

G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. DEMOS MUDGE.

The grabest Beast is the Ass ; the grabest Bird is the Owl ;
The grabest Fish is the Oyster ; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1874.

The Model Farmer.

BY OUR OWN ARCHIBALD.

I HAVE perfected a new plan for sowing oats. By means of an ingenious little instrument invented by a pupil of the Model Farm, the sowing of each grain in its proper position, that is to say, with the right end upwards, is ensured. It is astonishing how much depends on sowing the grain right end up. The only difficulty we have found is that our experiments have not yet proved conclusive as to which is the right end. The instrument referred to is capable of putting every grain in a half-bushel measure on its proper end in less than two days.

The cultivation of buckwheat is a simple matter. Its manufacture into pancakes requires more skill. The farmer had better let his wife do this part of the process.

Indian corn grows amazingly fast when planted. We are in the habit of using two hundred wire cages for making pop-corn, and find that our live stock prefer the corn prepared in this way to its raw state.

You will find making hay while the sun shines somewhat laborious. It is a good plan to take out a large tent, under the canopy of which you can cut the hay with comparative ease. Then, shift the tent to another place and cut the grass there, leaving that already cut to be dried by the sun. A soda-fountain is an excellent adjunct to the tent, but is not often used by farmers in this country.

Snakes are not of much use for constructing fences, and the term "snake-fence" has little or no connection with these reptiles. Yet we have known them prove very useful to the cultivators of fruit in the neighbourhood of large female seminaries, as, since Eve's time, ladies object to the society of serpents.

The best fence for a farm is one on the pattern of that supplied for the Central Prison at Toronto, combining durability with cheapness. I purpose having one put up at the Model Farm shortly.

If your land is much cumbered by useless logs, seek the advice of the nearest member of the Legislature, reminding him gently but firmly that his position is a proof of his intimate acquaintance with the practice of log-rolling, in which get him to instruct you.

About the time when turnips come into ear, chipmunks are very destructive to them. The students at the Model Farm are accustomed to sit up at nights with lanterns and rifles on the watch for the nocturnal incursions of these destructive creatures.

Be careful not to allow your horses too frequent access to water. Never indulge animals. What is best for them is known much better by those who have made such things their study than by the ignorant brutes themselves. If they drop down dead you may be sure they have done it out of obstinacy or spite.

Farms can't get on without Rectors. If you can't afford an officiating minister all to yourself, get up a club with some of your neighbours to engage the services of a minister of agriculture.

A knowledge of elementary acoustics is invaluable to dairy farmers, and is becoming so fashionable as to be considered quite the cheese.

Do not be in too great a hurry with the plough or spade. I have known acres of raspberries ploughed up by the too enthusiastic agriculturist. They would have supplied jam enough to have lasted all through the winter.

Hogs are much best kept in confinement. The barn is an advisable place. Irish farmers prefer the house, but this is open to objection, especially if there are females in the household, as the animals are not over-cleanly in their habits. Wheat flour, boiled in milk, is a good thing to feed them on.

Poultry, to be profitable, should be carefully shut up and fed on the best of grain. It is a great mistake to allow ducks too free access to water. If there be much water on your place, reserve it for cut-fish and mud-turtle. Although I recently tried to procure one of the latter from the editor of a Toronto paper, it was not with a view of obtaining a cross with the pigeon, as the turtle-dove of old authors is only valuable for its singing powers, and the mud-turtle itself so far surpasses in this capacity any bird of the pigeon tribe that the hybrid would have been a failure.

To my Mamma-in-law.

THERE is a mystic thread of life
So strongly wrenched with all I own,
That Penury's relentless knife,
Could work the charm and flout alone.

There is a form on which those eyes
Have often gazed in dumb affright,
By day that form all peace denies,
And dreams restore it thro' the night.

There is a voice whose tones inspire
Such thrills of terror in my breast ;
I would not fear a Fiji choir
Until that voice had joined the rest.

There is a tongue whose accents swell
In long tirade from day to day,
But utters not the word " Farewell."
(In fact she'll never go away !)

There are two lips which one had pressed,—
(He does not live to press them more :)
They vowed to make us sweetly blessed,
And manage all our household store.

There is a bosom—all her own—
And secrets in its depths are hid,
A mouth which mouths at me alone,
And warns me do as I am bid.

There are two hearts whose movements thrill
In unison so far from sweet,
That, save the hope of one last Will,
I'd raise a row—or make retreat.

There are two souls whose equal flow
Is much disturbed by endless " jaw,"
That should she leave—she leave?—ah no!—
Then I must bear Mamma-in-law !

Honours in Store.

It is said that during his present visit, LORD DUFFERIN will be honoured with the freedom of the Toronto Yacht Club. As compared with this, every other distinction that His Excellency has ever received in either hemisphere is simply dross. The Toronto Yacht Club is a very ancient Institution, and has its headquarters in a magnificent House on one of the wharves. Its roll of membership contains the names of a few gentlemen and a large number of *Tommoldys*. Amongst the privileges which LORD DUFFERIN will enjoy when duly invested with the Freedom, will be the liberty of standing for five minutes at a time on the balcony of the club-house overlooking the Island ; liberty to speak to the less prominent members—those with the longest ears ; liberty to walk behind the gentleman who wears the brass buttons on his coat ; liberty to actually become a member if he can produce the necessary credentials as to his blood and estate. Members of the city press who may wish to get the particulars of this ceremony—or anything else in the yacht club line—are requested to apply, with proper department, to the Steward.

Degenerating.

Our is grieved to mark the gradual degeneracy of the Montreal *Witness*. The other day, an account of HUGH O'DONOVAN'S walk of one thousand miles in a thousand hours, bore the caption, "*Great Feet!*" And such a low pun too!

Allegorical.

ONE of our city-saloon-keepers has been candid enough to put an appropriate emblem over the entrance to his bar-room. It is a large transparency, showing on one side a stately ship under full sail, bounding over the billows full of hope and joy ; and on the other side, the same craft shattered and helpless, foundering in the midst of a storm. This simple and truthful allegory of the Lignor Traffic ought to materially damage the business of the saloon in question, but it certainly entitles the landlord to a vote of thanks from all the temperance loggers now, and a statute like JOHN BUNYAN'S when he dies.