

belted, were 23.16 lbs., and the best, the Holsteins, within a shave of 45 lbs. ! The Shorthorns gave 42.40 lbs. a day, and the Canadians, 32.71 lbs.

"Prophecies" are pretty risky things, as a general rule, but, this year, we think it is pretty safe to predict a regular old-fashioned hay-crop. The winter, all along, was favourable to the young clover-plant, and the spring brought with it many propitious showers. Again we say, and that most earnestly: cut early, and let your clover-hay make itself; remembering that one pound of the leaf of that plant is worth at least two pounds of the stem. The timothy will bear any amount of "tedding"; in fact, it should be treated as our Middlesex (Eng.) farmers treated their "meadow-hay," that is, give it no rest. Five times a day is it spread and turned, and put into cock every afternoon before the dew falls; the cock of each day being larger than the cock of the preceding day, till the hay mown on Monday is fit for stacking on Thursday. You see, as all grass or clover is cut when full of juice, it cannot possibly be mown in the morning and carted in the afternoon.

And talking of "prophecies," what think our readers of this? Before any of the wheat-crop in Manitoba was above ground—braided, as our Scotch friends call it,—we saw in the papers a grave statement, that the seed-time in that province had been so favourable that a yield of forty million bushels was almost certain! We generally do have pretty bold predictions of this sort, but the present one out-tops them all.

We extract the following from the London "Globe" of the 1st of May, 1901:

A GREEN OLD AGE.

In the "Badminton Magazine" a delightful character sketch is given of Mr. Herbert Jenner-Fust, I.L.D., the oldest living cricketer. The veteran is now 95

years of age, and has lived under the reign of five British Sovereigns. He still enjoys life. Breakfast at nine still finds him in his place, and he is seldom late. After breakfast he goes for a walk, then writes till lunch time; another walk in the afternoon, tea, the "Times," and dinner at seven. Until a year or two ago he drank two glasses of old port after dinner. Now he sticks to brown sherry. Books or newspapers till 10.30, and then to bed. In his daily walks he cares little for the weather. Often when a figure is seen afar in pouring rain, and the question is asked: "Who on earth is that?" the answer comes: "Must be the Squire—no one else would be out in this weather!" and often the answer is right.

"The Squire" in question is the eldest brother of the Editor of this periodical. He played in his last match at cricket when 74 years of age, when he got eleven wickets, bowling and keeping wicket alternately throughout the game; beat the opposing club in one innings—and how many runs I forget,—and made eleven runs off his own bat!

"Standards."—The sellers of milk, in England, complain bitterly of the standards laid down for their product by the law. They say, and with some justice, that it is impossible to control the quality of the milk yielded by their cows, seeing that its richness both in butter-fat and in other-solids is affected by so many things. Take the weather, for instance. Cold, wet, storms, and wind will greatly influence both the milk and butter yield, while in winter a spell of bitter cold weather will not only reduce the yield of milk, but so rob that which is given of its normal amount of cream that only a very moderate quantity of butter can be gathered.

A large dairy farmer, Mr. W. Godwin, gives the following illustration of the above thesis:

"The milk of some cows is much below the assumed standard. When I kept cows some fed on the same food as the others