

horse team. The land is generally heavy clay soil, sometimes underlaid with stone and sometimes with a bluish clay soil, very fruitful for wheat, peas, beans, vetches, mangold wurtzels, turnips, swedes or grasses, such as clover, red and white, hungarian, alfalfa or millet. These crops, or some of them, were folded off with 500 or more or less thoroughbred sheep of the Hampshire Down breed, and the fertility has been enriched with the aid of salt, as top dressing in spring, until forty to fifty bushels of grain was often realized. One field of five acres once was known to raise seventy bushels, but it was experimented with, and brought up to its highest state of fertility at a very fair cost to the farmer, and a good No. 1 seed sown. This, though, was kept a secret amongst the farmer's family, else the landlord would soon increase his desires in the shape of solid sovereigns demanded for rental purposes, etc. Oats and barley also constituted a large acreage of the 200 arable acres, and the last article constituted the bulk of the feed for the swine fattened on the farm. Sheep husbandry is one of the most profitable—two crops being secured, first wool, then lambs, and lastly the carcass, fetching good prices as fat mutton. Sheep shearing is a great industry, and the shepherd tending about 10 or 12 men and boys as they clip the wool off their fleecy backs is a sight to be remembered as long as one lives. The wool is washed on the sheep's back, the sheep brought perfectly clean on the large tarpaulin cloth, and the fleeces are removed quickly and tied up so as to be ready for the packing in large wool sacks and being shipped a few days later. An average flock is generally clipped Spencerian style, three blows below the shoulder and above "round;" below this it runs straight the whole length of the sheep, making even the poor ones look more inviting than here where they chop and clip every way, and the sheep look like scarecrows in a field of wheat lately sown. There should be system in shearing, as in everything else in a farmer's life; and how few follow it as they should!

Our sheep in winter were fed on hay in low sheep racks, so that the sheep held over and pulled the hay up, a great improvement on the way now in vogue, of having racks and sheep having to reach up, and thereby fill the back of the neck, head, ears and eyes with chaff, dust, &c., &c. Mangal wurtzel was hauled out in winter and scattered between the racks of hay; this, with the grass in that generally wild winter climate, was all that was necessary. The under shepherd helped in the busy seasons, the attendance and attention paid to this line of stock being greater than in this country, and when the folding season was at hand in the fall, it required a great deal of work to pitch the necessary folds for feed and for night lodging, it being desired to fold them so that the ground should be covered completely with manure, droppings, &c. This would insure the farmer for a good crop, other advantages being equal. And now, dear reader, take a pause, a rest. I may have occasion to renew this article and continue anon.

What was Overheard.—"Mamma, I know the gentleman's name that called to see Aunt Ellie last night, and nobody told me either." "Well, then, what is it, Bobby?" "Why, George Don't. I heard her say George, Don't, in the parlor four or five times hand-running. That's what his name is."

Before and After.

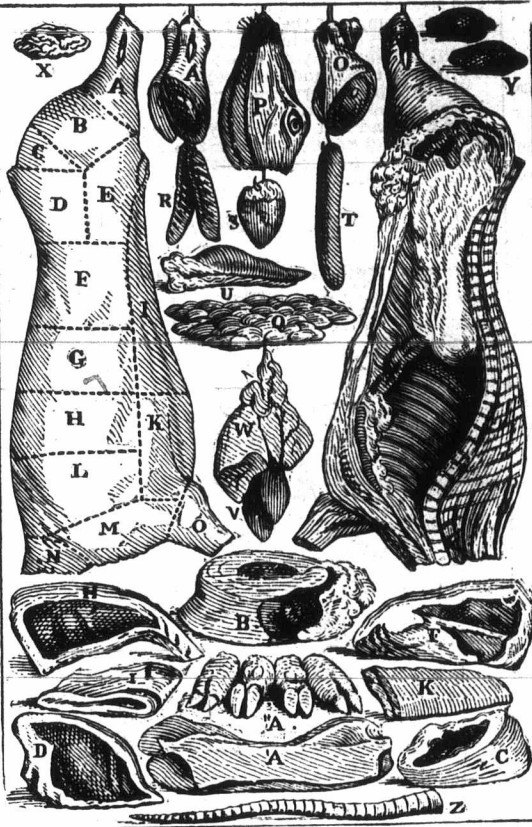
When he came to woo her,
This was what he said,
As he raised the shining tile
From his manly head:
"How is sweet Evangeline?"
Here he'd bow, polite,
"Sweetest though, and ownest own,
How's my pet to-night?"

Now he, like a plunger,
Calls in different tone,
As he stalks about the house,
Seeking "ownest own":
"Eva Jane McGilpin Smith,"
Shouts he in a pet,
"Where in thunder are you now?
Is supper ready yet?"

—By his Mother-in-law.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mr. William Holden, of Monck, asks us to describe the best way of cutting up a carcass of beef, and as this will be of interest to many of our readers, we have had the following diagram made, which will indicate much more plainly than words can the information desired:



A, leg of beef; B, round; C, sitch-bone; D, rump; E, thick flank; F, sirloin; G, fore-rib; H, middle ribs; I, thin flank; K, brisket; L, clink and leg-of-mutton piece; M, clod; N, sticking; O, shin; P, cheek; Q, suet; R, skirt; S, heart; T, melt; U, Tongue; V, liver; W, lights; X, brains; Y, kidneys; Z, tail; A', tripe; A'', cowheel.

Corn Beef and Spiced Beef.

Make a brine of salt and cold water strong enough to bear a potato, add a pinch of saltpetre, but this must be used sparingly as it makes the beef hard. Two ounces of saltpetre is sufficient for a barrel of beef. Lay your beef in the brine, turning it occasionally for two or three weeks, or until required. To have corn beef all summer make a brine as above and boil it down in proportion, say from three pailfuls to two pailfuls, and this will keep sweet and good until late in summer. To spice, add a quantity of allspice, cloves, etc., to the brine. This gives it a delicious flavor.

When packing away furs, they should be sprinkled liberally with camphor gum, and inclosed in paper bags, which should be pasted up. Plush cloaks may be treated in the same manner or sewed up carefully in a sheet.

Second Prize Story—Once Upon a Time.

BY MISS ANNIE MAUSER, CROSSHILL,
WATERLOO CO., ONT.

There was a German family who moved into the wild woods of Waterloo county, when Waterloo was young. Their name was Lübeck, and they were a good, honest, industrious couple. At that time very little of the land was cleared, and when, one evening in summer, the eldest boy, a lad of about five years of age, was sent to a neighbor's, he strayed away and was lost. The parents searched for him for months in every way then known to them, but the search proved vain. Little Jacob was lost, and they mourned him as dead.

But Jacob was not dead. On the evening he strayed away a farmer and his wife driving along the road in their rough wagon, drawn by Buck and Bright, spied a little boy sobbing by the wayside. They stopped and spoke to him, but his only reply to their questions was "Nine." Nothing could be ascertained of his home or parents, although his newly-found friends did not cease making inquiries until they could no longer hope to hear of his friends, if friends he had. So they took him to their home near Niagara, and to their hearts, and till they died he was to them as their own son.

After their death Jacob, now about twenty-four years of age, while speaking with friends he mentioned the fact that he came from a part of Canada where a peculiar language was spoken.

He was told that it might possibly be Waterloo county, and he at once came to Waterloo town, called at the registry office to see if the name Lübeck was on the list. The name was there, Jacob was directed to Bomberg where he found his long-lost parents. His mother at first doubted; this could not be the boy she had lost, but a birth-mark on his arm proved beyond a doubt that this Jacob was her little Jacob. About the time the above incident happened our country was almost a dense woods with only footpaths through them; scarcely any roads fit for conveyances were then known. The woods at the present time are not to be compared in size with that of former times, and such was the condition of our Canada when the pioneer, first settled, and began clearing the forests to prepare homes for themselves and families. Compared with our buildings now, those then erected were comfortless and crude. Yet with all these discomforts many were the happy hours spent around "ain's ain fireside."

Our hut is small, and rude our cheer,
But love hath spread the banquet here."

was the language of each heart, in the days when each one was as good as his neighbor, and was looked upon as a brother.

One Jury too Many.—"Three kinds of juries figure prominently in trials now," remarked McCorkle. "What are they?" asked McCrackle. "Grand jury, petty jury and perjury."

Miss Langham:—You Americans use the name of George Washington very frequently, do you not? Mr. de Yank:—Yes, indeed. Why, "George Washington" has been on every one's tongue since postage stamps were invented.

A body of sailors from an American vessel, stopping at Samoa, went to the German Consulate and demanded dinner. "This is not a hotel," said the offended domestic official who met them. "Well, if it isn't a restaurant, what's that black fowl hung out for? Ain't it a sign?" inquired the spokesman. The "sign" was the German eagle, the Consular coat-of-arms.