



CONTENTMENT.

Promptly every noontide
Right upon the nail.
'Long comes smiling Biddy
Wid the dinner pail.

Paddy's always ready
To salute that same,
Dyspepsia, indigestion!
He never heard the name

Bread and beef and praties
That's the usual thing—
But Biddy's smile would make it
A banquet for a king.

Honest work, good aitin',
Cheerful, helpful mate,
Many a lord might envy
Paddy's happy fate.

OUR HENNERY.

THE DIARY OF AN AMATEUR POULTRY-KEEPER.

APRIL 1ST.—Now we are out in the suburbs, why shouldn't we keep hens? It would be an immense saving. Here are eggs twenty-five cents a dozen, and then about half of them stale. It wouldn't cost us anything at all except the price of half a dozen or so to start with, as they would live on the refuse of the house. Spoke to Maria about it and she is delighted with the idea. Shall buy some in a day or two and begin at once.

April 5th.—Just bought a handsome rooster and half a dozen hens—Plymouth Rocks and Black Spanish—from an old Irishwoman up the road—very cheap, just a couple of dollars for the lot. First-rate layers, too, they

tell me. Half a dozen hens among them ought to lay at least four eggs a day; that's twenty-eight a week, for I suppose Sunday makes no difference to a hen. Let me see, at twenty-five cents a dozen that's fifty-eight cents a week—why, it's over \$30 a year, think of that! A small fortune for a poor man. Why don't some of these discontented workmen, instead of eternally grumbling about their condition, go to keeping hens, and so acquire a comfortable independence in a few years?

April 12th.—Really, I'd no idea chickens ate so much. Why, they're perfectly ravenous. The refuse from the house don't seem to half satisfy them, and they haven't begun to lay yet, either, not to speak of. We've only had three eggs all week.

April 14th.—Maria consulted Mrs. Jimpsecute, our next door neighbor, about our fowls. She says we shall