

the Polytechnic Society of Berlin a means of disinfecting wells which he employs with success. It consists in suspending in the mouth of the well an earthenware dish containing 50 to a 100 grammes (a gramme is about 15 grains) of bromine, which, being volatile in air, forms a dense vapour that fills the well, and is absorbed by the water, thus disinfecting it. The water, it is true, has a slight taste of bromine for a time, but is wholesome enough.

Whilst the Canadian farmer has hitherto refused to recognize the egg as a means of adding considerably to his income, his confreres of Russia, whom we certainly have not been accustomed to regard as a very progressive individual, has

been reaping a rich harvest by supplying the English market with the product of his poultry. We are made acquainted with a peculiar phase of the business by an article from the pen of the British Consul at Genoa. A leading English contemporary says the article of our consul at Genoa "throws a good deal of light on the genesis of those eggs which we in England consume by the hundred thousand, but are too idle or too careless to produce for ourselves. Formerly, he says, the eggs used by pastry-cooks and large biscuit manufacturers came from Italy, but lately the Russians, whom we complacently look upon as barbarians, have seized hold of the trade. They, or the English firm which acts as intermediary, have hit upon the notable idea of exporting eggs *without shells*. It has been noticed that pastry-cooks, biscuit-makers, and the like break all their eggs before using them, and that, therefore, it is merely a superfluity to pay for carriage on shells, which for the most part will be consigned to the ash-pit as soon as they reach their destination. The eggs are accordingly shelled, and preserved in hermetically-sealed tins, provided with taps, from which any quantity of egg can be drawn off as required. There is no danger of breakage in transport, freight is much cheaper, and the eggs keep longer under this system; and in it lies a way by which the British farmer may make his poultry runs pay at last. Hitherto most of the poultry farms established in England have failed from one sole cause—the expense and difficulty of exporting the eggs to London or some other great centre, but by adopting the Russian system of shelling their eggs at home and sending them to market in these hermetically-sealed tins, there is no reason why the industry should not revive."

If this last be true of England, how much more so must it be of Canada, where the poultry raiser possesses many advantages over the Englishman.

When poultry raising takes the place it will assuredly do eventually amongst the chief industries of Canada, and farmers have ceased to regard the hen as a mere second or third class accessory to his general stock, a necessity but of little value, not a little of the credit of the establishment of the new field of enterprise will be due to the Provincial Government of Ontario and the Federal Government at Ottawa. The minister responsible for the Department of Agriculture in each government has been placing some decidedly useful and practical information before the farmers in regard to raising poultry for profit. The key note of all prospective success lies in giving poultry raising the same systematic care that the successful farmer bestows upon his cattle and his crops.

As a contemporary devoted to poultry raisers' interests points out: "Hundreds of farmers grow crops of wheat on a margin of but two or three dollars profit per acre, and engage in very laborious work to make that small profit; yet the same labor, care and amount of capital given a flock of hens on an acre of land that is often given a crop of ten acres of wheat would show largely in favor of the hens. The farmer has never engaged in the keeping of poultry as a business, and really does not know what can be done in that respect. There is no more reason for turning the hens over to the female members of the family than for the farmer to abandon any other department, and in so doing he makes a mistake, as he should seek the best channels for securing the most profit. Land that is unprofitable for cultivation can be used for poultry, and the markets are always ready to receive all that can be produced. Considering the small proportion of labor required from spring to fall, and the self-sustaining powers of the fowls in seeking their food, it is no mistake to assert that nothing on the farm is produced at so low a cost as eggs, and nothing brings so high a price in proportion to value of labor bestowed and cost of food.

To the young farmer or to the young man looking forward to possessing his own farm at no distant date, of both of whom there are a very large number amongst the readers of UPS AND DOWNS I would say most emphatically give the hen a chance, and the hen will give you a profit far greater in proportion to the labor and outlay of capital entailed than any other department of your farm.

The demand for the product of the poultry yard is always a big one and is steadily increasing. The egg is a popular article of diet with all classes and particularly with the masses of the Old Country. It is easily procurable in small quantities at a low price compared with other nutritious food, and contains more than ten times as much nutriment as beef, or, roughly speaking, an egg contains as much nutriment as half a pound of steak.

These are a guarantee of the continuance of the favor with which the egg is regarded, and the exportation of eggs from Canada could in a very short time be made as great a success as that of the export cattle trade which in a few years attained such colossal proportions.

If there were only one potato left in the world a careful man could in ten years produce from that one 10,000,000 and that would be enough to supply the world again.

The Nor'-Wester of Winnipeg draws attention to the fact that 22,000 farmers of Manitoba will this year produce 60,000,000 bushels of grain from 1,887,767 acres of land.

Saved by a Dummy.

THE story of an adventure in an Indian jungle, told by Colonel Pollock in his "Incidents of Foreign Sport," shows how indifferent to danger a tiger is when intent upon gratifying its ferocity. The colonel, having shot a gaur, sent two coolies to bring in the head.

They returned with the news that a family of tigers had taken possession of the gaur. Whereupon the colonel, accompanied by his native hunter and the two coolies, set out to bag a tiger.

The big cats were found hard at work in a patch of heavy grass, into which they had dragged the gaur. Sending the two coolies up a small tree, a little way off, the colonel and the shikaree climbed a large tree by the aid of a bamboo ladder. From his perch the colonel got a view of a large and a medium-sized tiger. He fired at the shoulder of the large one, and took a snap shot at the other as it bolted, and broke its back.

There were responding roars; then a tiger rushed at the colonel's tree, knocked down the ladder, and retired, wounded from a hurried shot, to a heavy patch of grass ten yards off. There it announced itself on guard by roars and snarls. Five shots failed to drive it away.

Finding that he had but two cartridges left, the colonel held out his hand to the shikaree for more. That worthy had given the bag containing the ammunition to one of the coolies. Only a monkey or a native could descend the tree without a ladder; the red ants led the men a lively time; the young tiger whose back had been broken roared through the night, and its mother, who was on guard, responded. The two cartridges were kept for an emergency.

An hour before daybreak the tigers became silent. A dead branch flung into the grass provoked a roar which told that she was still on guard. The colonel took off his trousers and coat, and stuffed them full of leaves, thus making a dummy man. The shikaree tore his turban into strips, and tied one end to the stuffed figure. Going out on a branch, he let it down. As it touched the ground the tigress sprang upon it and tore it to bits. The colonel rolled her over with a ball through the neck and another through the shoulder. She died without a groan.

Then the coolies were called upon to descend and re-erect the ladder. Down the colonel came, loaded the rifles from the bag, and killed the broken backed cub. But his trousers and coat were torn to shreds, and he had to walk to his tent more undressed than a Highland Scot in full parade costume.

A Negro's Fidelity.

ONE of the most remarkable features of the American Civil War was the attitude of the southern slaves, to procure the freedom of whom the northern armies were fighting. Thousands of white women and children, whose husbands and fathers had left home to join the army whose success would mean the continuation of slavery, were left in charge of the coloured family servants and were dependent upon their fidelity and service for protection and daily bread. Rarely indeed did one of these negroes betray his trust. Hundreds of body-servants accompanied their masters to the army, nursed them when sick or wounded, and "toted" them home to recover health or to be buried. A pathetic illustration of a body-servant's fidelity was seen by Mr. W. L. Williams, a travelling salesman, who reported it to the Cincinnati Enquirer.

I saw a pathetic incident at Greensboro' of a negro's fidelity. About ten miles from the town I saw a grave with a marble slab at its head. Seated near it was an old negro with a bunch of flowers, which he was placing upon the mound. I stopped my horse and spoke to him.

"Whose grave is that, uncle?" I asked.

"Marse Tom's, boss. I'm his nigger."

"Oh no, you are no man's nigger now. Didn't you ever know that you were free?"

"Dunno nuffin 'bout dat, sah. I see Marse Tom's nigger, sah, an' he's waitin' for me suah up dar. Dese han's done tote him frum dat place dey call Shiloh, an' he died while I wah a totin' 'im; jest closed he eyes an' went to sleep, an' when I comes ter cross de ribber ob Johdan he jest hol out his han's and he tells de angel at de gate who I be, an' he let me in. I dreamed 'bout it las' night, boss."

I was interested in the old fellow and wanted to hear his story. The slab at the grave told me that it was that of "Col. Tom Winn, killed at the Battle of Shiloh," and I questioned the faithful negro further:

"How old are you, uncle?"

"Mos' a hundred, I reckon, sah."

"Were you in the war?"

"Wont wif Marse Tom, sah. I see his nigger, an' he's in heaben. I see jest a-waitin' till dese ole bones, weary wid trabellin' ober de road, 'll take me to de ribber, when Marse Tom'll help his ole nigger ober."

"Were you with him when he was killed?"

"I was right dar, boss. Done pick 'im up an' tote 'im to dat place dey call Corinth; den I foun' a train, got to de place dey call Chattanooga; de nex' day we wah in Atlanta. Marse Tom den in glory. Dis heah nigger lef' to ten' his body. Dey buried 'im when I got 'im heah, an' dis nigger jest lef' to ten' his grave an' keep de flowers hyah."

I found upon enquiry that the story was true. For a quarter of a century the faithful negro has done nothing but attend the grave of his young master whose body he brought from Northern Mississippi to Central Georgia.

Duty is Inexorable.

WHEN a lad of 15, the Prince de Joinville was first actually learning his profession of sailor on board ship, he had much kindly advice and help from the old commanders: but nothing seems to have impressed him more than an anecdote told him by Monsieur Moulac, captain of the *Algeiras*, a war vessel which the young prince visited as she lay in harbor at Toulon, after several days of very violent weather.

During the worst of the storm, Captain Moulac said, there had rung out over the *Algeiras* the cry of "Man over-board!" As he hurried to look astern, he saw the man, and saw, too, that the life buoy had been thrown to him, and that he had caught it. He was safe, if he could be reached to be picked up; but there was a wild and raging sea, and the peril to those in any boat, if indeed a boat could be lowered without swamping instantly, must be almost desperate.

He did not feel it right to order out the boat, yet it was horrible to see the man drown with no attempt at rescue. While he yet hesitated, with anguish in his face, his men—common sailors and officers alike—crowded around him, begging leave to try.

"Let us save our comrade, sir! We can't desert him!"

He yielded, and granted the permission. By rare good fortune the boat was lowered without harm; it pulled away, and presently, with extreme danger and difficulty, managed to reach the perishing man, who was seized and drawn on board. Then it started to return, and the ship was already steering so as to make it easier for the triumphant little crew of twelve to come on board with their exhausted comrade, when suddenly there was seen a huge wave, that they could not avoid, rushing straight upon them.

It broke. There was a cry of dismay, and then silence. A moment later the capsized boat was seen to rise on the crest of the next wave with two or three men, one a midshipman, clinging to the keel. It was too plain that they could not be saved; the first attempt had been a folly; a second would have been criminal.

The captain, to shorten their agony, made a sign as if for his ship to go ahead; the brave young midshipman understood at once that they must be abandoned, and with no thought of outcry or appeal, waved a last farewell to the ship, and let himself drop back into the sea.

"I have been weak," said Moulac to the prince, "but I was cruelly punished. Thirteen men drowned instead of one, and by my fault!"

He added, "Some day, boy, you may be in command. May the thought of me remind you always that duty is inexorable."

A Land of Promise.

THE following despatch gives a most encouraging report of the prospects of the farmers in the North West where many of our friends are already situated.

Prof. McEachren, who has just returned from the North West, has furnished the subjoined report to the Department of Agriculture.

You will be pleased to hear that, following on the mildest winter we have experienced since starting ranching, the cattle business in Alberta is in a most flourishing condition. Perhaps next to the mild winter as a factor in producing the large calf crop which all ranches have this year (the Walrond branded 2000, Cochrane 1500, Oxley 1500, and others proportionately large), is the killing of 1600 wolves during the past 14 months, for which the Northwest Government paid out \$3000. Never was the Government money spent to better advantage, as had this not been done wolves would have driven stock-raisers out of the business and the country within a few years.

Messrs. Gordon and Ironsides have bought nearly all the exportable cattle, amounting to close on 10,000 head.

During June and July rain fell in abundance, and grass and water are plentiful. Horse breeders are much more hopeful. Large numbers of horses have been shipped east for exportation to Belgium and France, as well as to England, and better prices are being paid.

Walrond Ranch Company will ship two car loads of nearly pure-bred Clyde and Shire goldings to Montreal in a few weeks.

The sheep industry is progressing very satisfactorily. The entire wool crop has been sold to Toronto firms for satisfactory prices. Sheep throughout the Territories are in excellent health, and condition. Scab is now exterminated almost completely.

Crops in Manitoba are most promising. Throughout the whole Northwest there is a feeling of confidence and jubilation such as has not existed for years.