

On the Farm

Hand Feeding for Small Calves.

If we start a calf out right in the first year of its life, it will ever be a profitable animal; but if we do not give him a fair, good start he will, at best, be a worthless scrub, consuming much more feed than he will ever pay for, writes Mr. Edward C. Glitzke.

It is much more profitable for the farmer to put flesh on a young calf than it is to half-feed him when he is young and expect to have him make all the gain when he is fitted for the market.

Nature never intended the calf to be raised by hand, and we must understand the calf's physical makeup quite well if we wish to succeed by hand feeding.

The calf is not made to consume coarse feed when it is young—in fact, it takes several weeks to get acquainted with grain. The only nourishment that a young calf takes is milk, and if this does not contain the necessary food elements the calf will suffer.

Where the calf is hand fed it is only natural to suppose that it receives skimmed milk, because the cream is the one object for which the cow is milked.

Now, in taking away the cream, we are taking away a very important food element—fat. But one need not hesitate to take this fat if it be supplied in another and cheaper form.

For a very young calf the only desirable substitute is linseed meal. This should be boiled, or rather, only scalded, in hot water and mixed with the milk as a kind of gruel for the calf.

It should be fed in such quantities as the size of the calf may require. Be sure you get the old process ground oil-cake. This differs from the new process in the fact that in the former the oil is pressed from the seed by hydraulic pressure, and, of course, a great amount of the oil remains in the meal.

The new process is a product that is left after crushing the seed and washing the oil out by a chemical known as naphtha. This is practically valueless and should be avoided.

Where any number of calves are to be raised by hand it is best to prepare a set of movable stanchions. These are quickly made from one by four-inch lumber, and where they are movable they can be changed from place to place to suit the convenience of the feeder.

After the calves are in the stanchions it is an easy matter to dish out a quantity of milk to each individual without continually being pestered by the others.

After they all have their milk they should be provided with finely ground cornmeal in troughs, or boxes, they will soon form a habit of taking their chop after each meal and so forget about the awful habit of ear-sucking.

When they have finished their meal they should be turned out on a meadow or alfalfa field to exercise and they will soon begin to nibble grass and so get extra nourishment.

The main object in raising calves is to keep them continually growing. It is easier to put on a pound of gain when they are young than when they are older.

The Woodlot.

A good income may be obtained from a farm woodlot if it is properly handled. The main thing is to make it better all the time by eliminating the less valuable trees and improving the conditions so the other trees may make a better growth. Trees like elms ought always to be cut instead of trees like oak and walnut when they will serve the purpose equally well. Crooked trees make just as good firewood as straight trees. Grape vines and all similar pests injure the growth of the trees materially and it will pay big to cut them. Good management pays in woodlots.

Save the Manure.

In promptly handling barnyard manure, the farmers can save or lose hundreds of dollars annually. A manure heap is a hotbed of bacterial activities. Some of the nitrogen is formed into ammonia and passes into the air; this is a clear loss. Some is transformed into nitrates which are soluble. These are washed out by rains and sink into the soil, or run off into the ditch; this also is a direct loss. Some is formed by bacteria into nitrates and these nitrates attacked by another species of bacteria which change into nitrogen, which passes into the air and is lost.

EDUCATING A MOOSE.

How He Was Trained to Keep Away From the Hunter.

On the shore of Skilak Lake, in the heart of what is perhaps the best big-game district of Alaska, there is an unusually large moose lick—a wide marshy field abounding in mineral springs. Here, Mr. George Shiras, who has contributed an article to the National Geographic Magazine on the game of the Kenai peninsula, built a blind, and spent several weeks in photographing the moose that came down boldly to the salty springs.

One of my favorite visitors, he says, was a little bull moose that came at first in company with a five-year-old. The latter got too much human scent one day, and ran off in alarm, with the other trailing wonderingly behind. A few days later I saw the little bull come alone from the long point where the flies were scarce. After filling up nearly to the bursting-point at one of the springs, he lay down in the middle of the lick for a nap.

As this was the next to my last day in the blind, I decided to try an experiment. As I came out of the blind, he saw me at once, but did not get up—he simply turned his ears my way and expressed great astonishment in his big, round eyes. When I got very close, he rose and ran about playfully, showing no concern whatever over the human scent. After taking a few pictures, I concluded that I would be doing a very poor service to leave him in this unsophisticated state of mind. It was plain he no longer feared the sight or scent of man, and that meant that he would soon fall a victim to the party of hunters that camped half a mile down the shore.

Selecting a good-sized club, I got as close to him as possible under cover of an imitation of the grunting of a bull. Throwing the missile with all my force at his well-covered ribs, I gave a piercing yell at the same time. My marksmanship was poor, for the stick struck the ground just this side, and one end flew up and hit him in the pit of the stomach. That probably had greater effect than a drubbing on the ribs, however much it violated the ethics of striking below the waist. I jumped up into the air, and my back arched like a scared cat. When he came down, there was no doubt about his intention or ability to get out of that part of the country. Before I could pick up the camera, he had vaulted over and beyond the fallen timber.

Later events proved that the little bull put his education to good purpose. The following day I heard the sound of a heavy splash down toward the lake, and there was the little fellow struggling out of a mud-hole, his feet working like the blades of a water-wheel. Out he got, and rushed on without a stop or a glance to the rear. Evidently something was after him. I got out the field-glass, and covered his back track for a long distance, and I finally saw the figures of two men, each armed with a rifle. On their approach, I learned that they were out after a supply of fresh and tender meat. They had seen in a dense cover the flanks of a small moose, and to make sure it was not a cow, the killing of which was prohibited by law, they had made a slight noise to bring the head in view. The animal gave a quick glance out of the corner of one eye, and then put down the hill at top speed. Not till he was beyond rifle-shot did the glass reveal the small horns. A month later I heard that the little bull had gone through the hunting-season unscathed.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Lucky Thing for Some People—Case of the Beech and Birch.

Our forefathers had many theories about lightning. According to them no one could be struck by lightning while asleep, and no tree struck by lightning could be burnt. Splinters from such a tree, diligently chewed, were an infallible cure for toothache, and were, of course, pleasanter to the taste than the dentist's forceps, says the London Chronicle.

And the old time schoolboy firmly believed that if he were rash enough to mention lightning directly after a flash, the important part of his raiment would be immediately torn off. And many were his attempts to land his fellows in that predicament.

To be struck by lightning is still a most lucky thing for the Greek peasant—if he is not killed. Such a man, says J. C. Lawson, "may indulge a taste for idleness for the rest of his life—his neighbors will support him—and enjoy at the same time the reputation of being some-

thing more than human. This is an inheritance from ancient days. Artemidorus, an authority on occult matters who flourished in the time of Marcus Aurelius, commented on the fact that while a place struck by lightning had an altar erected upon it, and was thenceforth both honored and avoided, "no one who has been struck by lightning is excluded from citizenship; indeed, such a one is honored even as a god." The election of Quintus Julius Eburnus to the Consulship in 116 B.C. is attributed to his having been favored thus by the gods.

Some have had physical reasons to rejoice that they had been struck by lightning. De Quatrefages mentions the case of a telegraph employee at Strassburg, who was struck senseless and remained paralyzed until the next day, but thereafter enjoyed better health than ever before. In Martinique a M. Roalde was deprived by lightning of the use of his limbs for three hours, but having previously been a man of weak health, was much stronger from that time on. Several authors refer to cases in which rheumatism was cured by lightning. And in this respect, also, trees seem to be as men. Arago saw a poplar, one of an avenue of 1,500, near Tours which, having been struck, developed such vigor that its trunk soon far surpassed in dimensions those of all its neighbors.

Lightning is said to differentiate between trees as well as men and women. Some years ago Mr. McNab, a fellow of the Botanical Society of Edinburgh, investigated into the generally received opinion that neither the beech nor the birch is ever struck by lightning. He collected information regarding lightning struck trees throughout Great Britain, and found no single instance of either of these species being struck. Investigation in North America gave similar results. He found, indeed, that in the forest regions there a beech tree was regarded as the safest place in a thunderstorm.

Ready to Quit.

Pat had been at work for three days digging a well, and as the foreman wanted it finished within the week he had promised Pat another man to help him. It was getting on to 11 o'clock and Towser, the foreman's bulldog, was looking over the edge of the pit when Pat said to himself, "I'll have a smoke." He had filled his pipe and was about to light it, when he glanced up and beheld Towser's handsome features.

Slowly moving his pipe from his mouth, he said, "Be-e-gorra, Oi've wor-kered wid Germans and Hengarians, and Oi've worked with Ooitilians, but if a man wid a face like that comes down to work beside me Oi gets up."

"A woman," says an observer of the sex, "has as much excitement in getting her fortune told as a man has in making his."



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A STRANGE TRADE.

Manufacture of Bogus Pre-Historic Tools and Relics.

In the low country about Ely, a town within 72 miles of London, Eng., there is carried on a flourishing industry which the world in general knows little about. This is the manufacture of bogus prehistoric implements and relics. The workers at this trade are known as "knappers," or flint clippers, and they use the same tools and work in much the same manner as the men of the Neolithic age.

The knapper of Ely, says Harper's Weekly, finds his material ready to hand in the extensive strata of flint lying amid the chalk beneath the surface. Shafts are sunk direct to the floorstone, and from these burrows are made into the chalk. This mining is all done in the most primitive fashion, as the men, for the most part, work singly, without fear of syndicates or corners. Each has his own claim, his own workshop. Quite often, though, he employs help in getting his wares ready for market.

The claim is about a man's length and three feet wide. Generally he digs down about 35 feet, and thence in a horizontal or slanting line, as best suits his purpose. His pick is shaped like a figure seven, and he goes down the shaft by toeholes, ascending by the same means. His workshop, like his mining, is also primitive, being a rude, cheap shed in his garden, the only fittings of which are a block of oak tree trunk, rather smaller than a butcher's block, a seat, a little stove to dry the flint, pails and some old tin cans.

It might be supposed that flint locks went out of use about the close of the Revolutionary War, but these knappers still find the steadiest and most important branch of their industry the supplying of flints for this old-fashioned firearm.

Where do these relics of bygone days go? To make muskets for the negroes in Africa. Some are shipped to South America and China. As yet there has been no decline in the demand. Another odd shipment was made during the Boer War, when 14,000 tinder flints were sent to British troops so that they

could get light when wet ruined the matches.

"Remains of the Neolithic age," now to be found in many museums and private collections, were manufactured by this little community in England. They consider their business entirely legitimate, and in a way it is, for it is the shrewd, unscrupulous middleman who sells for a goodly price these valuable antiques to the innocent. A great many schools and public educational institutions are supplied by these knappers, and, whether the objects are known to be imitations or not, they are much more valuable than diagrams or illustrations in the teaching of history and geology.

The cooling stops with the honeymoon, but the billing goes on forever.

You would probably be surprised if you knew how much good has come out of your mistakes.



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