

# Live Stock And Dairy

## CHAMPION DAIRY COW.

**Segis Fayne Johanna, Which Produced Fifty Pounds of Butter in a Week.**

Segis Fayne Johanna, a Holstein cow owned by Oliver Cabana, Jr., one of Buffalo's foremost business men, today is world's champion, having produced in an official test the equivalent of over fifty pounds of butter in one week. The test was conducted under the supervision of the New York State Agricultural college of Ithaca, and the cow's performance has been formally chronicled in the official records of the Holstein-Friesian Association of America.

Up to this time no other cow of any breed has been able to attain the fifty pound mark. Johanna's record for the seven consecutive days is equal to 29.08 pounds of butter, and she produced in the same time 730.8 pounds of milk. The average butter fat percentage was 5.547. The previous high record was made by a cow owned by



SEGIS FAYNE JOHANNA.

M. J. Smiley of Belle Fourche, S. D., and falls 3.91 pounds below the mark set by the new champion.

The seven day test began Dec. 25 at Pine Grove Farms, Mr. Cabana's country place at Elma Center, N. Y. On the strength of the showing made it was decided to continue the official test in the hope also of securing the thirty day record. At the end of two weeks the following figures were recorded:

Butter, fourteen days, 95.415 pounds; milk, fourteen days, 1,458.1 pounds; percent fat, fourteen days, 5.235 pounds.

Segis Fayne Johanna is of the ideal type of the big patterned black and white species, some of her pronounced characteristics being her deep barrel, square udder, well placed teats, remarkable development of the mammary veins and her vigorous and rugged disposition. She was allowed to dry three months before freshening Dec. 22 last and at this time had run her weight up to 1,500 pounds. Her normal weight is 1,450 pounds.

## MINERALS IN MILK.

### Great Value of Leguminous Roughages in Feeding Cows.

Dairy cows ordinarily cannot digest from rations of the usual character sufficient mineral matter to meet the demands made by heavy milk production, says the Kansas Farmer. This conclusion has been reached by nutrition experts at the Ohio experiment station after two years' investigations with cows yielding large quantities of milk.

These specialists also say that even when the common practical rations are supplemented with large amounts of calcium carbonate and bone flour the cows still give off or use in milk production more lime than they can digest from their rations. To meet this demand for heavy milk production the cows must draw upon the mineral substance of their skeletons.

Further attempt is being made by the use of more readily soluble lime salts to learn whether a cow can absorb as much lime as she gives off during heavy milk production.

The results obtained thus far emphasize the value of leguminous roughages in milk production. Without liberal allowance of such feeds the loss of minerals from the bones becomes excessive and predisposes to disorders of nutrition.

### Save the Alfalfa Leaves.

"Two-thirds of the feeding value of the alfalfa plant is the leaves," says a writer in the Farm and Fireside. "If the leaves are lost in curing only one-third of the feeding value remains. This makes it important that alfalfa hay be cured so as to save the leaves. This means that the alfalfa must be raked into windrows before the leaves dry or they will fall off. The alfalfa should be raked into windrows an hour or two after being cut. This not only saves the leaves, but also keeps the alfalfa green, and more of the flavor is retained."

### Keep Ram Apart From Flock.

It is usually best to separate the ram from the pregnant ewes during the winter. If he is allowed to remain he will greatly annoy them. He will also feed more and become run down in condition. A mixture of oats and bran as a grain ration and clover or alfalfa as a roughage will keep the ram in splendid shape throughout the winter. It may be well to feed him sparingly on corn silage of good quality, if available.

### Hints About Cold Frames.

The soil in the cold frame should be of a good garden soil, fairly light. Many growers transfer the flats with the plants in them from the hotbed to the cold frame, thus doing away with securing soil for the cold frame. Watering should be done frequently to keep the plants growing. Ventilation must be looked after carefully.

# Very Unfeminine

By OSCAR COX

I went into Charley's for lunch the other day, and while I was eating Fred Bemerton came in, and I asked him to sit down at the table with me. He did so, and I congratulated him on his engagement, of which I had heard some time before. He didn't look like a man who had just been made happy by a girl, but I reckoned he had passed out of the seventh heaven stage and was wondering how he was going to support a wife on a salary that he had been spending entirely on himself.

"It's all off," he said snappishly. "What's the trouble?" I asked. "See here, Jim; I've had all I want of girls. They have no sense of honor such as a man has. Fact is there's nothing manly—I mean noble—in 'em at all. Nothing a girl likes so much as to get a fellow by the ear and play him for a fool. That's what Mattie wanted with me."

"You haven't yet got to the cause of the breach?" "Well, Molly and I were out at a dance. I put my name on her card for every alternate dance, leaving her a dance with some one else for every dance with me. That was about right, wasn't it? She objected. I told her I thought one in two was enough for the other fellows, and she said she thought that if she danced with me two or three times during the evening it would be enough for me. I told her that if that was all I was to get I'd go without any. And I scratched my name off her card entirely. Do you know, the girl filled her card without my name being on it and was the merriest girl in the room."

"Very unfeminine." "You mean very detestable." "What did you do next?" "Why, I left before the dance was finished and left her to go home with some one of the fellows she had preferred to me."

"Oh, you did?" "You bet I did!" "You had taken her to the dance, hadn't you?" "Yes."

"What did she do next?" "Nothing."

"And you?" "I wrote her a note saying that if every other fellow had as much right to dance with her as I we'd better call it off."

"And she?" "She hasn't deigned to send me a reply."

"Very unfeminine." "Jim," he said, bristling, "that's the second time you've used that expression. I'd like to know what you mean by it."

"I have used it ironically, Fred."

"Ironically?" "Yes. The girl acted like a girl. You acted like a dandy."

Now, he knew very well that he had made a guy of himself, and when I bore witness to the fact instead of getting up on his ear he collapsed. He didn't say a word for awhile, but he looked like a man who had committed a crime and had just realized that the heavens were about to fall on him. His first words were:

"I've knocked the bottom out of the universe."

"Oh, no, you haven't." "You don't think so?" eagerly and with a beam of hope.

"No." "What shall I do?" "Take a back track as quick as you can."

"How?" "Go to her and ask her pardon. Tell her that you've made an ass of yourself and will never do so any more."

"I think I'd rather write it."

"Nonsense. Face the music like a man. Writing would only show half-hearted repentance. Speech is better than ink any time and in such cases is infinitely better. What's written is capable of various interpretations. In speaking one has the advantage of looking his meaning. In writing there is no expression of any kind."

"But suppose she won't see me?" "Hang on till she does."

"And suppose she sees me, but turns me down?" "Hang on all the tighter!"

He sat deliberating. Presently he looked up at me and said:

"Jim, I would rather stick a fortification single handed. Is there no other way out of it?"

"There wouldn't be for me if I were in your place."

Another season of screwing up of courage, and he rose from his seat, took his hat and said:

"Goodby, Jim. If I fall look for my body in the canal."

"Goodby, Fred. I know just how you feel; I've been there myself."

"Acted like a chump?" "No; like an inebriated donkey."

The same evening the following telephone dialogue took place between him and me:

Fred (in gleeful voice)—It's all right. Jim—Are you forgiven?

Fred—You bet.

Jim—Did she say that you had acted like a natural born idiot?

Fred—No, she said I'd been a naughty boy.

Jim—Then your body is not in the canal?

Fred—No; it's locked in Molly's arms. She's in the booth with me.

Jim—Oh! Goodby.

Fred—Goodby, old man. Much thanks.

Operatory sounds, then a click, then silence.

# A Detective Episode

By ANDREW CUMMINGS

I had been ambitious for some time to try my hand at detective work. Having an uncle who was at the head of a detective bureau, I persuaded him to give me a trial. He said he would as soon as he had a simple case, for since I was not experienced he would not trust me with a difficult one.

In due time he called me to his office and said to me: "I have a letter from a woman this morning to say that Jim Harker, a crook we have been looking for, is to leave the city by a certain train tomorrow. We have him corralled, but he is going to make an attempt to break through. The reason given by the informer is that he is going in company with another woman, who is her rival. Such communications may be sincere or they may be tricks to cover a retreat. I can give you a man to assist you if you like."

It occurred to me that if I were successful my assistant would claim the credit, and if I failed he would point out wherein I had been mistaken. I preferred to choose my own helper and took with me Frank Walker, a chum of mine who had written a detective story remarkable for its ingenuity. He would have been glad of an opportunity to show that he could do as well in real detective work as in fiction had he not considered the case beneath his ability.

I had been shown a photograph of Harker on the in the rogues' gallery and noted his features carefully, fixing them in my mind. Consequently I had no difficulty in recognizing him when I saw him in the station in company with a dandy dressed woman, who betrayed her anxiety for him constantly. Walker from the start manifested a disposition to take the most important part of the work into his keeping, leaving the unimportant part to me.

"I think we had better divide the watch between us," he said. "They are liable to separate, and we should have it arranged which one you will shadow. I'll take the man, if you like, and you take the woman."

I suggested that we had better arrest them both at once, but Walker seemed desirous to make something dramatic of it and remonstrated, urging that we must first get them where they could not get away. I yielded to him, and when the fugitives entered the car we got in too.

"I don't understand, Frank," I said, "why the crook is leaving town without disguising himself. He is an exact duplicate of his picture."

"That's what spoils the job," was Walker's reply; "it's altogether too dead easy."

A woman sat in a seat on the other side of the aisle from us who seemed to be interested in us. I whispered to Frank a caution not to appear to be watching our quarry, for I suspected this person of having noticed us doing so. Presently Frank went to the end of the car for a drink of water, and while he was gone the woman opposite came to me and said in a low tone:

"Reckon you're on to Jim Harker. I'm the party that gave the information on the bloke. Don't try to take him unless you're armed and get him where he can't shoot. He's a desperate man. The woman with him is wanted, too, but if you get him you'll do well. Don't try to do too much."

By the time Walker returned to his seat the woman had retraced her steps.

As we approached a town of importance just before we pulled into the station the woman with Harker got up and went to the saloon, which was at the rear of the car. A moment later Harker bolted to the front car door. Frank dashed after him, and I started to go in the other direction to the saloon when the woman who had given us the information got in my way.

"Where are you going?" she cried excitedly. "Don't you see that your man has gone out by the forward door?"

"Let me pass!" I said angrily. "My friend is going after him. I'm to get the woman."

"See here," she retorted, bristling. "I've put you on to this thing, and I don't propose to have it spoiled by your stupidity. I tell you Jim Harker has gone in the other direction."

She kept me as long as she could, then let me go by. When I got to the saloon I found it empty. The woman had gone out by the rear door. I went on to the platform, but there were so many persons moving hither and thither that I could not distinguish her among them.

There seemed nothing for me to do but wait for Walker's return. Within half an hour he came in with his quarry. Frank had armed himself with a revolver, a deputy sheriff's badge and a pair of bracelets, the latter articles being now on his prisoner's wrists.

"I got him," said Frank, evidently very proud of himself.

"I'm glad you didn't get killed on the job," I replied. "Miss was too smart for me."

We took the crook back with us to a police station.

"What are you givin' us?" exclaimed the sergeant. "That fellow is made up."

He was not only made up, but he turned out to be a woman. Harker, in female togs, had escaped through the rear door of the car.

"Frank," I said to my assistant, "hereafter you had better stick to writing detective stories. You've set up to the real thing."

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**TWO WELL KNOWN UNPOPULAR MEN**

**The Soil Robber and the Community Robber.**

**SOME FARMERS ROB LAND.**

Which is the Greater Robber, the Farmer Who Robs His Soil or the Man Who Robs the Community?—A Glorious American Privilege—Time to Pruss and Consider.

(Copyrighted, 1917, by Thomas J. Sullivan.)  
There are many and various kinds of robbers loose today in this land of plenty, but perhaps the two most unpopular of them are the soil robber and the community robber—the farmer who robs his land of its producing strength and the consumer who robs his community of its dollars.

The high grade, successful farmer is the one who increases rather than diminishes the fertility of his land. Every year he changes his crop with that one object in view. He subscribes for and reads very carefully the agricultural reports, paying particular attention to the reports on experiments made by advanced and progressive farmers.

Why he does this is plain. He knows very well that it would be useless to plant good seed in wornout soil. It's his wish and intention to make a profit on his investment in seed and labor as well as in soil, and this, of course, could not be accomplished if the soil were not fruitful.

**Bleeding Home Communities.**  
Today there are hundreds of thousands of American citizens who are bleeding their home communities by taking out of the channels of local trade the money needed to transact business and sending it to dealers who do not and who cannot by any possible means return it to do its proper and necessary work in local business circles.

The big city mail order houses that sell goods at retail through the medium of catalogues to farmers and others all over the country buy nothing from their customers. They invariably exchange goods for money, never money for goods. They employ no labor in the communities where their customers must earn their living; they buy no farm products; they own no real estate; they pay no taxes; they have no money on deposit in the local banks; they do not advertise in the local newspapers; they do not give credit; they do not even pay the freight on goods they sell. Every cent taken by them out of the community is permanently lost to the business of that community.

These are all plain and evident truths, are they not?

We would ask this very same farmer, who would be insulted were he charged with neglecting to keep his soil enriched to the highest possible degree, to explain how he can deliberately rob his community by buying his goods from out of town concerns.

**Farmer Planted in Community.**  
The farmer plants seed in the soil, and in order to produce results he must keep that soil fertilized. Being himself planted in the community, he does his trading in a foreign city and thereby assists his community in becoming poor.

Why should this farmer have greater respect for the seed which he plants than he has for himself, his family or his neighbor?

There is a community in Minnesota in the center of which is a city embracing about 10,000 people, and it is conservatively estimated that something more than \$300,000 annually is sent from there to mail order houses for the purchase of goods which could just as well be secured at the home stores.

This estimate is based on the figures secured from reliable sources in the aforementioned community—that is, from the banker, the express agent and the postmaster.

This, perhaps, is the strongest evidence of "robbing" a community.

The answer to the above may be that a man has a right to buy where he pleases. It is his money he is spending, and he has the right to send it away if he wishes, particularly if he feels that he is to be the gainer thereby.

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