

colours to the milk, that a moderate supply of corn-meal to the cow will put into the milk. It also helps to enlarge the flow of milk, even though the cow has apparently been doing her best. When the cow has been living on grass alone, if she is suddenly given a heavy feed of meal while at pasture she is very apt to slacken up in her supply of milk, and the new experimenter immediately comes to the conclusion that meal may do for other people's cows while at pasture, but his cow does better without it. The fact generally is that the violent change has disarranged the cow's digestion, which naturally stops the flow of milk. There is a right and a wrong way to do everything, and the right way to feed a cow with meal not only while she is at pasture but at any time, is to begin moderately and increase the quantity gradually so that the cow can assimilate her digestive organs to the demand that is made upon them. The fact may be observed if the meal is suddenly taken away from her, only to a more marked degree.

#### A FEW GOOD HINTS.

It seems our American cousins have still a good deal to learn about butter making. The same may be said of worthy people nearer home. It is quite possible that a few readers of THE RURAL CANADIAN may not be too wise to take a hint from the following. The *Iota Homestead* says: "Notwithstanding all that has been written in agricultural papers on the subject of butter-making, farmers and their wives will insist on retaining the dash churn, and thus giving themselves extra trouble, and damaging the quality of butter. Once more we say, fire out every kind and quality of churn that has dasher or paddle, or anything inside. Use a box or barrel churn only. Use a thermometer, and learn by experience to use it right. Don't let your cream get too old. Churn until the butter begins to come, about thirty-five minutes if you have everything right, and then put in cold water to reduce the temperature, then turn very slowly until the butter gathers. Then run off the buttermilk and wash your butter in the churn. It should not be in a great mass, but in granules, like mustard seed or small wheat grains. After you have thus washed it take it out on a lever butter-worker, and salt to suit your taste, and put away without further working, in a cool, clean place till you are ready to market it. Then work enough to incorporate the salt evenly, without any streaks, and no more. By doing this you will be able to command full prices and save yourself lots of grief and mortification."

#### WEED OUT THE POOR COWS.

Weeds are unprofitable plants, says the *American Rural Home*. We might say that they are worthless plants, but that would not be strictly correct for they have some value, but not sufficient to make them profitable to grow as crops. Growing in a crop of good plants such as wheat, oats, barley, beans, etc., they may so displace, crowd out, suppress good plants, robbing them of their necessary aliment as to render the crop a loss to the farmer.

When we say weed out the dairies, we mean to say that in nearly every dairy there are some cows that are unprofitable, that do not give enough milk, or make enough butter or cheese (whatever the object of the dairy), to pay cost of keeping and care, or, if they barely pay cost, they displace others that would pay a good profit. A grain growing farmer who would see so many thin or barren spots in his fields of grain as to reduce the average yield below cost of production would not be satisfied, even though some of the acres yielded large enough to pay a good profit. He would

try, by heavy manuring, more thorough tillage, or by draining, to bring up the yield of the poorer spots to a profitable standard.

A dairyman may easily sink the profits of his herd by keeping a few poor cows. Part of the herd may give enough milk, or make enough butter or cheese to afford a fair profit over cost—feed, care, interest and wear, and yet the business be a losing one, because the other portion of the herd do not pay their way. Dairymen should not be content with a knowledge of what the herd is doing, even though it may be returning a profit, but should know just what every cow is doing. Every cow's milk should be set and tested separately at least twice in the season, when in full milk, and when she has been in milk six or eight months. If any are found doing less than the average, they should be prepared for the shambles, and the feed, labour and care bestowed upon them given to those that would yield above the average. By such means the average would be continually increasing.

Some dairymen have named 200 pounds a year as the minimum yield of butter that should be tolerated in a dairy cow, but that is pretty low, and no dairyman can afford to retain a cow making so small a quantity, if reasonable effort will create a herd, every one of which shall do considerably better. It is because so many farmers are satisfied with doing only tolerably well, do not determine to do the best possible, that so much complaint is made of the unprofitableness of farming.

#### PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

The following is an extract from an address delivered by Mr. F. H. McCrea, a successful dairy farmer near Brockville, Ontario, at the late Huntington Convention:

Looking over the factory books and seeing patrons vary all the way from \$12 to \$60 per cow, I ask why this should be so. The \$60 patron has his cows come in during March and milks them till December. He watches the clock when to go and milk and in driving lets the cows walk leisurely. The \$12 patron lets his cows in winter stand up to the knees in snow, while he is away in the bush, trying to make out the living he might earn by attending better to his dairy. One morning he milks at five, another morning he is away, and his wife milks at nine or ten, and another his children do so at all hours. Half the time the cows are without water, and in the fall when the patron sees they have not paid, he looks around for another factory that will manufacture cheese cheaper. (Laughter.) My cows yield an average of 6,000 pounds of milk a season, and I hope to raise them to 8,000, and am encouraged to think even better results possible, when I read of a Holstein having given 28,000 pounds.

With regard to ventilation I prefer the air to come in at the front of the head, where it is most needed; remove the breath, and not to strike the body.

I feed peameal mixed with bran; it gives me the best satisfaction aside from unthreshed oats. I feed my cows only what they will eat up clean. I have experimented, feeding cows in one stable four times a day, and in the other twice, and found the latter come out best, with sleek hair, while that of the others was dry and sticking up.

The cow is a creature of habit and can be accustomed to feeding twice. In cold weather they get their feed dry; and in warm I wet it twenty-four hours ahead.

We know of no agricultural journal more thoroughly practical, and better suited for the Canadian farmer than THE RURAL CANADIAN.—*Tandah Herald*.

#### CREAM.

THE "one more" drink has made a hundred thousand drunkards.

THE lad was blowing bubbles when he accidentally swallowed some of the soapsuds, and that made him ill.

A NEW song is entitled "Between the Green Corn and the Gold." It should be sung in a husky voice.

A cow is a strange creature. Although it may not always have enough to eat, it always cud eat if it chews.

"ARE you sure you are converted?" asked Mr. Sprague of a devout housemaid. "Deed, sir, I think I am, for I sweep under the beds, and in dark corners."

"HAVE you corns?" blandly asked the corn plaster peddler at the busy man's elbow. "Yes; I am supplied," answered the busy man without looking up.

"You seem to have plenty of business here," said a drummer to Miss Fitz, the dressmaker. "There's a heap more bustle than business," was the lady's reply.

A MISSOURI man tried to ride a mule across a creek thirty feet deep. The man was drowned; but the mule crossed in safety, walking on the bottom and breathing through his ears.

It is a pitiable sight to see a woman who, but one short week ago, possessed an angel's sweetness of disposition and a child's artlessness of character, watching at the head of the stairs, at 2 o'clock in the morning, with a towel-roller in her hand.

A woman, returning from market, got into a South Hill street car the other day, with a basket full of dressed poultry. To her the driver, speaking sharply, said: "Fare!" "No," said the woman, "Fowl!" And everybody cackled.

"No, ma'am!" exclaimed the provoked young man to a young lady, who, on the refusal of her favourite, had asked him to accompany her to a party; I don't play second fiddle to any one." "No one asked you to play second fiddle," replied the girl with a smile; "I only asked you to be my beau."

"Pa, does the sausage come out of its hole on Candlemas day, and look around for its shadow, so as to make an early spring? Ma says it does." "What are you talking about?" says the papa to the little boy. "It is the ground-hog that comes out of its hole, not the sausage." "Well, ain't sausage ground hog?"

"I PROTEST!" exclaimed the new jour. barber, as the gentleman from the Emerald Isle dropped into the operating chair; "I draw the line right here. I'm willing to mix lather, but hang me if I'll lather Micks." It was feared that the Hibernian would razor row then and there, and whisker around a shillelah, perhaps; but as the jour. barber was a strapping fellow the exile from Erin had to hone that the joke was a good one. Let us hope that all quarrels may end before they have begun.

"LEARNING," says a Down-Easter, "is well enough; but is hardly pays to give a five-thousand dollar education to a five-dollar boy." There is a world of good common sense meaning in the above expression. The world has lost many a good mechanic and farmer by attempting to educate a boy into the overcrowded professions for which he is wholly unfitted by nature. A part of education should be to impress upon the mind of the pupil that labour is honourable; that work is not a disgrace; that a man may be a philosopher and yet labour with his hands, and be esteemed far more highly than the accomplished idler.