

The Farm.

Partly the Father's Fault.

"Hoard's Dairyman" tells of a young man who inherited a herd of grade cows which his father had taken much trouble to build up, and which would average 275 pounds of butter to a cow yearly. He was ashamed of his little, lean-looking calves, and wanted better, so he put a beefy Shorthorn bull at the head of his herd, raised his heifer calves, and sold the bull calves at good prices. He was proud, too, of his plump-built, square-ended heifers, but when they came to milking not one would make as much butter as its mother by 100 pounds a year.

This may have been an extreme case of a man attempting an improvement without any very definite idea of how he will do it, or what would be the legitimate result of his change, but not as much damage is done or not as often is harm done in this way as is haphazard breeding and crossing without any idea in view. If one starts in the wrong direction and keeps moving straight on, he knows how to retrace his steps when he finds his mistake, but if he wanders aimlessly here and there he does not know when he went wrong, nor how to set himself right, unless some one shows him.

But the father was more in fault than the young man. If he had built up a dairy herd by expense and trouble he should have kept the son informed of what he was trying to do, and how he expected to accomplish it. But the poet says, "Each man thinks each man mortal but himself," and many a man makes no preparations or calculations for the time when he must leave another to carry on his work.—American Cultivator.

Orchard Manuring.

So much mischief can be done by applying manures of the wrong kind in orchards that I doubt if we do not lose more by manuring than by neglecting to manure. Fruit trees do not require at any time barnyard manures or their equivalent. What they require is a supply of inorganic food. You can do no better for apple trees than to supply them with coal ashes in which there is a liberal admixture of wood ashes. The coal ashes loosen the soil; the wood ashes furnish the fertilizer. If you can get a supply of old mortar you have just the thing you need. A mixture of lime and salt, when so mixed as to leave no free salt, is excellent for all fruit trees. All such manures should be applied as a top-dressing. A peach or plum orchard needs nothing better than swamp muck or earth from the woods, with a slight addition of phosphate and potash.

If barnyard manure is applied at any time, it should be thoroughly decomposed and applied as a top-dressing. Such manure, if placed about the roots, when planting a pear or apple tree, will kill it. Grapes of course, want phosphates and potash. They will also respond to a free application of liquid manures during their periods of rest, both in winter and in midsummer. All the tall-growing berries of the bramble sort will use a large amount of organic manure. But be careful about dressing your raspberries with rank undecomposed barnyard manure. The probability is at any time you will develop a fungoid disease that you cannot easily master. If you use barnyard manure in raspberries it should be thoroughly comminuted with the soil as a compost. In fact, I prefer to compost every manure before it is placed on my gardens. Equally important as the manure is the mulching of our fruit trees and bushes of all sorts.—E. P. Powell in American Agriculturist.

Filling the Icehouse.

Seventeen years ago I put up a building 18 by 30, and thirteen feet from bottom of sill to top of plate. In the north end I made a room for ice that holds a pile 12 by 16 and 12 feet high. Allowing one-ninth for expansion, ten cubic feet of ice should weigh about the same as nine feet of water, making over sixty tons of ice. In estimat-

ing the weight of ice, thirty-six cubic feet to the ton is sufficiently accurate for all practical purposes. Since the first lot was put in we have never been out of ice, having used freely for creamery and other purposes, besides selling in some years enough to pay for filling.

In the other part of the building is a hay scale, and the entrance to the icehouse is from that side, there being no outside opening except a large window in the north gable. Besides being a handy place to house a wagon, leave a load of hay or anything else over night, or longer, I think that part of the building also adds to the keeping capacity of the icehouse. And in return the ice part pays for the protecting shade by furnishing the needed places on which to slide the scaleroom doors.

In my earlier experience I tried to find help that knew something about handling ice, but was obliged to learn mostly by practice. Far too much of telling farmers how to do their work is written by those who never do it. For instance, somebody once wrote how to cut and pack ice, "mark out a section of ice the exact size and shape of the icehouse, saw it into cakes and place them in the building in the same order as they lay before sawing." A sort of crazy-quilt or Chinese puzzle affair, that would seem to be.

My method is to use a pattern the size of the cake wanted, 16 by 24 inches, and make every piece the same size and shape. To do this cut out a strip of ice eight inches wide, the longer the better, provided the weather is not extremely cold, for a headland, so to speak. Lay the pattern with one end to the open space and saw close to it the length of the measure. Move the pattern the width of it; saw again, and so continue. After a few cakes are sawed in this manner use a straight-edge board laid parallel with the edge of the ice and saw off these cakes the exact length wanted. While one man is sawing the long side of the cakes another can make the short cut, pull them out of the water and set them on end ready to load. The rack on my bobs is twelve feet long and four feet wide, all level surface, and two men with icetongs can put on a heavy load in a few minutes. Packing is nearly done when it is properly sawed, every cake as "square as a brick." It takes less time and makes a better job to fill the outside with sawdust as we go along.

It is always safe and generally best to secure the first ice that forms. I finished this time on December 20, with an average thickness of about eight inches. Cost of filling, not counting team, 25 cents a ton. Saws should be as sharp and as true as it is possible to file them, with set enough to work in soft wood.

All this may seem commonplace and of not much importance, but in my own case a little systematic attention to details, mixed with the hard work, means ice always in plenty for about half of what it used to cost me as a beginner. And it has come to pass that providing a year's supply of ice is no more of a job to be dreaded than getting up a woodpile.—J. O. Clark.

The Practical Houdan.

I have been breeding fowls for a great many years, paying attention almost wholly to the "practical" breeds—Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes and Leghorns. This year, while on a journey, I passed near the home of a noted fancier of Houdans, and called to see his stock. I was so well pleased with what I saw that I purchased six chickens and carried them home with me for further investigation. The birds are black, with a sprinkling of white and partly white feathers all through their plumage. They have large crests, long, deep bodies, with a splendid development of breast meat. They have a very gentle disposition, and grow rapidly, being great foragers and having keen appetites on all occasions. They attain a very good size indeed, though not as large as our Plymouth Rocks, and lay exceptionally handsome eggs—big, pure white ones. The birds appear to me to be exceptionally hardy, and I am not surprised that the French people regard them as among the very finest of the practical breeds. One point against them in some sections of this country might be their white skin, as a yellow color is demanded with emphasis in some of our markets, but for home and local consumption there would be little trouble on this score. It is certainly an open question in my mind whether the English are not right in their contention that white flesh in poultry is much tenderer and juicier than yellow flesh. I am going to test that matter a little later in the case of a plump Houdan cockerel, cooked in company with a yellow-skinned Plymouth Rock or Wyandotte.

We Don't Want a Cent

Of your money unless you get value received for it. Get a package of Monsoon Indo-Ceylon Tea from your grocer, and, if it is not the best you ever tasted, return it and get your money back. 30, 40, 50 and 60 cents per pound.

MONSOON
INDO-CEYLON TEA

FREE.

We give this fine watch, and also a chain and fob, for selling two dozen LEVER COLAR BUTTONS, at 10 cts. each. Send your address and we forward the Buttons, postpaid, and our Premium List. No money required. Sell the Buttons among your friends, return the money, and we send the watch, prepaid. A genuine American watch, guaranteed a good timepiece. Mention this paper when writing.

LEVER BUSTON CO.,
20 Adelaide St. E. Toronto, Ont.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
TRAVEL IN COMFORT
—BY—
TOURIST SLEEPERS

leaving Montreal every THURSDAY at 11 a. m. for the PACIFIC COAST, accommodating second class passengers for all points in Canadian North West, British Columbia, &c.

Birth Rates—
Montreal to Winnipeg.....\$4.00
Montreal to Calgary..... 6.50
Montreal to Revelstoke..... 7.00
Montreal to Vancouver..... 8.00
Montreal to Seattle..... 8.00

For Passage Rates to all Points in CANADA, WESTERN STATES and to JAPAN, CHINA, INDIA, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, AUSTRALIA and MANILA, and also for descriptive advertising matter and maps, write to
A. H. NOTMAN,
Asst. Genl. Pass. Agt.,
St. John, N. B.

CONSUMPTION

The Great White Plague.

THESE
3 BOTTLES
FREE

THE DR. SLOCUM SYSTEM is a comprehensive and complete system of treatment, which attacks every vulnerable point of the disease and completely vanquishes it. It leaves no point unguarded; it leaves no phase of the trouble neglected; it cures and cures for ever weak lungs, bronchitis, consumption and all other throat and lung diseases by absolutely obliterating the cause.



Consumption, if Properly Treated, is Curable—Left to Itself it is Slow, Sure and Deadly.

There is no human ailment so destructive of life as Consumption. It is the weapon of the grim reaper, carrying off its victims at any time, and in no month or in no season can they feel sure of immunity. Modern medical science has made many discoveries along many different lines, but in no case is the human race under a greater debt of gratitude than to that distinguished and eminent chemist, Dr. T. A. Slocum, whose researches have resulted in a cure for consumption, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles—a cure that exterminates the cause, builds the body, and kills the germ of disease. To prove the efficacy of this cure, 3 bottles are offered free to any sufferer. All that is necessary is to put your name, postoffice and nearest express office on a post card, and mail it to The T. A. Slocum Chemical Co., Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto, Ont., stating you saw this free offer in The MESSENGER AND VISITOR, when the three bottles will be sent you at once. This test costs you nothing, and it is a duty you owe to yourself and your friends to try the Slocum Cure.