

GOSSIP.

Improved Large Yorkshire pigs of both sexes are advertised for sale by Senator F. L. Berque, Lachine Locks, Quebec. Write him for prices and particulars.

IMPORTANT SALE OF JERSEYS.

Monday, September 18th, is the date advertised in this issue of the dispersion sale, at Goderich, Ont., of the herd of 25 pure-bred Jerseys, the property of Geo. Laithwaite, of Goderich, 13 of which are cows in milk or in calf, those of breeding age having creditable milk and butter records.

An auction sale of Shorthorn cattle, the property of A. M. McKillop & Sons, West Lorne, Elgin County, Ont., is advertised to take place on September 26th, at their Argyle Farm, three miles north of West Lorne, a station on the M. C. R. Canadian Division, and the Pere Marquette, when 28 head of registered Shorthorns and 30 head of grades will be sold. Write for catalogue.

In the Toronto Exhibition prize list for Holsteins, in our last week's issue, the grand championship for best female, any age, was incorrectly credited to Haley Bros., for their first-prize cow, Ianthe Jewel Mechthilde 3rd, which was senior champion, the junior and grand champion being their first-prize junior heifer calf, Colantha Fayne, a precocious youngster of eight months, bred by M. H. Haley, sired by Grace Fayne 2nd Sir Colantha, dam Aaggie of Riverside 2nd.

Close upon 100 head of Clydesdales were shipped from Glasgow the third week in August, nearly all of them bound for Canada, chiefly consigned to the following importers: Robert Ness, Howick, Que.; Robert Sinton, Regina; W. W. Hunter, Olds, Alta.; G. C. Cassar, Lower Gagetown, N. B.; John McGarrigle, Ormstown, Que.; Crawford & McLachlan, Thedford, Ont.; Stewart & Robinson, Ailsa Craig, Ont.; C. W. Wilson, Vancouver, B. C.; Vanstone & Rogers, Wawanesa, Man.; Owen McGovern, Oxford Station, Ont.

SPEED WITH THE CORN HARVESTER.

In cutting a rectangular field of corn with a corn binder, could it be done more quickly by going around or cutting in strips, other things being equal, remembering that the machine goes empty across the ends?

Ans.—The best way to settle this question is to try the two plans with corresponding fields of corn. Where the corn is planted in drills, we notice that the general practice is to cut in strips, or lands being laid out so that there will be long drives without turning. Often there is a vacant strip at the ends to drive across. Wide-awake corn-growers usually acquire the best and speediest method.

WHEN ASQUITH LAUGHED.

Mr. Asquith, the British Prime Minister, is not much of a man to laugh. Indeed, it has been said that he is quite lacking in a sense of humor. Once, however, at a political meeting in Scotland, something happened which brought forth more than his usual wintry smile.

He was addressing a gathering largely composed of farmers at an open-air meeting in East Fife, where he was a candidate. At the close of his speech he said he was ready to answer any questions his hearers might wish to ask him. At once a farmer wearing an enormous straw hat, threw himself into the fray. The sun had gone down, and there were no lights. Mr. Asquith peered into the darkness.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I didn't see who it was that put that question."

Before the man could answer, a plowman standing near the candidate enlightened him. Pointing to the farmer, he said:

"It was him with the cow's breakfast on his head."

Mr. Asquith, they say, laughed very heartily indeed.

As Human as a Hen.

By Agnes Noyes Wiltberger, in Suburban Life.

For a study of human nature in its natural state, unmitigated and unadulterated, commend me, not to the haunts of men, but to the chicken-yard. There is no corner of the globe where humans are not hampered by convention of one kind or another. The knowledge of what the world will think leads them to hide their human nature under a bushel. The hen, on the contrary, is bound by no traditions, never bothers to live up to a reputation, cares not a whit what the world thinks; she is in all things simply and effectually herself.

One small pen of thoroughbred scrubs will exhibit enough individuality to last a novelist a year. Thoroughbreds of other varieties are more handsome and more profitable, but they do not offer the opportunity for individual character study. Twenty hens, identical in markings, like so many peas in a pod, or so many brown-checked-gingham orphans, may delight the heart of the poultry fancier. But who wants to catch the hen and loak up the number on her ankle to know who's who in the hen-yard?

For many years it was our dream that, when we had a back yard large enough to keep chickens, we should start our flock with a rooster and six hens, who should bear the name of Henry VIII. and his wives. The dream came true one bright spring day, with the exception of Henry. So we called the biddies the Widows at Windsor, and left them to select their own names as time went on.

Any hen that is worth her oyster-shell will name herself in a week's time. Those six hens were as individual as the ill-fated six of history. Anne Boleyn was a dainty, flighty, light-minded little white hen, with—alas and alas!—her white plumage sadly flecked with black. Catharine Parr was wheezy and asthmatic, and had to be doped with red pepper and lard. Anne of Cleves was of a slow and lazy habit, inclined too much to flesh. Catharine Howard failed in the first duty of a hen, and was condemned to the executioner's block, from whence she reappeared, apotheosized, in the form of a toothsome pie. Catharine of Aragon proved to be Catharine of Arrogance. She would not have stepped aside for Anne Boleyn. She knew a way out of the yard which none of the other hens discovered, and in the early morning she would march solemnly and majestically back and forth before the kitchen door, keeping a weather eye out for breakfast. If the scraps were delayed, she scolded, gently but insistently, until she was appeased. Jane Seymour was the joy of our hearts. If the original Jane were like her in the least, Henry did well to choose her. Of Barred Rock plumage and Leghorn build, she showed her pure mongrel breeding at a glance. But for eggs! We have found no hen since that can lay like Jane.

Along with the Widows at Windsor we procured a sitting hen. The whole family assisted in the important work of establishing her upon her nice, fresh nest, filled with nice, fresh eggs. We at once dubbed her Eve, as she was to be the first mother. But, to our sorrow, she proved false to her trust, and our only compensation for the loss of the eggs was the satisfaction we felt in changing her name to Delilah.

Chickens show more than the frankness of children. Children learn, by precept or experience, that it is not wise to show forth their human nature on all occasions. Not so with the chicken. He agrees with Emerson, that a foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds; he goes Emerson one better, and declares against all consistency. He speaks as he feels to-day, in syllables as hard as nest eggs; and tomorrow he cackles and crows as to-morrow feels, though he contradict every word that he cackled to-day.

There is Mr. Dick, for instance. Mr. Dick was an quiet, inoffensive, rather gentle-natured fellow. Raised alone with a flock of forty or more pullets, he did not behave himself modestly; was not easily provoked, and rarely pulled up.

But one day it occurred to the master of the house to transfer Mr. Dick to the cockerel pen, in the belief that such a husky Rhode Island Red would be an easy match for a dozen little Smart Alecks of the Leghorn variety. Alas, that I must tell the plain truth! Mr. Dick turned tail and ran, Goliath that he was, with the dozen little Davids at his heels in high feather. He was rescued, surprised and breathless and very wide-eyed, and was placed again in the safe haven of the pullets' pen. And now watch his frank show of human nature. Did he tell them the o'er true tale of his visit to the world and his ignominious rout? Not he. He puffed out his "weskit" to a great degree, and "ku-ku-ku-ed," and bowed and scraped around those pullets, and threw up his head and crowed and crowed, until English could have made his story no plainer. His visit to the wide, wide world was a Roosevelt tour through Europe; his rout was nothing more nor less than a triumphal procession; the pursued was the hero; the pursuers were hero-worshippers. Wasn't that "more samer than folks?" Mr. Dick's name was changed on the spot; he became Wilkins Micawber.

I have noticed a marked difference in the behavior of the pullets and the cockerels at feeding time.

There is constant chatter while the pullets are eating—a flow of table-talk that would delight the heart of a hostess. But in the cockerel pen there is no small talk; they saw wood. Every fellow for himself, and the chopping block take the hindmost! O, well! To each his own. And the pot has no need to call the kettle black. The men would rather eat than talk; and the women would rather talk than eat. We may as well own up.

THE SOUND OF IT.

The Ladies' Aid ladies were talking about a conversation they had overheard before the meeting, between a man and his wife.

"They must have been to the Zoo," said Mrs. A., "because I heard her mention 'a trained deer.'"

"Goodness me!" laughed Mrs. B. "What queer hearing you must have! They were talking about going away, and she said, 'Find out about the train, dear.'"

"Well, did anybody ever?" exclaimed Mrs. C. "I am sure they were talking about musicians, for she said 'a trained ear,' as distinctly as could be."

The discussion began to warm up, and in the midst of it the lady herself appeared. They carried their case to her promptly, and asked for a settlement.

"Well, well, you do beat all!" she exclaimed, after hearing each one. "I'd been out to the country over night, and was asking my husband if it rained here last night."

After which the three disputants retired, abashed and in silence.

A well-known divine was preaching one morning on the subject of the great and the little things of creation. To illustrate his thought that nothing was too great or too little to be of interest to God, he proceeded with these words:

"The Creator of this immense universe created also the most infinitesimal atom in it. The Architect of these vast mountains fashioned also the tiniest thread of gold running through them. The God who made me made a daisy."

DIFFERENCE IN FEET.

The French foot is meagre, narrow, and bony. The Spanish is small and elegantly curved—thanks to its Moorish blood, corresponding with the Castilian pride—"high in instep." The Arab foot is proverbial for its high arch: "A stream can run under the hollow of it." The foot of the Scot is large and thick. The Irish foot flat and square. The English short and fleshy.

Robinson (reflecting)—Umbrellas recovered! What a good idea! They ought to do a roaring business. I'm almost certain it was Smith who took my umbrella. I must put these people on his track.

Cultivation to the mind, is as necessary as food to the body.—Cicero.

Napoleon's Rock.

The Governor of St. Helena, Colonel Gallwey, is paying a holiday visit to England, and to an interviewer of the Daily Mail, who drew the conversation to the Napoleon traditions, he said:

"They are rapidly disappearing from St. Helena. There are still a few very old men who were babes at the time of Napoleon's death and who remember—very vaguely—their parents speaking about the famous prisoner. They always refer to him as General Buonaparte. The present generation knows next to nothing of Napoleon the Great, but much more about Dinizulu and General Cronje, who were prisoners on the island, the former in 1890 and the latter in 1900."

"Why should the islanders," I asked, "call Napoleon 'General Buonaparte' to-day?"

"He has been called so ever since the days of Sir Hudson Lowe. Of course, Lowe, like all Britishers, called him thus. Personally, I would have called Napoleon King of Kings if he had asked me to. . . but Sir Hudson Lowe was Governor of St. Helena, and one must not criticise one's predecessors."

"I questioned Colonel Gallwey concerning Napoleonic relics at Longwood. 'Almost nothing remains but the house itself,' he said. 'It is partly stone and partly wood, a simple one-storied bungalow, which looks very much like a humble farm building. In Napoleon's days there were trees round it, but now the place is bare. There is not a stick of furniture in the whole house. His bedroom contains a good bust of him, but at Government House we have a few relics, including a bookcase, a cabinet, and the famous billiard table of Napoleon. For one year this table was at Longwood. Napoleon used to play billiards with his hands and twist the balls about nervously. At the end of twelve months he became so tired of the game that he had the table sent back to his 'gaoler.' The billiard-room became a map-room, and for hours at a time with little flags in his hand Napoleon used to refigure his victories . . . and Waterloo!'"

Make Farming Attractive

The fifth annual convention of the Ontario Horticultural Association met in Toronto, and proved to be a success, as usual. The reports presented from the different districts told how school gardens were increasing in number, and dwelt upon the necessity of developing in the young a love for the artistic and beautiful. It was urged that this would help to retain the young men and women on the farm. Do bare and cheerless surroundings help to drive young folks from the farm? If they do, there can be no doubt that farm life itself must bear part of the blame for the loss of its young people. Not long ago we drove through a certain rural section, and this fact was brought home to us only too vividly. The section had once been beautifully wooded, but practically all the trees had been cut down, and the country looked painfully bare. The orchards were few and small. Two or three houses were things of beauty, but the majority seemed to be built for shelters, not for homes. Lawns, ornamental shrubs or trees, and flower gardens, seemed painfully lacking, and we wondered why it was. The soil was good, the people were prosperous, but the homes were woefully neglected, at least as far as the development of the artistic was concerned. If the inside of the homes resembled the outside, we confess we could hardly blame the young folks for rebelling. We are glad to know that this does not apply universally, and it should not be true anywhere. Why not make our rural homes as beautiful as nature intended them to be! Without doubt, improvement along this line would in some cases at least be a step in the direction of the solving of the problem how to keep our young people on the farm. It would do at least a little to raise the whole business of farming to a higher plane, and give to life on the farm more of the comfort, enjoyment and satisfaction that it should have.—Christian Guardian.