

The Farm.

Just Cause for Wrath.

I am mad. I have just come back from a largely attended farmer's institute. There were several professional lecturers present. Their talk was on the usual subjects that have been thrashed over and over at our institutes, and most of it was theory instead of practice. There was little time for discussion. A neighbor of mine who has had long and successful experience in feeding ensilage got on his feet to state his practical results in opposition to the speaker's theory. My neighbor is not a ready talker, and, because he did not have the gift of gab, he was laughed down by the speakers on the stage, and the presiding officer made no effort to draw him out.

Now, I think one great object of these meetings should be to encourage discussion and bring out statements of experience by practical farmers. The manager of an institute ought to be an adept at doing this in such a way as to give confidence to those who are not used to speaking in public, but have a valuable experience to narrate. We don't want too much kid-gloved business about these institutes. They are for the farmers and ought to be so conducted.—H. L. B. in American Agriculturist.

Stabling Calves.

Should calves be confined in the same common stable apartment with milch cows? From my experience, I certainly say no. To begin with, the more animals that are crowded together in one apartment the more difficult becomes sufficient ventilation, with consequent vitiation of air. Under such circumstances the weaker animals (calves) suffer at the expense of the stronger ones (cows).

I have heard some dairymen argue that the increased warmth of the cow stable caused by the crowding of so many animals into it was in favor of its habitation by calves. If warmth, without regard to good air, was all we were after, that might be an argument, but as it is most cow stables at the best are provided only with sufficient ventilation for the cows they shelter, with no adequate provision for extra animals. Then, again, where cows and calves are in a common stable and are turned out together, the former always bully over the latter, sometimes to the extent of positive physical injury.

Another thing, I think that calves are a source of annoyance to cows in the stable, anyway. Anything that works detrimentally on the nervous system of a milch cow is antagonistic to a normal secretion of milk. They need quiet and tranquil surroundings, which can best be secured by their living positively alone. The tender young calves, six months of age or more, can be kept warm apart from the cows if their owners wish them to be so kept.—George E. Newell in Massachusetts Ploughman.

Training Colts.

The first lesson given the colt should begin when the colt is a month old. It should be halter-broken and taught to lead, and when time comes to educate it will not be necessary to teach the colt to lead. The second lesson should begin when the colt is two years old. Go into the stall and lay the harness on the manger or floor, and let the colt look and smell it till he knows it will not injure him, and then pick the harness up and lay on his back as quietly as possible, and buckle on and bridle, and put the lines through the holes where the shafts go, and try to drive him. If he does not go right, just tap lightly with whip around the legs to let him know that you want him to go. Do not lick him hard, for remember the colt has no reasoning faculties beyond the limits of his experience; hence, he can reason with acts alone.

With a horse acts speak louder than words, and hence the absolute importance of commencing every move with the horse right, for by our acts he learns. After he gets so that you can drive him, hitch to a cart or buggy by first pulling the cart behind him, so that he will get acquainted with the noise, and then hitch up and get in as quietly as possible, and do not excite or get him nervous. Try to start him. He may not go, but speak to him in a cool and easy way, and when he knows that you are not excited he will think that

everything is all right, and will undoubtedly start.

When driving on the road and the colt scares, do not lick him, but get out and lead him up to the object, and let him smell it, and try to calm his fear by speaking to him, for by speaking to him he will get to trust in you. Treat him kindly, and he will think you are his friend. Deal honestly with him; never lie to him, for he judges you by your acts. Never ask him to do a thing unless you are in a position to compel obedience, and when he obeys reward him, and he will be your friend.—A. F. Shelenberger in National Stockman.

Fewer Hens—Thoroughbreds.

A farmer who has discarded his old farmyard fowls and started afresh with a few thoroughbreds tells me that he averages as many eggs a year now from his twenty and thirty first-class chickens as he formerly did from his old flock of seventy-five to one hundred. That was the average size of his flock when he pinned his faith to the old mongrels which had descended to him from a long line of mixed ancestors with no particular variety of blood in them. They had been inbred and inbred until no one could guess what their original ancestors were. They were the common barnyard chickens which we see on so many farms. The owner kept the flock up between fifty and one hundred year after year, selling or eating about fifty every fall and winter. He didn't get much a pound for the birds, and so his family ate most of them, struggling often with meat so tough that the teeth could hardly penetrate it.

Then, the eggs formed an item. In the summer time the entire flock laid enough eggs to keep the basket moderately full, and sometimes a few could be sold at prices that left very little profit. The chickens were not fed much, but they managed to consume a good deal in the course of a year. One year the owner tried to keep account of the cost of feeding them, and the result was that he decided to kill them all off. They did not pay for their keep.

After that he purchased a few fancy breeds. As he was proud of them, he fed them carefully and regularly and gave them good quarters. He started in with a dozen and gradually raised the number to fifteen. Now he has twenty-five, and every year he raises a few more. He sells a few when anybody wants a few thoroughbreds, and he gets good prices for them.

But the most pleasing feature of the change is that he gets as many eggs, taking the year around, from his twenty-five thoroughbreds as he formerly did from his flock of seventy-five or eighty. He attributes it to the better care and better breed, and he is right. The cost of keeping that number is so much less than the old flock that he feels that every egg he eats reduces the cost of his living by at least half. The moral of this true story is apparent, and I judge my friend is not the only one who has had such an experience.—James Ridgeway in American Cultivator.

A Tale of Literary London.

NEIL MACLEOD, A Tale of Literary Life in London. By L. GLADSTONE (David Lyall). Published by the Copp Clark Company, Limited, Toronto. Price, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1.25.

A young author's early struggles and discouragements afford a subject which most writers could treat with feeling and understanding, even if not with skill, but they are not the theme of David Lyall's latest work. He discusses that still severer trial of moral calibre—success.

Neil Macleod's first long sustained effort, "Miss of the Hills," became the success of a particularly undistinguished publishing season, and upon the young Highland schoolmaster's arrival in London, his head is completely turned by his sudden celebrity, and he falls an easy prey to the wiles of the charming Lady Grantham, who "affects literary society and hunts lions." Unfortunately the gift of an unknown friend, which had enabled him to come to London in the first place, now deprives him of that salutary antidote, the necessity of working for a living; so he wastes his time in gaieties and entertainments, and turns his back upon his duty. He is redeemed at last through the influence of the woman who loves him, and whom he has shamefully neglected.

David Lyall has drawn his characters well. Neil Macleod's degradation is handled with particular skill, and in such a manner that although from outward appearances he seems a lost man, the reader never loses faith in his ultimate reclamation. The other characters are equally good, and altogether the book has a true and healthy ring to it, which makes it to deserve the verdict passed on "Miss of the Hills," viz., "In these days of cheap sentiment and tawdry workmanship, undoubtedly a book to be thankful for."

The Bouquet of a choice tea embodies the charm which makes people sip tea—while coffee is drank in gulps. The bouquet of Monsoon Tea lingers on the taste as a lasting and refreshing relish. All the delicious aromatic strength which sap and sunshine ripened in the leaf is preserved in Monsoon Tea.

MONSOON

MONSOON Indo Ceylon TEA Sold in Lead Packets Only at 30c, 40c, 50 and 60c.

Style and Stamina

Cannot be expected in a horse which is "run down"—"out of sorts"—"weak"—"impoverished"—"faded"—"but build him up with Dick's Blood Purifier and he has both. It destroys all the impurities in his system and fortifies it. He feels cool and his spirit is high. It aids digestion—gives gloss to his coat—brightness to his eye—vim to his action. It will double his usefulness and value.

Dick's Blood Purifier

50 CENTS A PACKAGE. TRIAL SIZE 25 CENTS.

DICK & CO., PROPRIETORS. LEEMING, MILES & CO., MONTREAL, AGENTS.



EDDY'S INDURATED FIBRE WARE, Tubs, Pails, &c.

have become household necessities

INFERIOR IMPORTED GOODS are now being offered in some places at about the same price as EDDY'S. If you compare them you will find they contain only about half the material, cost proportionately less, and will last a correspondingly shorter time.

When you ask your store keeper for INDURATED FIBRE WARE

Insist on getting

EDDYS GOODS

OUR NAME IS A GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

Consult your own best interests therefore by seeing that the goods you purchase were made by

THE E. B. EDDY COMPANY, Limited
JNO. PETERS & CO., Agents Halifax
SCHÖFIELD BROS., Agents, St. John, N. B.

AMHERST

Boot and Shoe Manufacturing Co.

(INCORPORATED 1867.)

WHOLESALE Boot and Shoe Manufacturers
AMHERST, N. S.

We are also the leading . . . RUBBER SHOE HOUSE in the Provinces

Eight Travellers on the Road in Seasonable Times, with everything required for the SHOE BUSINESS, and at the Lowest Possible Prices.

HALIFAX BRANCH: 158 GRANVILLE STREET.

Criss-Cross CEREALS

Ask dealers for Special Diabetic Food, for Diabetes. Gluten Flour, for Dyspepsia and Constipation. Barley Crystals, for Kidney Troubles. Pamphlet and our sample offer mailed free. FARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N. Y., U. S. A.