Flesherton Advance.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR." — "PRINCIPLES NOT MEN."

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Sheep Raising In Grey County

A representative of the Weekly Sun recently investigated sheep raising in Grey county, and the result of his investigations are as follows:

Grey county is the leading sheep raising county in Ontario, and has over 20,000 more sheep than any other, according to statistics. H. C. Duff, District Representative, believes that there is a much larger difference than even this to-day.

"During the past two yeats there has been an increase in the number of sheep kept on the farms and also an increase in the number of men who are keeping them," says Mr. Duff. "The most noticeable change is to be seen at the Fall Fairs. More breeders are exhibiting animals and there has been a decided improvement in the quality. Most of the Agricultural Societies have improved their classes for sheep and are paying considerably better prizes than formerly."

"There is no dog evil in the sheep-raising business," So said an esteemed breeder at the Sheep Breeders' Association this past winter, speaking with more vigor and force than accuracy. Perhaps there should be no dog evil, but the fact remains that there is one. Perhaps it is an evil avoided by pure-bred breeders, because they study their flocks and know how to handle them properly to get best results. The Sun inclines to this opinion. But, as shown elsewhere, the pure-bred sheep are still but a small proportion of Ontario's total.

Last week the Sun visited two outstanding breeders of sheep in Artemesia, perhaps one of the leading sheep-breeding townships in the riding of East Grey, which has more sheep than any other riding in the Province or Dominion. They are not "black sheep" either, in spite of the fact that the riding is irrevocably Conservative in its leanings. Possibly it is because two such outstanding figures as Hon. Dr. Sproule and Hon. I. B. Lucas have represented the riding that they have made the ridings Conservative strongholds. But this has nothing to do with sheep.

These two prominent Artemesia breeders declared that they never lost an animal from dogs, and for them there was no dog evil. They had no fears for them. However, the dog tax of the past few years has gone to pay for sheep destroyed, and in the past four years the following sums have been paid out to Artemesia sheep raisers for animals killed, on a basis of two thirds of the value:

1911	$106.08
1912	92.78
1913	459 25
1914	170.94
Total	$829.05

This would mean that a total of over $1,240 worth of sheep were destroyed in one township in four years; quite a considerable sum to prove that there really is a dog evil. At first the valuation was made by neighbors of the losers; expert sheep men possibly, but, at the same time, friends. The plan had obvious disadvantages, and now a valuator is appointed by the Council to work over the entire township.

The man who loses sheep may well top to inquire why he suffers when his neighbor does not. There is a reason for everything under the sun—if it can be located.

Wm. Paton is a successful breeder of Oxford Down sheep; and is a "sheep man" to the finger tips. Naturally enough he is an Oxford enthusiast, claiming that they are the best general purpose sheep to be had. He gets an average of 11 pounds of fleece from his flock, including the yearlings; and as it is a medium wool a good price is commanded. This year's cut has not yet started to move, but prices are expected to be high.

Eight years ago Mr. Paton had an ordinary flock of grade Leicesters—just plain sheep. They chewed up weeds and gave a good amount of wool; but they weren't satisfactory. He tried an Oxford ram, and found that he was getting what he wanted, and so threw out the grades and got six ewes for the foundation. Since then he has been studying the breed and buying sire stock from such men as Lougheed of Collingwood township, and Arkell of Guelph, who first imported the breed into Canada from Oxford county in England.

Among other things Mr. Paton is breeding for fineness in the wool. It is necessary in the show ring, and he cleans up at seven local fall fairs every year. The flock is not a large one, only about twenty head, with fifteen ewes kept all the time. His surplus stock is sold for breeding purposes, but the finest lambs all stay on the home farm, and no offer is good enough to tempt them away and break in on their owner's breeding work.

"Keep away from in-breeding," says Mr. Paton. He has had cases of it in his flocks when the lambs ran too long with their sire, and lambs were born. Most of them never lived. In one case a lamb had a lamb, but he sold it at five or six weeks of age. Another lived till the fall, but died then. He changes his rams frequently, but has kept a choice breeder for three years or more.

The Oxford is a black-face sheep, and in breeding care must be exercised to avoid "black head," which consists of black wool behind the ears. This has a tendency to spread through careless breeding and extend down the back, causing a loss of wool, apart from detracting from the show quality of the animal. This is one of the fine points of the breeding game. Mr. Paton had a ram with black head "wished onto him" when he started breeding, and the invariable tendency in the new lambs was to show the same defect. He got wise and threw out the ram, getting a good one without the fault, and the next lambs were practically without a trace of it. Now, he says, he wouldn't buy an animal with a trace of it on any account. His flock is entirely clean.

Hereditary tendencies come from the male parents. For instance, a coarse-wooled ram will probably give a coarse-wooled lamb.

Pressed as to his reasons for preferring Oxfords, Mr. Paton says that, while the Oxford does not show the heavy deposit of fat on the back that some other breeds do, it spreads it over more evenly. He claims that drovers prefer the "black faces" because they mature earlier. His sheep go from 150 to 185 pounds in the fall.

They lay claim to being great milkers, too. He tells of one man who had two ewes who gave birth to triplets and fed them all. But it is hard on the ewe; twins are better, while breeders who go in for show competitions like to have several with just a single lamb. However, on the average farm, twins are the money makers.

Years ago there were more sheep in Artemesia than there are today—a general condition throughout the Province. but Mr. Paton believes that a change is coming, and more sheep are being raised.

Why is this?

"There is nothing I handle pays better than sheep." This is Mr. Paton's answer to the question, and it is the testimony of many sheep men. "Remember this," he goes on. "I'm not keeping sheep for the good of my health. I can sell far more sheep than I can raise, in the fall, for $15 to $20, and some yearlings at $25. Lots of people want to buy a whole flock and start in again with sheep."

As an example Mr. Paton is a big aid to the sheep industry. His beautiful Oxfords turn up every year at seven local fall fairs; and at as many places they educate others into a realization of what good sheep really are. That he cleans up around $115 in prizes is incidental to the advertising he gets and the sales he makes.

"Sheep are one of the best things a man can keep on his farm. They live and thrive on rough feed and are great weed destroyers. There's nothing equal to them. They are things that take no care. Keep the wind and snow off them and they are all right," said Mr. Paton.

That he is right in the lack of care necessary is shown by the remark of another man who, when asked why he went out of sheep, said, "Well, you see, I've no pasture to speak of, and so I used to let them run on the road. My neighbors' fences are out of repair, and the sheep were always getting into his fields and so I got rid of them." See? They roamed the road sides and rustled for themselves. Not much trouble about that!

Mr. Paton feeds clover hay and pea straw in the winter, with a lick of oats and a few roots, but not many. In the summer they rustle for themselves and do well. The pea straw is highly recommended for sheep.

He never lost a sheep through dogs, and thinks that this may be due to the fact that sheep are not afraid, and so never run from a dog. If they were to run away and show fear it would be natural for the dog to attack them. Some of his neighbors had lost sheep even when they carried bells.

(Concluded Next Week)

Kimberley Budget

Mr. Ezra Fawcett who enlisted with the third contingent, was down from Owen Sound last week visiting at his parental home prior to his departure for the front. The third contingent expects to sail for England in the course of a few days. Ezra is a good, strong, manly, clean living young man, and we feel sure that he will prove his mettle on the battle field. Here's hoping that he may come back from the war with a whole hide and have 2 or 3 dozen German scalps on his belt.

Messrs. Robt. Best, the popular reeve of Thornbury, also R. J. Stuart, M. Snetsinger, R Lowe, M Mahoney, F Parkinson and R. Clark motored over to our burg on Saturday last on a fishing trip. They succeeded in landing quite a number of the finny tribe.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Smith of Rob Roy visited during the past week with their daughter, Mrs. Thos. Lewis.

Mr. Edward Fawcett of Heathcote occupied the pulpit in the Methodist church on Sunday morning last.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Bishop and Master Vernon and Miss Elvie, motored over to Meaford one day last week, returning home by way of Thornbury.

Miss Florence Brown of Fairmount is visiting at present with her sister, Mrs. Wm. Flood.

Mrs. Geo. Hutchinson and daughter, Lena, visited on Saturday last with friends in Flesherton.

Mr. Albert Rear and Fred Thomas drew two loads of lumber from Metcalfs mills, Redwing, to Jasper Stuart's one day last week which measured nearly 3000 feet. Some big loads, eh? Who can beat that for drawing.

Dundalk

Constable Scriminger seized a case of whiskey last Thursday night in a buggy which was just entering the stable at the McCullough House. The case had been shipped to Robt. Brown at Corbeton, and Brown and M. McIntyre were in the charge of the horse and rig when the seizure was made.

Mr. and Mrs. Reg. Hewett, Toronto, were visitors over Sunday at the home of Messrs. W. T. and Joseph A. Neithercut. Mr. Hewett is a member of the 35th Regt. of the 3rd Contingent for over seas service now in camp at the Exhibition ground, Toronto. He states that since the disaster to the Canadians in the Langmarck fight three weeks ago the applications for enlistment for the front averaged 300 fresh men per day. A very small percentage of these could be accepted.

Mr. D. C. McKenzie received the sad news on Wednesday of the sudden death from natural causes of his brother Charles at sea. The brother was chief engineer on the British-India steamer Golconda and was in his 59th year. For upwards of thirty years Mr. McKenzie had sailed on this one ship and was about to be superannuated and pensioned when the war broke out. He looked forward to the time when he would retire to his home in Britain which he only had the privilege of visiting on four trips each year. He had a remarkable record for long and steady service on his ship. He did his duty faithfully and died at his post.

On Monday evening John Mills, of the 12th con., Proton, had a runaway accident while driving out of Dundalk. His team of three-year-old colts took fright from some children playing ball on the street. In the democrat with Mr. Mills was his mother, Mrs. W. J. Mills, and Miss Josephine McCullough. One of the horses kicked over the tongue and broke it. Mrs. Mills was thrown out of the rig and the others jumped when the team became unmanageable. Fortunately none were seriously hurt, although Mrs. Mills was badly shaken up and bruised. The team got separated from the rig and ran about a mile and a half before being stopped. This is another warning against ball-playing on the streets.—Herald.

The arrest of Hugh McCoy of Collingwood on Sunday for being drunk had a sequel in the police court on Wednesday morning. Mr. G. T. Foulis, proprietor of the Dominion Hotel, was the principal in aftermath to the extent of $300 and costs, a fine imposed for selling booze without a license.

GNR. A. M. THURSTON

H. Q. Staff, 4th Brigade, C. F. A. who expects to leave shortly for England. Kindly loaned by the C. M. A., Toronto.

Walkerton

Mr. John McAuley, of the Bell Telephone linemen staff here, was married to Miss Lena Kieffer in the Roman Catholic Church here on Monday morning last at 8 o'clock, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Father Haller. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kieffer of Formosa and has resided in Walkerton for some years. They will take up their abode over the old Telescope office on Jackson street.

At a trial here last Monday when it was proposed to try a man's sanity on the testimony of his neighbors, a local lawyer objected, on the ground that it would be unfair to anybody to have to depend on the neighbors' opinion of their mentality in order to keep out of the asylum. And how true is this? How many now roaming at large would be occupying a padded cell if what their neighbors thought of them could prevail? Probably most people are foolish, but seldom are they as loony as their neighbors seem to think. Few people would be out of the bug-house if it were left for their neighbors to vouch for their wisdom. It was decided in this case to let two Walkerton doctors examine the sanity of the man, and not leave him to the tender mercies of his neighbors.

A German, who is said to have acted rather jubilant in Durham over the loss of the Lusitania, ran foul of an Englishman on Monday who badly beat him up for upholding a crime that nearly all the world condemns. The Town Constable later took the man in charge and ran him in jail. It is possible that he will later be interned. Although we personally have not seen any instances, yet there are said to be some in Walkerton who are openly gloating over recent British reverses and Canadian losses at the front, and it might be well to warn such, that as a result of the dastardly sinking of the Lusitania, which has greatly incensed the whole empire, that the British Government has practically decided to not only arrest all aliens and German sympathizers found in its domains, but to confiscate their property as well.—Herald.

Duncan

The farmers are making great progress in their spring work.

Fishing is the evening sport now.

Mrs. Fred McKeown and little son, Earle, have returned to their home at Fort William, after an extended visit with her sister, Mrs. W. D. McKeown, who is ill.

Our teacher, Miss Lever, spent Saturday and Sunday with her friend, Miss Myrtle Knox, "Orchardvale Farm."

Mrs. W. C. Kerr, Fort William, is attending at the bedside of her daughter, Mrs. W. D. McKeown.

Mr. Fred Martin of Clarksburg, accompanied by Mr. Doupe, called in our vicinity last week.

Misses Ada and Queenie Kaitting of Feversham, and Miss Elva Lever, teacher, visited at Mr. Irvine McKeown's on Thursday of last week.

Mr. Herb Kerr of the suburbs has the masons at work building the wall for his new barn, which will be erected in the near future.

Being congratulated by a number of his friends immediately after his nomination at Brampton, Mr. Ben. Petch enquired: "What do you think a Conservative said the other day? 'You are too honest to go into politics, Ben.'" "But you have shown him you are not," was the irreverent reply of a listener.

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