

Fads and Faddists.

Sweet reader! With the aid of the editorial boot, I retired rather abruptly from the columns of the inaugural issue of *The Outlook* upon the 10th inst. But do you suppose I have been idle in the meantime? No. Life is too short for inaction. Therefore, armed with a 100-ton microscope, I have been improving my golden moments at the park, in a painstaking search for evidences of the visibility of the statue of Burns and Highland Mary, alleged to have been placed upon the granite pedestal near the aviary. Dear reader! Believe me, or believe me not, but I assure you, upon the word of an honest man, that I have positively detected traces of the Lilliputian bronze aforesaid; yea, with all certainty, the said bronze can be actually seen under a good microscope; although somewhat trying to the naked eye.

"What is it like?" you ask me. Have you not seen it for yourself? Pardon me, I was forgetting your difficulty in the matter. Well, so far as I could detect, after a close microscopical examination, Burns wears shoes, and Highland Mary is barefooted. This is the gist of it all. In those days (as in our own) poets were paid perhaps sufficient to provide footwear for themselves; but their lady loves had to go barefooted. On the whole the statue, what there is of it, is an excellent work of art.

After all, to attempt to do justice to grand old Robbie, we might mould him in bronze as stupendous as the Colossus of Rhodes, and yet not too highly exalt his splendid poetical achievements; for his memory is not only dear to Scotland and Scotchmen, but will live enshrined for ever in the throbbing heart of humanity. Hail, bard of Scotia!

Those who are charitably inclined cannot do better than take a tip from the members of the Silk and Powder Silking Brigade of Cadgers, who recently visited town in the interests of charity. Nearly \$450. Think of it, charitable friends! And all this money just waiting here to be uncuffed at the silken-skirted and powder-bedecked entreaty of the glib stranger! Why do not the ladies of Victoria organize on these lines? Let each member provide herself with a silk skirt and a box of rouge, and her appeal for charity will then bleed hearts of stone. As a matter of fact, the Yankee-prankees pulled gold out of Victorians never before known to contribute even the widow's mite to a charitable institution.

At this point, the faddist was seized with a sudden thirst, or a desire for fresh air, or solitude, and departed, fumbling his pockets.—Ed.)

DANCING

Having taken "Harmony Hall" and the "Philharmonic Hall," I am now prepared to teach Dancing. Also to let the Hall for Balls, Concerts, etc.

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South African Topics.

Farming in the Transvaal is a somewhat precarious business. The land generally is light and none too fertile, and a good supply of irrigation water is a very necessary adjunct to success; in fact, for winter crops, it is absolutely essential, but summer crops go on all right without it, as rains are plentiful in January, February, and March, and usually a fair amount from spring time, September on to November; this is not always the case, however, as the regular winter drought, May to August, sometimes continues on to October. It may be advisable to emphasize the fact that it is unusual to get any rain from May to August after the first frosts, and sometimes none after April has set in; an occasional shower or perhaps a storm may come in August and September. The nights in June and July are very cold and the days hot. Ice on a dam (pond) strong enough to bear a flock of large Toulouse geese at 7 a.m. has all disappeared by 10 a.m.

The chief product is mealies (maize) and oats; the former is the food of the country, being the sole food of the native, so to speak, more so than bread is of the laborer in England, because the employer supplies mealie meal to the native laborer as his regular food—about 3lbs. daily—and about a pound of meat per head, once a week or once a month. This custom is gradually dying out, and only mealie meal supplied. The native on and near the goldfields earns on an average 10s. to 60s. per month, and can well afford to buy other food for himself if he wishes, but does not often do so. Mealies are extensively used for feeding horses and mules, and also for fattening purposes, if by chance anything should be stalled or penned up for fattening, which, however, is a rare occurrence. Oats are not threshed out but sold in the bundle (sheaf), and the whole cut up by a sickle, or sometimes in a chaff-cutter, and fed to horses and mules. The crop is carted to market on waggons, and disposed of usually, at prices varying from 15s. to 50s. per 100 bundles, and sometimes up to 80s. or 85s. if of good quality, and short fine straw; this latter quality is called "Boer haver" and is always grown through the winter on ground not heavily manured; it takes rust too much if grown in summer rains. Potatoes are sometimes very profitable, two crops being obtained a year, but one cannot produce one's own seed for both crops.

The usual size of a Boer farm is 3,000 morgen (6,000 acres), and it is rare to find much of it cultivated, probably 20 or 30 morgen, unless some portion of it has been let off to an "Uitlander," who very soon ploughs up the ground and puts in crops. Manuring is, however, somewhat of a difficulty. There are no straw yards to make dung, but the cattle "kraals" provide a fair amount from droppings alone for a few morgen. A moderate amount of bone meal has been obtainable the last two or three years at £12 10s. per ton, and superphosphate at £16. Roots or feeding stuffs for cows or cattle have been an unknown quantity to the general farmer, but in the case of a few dairy farmers are now being grown, and a little hay is made from the coarse veldt grass. When I took my farm and immediately commenced hay-making, the neighboring Boers came to see what mad trick the Rooinek was