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We now offer Excellent ewes, choice rams. And the best lots of lambs ever offered. All sired by our famous Chicago and St. Louis Grand champion rams, His Best and B. Sirdar.

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of the right type. Apply to: **DANIEL DE COURCY, BORNHOLM, ONTARIO.**

SUNNYMOUNT BERKSHIRES

Highest standard of type and quality. For sale: Sows of all ages, and 4 yearling boars. A grand, good lot. Also younger ones. Pairs not akin. **JOHN McLEOD, C.P.R. & G.T.R. Milton P.O., Ont.**

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Imported and home-bred. Sows ready to breed. Boars fit for service, and younger ones either sex. Also Embden geese. **MAC CAMPBELL & SONS, HARWICH, ONT.**

MAPLE LEAF BERKSHIRES

For sale: Young sows bred and ready to breed; boars fit for service; also young pigs farrowed in March and April. Imp. sires and dams. Pairs not akin. **C.P.R. and G.T.R. Joshua Lawrence, Oxford Centre P. O., Ontario.**

Barn Raising.

One of the most sympathetic, racy, and altogether enjoyable descriptions of a barn-raising, was contributed to the Toronto Globe recently by Peter McArthur, who, judging from this and previous correspondence in the same vein, is a metropolitan journalist rusticiating near Ekfrid, Ont., in the neighborhood of his nativity:

"Are you going to the raising?"
If not, you will miss the best entertainment the county affords. A properly-conducted barn-raising contains the excitement of a fire, the sociability of a garden party, and the sentimental delights of a summer-resort "hop." The young men are given a chance to show their agility and prowess, and the girls are enabled to shine as hostesses. Although it is especially a function for young people, there are always enough old folks on hand to give the occasion historical color and perspective with their reminiscences of past raisings—some of them going back to the days of log barns and houses. In "the heroic period" the best man was the one who was competent to build a corner, and anyone who examines one of the primitive buildings cannot but marvel at the skillful dovetailing done by the old-time cornerer. The modern farmer, with all his tools, would find it hard to equal their work. In the traditions of those days there are stories of men who could run along a log and jump the opening left for the barn door—about fourteen feet—with a bottle of whiskey in each hand. Nowadays, we have other men and other manners.

The preliminary work of a barn-raising is done in the winter months, when the timber for the frame is felled and squared. As the old-time broadaxe men who could hew to the line and turn out a stick of square timber that looked as if it had been planed have practically vanished from the earth, the posts, plates, beams, sills, girders, and girders, are now squared in the sawmills. After the timber has been assembled where the barn is to be built, the framers cut it to the required lengths and make the necessary joints, mortises, tenons, braces, and rafters. The invitations for the raisings are then issued, and the housewife, usually helped by her friends, begins to cook for a multitude. The best that the county affords is prepared lavishly, for a raising is always followed by a great feast.

On the day of the raising a gang of men working under the directions of the farmers, put together the bents and sills. The latter are usually laid on cement foundations, as most modern barns have a basement stable for horses and cows. The tents, usually four in number, consist of the posts, beams, girders, and braces. They are put together, with all joints strongly pinned and laid overlapping one another on the foundation, with the tenons in the foot of each post ready to be entered into the mortises in the sills. Early in the afternoon the crowd begins to gather. When all who are expected have put in an appearance, captains are selected, who proceed to choose sides. Then is the anxious moment for the county beau, who can feel holes burning in the back of his duck shirt because of

"A pair
Of blue eyes set upon it."

To be chosen first, or to be among the first half-dozen, is an honor you could appreciate more fully if in your hot youth, when Victoria was Queen, you had been chosen second man. I admit it was only second, but, like the Emperor William in the patriotic but blasphemous German story, I was young then, and I left the country before I reached my growth. As each man is chosen, he leaves the crowd and joins the growing group about his captain. Not even "Casey" of baseball fame, could make that short walk with more "ease and pride" than some of the county boys, and not a few of them prepared their hands for the coming fray, as he did when

"Ten thousand eyes admired him
As he rubbed his hands with dirt,
Five thousand throats applauded
As he wiped them on his shirt."

When everyone has been chosen down to such trifling as visiting journalists and politicians, who can only be expected to help with the granting when the lifting is being done, the real work of the rais-

ing begins. Although the rivals take opposite sides of the barn, they work together in putting up the main framework. "Ye-ho! Hee-eeve! All together, now! Ye-ho! Hee-eeve!"

Slowly the first bent is lifted and shored up until the pikepoles can be brought into play.

"Ye-ho! Hee-eeve!"

Men with handspikes hold back the foot of each post, so that the tenons cannot slip past the mortises as the huge beams are being pushed up into the air.

"Ye-ho! Hee-eeve!"

At last the tenons slip home and the first bent is stay-lathed in place. The girders that connect with the next bent are put in place, braced and stayed. Then another bent is heaved up and the extending girders fitted, braced and pinned. So to the last bent. As it swings up the excitement becomes furious. While the bent is still at a dangerous angle, men clamor up to the collar beams and begin tugging at ropes attached to the heavy plates that are being hoisted against the frame. By the time the last posts have snapped into place, the ends of the plates are already on the collar beams.

"Ye-ho! Hee-eeve! Ye-ho! Hee-eeve! Ye-ho! Hee-eeve!" The race is on!

The slanting plates are rapidly pushed high above the building. Sometimes they are liberally soaped to make them slip over the beams more easily. Now comes the spectacular act of the exciting performance. While the end of the plate is high in the air, venturesome young men, anxious to make a reputation for reckless daring, shin up to the top so that they may "break" it more quickly. No sooner has it been brought down to the collar beams than it is pushed along the full length of the building. Now it must be lifted into place on the tenons at the tops of the posts.

"Ye-ho! Hee-eeve!"

The cheering suddenly changes to sharp calls and commands.

"Where's that brace?"

"Throw me a commander!"

"Throw me a pin!"

"Bang! Bang! Bang! The pins are driven home.

The main plates are pinned into place, and the lighter purlines are already lying on the beams, with posts fitted in and braced. Now they must be hoisted.

"Ye-ho! Hee-eeve!"

"Where's that strut?"

Now for the rafters! They are already leaning against the main plates, with one end on the ground. Hand-over-hand they are pulled up, fitted into their places in the plate, and laid across the rising purlines. This is the breathless end of the race. The purline is up! The rafters in place!

All down!"

The winners spill down from the building as if they would break their necks.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The race is over; the winners rush for the tables that are spread on the lawn, and the laughter of girls and women takes the place of the hoarse yelling and cheering of the men. Under a shower of compliments, the winners wash up and range around the tables, where they are waited on by the girls. The losers, who may have been only a few rafters behind, are forced to wait for "the second tables." Under the influence of the feasting, the excitement soon dies down, and both winners and losers share in the general good-humor.

Sometimes the contending sides indulge in a game of baseball, if there is still time, and they feel like exerting themselves after their full meal. Not infrequently the day ends with a dance—not old-fashioned square dances, but up-to-date waltzes, with music provided by a graduate of some ladies' college, presiding at one of those grand pianos that appear like mushrooms after a season of good crops. The old fiddler, rasping out "The Irish Washerwoman," has gone "slumbering down the dust of days that were," with so many other country institutions.

Then comes the drive home through the moonlight, along the country roads, and past the sweet-smelling clover fields. As the young men are always heroic and the girls bewitching on these occasions, there is no telling how many romances take delicate form at barn raisings. What have the cities to offer in comparison with this too excitement, fun and sentiment? Nothing, absolutely nothing!