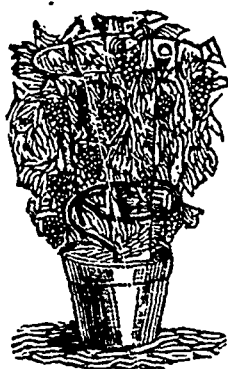


flowers, and greeted by trees loaded with fruit. Yellow dogs came bounding over the tumbled fence like wild beasts. There is no sense—there is no profit—in such a life. It is not living. The farmers ought to beautify their homes. There should be trees and grass, and flowers and running vines. Everything should be kept in order; gates should be kept on their hinges, and about all there should be the pleasant air of thrift. In every house there should be a bath-room. The bath is a civilizer, a refiner, a beautifier. (2) When you come from the fields tired, covered with dust, nothing is so refreshing. Above all things, keep clean. It is not necessary to be a pig in order to raise one. In the cool of the evening, after a day in the field, put on clean clothes, take a seat under the trees, 'mid the perfume of flowers, surrounded by your family, and you will know what it is to enjoy life like a gentleman.

Farming must be more attractive. Those who work the land must have an honest pride in their business. They must educate their children to cultivate the soil. They must make farming easier, so that their children will not hate it themselves. The boys must not be taught that tilling the soil is a curse and almost a disgrace. They must not suppose



GRAPES IN POTS.

that education is thrown away upon them unless they become ministers, lawyers, doctors or statesmen. It must be understood that education can be used to an advantage on a farm. We must get rid of the idea that a little learning unfits one for work.

I say again, if you want more men and women on the farms, something must be done to make farm-life pleasant. One great difficulty is that the farm is lonely. People write about the pleasures of solitude, but they are found only in books. He who lives long alone becomes insane. A hermit is a madman. Without friends and wife and child, there is nothing left worth living for. The unsocial are the enemies of joy. They are filled with egotism and envy, with vanity and hatred. People who live much alone become narrow and suspicious. They are apt to be the property of one idea. They look upon the happiness of others as a kind of folly. They hate joyous folks, because, way down in their hearts they envy them.

It is not necessary in this age of the world for the farmer to rise at the middle of the night and begin his work. This getting up so early in the morning is a relic of barbarism. It has made hundreds of thousands of young men curse the business. There is no need of getting up at three or four o'clock in the winter morning. The father who persists in dragging his wife and children from their beds ought to be visited by a missionary. It is time enough for one to rise

(2) Fifty years ago, the daily use of the bath was almost unknown in England. Now, a gentleman who does not tub every morning would be looked upon as a Yahoo.

after the sun has set the example. For what purpose do you get up? To feed the cattle? Why not feed them more the night before? It is a waste of life. In the old times they used to get up about three o'clock in the morning and go to work long before the sun had risen with "healing upon his wings," and as a just punishment they all had the ague; and they ought to have it now. The man that cannot get a living upon American soil without raising before daylight, ought to starve. Eight hours a day is enough for any farmer to work except in harvest time. When you rise at four and work until dark, what is life worth? Of what use are all the improvements in farming? Of what use all the improved machinery, unless it tends to give the farmer a little more leisure? What is harvesting now, compared with what it was in the old time? Think of the days of reaping, or cradling, or raking and binding and mowing. Think of threshing with the flail, and winnowing with the wind. And now think of the reapers and mowers, the binders and threshing machines, the plows and cultivators, upon which the farmer rides protected from the sun. If, with all these advantages, you cannot get a living without rising in the middle of the night, go into some other business. You should not rob your families of sleep. Sleep is the best medicine in the world. There is no such thing as health without sleep. Sleep until you are thoroughly rested and restored. When you work, work; and when you get through, take a good, long and refreshing sleep.

The farmer has been elevated through science, and he should not forget the debt he owes to the mechanic, the inventor, the thinker. He should remember that all laborers belong to the same grand family—that they are the real kings and queens, the only true nobility.

Cooking is one of the fine arts. Give your wives and daughters things to cook, and things to cook with, and they will soon become most excellent cooks. Good cooking is the basis of civilization. The man whose arteries and veins are filled with rich blood made of good and well-cooked food—has pluck, courage, endurance, and noble impulses. Remember that your wife should have things to cook with.

In the good old days there would be eleven children in the family and only one skillet. Everything was broken or cracked or loaned or lost. There ought to be a law making it a crime punishable by imprisonment to fry beefsteak. Broil it; it is just as easy, and when broiled it is delicious. Fried beefsteak is not fit for a wild beast. You can broil even on a stove. Shut the front damper—open the back one, then take off a griddle. There will be a draft downwards through this opening. Put on your steak, using a wire broiler, and not a particle of smoke will touch it, for the reason that the smoke goes down. If you try to broil it with the front damper open, the smoke will rise. For broiling, coal, even soft coal, makes a better fire than wood. (From *The Southern Planter*.)

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A Canadian warehouse and manufactory of Agricultural Implements.

We gave, in our April number, a few engravings of agricultural implements, to which we attach great interest, coming, as they do, from the well-stocked warehouse of Messrs. Côté & Co., St. Paul's Street, Quebec. When we visited this establishment a few weeks ago, we found there a most complete assortment of the best agricultural implements, including ploughs, harrows, etc., for sale at very moderate prices. M. Samuel Vessot, formerly of Joliette, a skilful mechanic, has just en-