

of this method, as there is more difficulty in working the coloring matter evenly through the mass without overworking and spoiling the grain of the butter. The better way is to use the annatto in the cream, and then during the process of churning it becomes perfectly incorporated with the mass and gives an even shade throughout the butter and without trouble.

In coloring butter in this way it is important that a pure liquid annatto, free from sediment, be used. Nichols' liquid annatto, an English preparation, being of uniform color and free from sediment, is excellent for the purpose. It can now be had at most of the dairy furnishing establishments.

When basket annatto is used, a simple recipe for cutting the annatto is as follows—Dissolve a half pound concentrated potash in five quarts of water, by heating and stirring. Pour off the ley from the sediment and add one pound best annatto and dissolve it. Boil gently for twenty-five minutes by placing the mixture in a kettle surrounded by water, so as to prevent scorching or burning. Then let the mixture settle; rack it off, and strain through a fine cloth, and bottle for use. By measuring the quantity of cream and the proportion of annatto for the desired shade, a uniform color for different churnings may be obtained.

The following table shows the average prices and average weight of dressed hogs in this market each season since 1864-5:

SEASON 1866-7—	
Average price whole season.....	\$5 31
Average price to 18th Jan.....	5 57
Market price on 18th Jan.....	5 25
Average weight.....	182 lbs.
SEASON 1867-8—	
Average price whole season.....	\$5 60
Average price to 18th Jan.....	5 52
Market price on 18th Jan.....	6 25
Average weight.....	200 lbs.
SEASON 1868-9—	
Average price to 6th Jan.....	\$7 35
Market price on 6th Jan.....	8 00
Average weight to Jan. 6.....	197 lbs.
SEASON 1869-70—	
Average price to 1st Jan.....	\$8 65
Market price on 3rd Jan.....	8 50
Average weight to Jan. 1.....	208 lbs.
SEASON 1870-71—	
Average price to 1st Jan.....	\$6 63
Market price on 3rd Jan.....	6 37
Average weight to Jan. 1.....	206 lbs.

Toronto Telegraph.

EGGS.—This trade during the past year has been of the most insignificant character. The only house of any magnitude engaged in it abandoned the trade last year for a more congenial one. The bulk of the eggs raised in Canada that are exported to New York, are put up in Galt, Guelph and Stratford. The range of prices during the past year has been all the way from 10c. to 30c.—the latter being paid freely for local use during the Christmas holidays. We have heard it remarked that the U. S. Congress will do away with the present duty of 10 per cent. and all its consequent annoyances, in which case we look for a marked improvement during the coming year.—*Toronto Telegraph.*

LARD.—The greater part of our lard now finds a sale in the English markets. Large quantities were shipped during last season, and in the present the same policy seems to have been continued. We think that an improvement has taken place in the quality. It is now carefully rendered and packed, in almost all cases, and seems likely to gain for itself a good reputation amongst buyers. Packing houses have introduced the latest improvements in rendering, and the quality as a result is uniformly good. The bulk of the lard is packed in machine made tins much approved of in England. If the same style and uniformity of package were adopted in butter, the trade would benefit materially.—*Toronto Telegraph.*

East Middlesex Ag. Society.

The following abstract of the accounts will give you a clear view of our financial position at present:—

WESTERN FAIR ACCOUNT.

A. S. Emery, in account with the United Societies of East Middlesex and the City of London:—

RECEIPTS.	
Balance from Western Fair of 1868.....	\$1003 46
Interest on do do do ..	83 54
Proceeds of tickets sold at Fair.....	4294 94
Sale of booths, forage, &c.....	636 31
Treasurer of East Middlesex Society.....	625 00
	\$6643 25

DISBURSEMENTS.	
Amount paid as prizes.....	\$3459 25
Amount paid Judges.....	177 00
Printing and advertising.....	353 42
Sundry salaries—superintendence, rent, &c.....	1703 46
Balance in hands of A. S. Emery, Treasurer.....	950 12
	\$6643 25

EAST MIDDLESEX AG'L. SOCIETY'S ACC.

J. Shearer, in account with the East Middlesex Agricultural Society:—

RECEIPTS.	
Balance from last account.....	\$ 32 81
Government grant.....	700 00
Subscriptions from 465 members.....	469 00
Donation from Ontario Tile Co., per A. S. Emery.....	15 00
	\$1216 81

DISBURSEMENTS.	
J. B. Lane, Dorchester Ag'l. Society.....	74 40
Thos. Harrison, W. Nis.....	94 97
Robt. Riddle, Westminster Ag'l. So.....	110 63
Thomas Elliott, London.....	140 00
Salaries—advertising and sundry expenses.....	110 43
A. S. Emery, Treas. Western Fair.....	625 00
Balance in hands of J. Shearer, Treas.....	61 38
	\$1216 81

It will be seen by the foregoing that the balances at present in the hands of A. S. Emery, Treasurer of the Western Fair, and John Shearer, Treasurer of East Middlesex, together with the balance in the hands of C. W. Andrus, Treasurer of the City Society, will make the total balance available for the support of the Western Fair in 1871 as follows:—

Balance in hands of A. S. Emery.....	\$950.12
“ “ J. Shearer.....	61.38
“ “ C. W. Andrus.....	2,751.04

Total balance in hand..... \$3,762.54
Before retiring from office, we would heartily thank the members and supporters of the Western Fair for the confidence that has been so unreservedly reposed in us during the past, hoping that the same good feeling may continue, and Western Fairs long flourish as the leading exhibition of the West. All which is respectfully submitted.

GEORGE ROBSON, President.

Jim Smith was a noted auctioneer. One day he was selling farm stock. Among the articles he sold was an heifer, very attractive in her appearance, and consequently Jim dwelt extensively on her many excellencies, winding up with the eloquent flourish that she was “gentle as a dove.” Thereupon, a long slab-sided countryman, whose legs were some inches longer than his trousers, approached the heifer, and stooping down, commenced handling her teats. Bossy, not relishing such familiarity, lifted her hoofs and laid “Greeny” sprawling some ten feet off. “There,” said Jim, “that shows one of her best traits; she’ll never allow a strange calf to come near her.” “Greeny,” meanwhile, picking himself up, and giving his bushy pate a harrowing scratch, exclaimed: “No wonder, when her own calf has been bleating around her all day.”

“Young man, do you believe in a future state?” “In course I does, and what’s more I intend to enter it as soon as Betsy gets her things ready.”

Pumpkins Medicinal.

An exchange says that a prominent physician of New York city, speaking of the properties of pumpkins, says that in his travels in Syria he found pumpkin seeds almost universally eaten by the people on account of their supposed medical qualities. Not because they are diuretic, but as an antidote against animalcules which infest the bowels. They are sold in the streets as apples and nuts are here.

It is a medical fact that persons can be cured of tape-worm by the use of pumpkin seeds. The outer skin being removed, the seeds are bruised in a mortar into an oily, pasty mass. It is swallowed by the patient after fasting some hours, and it takes the place of chyle in the stomach, and the tapeworm lets go its hold upon the membrane and becomes gorged with this substance, and in some measure, probably, torpid. Then a large dose of castor oil is administered, and the worms are ejected before they are enabled to renew their hold.

How TO MAKE TEA.—Put the tea into a perfectly dry and clean teapot, ten minutes or a quarter of an hour before it is required. Warm both the pot and the tea, by placing them in the oven or before the fire; then fill the teapot with boiling water. Let it stand five minutes and the tea is ready. This method improves the fragrance of the tea very considerably, slightly but pleasantly altering the flavor. It appears to act by removing any trace of moisture or dampness from the tea, and developing the aromatic principle. It will be found well worth a trial.

A Dutch judge, on conviction of a culprit for having four wives, decided:—“He has bunishment plenty; I lives with one!”

Manufacturers' Notice.

THE BEST SEWING MACHINE. — “The Osborn” Sewing Machine, made by the Guelph Sewing Machine Company, is declared by parties who are judges and practical operators, to be the “King of Sewing Machines.” The press team with its praise, and that which is said by everybody must be true. A great demand exists for this Machine, and unbounded satisfaction is expressed in its belief by those who have purchased and tested them. Although superior to the Howe, Singer, Wheeler & Wilson, Lockman, Wanzel & Co., “The Osborn” is sold at the low price of \$35. When first-class Sewing Machines are sold at that price, who should be without one. See advertisement.

We have received from A. M. Purdy, of Palmyra, N. Y., the numbers of the SMALL FRUIT RECORDER AND COTTAGE GARDENER, for 1870, bound in a neat paper cover. We see it is offered, post paid, for only 50 cts.—*cheap enough.* We notice the size of the Recorder is to be doubled this year, at \$1 per year. Send for a specimen copy.

For the Farmer's Advocate.

Come round me farmers one and a',
Come rich, come poor, come great, come sma',
Come from the cottage and the Ha',
Come roughly clad, or richly brow,
Come gather round.
Come open your throats and loud huzzah,
Till hills and plains and nature a'
Send back the sound.

Oh, great's the cause ye hae to cheer,
And cock your lugs, as ye shall hear,
Ye hae nae mair cause to fear,
As I will mak it sune appear.
Wi' reasons eagent,
And that no wi' whispers in your ear,
But wi' sich a voice as a' will hear,
An that richt urgent.

Now, sit ye doon, and tak your places,
Wi' joynt hearts, and laughin faces,
While I my thought and facts retraces,
Tak tent o' them, whose are the maces,
And order keeps,
And see that nane gang over the traces,
Sheuing buttons off, or broken braces,
And that nane sleeps.

Noo' for my task, I wanna doot,
Ye be wondering what's a' this about,
And some might fain my lugs noo clout,
For sich a stir.
Hands off, I say, nae reason will ye hae to hoot
Your servant air.

The reason why I've called this meeting,
And gi'en ye sich a hamespun greeting
Is na ill to gie, nor find when seeking
For sich a gather.
There a' at hand, warm, red and reeking,
Tied wi a tether.

There's mony whom I now address
Take a great interest in the press,
Some taking mair, some taking less
As taste may lead them.
But maist a' has been heard confess
'Twas guid to read them.

They are freedoms bulwarks in the land,
Before ther might no wrang can stand
When truth and justice hand in hand
Pervade their pages.
And richt, not micht, is their demand
From rogues or sages.

Of hae they made the tyrant cower,
With dark despair his brows to lower,
And made him curse the fatal hour
His deeds were printed.
His throne, his sceptre gone, and power
A' fairly tinted.

The oppressors rod it oft hae broke,
And with its thunder split the yoke
Which galled the spirits and did lock
Up freedom's rights,
And hurled them down from off their rocks
Like culture kites.

Now powerful as this engine is,
Some parts only puff and phis,
And here I say the mischief is.
There's nae perfection,
Such ways are tried to make a riss
I wudna mention.

Sometimes the editor's a chiel,
As fierce and fiery as the diel,
Right ower the heads o' a' wad sped
To serve his ends,
To do richt the now, then wrang atweel,
His conscience lends.

At times he's of anither stamp,
Wi' bleared out, e'en ower midnight lamp,
Onward and forward trying to tramp
In duties way;
Struggling and fighting through the swamp
For little pay.

But ne'r a badkin does he care,
Determined a' that's his to ware,
Till empty pouch wi' headaches sair
Is a' that's left,
And poverty wi' gruesome stare
H's all's bereft.

There's ither, tae, wha dip their pen
In gall to injure plans and men,
And to any cause the same will len'
Tae wha pays best,
And write to suit, their stuff then send
O' truth suppress.

There's ither, but here ane o' them comes
Wi' tout o' trump and beat o' drums;
Wi' blithsome step and cheery chums
He marches on,
Leaving ither for to soak their thumbs
Or blow their drone.

Look, look, the banner he displays
Has been unfurled, this gie wheen days
And still he sticks to his own ways
Wi face undaunted,
Nae fear nor dread his look betrays,
Nor courage wanted.

I ken him by his onward march,
For facts and truths aye on the search;
Nane o' your buckram stuff nor starch,
Aye prone to rupture,
But experienced tests around him perch
'Bout agriculture.

He's fought a battle sair and tough,
Wi' troubles, trials and pains eneugh,
Since for the pen he left the pleugh
To cut a caper,
And gi'e for what ye sigh and slough,
A farmer's paper.

His volume sixth he has begun
Since he this course began to run,
And noo' the goal he's fairly won,
Beat all compeers,
Yet weel he kens his work's no done
For coming years.

And having ta'en the county's vote
On what he's said and what he's wrote;
Through politics to walk he'll not.
The poll's decided
To land agriculture out he'll trot,
Whole, undivided.

I needna' tell ye what's his name,
From what's been said ye'll guess the same,
And like guid bairns noo gang 'wa hame
Wi' gratefu' hearts,
Noo ye've an ADVOCATE no lame
To tak your parts.