

You know, there are people that seem to be natural-born butter-makers. Given almost any kind of a poor cow, provided with little in the way of convenience in saving milk, yet the butter they produce will be sweet, firm and possess the keeping quality. "Gilt-edged butter," the market calls it. Again there are women, no difference if provided with cows of rich milk, cool cellars or spring houses and all appliances needed for making good butter, and not a pound of butter can they make fit to eat.

It is a case of stupidity and laziness, a lack of love for the work. They are of the kind that will not listen to you if you insist that knowing how to make sweet, solid, keepable butter is fully as much a work of art as painting a good picture, and times over more necessary in the economy of living than the embroidering or crocheting of an elaborate table cover. Away a white, clatty, quickly spoiled dish of butter have I tried to partake of from off tablecloth and doilies finely hemstitched and embroidered. The mistress had time for this, but not for learning how to make good butter. A poor butter maker, if she only knew it, is invariably given little credit by her neighbors for the works of art she does so laboriously accomplish. They feel that she has failed in the first prime need in art, care and industry of the right sort. A poor, careless butter-maker usually proves, when you come to see her home-making closely, a poor housekeeper all around.

Old Country Butter-Making

The farm women of my mother's family were always spoken of as good butter-makers. It was said they inherited this art from our grandmother. She was of pure Scotch origin, but born on a landed estate in the north of Ireland, which her father had inherited.

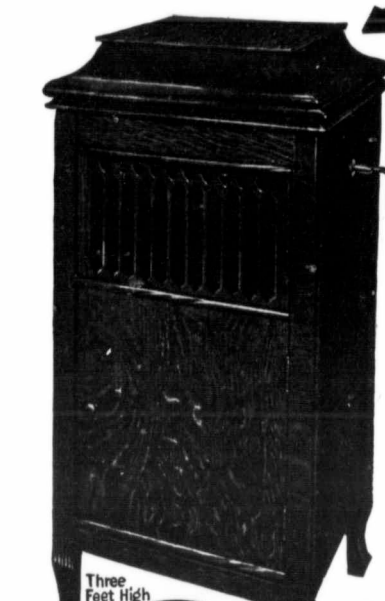
The north of Ireland women are noted for the making of fine butter—the ladies overseeing their dairy maids in this work. They, too, are particular, very much so, in the kind of dairy cows kept. My grandmother, when she ran away from home with a lover below her in caste and came to America with him, would not allow him to work in the shops. She must live on land, as more befitting her birth than trade, and land he soon managed to get for her, and also the big Durham cows she demanded.

In fact, nothing small in the way of stock suited my grandmother. The cattle must be Durham, the larger the cows the better. The horses, too, must be chosen for size, while the chickens were Shanghai or Brahma-Pootrah, and she and my mother both knew how to breed these to huge size for chickens. My grandmother died an old woman, when I was a little girl, and the name of Brahma-Pootrah was not then heard in our neighborhood except from her lips, as even Shanghai had gone out and in its place and that of Pootrah had slipped Dominique, Cochon and Brahma, dark and light; but grandmother yet hung to the big Brahma-Pootrah, a nearly white fowl, from a region of that name in China, and mother hung on to the red and gray Shanghai. It was nothing for these three kinds to weigh twelve pounds for the hens and fourteen for roosters. No wonder the Leghorns looked small when they came nesting the big ones.

And grandmother held to her pure-bred Durhams to the day she died, and mother to at least her love for them, grieving that while, as the Shorthorn they yet remained, it was not exactly the same big cow that it seemed to be when called the Durham of her younger days.

Old English Durhams

Long before grandmother's day on England's dominion English breeders had been improving on the old half-wild stock. Along the Teeswater River, from



FACTORY
TO HOME
JOBBER AND
RETAILER
PROFIT
CUT OUT

SATIS-
FACTION
GUARANTEED
OR MONEY
BACK

A FULL
CABINET
TALKING
MACHINE FOR
LESS THAN
OTHER TABLE
MACHINES

The Full Cabinet Melotone Talking Machine at

\$39.50

Is taking the Country by Storm

The MELOTONE

Right from the makers. NOTHING DOWN—all cash—but it's half price—because it's factory to you. Wouldn't you sooner pay \$39.50 cash to the manufacturer than \$75.00 for the same machine on the instalment plan through the retailer? This talking machine is designed and built with the single idea of placing a \$75.00 machine—minus jobber and dealer profits—within the reach of all—\$39.50 f. o. b. Winnipeg. Six choice records (12 selections) \$5.10 extra. The very thing for a Christmas Gift.

Tone—The Melotone is rightly named. The tone comes through an all-wood chamber, like violins and pianos—the ideal construction. It gently gathers the faintest undertones of the composition, and it superbly renders the voluminous notes without any rasp.

Cabinet—Encased in a genuine oak cabinet of simple elegance (mahogany \$5 extra). A piece of furniture which harmonizes with the most luxurious furnishings yet is not out of place in more homely surroundings. The roomy cabinet holds 70 records—dustproof and protected.

Improvements—This is truly an all-record machine. It plays Edison's new disc records or Pathe, Victor or Columbia. Needles and jeweled tip for Edison's are supplied free.

Get this machine because you want big value for your money. Haven't you always wanted a real talking machine? Here it is. You know this is not an old style cylinder machine, and you do not need a table or stand with it. The Melotone is complete. Don't wait another day to order because quick action will be necessary to get prompt delivery, as our output is limited. Send your remittance in to-day. Our money-back guarantee and this paper protects you.

The
Melotone
Talking
Machine
Co., Ltd.

235 Fort St.
WINNIPEG

References: Union
Bank, Winnipeg

Druid times, had roamed a great, rangey, coarse-mottled breed that grew short horns and carried mainly a white and red, rough, speckled coat.

Breeders took this Teeswater breed and crossed it with a couple of other smaller breeds, but in such a manner as not to disturb the heavy milk flow of the

Teeswater. This changed the grain of the meat; no longer was it coarse and tough, and this new breed was the Durham, changed in after years to the name of Shorthorn. It yet shows, in cases, the speckled Teeswater color, or a cherry red and white spotted coat, or a black and cherry brindle, or a pure white coat

of thin hair, and deep yellow skin, with one or both ears dark.

We would not keep a Durham cow of any color if she did not give two wooden bucketfuls of milk when fresh and one wooden bucketful well up to next calving time. What big calves they had, and so strong! And, oh, the good Durham milk, and firm, peculiarly sweet-flavored butter. The calves beat all other breeds in maturing.

I remember, when small and a growing girl, how careful we must be about spoiling our big Durhams. We must be careful about allowing them to run too long wild in the deep woods before bringing them up with calves. Just so sure as we allowed them to run free too long, and give them no domestic training and petting before they were allowed to raise calves, just so sure did we never exactly get them as gentle as they ought to be, while that first calf, as well as those that came after, were nearly sure to be nervous and kickers, ready to kick at you sideways or back.

Another noticeable thing about the Durham was that it would fatten easily and keep its fat all the milking time, no difference how much milk it gave, and I



The kind old "Hawkie" who is never done giving