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THE CRITICAL PERIOD IN FEEDING YOUNG PIGS.

"Ton litters at six months," is the boasted achievement of a number of Western States hog raisers. One litter of eleven pigs is recorded as weighing 2,438 pounds when 180 days old. This is not a very difficult achievement even with "selects," but it is not regarded as profitable practice to aim at finishing so early, because it is better to promote the development of frame for a few weeks after weaning. Pasture or other green foods and milk, with a light grain feed, make a suitable ration during the growing period, that is until the hogs reach 125 pounds or more. After that the finishing process requires an increased proportion of grain.

The all important thing is to avoid a check in the growth at the time of weaning and during the ensuing few weeks. The old practice of weaning at four or five weeks is never followed by skillful hog raisers at the present time. Unless one is very anxious to secure two litters in the year, weaning should not take place until the pigs are eight weeks old, and some hog raisers allow the litters to wean themselves by continuing the family together and feeding them well until the pigs neglect to nurse.

Experiments covering a period of years at the Dominion Experimental Farm at Ottawa have shown it to be profitable to supplement the mother's milk of nursing pigs by easily digested meals mixed with skim milk, from the time the pigs are three weeks old. If care is taken in the preparation and handling of this ration, very little check results from weaning. Middlings and ground oats with the hulls sifted out, with skim milk, has become the standard weaning ration at the Central Farm. In this ration milk is perhaps the most important constituent, as at that tender age pigs are unable to digest and assimilate much crude fibre.

If the pigs are allowed to be checked at the weaning period by improper feeding, it will be found difficult to bring them back to a thrifty state, and without thrift it is impossible to make any money out of hogs, even though they sell as selects. That is to say, the investment of expensive food in an unthrifty hog cannot return a profit to the owner. Fuller instructions on the feeding of weanlings and pigs of other ages are contained in Exhibition Circular No. 60, available from the Publications Branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa.

HAVE YOUR HORSE'S HARNESS FIT.

The horse is our most useful dumb friend. There is nothing more unprofitable as well as cruel than working him in a bad-fitting harness. It produces almost intolerable pain, causes him to fret and waste time, and consequently he loses flesh. In most cases one will lose the service of the horse while sore shoulders, backs and chafes are being healed. It is impossible to heal collar and saddle galls without resting the horse.

A harness should be neither too small nor too large. If too small it pinches, chokes the circulation of blood to and from the parts, which usually results in congestion, followed by more or less inflammation of the bruised part; if too large, the harness shifts from place, causing more or less friction.

Every one of us wears shoes, but none of us has escaped having sore feet, and in nearly all cases it is the result of wearing too small or too large shoes, that were not the shape of our feet. There are seldom two horses that have the same shaped, same size of neck and the same formed shoulders, therefore it is unreasonable to assume that one collar should fit several horses. When the collar is too wide, the shoulders are pretty sure to be made sore, especially if the horse is doing hard work in hot weather. The collar should be sufficiently long and it is important that it fit the whole neck, especially the upper part, or it pinches and makes a sore. The face of a collar should be made so that it has a resting place on the whole shoulder, therefore, if it is too wide, it is sure to hurt the horse.

Every work-horse that is working is earning money and he is entitled to a good-fitting collar. The only way to prevent sore shoulders in some horses is to have a collar maker make a collar that fits the horse. The size of the horses' necks reduce very much when they are thin, and enlarge considerably when they are fleshy; therefore, the condition of the horse should be considered when having his neck fitted.

It is true that by using sweat pads of different thicknesses a collar can be so adjusted to the neck that a horse is made more comfortable than if wearing too big a collar. The sweat pad is very useful in assisting to make the collar fit, but most farmers and team owners have too few of them. The sweat pad soon becomes filthy and unfit to wear unless it is cleaned and dried daily, especially if the horse that wears it perspires much. I have found it a good plan to dip dirty sweat pads in gasoline or wash them with soap and water and hang them out in the sun.

Much can be done in the adjustment of a collar to the neck by giving attention to the hames, for if they are too wide apart at the top or bottom, a horse never works comfortably. See that the hames fit the collar if the collar fits the horse. Bad-shaped hames often spoil the horse's comfort.

Now, regarding the saddle. There are so many different shaped backs that it is absolutely necessary to have a nice-fitting saddle, and I am sorry to say that few teamsters give this matter much thought when buying a harness. The result is, if the saddle does not fit the back and the harness is heavy, it is almost certain to cause soreness, if not a wound. The centre of the saddle should stand away from the ridge of the back. It is also important to tighten the belly girth fairly snug to hold the saddle from moving too much. I find it is also important to have a nice-fitting crupper; if the crupper is too small and not well made, the horse heavy-headed and check fastened to saddle, the tail is usually made sore, but if the crupper is large and smooth the tail seldom gets sore. The parts of a harness that come in contact with the body of the horse, such as the crown piece of bridle, traces, back strap and breeching, should be smooth or else they chafe and make the skin sore. Every farmer and team owner should own at least as many collars as he does work-horses. The collars and saddles should be kept clean and the harness oiled occasionally. Never work a well horse in the harness that came off one which had skin disease, sore back or shoulders. When selecting a harness for your horse, remember a nice-fitting one costs exactly the same as one that fits poorly.

Varieties of Fall Turnips.

There is a limited acreage of fall turnips grown in Ontario each year. Roots of this class usually yield more per acre than the Swede turnips but they do not keep so late into the winter. Other names for fall turnips are Soft turnips or White Flesh turnips.

Two varieties of fall turnips have been grown under test at the College in each of the past seventeen years, and the following gives the average annual results in tons per acre of tops and of roots for each of the varieties: Red Top White Globe, 4.0 and 26.3, and Cow Horn, 5.8 and 19.7 In 1918, the Red Top White Globe gave 21.2 and the Cow Horn 15.5 tons of roots per acre. In comparison with these in the test of the past year the Sutton's Purple Top Mammoth gave 20.8, the Sutton's Imperial Green Globe, 18.8, and Kelway's Green Globe, 16 tons per acre.

The most infallible mark of ignorance is superstition.

Shortage of Lambs.

The noticeable feature of live stock movement, as reported by the Dominion Live Stock Branch, in the third month of the year, apart from the increased volume of hogs, was the short supply of sheep. The report says: "Toronto received only 50 per cent. of the volume of March last year, and for the year to date the shortage of sheep amounts to over 16,000 head. Western Canada's marketings have been so meagre as to barely constitute a basis for trading. Despite the light volume of marketings, interest in sheep is extremely keen." The report further states that supplies are inadequate, which would indicate the wisdom of sheep raisers conserving for the breeding flock all the vigorous ewe lambs from good ewes.

One can not make bricks from straw, nor can one produce good crops from poor soil.

ISSUE No. 21—'24.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

THE STOLEN NEST.

(A Story Founded on Fact.)

Mr. and Mrs. Song Sparrow flew into the woods one bright May morning and began to look around to find just the right place to build a nest. Mr. Sparrow said:

"What do you think of this thick green grass right here under the trees?" Mrs. Sparrow cocked her pretty head on one side and looked at it from a low bough of a tree.

"I'm a little afraid to build there," she said. "Once I had a beautiful nest in the grass and a great creature —I think it was called a boy—ran through the field and stepped on it. Fortunately I had no eggs in it, but I think I will put it in a safer place this time. You know it is a great deal of work to build a nest."

Mr. Sparrow sang a sweet song and then picked a few insects off the leaves of the tree he was on, but he was thinking, and pretty soon he said:

"That is a very nice bush you are sitting on. We could hide a nest in there under the leaves and it would be safe. Nothing could tread on it there."

Mrs. Sparrow hopped around in the bush and looked it over carefully. She flew in it and out of it again, and she chirped over it like a busy little housewife. At last she said, "Very well, we will take this bush for our home. I will go right off now and look for something to build it with.

"It is not such easy work as any one might think picking up nice bits to build a nest with," said Mrs. Sparrow, as she searched through the grass and pulled out some long, fine roots, very slender, like bits of yarn, but strong.

She wove these pieces together in a crotch of the bush, the green leaves below and the green leaves above covering it so that she thought no one could find the dear little home that she was making for her mate and herself and the little ones she expected by and by.

She found some moss that she picked to pieces with her sharp bill, and over in a field where a horse was grazing she got a few long black hairs that had come out of the tail of this fortunate horse whose tail had not been cut off.

She worked so hard that she hardly stopped to eat anything. Her mate sat on the tree close by the bush singing such a happy, sweet song to cheer her, that a young girl who was ill and could not sit and look out the window of a house near the woods, was cheered and happy just from listening to the sweet song.

At last the nest was finished, and a beautiful piece of work it was. Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow were both so proud and pleased that they could hardly stop singing all day.

"Oh, mother," said Alice, the little sick girl, "You don't know how lovely the birds sang this morning in that little piece of woodland over the way. I woke up early with the old pain, and was going to call you, then I began to listen to the birds, and they sounded so happy that while I was listening the pain went away and I fell asleep again."

"It must have been a song sparrow that I saw flying into the woods yesterday," said Alice's mother. "The birds are building their nests this month, and if nothing disturbs them we shall have a good many dear little birds flying around our garden in the summer and eating the worms and bugs that hurt our trees and flowers."

"The English sparrow isn't good for anything, is he, mama?"

"I think that every bird is of some use, dearie. I have seen the English sparrows eating the canker worms that are so troublesome," answered Alice's mama.

"What are canker worms?" asked Alice.

"They are little green worms that come down out of the trees on a fine thread, like silk—we call it stringing down. They eat the leaves of the trees and then swing down through the air onto the ground, lighting on our heads if we are under the trees. They do so much harm that we ought to be very grateful to the English sparrow for eating them."

"Are there many kinds of sparrows?" asked Alice.

"Yes, there are a good many birds that belong to the sparrow family, as we call it, but the sparrows about here are mostly the song sparrows that you heard singing so sweetly this morning. The clipping sparrow, sometimes called the chippie, which is a dear, tame little sparrow, with a red head. He chirps very prettily but has no real song. Then there is the tree sparrow, the field sparrow, the whitethroated sparrow, and the fox sparrow. These sparrows look enough alike to make it hard for any one who has not studied birds to tell them apart. Some people who dislike the English sparrow very much want boys to kill him, but I am sure they would be just as likely to kill some of these other dear, useful little sparrows, for even grown people cannot always tell them apart."

"I don't see how any one can enjoy killing anything," said Alice thoughtfully. "It seems dreadful to me to think of taking the life of a happy little bird, or frightening or disturbing the birds in any way."

While Alice and her mother were talking about sparrows, Mr. Sparrow was very busy searching for insects to carry to Mrs. Sparrow, who was setting on the pretty nest under the green trees. When he flew to her side and carried her a very nice morsel for her breakfast, she told him she had got one pretty little blue speckled egg hidden away under her soft breast. Mr. Sparrow was so pleased that he flew up on a high branch of a tree near by and sang a song that he meant all the birds in the woods to hear. "We've got one pretty egg, we've got one pretty egg!" and all the birds heard him and began to sing with him until the woods was filled with beautiful songs, and Alice and her mother stopped talking to listen.

A few days passed by. The sun shone brightly. The spring flowers were beginning to blossom in the woods. Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow were the happiest little birds in the woods, for in the nest were four of the prettiest eggs a bird could wish to have.

Mr. Sparrow brought Mrs. Sparrow food every day, and she did not often leave the nest; but one day she wanted to dip her bill in a spring of cool water not far away, so she flew away just for a minute. She got her drink of water and flew back to the bush where she had left her nest and her pretty eggs that would soon turn into sweet little birds if she could keep them safe.

As she lighted on the tree close by she stopped on a branch and her little heart beat so fast she almost dropped off the tree, for something dreadful was happening. Two girls were standing by her bush. They were reaching out their hands and touching her precious nest.

It could not be that they were going to steal it—her home that she had taken such pains to build, and her pretty eggs! Could there be in the world such cruel children?

Mrs. Sparrow screamed with pain and terror. Mr. Sparrow, who was just hurrying back with a green worm for his mate's supper, heard her, and knew something dreadful had happened. He dropped the worm and chirped loudly to the girls: "Come back, come back. Oh, bring back our nest and our pretty eggs! You will break our hearts!" But the thoughtless girls kept on and went out of the woods carrying with them the nest with the eggs still warm from the little sparrow's breast, while all the birds in the woods were mourning with the sparrows and crying "Shame! Shame! to steal the nest and the eggs of an innocent bird that has done so much good to your trees and plants and flowers."

The sun went down and all the long twilight the poor little sparrows sat in the tree looking down at the bush where a few hours before they had had such a happy home, and chirping a sad lament. Now they were homeless, and it would take them a long time to build another nest. First they would fly far away to some more lonely place and try to get away from children who would rob the birds.

"Mother," said Alice, "It seems to me the birds are crying and worrying about something. I haven't heard them sing one happy song this afternoon, and once they almost made me cry, their voices sounded so sad. I'm afraid something has happened to them."

Just then Alice's nurse came in the room and said, "I saw two girls, about ten years old, going out of the woods, and they had a bird's nest in their hands. I tried to make them carry it back, and they wouldn't."

"Oh, mama! They have stolen our sparrow's nest—and girls, too! I never thought girls would be so cruel."

Poor Alice began to cry. "I'm sorry you told her," said Alice's mama. "I'm afraid she won't sleep to-night, she loves the birds so much and their singing has made her so happy."

The little girls who stole the nest carried it home and played with it a few hours, then threw it away, never thinking or caring how much pain and sorrow they had caused, or how they had not only robbed the neighborhood of their sweet songs, and robbed the world of four little songsters that would have come out of the eggs and added much to the happiness and good of human beings.—Anna Harris Smith.

How to Reduce the Meat Bill.

The Canadian people are relatively heavy consumers of meat, the quantity per head of population, according to official figures, exceeding that of any other country. As pointed out in Pamphlet No. 43 of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, entitled "How to Reduce the Meat Bill," beef is an expensive food because it is so much the subject of extraordinary wastefulness. The pamphlet in question, which is procurable at the Publications Branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, points out that a live animal weighing 1,300 pounds, well finished, will yield a dressed carcass of 700 pounds, but only 200 pounds of this is really prime beef, namely, sirloin, porterhouse and club steaks, and the prime ribs of the fore quarter. These are the cuts that are most in demand and sell at the highest prices. The preparation and use of the lower priced cuts is dealt with in this pamphlet, which divides the carcass into eleven divisions. By the use of a carcass chart, the location of each of these cuts is shown, enabling the housewife to select the most suitable pieces for the purpose required. A number of recipes for cooking are given.

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Home Education

"The Child's First School is the Family"—Froebel."

Helping Generosity to Grow—By Martina Gardner Owen

"I'm so worried about Paul," confided Mrs. Miller to her sister, a trained kindergartner.

"What is the matter with Paul?" probed Miss Phyllis.

"He's selfish," agonized the mother. "He clutches his toys. He grabs his candy in greedy little fists. He snatches the reddest apple and refuses baby sister a bite."

"Splendid little egotist," laughed the kindergartner. Then she sobered before her sister's grieved eyes.

"Paul is neither wicked nor depraved," she stated. "Selfishness is normal for a small child. It is merely a manifestation of one of the great basic instincts, the ego instinct or the instinct for self-preservation. If he is to live he must have many, many things. Instinct tells him to seize and to hold. Rightly trained, the ego instinct is a fine thing. It gives us the self-reliant man, who is a community asset. Miriam Finn Scott in her book 'How to Know Your Child' tells us: "'When we try to analyze the faults of our children we discover that, in the majority of cases, the faults are only an unpleasant and deplorable expression of forces that, in themselves, were originally admirable.' Selfishness is a valuable instinct, perverted.

"Now for methods," continued the kindergartner. "Don't expect some magic to eradicate selfishness overnight. You must grow the flower of generosity, and that is a long, slow, gradual process."

"But Cousin Kate told me that she cured Clara in an hour," protested the mother. "Clara refused to let a playmate take her doll and Kate flung it into the open grate. Clara cried and screamed, but she was cured. Now she shares her possessions at a word."

"Kate hasn't cured selfishness," pronounced the kindergartner. "She has instilled fear and etched a bitter memory. That is like curing a wart on the finger by the major operation of cutting off the arm; like destroying weeds by a powerful chemical which poisons the soil against all growth. True generosity can never grow in a flame-seared mind.

"The correct way is to emphasize the joys of generosity," Miss Phyllis pointed out. "Don't nag about sister's tears when Paul is selfish. Smile about her happiness when brother is generous. Give him the privilege of passing candy to all your guests at table. Tell stories which emphasize the desirability of generosity, as Ruskin's 'King of the Golden River.' Select others from books and current literature. If he persistently refuses to share a toy, tell him, 'The fire engine can't stay with a selfish boy,' and put it away for a week. Plan games which involve the sharing of toys. Do something daily to strengthen the generosity habit. The young child is incapable of genuine altruism. Above all, be honest."

"Meaning?" queried the mother.

"I was thinking of dangerous devices, descended from antiquity," explained her sister. "Probably prehistoric woman, sitting before her cave, observing her offspring clutching an unshared bone, covered her face with her hands and shrilled:

"'Mother'll cry!'

"Probably the child gave his playmate a gnaw from the bone then, but the 'steenth time she tried the plan it didn't work. He had discovered that she was shamming and trading on his love to the point of hypocrisy. Be honorable.

"One more suggestion. Cultivate sensible selfishness yourself. The most ungenerous children I've known have belonged to sweetly sacrificing mothers. Don't give up your own desires and preferences when it is really not best for Paul that you should do so."

Now I Name My Price.

I lost a sale by not stating the price when answering an inquirer. I have learned that the majority of inquiring writers first of all want to know the price, with quality a close second.

For several years I have done some advertising in the poultry columns. From ads which specify a given price I got many orders without any preliminary correspondence. From those specifying no price I had many requests for prices and catalogues, but a smaller percentage of orders.

A farmer at a meeting inquired concerning some Rhode Island Red pullets. I described them, stating no price because I had no thought of selling them. Shortly afterward I decided to sell them, and immediately wrote him to come and see them. I stated no price, thinking he would prefer seeing them first, as he lived only about seven miles distance. Two months later I saw him at our monthly meeting. I asked why he did not come to see our Red pullets. His reply was:

"The next time you want to sell me something state your price when you write. I did not know but what your price was more than I cared to pay."

I lost the sale because I did not state the price, for I had good utility stock and the price was reasonable. —W. E. F.

Bathe the Seed Potatoes.

All seed potatoes should be treated in a corrosive sublimate bath to kill potato scab and blackscurf. Use four ounces of the corrosive sublimate in thirty gallons of water. Soak the potatoes in the solution for one hour. If there are many potatoes to be treated in the solution, enough water should be added after each bath to make the solution its original volume and two-thirds of an ounce of corrosive sublimate should also be added. Use no metal containers with this solution. Wooden vessels are best. This material is also very poisonous and should not be left where animals may consume it.

One of the best times to cultivate some crops are before they are in the ground; in other words, well begun is half done.