

THE DAIRY.

GUERNSEYS AS MILKERS.

The *London Field* has this to say of Guernsey cattle: "There is a structural limit to the production of every cow—that is, in the actual mechanism of the animal itself. There are no two animals made exactly alike, inside or out. Any difference in the formation of the internal structure might make a difference of many gallons yield in the course of the year. This does not infer that the anatomy of cows is in any way different; but there are undoubtedly structures better formed for produce than others.

As regards the breeding of good dairy cows, it is always allowed that like, to a certain extent, produces like, externally and internally. Then, again, there is the law of variation, against which the breeder of good stock always has to struggle. Be it as it may, the only safe road to certainty, or, we might say, success, in breeding good milkers, is to breed from pedigree milking stock. This seldom can be obtained where a pedigree Shorthorn bull is used. You cannot have the milking type unless you breed animals which have been milkers. The Guernseys, both bull and cow, are descended from stock which have been esteemed for their large produce of milk and butter for generations. With regard to bulls for producing good milkers, it is sometimes argued that the milking properties of a cow invariably descend through the female line; but this gives no ground for any rule, as there are, and have been, many bulls which have produced good milkers. For instance, the Earl of Dublin and the Jamestown bull had this milking propensity.

The structural economy of a Guernsey allows her to convert the food she eats into produce far more perfectly than the ordinary dairy cow. Of course there are advantages in having massive-framed animals, in order to attain great weight when fatted out; but massive frames require a good deal to support life during the time they are in milk, leaving the remainder for the production of milk.

It is easier to infuse flesh into a milking breed of cattle than to create a "milking potency" in a fleshy breed. By selecting the large ones, and feeding the calves well, there is no doubt this breed might be made fit for any tenant farmer.

THE CARE OF COWS.

There is frequent trouble with cows when coming in, with their udders, from inflammation or swelling; and sometimes the difficulties extend to the failure of one or two teats, and occasionally to the entire destruction of the udder. We do not pretend to certainly account for all these things, but are of the opinion that much of it is the result of lack of careful attention to the cow when drying her up. If a cow is giving but little milk, and it is determined to dry her up, it is too frequently considered useless to let her go dry by a careful system of milking, but to let her go dry without drawing the milk from her udder. In this way, the liquid part of the milk is absorbed into the system of the cow, but the curd or cheese part of the milk remains in the reservoirs of the udder, and fills up the smaller and more delicate milk ducts, which become hard and destroy the future uses for which they are intended. When the fresh milk begins to flow again, these obstructed milk ducts derange the whole system of secretion. As a consequence, the obstruction of the full development of the udder and free discharge of the milk causes swelling, inflammation, and the destruction of part, if not all, of the udder. These causes are reasonable and natural. It is said that there is seldom a case of inflammation

of the udder of a cow where the calf has run with the cow until she weans it herself. The natural instinct teaches the cow not to wean her calf suddenly, for her own and her calf's sake. And the man or woman who has charge of a cow, at the time of drying her up, should carefully draw the milk from the udder before it becomes so hard as to obstruct the milk ducts, and remain there to destroy the usefulness of the cow. It is not necessary that a cow at the time of drying her up should be milked dry, but so as to draw off anything which might harden, and greatly injure or destroy the cow.—*Rural Home*.

CHURN DASHERS.

The farmers of Elmira, N.Y., have been discussing the subject of churns, in their Farmers' Club, and seem to think the old fashioned cylinder churn, with its almost solid dasher, still the best in use. That others that are greater agitators will bring the butter sooner, was admitted, but it was claimed that this haste was at the expense of considerable waste, forty-five minutes being required to get the best and the most butter from a given amount of cream. It would seem from the discussion, that besides agitation, the best results require compression. One creamery was referred to, in which, after experimenting, it was decided to use a dasher of solid wood, of nearly the same diameter as the churn, four inches thick, with a partially concave bottom. It takes power to work such a churn, but the results are satisfactory.

A SCHOLAR in a country school was asked "How do you parse 'Mary milks the cow?'" The last word was disposed of as follows: "Cow, a noun, feminine gender, third person, and stands for Mary." "Stands for Mary! How do you make that out?" "Because," added the intelligent pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could she milk her?"

THE dark ways of the American dairy are causing much comment in England, and there is a certain sound against acceptance of cheese from skim milk plus fat of swine, and butter on some other than a cream basis, unless the elements of these mixtures is plainly marked. Secretary Jenkins, of the Royal Agricultural Society, said in a recent address that makers of real butter and cheese, compelled to compete with the current adulterations, will not get fair value for their goods.

SEVERAL machines or devices for milking cows have come under my observation, none of which have proven of any practical value, however. I have given them all the most impartial and unprejudiced examination, and feel that I am doing none of them injustice in the general observation above written. There are milking tubes, in sets of four, generally made of silver or some imitation of silver, which are sometimes of use for milking cows with sore teats a few times, but their continued use is sure to injure the cow. I have known of their use in many cases, with no exception to the above. I have frequently conversed with a very intelligent mechanic who was a long time in the employ of an inventor who undoubtedly came nearer to perfecting such a machine than anybody else. He was very hopeful of success for a time, and in the course of his experiments tried every device known, but he now believes the milking of cows by machinery impracticable.—*O. S. Bliss, in N.Y. Tribune*.

MR. JOEL ROGERS has sold his farm, situated near Fordwich, in the township of Howick, to Mr. John Goggin, of West Durham, for the sum of \$7,600 cash. The farm contains 200 acres.

CREAM.

MISS GREEN (interrupting the Doctor sarcastically) Well, I don't know about that. The Doctor (rather tartly)—Vell, miss, vot you don't know would fill volumes.—*Bazaar*.

ONE man was asked by another with whom he was not on the best of terms, where he had taken up his abode. "Oh!" he replied, "I'm living by the canal at present. I should be delighted if you drop in some evening."

A girl heard her father criticised severely across a dinner-table. The careless critic paused a moment to say, "I hope he is no relative of yours, miss?" Quick as thought she replied with the utmost nonchalance, "A connection of my mother's by marriage."

"BEDAD, Pat, wud ye luk at 'em now?" Mike was gazing intently at the procession honouring St. Patrick's Day in the march. "See, now, the fellows phat drunks all the whusky, all on fut, and the fellows phat sells it all roidin'." Mike grasped a pregnant fact.

ONE of the old-time stage coach drivers, who had been on the road over half a century, says that life is put together considerably like a set of harness. There are traces of care, lines of trouble, bits of good fortune, breaches of good manners, bridled tongues, and everybody has to tug to pull through.

"PAPA," remarked the enfant terrible, who was mounted on the back of the old gentleman's chair, engaged in making crayon sketches on his bald head, "it wouldn't do for you to fall asleep in the desert, would it?" "Why not, my darling?" "Oh, the ostriches might sit down on your head and hatch it out."

A YOUNG Kilmarnockian, at a dinner-table the other day, where the subject of love was being discussed, when asked for his opinion on this delicate question, gave a definition which, when put into English, greatly amused his London friends. He said that "love was an itchy feeling at the heart, and you couldn't get in to skart it."

A WEALTHY man displaying one day his jewels to a philosopher, the latter said: "Thank you, sir, for being willing to share such magnificent jewels with me." "Share them with you, sir!" exclaimed the man; "what do you mean?" "Why, you allow me to look at them, and what more can you do with them yourself?" replied the philosopher.

A FRIEND told a good story the other day. When in the country last summer she picked a sunflower in the garden, and brought it into the house. Meeting the landlady on the doorstep, she stopped to have a word with her, remarking, as she pointed to the sunflower, "These are called esthetic now, you know." "Do tell!" replied the landlady. "I never heard them called anything but sunflowers."

"We de undersigned, bein' a coroner's jury to set on de body of de nigger Sambo, now dead and gone afore, hab been sittin' on de said nigger aforesaid, and find dat de same did on de 14 day of Jinerwary come to death by fallin' from de bridge ober de river and broken his neck whar we find he was subsequently drowned and afterwards washed to de river side whar we supposed he was froze to death."—*Southern Light and Shade*.

THE Colonel, who lives in the South, was finding fault with Bill, one of his hands, for neglect of his work, and saying he wouldn't have any more preachers about the place—they had too many protracted meetings to attend. "Bill aint no preacher," says Sam. "He's only a 'zorter." "Well, what's the difference between a preacher and an exhorter?" "Why, you know, a preacher—he takes a text, and den he done got to stick to it. But a 'zorter—he kin branch!"