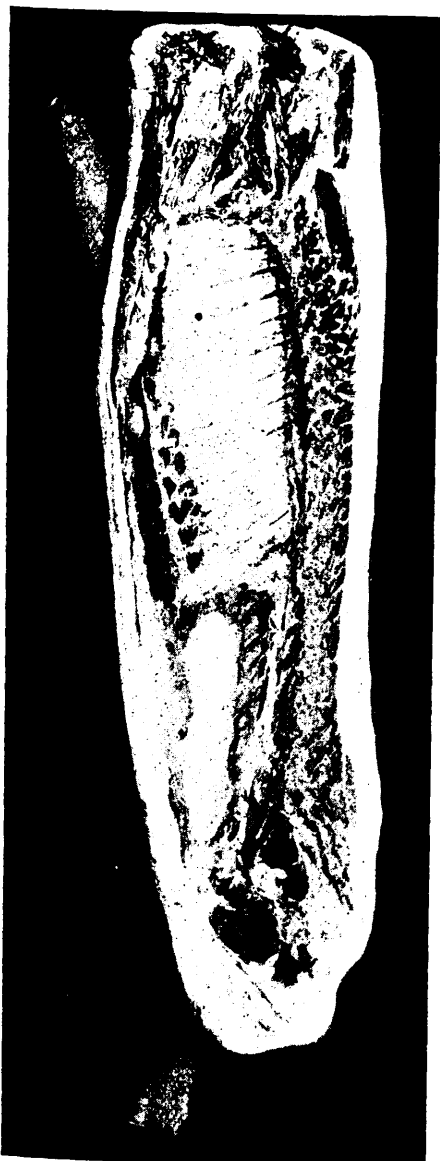




Cut M.—What is required for the British market. Side of bacon of first-class quality. Note the even distribution of lean.

Last winter the Armour Company imported into Chicago a car of prime Canadian hogs that they might analyze and study them in detail, and are urging American farmers to copy us in feeding and breeding.

AMERICANS CATERING FOR THE BRITISH MARKETS.

Only lately we had a letter from the principal of an agricultural college in the United States, seeking information along these lines. Now consider what will follow: American packers will select and buy hogs of the Canadian type fed in certain localities. They will make special efforts to get the product of these hogs into the London market at a trifling advance over the ordinary American. The shop-keepers will find it to be of excellent quality and will substitute it for Canadian, putting the extra profits in their pockets, and thus, unless the quality of Canadian is kept up to the highest standard, it will lose its grand position

and never regain it. Farmers the last few years have found the raising and feeding of hogs the most profitable branch of agriculture, and it would be a great pity to spoil it by criminal carelessness in feeding. Farmers and packers are interdependent. Both should aim at the highest excellence, which will redound to the common good and to the country's prosperity.

HOW IRELAND IS IMPROVING HER PIGS.

The Bacon Curers' Association of Ireland, which comprises the leading firms in the trade at Cork, Limerick and Waterford, are now distributing all over Munster well-bred Yorkshire boars that are calculated to greatly improve the breed of pigs raised by farmers in the southern province. These boars have been obtained at considerable expense from the best herds in England for the purpose of infusing, in due time, new blood into Irish-bred swine, so that the progeny will be most likely to suit the requirements of the bacon trade as far as the raw material is concerned. In connection with the maintenance and proper development of the Irish bacon industry a much better class of animal than those usually raised throughout Munster is urgently needed, hence the object in view in importing the best bred boars that could be obtained from England and their distribution amongst the farmers of the south.

A number of inspectors have been appointed by the Bacon Curers' Association, whose business it is to travel through the Province of Munster, placing the boars at centres where most required, and at the same time to diffuse the most reliable information to farmers and others interested in the matter as to the best method of raising pigs suitable for the Irish bacon trade of the future.

The boars have been located with farmers whose holdings are centrally and conveniently situated, to facilitate and encourage the farmers of each district to avail themselves of the opportunities offered them in this way of improving the class of pigs bred in the southern counties.

As a rule, the farmers are only too glad to avail themselves of the boon which the thoughtfulness of the Bacon Curers' Association has provided for them in this respect. These boars are distributed practically free in each district for breeding purposes, but the animals are held by way of loan from the association, who still retain the boars as the property of the bacon curers concerned in the scheme.—*The Wm. Davies Co., Limited.*

TO BE CONTINUED.

This treatise on the bacon hog will be continued next week, with a number of other illustrations. A number of articles specially prepared for this issue will also appear later on in this department.

A Boy's Experience with Limburger Cheese.

"Ma sent me to town to pay a bill at the grocer's last Saturday. The 'boss' behind the counter made me a present of something wrapped in a piece of silver paper, which he told me was a piece of Limburger cheese. When I got outside the shop I opened the paper, and when I smelt what was inside I felt tired. I took it home and put it in the coal shed. In the morning I went to it again. It was still there. Nobody had taken it. I wondered what I could do with it. Father and mother were getting ready to go to church. I put a piece in the back pocket of father's pants, and another in the lining of ma's muff. I walked behind them when we started to church. It was beginning to get warm. When we got in church, and after singing the first hymn, mother told father not to sing again but to keep his mouth shut and breathe through his nose. After prayer, perspiration stood on father's face, and the people in the next pew to ours got up and went out. After the second lesson some of the churchwardens came round to see if there were any stray rats in church. Some more people near our pew got up and went out, putting their handkerchiefs to their noses as they went. The parson said they had better close the service and hold a meeting outside to discuss the sanitary condition of the church. Father told mother they had better go home one at a time. When they got home they both went to the front room, but did not speak for some time. Mother spoke first, and told father to put the cat out of the room as she thought it was going to be sick. It was sick before father could get it out. Mother then turned round and noticed that the canary was dead. Mother told father not to sit too close to the fire as it made matters worse. Just then the hired man came in and asked if he would throw open the windows, as the room smelt very close. Father went upstairs and changed his clothes and had a hot bath. Mother took father's clothes and offered them to a tramp, who said, 'Thanks, kind lady, they are a bit too high for me.' Mother threw them into the creek. Father was summoned afterwards for poisoning the fish. Next morning father had a note sent to him. Father came to wish me 'good night' at one o'clock, with the note in one hand and a razor strap in the other. I got under the bed. The people next door thought we were beating carpets in our house. I cannot sit down comfortably yet. I have given my little sister what was left of the Limburger cheese. I thought it a pity to waste it."—*Ex.*

Jakey Krouts: Vat vas a standing army, Fritz? "Vy, dot vas an army dot vill stahn mos' anyt'ings, vrom canned jackass to embalmed pig's ankle."