

fall. The difference in the sitters and the non-sitters is that the former take several short rests while the latter take one long rest, which comprises all the moulting season. Hens of the sitting breeds usually lay a few eggs while moulting, but the non-sitters seldom lay any during this period. Where it is wished to break up broody hens quickly and to bring them to laying again, confining them in a pen where there are no nests and with one or two young active male birds, is generally effective. Many people believe that hens should be scantily fed while endeavoring to break them from sitting. This is a mistake. Two objects must be attained. The hens must be kept in good condition in order to begin laying again, and they must be caused to forget their desire of incubating. Confinement with the male birds serves to answer the latter, but to get them in good condition they must be well fed. The commonest way of breaking broodiness is to put the hen in a box or pen where there is no nest and no nest egg. Feed well, and, as a rule, she will soon go back to business. Starving to break up broodiness is a cruel remedy, and is seldom effective in any less time than good feed, and certainly is not so conducive to a rapid return to egg production. Broodiness is hereditary, and is not caused by heavy feeding, by having the birds too fat or too poor, or by sickness. When hens cease laying in the summer they will go broody, provided the sitting instinct is developed within them, and all feed or lack of it will not dissuade them from showing an inclination to cling to the nest and do their part to bring out a brood.

Hens that show an inclination to broodiness at too frequent intervals are seldom profitable from the viewpoint of egg production, and should be culled out of the flock. The best time to cull these is in June or early in July, because fowl generally sell for as high a price then as any time, and it is then that these hens can be most easily picked out of the flock. The broody instinct seems to grow in the hens with age, and as the hen gets older the more frequently will she show a desire to sit.

There is another class of hens that gives some trouble at this season, and that is those which do not become broody, but for some reason cease laying. These hens should be separated from the layers and placed on special feed intended to either start them laying again or put them in condition for marketing. Many will begin laying on this special care, but all those which do not should be promptly culled out and sold. Among those which again commence laying will be some that lay only for a few days or weeks, when they again become idlers.

These too should be marketed as soon as they discontinue laying this second time. It seldom pays to sell a laying hen, neither does it pay to keep one that does not lay. The hens should be carefully culled during the summer season, because no hen should be kept over that has not demonstrated she was worth it by the number of eggs she has produced. The best hens to keep over are those which began laying the earliest and laid for the longest time, giving the least possible trouble to keep them in egg-laying condition. The flock needs as close watching and as careful weeding as does the dairy herd. Now is the time to do it, when the lazy and unprofitable birds can easily be identified.

THE FARM BULLETIN.

Local Market Rings.

The experience of Mr. Holdsworth, of Northumberland County, Ont., related elsewhere in this issue of "The Farmer's Advocate," is in rather marked contrast with that of a Middlesex County farmer in this city (London, Ont.) one Saturday last month. When he drove on the market with his clip of wool, he was approached by a couple of buyers who bid him 12 cents per pound. After a time a third made him an offer of 13 cents, which happened to be overheard by the others, who immediately subjected him to a round of abuse because he had broken through their agreement, which evidently had been to stand together and not pay above a certain price. The upshot of the matter was that the 13-cent offer was withdrawn, and the farmer had to take 12 cents. Some years ago this same market received a bad name for a time throughout the county by the reported existence of a grain-buyers' ring, who regulated prices to suit themselves until broken up by a campaign of publicity instituted by the late ex-Mayor John Campbell, who had the abuse probed by a special committee of the city council. Towns and cities cannot be too careful to preserve the reputations of their markets for fair and open competition, because in these days of keen demand and good shipping facilities farmers will market elsewhere, just as Mr. Holdsworth and scores of others are doing, if they do not receive fair treatment near home.

The Toronto observatory man reported Sunday, July 2nd, the hottest day recorded in 60 years, the temperature being over 101.

The Sayings and Doings of "Donald Ban."

By Peter McArthur.

"What news did you hear?" asked Donald Ban, when John got home from the village.

"Most of the fellows believe there will be an election this fall."

"You don't tell me! Well, after such a hot summer, we will be the better of an election."

"I don't see what that has to do with it. It will be an election to settle the question of reciprocity, and, as I look at it, reciprocity is purely a matter of business."

"So that is the way you look at it, eh? Well, you are all wrong. You may be able to reduce the feeding of pigs to a science and invent an engine that will be run by their squeals, but you can't make a science or a business of politics. Politics is a sort of safety-valve that lets us blow off steam once in a while."

"Running the country is just as much a business as running a farm."

"Perhaps it should be, but it isn't. Do you think that Jim McPherson would be any the less a Grit if you showed him that the present Government is causing him a loss of a hundred dollars a year, or that Dan May would be any the less a Tory if you proved to him that putting the Tories in power would make him so poor that he would have to mortgage his farm? I tell you, John, politics is not a business, and it has nothing to do with common sense or reason, or anything of the kind. It is a dispensation of Providence that enables us to work off our bile, so that we can attend to our other affairs like decent citizens."

John smiled slightly, but made no reply.

"I have always been interested in politics, John, because, at the bottom, I am afraid I enjoy a fight. But politics are not what they used to be. It is getting to be a sort of hole-in-the-corner affair that doesn't stir people up as it should. Nowadays, each candidate holds his own meetings, and no opposition speakers are allowed. That is tame work, compared with what we used to have in the old days, when the candidates would stump the country together and fight it out like a couple of bulldogs. It was then you used to hear yelling that was worth while, and when the election was over we would all feel a little ashamed of ourselves, and would settle down and be better neighbors until another election came. Gosh, but some of those old fellows were fighters. They hit hard, and expected to be hit back, and they could take the punishment. I tell you I would as soon let one of your soft-spoken speakers of to-day go at me with an axe as let Alexander McKenzie, or Nicholas Flood Davin, or Archie McKellar give me a lick of the rough side of his tongue. I used to travel miles to hear a good debate, and I would do it again if I thought I could hear the same kind. I have cheered till I was hoarse for both sides when there was a good fight on, and I think I heard some of the best. I know that was not good politics, but the love of a row was stronger with me than party ties. I was fond of McKenzie and fond of John A., and, to tell you the truth, I voted for both of them at different times."

"Did you ever meet them?"

"I met McKenzie once, and I heard John A. speak. One time, away back in the seventies, the old mixed train broke down over back of the woods there, and your grandfather and I walked up to see what was the matter. Who should be on the train but Alexander McKenzie, and he and your grandfather sat on the railroad fence and talked politics while the engine was being fixed. I shook hands with him that day, and I can remember the kind smile that came over his face when he spoke to me. There never was a man like him to answer back people that interrupted him at meetings. One time a fellow yelled at him:

"You wanting to go to Parliament! I can remember when you used to cook pan-cakes for us in a lumber shanty!"

"Yes," said McKenzie, "and they were good pan-cakes, too, weren't they?"

"His answers were always like that—quick as a flash—and they would always bring a roar of laughter. I'll never forget one of the stories he told when the man who was opposing him tried to argue that the farmers should elect him because he was a farmer."

"That reminds me," said McKenzie, "of a man who was making the same argument in an election in the States. He said, 'I was brought up on a farm; in fact, I was brought up between two rows of corn.'"

"A pumpkin, by thunder!" someone yelled in the audience, and that settled him."

"Another time, when the candidate against him was a man who had two sons who were railroad contractors, McKenzie exclaimed:

"You see how it is. The old man wants to get up in the loft and put the hay down into the manger for his team of sons."

"One time I went to London to hear John A. and Chapleau speak, and I enjoyed every minute of it. Even to remember how Chapleau would throw back the long hair from his forehead, raise his right hand and exclaim, 'I am a habitant,' puts goose-flesh on my back. And when old John A. rose, with his big, kind, smiling face, I felt that I loved him more than any man I ever saw. He was not much of a speaker, but he always had a good story to tell. The meeting that day was held in one of the parks, and a shower came up just as he was beginning to speak."

"You see how it is," he said. "Even Providence wants to protect you from a dry speech."

"Old John A. was a great joker, and liked to fool the people. Once, when he went to speak at a farmers' picnic, everybody thought he would give out his policy for the next campaign, and there was a lot of excitement, but the old man never said a word about politics. He talked about the Holstein cattle that were being brought into the country."

"I don't think much of them," he said. "When you try to raise Holstein steers, the more you feed them, the more bone they grow."

"Another thing that has made a big change in elections is the secret ballot, and I am not sure that it is an improvement. There seems to be something sneaky about it. In the old days of open voting, it sometimes took courage for a man to walk up to the polls and vote for the man of his choice, and courage is a good thing. Besides, I sometimes think that the secret ballot has done more to cause corruption than anything else. If a man can change his politics, without anyone knowing anything about it, he is in less danger of being caught and made to explain than he was under the old system. Of course, there was corruption then, and some of it was open enough. I remember one old politician who would always be at the polls on election day, and a lot of fellows would be sitting on the fence waiting to be bought. This old rascal would talk to them right in the open, where everyone could see him, and when things got to the right point he would always notice a bit of dust on the lapel of a man's coat, and begin to brush it off. And somehow, before he got done dusting he would slip a two-dollar bill into the man's top vest pocket, and then the fellow would go and vote. The old man is dead now, but I am thinking that his way of doing business still lives. One of his sons is a multi-millionaire, and it is pretty well suspected that he got the favors that made him so much money by dusting the coats of men who have more power than the honest voters that his father used to buy."

"That is the sort of thing we are going to put a stop to," said John, earnestly.

"I like to hear you talk like that," said Donald Ban, genially, "for it shows me that you are still young. You are still at the age when you believe that political parties stand for something besides organized selfishness. Very good. Far be it from me to say anything that would change your belief. We must have politics to quarrel over. If we hadn't, we would have blood feuds and the evils they have in countries where politics are not allowed. Man was a fighting animal for so many generations that there is still the love of battle in our blood, and if we didn't have politics to blow off our steam on, we might do worse things. And come to think of it, John, I don't care how soon an election comes on. Bill Hyse and I came near having a quarrel about that tile drain in the west field, and if we could just have a good political squabble, and call one another names about that for a while, the other trouble would pass off. But don't you get trying to look at politics as a business. If there is anything wrong with our politics just now, it is that the big business men of the country are looking at it too much as a business, and getting laws shaped to suit themselves. But we will not argue about that. Just bring on your election, and some day when I am feeling bilious I will give my views on these mergers and things that the politicians are letting the big business men put through. Now, let me have my papers, so I can see how many important things, like the Bank Act, they are not printing articles about."

White Oil.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I am sending recipe for homemade white oil, which was asked for last week. Take two cups best vinegar, one cup turpentine, and three eggs, shells and all. Dump together in a quart sealer, and shake occasionally for a week. Then strain and put in bottles. This recipe, costing but a few cents to fill, will make three or four times as much as is sold in the drug store for seventy-five cents. It is an excellent liniment. Pass it on.

(MRS.) J. C. BLAKE.