

the butter the size of wheat grains, and are ready to draw off the buttermilk.

To wash the butter, strain into the churn about as much water as you had cream. Put on the lid, and revolve rapidly a dozen times. One washing is sufficient, unless the water comes off very milky, which it should not do. Let the butter drain ten or fifteen minutes.

I prefer salting in the churn. The quantity to use will vary with the taste of the consumers, but, as a rule, one ounce to the pound when salting in the churn, and three-quarters of an ounce when salting on the worker, is sufficient. After the amount of butter has been ascertained and the salt weighed, sift the salt through the dipper, put the lid on, and rotate a few times; let stand for half an hour, then gather into lumps by slowly revolving the churn. Allow the butter to remain in the churn from two to four hours; take out, and give sufficient working to remove the excessive moisture. The buttermaker who is still using the butter-bowl and ladle should abandon it and get a lever butter-worker. When the moisture is nearly all expelled, and the butter has an even color and close texture, it has had sufficient working.

In getting ready for the local market, there is no package neater than the pound print. Fill the print by pressing down on the butter, which has been rolled out to about three inches in thickness on the worker. Scrape off the bottom evenly, and wrap the print in the best parchment paper, which has been wet in clear, cold water. When you go to market, see to it that not only the butter, but the basket and yourself are as neat and clean as can be. A buyer first looks at the one who has the butter for sale, then at the butter. Let it be the aim of every buttermaker to produce butter of the very highest grade, and only can this be done by exercising the greatest attention and care in every detail of its progress from the stable to the table.

Dairy Produce Dull.

We extract the following remarks from the circular of Messrs. Samuel Page & Son, London, (Eng.), dated May 4th:—"The purchases of butter by speculative buyers made at the beginning of last winter, and during the following months, have turned out most disastrously. In a great many cases 12s. to 16s. per cwt, has been lost on large parcels of butter, and as frequently the same firm have also bought cheese which show a loss of 12s. to 14s. per cwt., their adverse balances are enormous. And there is no doubt that the trade generally is suffering from the disturbance to regular business that these unfortunate speculations create. The foregoing remarks respecting butter apply equally to cheese, the similarity in the factors affecting the markets being quite remarkable. Both are characterized by a heavy fall in prices, following upon abundant supplies—it is calculated that the stock of Canadian cheese in London is about ten times as large as at this time last year, and the total arrivals of New Zealand up to date, amount to 48,670 cases, as against 30,074 cases for the corresponding period of last season, an increase of 18,596 cases. In both cases business is suffering from a collapse produced by a market unduly inflated by speculative dealers, who naturally wished to bolster up prices in order to get out of their purchases with as little loss as possible. But their views have proved entirely wrong, and finest old Canadian is now pressed for sale at 43s. to 44s., while new season's make is freely offered at 37s. to 38s., and New Zealand is slow of sale at 38s. to 42s. There is also a quantity of United States cheese now on offer at 20s. to 36s. per cwt., while at this time last year such description was conspicuous by its absence."

Blue and Stringy Milk.

Dr. James Law, Professor of Veterinary Science at Cornell University, in a bulletin of the Department of Agriculture, calls attention to the cause of the blue appearance of milk. Watery milk is blue, but the presence of a certain germ causes a distinct blue shade, even in rich milk and cream. The germ may get into the milk after it has been drawn from the cow, or it may find its way into the opening of the milk ducts and get into it while being milked. Frequent milking is recommended as a means of flushing out the germs, and the injection into the teats of a solution of two drams of hyposulphite of soda in a pint of water will destroy them.

Speaking of the causes of stringiness in milk, Professor Law says that this is caused by fungi, which he believes develop in the system of the cow. In the affected cows the temperature is raised one or two degrees above the normal. Like most other fungi, this does not grow out into filaments in the milk, while it is within the body of the cow, but in five or six hours after milking the surface layers are found to be one dense network of filaments. If a needle is dipped in this and lifted, the liquid is drawn out into a long thread. Care should be taken in the live-stock water supply, which is likely to cause stringiness. Professor Law recommends two drams of bisulphite of soda daily, until the stringiness disappears.

Factorymen Getting Ready.

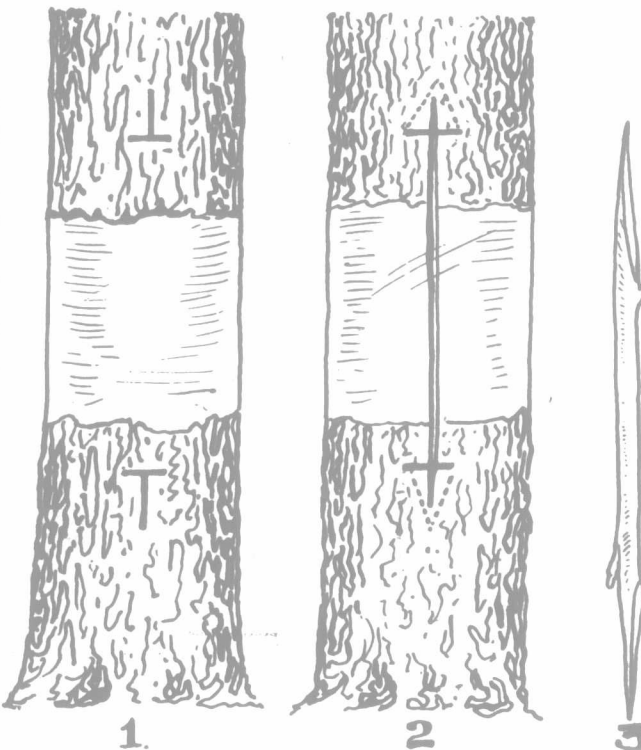
Chief Instructor Barr, of the Western Ontario Dairymen's Association, has visited many of the cheese factories in Western Ontario, and reports improvements general all over the district. The spring clean-up in many factories has also been accompanied by new floors, new tanks, fresh paint, alabastine, etc. Everywhere there are more extensive preparations for a good season's make than has ever been noticed before. Milk supplies are not as large as at this time last year, owing to the scarcity of feed, the long, hard winter, and the low price of cheese. With the new grass, however, it is expected more milk will be sent forward.

Venus and the Cow.

In view of the novel expedient adopted by the Dominion Department of Agriculture of exhibiting oil paintings of Canadian live stock at the St. Louis World's Fair, in lieu of living specimens, the following quotations from a piece of fiction, entitled a "Summer Hymnal," written by Mr. John Trotwood Moore, a lover of country life, and particularly devoted to horses and cows, seem appropriate. The volume is a romance of Tennessee, where Mr. Moore lives and studies nature. Here, in part, is his idea of cows. He says:

"And the cows—I love to lie down with them, on the grass—for, if one really wishes to learn something, one must lie down with nature. And so, when I really wish to think, to solve the problems that confront me daily, I go out to that cool and shady spot and talk it over with the cows."

"I love to talk to the cows—and to Miss Cynthia."



A Barked Tree Bridge Grafted.

1—The incisions before the bridge is placed. 2—The finished bridge. 3—A scion for bridging.

But I believe I'd rather talk to the cows than to Miss Cynthia, because they never ask questions.

"Besides, though I love a horse, and all others of our domestic animals, it is my deliberate opinion that the Jersey cow is the most perfect animal that lives. From the big, tender and thoughtful eyes, which give so much character to her clean-cut, dished and bony face, to the dainty switch that graces her tapering tail, there is not another animal that walks the earth with more grace and beauty, and combining it all with so much usefulness."

"Men may gamble on horses, but there is no temptation about a cow. All her paths lead to sweetness, contentment, honest living and broader thinking. The sight of the clean, white dairy, pungent with the odor of ripening milk and cooling cream in the darkling waters, is itself a sermon on holy living; while the tinkling of the tiny streams that purr around the gold stamped tray of butter is the music that accompanies it."

"The oldest of my cows is Content. I always address my remarks to Content chiefly, because she is a fine listener."

"Content," said I, "this is a more beautiful picture than one sees on canvas, isn't it? And let me tell you another thing, you living cows are more beautiful than all the dead statues in the world."

"It makes me smile, Content, to see people going across the ocean to see works of art, when they might walk out into a meadow and see such a picture as this. Going across the sea to rave over broken-armed and broken-hearted Venuses, dug out of Pompeii, copied after Greek Aphrodites, dug out of heaven knows where, when all they would have to do is to tap one of you with a cluster of locust blossoms and make you stand up, straighten your beautiful and silver-golden sheen, to see the most perfect statue in the world."

"Stand up, Content! There, now, let's compare you with Venus."

"Broad hips (they say that is a strong point with the Venus)—why, 'twould take a yard-stick to measure yours. And ankles (that's another boast of the Venus)—well, I can span yours with my thumb and middle finger. Now, I am told these are the two strong points about the Venuses, Content; if so, they are not in it with you."

"And in looks—that sinewy health and lack of surplus flesh—why, no Spartan maid is your equal. Your eyes? They are great, still, calm lakes of poetry. Not a line about you that is not a line of beauty. And from the tapering turn of your little curving horns to the big golden quarters of an udder tucked well up behind and well out in front, I am willing again to declare that no Venus—hi—ho—but where was I at?"

"Ah, yes; on the subject of art. And that reminds me, Content, of the great amount of sham and fraud that is practiced under that name. It is with art as it is with incomprehensible poetry—people rave over it who have no conception of what they are raving about. They go on about the Milos and Apollos, and the other naked things they happen to see, when their artistic caliber is about large enough to comprehend the flaming posters in the village blacksmith shop, announcing the coming of a company of soubrettes in a melodrama of faded hosiery."

"It is life that I love, Content—life, not death. And so a Jersey cow is more beautiful to me than a Venus, a graceful brood mare than Diana, and I would not exchange my saddle horse for all the Apollos that ever were mounted on a pedestal."

"It is life that I love, Content—life, not death. And suppose these statues have perfect limbs and straight noses and beautiful faces. And suppose they do look as if they were about to speak or about to move; whenever I look up into their eyes and see the big sunken holes in the marble there, I am shocked and disappointed. Throughout all the ages, no one has ever been able to put a single spark in the only place the light was needed—"the window of the soul."

"Ah, Content, turn again your big, calm eyes on me; they make me satisfied with life."

GARDEN AND ORCHARD.

Squire Attwood's Bridge-grafting System

To the Editor "Farmer's Advocate":

Sir,—Perhaps there never was a spring showing so much destruction among fruit trees by mice girdling as the present. Now, every one of those trees can be saved by bridge grafting. I have been practicing bridge-grafting for the last 40 years, and I have a way of my own of doing it which guarantees success every time. First get some twigs of last year's growth, such as grafters cut off, only longer, if possible, and as it is now too late in the season to cut any, you will have to get them from grafters. I bridge graft upon the principle of budding. It is in this way I prune and graft at each end, that guarantees success. (See annexed diagram). About one inch above, and below the girdled bark, make a cross, cut with knife through the bark to the wood; then on the lower side another cut through the bark to the wood, like a T; on the upper side do the same, making it look like an inverted T. Now, with the knife, raise edges of the bark of both upper and lower down cuts; and, by the way, this work cannot be done before the sap moves and the bark will lift easily. Cut your bridge about three inches longer than your cross cuts are apart. If the bridge is a little curving, so much the better. Bevel off the curved side at both ends, say one inch back from the end; and now comes the most important part. Bevel the bark part of the bridge back, say half an inch, by a cut on each side, making the end somewhat three-sided. Now insert the lower end in the lower T; hold the thumb of the left hand under so you will not push down too far; continue to hold the thumb there, bend back the bridge and insert it into the upper T, and push up firm, but still leave a curve in the bridge. Wax each end firmly over. The curve in the bridge will prevent the ends drawing out when the wind moves the tree. Now mound up with moist earth as high as the bridges reach. In case the girdling is high up, requiring a long bridge, I recommend to lap the bridge with grafting cloth strips. They are made by dipping cotton strips two inches wide into melted grafting-wax; old stuff is best. If a mound of earth is thrown up, it is well to remove it as soon as the bridges start, say in July, as the mice may get in again in the summer, and the frost might burst them off in the winter.

I have frequently read recipes for making grafting-wax, but I never had proper wax until I made it from the following proportions: 2½ pounds of rosin, the darker and cheaper, the better wax it will make; ½ pound of beeswax, and 5 ounces of paint-oil, boiled. Melt all together, then throw in a tub of water, and work with hands by pulling like taffy. When tallow is used, the sun will melt it down, and in time the substance perish, and the wax drops off. But when oil is used it hardens like paint, and remains on for years. In case the wax is too sticky, add more rosin; if too hard, add oil. If working on a cold day, use warm water; if on a warm day, cold water; and in all cases a little lard on the hands. When not working, throw the wax into the water.

Middlesex Co., Ont.

A. C. ATTWOOD.

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