

AGRICULTURE.

News of General Interest.

THE DAIRY

We have for a long time during the cold winter weather given our cows tepid water instead of cold, with the most satisfactory results. It keeps up the flow of milk, fully justifying the labour.

When cows eat old ropes, boards, and fowl litter it indicates that they are suffering from indigestion and malnutrition. The remedy is to give a few doses of raw linseed oil of one pint each three times a week, and then give bran mash with a teaspoonful of ginger.

When only a few cows are kept the cream pot should have its contents stirred daily. This is partly to expose the cream to the air to allow it to oxygenize. This even ripening of cream will insure more and better butter, and with succulent feed will enable the owner of a dairy to make nearly or quite as good butter in winter as in summer. With cows long in milk, however, the butter in winter will come slowly.

Except just at the time of calving when the quantity is as important as its quality, liberal feeding is always the best policy for cows. A good animal will not accumulate fat, and it is difficult to keep a fine milker in even tolerable condition. But if she eats well, as every good cow will, her owner may rest assured that the feed is returned to him in the milkpail, in a form more valuable than most of the feed that is eaten on the farm can possibly assume.

The plan of keeping cows continually in milk without allowing them to have a calf is practicable, but not only a decrease in yield in cows so kept, but the milk is less digestible. It is nearly or quite as much labor to milk a farrow cow as one giving a fresh flow of milk. The cow, if well fed, may be milked until six or eight weeks of the time of calving, or even up to it if necessary, but it is better to allow several weeks for the cow to get into condition for producing a large flow of milk when she calves.

The sagacity of cows is generally underrated. A great deal is said of dogs and horses, but the ingenuity displayed by cows in opening barn doors, feed boxes, and gates and in upsetting fences far surpasses that of any other farm animal, and proves them to be thinking and reasoning creatures. One who has watched the eloquent eye of a cow engaged in withholding her milk cannot fail to be impressed with the evident power of thought and determined will. And now as a further proof of the cow's sagacity Mr. Coles Carpenter says one of his herd goes to the pump when the water trough is empty, and, taking the pump handle between her horns, pumps water into the tub and satisfies her thirst, and will even pump more if the supply is not satisfactory.

This story, perhaps, goes far enough, if it is not too far, for it will certainly encourage the dishonest milk and water men to charge some ambitious and vain cow with diluting her own milk for the purpose of increasing her record. Perhaps Mary Anne of St Lambert is one of those sagacious and ambitious cows.—N. Y. TIMES.

PREMIUM DAIRY BUTTER.

Mrs. Edgar J. Bliss, who received the first premium for dairy butter offered by the Essex Society, made the following statement:—The milk is set in pans upon slatted shelves, and after twenty-four hours skimmed and churned in a barrel churn at a temperature of 60°. The butter is at once put into a wooden pail with ice water, salted and washed, handled with a ladle only. This process is repeated twice, and the butter packed or baled as required, also salted to suit, but never touched by the hands. Mrs. Oliver Patch, who received a second premium:—The milk is strained into tin pans, about three quarts in each pan, and set in a cool room and allowed to stand from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, according to the weather, being careful to skim the cream before the milk turns. As the cream is added to the pail each day it is well stirred. Churn once a week. No water is put in after the butter comes.

After the buttermilk is worked out all that possible can be, it is salted with dairy salt, and after standing over night is worked over again and weighed into pounds ready for market.

THE FARM.

It has been proven by actual experiment that beets turnips can be raised, lifted, and stored for six cents per bushel. At this cost they certainly are a profitable food for sheep.

The boxes thrown out cooking or from the table are much too valuable to be wasted. Burned or ground they are excellent feed for poultry, and this is perhaps the best way to make the phosphate they

contain available as a fertilizer for crops. In many sections last year the potato beetle did no injury, and the use of Paris green was not necessary. It is probable that in these localities the parasites which prey on the beetle in its various stages will keep it in check, so that potatoes may be grown as cheaply and safely as ever before.

A line of any kind of trees along a fence will injure the crop for some distance inland. Some trees are worse than others, the hickory and butternut being such gross feeders that they are said to poison the land which they cover. In most cases their bad effects are seen much farther than the droppings of their leaves can reach, and especially with potatoes or other root crops, which need all the moisture the soil can furnish.

The earliest sowing crop after rye will usually be oats or barley, sown as soon as the ground is ready to work. For this purpose thicker seeding is advisable than when a crop of grain is expected. Three bushels of either grain will be better than less. The cutting may begin as soon as large enough to take a swath. The very earliest cutting will sprout and make a good second growth. That which is cut just as the heads begin to form will sprout very little. Successive sowing will keep a supply until corn can be grown large enough for fodder.

No grain crop will be more quickly benefited by manure than barley. Its growth is rapid, and at the beginning is at a season when plant food does not develop fast in the soil. Hence some kind of commercial fertilizers drilled with the seed to give the plant its first start is especially valuable for this grain. Of late years it is found that the weight of grain, on which depends its value for sale, is due to the application of mineral natures. Where phosphate benefits other crops sow it on barley. Where it does not, sow salt, ashes, or some other form of potash.

Some surprise has been expressed regarding very great yields of potatoes which have recently been reported. Two thousand five hundred and fifty-eight pounds from one pound of seed seems to be incredible, this is equivalent to a yield of 20,464 bushels per acre from eight bushels of seed. Taken in this shape the yield is not only incredible, but preposterously impossible, for it would be equal to nearly half a bushel for each square foot of land. The fact is that these great yields are simply the legerdemain of potato culture, and are procured by the well-known arts of the gardener who multiplies plants by cuttings. A potato is cut into single eyes and planted in a hotbed. As the sprouts appear they are slipped off and transferred to pots and cut into slips, which are rooted into other pots, and these are planted out in the beds. In this way many hundreds of plants are procured, which in the aggregate yield the enormous quantities reported. To claim this result as being due to any special variety or to any special fertilizer is a gross fraud which should be severely rebuked.

PASTURED INJURED BY EARLY FEEDING.

The old practice of turning cattle and sheep out to pasture as soon as there is a single rod of land clear of snow, is yet continued in some parts of the States, but as a rule, farmers have learned that it is a wasteful practice to turn cattle into the pastures, even for a few hours in the middle of the day, until there is a good growth of new grass for them to feed on.

The Origin of Canned Fruits.

It is a singular fact, observes a contemporary, that we are indebted to Pompeii for the great industry of canned fruits. Years ago, when the excavations were just beginning, a party of Americans found, in what had been the pantry of a house, many jars of preserved figs. One was opened, and they were found to be fresh and good. Investigation showed that the figs had been put into jars in a heated state, an aperture left for the steam to escape, and then sealed with wax. The hint was taken, and the next year fruit-canning was introduced in the United States, the process being identical with that in vogue at Pompeii twenty centuries ago. The old ladies in America who can tomatoes and peaches for domestic use do not realize that they are indebted for this art to a people who were literally ashes but a few years after Christ. There is nothing new under the sun. Canned tomatoes and loaded dice—the people of Pompeii had both.

—A Dakota man insisted on paying a dentist beforehand for administering gas to extract his teeth, alleging that as it made him insensible he wouldn't have the money afterward. The man had been a dentist himself.

—Lady Caller.—I much prefer colored servants to white ones; don't you, Mrs. B? Mrs. B.—Well, really, Mrs. H., it depends upon the color, you know. I can't endure green ones.

Remedy for the Headache.

We desire to call attention to a simple, and at the same time wonderfully efficient, treatment for headache. We lay no claim to originality, nor do we know who the originator was, but having used it for a year or more, and in many cases with remarkable results, we feel disposed to give our endorsement, and desire to make it more generally known. The remedy is nothing more or less than a solution of the bi-sulphide of carbon. A wide-mouth glass stopped bottle is half filled with cotton or fine sponge, and upon this two or three drams of the solution are poured. When occasion for its use occurs the mouth of the bottle is to be applied to the temple or as near as possible to the seat of pain, so closely that none of the volatile vapor may escape; and retained there four or five minutes or longer. For a minute or so nothing is felt, then comes a sense of tingling, which in a few minutes—three or four usually—becomes rather severe, but which subsides almost immediately if the bottle be moved, and any redness of the skin that may occur will also quickly subside. It may be reapplied, if necessary, several times in the day, and it generally acts like magic, giving immediate relief. We believe this was the basis of a once popular nostrum. The class of headaches to which it seems especially adapted is that which may be grouped under the broad term of "nervous." Thus neuralgic, perionic and hysterical headaches, and even many kinds of dyspeptic headaches, are almost invariably relieved by it. True, the relief of a mere symptom is quite another thing from the removal of the cause, yet no one who has had the distress, and even agony, caused by severe and frequent recurring headaches (and who has not seen it?) but will rejoice to be able to afford relief in so prompt and simple a manner; besides, it is sure to secure the hearty gratitude of the patient if he has suffered long.—(Physicians and Surgeons Investigator.)

A Massachusetts Cripple Made Whole.

A miracle was performed at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre recently. A lad, Joseph Fiset, who was a complete cripple, and suffering also from a number of running sores in his back, had come all the way from Massachusetts to invoke the power of the saint in his behalf. He struggled up to the altar-rail on his crutches, kissed the relics, felt a cold thrill throughout his body, which caused him to drop his crutches, and on stooping to recover them he found he could walk. With devout thanksgiving he had laid his crutches among those of others who have been healed through the interposition of St. Anne, and walked from the church to the steamer. On board were two medical men who examined the sores on his back and found them dried up. A member of McGill Medical Faculty visited him in this city to-day, and after examination concluded that at the shrine the boy became convinced that he was cured, and he obtained that confidence the want of which has prevented him from walking before. So convinced was young Fiset of his cure that he sent the following telegram to his father, John Fiset, Greenfield, Mass.—
"I am perfectly cured. All my sores are healed; have left crutches at St. Anne's Home."

They Had All Kinds of Time.

A gentleman rode up to a small boy sitting on the fence in front of his home and inquired if he lived there.
"I try to," was the response.
"Well, my boy, I want to know what time it is; can you tell me?"
"Yes, I kin; I wuz in the house jis five minutes ago, and the old clock wuz a pintin' at 'leven."
"What kind of time do you have?"
"Oh, us have all kinds."
"But I mean, do you have solar time or standard time?"
"That's what I said. We have all kinds."
"I don't understand you."
"Don't yer? Well, come to our house and jive awhile an' yer'll learn. My sister Sal she has the standard time, that that's the clock; the hired girl has sun time, that's watchin' the shades, an' pay an' ma'm has a high old time, that's what they're doin' in there now, an' I'm settin' on the fence till they get her regergeriated. By gosh, you hadn't better wait round' here if you don't want to hear suthin' strike, an' strike mighty durn hard."

The man rode away rapidly and the boy kicked another plank off the fence.—Merchant Traveller.
—A man does not always consider his barber on a social level with himself, yet he is angry if his barber cuts him.
—Mrs. Dobiny, of Austin, who is a very spare woman, does her own marketing. She is everlastingly complaining of the butcher for giving her meat with so many bones in it. A few days ago she said to him.
"My husband is always growling about the thin, poor meat, and lots of bones you sell me."
"I believe do not," responded the Teutonic butcher; "den ven he vash dot kind of man, how did he come to marry a woman vat vash hoddings but skin and bones like you vas?"
Mrs. Dobiny goes to another butcher now.

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