,

Minneapolis, Minn.; Miss D. Sutherland, '11, succeeding Miss Burke as assistant dietitian at John Hopkins' Hospital, Baltimore, Md.; Miss E. F. Miles, '04, D. S. teacher at the Kansas Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kan.; Miss E. M. MacNachtan, D. S. teacher, New York City; Miss A. L. Bickford, '11, housekeeper Nurses' Home, Lakeside Hospital, Cleveland, O.; Miss Pettingill, matron of Waldo Hall, Oregon State Agricultural College, Corvallis, Ore., and Miss Howell, '11, housekeeper, Natchez Hospital, Natchez, Miss.

Our own western provinces are waking up to the importance of introducing Domestic Science into their schools and among the teachers in addition to those already mentioned are, Miss E. Berry, '05, supervisor of sewing and cooking in the public schools of Vancouver, B. C.; Miss L. E. Black, '10, household science teacher in the Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg; Miss A. DeLury, graduate of Macdonald in '06, who secured also a diploma from Columbia University in '07, and is now supervisor and household science teacher at Moose Jaw, Sask., and Miss Irwin, '10, teacher of domestic science in the public schools of Win-

nipeg. Among the housekeepers, are:—Miss J. Elliott, '11, housekeeper and dietitian, Galt Hospital, Lethbridge, Alta.; Miss M. Davison, '10, housekeeper, Brandon College, Brandon, and Miss J. Allan, '07, housekeeper Calgary General Hospital.

In each of the Maritime Provinces we find our representatives—Miss G. Dutcher, '07, being D. S. teacher at Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Miss L. M. Bailey, '10, D. S. teacher Ladies' College, Halifax, N. S.; Miss E. E. Crommitt, '09, holding a similar position at Edgheill, N. S.

Mrs. A. E. Fairlie, '07, is as yet the only graduate teaching domestic science in the Far East, being stationed at Kobe, Japan, but we have no doubt that progressive country will in time extend the work there.

In addition to teaching and holding positions as dietitians and housekeepers we have students taking work in other departments as in the case of Miss J. McPhee, '05, for a number of years with the Ogilvy Flour Co., as flour tester and demonstrator and Miss E. Warner, '08, assistant flour tester with the Pillsbury Milling Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

---

These are the things I prize  
 And hold of dearest worth,  
 Light of the sapphire skies,  
 Peace of the silent hills,  
 Shelter of forests, comfort of the grass,  
 Music of birds, murmur of little rills,  
 Shadow of clouds that swiftly pass.  
 And after showers,  
 The smell of flowers,  
 And of the good brown earth,  
 And best of all along the way,  
 Friendship and mirth.



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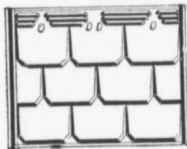


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# LOCALS

## A Senior's Soliloquy.

Tell me not in accents gleeful  
That exams will soon be o'er,  
For when they're at last disposed of  
Work we must for ever more.

Life will be a problem for us,  
Irresponsibles no more,  
Bills in legions soon will bore us,  
With the world we'll be at war.

But be cheered, oh, gallant class-  
mates  
Work and hope on merrily,  
For the battle we are ready,  
Drilled and armed at the O. A. C.

Discussing popular songs and the  
literary merit which they show, a  
writer in the University of Alberta  
"Gateway," giving as an example the  
well known lines:

"Put your arm around me honey,  
hold me tight,  
Huddle up and cuddle up with all  
your might,"

says: A man has to be a regular  
Hackensmidt to make love in these  
strenuous days. Cupid will have to  
discard his bow and arrows in favor  
of the punching bag and Sandow ex-  
erciser.

J. P. Morgan can raise \$10,000,000  
on his cheque any minute; but the  
man who is raising a large family on  
\$9.00 a week is a greater financier  
than Morgan.

Mr. Unwin (conversing with C-p  
G-nd-r)—"What, in your opinion,  
Mr. G-nd-r, is the most ironical book  
ever written?"

C-p (with emphasis) — "J. M.  
Barrie's 'How to be Happy Though  
Married.'"

Scene—An apartment in the Presi-  
dent's house.

Time—12:30 a.m. G. C. C. dis-  
turbed from sleep by musician, over-  
head, trying to play a fiddle.

G.C.C.—Such music! Would the fool  
above begone;

I have excess of it: 'tis harrowing!  
How happy would I be if he should  
die.

That strain again! T'will waken up  
the Hall.

O, it comes o'er my ear like voice of  
sow

Who breaths her last by violence.  
Squealing and making uproar.

Enough! O lor!  
'Tis even worst now than it was be-  
fore.

O man above, I know not who thou  
art,

But notwithstanding thy sagacity,  
I'll nab you, and most solemnly I  
swear,

Right rapidly will you get out of here.  
I will not listen, not at any price,  
E'en for a moment, to some doleful  
tale

Of inspirations that are musical.

—W. H. Wright.

**ABSORBINE STOPS LAMENESS**  
 from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb, Side Bone or similar trouble and gets horse going sound. Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Page 11 in pamphlet with each bottle tells how. \$2.00 a bottle delivered. Horse Book 9 E free.  
**ABSORBINE, J.R.**, ointment for man-kind. Removes Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Gout, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins, Varicosities, Old Sores, Allays Pain. Will tell you more if you write. B and B a bottle at dealers or delivered. Manufactured only by **W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 177 Lyman's Bldg., Montreal, Ca.**

Manilla, Ont., Feb. 22nd, 1908.

Dear Sir,—

I have just used one bottle of your ABSORBINE. I had a three-year-old registered mare that brought on a very bad Bog Spavin, so I started with a remedy of my own, and it was no good. I saw ABSORBINE advertised and got a bottle of it, and in two weeks it took it out clean, and I can sell her for \$300.00 to-day.

Respectfully yours,

Wm. Whetton.



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**Peep Sights**

For use on home-made draining levels, as designed by Professor W. H. Day.

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**JULY 9, 23 AUG. 6, 20 SEPT. 3, 17**

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Caustic  
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Boxes from 25c up—at



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**ASPINWALL MFG. CO.**  
JACKSON, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.  
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*World's Oldest and Largest  
Makers of Potato Machinery*

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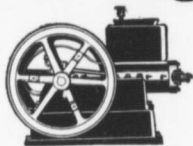
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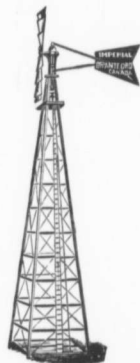


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**THE FARMER SAID**—"No, I'm using WINDSOR SALT. It makes better butter and I am getting better prices. It certainly does pay me to use Windsor Dairy Salt."

**THE CASHIER SAID**—"I should say it does. Do you mind if I let some of my friends in the secret?"

**THE FARMER SAID**—"Go ahead. Tell them all to use WINDSOR DAIRY SALT if they want to get the 'top' price for their butter"

67D

**WINDSOR**  
DAIRY SALT



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**EVERYWHERE IN CANADA.**

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Rettie was heard to remark bitterly that some people would steal the pennies off a blind man's eyes, but that since Miller was gone he wasn't afraid to leave his pipe around with some tobacco in it.

April showers bring May flowers,  
and April chills bring May bills.

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**Stickney**  
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CRESCUCEUS, 2:02¼

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We have just published a large colored lithograph showing Dan Patch and Cresceus in a fast finish down the stretch. It was made from life and shows both of these magnificent animals in their natural colors. If gotten out in a small edition it would sell for \$2.00. We will be glad to mail it to you free, postage prepaid by us, if you will write us at once, answering the following questions:

1st.—Name this paper.

2nd.—How many head of live stock do you own?

Picture will not be mailed unless you answer these questions.

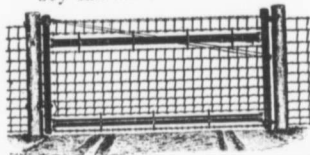
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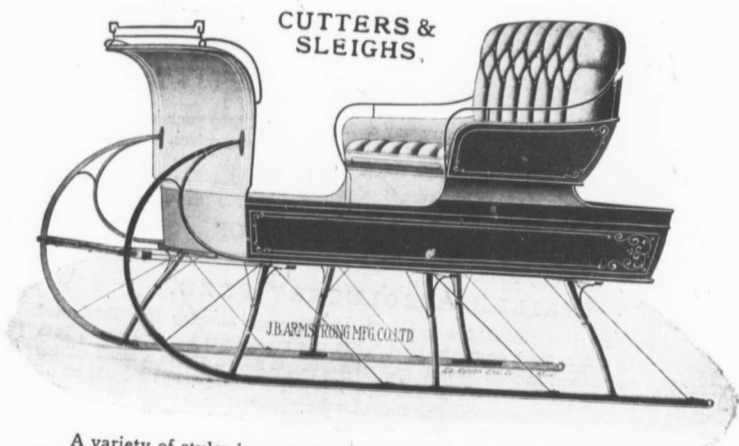
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## Official Calendar of the Department of Education for the Year 1912



### JUNE

1. Collectors in Unorganized Townships to report to Sheriff uncollected rates for previous year. (On or before 1st June).
- Assessor in Unorganized Townships to return assessment roll (Not later than 1st June).
- Public and Separate School Boards to
3. King's Birthday (Monday).
- appoint representatives on the High School Entrance Boards of Examiners (On or before 1st June).
- By-law to alter School boundaries or form Consolidated School Sections—last day of passing. (Not later than 1st June).

## The Royal Military College of Canada



**T**HERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and, in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor

exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation, is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B. A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College, takes place in May of each year, at the headquarters of the several military districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont.; or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

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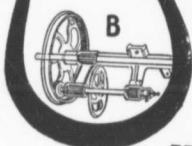
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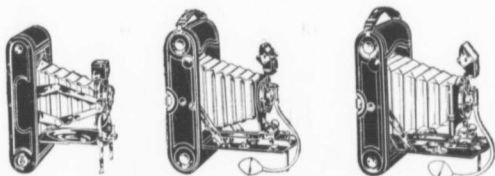
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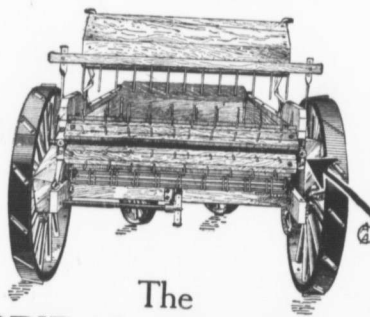
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