

FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN

SELECTING DAIRY COWS.

It is an old and tried saying that "No two peas are exactly alike." This applies with equal force in reference to dairy cows. While there are marked resemblances as to conformity and to well established lines of milk production, still individual differences exist among dairy cows as to the quantity of food digested and the economical production of milk. To select a dairy cow that has the qualities that produce milk and butter most economically is no easy task, and one in which experts in the dairy business often fall wide of the mark. It is not difficult to select a young steer that will fatten quickly on the amount of food consumed per pound of gain. The blocky finish, short thick neck, broad head, broad shoulders, well spring ribs, good depth and width of body, straight back, loins strong, thick, a deep chest, legs moderately short and well set apart is found in the combination of that specimen of cattle that converts feed into economical beef production. The feed given to such stock goes to meat, that is placed on that part of the carcass where it brings the most money when it reaches the block, but with the dairy cow indications are not so sure or as apparent as in the selection of a steer for the food lot. Function governs largely the dairy cow and requires much experience and careful judgment to determine the choice of a good dairy animal for the profit of the dairy depends upon the quality of the dairy herd.

A good cow differs from a poor one in at least two respects; first, her ability to eat and digest a large amount of food; second, the converting of this food into a large amount of milk and butter fat. To perform these two functions a good dairy cow should have a good capacity for disposing of a large amount of food. This capacity is indicated by a large abdomen, which gives abundance of room for the working of the digestive organs. We should not forget that the cow is a machine and her ability to manufacture crude material into milk requires plenty of room in her abdomen. The milk is elaborated from the food materials dissolved in the blood of the udder.

IN THE IDEAL DAIRY COWS,

the udder should be well developed, extending well forward, broad behind, teats well spread apart and of convenient size for grasping easily with the hands. They should be soft and skimmy, rather than fleshy, when empty.

In general conformation, a good milker is quite the reverse of the beef steer. She is wedge-shaped when viewed from the front, that is, she has a slim, flat neck and is rather slim throughout the shoulders. A dairy cow has no use for a broad back on which to store fat, neither has she use for thick and beefy thighs. The forelegs should be large above the knees and smaller towards the ankles; thighs thick and well spread apart, giving room for the udder. The dairy cow may be said to be "loose jointed" when compared with the beef animal. The value of the dairy cow is found in her ability to digest food and to elaborate it into milk; she should have a fine, soft, comparatively flexible skin. A good dairy cow has a personality, which is determined by her disposition. In the expression of her face much may be learned. No matter how good a capacity or how well balanced may be the general conformation of the cow, a good disposition is necessary in order that she may utilize all of her qualities to the best advantage.

Handle the cow before purchasing her. See that she milks easy. If she be a kicker, she will be likely to let you know it at once. It is well also to learn something of her former history. Pedigrees count for much in selecting a dairy cow. If the dairy animal comes from a line of breeding stock that has a reputation for dairy excellence, the chances are that she has acquired some, if not all, of the good qualities of her parents. In a general way, we have called the attention of our readers to some points of excellence in selecting dairy cows from a herd. To determine merit in reference to richness of milk, the Babcock test should be frequently employed in order to keep the cows in the herd up to a high standard.

EFFECTS OF FOOD ON MILK.

After having looked carefully into the effects which food has on milk, the British Dairy Farmers' Association has come to the following conclusions:

That when a cow is in full milk and full flesh she will give her normal quality of milk for at least a limited time, even though the quality and quantity of food be very deficient.

That when in good condition a cow will take off her body whatever is deficient in food in order to give her normal quality of milk.

That an extra supply of nutritious food at all times increases the quality of milk, but the percentage of fat is not in any way improved by it; if anything, the tendency being rather the other way.

That an extra supply of nutritious food almost invariably very slightly increases the solids, not fat, of the milk.

That a ration poor in food ingredients has a very slight tendency to reduce the solids, not fat, in the milk, but has little appreciable effect on the fat.

That with a poor ration a cow in full weight will lose carcass weight while on a rich diet she will gain weight.

That although the percentage of fat in a cow's milk may vary daily, we at present seem unable to control these variations or to account for them.

That for limited periods up to one month or thereabout all ordinary quantities and qualities of foods seem to have no material effect on the quality of the milk.

That the only food which seems to have had any material effect on the percentage of butter in the milk is an excess of brewers' grains.

That very succulent grass has had only a very trifling effect in altering the percentage of fat.

That most foods convey some flavor to the butter, but scarcely any of them will alter its percentage in the milk.

That some foods exercise a material effect in raising the melting point of butter.

That the aim of all producers of milk, butter or cheese should be to feed what will give quantity in moderate amount and of a mixed nature, and the produce will be the best that the cow can give.

That the variations in the percentage of fat in a cow's milk are caused by something, but what that something is we at present do not know, though if we did we might be able to influence the quality.

ADVICE ON MILKING.

Milking is a job that is disliked by the majority of farm hands, and a correspondent offers the following suggestions which, if adopted, may help to make the task more agreeable. First, have the cows in a comfortable, well ventilated stable. Keep the cows and stables clean. In winter cows are kept in the stable nearly all the time, but with a little trouble they can be reasonably clean, by moving the manure back

from the cows, or covering with straw, before she lies down, which she will usually do after eating.

Use plenty of absorbents—horse manure is good—which will prevent cows from getting their tails dirty. Wipe each cow's udder with a cloth wrung out of warm water, before milking. Try using vaseline, or some other lubricant—lard is good—on the cow's teats and udder. It will prevent particles of dust from falling into the milk, besides making milking much easier. Have a damp cloth hanging handy by to wipe the hands when they get dirty. Have a clean suit that can be washed, to slip on for milking. Weigh each cow's milk. This will tend to keep the milkers more interested in their work, besides showing the effects of irregular milking and varying conditions under different care and attention.

Milk at the same time each day, and have each milker milk the same cows as far as possible. Teach each cow to go in the same place in the stable. Put a little feed in the mangers, and they will come in more readily. Have the cows gentle, and they will come in by calling, which is better than driving. Have the mangers separate, so they will not be reaching after each other's feed, also have the mangers slant toward the cow at the bottom. In fly time, throw a light blanket over the cow while milking her, and she will stand quite still. If you try these suggestions, I think you can get the milk without grabbing the cow and taking it from her.

WHAT THE DOCTOR DOES.

The first thing the doctor does when he is called to see a fretting, worrying baby is to give it a medicine to move the bowels and sweeten the stomach. The doctor knows that nine-tenths of the troubles affecting babies and young children are due to irritation of the stomach or bowels, and that when the cause is removed the child is well and happy. Baby's Own Tablets are an always-at-hand doctor, and promptly cure all the minor ills of little ones. They contain no poisonous "soothing" stuff, and may be given with safety to the tenderest infant, or the well grown child. Mrs. J. Overland, Hepworth Station, Ont., says:—"My little one was much troubled with indigestion, and Baby's Own Tablets gave immediate relief. I have found the Tablets the most satisfactory medicine I have ever used for children." Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

RESCUE OF THE DROWNING.

Some Rules that May be of Use to the Life-Saver.

If a good swimmer uses common sense his only peril is the cramps. The chances of his getting cramps in the stomach will be remote if he refrains from going into the water within an hour and a half after eating. A stomach loaded with food acts like a weight of lead. This rule also applies to sea bathers, who are non-swimmers. Cramps in the stomach generally mean death unless help is near.

Cramps in the legs or arms are not nearly so dangerous. If a good swimmer gets cramps in the calf of the leg he should let the disabled member float along. This would be a difficult procedure for a non-swimmer, who should try to overcome the affliction by forcing the leg into a kicking position, like the closing of a pair of shears. Cramps in both legs call for immediate help, and cramps in the arms are treated as cramps in the leg in the case of either swimmer or non-swimmer.

A word to rescuers. If you are swimming to someone's succor and you are at close quarters, go underneath him. If he is far gone and you are a good swimmer, put your feet under his shoulder blades and tow him along. If you are an ordinary swimmer get close to your man, and the first thing of all give him a good stiff blow on the back of the neck. You will stun him and thus keep him from doing foolish things that might imperil both of you. Then put your left hand at the back of his head in order to keep him afloat.

Do not swim with your burden if help of any sort is within sight. There is no use taxing your strength. Unite all your energies on keeping yourself and your man afloat, and assistance will be carried to you in ample time. I have known more than one good swimmer to become exhausted and drown by thus needlessly working himself.

If you go to the rescue in a boat, do not pull your man over the stern or side, and do not let him try to scramble over the boat at either point. The bow is the only safe place. Haul a man over the side and the boat is likely to capsize. Haul him over the stern and the same thing is likely to happen. Besides, he is likely to receive serious injury from being dragged over the rudder and iron rudder-pin. To pull a man up to the boat hand him an oar, or better still, catch his clothes on a boat-hook, and, if when he reaches the boat he frantically persists in trying to get aboard, knock him on the head and stun him.

It is difficult for the talkative man to find willing listeners.

TIME FOR SCOTLAND.

Ball on Hilltop Drops When Cannon is Fired.

"Speaking of clocks," said the traveller, "Edinburgh, Scotland, has the most interesting time marking device I ever saw. The city lies between two hills. On one of these, known as Carlton Hill, there is an observation tower, in the top of which a large black ball is suspended. Across the valley, probably a mile away, is Castle Hill, surmounted by the historic Edinburgh Castle. One of the large guns in this fortress, pointing toward Carlton Hill, is electrically connected with the ball in the tower a mile away. Every evening at six o'clock the gun is fired, and at the same moment the ball falls. The device sets the official time for all Scotland.

"It is interesting to stand on Carlton Hill at the appointed hour to see the simultaneous flash of the gun on Castle Hill and the fall of the ball close at hand, while the roar of the gun is of course some moments in crossing the valley. On the other hand it is equally interesting to stand beside the big gun at dusk to watch the ball on Carlton Hill fall just as the shot is fired. I recall once standing in the courtyard of the castle, watch in hand, waiting for the cannon just overhead to be fired. It occurred to me it would be more exciting to watch the crowds of passing people, especially since not one was apparently thinking of the shot from the cannon. When the roar took place, absolutely without warning, hardly a yard above the heads of the crowd, the scene well repaid my waiting. Everybody dodged. Children screamed, and men and women jumped to the side of the wall. Of course, it was all over in a second, but in that moment it seemed that an electric shock had passed through the crowd."

HOLDING UP A TRAIN.

The travelling men in the smoking compartment were "reminiscing." The conversation turned to each man's most thrilling experience, and each sought to recount a tale in which he had played the hero's part. One told how he had carried a beautiful girl down the ladder from the top story of a burning house. Another gave a thrilling account of how he had put two burglars to rout, pistol in hand, at three in the morning.

The conversation had been listened to by a small, mild-mannered, inoffensive looking man, and a "rank outsider." Seeing a smile hovering about the corner of his mouth, one of the travellers turned to him and said, "Perhaps you can tell us some experience of yours of this kind?"

"Well, maybe I can," replied the stranger, in a way which seemed to indicate that thrilling experiences were to him an everyday thing. "I've done several things in my time; for instance, I once held up a train."

"What?" came a burst of incredulous surprise. "You don't look it, man. You all alone held up a train?"

"Yes, all alone and unaided I held up a train."

"Tell us all about it."

"They crowded around and lighted fresh cigars."

"Oh, gentlemen, I don't know that I care to talk about it."

"Go ahead," came the chorus.

"Well, you see, it was this way. I was nine years old and I was a page at my big sister's wedding. The train was rather heavy, but—"

He got no farther. For once the laugh was on the commercials.

AS EASY.

Needs Only a Little Thinking.

The food of childhood often decides whether one is to grow up well nourished and healthy or weak and sickly from improper food.

It's just as easy to be one as the other provided we get a proper start.

A wise physician like the Denver Doctor who knew about food, can accomplish wonders provided the patient is willing to help and will eat only proper food.

Speaking of this case the Mother said her little four year old boy was suffering from a peculiar derangement of the stomach, liver and kidneys and his feet became so swollen he couldn't take a step. "We called a Doctor who said at once we must be very careful as to his diet as improper food was the only cause of his sickness. Sugar especially, he forbid."

"So the Dr. made up a diet and the principal food he prescribed was Grape-Nuts and the boy, who was very fond of sweet things took the Grape-Nuts readily without adding any sugar. (Dr. explained that the sweet in Grape-Nuts is not at all like cane or beet sugar but is the natural sweet of the grains.)

"We saw big improvement inside a few days and now Grape-Nuts are almost his only food and he is once more a healthy, happy, rosy-checked youngster with every prospect to grow up into a strong healthy man." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The sweet in Grape-Nuts is the Nature-sweet known as Post Sugar, not digested in the liver like ordinary sugar, but predigested. Feed the youngsters a handful of Grape-Nuts when Nature demands sweet and prompts them to call for sugar. There's a reason.

Get the little book "The Road to Wellville" in each package.

The Gunboat's Return...

The "Okushiri" steamed into the bay, and landed her crew—all that is, save one, Esashi, the sweetheart of Love Bird.

"Poor little Love Bird!" sighed Kitsu.

But Love Bird—it was Branksome who had thus christened the dainty Japanese maid—did not even sigh. She had left the Legation, where she was employed, with a joyfully overflowing heart to meet her love; she returned with a heart bound as with death.

A lacquered box held her few maiden secrets. Within the box was another, small and circular, containing two flat pastilles.

Branksome, the guest of the Minister, owned a similar box, only this was full to the brim with the pastilles. He had found her one day prying inquisitively into the larger box, toying playfully with the contents, and he had pounced upon her with so great a yell of anger that she had slipped the smaller box out of sight. "Love Bird," he had said, "if ever I catch you fingering my belongings again, I will make you swallow one of those pastilles, and then, Love Bird, you will die. Those things are poison. Do you want to die a sudden death?"

"Death!" She had shuddered at the thought. But now Esashi was dead, and the sweetness of life was gone.

She swallowed the pastilles—both.

Exactly two hours later Kitsu limped recklessly to the door of the Legation compound just as Branksome rolled out of a rickshaw. Kitsu pounced upon him with a wondrous tale.

"Happy little Love Bird!" replied Branksome. "So her love is alive, after all—picked up by one of your torpedo-boats, and landed an hour ago—eh? You are sure?"

A message and a muffled babel of voices from an inner room sent him racing to the scene of Love Bird's agony.

She was lying on the floor, still, straight, bathed in an awful pallor.

"Love Bird, wake up!" he cried.

"I've glorious news for you! Esashi has come back! He is in Yokohama! Wake up, little Love Bird! Don't you hear me? Don't you—"

He swung on his heel, and appealed to his shrinking, terror-stricken companions.

"What has happened?" he demanded. "Why did Love Bird die? Has anyone gone for the doctor? Can't somebody explain?"

The British Minister walked in.

"I had a mind to spare you, Branksome," he said; "but perhaps you ought to know the truth. I found this box in the girl's hands. It tells its own tragedy."

He handed Branksome the little round box that on its gummied label bore the dread legend, "Pastilles—Poison."

The second word was written in pencil, in Branksome's handwriting, and was in Japanese.

Branksome glanced at the box, found it empty, stood for a moment in pondering uncertainty, then flung the box across the room.

"Love Bird—Love Bird!" he cried, as he raised the Japanese maid in his arms and shook her. "What folly is this? Wake up, you little simpleton! You're not dead; you're only frightened awaiting the end that, thank Heaven, is not due yet! Come, child, throw off your stupor! You're a silly little goose, and you stole my pastilles; but you are no more poisoned than I am. I told you a lie because I didn't want all my dyspepsia cured chewed up for sweets. Do you hear, you little simpleton? Open your eyes, and—"

Slowly, timidly, but half believingly, Love Bird opened her almond shaped eyes.

"Am I not poisoned?" she whispered. "And is it true that Esashi has come back?"

Branksome's peal of laughter answered both questions in the glad affirmative.

SOON CURED.

Doctor—"Good morning, Mr. Lover, what can I do for you?"

Mr. Lover—"I—I called sir, to—to ask for the hand of—of your daughter."

"Hump; appetite good?"

"Not very."

"How is your pulse?"

"Very rapid when—I am with her; very feeble when away."

"Troubled with palpitation?"

"Awfully, when I think of her."

"Take my daughter. You'll soon be cured. Half-a-dollar, please."

Mrs. Youngbride—"I've come to complain of that flour you sent me."

Baker—"What was the matter with it?"

Mrs. Youngbride—"It was tough. I made some pastry with it and it was as much as my husband could do to cut it."

Couldn't Rise From a Chair

On Account of Dreadful Pains in the Kidneys and Back—A Complete Cure by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

In its course through the body the blood not only supplies nourishment to the various organs, but also gathers up the poisonous waste matter.

When the liver and kidneys fail to filter these poisons from the blood there are pains and aches and diseases of the most painful and fatal kind.

Because they restore the strength and activity to the kidneys and liver Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills overcome such troubles and purify the blood in a wonderfully short time.

Mr. L. W. Dennis, Welland, Ont., writes:—"It gives me pleasure to testify in behalf of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For many years I was seriously afflicted with kidney and liver troubles. At times my back would ache so bad I could not

rise from a chair, and then again I would be confined to my bed. I was treated by the medical profession, but they all failed to understand my case.

"About the time I was most discouraged I heard of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and they were so strongly recommended that I decided to try them. Before I had used all of five boxes my old trouble had entirely left me, and I was again as healthy as in boyhood. I freely give this testimony for the benefit of those who suffer as I have."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE . . . 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blows free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase, Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.