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THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE

AND HOME MAGAZINE

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Vol. XLIV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, JULY 8, 1909.

No. 876

Buchanan's Swivel Carrier



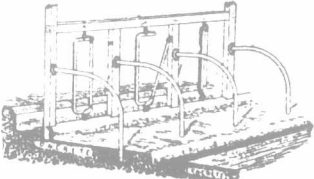
For unloading Hay and all kinds of Grain.
For wood track, steel track, rod and cable track. Made entirely of malleable iron; no springs. Fitted with our patent deadlock. 25,000 of our Haying Machines in use, is the best guarantee that we build them right.
Write for catalogue of Carriers, Slings, Stokers etc.—and name of dealer near you who handles Buchanan's. M. T. Buchanan & Co., Ingersoll, Ont.

Choice Western Farms.
Desirable Locations.

We are offering good values in specially-selected blocks of unimproved lands, also improved farms, with buildings and breaking done. PRICES and TERMS VERY REASONABLE. Call and see us, or write for literature.

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They will make it brighter and neater, are stronger, more durable, and cost less than any other tie when all is considered. Your cows will be kept clean and comfortable. Ask us how to lay out your stable, and why it pays to use "BT" STANCHIONS.

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Hay Carriers, Litter Carriers, etc.

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No more paint for me!
I've now covered every roof on my place with Amatite.

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Second—We use two layers of the best grade of wool felt to hold the pitch in place. This wool felt gives

tensile strength to the roofing, and is the best material known for that purpose.

Third—On top of these four layers is a real mineral surface. This surface requires absolutely no painting, and adds materially to the life of the roofing. It is fire retardant. It is permanent.

FREE SAMPLE

We want to send you a sample so that you can see what a solid, substantial waterproof roofing Amatite really is. Write to-day. Address nearest office.

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That's the kind of a roof you want on your house and barns. They are the cheapest, being easiest and quickest to lay, and last the longest.

Send us measurements of the roof you intend covering, and we will give you complete estimates of cost.

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are swinging Stanchions. See the comfort and freedom they give to cattle. Are strongly made to stand the roughest usage, and save lumber and labor in fitting up cow stables. Saves time in tying cattle because the latch is easily operated and absolutely secure. Made in five sizes. Write for Catalogues and prices.

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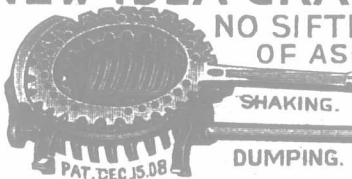
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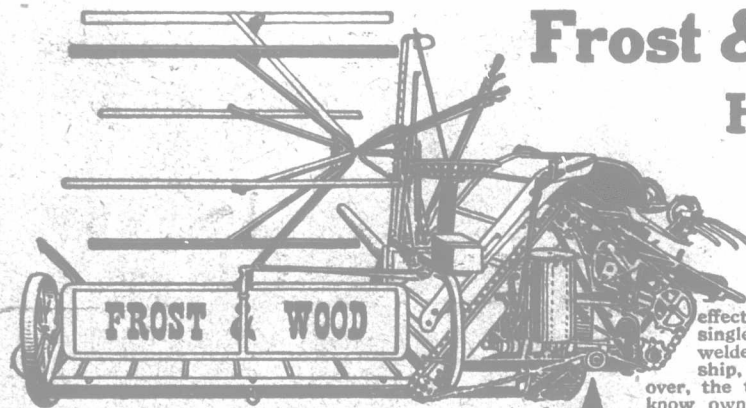
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THE GURNEY TILDEN CO.
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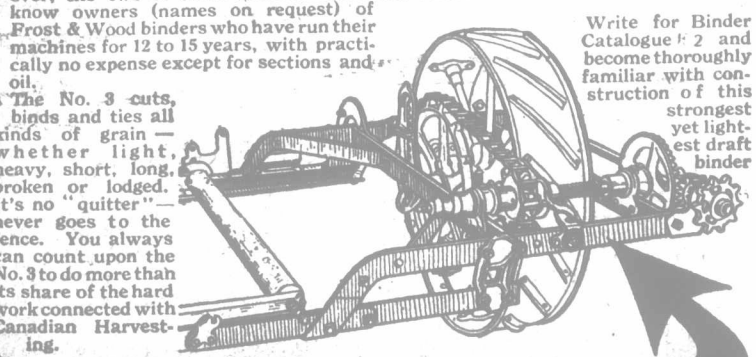
Frost & Wood No. 3 Binder Has a Strong "Back Bone"

Dropping into a furrow harder than intended, or accidentally striking a boulder, does not "wreck" our No. 3—because it is built to stand more "hard knocks" than a binder is commonly supposed to encounter. The No. 3 Main Power Frame—the binder's "back bone"—consists of heavy pieces of steel firmly rivetted together. The Platform is connected to the Main Power Frame by a Double Steel Brace (see illustration). Hard work and rough ground have no effect on this brace. Certainly, no possibility of it sagging. Indeed, every single part of the No. 3 is of the best material, securely bolted, rivetted or welded to some other part. It's the QUALITY, in material and workmanship, that we put into our binders that enables them to beat, by five times over, the two or three seasons' durability-record of other binders. Why, we know owners (names on request) of Frost & Wood binders who have run their machines for 12 to 15 years, with practically no expense except for sections and oil.

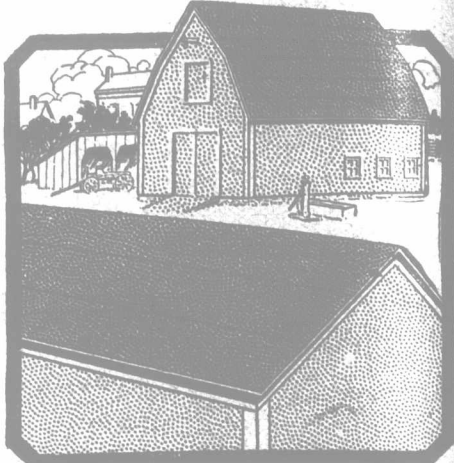
"Canadian" conditions are "different" from those prevalent in other countries. It is well for the "Canadian" farmer to remember this. He will find it will pay him to purchase from a Canadian Company who know the requirements of the different sections and who build their machines accordingly. The Frost & Wood Co. have been manufacturing Farm Implements for the last 70 years and have the very best and most prosperous farmers as customers.

Frost & Wood organization covers Canada from Atlantic to Pacific. Branch Warehouses in New Westminster, Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, Brandon, Winnipeg, Toronto, London, Ottawa, Sherbrooke, Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Truro and Charlottetown. Your "local" agent can thus on shortest notice obtain for you (if he hasn't it on hand himself) any Frost & Wood Machine or part thereof that you may desire.

The FROST & WOOD CO. Limited
SMITH'S FALLS, CANADA



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REX FLINTKOTE ROOFING

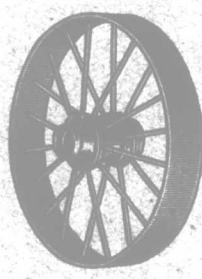
Is durable; it is good all through. Its body is high grade, long-fibre wool felt, heavy, dense and durable; the saturation or water-proofing is slowly worked in until the body is thoroughly impregnated with it—REX saturation will never dry out; the coating is of special rubbery, gummy compounds that unite with the body and the saturation.

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Our Low Wide-tire Steel Wheels Halve Loading-labor

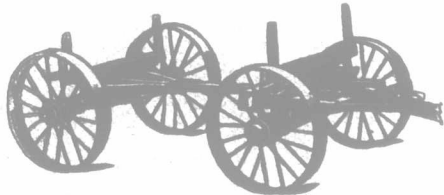
You can load a low-wheel wagon in half the time required to load a high-wheel affair. And there is no reaching-up or high-throwing to do with a wagon equipped with our Low Wide-tire Steel Wheels.

You can turn any wagon into a low one. Our wheels are made in any size, any width of tire, to fit any axle. Reliable in all kinds of weather, wet or dry, hot or cold. Can be readily taken apart and put together again. Sold under a guarantee that completely protects you. Send for catalogue.

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Low Handy Wagon

An immensely popular wagon is our "Queen City" Low Handy Wagon. Strongly constructed, excellently finished, splendid appearance. Can be changed into platform wagon in three or four minutes. One man can do more work with "Queen City" than two men with high wagon. Complete particulars in free catalogue.



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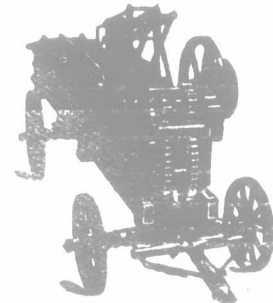
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600 Feet per lb.,	8 1-2c. per lb.
550 " "	7 3-4c. "
500 " "	7 1-4c. "

These prices are net cash. The twine is put up in fifty-pound jute sacks, and is manufactured from SELECT FIBER. Quality and length guaranteed. Please specify at once what quality and quantity is required. Purchaser pays freight, and cash must accompany shipping instructions.

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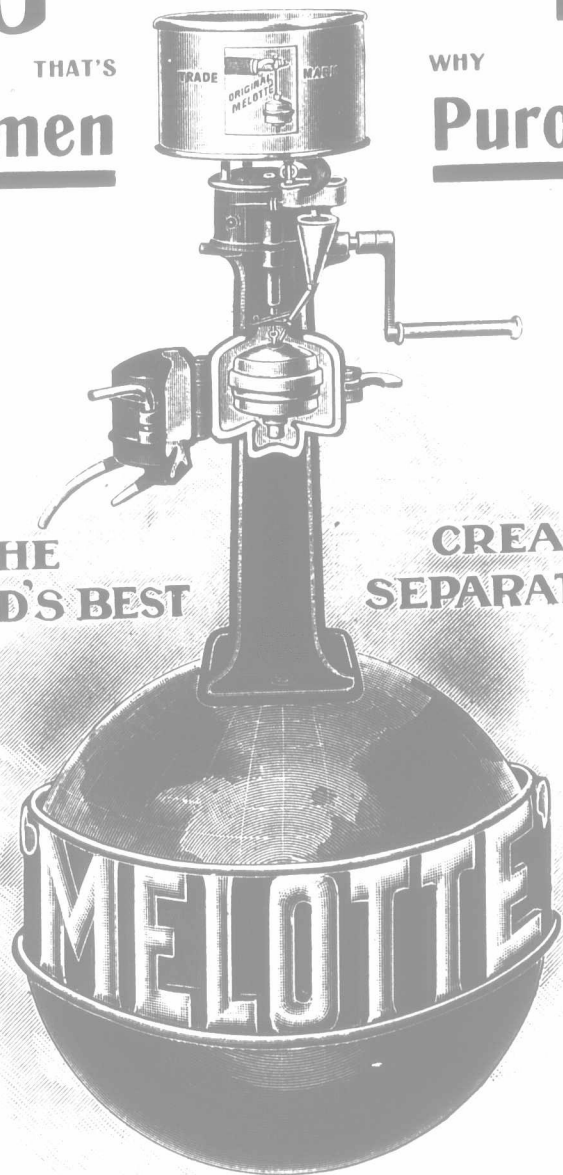
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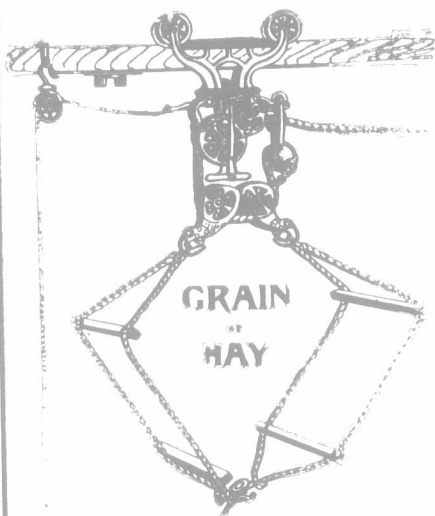
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THE FAVORITES OF THEM ALL.
Unequalled for simplicity, durability and efficiency.



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VANCO BRAND Arsenate of Lead

IT WON'T BURN. IT STICKS WELL.
IT SPRAYS EASY. IT KILLS SURE.

100	lb. kegs	11c.	per lb.	Net cash f.o.b. Toronto.
50	" "	11 1/4 c.	"	
25	" "	12c.	"	
12 1/2	" "	13c.	"	

Use two or three pounds to forty imperial gallons water.

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148-158 Van Horne St. TORONTO, ONT.

Heavy Galvanized Steel Stock Watering Trough



Capacity of standard size, about 10 imperial gallons to the foot. Other sizes made to order. Lengths 6, 7, 8, 10 and 12 feet without a seam; no rivets to rust out; the end is fastened by our patented device. No trough to compare with this on the market. Manufactured by

The Erie Iron Works, Ltd.
ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO.

If your dealer does not handle our goods, please send direct to us for any information you may require.

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No. 1. A first Preferred Stock in a large manufacturing company—guaranteed 7 per cent. This is a highly profitable business. Interest is payable half-yearly at 7 per cent. per annum. There is also a bonus of stock which will increase the profit 50 per cent.

No. 2. Stock in a well-established, good-paying wholesale business in Toronto, dealing with all kinds of Farm and Dairy Products, earning from 10 to 25 per cent. yearly. In this stock you are entitled to receive in dividends the full amount of profits earned by the company.

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SEND FOR PATTERNS
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B. R. D., Farmer's Advocate,
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YOU CAN SAVE
50%

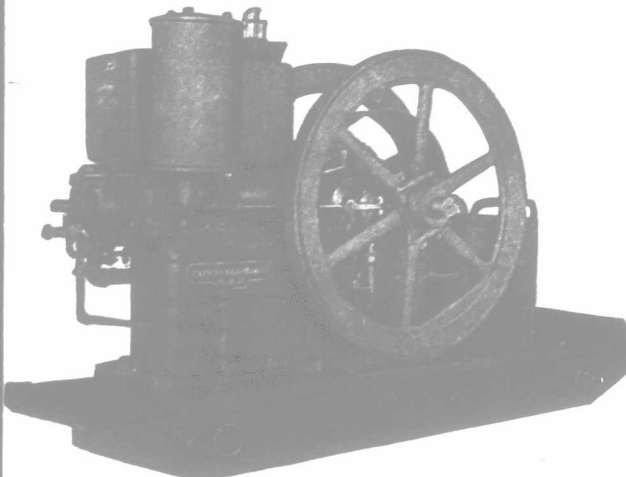
READ WHAT A CUSTOMER SAYS:
Dear Sir,
Breeches to hand, at all that can be desired; they certainly are better than a pair I paid £11. for a few months ago. Please keep measure.—O.E.

This gentleman measured himself according to our easy measure instructions
MADE TO YOUR MEASURES.
Testimonials from all parts of the World.
BEDFORD RIDING BREECHES CO.

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Perfect Fit,
CORRECT STYLE,
Absolute Satisfaction.

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Also in better qualities at 13s. 11d. & 15s. 11d.
PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.



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Improved Skidded and Portable
Evaporator Tank
GASOLINE ENGINES

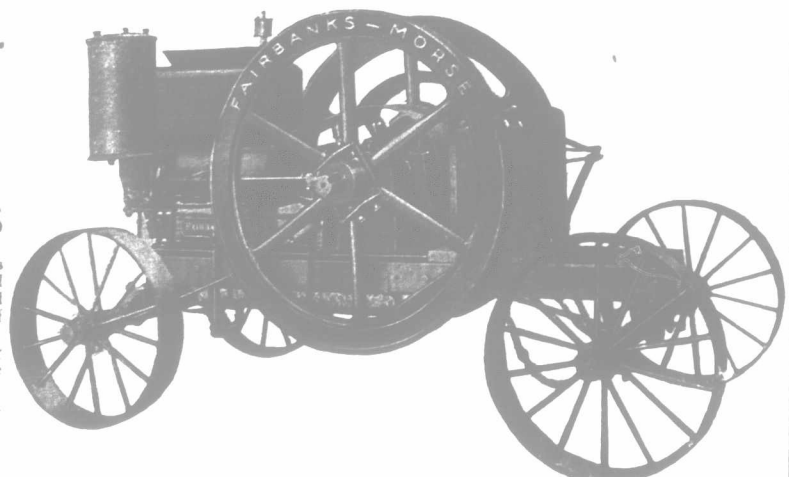
These engines are built along the same lines as our Fairbanks-Morse Standard Horizontal Engines, with the exception that our improved Cast Iron Evaporator Tank is cast on top of cylinder, as shown in illustration.

No cooling tank is required, thus overcoming the difficulty of carrying the usual great volume of water. The lubrication difficulties of Air Cooled Engines are overcome in the above, there is very little water in the tank to take off by drain in the cold weather, thus saving time and trouble, and there is no water pump to freeze up. We provide a shield to prevent water slashing out of the Hopper Jacket.

The skidded engine is a very desirable outfit where it is necessary to move the engine, providing a means whereby the engine can be drawn about on its iron-shod runners, or can be placed on a farm truck or a bob sled.

The engine itself is Fairbanks-Morse in every respect, and ensures to the customers the best there is in Gasoline Engine construction.

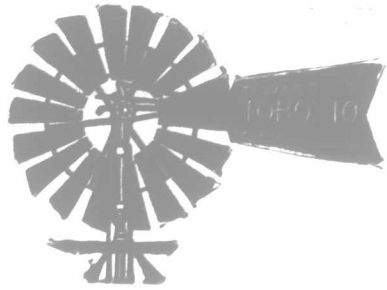
Send for our FREE CATALOGUE G E 102, showing our full line of Fairbanks-Morse Vertical and Horizontal Gasoline Engines and Machinery for farm work. It means money saved for you. Write to-day.



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GOES A LONG WAY SOMETIMES, BUT A

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goes a long way all the time on the farm. Saves time and lot of hard labor. NO FUEL. THE SIMPLE, STRONG MILL. One customer writes: "Cost me 10c. for repairs in 5 years."

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NEARLY 75,000 ACRES SOLD IN APRIL.

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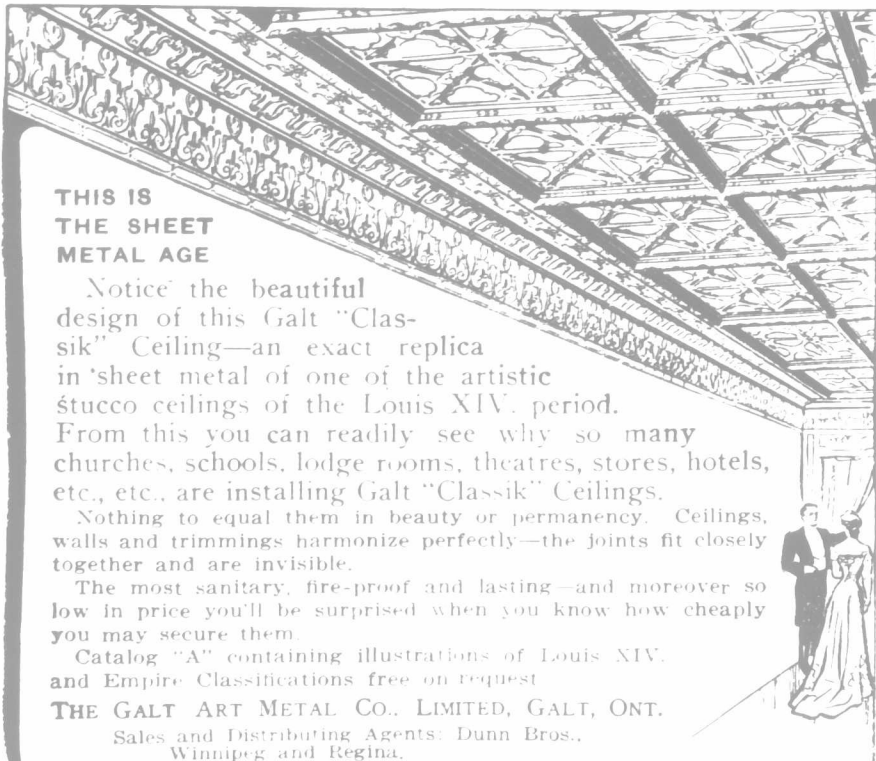
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GILSON
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For Pumping, Cream Separators, Churns, Wash Machines, etc. **FREE TRIAL**. Ask for catalog all sizes.

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Notice the beautiful design of this Galt "Classik" Ceiling—an exact replica in sheet metal of one of the artistic stucco ceilings of the Louis XIV. period. From this you can readily see why so many churches, schools, lodge rooms, theatres, stores, hotels, etc., etc., are installing Galt "Classik" Ceilings.

Nothing to equal them in beauty or permanency. Ceilings, walls and trimmings harmonize perfectly—the joints fit closely together and are invisible.

The most sanitary, fire-proof and lasting—and moreover so low in price you'll be surprised when you know how cheaply you may secure them.

Catalog "A" containing illustrations of Louis XIV. and Empire Classifications free on request.

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DE LAVAL CREAM
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Ninety per cent. of the professional Butter-makers of the world use the DE LAVAL

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Double-Disc Records
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Music on both sides!

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USE **MENDETS**

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them: fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample 25c. Inc. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 2c. POSTPAID. Agents wanted.

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PLEASE "ECONOMY" FURNACE

MAKES
Mild Weather Moderately Cold All Alike Cold or Zero

Manufactured by
Pease Foundry Co., Ltd., Toronto, Winnipeg

The Farmer's Advocate

and Home Magazine

"Persevere and Succeed."

Established 1866.

REGISTERED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE COPYRIGHT ACT OF 1875.

Vol. XLIV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, JULY 8, 1909

No. 876

EDITORIAL

The true conception of agriculture is not that it is a job to be resorted to of necessity, but an occupation to be engaged in of choice.

We are reading in the daily papers at this time of year account after account of electrical storms, and the number of buildings set on fire and destroyed by lightning. The damage is done in country places, mostly. Any farmer may rod his buildings efficiently, using nine strands of No. 9 galvanized wire twisted together for rod, at a total cost for material of two and a half cents per running foot.

We have been often amused to note how, when a man for any reason, whether it be pique or false notions of economy, decides to dispense with a first-class agricultural journal, he generally subscribes to a second or third-rate one, by way of concession to his conscience. It is poor balm, however, much as he tries to be satisfied with it, and one or two years' reading usually serves to convince him that, in the selection of reading matter, quality ranks far above all considerations of prejudice or price.

The United States Senate, led by Nelson W. Aldrich, has thought better of its intention to impose a duty on mechanically ground pulp, unless Canada or some Province thereof should discriminate against the United States unduly by export duty or embargo upon pulp wood, wood pulp or printing paper. Nevertheless, Canada should not hesitate to take effective means, whether by export duty or regulation, to prevent the export of our wood products in crude form. Our supplies are by no means inexhaustible, and to permit the United States to draw upon them freely for manufacture and use in their own country, while saving their forests, would be nothing short of folly.

The broadening of the course at the Ontario Veterinary College is a benefit made possible by the taking over of the school as a Provincial institution, and the lengthening of the course to cover three years, instead of two, as formerly. In order that he may be equipped to diagnose, discover the origin of, and successfully treat the mysterious outbreaks of contagious and other diseases ever liable to occur, the veterinary practitioner should have a broad knowledge beyond the realms of anatomy, pathology and materia medica. For instance, diseases are sometimes the result of animals consuming in their food plants which may be diseased, thus poisoning or causing disease in animals which consume them. Hence, the veterinarian should be something of a botanist, and this, among other subjects, has been added to the O. V. C. curriculum. Again, study of the cause of diseases, with the aid of the recent science of bacteriology, has demonstrated that many maladies result from bacteria or germs, hence veterinary science is intimately concerned in bacteriology, so that lectures and demonstrations on this subject are now being given. To meet the demand for scientific inspection of meat supplies, a special course in meat inspection has been added. The annual report for 1908, containing a full list of subjects taught at the College, may be had on application to the Principal, Dr. E. A. Grange, Toronto, Ont.

Tile Draining.

Not for many years has the attention of Canadian farmers been so pointedly drawn to the wisdom and advantage of having land well drained as during the past seeding season. Work on the soil was begun moderately early, but was stopped week after week by heavy rains, which continued until about the twentieth of May, varied by a heavy snowstorm, which was not any more acceptable. On well-drained farms, although the rain fell just as heavily as on others, it was in many cases possible to sow at least some grain almost every week before the ground was again drenched, some, indeed, getting through seeding in fairly good season; but on the ordinary undrained clay farm there was nothing to do but wait till the rain ceased. As a consequence, very much of the spring crop was not sown till after the 24th of May, some oats as late as June.

For some weeks we have been publishing letters on underdraining from farmers who speak with the authority of experience. These all, without exception, emphasize in the strongest terms the benefits to be derived. Everyone mentions the fact that, as seeding can be commenced earlier, better crops may be expected. The fine appearance of early-sown grain at the present time in this backward season is commented on. Several refer to the grain sown so late this season as likely to give very light yields, not only because of its late start, but also because of the bad condition of the ground, much of the seed being "puddled in." It is pointed out that, in case of succeeding dry weather, this ground will in all probability harden and crack, and the yield be reduced by a half. Attention is drawn to the good effect of drainage in dry weather, the soil, owing to better mechanical condition, remaining moister in a dry time. J. O. Duke, Essex Co., Ont., pointedly emphasizes this when he says: "The benefit of tile in not fully appreciated in the Western Peninsula of Ontario. The soil in these counties is exceptionally rich, and about the only failures are due to drouth or excessive wet, both of which conditions usually occur in the same season, and can be overcome by tile drainage." Another correspondent mentions the fall-wheat crop as one that is specially benefited by being underdrained. Heaving in early spring, which works such havoc in wheat on sticky soil, is almost unknown where the soil is dry. It might be added that the same would apply to new clover, the crop which farmers are so anxious to have come through the winter in good shape, but which is often damaged and sometimes pulled up by the roots with late freezing and thawing.

The proper depth of drains is given as from 2½ to 3½ feet. Where level, impervious hard-pan underlies a field, as in one case mentioned, at a depth of 2½ feet, there is no use in going deeper, except to secure a grade. On the other hand, if the subsoil is porous, the deeper the drain, the farther it will draw. The old style of putting a drain to a depth of only 1½ to 2 feet is altogether out of date.

How much does it cost to drain a field thoroughly? This is variously estimated at \$25 to \$10 per acre, but in cases where very large leading drains are required, it may even reach \$60. One's breath is almost taken away. That is nearly the price of the land—in fact, a good deal more than the value of many an acre of undrained land. The practical question is, Will it pay? Our correspondents—men who evidently know the value of a dollar—all coolly and confidently assert that it will. "Underdraining pays for itself in three years," is repeated by several, one only allowing as long a period as five years, while some

aver that the increased crop for the first season alone will occasionally cover all the cost. Even if we extend the period of three years, which is almost unanimously given as the time in which the cost of draining is repaid, and call it five years, making allowance for enthusiasm, can we afford to neglect underdraining? Prof. Wm. H. Day estimates that 20 per cent. of the arable land of Ontario is in need of it. "Make a beginning in the places most needing draining, and, seeing the benefit, you will extend operations," is the wise advice of one.

One farmer, who has a chance for outlets in a good road ditch, prefers many small-tile drains, each with its own outlet to a main drain with laterals, as being cheaper and just as good, but the balance of opinion is against him. Even if the cost be greater, a main center drain in a field is generally preferred, one outlet being more easily looked after than several. Open ditches through a field, cutting it into sections, are, wherever possible, to be avoided. Side drains should not enter a main at right angles, but at a considerable slant in the same direction, and at a level an inch or two above. Nothing less than three-inch tiles should be used, even in side drains, is the judgment of our correspondents. Smaller ones block easily. As to the size of tile required for main drains, that depends on the area drained and the amount of fall obtainable. A 6-inch main for a 12-acre field, as one puts it, is pretty safe. The article and table by Prof. Day, indicating the proper size of tile for various grades and areas drained, should be preserved for reference. Scarcely any tile made will stand, without crumbling, the freezing and thawing to which they are subjected where exposed at an outlet, and these end tile are very liable to become misplaced, and a box made of oak or cedar planks, about six feet long, or a log with hole bored lengthwise through it the size of the tile, is recommended, instead. It is well, also, to have some kind of grating placed over open end to exclude vermin.

A fall of two inches to 100 feet is sufficient to flush the sand out of a 3-inch tile, but if more fall can be got, so much faster will the drains empty. Some, who judge from their own and others' experience, are emphatic in saying that drains may safely be put in on the dead level, though in such case larger tile are needed. More stress is rightly laid upon an even, smooth bottom than upon a very great fall, as a tile below level will fill up to the level with silt, though a good current may be passing through. There are not many farms where it is necessary to put in drains on the dead-level, however, and, with a good fall and even grade, smaller tile will answer the purpose. The Ontario Agricultural College staff survey fields for draining and give all needful instructions, anywhere in Ontario, without cost, except railway fare, at a cent a mile, and board.

Silt basins are recommended by some, but do not seem to be used except by the few. There is no doubt that, where drains are very long and level, they would serve a good purpose.

Ordinary spade and shovel are necessary implements for almost any kind of digging, but a ditching spade and scoop for the bottom work increase the efficiency of the laborer very much. In the past, ditching machines do not seem to have given much satisfaction, though they have been tried by several. However, a traction ditcher has been now introduced which seems to be proving a success. An ordinary subsoil plow or a homemade article made from an old plow has been used by some drainers, who speak highly of it.

The time to drain is whenever one has a few spare days. It would pay many a farmer to hire a

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE.

THE LEADING AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL IN THE
DOMINION.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
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JOHN WELD, MANAGER

AGENTS FOR THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME JOURNAL,
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is published every Thursday.

It is impartial and independent of all cliques or parties, handsomely illustrated with original engravings, and furnishes the most practical, reliable and profitable information for farmers, dairy men, gardeners, stockmen and home-makers, of any publication in Canada.

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man by the year, and put him at ditching when not otherwise engaged. When choice can be made, however, it should fall upon late autumn or spring, for, no matter how perfectly the grade has been surveyed, it is a satisfaction to see a little water flowing through the ditch, and facilitates the preparation of the tile bed. Besides, digging is much easier when the ground is soft.

There is every indication of an immense increase in the area of land tile-drained, and we venture to predict that operations will continue until much more than 25 per cent. of our cultivated land is underlaid with tile. By underdrainage, productive fields are greatly increased in earning capacity, while waterlogged and all-but-worthless fields may be converted into valuable producing areas. Begin the good work by running large main drains through the hollows, and lead laterals into these as results prove the profits.

Those who hesitate to incur the labor of tiling, should read the letter of Jas. Marshall, of Wentworth County, who has twenty miles of tile on his farm, and is still laying more; while, as to returns, we were impressed by the remark of a farmer the other day, who said he had years ago invested some money in a company which had paid him ten per cent. interest, but he would have been much farther ahead had he expended it for tile.

Non-irrigation is the explanation advanced by a firm of British Columbia real-estate agents to account for the comparative freedom of injury to peach trees in the Kootenay District of British Columbia, while some other districts, presumably where irrigation is practiced, sustained more or less loss. "We consider this," they say, "a strong argument in favor of non-irrigation. Irrigation keeps the roots at the surface; non-irrigation drives them down deep for moisture, and there is, of course, less danger of frost reaching them."

No doubt, there are localities and crops for which irrigation is profitable, and even necessary,

but in regions of abundant rainfall, many indications point to the wisdom of irrigation from below, conserving the underground supply of moisture by a mulch of cultivated earth, or, in some cases, of other material, as, for instance, straw between rows of strawberries. There are oceans of moisture in the earth. The problem is to prevent excessive waste by evaporation.

Value of Spraying Demonstrated.

Because spraying is not invariably required to insure a satisfactory crop of fruit, there is ever a strong temptation to neglect it, trusting to Providence for immunity from attack. The present season should serve to convince many peach-growers that Providence helps the orchardist who sprays his trees. To the cold, wet weather of late spring and early summer is attributed the unusual prevalence and severity of leaf-curl which defoliated many peach trees in the tender-fruit belt, causing the fruit to fall. The weather, which favored the development of the curl-leaf, also, in many cases, prevented the spraying that would have been done to hold it in check. The defoliated trees will, of course, throw out a new leafage, but at considerable expense of vigor, while all badly-attacked ones will produce no crop of fruit this year. H. S. Peart, B. S. A., Director of the Horticultural Experiment Station at Jordan Harbor, Ont., informs us that, after looking over the Niagara District, he is of opinion that most orchards which were sprayed early are comparatively free from peach-leaf curl, though there appear to be some orchards where lime-sulphur spray seemed to be thoroughly applied some time before the buds burst, which show a considerable amount of curl. "All the evidence we have been able to get," he adds, "is in favor of spraying with lime-sulphur before the buds have advanced to any great extent."

More Attention to Earth Roads.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

We approve generally of the liberal grants given by the Dominion and Provincial Governments to aid in the construction of railways, as it is to these great highways that we owe largely the development and prosperity of our country. Of recent years, too, liberal assistance has been rendered by the Ontario Government to counties co-operating with the regulations provided to assist in improving the principal roads, and these usually lead to the railway stations. Now, methinks the time is opportune, and we farmers have waited patiently, that Provincial aid should be given to the roads that lead to these highways that have already been improved. No effort has thus far been made to secure this much-needed assistance, hence nothing has been done, and we certainly cannot expect anything without the asking, and generally, in such cases, a good deal of repeated asking is required. I presume those entrusted with our finances have quite enough demands made upon them, without seeking for new fields in which to invest surplus funds.

I think my brother farmers will agree with me, and all others who give this matter due consideration, that, if anyone has any just claim on these funds, the farmers are certainly entitled to participate in these grants now. Good roads, as must be admitted by all, are a benefit to every class, and men engaged in every business, directly or indirectly. I do think it is time that we make our demands, and continue faithfully until our requests are granted, for what we are justly entitled. If a united demand comes from all quarters, our legislators will not be slow to comply with our requests.

The assistance already given to county councils to improve the leading highways has done much to stimulate many to take an increased interest in improving these roads. I can speak from personal observation as to the greatly improved condition of such roads in Lincoln County, and, no doubt, the same applies elsewhere, where advantage has been taken of these grants.

As many of these leading roads have been already so much improved, and further improvements contemplated, is it not about time that some attention, financially, should be given to our earth roads by those entrusted with our finances? Just in what way assistance could be most advantageously given, I am not at present prepared to suggest. Each county or township might work that out for itself. The better way would be to have a uniform system through-

out the Province, whereby aid could be obtained on certain conditions.

A competition somewhat similar to that instituted by "The Farmer's Advocate," in conjunction with the Public Works Department, a few years ago, in introducing the split-log drag, as a means of improving and maintaining earth roads, might do much good. If prizes were awarded for the best stretches of road, one mile or more, and others for the most improvement made, and possibly, also, for the most tidy and attractive sides of road—that is, between gutters or ditches and fences—something of that kind might be the means of arousing an interest in road-improvement.

Not many years since, some of the railways in England offered prizes to those living along their lines who kept the neatest and most attractive back yards, with very gratifying results. Would that the same be introduced in Canada, and have the so-frequently-seen disgraceful sight obliterated along all our highways, leaving so much pleasanter impressions of the country in the minds of the traveller, and speaking volumes for the intelligence of the people!

The results of "The Farmer's Advocate" competition were that here and there, all over the Province, now and then one grasped the possibilities of great improvement and financial saving to be effected by adopting a different system.

To further increase the interest aroused by that contest, Clinton Township, last spring, followed up along in the same line, and, judging from the report of the editor of your paper, who made a personal tour of inspection over the township to learn of the results, must be productive of much good.

What has been done here and elsewhere can be done anywhere. In introducing any change or reform, it always devolves upon some to take the initiative and agitate the needed reform, and such initiator cannot always be found who can give the needed time to the work. Hence, however badly needed, a reform may not be introduced for want of someone, or a little financial aid.

The Good Roads Associations are doing a good work, but their efforts are directed almost entirely to our leading or metalled roads, and our many miles of earth roads remain neglected, or receive little or no attention from them.

Surely, when so large a proportion of people travel almost exclusively on these roads, which are approximately 90% of the mileage of all our roads, is it not about time that these, too, receive more attention? Are we to rest content, as in the past, and allow these many miles of earth roads to be neglected and remain from year to year in such a disgraceful condition, not fit to be seen, much less to have? At a small expense, they can be kept in good condition for traffic during the greater part of the year.

People all over the Province seem to be awakening to the fact that we must have better roads, and I earnestly entreat those interested in this movement to assist in the agitation. Much good can be accomplished by a vigorous agitation through "The Farmer's Advocate" and other leading papers.

Farmers' Institute workers should take it up next winter, and bring it prominently before the people.

With a little financial assistance and encouragement from the Provincial Government, there is no reason why we cannot, in a few years, work wonders in the improvement of our earth roads. Are you willing to put your shoulders to the wheel, and render what assistance you can to secure a little aid for the improvement of our earth roads?

W. B. RITTENHOUSE,
Lincoln County, Ont.

Stricter Measures Against Tramps

On the subject of tramps, Jailer Hugh Nichol of Stratford jail, where the negro murderer, Frank Roughmond, was hanged last week, said: "After thirty-six years' experience, I am strongly under the impression that the vagrant act should be changed to make a separate class of the able-bodied tramps, who are simply human beasts of prey, ostensibly peddling shoe-laces or some other fake, or stolen watches and cheap jewelry, and who are a menace to the country. A minimum of two years and a maximum of life, would meet the requirements of sentence."

Is this not more sensible than letting these brutal ruffians roam the country, intimidating women and children, making themselves a nuisance, and finally, perhaps, committing some heinous crime? More severe measures to prevent tramping might lessen the number of tramp crimes. In this, as in many other matters, prevention is a great deal better than cure.

I find there is always something in "The Farmer's Advocate" of interest to me and the family. We are pleased to have it each week, although I am not on the farm. It is the best and most up-to-date farm paper in America.

Wentworth Co., Ont. JOHN MITCHELL.

JULY 8, 1909

HORSES.

Correspondence Invited.

There are those who hold that, leaving service fees out of consideration, it costs no more to raise a three-year-old colt than a three-year-old steer. We believe it is an optimistic view. The ever-present risk with both mare and foal is a factor that may not be ignored. Then, too, in the way of stabling and attention, a colt is rather more exacting than a calf, while his ration may not be advantageously economized to the same extent by the use of corn silage, clover, alfalfa, oil cake and other feeds. Nevertheless, the comparison affords a suggestive basis for calculation, and the views of horsemen upon the following points are invited:

1. Starting with the dam, considering risk, cost of service, difference in amount of work performed by a brood mare, as compared with a yeld mare or gelding, in this way arrive at the average cost of a living foal at the time of weaning.

2. Calculating the amount and value of feed consumed, estimate the cost of (a) the first winter's keep, (b) the second summer's keep, (c) the second winter's keep, (d) the third summer's keep, (e) the third winter's keep. Cost of attention, stabling, breaking, etc., should be allowed, but against this the colt should be credited with its value as a worker up to three years of age.

3. According to your calculations, what is the total cost of raising (a) a colt of the heavy breeds, (b) a colt of the light-legged breeds, up to three years of age? What should be the average selling price, and what the profit?

Hackney Championship at Olympia

Not all the biggest and greatest things in the world originate in the giant Republic to the south. The International Horse Show, which last month held its third annual renewal at Olympia, London, Eng., is an achievement which, for scope of ambition, originality and boldness of conception, and success of achievement, wins worldwide recognition, patronage and approval. For the £12,000 offered in prizes, 2,500 entries competed, while the average daily receipts from sale of tickets mounted away up into the thousands of pounds. Some details of exhibits and awards appeared in "The Farmer's Advocate" of July 1st. Elsewhere we present photogravures of the male and female Hackney champions. Antonius, the stallion champion, is a chestnut son of Polonius, from Towthorpe Iris. He belongs to Sir Walter Gilbey, and was the London junior champion. Adbolton St. Mary, the female sweepstakes, is a dark chestnut, got by St. Thomas, from Nellie Horsley, and stands 15 hands 3 inches. She is described as "a grand type of mare, going brilliantly, and staying well." In capturing the rosette, she repeated her honor of the London Show.

Cost of Raising a Colt.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

At one of the horse exchanges in Toronto recently some horse enthusiasts were "swapping" opinions. Among other things that came before this tribunal was the cost of raising a horse. The majority were of the opinion that, leaving the service fee out of consideration, it cost no more to raise a horse than to raise a first-class steer. A steer that would top the market at three years of age would sell for \$80 to \$90. A good colt, particularly of the draft-horse or general-purpose type, would, in three years' time, or a little more, be worth \$150. In this way they put up a pretty good argument in favor of the farmer raising horses in preference to steers.

It cannot be said, however, that these horse-men were giving unprejudiced opinions. They had been scouring the country for weeks previous, endeavoring to buy horses from farmers at a price that would enable them to make a profit on the deal when the horses were resold at the exchanges. Not being able to do this to their liking, they endeavored to show by the above comparison that the farmer was standing in his own light, and not taking advantage of the opportunity afforded him of making a big profit out of horse-raising. In other words, farmers were asking too much for their horses, considering the cost of raising them.

But is there anything in their contention? If their claim that it costs as much to raise a good steer for market as it does to raise a colt to marketable age is approximately correct, it is worthy of some consideration. The class of horses chiefly raised by our farmers will do enough work on the farm after three years of age to pay for their keep. For the purposes of comparison, therefore, the cost of raising a steer and a colt until three years of age would be a fair basis to work on. To raise a good steer, he should be well fed and well cared for from the beginning. To make the comparison a fair one, we would

have to apply the same condition in raising the colt. There are, no doubt, many colts raised in the country that cost but little for expensive feed. But we take it that to raise a good colt it must be well cared for and well fed from its birth.

To get at the exact cost of the ration a colt should have until it is three years of age is a little difficult. The experience of practical horse-men on this point would be valuable.

McConnell, an English authority, gives several rations for horses. For large farm work horses he recommends: oats, 15 lbs.; beans, 2 lbs.; straw chaff, 5 lbs., and hay, 10 lbs. per day. The army ration for English cavalry in camp is: oats, 12

lbs.; hay, 12 lbs., and straw, 8 lbs. Dick gives a ration for an idle horse of 5 lbs. oats and 12 lbs. hay per day. McConnell gives a summer ration for horses in England of: oats, 15 lbs.; straw chaff, 5 lbs., and pasture, about 56 lbs. The same rations as some of the above might be used for young colts, but in smaller quantities, with a medium proportion of nitrogenous ingredients, as young growing animals require foods rich in flesh-formers; 4 or 5 lbs. of crushed oats and bran, mixed, while on grass, is recommended by some. McConnell gives a winter ration for young colts, of oats, 5 lbs.; bran, 1 lb.; hay, 5 lbs., and pas-

ture, about 25 lbs. (there would not be much winter pasture in Canada), and a summer ration of oats, 2½ lbs.; bran, 2½ lbs., and pasture, about 50 lbs. From these data it may be possible to approximate the cost of feeding a colt for three years, though it would have to be modified to suit local conditions. Say the colt consumes \$5.00 worth of food besides milk up till weaning time, then taking McConnell's winter and summer rations, not counting pasture, valuing bran at \$20, and hay at \$10 per ton, we have a total cost of feed of \$81.90 for three winters and two summers, of six months each, or a total cost for raising a colt to three years of age, not including nourishment from dam, of \$86.90. This may be too high for this country, though the values placed on oats, bran and hay are about the average for the past year or two. Pasture is worth something; but even if we leave this out of consideration, the cost of raising a three-year-old colt is such that if it cost the same to raise a good steer, every cattle-raiser in this country is sinking a small fortune every year. It is quite possible that a colt can be raised fairly well at a much lower cost.

The cost of raising a steer might be figured out in the same way. By taking the rations recommended for the different periods of growth, an approximate estimate might be arrived at, but that would make this article too long and bring down upon us the wrath of the editor. There is as much variation in the methods followed in raising cattle as there is in the kinds of cattle which reach the market. What is wanted is some accurate data as to the cost of raising a good three-year-old steer ready for market. It will, we think, be found to be much lower than our horse friends place it at. This would not mean, however, that the profit in raising steers is greater than in raising horses.

"CHRONICLE."

Nothing is more certain than that we must have horsepower; and even when mechanical power is cheaper to buy than horses, the latter may still have the advantage, for the reason that it is home-produced. In this sense, the farmer who raises

horses becomes the manufacturer of his own motive power, and in producing it has about as large a margin of profit as the manufacturers of mechanical traction.

American Clydesdale men do not seem entirely disheartened. A recent issue of the Scottish Farmer reports considerable shipments to Iowa and Wisconsin.

It is the steady, quiet horse that can do the biggest day's work when the weather is hot.



Antonius.

Two-year-old Hackney stallion. First and champion at the International Horse Show, Olympia, London, Eng., 1909. Owned and exhibited by Sir Walter Gilbey.



Adbolton St. Mary.

Champion Hackney female, International Horse Show, Olympia, London, Eng., 1909. Owned and exhibited by A. W. Hickling.

LIVE STOCK.

Powdered Alum for Cuts and Wounds.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Would you kindly allow me, through the columns of your widely-circulated paper, to draw the attention of your readers and brother farmers to the benefits of using powdered alum in cases of cuts and wounds of all kinds on live stock? I could give instances of almost incredible cures from its use, especially on sheep torn by dogs. It is equally valuable for use on horses and cattle. In treating, fill or cover the wound with the powdered alum, which can be had at any drug store for about fifteen cents per pound. Keep it always on hand. It would save the farmers and stock-owners of the world much loss annually were its value more generally known.

There is also a disease known as joint-ill in colts which carries off thousands annually, and a similar trouble in calves from infection through navel just after birth. All of such losses can be averted by washing the colts and calves as soon as possible over and around the navel cord, with a weak solution of carbolic acid and some good antiseptic; or if those are not available, rub on powdered alum.

Before taking those precautions I lost several head, especially calves, which generally died with scours in a few days after birth. Since taking those preventive measures we have lost none. I know of no case in which the old adage of an ounce of prevention being better than a pound of cure will be more clearly exemplified. Try it and be convinced.

OLD SUBSCRIBER AND STOCKMAN,
Carleton Co., Ont.

Mr. Sandick's Pig-feeding Account

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I have been reading J. E. Sandick's article on the money that can be made in feeding hogs. In the first place, my way of figuring does not come out the same as his. The 1,900 pounds of shorts, at \$24 per ton, comes to \$22.80; adding the \$5.00 that he is short, makes the cost \$140.62. His sixteen hogs averaged in weight 198½ pounds. Each hog cost him to produce the pork \$8.78, or per 100 pounds, \$4.40. We have done some hog-feeding, but certainly Mr. Sandick has us in the shade as to cost of feeding. I may say we had no whey to give them, which may make the difference. Some few years ago we fed a bunch of hogs twice a day on clover hay, cut short and steamed, morning and night, with chop mixed in it; at noon, pulped turnip or mangold, with pea chop; they did fairly well. At that time hogs were below \$5.00 per 100 pounds. We thought at the time we made some money out of them, but grain was not as high in price then as now.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM,
Bruce Co., Ont.

[Note.—We are indebted to Mr. Cunningham for correction of the error in calculation, as published in Mr. Sandick's article. It is our practice to check such figures over before printing, but in the case of Mr. Sandick's manuscript this precaution was omitted in the stress of editorial duties. Mr. Cunningham is substantially correct in his figures, though we think it would have been fair to make allowance for the seventeenth pig, a sow sold before the rest, at \$6.00, for breeding purposes. This would reduce somewhat the cost per cwt.—Editor.]

Inspection of Local Meat Supply.

Since the coming into force of the Federal law, known as the Meat and Canned Foods Act, providing for the strict inspection of packing plants doing an interprovincial or export trade, there have been a number of complaints by representatives of these establishments that the law inflicts an unintentional handicap upon them in competing for local trade with uninspected plants, which, not being subject to inspection, are spared the expense of complying with the Act, notably in regard to the loss resulting from condemnation of diseased stock purchased.

It has been suggested, first when the bill was being considered, and also since then, that the Federal law should be made to apply to all packing plants alike. Apart from the stupendous and costly nature of such an undertaking, it is debarred by the fact that the Federal Government has not the necessary authority, matters such as this, relating to public health, being left entirely to the Provincial authorities, save in case of interprovincial or foreign trade, in which case the Dominion Government has jurisdiction. With this exception, matters of public health have, since 1872, been looked after by the respective Provinces. Provision is made, either by the Municipal Act or the Public Health Act, or both, for the establishment and carrying on of municipal meat inspection, although this legislation has, in a good many cases, remained little or no better than a dead letter.

Discussing the situation in "The Farmer's Advocate," in April, 1908, Dr. J. G. Rutherford suggested, as the solution of the problem, the abolition of private slaughter-houses, and the establishment of public municipal abattoirs, to be conducted under inspection methods similar to those required by the Meat and Canned Foods Act. Such a course is open to any municipality under legislation already existing, and the sooner the citizens of each municipality come to the conclusion that their health is as important as that of the Englishman, or the people in other countries or provinces to whom we sell meat, and demand a system of inspection designed to exclude diseased or unwholesome carcasses from consumptive channels, the better it will be for public health and well-being.

However, the majority of cities are slow to take action, and meantime the situation is somewhat of a hardship to the big plants which do an export or interprovincial business, and hence have to be subjected to Federal inspection of their whole plant and output. Last month, a deputation representing some of these firms interviewed Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. Sydney Fisher, urging extension of the meat-inspection provisions to local meat business, and compensation for animals condemned and seized. The delegation very properly represented that the provisions of the Meat and Canned Foods Act should be extended by Provincial legislation to local butchers and packers who do business in a single Province. The Premier and Minister of Agriculture were urged to use their influence with the Provincial Legislatures, which, according to report, they promised to do. Meanwhile, the large packing firms would be abundantly justified in making capital out of the fact that their meats are turned out from inspected plants, and the discriminating purchaser has it in his power to hasten the day of public municipal abattoirs by giving the preference to those stores which handle the output of Government-inspected plants.

\$1.00 a Bushel for Pig Feed.

In the corn-growing sections of the Western States a very common estimate of the average increase in live weight of hogs per bushel of corn fed is ten pounds or a little over. When corn is selling at 40 cents per bushel, hogs can be fattened without loss if sold for 4 cents per pound. If corn is 50 cents per bushel, hogs should bring 5 cents at least, and so on. A writer in an American exchange claims to have done much better than this. He says he realized \$1.00 per bushel for his corn while hog prices were 6½c. to 7c. per pound. This was with a herd of 60 head, divided into two lots, and carefully weighed at intervals during the fattening period. If true, this represents a gain of 15 pounds, live weight, per bushel of corn fed. Allowing for a little exaggeration, we can yet heartily endorse his statement, that farmers who were falling over each other trying to get rid of their growing and half-fat pigs last fall, in order to have more 60-cent corn to sell, were making a great mistake. The way things are shaping at present, it looks as if some Canadian farmers had made a similar mistake last fall.

Sheep Feeding at the Lake Front.

The North American Live-stock Company's barns and yards, near Port Arthur, Ont., for short-keep fattening of sheep, could scarcely be better situated: close to the railway, facing the south, well protected by a thick wood from the cold north and west winds.

The two frame buildings for housing are said to be the proper size to accommodate 1,000 sheep in each, being 32 feet wide, and 262 feet long. They run parallel, and are 75 feet apart. The space between is fenced at each end, thus forming a large yard, in which the sheep may sun themselves and take solid comfort lying upon the abundant bedding composed of prairie hay and chaff, or eat at leisure from racks containing hay, or grain from rain-proof self-feeders, all of which are placed in a row throughout the center.

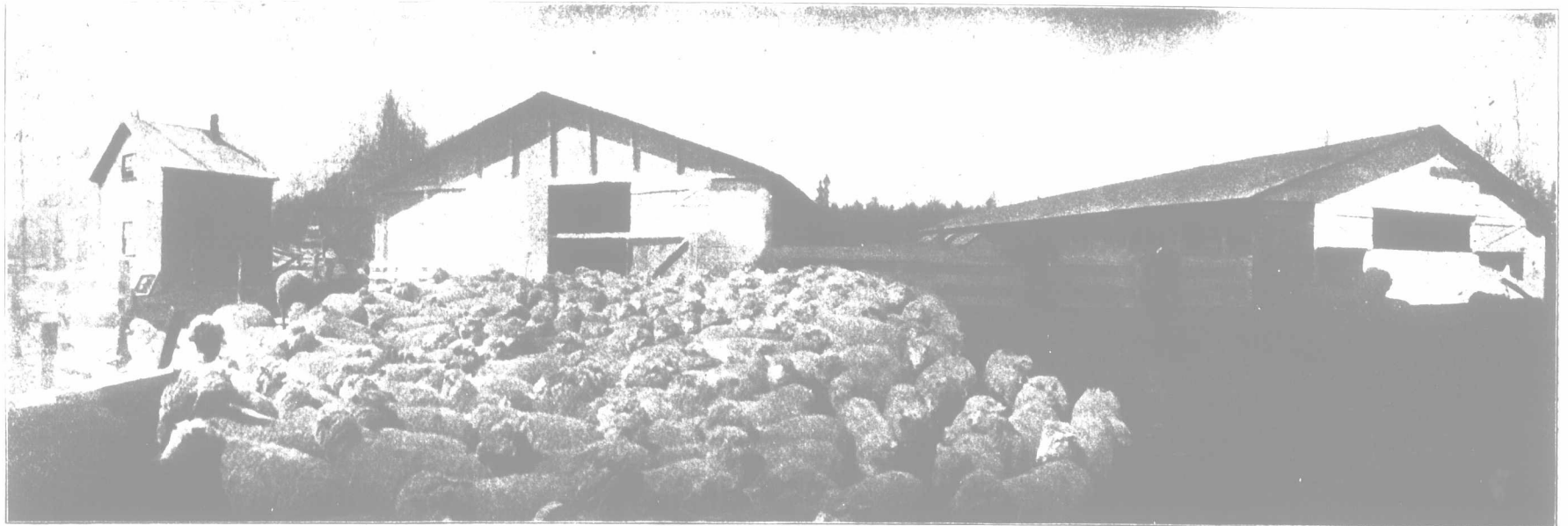
"We have a few over a thousand there that are ready for sale and will be shipped in a few days," said the foreman, opening a door leading into one of the large barns. Here were hundreds of them that were not so fat, but would soon be ready for market. In the other building were hundreds more. The barns have been built with the idea of having the sheep as comfortable as possible, as well as to have convenient arrangements by which labor is saved in the taking care of them.

They are fed upon screenings bought by the carload from the city elevators, and prairie hay. Plenty of water and rock salt is always before them. The hay is in racks placed in the center of each barn, and running half the length. Water in troughs, and boxes containing great chunks of rock salt, taking up the remaining half of the center. It was amusing to see the sheep licking the salt, into which deep holes were worn by the frequent application of each rough tongue.

Screening self-feeders are built to the walls, and take up the whole length of both sides of each building. On the outside of the barns are many small doors, made at the right height, so the screenings may be unloaded into the self-feeders from a wagon.

Screenings are composed of whole and broken wheat, small oats, flax, barley, wild buckwheat, chaff, and fine broken stalks.

When the sheep arrive, they are given very little of the screenings, the amount being gradually increased as they become accustomed to it, thus the danger of sickening any by change of feed is not so great. There were close upon 2,000 being fattened, and in all that flock there



Western Sheep Ready for the Market at Port Arthur.



Western Sheep Fed on Screenings at Port Arthur, and Shorn Before Being Sent to Market.

was not to be seen a single sick or disabled animal—just one that was extremely thin, and it had not been there long, having come in the last carload.

Three thousand two hundred were fed and sold during the past winter; 50 to 100 each week are killed at the company's slaughter-house, sold, and delivered to the meat markets of the twin cities. Some are shipped by the carload to Toronto and other Eastern cities.

They are fed at the barns for about ninety days before being ready to sell. They are bought throughout Alberta and Saskatchewan by one who has an interest in the company, and are from one to five years old. They are of the Southdown, Leicester and Merino breeds. In fact, they are all part Merino, and the wool fetches the highest price on the market. They had been clipped just two weeks before visited, by men from St. Paul, who make a business of such work, and they certainly do the clipping well. The wool was in large bales covered with oilcloth, ready for shipment to Toronto and elsewhere.

There is a yard forty feet square, in which a large scale is stationed, upon which thirty-five or forty sheep can be weighed at once. From this scale is a "shoot" leading into the waiting car. In this way, 200 sheep can be weighed and loaded with very little trouble in a short time.

It is the intention of the Company to build more barns and yards, so they will be in a position to handle a great many more than they have done in the past. They have men engaged to clear land and prepare the soil for turnips this spring, and each year the acreage will be increased, until one hundred acres are ready for clover hay, turnips and potatoes.

Port Arthur people are quite proud of the "ranch," and if any readers ever come that way, and have a few hours between train and boat in which to see the city, the time would not be wasted by driving out to it, especially if interested in the sheep business.

THE FARM.

Uses Homemade Draining Plow.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

The chief advantage of tile draining is to free the land of all surface and under soakage water at as early a date as possible, to secure early planting with land in proper condition.

My draining experience has been in clay loam and also in a tamarack swamp, with brick clay bottom and an average of about ten inches of black muck on top.

I have put all drains 2½ feet deep, and they are giving good satisfaction. The proper distance apart depends altogether upon the amount of water and amount of fall, as the greater the fall the more quickly the drains will dry the land. The above-mentioned swamp is drained as follows: Main drain of 6-inch tile, with side drains every 1 rod, laid with 3-inch tile. I think it would pay to double the number of side drains.

The cost per acre to tile-drain properly would vary very much according to cost of tile delivered in the field; also cost of manual labor, and the amount of labor you could get performed in a day. The draining of above ten acres of swamp cost me \$14.50 per acre, and I think I am safe in saying it increased the value \$25.00 per acre, as it never was sown before being drained until June. Since being drained it has always been sown in April. In from two to five years the cost of draining will be made up by extra crops harvested.

The fall in drains in ten-acre swamp is one-half

inch to the rod. I have another five acres adjoining the above ten acres drained with a quarter of an inch to the rod, which is giving very good satisfaction, but dries somewhat slower. The greater the fall the better the results.

I get cedar logs bored the size of tile for outlet, as it seems hard to keep end tile in place. If I did not get a log bored I would lay good sound cedar or oak boards 6 feet long around the tile to keep them in place. Outlets should be cleaned twice a year to allow free flow of water.

The size of tile required depends altogether upon the amount of water and the distance apart of the drains. As we cannot change the grade in the land we must drain according to the best information obtainable.

In all cases I would prefer using a main tile drain at the lowest place in field to running small drains into an open ditch. The latter is always getting filled up with the tramping of cattle, and will not allow of working the field except in sections, thereby causing great annoyance. In all cases main drain should be lower than side drains.

I always prefer to drain when there is no water in drain, as you cannot get such a firm bed for tile when there is water in bottom. Any time of the season when bottom is dry will do for the work.

In starting a drain, I take a common plow and turn two furrows out, leaving six inches in center; turn that over with plow, then throw it out with shovel. Now it is ready for the ditching plow, which I will describe thus: Take an old discarded plow, remove mouldboard, bring the lower end of handles within 2½ inches of each other, supported by an iron brace between them, and bolt together strongly, bracing also to beam, then bring the top of handles together about six inches. Make a double whiffletree about 6 feet long, to allow a horse to go on each side of ditch, then you are ready for work. For three- or four-inch tile use a point 7 inches wide. Secure a shovel 6 inches wide, if possible; if not, cut your shovels down to that width, then you have an inch of play to make your shovel work easily. With this outfit drains can be dug at about half what they would cost if done with pick and shovel, as the dirt is left in a loose state, making work light. They can be dug 2½ to 3 feet deep, and bottom levelled with pick.

I have had no trouble with roots getting into tile. If I were putting tile drains near trees I would lay a piece of galvanized iron, or some other material not liable to rust, 2 inches wide, reaching down over half way around tile over joints.

The first tile drain I laid got filled with sediment, because I had not the knowledge to put it in properly. At present my tile are all laid true to grade, each tile being laid true to line, and as perfect as a brick wall. With such safeguards, if outlet is kept properly cleaned out, I don't think they would ever fill with sediment.

If I were putting in tile in sandy bottom I would try the galvanized covering for joints, allowing them to go two-thirds the way round. The water would then come in from the bottom, but sand would not rise up. N. DAY, Victoria and Haliburton Co., Ont.

Seeding Rape or Clover in the Corn.

Rape sown in corn fields just before the last cultivation, at rate of five to six pounds of seed to the acre, will provide a good bit of sheep pasture during the later stages of growth of the corn plant. The sheep will eat the lower leaves of the corn without bothering the ears or stalks very seriously, unless it might be in the case of varieties which bear the ears low on the stalks. In

south-western Ontario clover is often sown in the corn fields in this way. Some scatter the seed from horse's back, others simply walk along with hand seeders.

Small Tile with Numerous Outlets Preferred.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

The chief benefits of tile drainage consist in hastening the surface water off the land as quickly as possible, so that the land may stay loose and porous, and remain dry and warm, to be ready to receive the grain at the earliest opportunity afforded. One of the greatest detriments to our farms is surface water lying on the ground to bake and harden the soil.

The extra crop received this year will probably pay for tile drainage; ordinarily, I would say, it would take three years.

My experience with tile draining has been in black loam and also in clay.

As to cost, it just depends upon where you are draining. For instance, if you have a field sloping to the center and have to put in a six, eight or ten-inch main, and then have three-inch cross drains, it would cost far more than the separate three-inch drains running to an open ditch at the roadside. Three-inch tiles running to an open ditch would cost, probably, \$7.00 per acre, without labor; three-inch tile cost at mill yard \$10.00 per thousand; four-inch tile cost \$15.00. A good experienced man asks \$1.75 per day.

A foot of fall in one hundred rods would do quite well. I have seen some drains put in on the level which seemed to work quite well, the surface water forcing the current through the tile. A good white-oak box for the outlet answers the purpose well, with heavy wires across the end to hinder anything entering. I have some with good hard tile at the outlet, with iron stakes driven in the ground across the mouth.

I prefer the smaller tile—nothing smaller than three inch—emptying into an open ditch, rather than a large central main. In the first place, they are cheaper; second, if there are any breaks in tile you know just where to find them.

By all means draining should be done in the fall of the year, when there is just enough water in the drain to run a small stream. There is a tile-drain plow manufactured for the purpose to loosen the ground in the drain, and then follow up with two men with shovels to scoop out the loose dirt. There is a tile-ditching machine, but it is expensive, and it seems to pack the sides so that the drain is of little benefit for a year or so.

A good man with a spade and tile scoop should dig and lay about ten rods per day. In filling, first throw in six inches of dirt on tile with spade, then plow in with team. F. G. BRUSH, Essex Co., Ont.

Remember the Odd Jobs.

Now, when the busy season is upon us, is the time to keep eyes open and memory clear, so that no essential part of the hoe-crop cultivation be neglected. With the rush and anxiety of haying filling the mind there is apt to be little else thought of. By being on the lookout, however, an hour now and then, and a whole half day at times, for a part of the force at least, can be given to cultivation and weed extermination. A slight rain or even a heavy dew will furnish such an opportunity, and it means much to a growing crop to have cultivation done at the proper time. Do not forget, either, the little patches of specially noxious weeds that you had planned to visit regularly and exterminate. Persistence wins.

Carbon Bisulphide for Ground-hogs.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Having used carbon bisulphide for getting rid of some of these pests, a few lines on the method of using and my experience may be of use to your many appreciative readers.

This liquid can be purchased at any druggist's at about 5 cents an ounce—cheaper in large quantities, and an ounce is quite sufficient for one hole or nest. I have reason to believe there is quite a variation in the strength or quality of the fluid, as some has a much stronger smell than other samples, and, of course, the better the quality, the less need be used for the desired effect.

My method has been to spot out the holes which I knew were habited, and then, about sundown, with bottle and bits of old woollen rags or waste of any kind, go the round and doctor each one. Roll up a little piece of rag about the size of a hen's egg, not too tight, and saturate this from the bottle, pouring on until the rag has all it will hold. Then reach down the hole as far as you can and deposit it there, after which cover up the entrance with sods or loose earth, and tramp solid, being careful not to allow the earth to roll down and cover up the rag, also this might stop the volatilization of the liquid into the deadly gas which suffocates the animal. This gas is heavier than air, so penetrates to the bottom of the hole, and kills all living things. Covering the hole is probably unnecessary, as the gas, being heavier than air, would go down and exclude the air; but when you cover the end of the hole, or holes, as the case may be, you can see, if you go back, whether the ground-hog has dug out or not. If not so, in a day or two, you may conclude he has been despatched.

This method is much ahead of traps or shooting, as it takes very little time, and is quite inexpensive. When you have administered the dose and covered the hole, the ground-hog is dead, and buried in the grave he dug himself. A. L. C. Oxford Co., Ont.

Split-log Drag in Michigan.

It is the opinion of some good farmers of Michigan, says a correspondent in that State, that the split-log drag is almost, if not quite, as effective in keeping roads in good condition as the very much more expensive road scrapers. At that he has greatly understated its value, for if the farmers of Michigan have not found that it is several times as valuable as the grader for maintaining earth roads, they have fallen far short of learning its real value. The use of the drag, says the Michigan writer, is not so general as it ought to be, but in districts where it is used the improvement is plainly noticeable. The highway, instead of being in a rutty condition, with pools of water after every rain, is changed into an evenly-graded, smooth road, over which it is a pleasure to travel. Judging from Canadian experience, this is exactly what might be expected.

THE DAIRY

Making Hard Milkers Easy.

One of the trials of the dairy stable or yard is the presence in the herd of hard milkers, which waste time, weary muscles, and dishearten beginners. Jas. Weir, an East Middlesex, Ont., cheese-factory patron, always on the alert for improvements in practice, has made a couple of hard milkers easy by a very simple method, which he passes on to other readers of "The Farmer's Advocate" who may be similarly troubled. He tried it first on an old cow that for years had been a "tough one" to milk, and then on a valuable heifer that he was inclined to part with for the same reason. The trouble he found just at the orifice of the teat, the hole being so small as to let through only a very fine stream of milk. The problem was how to make it larger, without causing some other injury. Grasping the teat firmly with one hand, he pressed the point of a sharp, small penknife blade into the opening, making a slight incision quickly in one side. Often there are just two teats to treat, as the fore pair are usually hardest to milk. He found at once that the stream of milk flowed larger and more easily. Lest there might be leakage at first, or the slit healing up close again, he made a smooth, little pin of wood, with a shoulder, and, after putting on a few drops of some healing oil, he pressed it up into the hole, leaving it there till next milking. The cow is regularly milked, and in about a week the incision was nicely healed, and no trouble whatever has resulted. Mr. Weir does not purpose tugging at any more hard milkers, when so simple a remedy is at hand.

The Irish Butter Trade.

A Departmental Committee has been appointed to inquire into the various trade names applied to different grades of butter, and, if possible, to devise measures to prevent loss or injury to the Irish butter trade from the use of false trade descriptions. From market reports, we know that choice Irish butter ranks very high in the English markets, being quoted higher than either United States or Canadian creamery, and second only to choicest Finnish, Swedish and Danish, which are classed as one.

This committee held its first meeting in Dublin lately, and took evidence from several important witnesses. It appears from the statements of these men that inferior butters of foreign make are often sold as genuine Irish goods, the seller thus securing a higher price and profit, and at the same time the reputation of the Irish product is seriously injured. Much the same kind of game was charged against American shippers of cheese in the early years of the cheese business. It was suspected that inferior American cheese was by them branded Canadian, while the choicest grades only of both American and Canadian makes were sold as of American manufacture. It is to be hoped that the Irish committee may be able to devise some means to render impossible the evils complained of in their case.

The committee aims to have definite descriptions of the various classes of Irish butter offered for sale in Britain, and a distinctive name for each class, so that the buyer may have a reasonable assurance that he is getting what he pays for. At present, as mentioned by one witness, there are too many names used, the inference being that some of them were given for fraudulent purposes.

Whatever the cause, the serious fact is that the Irish butter trade, according to figures submitted by another witness, has declined greatly in the last twenty-five years, and it is hoped that the efforts of the committee to improve trade conditions in the Green Isle may result in some real advance being made.

Reply to Mr. Porter.

We trust no one considered that the publication of Mr. Porter's communication, headed "Quality of Milk, Butter and Cheese" (issue June 17th), signified concurrence with the views expressed. Correspondents must needs be granted some degree of latitude in the expression of opinions, and merely because a letter appears in "The Farmer's Advocate," is no guarantee that we endorse or approve everything contained therein. We stand by editorial utterances only.

In the present instance, Mr. Porter, while raising two or three points worthy of attention, contrived to weave into his article some erroneous statements and implications of fact, together with quite a number of opinions which do not square with the facts established by scientific dairy investigation.

By way of correction, we submit the following interview with a well-known, well-informed, and scientifically-trained dairy authority in close touch with the commercial end of the dairy business. The expert in question does not wish his name to appear, but, to preclude a possible suspicion, we may explain that it is not Prof. Dean.

"First of all, Mr. Porter expresses the opinion that one cause for the increasing amount of poor-quality butter and cheese is the substitution by patrons of low-testing cows for cows that give less milk but testing higher, hence of a better quality and flavor. Now, no one wants to advocate the adoption of low-testing cows, but the fact of the matter is the substitution of low-testing cows has no effect on the commercial value of creamery butter, nor does it necessarily affect the quantity made. A cow giving 40 pounds of milk testing 3 per cent, fat would yield to within, say, half an ounce as much commercial butter as a cow giving 20 pounds of milk testing 6 per cent, (losses in the buttermilk being the same in each case). The half ounce referred to is an allowance for the slightly greater residue of fat left in the larger quantity of skim milk from the 40-pound cow. And the fact that the milk tests higher has nothing directly to do with the quality of the butter. While it may be true that cows of the Channel Island breeds give milk making a rather firmer and possibly a naturally better-colored dairy butter, it is not established that this is because of its higher fat content, but it is probably due to the greater firmness of its fat globules. It is likely a case of coincidence, not cause and effect. Then, again, however it may be in a home dairy, under creamery conditions, where all the milk or cream from different herds is mixed together, the effect of a few herds of Jerseys or other cows would make no appreciable difference in the quality of the output.

"Without specifically saying so, Mr. Porter leaves the impression, unintentionally, no doubt, that Mr. Medd discussed the question of milk supply in relation to cheese, as well as butter-

making. Mr. Medd did not say a word about effect of milk on cheesemaking, nor have any of your recent correspondents, so far as I remember.

"Mr. Porter undertakes to absolve Canadian women from responsibility for any carelessness in care of separators, utensils, etc., claiming that our Canadian women are as cleanly as any under the sun. This is good stage talk. It may or may not be true, but is not saying overmuch even if it were. The fact that Canadian women—and men, too, for that matter—were as cleanly as any in the world, would not by any means argue that they were bacteriologically clean, or that all of them took as good care of their dairy utensils as they should, for we know that many do not. The number of separators kept in the barn, and washed only once a day, as the dairy instructors report, gives food for thought. There may also be an occasional creamery that is not bacteriologically clean.

"Then, Mr. Porter betrays a curious lack of information concerning the subject he is writing about, when he suggests (referring to the creameries) that there may be fault in their system of paying for milk, paying by quantity of milk, not by quality. Now, there is not a creamery in Western Ontario, and none that I know of anywhere else, that pays by quantity of milk. They all, without exception, pay according to the amount of fat. Only a small percentage of the cheese factories do so, however, and in this he is to a certain extent justified in his claim, though the true basis of payment for milk at cheese factories would not be strictly according to fat content, but say according to per cent. of fat, plus two, allowing two to represent the cheesemaking value of the casein.

"At the conclusion of the second paragraph, we are ambiguously told that where the mistake lies is that farmers, to get the quantity, are displacing the old, high-testing Canadian cows with the Holstein, this being followed with the inference that, no doubt, the old blood is fast dying out by the introduction of the beef breeds. Are we to conclude that it is the Holstein or the beef breeds that are coming into favor?

"My contention is," says Mr. Porter, "that the higher-testing the milk is, the more cream it makes, the firmer cream it makes, hence the better texture, quality and flavor on the same feed, for no doubt feed has something to do with quality, as well as quantity." I am at a loss to know just what he means by some of these assertions. Nobody will dispute that a hundred pounds of rich milk will make more butter than a hundred pounds of thin milk, but it does not follow that a patron with a herd of Jerseys will send more cream or richer cream than a patron with a herd of Holsteins. The richness or quantity of the cream from a given standard of milk depends upon the adjustment of the separator. The idea that rich milk gives a firmer cream is inaccurate. What he meant was a firmer butter-fat, and even this is not absolutely true, although, as explained above, the two breeds that are noted for giving rich milk, are also, as it happens, noted for giving milk containing large, firm globules of fat, which churns readily into a firm butter. Mr. Porter's assumption in this matter is too sweeping.

"That feed permanently affects the richness of the milk to any noticeable degree has been long since disproven by experiment. It does, however, influence the color and flavor, as well as the quantity of milk, and therefore the total amount of fat.

"Bear in mind, too, that firmness of fat is not a very important factor in the production of a firm, marketable article of creamery butter. The firmness of the body of butter depends to a great extent upon how it is churned. A high temperature for churning and washing tends to produce a soft, weak-bodied butter. With a thin cream—which, I repeat, you may get from any breed, depending upon the adjustment of the separator—the creameryman has to churn at a high temperature. For instance, a cream testing 20 per cent, fat might require to be churned at 60 or 65 degrees, producing a weak, soft body, whereas a cream testing 30 or 35 per cent, might be churned in the same length of time, at 50 or 52 degrees, with the result a much firmer body and less loss of fat in the buttermilk.

"From a creameryman's standpoint, Mr. Porter very much overestimates the advantage of Jersey milk. I could take the butter made from a creamery supplied with Holstein or Ayrshire cows, and that from one supplied with Jerseys or Guernseys, put the butter into cold-storage, bring in any butter-buyer, let him put a trier in each sample, and he will pay as much for the one as the other, assuming, of course, that each sample is equally well made.

"I shall leave Mr. Medd to explain whether he meant to imply that the quality of the butter depended on the selection of patrons' cows. My understanding of his concluding paragraphs was that selection of cows was needed to insure a more abundant supply of milk or cream, the quality of the butter depending upon a more careful study of production and manufacture."

Cost Versus Beauty.

The proud owner says, "This is a high-grade Canadian, and this is a pure-bred Holstein." The admiring visitor to the cow stable remarks, "What beautiful cows!" The thoughtful student asks, "What yield of milk and fat do they give?" The practical man inquires, "What does their milk cost?" And the hard business sense of the dairyman leads him to determine cost of production of milk and fat through the medium of cow-testing associations. The high-grade may give but a poor weight of milk, the pure-bred may test low, while the common grade may possibly be producing milk at the lowest cost. No one knows definitely just what the cost is until some record is kept. Milk may cost 92 cents per 100 pounds; fat, 25 cents per pound. These cost prices may be up to \$2.00 per 100 pounds milk, and 50 cents per pound of fat with some poor cows, or they may be reduced by good economical feeders to 35 cents per 100 pounds, and 10 cents per pound.

This all goes to prove that the careful dairyman, and particularly the average and possibly careless farmer, should take immediate steps to find out what profit each cow brings in. Enormous improvement and largely-increased profits have been made by the men who are sufficiently alive to their own interests to weigh and sample each cow's milk regularly, and keep a record of feed consumed. Blank forms for milk and feed records are supplied free on application to the Dairy Commissioner, Ottawa. A good record for this month, from a herd of 18 cows, is an average of 1,020 pounds milk, 3.9 test, 39 pounds fat. One grade in the herd gave 1,530 pounds milk testing 4.0 per cent. fat. C. F. W.

POULTRY

Selling Poultry for Profit.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

The one fact that always distressed me about the Poultry Pointers in most agricultural papers was their want of timeliness. Valuable advice on incubation comes when the hatching season is over; "What to Feed Young Chicks" when the few that are left, from improper food and treatment, are ready for the market; and so on through all the different phases. Just here I want to congratulate "The Farmer's Advocate" on being an exception to this common evil. The seasonableness of its articles and material is a just cause for its popularity with country residents. The help that it is meant for comes at the time of need—not after the need has passed.

Of course, everyone is aware that the most profitable way to dispose of pure-bred poultry is to sell for breeding purposes; that is, if the breeder conscientiously abstains from shipping any imperfect or inferior birds, for, wherever such birds go, it will be the end of his trade in that community, and perhaps in many others, through that one sale. Remember that the paying part of your success as a breeder depends on the reputation that your product and your dealings build up for you year after year. So never hesitate on this point. Every bird that your experienced eye cannot rest on favorably for breeding purposes, send to the block.

As for chickens destined for table consumption, the sooner you get them in marketable condition, the better it will pay you. All the early hatches not already disposed of should now be ready to fatten for broilers. Crate-fattening seems now to be recognized as the best method of the present day. I do not practice it myself, however, for I find that if I feed the chickens all that they will eat three or four times a day, they roam very little, and fatten quickly.

When the chickens are ready to kill, if you live too far from the city to reach the open market, the best way is to prepare a sample pair, and make a trip to the dealers to take orders. In this, as in all things, the superiority of the article for sale will determine the price. A great deal depends on the killing and dressing. Be sure always to starve your birds for 36 to 48 hours before killing, and never cut or twist their necks; instead, take the bird, with its feet held tightly in your left hand, and its head in your right, letting the under part rest in your palm, the beak passing out between your thumb and forefinger. Quickly stretch the neck taut, then give a sudden, sharp jerk upwards to the head in your right hand, and you will dislocate the neck at the base of the head. Hang the bird by the feet, and begin to pluck immediately, using both hands. In this way, the blood will all flow to the disconnected portion of the neck, and the feathers will come out ten times as easy while the bird is fresh. As soon as the bird is clean, and while it is yet warm, lay it on its back on a hard surface, take a leg in each hand, and press firmly and slowly downwards close to the body, folding the leg at the knee. This will cause the bird to plump up, and greatly increase its apparent size.

Tie each leg separately in that position with strong twine, taking care to roll the twine over the bent knee many times, and to tie the knot very firmly. The next step is to take the head, bring it under the left wing, just through so that the beak will rest on the wing joint, and again tie the bird, this time passing the twine over the wings and breast, and tying as carefully as before. Perfectly clean chickens prepared in this way command a higher price than the ordinary, for they are better, look better, and can be packed in crates and shipped any distance.

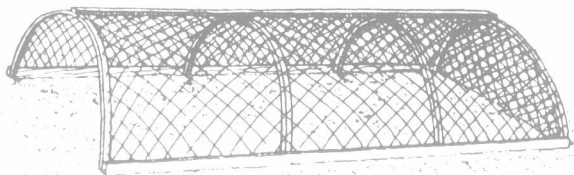
In closing, I will remind the inexperienced poultry-keepers that this is the best time of the year for them to dispose of any surplus stock they may have in the shape of old hens or males which are not needed as breeders. Anything in the shape of poultry, well cleaned and dressed, will now sell readily for a good price, until the fall chickens become plentiful on the market.

(MRS.) W. E. HOPKINS.

Carleton Co., Ont.

Safe Portable Runs for Chickens.

If a rat gets a taste of chicken, he is apt to return for another and another, until the fine brood almost vanishes, and, while he usually works at night, in retired places he will pick off a stray one in the daytime. Other enemies—hawks, cats, crows, etc.—are also at times lovers of chicken, and a run for the little chicks, where they can be safe day or night, is useful. Any style of coop will do that prevents these pests



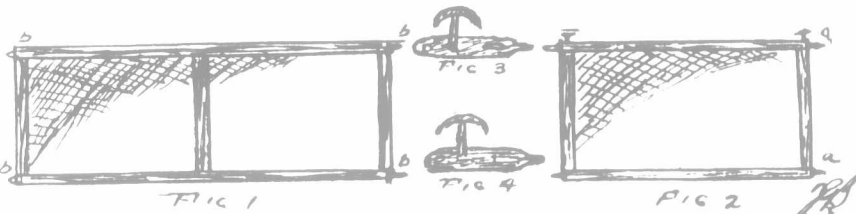
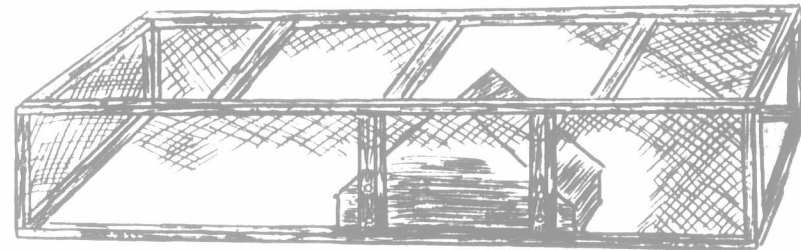
Portable Run for Chicks.

from gaining entrance. Stakes may be driven into the ground to form a run for the chicks, and poultry netting used as sides and covering. Or, if a more substantial and convenient form of coop is desired, the one shown here will be found satisfactory.

BILL OF STOCK FOR ONE COOP.

Four pieces 3/4 x 4 inches, 12 feet long; 4 pieces 3/4 x 4 inches, 5 feet long; 11 pieces, 3/4 x 4 inches, 2 feet long; 5 pieces 2-inch furring, 5 1/2 feet long; 8 hook clasps; 8 good-sized staples; 2 pieces chicken netting (1-inch mesh) 18 inches wide, 12 feet long; 2 pieces chicken netting (1-inch mesh) 18 inches wide, 5 feet long; 1 piece wire netting (2-inch mesh) 5 feet wide, 12 feet long.

Take four of the 12-foot pieces and six of the 2-foot pieces, and make two frames 2 x 12 feet, like Fig. 1. Then make two frames 2 x 5 feet, like Fig. 2. Now take the hook clasps, like Fig. 3, and drill and countersink an extra screw hole, as in Fig. 4. The house for the chickens to stay



Vermin-proof Chick Run.

in nights is shown, rear view, in the upper figure in the cut. It is made of 3/4 or 1/2 inch stuff. Make the floor 2 feet square. Then take three pieces, 7 or 8 inches wide, for the walls. Nail the bottom to these. Then put roof on, being sure not to get it more than 2 feet from floor of coop to peak of roof. On the back side, a few inches from one end, put a 2-foot piece perpendicularly. This is to attach the house to the side of the coop, so that it can be lifted with it.

Now take the hook clasps and put them on corners of Figure 2, letting them project far enough to make the staples that are to be driven into the corners of Fig. 1. After hooking the end and side pieces together, put a board on the

front of the house that will just fill the opening, hanging it with hinges from the top, so that when raised it will make a shade. Fasten a stick 2 1/2 to 3 feet long to the lower edge of the door, to project through the netting of the top of the coop. This is to open and close the door. Put the five pieces of furring across the top of the coop, one at each end, one at the center, and one at the center of each space, and nail lightly. Spread the 2-inch netting over, and fasten with staples to the furring. After the season, when you want to put the coop away, take off top netting with the sticks, and roll up. Unhook the corners, take off house, and lay one of the long sides on the ground, cleats up; put ends on between the cleats, put other side on, cleats down; drive a few nails where they will hold all the parts together, and the whole thing can be put away in small space.

Another style of run that may suit some is also shown, and is made as follows:

Take four old carriage rims and fasten them together 4 feet apart, by three 1 x 2-inch strips, 12 feet long. Two strips are nailed at each end of the rims near the ground, and the other at the top. Place your wire over the rims, and cut it the right length, so as to have just enough to tack on the strips. Use 1-inch mesh-wire netting 6 feet wide and 14 feet long—the extra two feet to close up one end. Place a coop of hen and chicks at the front or open end.

GARDEN & ORCHARD

Probably Boll-worm.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I am sending you a sample of corn that is being shipped in large quantities from Florida. I have handled eight cases, eight dozen in a case, and found not one cob but what was eaten and spoiled by what I expect is the "travelling cutworm." I think the Government should at once stop the importation of this pest to our country, by having inspectors at each port to destroy the corn or send it back to where it comes from before it has time to affect our crops. Three years ago the same thing happened, and a good many of the crops around Toronto were eaten or spoiled by the pest. The Vegetable-growers have asked the Government to do something in inspection of these early-imported vegetables, as to disease and duty. We gladly welcome good fresh vegetables from the other side, but trash and pest-eaten stuff must be kept out, or our crops will be like those in the South. The vegetable-growers and farmers had better keep a sharp lookout for the quick-moving cutworm, and have bran and Paris green ready. J. W. RUSH.

York Co., Ont.

[Note.—The ear of corn received from Mr. Rush shows the seriously injurious effects caused by some insect. The eaten and disfigured grains represent only part of the injury that may come to the ear, as the path of the insect opens the way to a luxurious growth of molds, and invites invasion by other insects. No insect was found on the ear sent, but the work is similar to what is done in corn-ears by the Cotton Boll-worm (*Heliothis armigera*), an omnivorous feeder, favoring green corn particularly. One observer has said that there appears to be only one thing that they like better, and that is boll-worm flesh; they are generally accused of cannibalism. The Cotton Boll-worm moth is occasionally captured by collectors in Ontario. Now and again I have heard of its larva attracting attention in the corn fields, but the only time and place that I ever saw it injurious enough to be worth speaking of was in 1898, in a corn field belonging to Mr. Shaw, near Dorchester Station, Middlesex Co., Ont. At husking time, it was not rare to find two or three larvæ in an ear, although, commonly, there was but a single worm.

The full-grown larva is about an inch and a quarter to an inch and a half in length, and rather less than a quarter of an inch in diameter. Its color varies from pale ochreous to rose-brown, and it is prettily marked with several parallel brown and white stripes. In form, it is not unlike the larva of the larger cutworms or army-worm.

In the cotton-growing region it is said to be three or four brooded in the season, hence there it becomes a serious menace to corn and cotton crops. In Ontario, although it may appear now and again in undesirable numbers in the corn

fields, it is never likely to become a serious insect pest.

Assuming that the injury to the ear of corn received from Mr. Rush was done by the Boll-worm, there is still force in his argument for the exclusion of affected corn, even though we always have the moth with us. Bringing the full-grown larvæ into the country on early Southern corn really extends the season for such imported specimens.—J. D.]

Arsenate of Lead in Combination with Bordeaux.

A good many orchardists and potato-growers have been anxious to know whether Bordeaux mixture and arsenate of lead can be successfully used together. There is, so far as we are aware, no reason, chemically, why they cannot be mixed, and sprayed as one application. In fact, we have seen them recommended for use in this way, and know that a number of fruit-growers have used them thus in combination, instead of the standard mixture of Bordeaux and Paris green, the Bordeaux (consisting of lime and bluestone with water) being to prevent fungi, such as apple scab, potato scab, etc., while the Paris green or arsenate of lead, as the case may be, is to poison leaf-eating insects. The Bordeaux also causes Paris green to adhere much better and longer to the leaf than when sprayed alone in water. Arsenate of lead applied by itself is very much more adhesive than Paris green alone, and some are of opinion that, when added to Bordeaux mixture, it helps to make it stick better. Whether this be so, or not, there seems to be no reason to doubt the value of Bordeaux and arsenate of lead in combination. We have used arsenate of lead in "The Farmer's Advocate" demonstration orchard, both alone and in combination with Bordeaux, the latter being applied in this case at only half strength, the formula being 2 pounds arsenate of lead, 2 pounds bluestone, and 2 pounds lime, to the barrel of water. So far as can be judged at present, the results are satisfactory. The writer has also tried arsenate of lead alone on early potatoes in a garden, at the rate, as nearly as could be calculated, of two pounds to the barrel of water. It seems to adhere well, and one application almost completely exterminated the bugs—at least, there are scarcely any left at date of writing.

Plum Curculio.

A subscriber brought into our office last week some plums, about the size of hickory nuts, decaying, soft, and discolored. Examination revealed a larva of the curculio burrowing around each pit, causing the killing and decaying of the fruit. Spraying with poisons, such as Paris green, would have prevented, or at least lessened, the attack, as would frequent jarring of the trees, the fallen insects being collected on cotton sheets and destroyed. This should have been begun when the trees were in blossom, and continued daily, morning and evening, if the beetles were abundant, for three or four weeks, or until they became very scarce. It is important that the fallen plums containing the larvæ should be promptly gathered and burnt or scalded, so as to destroy the larvæ before they have time to escape into the ground and pupate. This is with a view to reducing the number of beetles to injure next year's crop. Other practices of more or less value in this regard are to give hogs and chickens the run of the peach and plum orchards. Hens, with their broods of chickens, enclosed in the orchard, will destroy a large number of the larvæ. They are also subject to the attack of many insect enemies.

Spruce Gall-louse.

On some twigs of Norway Spruce, sent in by W. T., there are a number of clustered swellings at the base of the leaves. These are caused by the young lice of a species of Kermes. In May, each female is said to lay about 300 eggs. These hatch in a short time, and soon manifest their presence by the cone-like galls at the bases of a number of adjoining leaves. There is a line of whitish or reddish pubescence marking the adjacent edges of the swellings, and under these the young lice may be seen, although they are so minute that the aid of a lens may be needed.

The treatment recommended is spraying two or three times with tobacco-soap or coal-oil emulsion, first in May, when the young are hatched, and not yet enclosed in the galls, and again towards the end of August, when the mature forms emerge. The tobacco-soap is made by adding a strong solution of tobacco leaves—10 pounds—to two pounds of whale-oil soap, and diluting the mixture to 40 gallons. It is only valuable trees that would be worth the expense and trouble of spraying to control this insect.

THE FARM BULLETIN

N. S. Excursionists View College Live Stock.

On Saturday, June 26th, the annual farmers' excursion from Annapolis, King's, Hants and Pictou Counties, to the Agricultural College and Farm at Truro, was held. Numbers of visitors also came from the country, within driving distance of the College. It is estimated that, altogether, there was a concourse of three to four thousand farmers and their families.

As a demonstration of the possibility of milk production in the Maritime Provinces, records of the dairy cows exhibited were presented to every excursionist, from which it will be seen that the herd of dairy cows at the Agricultural College farm is an exceptionally productive one:

Breed	No.	Yield, 1907-08, 10 months	Yield, Present Year, 190 days	Test, %
Ayrshire	4	10,211 lbs.	6,785 lbs.	3.1 to 5.1
Ayrshire*	1	9,831 lbs.	6,864 lbs.	3.1 to 5.1
Ayrshire	3	10,650 lbs.	3,624 lbs.	3.7 to 4.4
Ayrshire	1	10,051 lbs.	6,821 lbs.	3.2 to 3.7
Ayrshire	2	7,373 lbs.	7,288 lbs.	3.5 to 4.2
Ayrshire	6	8,878 lbs.	1,929 lbs.	3.2 to 5.0
Holstein	1	11,088 lbs.	5,163 lbs.	3.0 to 3.5
Holstein	2	11,088 lbs.	8,004 lbs.	2.7 to 3.0
Holstein	1	13,211 lbs.	10,488 lbs.	2.7 to 3.0
Holstein*	4	11,105 lbs.	7,811 lbs.	2.1 to 3.7
Holstein	2	12,381 lbs.	7,811 lbs.	2.9 to 3.3
Jersey	3	5,361 lbs.	3,650 lbs.	5.0 to 6.0
Jersey	3	7,704 lbs.	3,010 lbs.	3.0 to 4.1
Jersey	1	8,723 lbs.	1,810 lbs.	1.8 to 5.1

*No. 2 Ayrshire produced 101 pounds butter in month of March

*No. 2 Holstein produced 18,000 pounds milk in 1906

*No. 1 Holstein freshened at seven months (abortive)

There were also exhibited twenty calves from these cows, and sired by such noted bulls as the Ayrshire, "Secretary" (imp.), formerly senior stock bull on the farm of Andrew Mitchell, Barcheskie, Scotland, whose heifers topped the recent sale of that farm; the Holstein, "Artis Mercedes Posch," a champion at Toronto and Eastern shows, and recently purchased by an American gentleman for an amount in the four figures, to be exhibited at the Seattle exposition; The Jersey, "Friar's Fox," son of Flying Fox, and from a dam with the record of sixty-two (62) pounds of milk per day, testing 4.4 per cent.; the Shorthorn, "Lord Mistletoe," formerly the senior stock bull in the herd of Messrs. Cargill, of Ontario, and a uterine brother of Marengo, an erst-while champion of Great Britain.

Among the horses, the greatest interest attached to an exhibit of some twenty colts, owned by farmers in the vicinity of the Agricultural College, and sired by stallions kept on the College farm. These were such as to indicate the great benefit being derived by the farmers of Nova Scotia from the excellent stud stock maintained in connection with the institution.

R. E. Mortimer, who has been District Representative of the Provincial Department of Agriculture, at Collingwood, Ont., has resigned, to return to practical farming at the old home, near Honeywood, Dufferin County. His position is to be filled by L. E. Metcalfe, B. S. A., who was formerly Mr. Mortimer's assistant. It will be Mr. Metcalfe's business to get into and keep into as close touch as possible with the farmers of Simcoe County, to help them to study out their various local problems. He will also conduct a class in Agriculture at the Collingwood Collegiate Institute, taking up the rudiments of agricultural education, along with the regular High-school work. This is a great work, but it cannot be well done without the practical co-operation of the farmers of Simcoe County, and with this, the success of the Branch Department at Collingwood is assured.

Annual Excursion to Truro College

On June 26th, the annual excursion to the Nova Scotia College of Agriculture, at Truro, was made up of about sixteen carloads of Annapolis Valley farmers and their families, who rejoiced in the beautiful weather. With the return journey, most of the passengers stayed ten to twelve hours on the train, but the monotony was broken by the varied scenery of a different type to that of the apple valley, where the train passed chain upon chain of orchards and the smooth, rolling dyke lands, beyond which Blomidon could be seen standing guard over the tides which roll into the Basin of Minas.

Near to this historic spot a few apple orchards were seen to be badly infested with the canker-worm, but this pest is not so bad as last year. The dyke lands and, in fact, all crops needed rain badly.

Leaving the mouth of the Cornwallis behind, it was not long before we steamed over the great Gaspereau, immortalized by Longfellow; and, a short distance beyond, the Avon came in sight, where four-masted schooners were loading with gypsum, taken from the quarries of Windsor.

As we left the Annapolis Valley behind, it became very noticeable that apple-farming was not the industry of the people, for the orchards became scattered objects, mostly grown in sod Brickfields, box and other factories were dotted along the route, while boats lazily heaved on the distant waters.

At Windsor the train branched off onto a comparatively new track, the rails having been laid about ten years ago. For about fifty miles there is a track of almost undeveloped country. The people live in primitive houses, few and far between, apparently ignorant of the vast resources at their doors. Their chief occupation is lumbering all the year round, either in the woods or at the sawmills. The natural pastures are level and expansive, with few rocks, but there were not many cattle, as indicated by the miserable barns, with the manure piles under the eaves.

When the inhabitants wake up to the possibilities of the soil, which looks to be of a loamy character, there is no doubt that it has a future before it, for the railway and the river run side by side. Here and there apple trees are growing wild, although the prevailing idea is that orchards cannot be grown. At present, the wealth is in the lumber, but the time will come when the timber will be exhausted, and the people will be forced to try something else.

One cannot help being struck by the number of rivers and streams which bountifully supply this valley, chief among which are the Kennetcook and the mighty Shubenacadie, the latter swelled by the tides from the Cobequid Bay, not far distant, beyond which rise the Cobequid Mountains, where Isaac Zangwill laid the scenes of the opening chapters in "The Master."

On arriving at Truro, some of the excursionists alighted in the town, while others remained in the train and proceeded as far as the College, where dinner was served, after which the horses and cattle were paraded round the show-ring, and the people stood outside the ropes, listening, and asking questions, which were answered by Professor Cumming and Mr. Archibald.

Professor Cumming asked the excursionists whether they remembered seeing a great deal of mustard on the farm three years ago, and called their attention to the fact that now there was not a bit to be seen. The wild radish had been eradicated by using hood crops; this spring, after the ground had been prepared, it had been left for two weeks without seeding, and then well harrowed.

A very inspiring speech was delivered by His Honor D. C. Fraser, Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia, who remarked that people who worked were entitled to a holiday. Referring to the drought, His Honor said that, if the crops are short in hay or fruit, we have compensations which are found in no other country, and that the friends from the Valley had made so much money from their fruit in past years that they would be able to meet the difficulties like men. We may have our share of pestis, etc., but the man who trusts shall not be afraid in time of drought. In proportion with the number of people, Nova Scotia has as much to keep them as any country in the world, and the people are able to meet difficulties, whether the crop is good or bad.

Farming is the life business of the Nova Scotians. At one time the young men thought, "Here we have no continuing city or place of abode," and emigrated. Now men say, act and feel that this is their country in which to live. The only stable occupation which no country could do without is farming.

Referring to the intellectual side of an agricultural life, His Honor said that many blessed evenings were spent in the idle tittle-tattle, instead of reading farm books and discussing the knowledge obtained, in which the boys would take part, thus having better advantages than their parents before them.

Men say that women are continually talking.

but in His Honor's experience he had found that men can talk—and not to any more purpose. Still, he advised that the mothers and daughters should study one special cooking-book, and compete with each other in turning out the best dishes.

The Governor advised the young man who had brought "Bella" to look around the college grounds, to see how he could better "Bella's" home by being a good farmer. During the last three years, since he became Governor, His Honor said that he had signed more marriage licenses than any previous Governor before him. This means that the people are settling at home, where they should, "and keep Fraser busy!"

The farm will not raise a crop without work, and there is not a day in the year but what some work can be found to do on the farm. Years ago the farmer thought that he was doing well if he could go away and earn a dollar a day, but God was kinder to his farm than he was.

A man was once asked the secret of his success, to which he replied: "I took the seconds of my watch to represent cents, and the minutes dollars—the hours as much as they would make. Farmers should apply this golden rule to their work. The banks may fail, but the farm will never fail, which is accumulating a greater than bank interest, and improvement is the most catching thing in the world."

Dr. Fernow, of the University of Toronto, then addressed the multitude on the subject of Forestry. With reference to the timber, he said that everything, with the exception of man's labor, was exhaustible. He told us of the tree farms in Prussia and France, and how he had got the Americans interested in forestry. Dr. Fernow's speech carried with it a ring of warning much needed. He said that it took one hundred years to produce a twelve-inch spruce, consequently we should have more respect for it. We have an idea that Canada is a wooded country, but, in reality, there is very little saw timber in it. We have five or six billion feet of lumber standing, and we have six or seven million people; but we forget that our numbers will soon be sixty million, and what will they do for wood?

The Government has been foolish enough to dispose of valuable timber lands through ignorance. It is ignorance that causes forest fires. All mismanagement of public affairs is chargeable to the citizens who elect men to make laws. If acres are burnt, it is land withdrawn from a proper use. If logging is done wastefully, apple barrels will be 24 cents, instead of 15 cents, as they used to be.

To reduce ignorance, we must produce a forest survey which will give us a new geography. We shall be able to find out what can be done with the slash and the swamps, where are the water-powers, and where the roads need improvement; also, where are the soils suitable for farms, and where for reforestation. Forestry is a patriotic undertaking, for the forester works for the future generations.

In France, deserted farms had been reforested; the value is now going up, and they are paying 7 per cent.

The fire question is a moral one, for it is wicked to set forest fires. This point was dwelt upon with much emphasis.

It occurred to the writer, as the train rushed through the forests, homeward bound, that if the railway companies were heavily fined for every fire set by their engines, they might find that it would pay them better to keep a fire-fighting crew on the line, thus preventing the miles of blackness and desolation, with its smoke and gusts of hot air, through which the excursionists passed after their very happy day spent at Truro College.

EUNICE WATTS.

Slight Decrease in Bounties.

The total amount paid in bounties by the Dominion Government for the last fiscal year was \$2,167,306, a decrease of \$330,555, as compared with 1907-08. On pig-iron last year the bounty paid amounted to \$693,423, as compared with \$863,816 for the preceding year. On steel, the bounty was \$838,100, as compared with \$1,092,200. On wire rods, \$333,090, as compared with \$347,134. Lead bounties totalled \$307,433, an increase of \$256,432. The bounty on manila fibre was \$34,561, a decrease of \$7,422, and the bounty on crude petroleum was \$260,698, a decrease of \$130,518.

The production of pig iron was 609,131 tons, a decrease of 74,348 tons. The production of steel was 570,588 tons, a decrease of 91,351 tons. In the production of pig iron, Canadian ore was used to the amount of 79,735 tons, and foreign ore was used to the amount of 107,586 tons.

We have had almost continuous drouth since May 24th, and crops have suffered, but last evening it commenced to rain, and is still continuing at 12.30 p. m. to-day (June 29th), wrote a King's County, N. S., correspondent, under the above date. The rain will be of great benefit to the country, he added, and may be the salvation of the grain crops.

Royal Show at Gloucester.

Shires, Shorthorns, Shropshires and Jerseys, were pronounced the four outstanding features of the seventieth Royal Show, held this year at Gloucester, Eng., June 22nd to 26th. Taken as a whole, this was one of the most successful of the long series of Royal Shows. Live stock numbered 2,980 head, the largest entry since the Jubilee Show, at Windsor, twenty years ago. Shorthorns mustered 423, or 57 more than the record entry at Newcastle last year. Shires reported to the number of 111.

In Shorthorns, a strong class of 17 cows in milk was headed by a roan four-year-old, Rat-cheugh Beauty, exhibited by Wm. Bell, and third at the Royal last year. First three-year-old was Elvetham Sweetheart, a substantial heifer shown by Lord Calthorpe. Female championship went to Lord Sherborne's Sherborne Fairy, first among a class of forty-two entries of senior yearlings. She is a beautiful heifer, with character, type and style. The first-prize two-year-old, Nonpareil Bud II., was reserve. The bull classes are described as not equal to the females. Among the aged class, the Duke of Northumberland's big, handsome Alwick Favorite won premier position, and reserve championship. Got by Bapton Favorite, out of a Baron Abbotsford cow, he has won good places at several leading shows, being placed second at the Royal, Lincoln, on the award of the referee. A slight deficiency at the tail-head is his fault. Second was a low-set, substantial bull, Lord Brilliant, second at the Royal as a yearling. Senior two-year-olds brought forth the male champion, Duke of Hoole, three times first this year. He is a good-backed, good-moving bull, with the marks of an impressive sire, and has been purchased for export to the Argentine at a long figure. In the three classes for pure-bred milking Shorthorns, there was a good display of typical dual-purpose stock. In a large class of cows calved in or before 1901, R. W. Hobbs & Sons took first and special with Prima 70th, a well-made roan, by Earl of Southrop 125th, giving 39½ pounds of milk. Second was a nine-year-old, Janette 45th, with a yield of 40½ pounds, two months after calving. Three-year-olds were led off by a big-framed heifer, Morello, with 20½ pounds of milk, beating Darlington Cranford 21st, purchased for 360 gs. at the Cranford sale. The latter yielded 24 pounds of milk in the test.

One hundred Herefords contributed an admirable exhibit. G. D. Faber's Rob Roy headed the aged-bull class, and captured the championship for the second time, while the Earl of Coventry's grand cow, Merriment, added a Royal championship to a long series of wins. Lincolnshire Reds made a small exhibit; Aberdeen-Angus fair, gold medal for the best animal of this breed being awarded to J. J. Cridlan for his noted prize-winner, Evermore. Reserve for the best of opposite sex went to J. Ernest Kerr on the two-year-old heifer, Juanita Erica. Devons, Longhorns, Sussex, Galloways, Red Polls and Welsh were also represented among the beef breeds.

Amidst the dairy cattle, Jerseys mustered strong, with an entry of 146. Of the thirty-nine entries, however, for cows calved in or before 1905, only twenty-four came forward. Victory rested with the Ladies Hope, whose cow, Tyber 2nd, was placed first over Lady Rothschild's Lady Phyllis. New Year's Gift was first in a class of thirteen cows and heifers in milk or in calf, bred by exhibitor, and sired in Britain or Ireland. Jersey bulls calved in 1904 to 1907 were a good class, and were headed by J. de Knoop's Inspector, the noted winner, Allriston's Pride, being only fifth.

Ayrshires made a small exhibit, though the 11 cows were a good lot. Lieut-Col. Fergusson-Buchanan was first with Auchentorlie Bloomer VI., champion at many shows. Jas. Howie showed three of the four bulls, and took all the prizes, commencing with Nethercraig Spicy Sam. Guernseys, Dexters and Kerries were also on deck.

In the horse section, Shires led in Point of numbers, maintaining, as well, a high standard of quality, the reserve champion mare at the Shire Horse Show receiving second in her class. The champion gold medal for stallions went to the Duke of Devonshire's Holker Mars, by Holker Menestrel. Holker Mars showed in two-year-old form, and won praise for quality, flat bone, silky feather, and free, mannerly action. He was second at London last spring. Reserve was Lord Rothschild's Coxford Merlin. Champion mare was Lord Rothschild's Desford Future Queen, by Lockinge Forest King. Bardon Forest Princess was reserve.

Clydesdales assembled a very creditable display, especially the female classes. They were judged by Leslie Durno, Old Meldrum; and John Kerr, Wigton. The male championship was captured by Wm. Dunlop's beautiful yearling, Dupure Footprint, by Baron of Buchlyvie. This colt was first at the Stallion Show, Ayr, and Glasgow, and is a well-bottomed, straight, stylish, close-moving colt, of good size. Reserve was the two-year-old, Right Honorable, a big, handsome young horse,

by the same sire, out of a Prince Alexander mare. Messrs. Montgomery won first in three-year-olds with the thick Baron Abercorn, by Baron's Pride, beating Sir George Cooper's Pioneer, by Pride of Blacon. The only brood mare shown was Minnewawa, with a colt by Oyama. A phenomenal class of three-year-old fillies yielded honors to J. Ernest Kerr's celebrated last year's champion, Nerissa, which repeated her championship performance, with her closest class competitor, Boquhan Lady Peggy, by Hiawatha, in reserve. A two-year-old filly, of very similar breeding to the last named, was Boquhan Beatrice, first in her class, and shown by the same exhibitor, Stephen Mitchell. In yearlings, Mr. Kerr was first with Faida, own sister to the champion Nerissa, leaving second to Mr. Mitchell, with a Hiawatha filly, Sweet Melody.

In Suffolks and Hunters there was good competition.

The principal winner in Hackneys was Sir Walter Gilbey, who took male championship with the three-year-old, Flash Cadet, the two-year-old Antonius being kept at Elsenham, it is said, for another year. Reserve was Robt. Black's International, second in the same class. Beckingham Lady Grace won the female championship for Richard P. Evans, reserve being Sir Walter Gilbey's first-prize two-year-old, Spring Bells, by Mathias. In the Hackney pony stallion class, D. S. Carr was first with Little Ruby.

Sheep were strongly represented in all breeds except those from the North. The Shropshire classes filled well. Lord Richard Cavendish was first for two-shear rams with one of Duke of Devonshire breeding. The champion Border Leicester was Right Hon. A. J. Balfour's Westside-bred Gladiator, got by the tup, Tempest. There were twenty-three breeds represented, three more than last year at Newcastle.

Pigs and poultry were also fine exhibits, the Large White swine numbering 84 entries.

Favorable Fruit-crop Prospects.

Weather conditions in Canada have been favorable during the month of June for fruit development, says the Fruit-crop Report of the Fruit Division, Ottawa.

Apples.—Eastern Canada will have a large crop of winter apples, from present indications. Early and fall varieties will not yield as heavily. The apple prospects in British Columbia will hardly reach the average.

Pears.—An average crop is expected in the commercial pear sections of Ontario.

Plums are estimated somewhat lower, generally, since the heavy bloom, but are showing for an average crop, except in British Columbia, where the crop will be light.

Peaches.—Early peaches are reported medium to full crop; late peaches, medium. "Curl leaf" is very prevalent, affecting Elbertas, particularly.

Grapes.—Concords promise a full crop; white and red grapes, medium to full crop.

Cherries will be a good average crop.

Tomatoes promise a good crop.

Small fruits promise well everywhere. Strawberries in Southern Ontario are a very large crop.

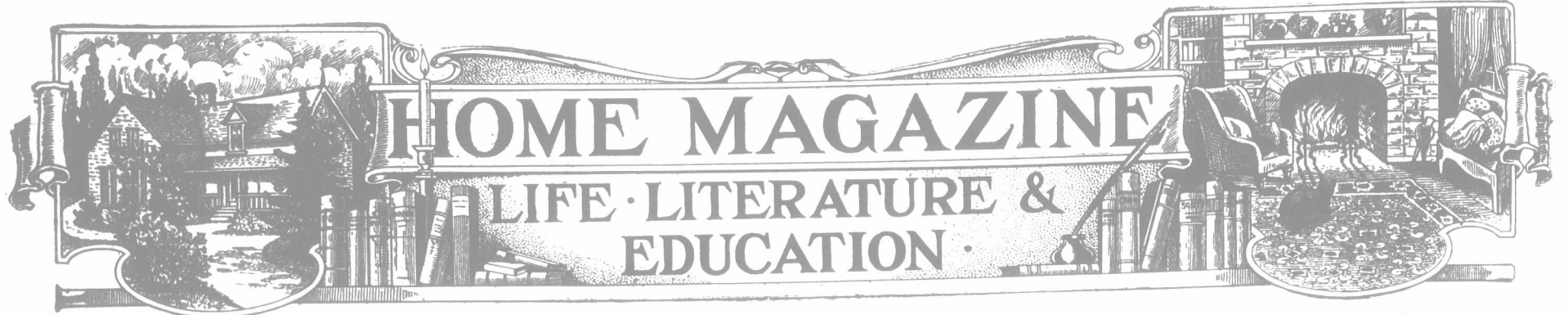
Insect and fungus diseases are fairly prevalent, but comparatively little damage is reported yet, except from the cankerworm in Nova Scotia.

United States.—Present indications show about an average crop to compete with Canadian winter stock.

Great Britain and Continental Europe.—The prospects are for not more than an average crop of fruit.

At this writing (July 3rd), crops in the district represented by a trip through Middlesex and Oxford Counties have improved very greatly. During the past two weeks, sufficient rains and steady warmth have caused phenomenal growth. The late-sown oats, the least-promising of the crops, have made great advance, and it now looks as if they may yet be a fair crop. Fall wheat has a good appearance, and gives promise of filling well. Clover-cutting is just starting, and the crop, though not tall, is fairly heavy. Hoed crops are late, but look thrifty, corn in many cases being but six inches high, and mangels barely past the thinning stage. Pastures, no doubt, will be bare later on, but at present are very good, and cows are milking well, though factorymen report that the shrinkage of flow is already becoming noticeable.

Thousands of spectators thronged Queen's Park, Toronto, Ont., on Dominion Day to witness the seventh annual open-air horse parade and show, while many others viewed the parade from points of vantage on the various streets. The parade was headed by representatives of the Mississauga Horse, and the trumpeters of the Governor-General's Bodyguard. There were in the neighborhood of fifty classes judged, and the show was voted the most successful in the history of the Toronto Open-air Horse Parade Association.



A recent number of the Boston Herald tells something of how some abandoned Maine farms have been occupied, and are now being profitably cultivated by families of Finns, although the former owners were not able to make a living off them. At intervals, all through the New England States, these abandoned farms are to be seen, ruined houses and barns and mills, weed-grown wastes and torn fragments of orchards alone remaining to show where once lived communities of poverty-stricken and disgruntled settlers. But it has been found that scientific management can induce even run-down and well-nigh barren farm lands to blossom like the rose, to put forth wheat and oats and potatoes, instead of thistles and curly-dock, to support flourishing herds of cattle and sheep; and so the courageous have taken heart, and the trek back has begun. That the efforts of many of these venturers have been crowned with such signal success, proves again what can be done by a thorough understanding and application of the scientific principles that underlie all true agriculture, and should prove an inspiration to farmers everywhere who are not as advantageously situated as might be desired. Knowledge, plus industry, spells power and success in agriculture, as in other things.

A writer in Christian Guardian says:

"There are many men sleeping quietly beneath tombstones to-day, while thankless relatives are busy dissipating their hard-earned competence, simply because they killed themselves in the effort to provide for comfort in old age. Sometimes the man himself survives, but the wife or children pay the penalty of ill-judged economy, and the man spends his lonely hours in unappreciated luxury, while he bitterly curses the folly which brought him gold, but robbed him of what he held as infinitely more precious.

"The man who keeps his eye fixed on a fortune in the future, and forgets to properly care for his friends, is all too effectively planning for lonely and loveless years. When the bank account grows at the expense of health and family, it is but monumental folly. Our friends are with us now; they may not be here when our fortune is made."

These are very true words. It is necessary to be industrious and provident, to see that children start their career in the world with a fair "chance," and to provide for old age; but the mistake of reducing life to a mere daily grind for money or property should never be made. Our sojourn here is short—startlingly short—too short to give us countenance for wasting any of its opportunities, and time should be taken for the bits of pleasure that every human being needs for all-round development; for the cultivation of friendships, and of the finer qualities of character; for interest in affairs that concern the public good. The mere money-grubber misses all this, and the effect is salutary neither on his usefulness, his happiness, nor his temper.

"So far as colleges go, the side-shows have swallowed up the circus, and we in the main tent do not know what is going on. And I do not know that I want to continue under those conditions as ring-master. There are more honest occupations than teaching, if you cannot teach.

"I believe in athletics. I believe in all those things which relax energy, that the faculties may be at their best when the energies are not relaxed, but only so far do I believe in these diversions. When the lad leaves school he should cease to be an athlete. The modern world is an exacting one, and the things it exacts are mostly intellectual."

The above words, spoken by President Wilson, of Princeton, at Concord, a few weeks ago, have aroused a storm of protest from various parts of the United States. Possibly a portion of this is rather strongly expressed, but strength of expression is often needed in these blase days to attract attention at all, and the last sentence is so true as to deserve more than a casual reading. It is a fact which everyone still in the running of life will do well to lay to heart, that the qualities the world most demands to-day are intellectual. Brute force, mere mechanic action may suck a "living" from it, but in every calling it is intelligent labor that differentiates between the true workman and the mere parasite.

People, Books and Doings.

A mechanical mailer, which will seal, stamp, and count letters, is described in the Chicago "Popular Electricity." The machine will perform its various operations on 150 letters per minute, and may be speeded up to turn out considerably more when required.

The Western University (London) is allowing one scholarship of \$100 to each county, and to each city having a representative in the Senate of the University, the award to be made by the President of the University, with the approval of the Board of Governors, and to be based upon the work done by the competitors at the usual Departmental Matriculation examinations. Persons intending to compete shall give notice of such intention to the Registrar of the University in writing, on or before the first day of August next. The applicant must also declare his intention to take the usual arts course of the University, and must become enrolled for the ensuing Academic year, commencing on the 30th day of September next.

The Farmer's Wife.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate"

In regard to a farmer's wife's duty, I would not altogether agree with "Worshipper" in her view of a wife's duty. A farmer's wife must look after the welfare of her house and children, but I think it goes a little further than that. I do not think it would hurt her feelings or make a slave of her to help the husband and father out of doors, if her strength will permit her to do so. As for helping to look after the dairy and poultry, it gives one the pure, fresh air, instead of staying indoors all the time. I am sure the husband, if he loves his wife, will never think of wanting her for a slave. If God meant man and wo-

man to marry, he also meant them to help each other, and not for the husband to be the slave. There should be no slavery about married life at all. Perhaps I am writing too strongly on the subject, but where is there anyone that can enjoy life better than a farmer, his wife, and his family. There is certainly hard work on the farm, but then comes the pleasure. I say, help the breadwinner all you can. If a woman marries just to make a slave of her husband, more honor to her if she had stayed single.

A FARMER'S HELPMATE.
Wellington Co., Ont.

International Council of Women.

"What use is this big gathering of women, anyway? Are they doing anything but talk? Is any real good being accomplished by it?" These are some of the questions asked by Mere Man when the Quinquennial Congress of the International Council of Women, just closed in Toronto, is being discussed. The questions are reasonable enough, and may be asked with just as much relevance about men's conferences. The answers do not seem difficult when you have gone through a few sessions of the Council programme. To begin with, if you know nothing whatever about a given subject you cannot be interested in it, and if you are not interested you will never accomplish anything along that particular line. Ignorance is the greatest enemy of our twentieth-century civilization. Our only hope for getting rid of evil and establishing good is in increasing our knowledge of the horrors of the one and the attractiveness of the other. The one way to cultivate that saving knowledge and to make it grow till it covers the earth as the waters cover the sea is to talk—or to write, which is only another way of talking. The person who knows a little of one side of the great problem of humanity can meet and talk with the person who knows a little about another phase; both have increased their respective stores and are better prepared to talk again with people who know less or nothing about the matter.

The Congress of the Council of Women is not their work at all; it is merely their talk about their work. A Congress meets only once in five years, and two weeks of talking, reporting progress, interchanging methods, building plans, does not seem to be too large a proportion out of five years of real activity. It is the stocktaking time, when the womanhood of the civilized nations of the world measures itself, each nationality with the others as a standard.

The International Council is a federation of the heads of all the great associations, whose object in organizing was for the benefit of women and children along some line or other. There are represented there organizations whose aim is the care of defective and feeble-minded, the enfranchisement of women, careers and professions for women, art, literature, philanthropy, the banishment of tuberculosis, temperance, social purity—all of the phases of human life in which women are directly or indirectly concerned—and there are not many in which they are not so concerned. All of the Council delegates are not interested in all of these topics, and for five years most of them have been working along some one of these lines, working faithfully and well, but with no thought of the other branches and of the workers on them. During those conversational two weeks each worker is bound to hear much of her own favorite course, and also of

immense amount regarding the others to which she had so far given little heed, not knowing before that all these were a part of hers, and hers was bound up in them so that nothing could ever extricate them. She goes home better balanced and broader-minded after that view. She has met women who knew more than she, and learned about nations who have exceeded her nation in dealing with disease, poverty, crime, and the other ills to which nations have so long been heir, and which, if women have their way, will soon be things of a dark past.

There is no doubt, too, that not only are the interest, knowledge and sympathy of the delegates broadened, but through the medium of the press the deliberations are carried to thoughtful men and women all over the world, and they are going to know more, and therefore do more because of this "talking time."

It was a hopeless task to try to hear all the discussions of all the topics on the programme of the Quinquennial Congress of the International Council of Women, which Canada had the honor of entertaining in Toronto during the last half of June. For five days the Congress was divided into nine separate sections, each section holding two sessions a day, with from one to six speakers taking part in each session.

The best one could do was to choose a section in which something that might prove of interest to "The Farmer's Advocate" readers was being discussed, and settle down there for a season; though no matter where the choice fell one had the uneasy feeling that good things were being missed somewhere else.

THE WOMEN OF THE CONGRESS.

Canada can feel honored in being chosen as the meeting place of this great body of women. Five years ago they met in Berlin, and it has been decided that five years from now they will convene in Rome, but in spite of the great historical attractions of these Old World cities, there will be many pleasant memories of the June they spent in Canada among the women who have gathered from the ends of the earth. There are delegates from Great Britain and Ireland, United States, Sweden, Hungary, France, Germany, Denmark, The Netherlands, Australasia, Italy, Austria, Norway, Belgium. The opening meeting and reception of delegates gave an excellent opportunity to see them all together. By far the majority of delegates were Anglo-Saxons, but it speaks for the general use of the English language when every delegate replied in the English tongue, sometimes a little halting over some of our puzzling constructions, but always in well-chosen words, whose quaintness of accent was only an added charm. I wondered at the time how many of the English-speaking delegates could have borne themselves so well in Paris or Vienna, if the language of those countries had been used.

The foremost figure, of course, was Lady Aberdeen, wife of the Viceroy of Ireland, and herself President for two terms of the International Council of Women. Her chief interests lie along the widely-differing lines of the fight against tuberculosis and the reviving of Irish industries. Canadians learned to know and feel a sense of ownership in her ever since Lord Aberdeen represented royalty at Rideau Hall from 1893 to 1898. During that time she was prime mover in the organization of the Victorian Order of Nurses for Canada, and of the Aberdeen Association for providing literature to settlers in sparsely-settled districts.

Miss Jane Addams is another woman whose work is familiar to us in Canada, though Chicago is the scene of her most energetic labors. Everybody has heard of Miss Addams and her Settlement work

at Hull House, in one of the most-crowded industrial sections of Chicago. A talk on her work was one of the most enjoyable features of the Congress, and the sweetness of her face, the richness yet simplicity of her voice and language, were delightful attributes of the importance of her message, of which more will be written later.

The representatives from other than English-speaking countries were all clever looking, charming, and well dressed. Their English was delightful, so well chosen, and with a surprisingly large vocabulary, and just enough foreign accent to make you pay attention so as not to miss a word. Chief of these, perhaps, in brains and heart and good looks, stood Frau Marie Stritt, of Germany, whose English was almost perfect. She won every heart by her gracious, unaffected manner—gay when gayety was in order, and with a sober dignity when deep things were in question. She is the founder of the first Legal Aid Society for women in Germany. Fraulein Marie Herz is the baby of the Congress delegates, and is a board-school teacher in Dresden. Froken Elisabeth Gad, of Denmark, has kept that little but precious country well in the eyes of the delegates, for she is interested in everything, to the extent of asking questions about what she did not understand. Her own special work is of sad importance in every country, being the suppression of the white-slave traffic—the universal blight. There are hundreds more of them, all worth telling about if only there were space. A very large proportion of them are trained workers, and so know something of the needs and rights of working women. There are a score of teachers among them, and a dozen practising physicians. There are as many editors as doctors, two ordained preachers, four agriculturists, and a full-fledged lawyer. Nearly every one of them has written a book, and, strange or not, the special line of work undertaken by any one woman has led her, slowly but surely, to take her stand on the side of woman suffrage. It apparently is the result of going into the world's work to help other people fight their battles.

(To be continued.)

The Red River Voyageur.

Out and in the river is winding
The links of its long, red chain,
Through belts of dusky pine-land
And gusty leagues of plain.
Only, at times, a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins—
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins!
Brearily blows the north wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.
And with one foot on the water,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.
Is it the clang of wild-geese?
Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the north-wind
The tone of a far-off bell?
The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface—
The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.
Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north winds blow,
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts as oarsmen row.
And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching
And our hearts faint at the oar;
Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release,
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chiming of eternal peace.
—J. G. Whittier

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Does God Still Speak to Men?

In holy books we read how God hath spoken
To holy men, in many different ways;
But hath the present world no sign or token?
Is God quite silent in these latter days?

This is an up-to-date question, is it not? Plenty of people are asking Pilate's question: "What is truth?" Some appear to think it is a riddle with no solution; they know that many claim to be able to go confidently on their way—hearing God's call and following His directions—but they think such people are mistaken enthusiasts. Others are willing to believe that the friends they love and admire are led by God, but they stumble blindly forward themselves, in doubt and unrest. One thing that puzzles many is that the people who declare that God is speaking to them, do not agree in their statements of what He says. They find the same kind of difficulty in the Bible records. For instance, it is hard to reconcile with our Christian ideas, Samuel's order to Saul: "Thus saith the LORD . . . go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass." Such an order sounds very vindictive, and utterly opposed to our conception of Him whose name is LOVE. I am not going to attempt the impossible task of explaining this and many similar inconsistencies which cause us to feel sometimes like apologizing for the Bible. No, I feel convinced that God speaks to men today as distinctly as He did long ago, and the fact that men who hear His voice are inconsistent in the messages that they deliver is so plainly to be seen now that I should feel very surprised if we found men in old times always infallible. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, declares that God "spoke in time past unto the fathers by the prophets," and has in these last days "spoken unto us by His Son." If the message delivered to us reveals far more clearly the Father-heart of God than that delivered by the prophets to the fathers, the reason is not far to seek—the Son understands the Father's heart, and can declare it far more perfectly than any other messenger. If a message is a dead thing, just a form of words learned by rote, and recited without expression by the messenger, then it may reach its destination without change. If you wish to send such a message, then the best way will be to speak it into a phonograph. But that is not God's way of sending messages through men. The education and character of the messenger and his methods of delivering it, have their effect on the message—and so also does the character of the hearer and his way of receiving it. When the word of the Lord came unto Jonah, saying: "Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before Me," he had to deliver his message in the best words he could find; just as certainly as any messenger who is called to deliver God's messages in the pulpit, Sunday after Sunday, is unfaithful to his high commission unless he prays and studies and keeps his eyes open for new lights. A preacher has God's message to deliver now, as he had ten years ago, and yet if he is satisfied to deliver old sermons over and over again, never making use of new light and new discoveries, never going ahead, but always sticking fast to the same old forms of expressing the old truths, then he is not a faithful messenger, and is not listening for God's voice to-day. And a great deal depends on the listener. The Sermon on the Mount is perhaps the grandest sermon ever delivered, and yet it would fail to catch the attention of a child of two, and

probably would mean very little to a lively schoolboy or a determined atheist. God's method in teaching His children is like that of Jacob, who said: "I will lead on softly, according as the children be able to endure." When our Lord had been patiently teaching the Apostles for years, and was about to leave them without the help of His visible companionship, He said: "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." It is always so. He has many things to say to each of us, revelations that He longs to make, but we are not ready for them yet. A mother teaches her child in simple language, and slowly but surely his power of comprehension grows, until he can study and enjoy books which would have been meaningless to him years before. Is there any other satisfactory method of imparting knowledge? To try to cram a soul with spiritual truth, before it has grown strong enough to assimilate it, is as fatal to good results as to feed a baby on meat when it can only assimilate milk. St. Paul wanted to speak about spiritual truths to the Corinthians (1 Cor., iii., 1-3), and explains that he did not do it because they were as babes in Christ. He could not explain spiritual truths to carnal minds, any more than an artist could describe a picture properly to one who had no taste for art, or a musician could satisfactorily talk on his favorite subject to a man who did not know one tune from another.

It is always true in everything—though on the surface it may seem hardly fair—that "Whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath." Those who already know a little about spiritual things—if they act on their knowledge—will grow in spiritual knowledge. Those who set themselves to do right—fulfilling God's will and obeying His voice as they can understand it—will find the way made plain, little by little. Christ knew that it would be better for the disciples to lose His visible presence, and depend on the still voice of the Spirit, whose orders they might often mistake. How "expedient" it was for them we may judge as we see the shrinking, cowering men blossoming out into bold and brave leaders of the infant Church. If you tell a child all he has to learn, he will not really learn anything. Your definitions may be far more correct than his, and yet it is far better for him to puzzle out things for himself, with only the help that is absolutely necessary, even though he may make endless mistakes. And God knows it is better for us to fight our way to faith, rather than to make the way so certain that mistakes will be impossible. A very weak and mistaken religion, that is "a man's own," will bring him nearer God than the most perfect definition of theologians, if it is only accepted by the mind—as one might accept a fact in history—but does not influence the conduct.

God does speak to men to-day, and men hear His voice, though it does not sound the same to all hearers. When a voice from heaven—the Voice of the Father—confirmed the witness of Christ, some thought they heard an angel, but others only caught the roll of thunder. When Saul of Tarsus heard the call of the ascended Jesus, the men who were with him heard a voice (Acts ix., 7), and yet St. Paul said truly: "They that were with me saw indeed the light, and were afraid, but they heard not the voice of Him that spake to me" (xxii., 9). When God speaks, the people who really hear are those who are willing to obey.

In C. L. Drawbridge's "Old Beliefs and New Knowledge," he says that some people have lost faith in God because they say that "Balaam's ass never spoke," and therefore the Bible is valueless as a guide. Others brand as an atheist anyone who dares to suggest that the story may only have been intended as a parable—like Jotham's story of the trees who spoke (Judges ix., 8-15). But, as the writer points out, "it is possible to form a true theory about Balaam's ass, and yet act as Balaam did, namely, disregard the voice of Conscience, and ignore the inspiring Spirit of God."

God does speak to each of us—we all know that we are wrong when we disobey Conscience, even though my conscience may speak very differently to yours. We must receive the Holy Spirit

actively, but passively—working out our own salvation, because God works in us. In spite of the wonders which fill the public mind—wonders of psychology and of the influence of a stronger over a weaker mind—each of us will have to answer for ourselves before God. Critics are already declaring that more harm than good results from hypnotic suggestion. It seldom helps people if you make their way too easy, or do all their lessons for them. Growth is usually more healthy, if it is not too rapid. So, if you want to grow spiritually, if you want to hear God's voice and see His face more distinctly, keep on climbing. He says to each of us: "What is thy desire?" and is ready to grant it, if we are willing to pay the price of steady persistence and unswerving determination. Ask and ye shall receive—but one who wavers in his asking must heed the warning of St. James: "Let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord."

DORA FARNCOMB.

Editor "Quiet Hour":

I should like to repeat an editorial which was printed in a magazine several years ago, which an anxious mother and others would do well to take to heart and ponder well.

This is the tale that called forth the editorial in question: "Since my boy was born I lived in constant dread that he might develop a weakness for liquor. When he was eight years old I induced him to join a temperance society. Repeatedly he promised me never to touch liquor. His promise was faithfully kept until he was eighteen years old. Then, one day in November, he went into a saloon with several companions.

The other boys jeered my son because he refused to drink; at last he yielded and drank a glass of whiskey. Then, I understand, he drank some more. I have never seen nor heard of him since. Either James has become a hopeless drunkard or he is ashamed to come home again."

That is the tale. That boy's whole life from babyhood up, unerringly foreshadowed the first drink. If it had been planned to create a drunkard, no better course could have been pursued than mother love in this instance devised. From the cradle his thoughts were constantly turned to the subject of drink—not only the general aspect of the matter, but his individual relation to it. His mother continually cherished the vision of his downfall, frantically striving, of course, to ward off the disaster, but never letting go for a moment of the thought of evil surrounding and undermining him. Into his own mind she unceasingly instilled the sense of his own weakness—this fear of temptation, this lurid picture of sin encompassing him. . . .

So frantic was her terror, that she convinced herself and him that not drunkenness alone, but even one glass of liquor meant irretrievable ruin. . . .

Confronted with temptation, he could see only the terrible power accredited it, and his own weakness he had been taught to dwell upon—to him the end seemed inevitable. All his life he had been trained to expect this moment of defeat, and he accepted it. . . . Watch the mountain-guide as he exhorts the traveller crossing a narrow plank above the chasm. Does he cry, 'Look into the abyss, that you be saved therefrom!' No, he shouts, 'Don't look down! Steady, steady! Eyes ahead. Don't—look—down!'

Build beautiful things, and there will be no room for evils ruins. Believe in those about you; call out their strength; stimulate their independence; grant them high motives and noble actions. Thus they shall come to look for these qualities within themselves, and in stress of temptation, in bitterness of impending defeat, in the humiliation of temporary wrong-doing, your high vision of them shall fire the heart anew, strengthen the soul that is faltering, lit up the broken spirit. It is not the soul who has been taught to fear evil who triumphs, but the soul who knows no evil need be feared. And with our boys—as with our girls—let us take care to call things by their right names. We may hold smoking, for instance, to be injurious to the physical health, but we strain the intelligence when we label it "wrong," and the growing boy, looking about him and seeing many good and generous and able

men committing this wrong," begins to attach little importance to our self use of the condemnatory word. Let us take time to formulate to ourselves our real objection to this or that act, not seek to lend it greater importance when we state our position to others.

"How much better if that mother would have met her son's eyes with friendly understanding and an unfailing belief in his strength, if she could have shown why she deprecated the one glass—because of the undesirable associations the fact that the mind loses its power to act intelligently or with balance under the influence of even a slight stimulant, and because of the laws of habit which lead us to select with care even the things we do not eat. His heart would not have been burdened with the consciousness of a sin; and never to be erased, but on the contrary his intelligence would have been appealed to, his grateful appreciation of fairness, his sense of judgment, purity of purpose aroused, while the affectionate, strongest love of all, would have been stirred and deepened by the love and understanding accorded him.

Why should "anxious mother" feel unequal to the task of bringing her children up good and pure when they are good and pure? Let her always hold this ideal before her. Young minds are very susceptible and if evil is suggested to them they very readily manifest it.

Why do we not look more for the goodness in others? Why so prone to think evil, why so intolerant, so ready to think "I am better than thou"? Are we so sure? We can go our way looking up to the glorious sky with a heart full of gladness, believing in the infinite goodness of all, and yet believe that he who is choosing a dark and to us painful way is still treading the path that is best for him, and that he is gaining the experience his soul has need of in its unfolding. When we can seek to understand the motives of the blind and still compassionately understand the swift unbridled passion which has ended a life or ruined a soul, then we have learned the greatest lesson life has to teach—that after all, we are one, that the only human document we can judge, and which is clearly open to our reading, is our own soul, and the soul of our brother is like our own. When Jesus said "With-out Me ye can do nothing." He spoke not of His perishable form, but of the universal spirit of love of which His conduct was a perfect manifestation. "Behold the Kingdom of God is within you."

The gospel of Jesus is a gospel of living and doing. Its Temple is Purified Conduct, the entrance door to which is Self-surrender.

By sounding that high call, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect," Jesus recognized the inherent goodness of man. He recognized the divine in all men, even the so-called "evil."

Stop thinking you are a worm of the dust, raise your head, fill your lungs with God's exhilarating air, and realize that you are divine. J. C. L.

I gladly give the above article the opportunity of carrying its message, with thanks to J. C. L. for the trouble taken in copying and sending it, and also for his own comments. D. F.

Brier.

Because, dear Christ, your tender, rounded arm

Bends back the brier that edges life's long way.

That no hurt comes to heart, to soul or harm.

I do not feel the thorns so much to day.

Because I never knew your care to tire.

Your hand to weary, guiding me aright,

Because you walk before and crush the brier.

It does not grieve my feet so much to night.

Because, when often you have hearkened to

My wretched prayer, I ask but one thing more.

That those harsh hands of mine add not unto

The crown of thorns upon your bleeding brow.

R. Pauline Johnson (Takahiamake).

The Beaver Circle.

Wild-flower Competition.

Dear Beavers—I suppose you are all out of patience waiting for the announcement of the wild-flower competition, but—may I whisper it— you knew how very busy poor Puck has been of late you would have nothing but forgiveness.

At last the decision as to the prize winners has been made and I can just tell you that I had to call in a whole regiment of people to decide. The drawings were nearly all good and the compositions were all good, but the awards have been placed as follows:

Prize—Joseph A. Macdonald, Upper Wausford, New Brunswick; Lean Yeak, Petroses, Ont.; Olive Gilbert, Harmon, Centre, Ont.; Laura Barber, Macdonald School, Guelph; Marie Stiles, Frome, Ont.; and Florence Stager, Havelock, Ont.
Prize Composition—Nina Wilson, Banda, Ont.; Irene Blair, Cyrville, Ont.; Laita Barber, Macdonald School, Guelph; Kate Rutledge, Leito, Ont.
Junior Beavers—Rita Fern, Sebring, Ont., Ont.

Now, as I want to leave you young folk all the room possible, I am not going to say another word, except to congratulate you all on the excellence of your work and to venture the hope that you will keep on this interesting work, new kind of wild flower you see, no matter whether there is a competition in the wind or not.

As there is not room for all the drawings, sent by Florence Stager, Rita Fern, and others, will appear in other issues. Your wife friend.

PUCK.

The Adder's-tongue

(Dogtooth Violet)

PRIZE COMPOSITION

One day I went for the cows, which is my duty to do after I eat my supper. As I was walking slowly behind the cows suddenly one cow ran out from the rest and I went to head her off again, what do you think I saw? Just a little yellow flower on the other side of the fence. Of course, the cows went out of my mind and the flower took all my attention and admiration.

The flower was a pale yellow, with very light reddish spots running through the petals—very much like mine. It has six petals. These are really sepals, colored—P. petals are one inch in length and a quarter of an inch in breadth, narrowing at the ends. In the center of this flower is a little green bulb, which is cut off in three parts, from the center of this is a long narrow tube, bulged out at the end, with three large ridges. The color of this tube is a yellowish green. The inside of the green bulb is cut off into three rooms, each room is filled with little white seeds. Around the sides of this bulb are six long stems, with rough red knots at the ends.

The stem from the flower to the leaves is from four to five inches long. It is a very slender stem, and has little veins or cords running through it. The color is a yellowish green, with very small brown spots on it.

The leaves start about one-quarter of an inch from the ground, the length is from three inches and a half to four inches, while the greatest breadth is one inch, tapering off at the end. The leaves are of a green color, with large, and small brown spots over them.

The roots in the ones I saw were long white tubes, about five inches long. They also had cords running through them, like the leaves.

I saw most of these Adder's-tongues in soft loamy soil, here they grew thickest and largest. But I also saw some in dry clay-like soil, here they were few and small. NINA E. WILSON, Banda, Ont.

The little green "bulb" in the center of the flower is the "pistol." A pistol may be made up of one or several seed-tubes or carpels, and these may be united (sympetrous) or free from one another (apocarpous). The dogtooth violet has then a "sympetrous" pistol made up of three carpels. The long narrow tube coming from the pistol is called the "style" and the "bulges" at the end of the style, slightly stalk-like form, the "stigma." The long stems "around

the bulb" or pistil, with the reddish spots on the sides of them, are called the "filaments."

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE, 1914.

White Trillium.

(PRIZE COMPOSITION)

Dear Puck—In your issue of May 18th you suggested a competition of wild flowers, and although my teachers have always scolded about my poor compositions, yet I thought I should just take to the job.

One day I strolled about "Creekside" and with a little shovel in one hand and a notebook and pencil in the other, strolled down to the creek, which is a wide dear old place. There is a little wetland and when we call the first part which the creek runs and now there I was strolling. What a paradise of flowers greeted me! They were so numerous and of such varieties that I was puzzled as to what I should choose. The three-lobed white trillium seemed to be the best to write about, though not the prettiest, so I dug it a good healthy-looking one, planted it in the soil, and named it "Puck." The leaves began to drop, and this made the plant more difficult to draw.

The flower of the plant has three large white petals, which are placed in such a manner as to somewhat resemble a bell. There are red trilliums, but they are not so pretty and have a disagreeable odor. In this bell, one pistil, and six little stamens are sheltered. Outside of these petals are placed three triangular-shaped leaves, called sepals. They serve as a protection for them.

The flower is supported by one long, thick stem. The end nearest the earth is colored a light red. This stem varies in length according to the size of the plant, the one which I found measures ten inches.

Three large lemon-shaped leaves are attached to the stem, about an inch or more below the flower. They are very large, coming to a point at both ends, and are remarkable for their deep vein-

ing. The stem grows from a little bulb, not unlike a big chubby worm. The trillium being a perennial, this bulb lives through the winter, and in it nourishment is stored, so that in the spring the plant need not have to get food from the ground, grows very quickly. This bulb is pure white inside.

About twenty little roots, branch off from the bulb. They are all marked off in little rings, like an earthworm.

The trillium is always found in a bush near water, where there are plenty of dead leaves to protect the bulb from the frost in winter. The soil in which it grows is a rich loam, sometimes mixed with a little sand. It usually blooms the first of May, but this spring the first blossoms did not appear until the middle of the month, owing to the lateness of the season.

Would you like to know what I shall do with my trillium? Why, the little dear shall live undisturbed just as long as it likes, at least, it shall not be removed from that coconut shell by the hands of. IRENE BLAIR, Cyrville, Ont. (page 14).

Yellow Adder's-tongue

(Dogtooth Violet)

PRIZE COMPOSITION

Dear Puck—I have never written to the Beavers before, but hope that I may now come in and join the happy Circle.

I live on a farm about two miles from the City of Guelph. Frequently our class, of the Macdonald Consolidated School, Guelph, accompanied by our teacher, go for a walk to a nearby wood to gather wild flowers. In our earlier visits we found the hillsides already strewed with blood-root and hepatica, but in our later strolls the first thing to meet our eyes after entering the forest was the beautiful lily-like flower called "The Yellow Adder's-tongue."

One day while strolling through the woods we sat down on a log under a tree to examine this beautiful flower. On looking at it closely we found that the stem and short roots, come out of a small, onion-like bulb, brown in color, and about one-half inch long. Growing from the center of the bulb was a number of thread-like, yellowish, rootlets.

The slender stem, which grows from the opposite end of the bulb from that of the tiny rootlets, is white near the bulb, changing to yellow nearer the top, has a smooth surface, and stands from six to nine inches high.

Joining the stem a little above the surface of the earth are two seal-like leaves, green in color, spotted with brown. The leaves come to a sharp point at the ends, and are about four inches long.



Yellow Adder's-tongue, or Dogtooth Violet.

(Prize.)

Drawn by Laura Barber, Macdonald School, Guelph.

There is one solitary, light-yellow nodding flower on each stem, one to two inches in length, and sometimes spotted at the base. This bell-shaped flower has six distinct petals, and inserted, one on each division, are six stamens, surrounding a club-shaped style. [When sepals and petals are colored alike the name "perianth" is used—P.]

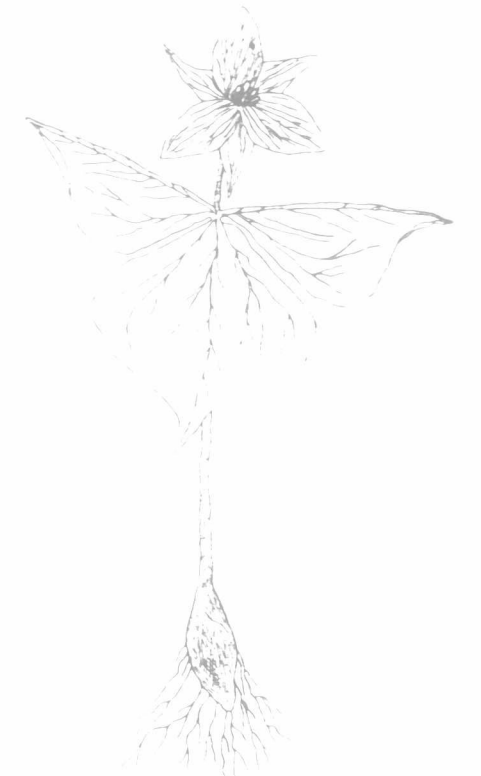
LAURA BARBER (age 12), Guelph, Macdonald School.

Other compositions will appear later.

Red Trillium.

(PRIZE COMPOSITION)

Dear Puck.—This is my first letter to "The Farmer's Advocate," but I thought I would write on the wild-flower competition.



Red Trillium.

(Prize.)

Drawn by Joseph A. Macdonald, Upper Wausford, New Brunswick.

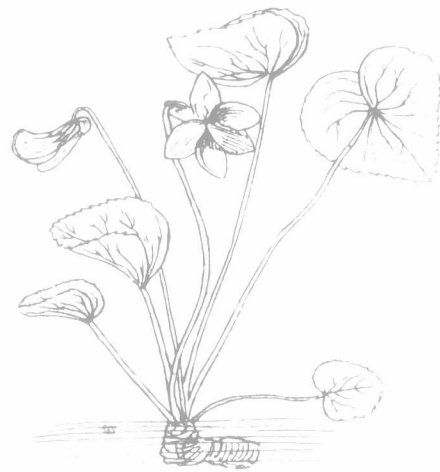
One day my sister and I went to the woods to gather wild flowers. We found a great many, but I am going to describe the white robin; or, as it is commonly called, the red lily. I found it growing on the side of a small knoll at

the bank of a stream. A great many dead leaves lay all around the plant, but when these were raked aside we found rich, black soil. On digging farther down I found clay. I next pulled up the root and examined the whole flower. Its sister, the white trillium, has no odor, but the wake robin is an ill-scented species of trillium.

The root is a small brown bulb or tuber, and a few very fine hair-like roots. Above the roots is the long graceful green stem. It is sometimes straight, and other times bent over; the stem of my wake robin was almost straight. From the top of the stem three leaves and the flower stem branch out. The whorl of leaves consists of three broadly oval dark-green ones. There are a great many veins or ribs in these leaves. The flower is a dull purple, or purplish red. It consists of a calyx of three spreading sepals and a corolla of three petals. There are six stamens and one pistil in the center of the flower. The flowering season of the wake robin is from April to June. It is found from Nova Scotia to the Rocky Mountains. I think this is all I know about the wake robin, so will close. — KATE RETHERFORD, Leith, Ont. (age 12).

The Violet.

Dear Puck,—One bright sunshiny morning in the month of May a gay party of happy girls and myself started for a romp to the May-apple wood, where wild flowers flourish in abundance.



Violet.

(Prize.)

Drawn by Muriel Styles, Frome, Ont.

As I have said before, it was a beautiful day, and of course made our half-mile journey the more pleasant. We played with butterflies among the bushes, and put our bare feet in the clear water of a rippling brook. Then we would laugh, talk and sing of the wonders of mother nature. We kept this up until we reached the wood, where there was a general scuffle for the first few flowers.

We gathered a great many of those little wood beautifiers, until our party became somewhat tired. We then rested on a little hill, that was covered with a carpet of green moss and grass. After sitting there a short length of time we became interested in a talk on the sky violet, and finding one close at hand, growing in some rich dark muck, we examined it. The root was of a dark-brown color, with many little rootlets, that helped to hold it in the soft earth. The stem came next; it was of a delicate pale green and very slender. It starts from the root like the olive-colored leaves of the violet. The violet leaves were almost as wide as they were long, and are used as a cure for cancers. But cradled among those sturdy leaves nestled a little flower of the richest royal purple. In the center was a little spot which was almost white. This gave it more beauty than ever. The violet has a beautiful fragrance that makes it loved by all people. Your reader, Frome, Ont. MURIEL STYLES.

Some of the Other Compositions.

The following is quite beyond the most of our Beavers, but will be enjoyed by those who have taken up botany. The Beavers, you see, were given for observation, rather than for botany.

The Hepatica.

The flower springs from the root on a slender naked peduncle, therefore called a scape. This flower is also a little deceiving; what appears to be the calyx is simply a circle of bracts, which are put on very peculiarly, as they are separated from the rest, appearing to be a short way down the scape. Then what one would take for the corolla is the calyx, and we have hence a colored calyx and a flower without petals. The stamens



Hepatica.

(Prize.)

Drawn by Leah Veale, Petrolia, Ont.

are numerous, likewise the pistil, which also produces a seed for every carpel which are at the base of the pistil. The root is said to be primary, as other plants do not grow from it, but from the seed. It is also fibrous, made up of the thread-like parts. The leaf is a simple leaf, not made up of two or three connected ones, though it has three lobes, and each lobe is pointed, which gives it a very pretty shape. The veining of the leaf is called net veining, unlike the straight veins of some which reach in a straight line from the base of the leaf to the tip. The leaf grows from the root, is smooth, and is entire in its margin. The under surface and the stem are hairy, which add to its attraction.

What a world of study and pleasure there is in a flower, and what enjoyment is an afternoon spent in the woods? Children in their youth turn to the flowers so easily; it is a part of their nature, and I think if there was more encouragement shown in the study of the wild flowers there would be better and truer and nobler men and women in the world.

Indian Turnip.

Dear Puck,—Nearly a mile from our place there are some woods, where we often go to gather flowers. One day we decided to go there, so off we started, following the creek. The creek was winding, and looked very pretty, with the water sparkling in the sun, and the tall grasses waving back and forth.

After we were in the woods a little while it began to rain, so we ran to an old shanty, where many years ago kettles were hung, and the sweet sap boiled down to still sweeter syrup. Now, however, there are only the four corner posts and the roof left; still, it afforded a good shelter until the rain ceased.

Then we gathered some flowers, and went to a pond that was in the woods. Here there was a large log, which the boys used for a raft, and also a pole to push it with. We all had a ride on it, although it was rather shaky. As I went out one of the boys fell into the water, and I guess he felt damp. Luckily, that was the only accident that happened.

We enjoyed the flowers most of all—there were so many kinds and different colors. There were violets, Dutchman's breeches, wild lily of the valley, trilliums, and also Jack-in-the-pulpits, which I shall tell you about.

In spring this quaint preacher rises in his pulpit and speaks to the spirits of the woods. We cannot hear him, but I think he must be a good preacher, since he is such a favorite. His haunts are in the woods, often by

stumps of trees, and in moist and rich soil. The root consists of a turnip-shaped bulb, from which hang a great many small white roots. The stem stands up quite straight, and has a brownish tinge. There are two leaves, generally growing higher than the flowers. At the top they are divided in three pointed leaflets.

The flowers are very curious. They are tiny and grow closely together at the bottom of a sort of spike. This spike is enclosed by a large leaf-like piece, the point of it falling over the spike. The preacher is green, while his pulpit is black, brown and green. In the fall the fruit forms as a mass of scarlet berries.

"About the flowers grave lessons cling,
Let us softly steal like the tread of spring
And learn of them."

OLIVE GILBERT (11 years),
Yarmouth Centre, Ont.

[Note.—The root of Indian turnip or Jack-in-the-pulpit, being solid instead of in layers, is called a "corm"; the naked flower-stalk rising from the ground, or near it, is called a "scape" (see also hepatica, dandelion, etc.); the little column on which the tiny flowers are crowded is known as a "spadix," and the big pulpit, really a surrounding bract



Indian Turnip.

(Prize.)

Drawn by Olive Gilbert, Yarmouth Centre, Ont.

to protect the flowers, is called a "spathe." Remember these terms, Beavers. Next year we hope to turn you all into embryo botanists.]

Spring Beauty.

Dear Puck,—I saw the competition about flowers in "The Farmer's Advocate," so thought I would try. I found the spring beauty on the side of the road. It was growing in clay soil. The root is something the shape of an onion. The color of the stem and leaves is dark green; the leaves are something the shape of a willow leaf; the flower is of a pale pink, and opens up like a buttercup. I was going for a walk one night and saw the flower, and as I am a great lover of nature, I picked it, took it home, and studied it. It is a very pretty wild flower. I will close now, wishing the Corner every success.

HAZEL MURRELL, (age 11),
Thorndale, Ont.

And a Funeral.

The teacher was giving an exposition on culpable homicide.

"If I went out in a small boat," he said, "and the owner knew it was leaking, and I got drowned, what would that be?"

After a few minutes' silence a little boy stood up and said:

"A holiday, sir!"

The Ingle Nook.

Dear Chatterers,—Before you read this I will be away up above Cobalt somewhere, for I am going for a few weeks' trip with a Geological Survey party, whose presiding genii are "C" and his wife, "C" you will remember. A year or so ago he wrote some delightful articles for us, which appeared over the signature "C," of the Geological Survey of Canada. So, now, when I talk of "C" and "Mrs. C," you will know whom I mean.

Of course, I am all agog. Who wouldn't be, with the prospect of plunging on and on into the primeval wilderness, away from dust and noise—just the silent rivers, and the silent dip of our canoe paddles, and the deep, dark forests! Of course, our tongues will not be silent, and we shall be all on the qui vive for "experiences." Think of it! We shall be the first white women who ever trod those especial wildernesses—but, oh, my dears, I must stop, or you will think I am getting too ecstatic for a staid Dame Durden.

Now, whenever there is a chance to get mail out, I shall send a letter for "The Farmer's Advocate," so you will hear from me again. In the meantime, goodbye. Have a pleasant summer, and be ready to talk to us all again when I come back—sooner, if you like, as a friend in the office here will see to having letters inserted.

Sincerely yours,
DAME DURDEN.

A Bright Letter from Grey Co.

Dear Dame Durden,—I am disappointed this morning. Last night I had the children bathed, their clothes laid out, and a lunch in readiness for a drive to the lake shore, only to find it raining this morning, so, thinks I to myself, this will be a good time to air some of my grievances in the "Ingle Nook," if anyone will listen to me. First, there is the agent. Do you ever feel provoked? You have been hustling all morning to get your washing or ironing or baking done before dinner. You think "that is not much meat, but it will be enough for the men." About five minutes to twelve you look out of the window to see a couple of agents drive in. If they were cattle buyers, it is all right, but if your mother has not trained you pretty well, you will say something. It is all very well where there are two or three women, but where there is one woman, with a baby, I think it is quite inconsiderate.

If we women were to look a little cross, and not act as though they were our dearest friends, I think they would soon take to getting their meals at the nearest village. No one woman can start alone for fear they would call her stingy, but couldn't we all do something against it?

Then there is the passing of the carpet. Are all you women going to just let it go without a word? How cozy it has made your room look! How many bumps it has saved the baby! How many backaches and knee aches it has saved—and your ears! Just get three or four moderately-lively children running around on a hardwood floor, and the noise is deafening. You see, there are other things besides microbes of which to think, and really I think if nothing is put beneath the carpet and you dampen your broom with coal oil before sweeping, there won't be so very many microbes, either.

The carpet is easily washed. I sew mine on the machine, with loose tension and long stitch, using No. 40 thread. It will rip by pulling it apart.

Your children's clothes will not take up the dust from a carpet like they do from an oiled floor. A dressmaker I know replaced her carpet by linoleum and had to go back to the carpet. So I say: "Long live the carpet."

"The Farmer's Advocate" has just come, and, as usual, I turned first to the Ingle Nook, and behold! the "Dame" is asking for pointers on the training of children! Doubtless, it is for her many readers, but you know that last week she spoke of hoping to live in the country. I wonder if there is any danger of us losing her.

Her first question is about the disobedience of children, and it was right

to put it first, because disobedience is at the root of all evil, and if you can't enforce obedience without whipping—why, whip them, but do, do make them obey you. I think, though, if a child is taken in time, and taught that your word is law, there will be no need for whipping. It can't be done in a day, or a month, but by the time your child is three years old, the habit of obedience should be pretty firmly fixed. If they disobey after that, they usually have some reason, and it is well to inquire into it.

You may begin just as soon as the child begins to notice and want things. Each time you give in to a child because it cries, you are training yourself to submit to its will, and training the child to look for it. Try and put decision in your face and voice, and the whip will not be needed. Sometimes the mother is equal to the will of her child; in other cases it is mother plus a whip.

The punishment I have found most effective is to put them off by themselves until they think they can act properly. They invariably come back in a changed mood.

I would like to touch on the second question, but think my letter too long already.

I would like to know how to can pineapples by themselves. I have been putting them with rhubarb.

Grey Co. MARGARET.

But, my dear, you have forgotten that the floors are seldom left uncovered. A large rug, usually 9 feet by 12 feet, is almost invariably used, and such rugs are made so thick that they do not kick up. The reason they are better than carpet is that they can be raised and swept under every little while, so preventing the accumulation of dust that invariably collects under tacked-down carpet. Also, there is no stretching and tacking and taking out the tacks again; house-cleaning loses half of its terrors, when rugs are used.

Of course, each housekeeper must go according to her taste in the matter, and some will always use the old-fashioned carpet. But I think the time will come before long when the farm women will follow the city women in this matter. The floors need not be hardwood. Ordinary floors, treated with "floor-finish," are more frequently seen. Oil on floors is an abomination. I should never use it.

Can anyone answer the question about pineapple? My books fail to give the information. I canned some in the spring that was very good, simply as I would can any other fruit. But I just did it "out of my head," and maybe someone else's head has evolved a better way.

One More Essay.

I hadn't intended printing any more of the essays on Bacteria before next spring, when the subject will be new again, but when piling the dozens of them away in a drawer to-day, I found a little observation jotted on the envelope containing this one, which induced me to read it over again. Now, not to arouse your curiosity too much, I may tell you what the little note was. Just this: "A delightful letter, but a few mistakes." Now, don't you want to read the essay? It is really so bright and jolly that I feel like passing it on.

The mistakes referred to are really not many. Bacteria are now, I believe, universally conceded to be plant-forms; they are not all the shape of a bean, although some of them are, there are countless myriads of varieties of them, and, although they aid in ripening cream it is really the concussion produced by churning that "brings" the butter. Some commercial-butter establishments now churn the butter from cream that is perfectly sweet—not ripened at all. Of course, they have the proper machinery. Bacteria simply give the butter its flavor. . . . Now you know what the mistakes were, so I am going to cut the most of them out of the essay. We do not wish to print mistakes if we can help it.

By the way, one writer wonders if the notes seen in a "crack" of light are bacteria. No, they are not, they are simply dust particles. Bacteria cannot be seen at all without a microscope.

Dear Dame Burden, Quite a lot of the school teacher slugs to you yet, I think.

Having drilled this most-important subject into us until there seems no excuse for our not knowing all about it, you turn and ask us to explain what you have been telling us. And I think it is a bright idea, as you said, for this reason. When we have studied out your questions, and sent our ideas on the subject to "The Farmer's Advocate," how "shoddy" we will feel if we do not practice what we preach. "Shoddy" is a new word in my vocabulary, and I find it such a convenient one, as convenient as "narrow" has always been to express my contempt of those dogmatic people who can see no further than their own line fence.

Bacteria are the very lowest (I mean simplest) of plant or animal life, it is hard to determine which, but I incline to animal, as I always think of them as little bugs. They are about one-fifty-thousandth of an inch in length, so don't imagine that since you can't see them, they are not there. You would need a strong microscope for that. But remember, they are just as harmful as if they were visible, more so indeed, for no one would wash dishes with a cloth covered with bugs, but too often they are washed with one covered with bacteria.

There are both useful bacteria and harmful ones. Too many of these (natural) bacteria in other words, over-ripe cream) give the butter a bad flavor. They are also found in the roots of clover, and help sustain the plant. Fermentation is impossible without bacteria, digestion is impossible without fermentation, therefore, bacteria are necessary to life.

It is by dividing in two that bacteria usually multiply. Here is a story that will show you how quickly. A blacksmith was shoeing a horse. He told the owner that he would charge two cents for the first nail and double the amount for every succeeding nail, till he had paid for the thirty-two. Just work this out, and you will realize how quickly bacteria will multiply, under favorable conditions.

Favorable conditions are dampness, dirtiness, mustiness, and carbon dioxide-laden air, away from the fresh, pure air, and cleansing winds and sunshine.

And now, what will we do about these bacteria? Not be afraid of them, and shrink from the thought of them and allow them to conquer us! We can face them boldly, for they cannot stand cleanliness, pure air, sunshine and boiling water. When I think of bacteria, I invariably think of a frayed, musty-smelling and damp old dishcloth, left dumped in a bunch in the dishpan when not in use. It will be burnt when it gets too bad, and replaced by another. Now, I think a dishcloth so important to health that it should be treated with respect. For material, nothing I know of equals coarse crash towelling. It washes so easily. A few rubs in soapy water, and the dirt will rinse right out. Have some dishcloths made of this, nicely hemmed, leaving no frayed edges for bacteria to lodge in. After using, rinse in hot water, using Gillet's lye soap, and hang on the clothes line (which should be near kitchen door) till needed again. It will have that sweet, clean smell from being in the fresh air and sunshine, as delightful in its way as the smell of hepaticas in spring.

But a hygienic dishcloth is useless if the water is laden with bacteria. There is nothing so important as having the water good, for if the water we wash our dishes, clean our butter and our milk-dishes with, has typhoid germs in it, not to speak of drinking it daily, how can we hope to escape taking them into the system? It is a good thing to save steps, I suppose, but I think it would be better to walk a mile for water and have it pure, even if we died from too much exercise, than to die of typhoid fever. Too many wells are situated where they will drain in all the silt from the barnyard and the chip-pile, especially in the spring floods, when, by having it a little farther off, it might be out of reach of these. A dug well should have a tight cement top on it, not old, broken boards, where dust and bits of rotten wood, etc., can fall in. If you are not sure of the water, take the precaution to boil it, always.

We hear a lot nowadays of the danger of contagion by milk, as nothing takes up bacteria and odors quite as quickly, but I will leave this for question 7.

The pantry and kitchen floors must be painted, so that they may be wiped up with a cloth wrung out of hot water, instead of sweeping, which sends a cloud of dust into everything. The dishes should be in a closed cupboard. Dish-towels should be of coarse crash, like the dishcloths. They do not become wet in a few minutes, as the tea towelling does, and I know of nothing so impossible to wash clean as the latter.

Helponabit told us long ago that the use of white corpuscles was to "gobble up the disease germs." I knew the use of them, I suppose, but I never realized it till then, being rather stupid sometimes. Dame Burden told us that the white corpuscles increase very materially after a nourishing meal, and that this explained two things: (1) Why nourishing food was so important in fighting tuberculosis. (2) Why we should never enter a sick-room when the stomach is empty.

When there is a contagious disease in the house (almost all contagious diseases are caused either by bacteria entering the system by being breathed in, or taken through the food, especially water), those waiting on the patient should remember this precaution, should breathe all the fresh air possible, and wear an all-over apron while in the sick-room, that can be removed at other times. The dishes, etc., should be washed by themselves, and well sterilized. All clothes from the sick-room should be always washed by the same person with an antiseptic soap. Cleanliness, fresh air, and nourishing, easily-digested food, are the best methods of preventing the thriving of bacteria.

Now, to can fruit, sterilize all jars and covers by putting in a boiler of cold water, heating gradually to a boil. Boil for ten minutes. Take off boiler and leave jars in the hot water till wanted. Use granulated sugar and the best fruit. Pack the fruit nicely in the jars, set in a large granite pan of hot water in the oven to cook. Have the syrup rich enough to suit your taste. When the fruit is cooked, take the jars out, one at a time, and pour on the hot syrup. Screw the tops on tightly. Turn them upside down on the table. When cool, wash off the jars and put away in a cool, dark place. We read this method in "The Farmer's Advocate" last year, and it proved excellent. [There are several other methods also, all good.—D. D.] PENELOPE.

Ice Creams.

French Ice Cream.—Beat yolks of three eggs light, add a pinch salt, 1 cup sugar and 2 cups milk. Cook in a double boiler until it coats the spoon, but do not let boil. Cool, flavor with vanilla, add 1 pint cream, and freeze. To make a chocolate ice cream add to the custard before it cools 2 ozs. grated unsweetened chocolate, melted in a pan set in hot water.

Strawberry Mousse.—Add to one pint of thick cream whipped, 2 cups crushed berries and 2 cups sugar. Pack in mould and freeze.

Peach Ice Cream.—May be made with any kind of fruit; when seedly fruits are used, use strained juice only, and add with the cream—1 quart of fresh or canned peaches. Add juice to the cream before it is frozen, and stir in the mashed fruit when it is nearly solid. One quart of milk and one pint of cream, with sugar to taste, forms the foundation.

Vanilla Ice Cream.—To 1 pint rich cream and 1 pint of milk allow a scanty cup of sugar, the white of 1 egg, and 1 tablespoon vanilla extract. Boil the cream and milk, let cool, flavor, pour into freezer, add the well-beaten white of the egg, and freeze.

Raspberry Recipes.

Raspberry Sherbet.—Measure 14 pints raspberry juice, 1 scanty pint sugar, 14 pints water, and the juice of two lemons. Boil the sugar and water together for 20 minutes, then add the lemon and raspberry juice, strain, and freeze. One cup currant juice may be used instead of the lemon juice.

Raspberry Sherbet.—1 quart berries to 1 quart good elder vinegar. Let stand four days; then strain. To each pint of juice add 1 pound granulated sugar, boil 20 minutes, bottle and keep in a cool place. To serve, put a little in a glass and add cold water.

Raspberry and Currant Tart.—Put alternate layers of raspberries and red currants in a deep pie dish, add sugar to taste, and a little water. Put a thin layer of pie crust around the edge of the dish, then put on top crust. Brush over with water, sprinkle with sugar, and bake in a moderate oven.

Cream Raspberry Tart.—Line a shallow pudding dish with pie crust. Fill with berries and sugar to taste. Put a rather thick top of pastry over, but do not press down the edge. Bake in a moderate oven. Meanwhile make a custard as follows: Put a cup of rich milk over the fire in a double boiler, and when it comes to boiling point stir in half teaspoon cornstarch moistened in a little milk, and 1 tablespoon sugar. Add last of all the beaten whites of 2 eggs. Let cool, then, when the tart is baked, raise the top and pour the custard in. Replace top, and serve cold.

The Roundabout Club

Our Literary Society.

Rabbi Ben Ezra.

STUDY V. (Concluded)

Answers to Question 6. Concluding Essays.

I. Rabbi Ben Ezra is written in stanzas of six lines, of which the first and second, fourth and fifth are rhyming couplets, whose iambic trimeter with an occasional trochee give a sprightly movement, held slightly in check, to suit the earnestness of meaning, by the extension of the two other lines, which rhyme together—the third to pentameter and the sixth to hexameter. Remembering Browning's tumultuous style, it is not surprising to find a line or two with an extra syllable, as in:

"This rage was right if the main."

The poet had a message to deliver, and was impatient of petty niceties of metre, his language is direct and forcible; difficult to understand only because Browning admitted of no polishing either to elucidate or beautify. "Natural," that overworked word of literary criticism, fits Browning aptly. His poetry's beauty is that of rough-hewn rock, but rock of rare strength, building value, and color.

The spirit of the poem breathes animated gladness in life and work; wholesome contentedness in all estates; cheerful, implicit trust in God; broad views of life, keen insight and sound judgment. "Rabbi Ben Ezra" is a hand, strong, firm and helpful, outstretched to fellow climbers on the steep; a voice, "All's well," joyous in the darkness.

Reclining at noonday on a housetop in Jerusalem, and shaded by a palm, are two men in Jewish attire. The elder, by his dress a doctor of the law, young for all his sixty years, is worthy of a second glance—hair, eyes and complexion of a Jew, but the face is thoughtful, not cunning, frank and kindly as the sunlight. Now he looks lovingly at the clouded brow of his pupil, who, being today twenty-one, is his guest. The younger man has turned his boyish face, with something of his master's sweetness, to say wistfully:

"How swiftly life passes! A trite saying, I know, but 't is not natural to shrink from age."

"My son," cries Rabbi Ben Ezra, son (descendant) of the undaunted priest of the rebuilding of the temple, "Grow old along with me! Wouldst thou have half finished the one God planned as a complete whole? Not that youth's years are full of indecisions and perplexities, for their enthusiastic thirst for knowledge is to be prized as heavy-witted self-satisfaction is deprecable.

"Be glad for self-sacrificing work that follows in divine footprints; glad for adversity that keeps the mind awake, the faculties on the alert! Fight, counting not the cost; this is real success.

"The body, so impatient of control, is still to be honored, and as a helpmeet to the soul, so trained to work in harmony that life shall be ideal. Such a life proves a man's divine nature.

"Then assume or God's glorious plan for thee, then bravest arm thyself for life's further work, and when mature

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years have taught thee judgment, thou mayest reckon up the worth of thy past and determine confidently thy powers.

"For each day brings its lesson, that thou must find in thy work. Learn thus daily, if thou wouldst be wise.

"Then in age, let youth's eager search for knowledge be turned to quiet trust in God, waiting death to reveal all other knowledge beyond this; that God and His attributes of Right and Good and Infinite are positive realities."

"Let age give judgment on the vexed questions of past life; judge none, for only the Potter knows his clay; the gold-greedy world knows not, cares not for, a man's inmost life.

"Well may life be compared to the Potter's wheel! Though life ends, the Potter and his clay are eternal. Wouldst thou stop the wheel that shapes thy life, when the gay dance of love and youth is pictured on it? Nay, fear not the sterner stress of the tool that finishes thee for thy release, when used by the Master, gladdening his heart with wine, thy great end is accomplished and you are his accepted cup."

The Rabbi has spoken rapturously. Now his voice drops in hungering prayer.

"But I need Thee, O God; never have I forgotten my purpose. Take and finish thy work; amend its flaws caused by my sin."

The sunlight filtering through the palm lights the Rabbi's face, showing its infinite trust and peace, its yearning love for the boy at his side. Then seeing the noble resolve and returned gladness there, he murmurs softly:

"Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same."

The first stanza of Rabbi Ben Ezra may be accounted a sort of index to the whole, so thoroughly is the keynote of a lofty faith sounded and maintained throughout the poem. If space permitted, it would be inspiring to select from it the many expressions of unswerving faith with which it abounds. In the following brief review may be noted Browning's acquiescence in God's appointments, and unflinching faith in their ultimate perfection and triumph, even over sorrow, disappointment and seeming failure.

The earthy and lower should ever give place to the higher, because so closely allied to God through the "spark." To this end trials should be welcomed, inasmuch as they mean growth, and we should wait with patience and faith the disappointments and losses in our own and others' lives, for, ultimately, will be disposed to eye and heart the goodness, the justice of the whole plan. Again, not all seeming failures have been such. He speaks in both respects, as one who has struggled up through experience to the truth he affirms. In body and soul may be seen infinite power and perfection, and over all glows and burns transcendent love. In one of his last poems he wrote:—

"From the first power was—I knew,
Life has made clear to me,
That, strive but for a closer view
Love were as plain to see."

While Browning hints at evolution, he does not regard it in any sense as atheistic. In God's creation is found a plan and inspiration for constantly rising results. The Word and science gives the order alike—chaos, light, worlds, vegetable forms, animal life, man. Shall we pause here? Are God's original plan and forces exhausted? Or is His creative power still the same for the improvement of matter, and for the further refinement of mind and spirit? We read of a world so perfect that sin, sorrow, sickness and death exist no more. For such a world there must be corresponding inhabitants. That there are great mysteries through which our being must pass, should be the source of joy to every thoughtful soul, and the thought of an unending progression should prove the most inspiring of all. "Fearless and unperplexed when I wage battle next."

Here in this stage of preparation it should be man's aim to watch the Master Workman and learn the purpose of His being. The idea of a growing tolerance with a disposition to seek for points of agreement rather than those of difference is suggested. The broader the divergence permitted the greater and wider will be the resulting harmony. Nothing comes

into these lives of ours but "lasts ever, past recall," and God has given us the place we occupy for the purpose of necessary discipline. The world's coarse judgment upon man's work falls far short of the mark. Not so with God. He makes a just estimate of all things, even those above and beyond man's reach, but for which he longs and strives. At length we have a glimpse of the "consummate cup" as used at last by the Potter. In the last stanza he once more asks that God will use His work, and again takes comfort from the thought, "My times are in Thy hands," in the full assurance, "Perfect the cup as planned," and "death completes the same."

We find in Browning's assurance, such a marked contrast to much expressed in another noted poem from a great contemporary, that it appears the more striking. We often hear people say they do not read Browning, he is so hard to understand, and we often read that he is obscure and lacking in imagination and beauty of expression. Possibly for those so inclined it would be well to read the first three lines of stanza eleven, the whole of stanza fourteen, studying closely sentiment and expression; also the beautiful words in stanza sixteen—"calls the glory from the gray." If space permitted other portions might be mentioned. Among Browning's many critics we have not found any who denied his intellectual vigor and learning. Those of us who were presumptuous enough to attempt an interpretation of a poem of Browning's without recourse to a book of criticism or exposition on his works, will readily admit this poem has offered excellent opportunities for mental exercise. Enjoyable and profitable as this has been, we have been carried to greater heights than those of mere poetry, as we followed him from stanza to stanza.

Down the ages comes the cry of the anxious human heart, "If a man die shall he live again?" In our time the Christian verities and the Word of God are subjected to such sifting and criticism that many tempest-tossed souls welcome with joy such strong clear strains of hope and faith. Perhaps there is nothing more contagious than sincere belief. Browning opens to themes essential and eternal in the human heart, and the soul longs for the unwavering and certain. The fervor and assurance with which he approaches these deep and most important truths are so full of courage, hope and vision, that he can but impart some measure of faith to less positive souls. A student, a thinker, the future was his hope, and he never tires of the prophetic strain of ultimate bliss and perfection. One who taught these sacred truths with such unflinching faith could but inspire and open up to others larger meanings in life and stronger faith in Christ and His teachings. He wrote:

"The acknowledgment of God in Christ Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee All questions in the earth and out of it."

Perhaps Browning's strongest hold upon humanity will be the religious inspiration which he gives, and those who are led by him to spiritual heights will find a guide who assists to clearer hope and further insight into the soul's domain.

In Rabbi Ben Ezra, and the general tenor of his poetry, possibly he rises above the singer and becomes the Seer and Revealer.

III. Rabbi Ben Ezra was distinguished chiefly as a grammarian and commentator, but also as a poet and philosopher. In this poem bearing his name, Browning puts into verse the philosophy of the old Rabbi, mingled with his own religion. The result is a very mine of beautiful and sublime thoughts and teachings. His meaning, in many cases rather obscure, being buried so deeply in metaphors, and curious phrases and sentences, that only by constant "digging" we can find it, is well worth working for, and is all the more appreciated, and better understood, and more deeply rooted in our minds, than had it been more obvious.

The beauty of the poem consists in its beauty of thought, rather than of expression. We miss the "music of words," which so adds to the charm of poetry. We have an exception to this, however, in verse sixteen:

For, note when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray:
A whisper from the west
Shoots, "Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth; here dies another day."

The chief thought which runs through the whole poem, is, that having striven after higher things, having subdued the flesh to the spirit, and having raised ourselves "nearer to God who gives than to His tribes who take," we have attained the highest success, and fulfilled the purpose for which we were made.

"What I aspired to be
And was not, comforts me;
A brute I might have been, but would not sink in the scale."

The highest ideals of life—the striving after truth and purity, the subduing of carnal desires, thankfulness for the wondrous plan of creation and life, and faith, that the work, so wisely begun, will be as wisely completed—are set forth, not once, but many times, throughout the poem.

[The last essay, as will be noted, refers to the real Rabbi Ben Ezra, the inspiration of Browning's poem. We abridge from Browning's Encyclopaedia: "The character is historical. Abenezra or Ibn Ezra, one of the most eminent of the Jewish literati of the Middle Ages, distinguished as philosopher, astronomer, physician and poet, was born at Toledo, Spain, in 1090, and at one time visited England." Mr. A. J. Campbell, who made especial research in regard to this poem (Rabbi Ben Ezra), thinks that some of its distinctive features were really drawn by Mr. Browning from the writings of the real Rabbi. The soul of man, the latter held, can exist with or without the body, and did, in fact, pre-exist. This theory is expressed by Browning in verse 27.]

We conclude by a very interesting paragraph taken from the paper submitted by Mrs. Whelpley, N. S. Contrasting "Rabbi Ben Ezra" with "The Rubiyat," she says:

Man is compared to a cup. As it is moulded by the potter, so is he moulded by God. Omar's philosophy was "to drink, for to-morrow we die," but Browning opposes that idea in verse XXX., and says to look up and not down to the uses of the cup. Omar says:

"Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
To-day of past Regrets and future
Fears."

And, also, "Drink! for, once dead, you never shall return."

Looking down—use of wine cup. Looking up—cup in Communion. "This do in remembrance of Me." We are brought in closer touch with God. Man is Heaven's finished cup.

An old Persian story tells of a man who dips his hand in a spring of water to satisfy his thirst. Another man comes and drinks from an earthen bowl, and then leaves his bowl behind him. The first man takes another drink from this, and is surprised to find that the water which tasted so good before now tastes bitter, but a voice from Heaven tells him that the clay from which the bowl was made was once man; and into whatever shape it may be renewed cannot lose the bitter flavoring of mortality. "Slake thy thirst": As we drink from a cup and slake our thirst, so we may compare God's thirst for souls to bring them to Him.

In stanzas XXVI. - XXXII., the poet wishes to convey to us the idea that the soul is immortal, and that all the daily occurrences are the means by which we are tried and made fit for the life beyond.

This is in direct opposition to the heathen or epicurean idea, that we must "seize the pleasures of the present day," for death ended everything. He might have said: "I live in pleasure, when I live to Thee."

Again we thank our contributors for their kind co-operation in making our Literary Society what it has been during the winter of 1908-9. The "Roundabout Club" will still appear, for miscellaneous articles and such communications as may be addressed to it, but the Literary Society will rest until November.

Wishing you, our students, then, all pleasure and profit in all things, and especially in such reading and thinking as you may find occasion to continue during the summer, we bid you adieu for a season.

That Old Canoe.

A straight-away course for the little bay
At the head of old Lac du Nor';
A quick turn, and into the fringe of
Reeds on its wooded shore;
Over the tiny bar that spreads from the
fallen maple tree—
"Keerful, boys, or ye'll have us out"—
how it comes back to me!
Into the mouth of the little creek, twist-
ing and bumping along;
Well for us that our gallant craft,
though old and gray, is strong.
Then a stiff portage for our boyish
strength, and down with the old canoe
And paddle!—for this is the Spanish
Main, and we are a Pirate Crew!

Let us land in fancy once again, and
follow the well-known trail
Past the big fir tree and the blueberry
patch from the tiny beach of shale,
Till we come at length to the Pirate's
Cave, and gaze at its wealth untold.
You and I have taken the Pirate's Oath,
to be reckless and fierce and bold—
A thrilling, terrible, creepy oath, written
in blueberry-gore,
And signed in blood from our pin-pricked
thumbs—say, what could a fellow want
more?
Little indeed our neighbor thinks as he
chats with us, that we
Were once on a time bold buccaneers, and
the "terrors of the sea."

Remember the day that we found our
lake, and the trouble we had to get
Our old birch-bark to its virgin shore?
I smile at the memory yet.
And the long hours spent on a summer's
day at the little log settlement school,
Till our bare feet flashed along the path
to the shady swimming pool?
Remember the fish we used to catch with
a fresh-cut rod and a line,
Ferroted out of our hidden store at the
root of the fallen pine?
Then, after a feast and a joyous fight,
the vanquished walked the plank,
And we laughed in glee at their strug-
gling forms, till they clambered up the
bank.

There's a summer hotel near the Settle-
ment now, with launches, and gay
canoes,
And the folks hang round in white,
starched duds, and pipe-clayed canvas
shoes,
And a guide takes you and your new
steel rod, and your fancy, high-priced
bait,
And he shows you where to try your
luck, and you do as you're told—and
wait!
But now and again a Pirate comes on a
respite from Business-land,
And an old canoe is gently launched, and
it seems to understand
That its course lies straight for the little
bay at the head of old Lac du Nor';
And into the tangled rushes there on its
seldom-visited shore.

—A Sherwood Hart, in Saturday Night.

Left to His Sad Fate.

A French general's wife, whose tongue-
lashing ability was far-famed, demanded
that an old servant, who had served with
her husband in the wars, be dismissed.
"Jacques," said the general, "go to
your room and pack your trunk and leave
—depart."
The old Frenchman clasped his hands
to his heart with dramatic joy.
"Me—I can go!" he exclaimed in a
very ecstasy of gratitude. Then sudden-
ly his manner changed, as with utmost
compassion he added:
"But you—my poor general you must
stay!"

Keeping Sweet.

It is not a matter of temperament nearly as much as some people imagine. To have a cheery and sunny and care-free habit of thought and life is something probably to be sought after and cultivated more than it is, but there is a greater achievement than this, and a much more Christian and fundamental one.

It is not a matter of circumstances or surroundings or chance happenings in life. Some of the sweetest souls, those who keep most resolutely the bitterness of envy and mistrust, and narrowness, and pessimism out of their scheme of life, have had to drink most deeply of the cup of sorrow and trouble and affliction. Keeping sweet is a habit of the soul; it is not learned lightly by very many of us, but it may be, it ought to be, maintained and persisted in even when life is doing its worst for us.

Just to take men and things at their best, perverse men and perverse things, it may be; to resolutely shut your soul to withering doubt and pessimism and fear; to be brave and hopeful and expectant of the best; to let kindness and patience have their perfect work both in your thought and in your deed—all these are implied just in keeping sweet. Yes, surely, it is a great achievement, the crown and glory of Christian attainment.

We discount our religion most seriously and fatally when we do not allow it to train and discipline us in this fine art of Christian expression. We get the notion sometimes that harshness means strength, and we try to justify bitterness and unkindness in the name of our zeal for righteousness and truth. But we seldom succeed in satisfying our own conscience by the subterfuge, and we do always succeed in taking something from the winsomeness and charm and real power of the religion that we profess. It is a question if the lack of kindness, of forbearance, of sweet reasonableness, that manifests itself in our lives so often and so constantly does not do more to dishonor the name of the Son of Man and to discredit the causes of His Kingdom than all other failures and shortcomings that our lives do show. Just to keep sweet, in our own soul life and in all our relations with the world about us, is to give to our profession of religion a winsomeness and vitality that will make it a power for the bringing in of the Kingdom.—Christian Guardian.

A Fisherman's Cottage.

When all the house be still as death,
And I lie wakin',
There comes a rattlin' at the door,
A vanced step upo' the floor;
I lie an' scarce can draw my breath,
Wakin', wakin'.

Es et the ghosts, that come an' go
When voke es zleepin',
Of those who toiled an' zorrowed here
Long zince? or es et you, ma dear,
Come home to me?—I do not know—
Weepin', weepin'.

Zumtimes I watch upo' the shore
The boats come home'ard.
I count 'em as they come to view;
O God, there's always wan too few!
Wan boat that cometh nivermore
Home'ard, home'ard.

I veel zo lonzome dru the day,
Zo weary waitin';
But night-times i' my little room,
There i' the zilence an' the gloom,
You dawn't zinn quite zo far away,
Waitin', waitin'.

When all the house es dumb an' drear,
And I lie wakin',
Es et a callin' o' the sea,
Or es et you that calls to me?
The door is on the latch, ma dear,
And I lie wakin'.

Little Johnnie, who had been praying for some months for God to send him a baby brother, finally became discouraged. "I don't believe God has any more little boys to send," he told his mother, "and I'm going to quit it."

Early one morning not long after this he was taken into his mother's room to see twin boys who had arrived in the night. Johnnie regarded them thoughtfully for some minutes.

"Gee," he remarked finally, "it's a good thing I stopped praying when I did."

"Keep a Goin'."

The following lines of J. Whitcomb Riley have been posted in the public corridor of the Government Immigration Hall at Winnipeg, by the Presbyterian chaplain, Rev. Mr. Bowman, who says that they have given a lift to many a man who has come in strapped or stranded, and whose eye happened to fall on the verses:—

If you strike a thorn or rock,
Keep a goin'.
If it hails or if it rains,
Keep a goin'.
'Taint no use to sit and whine,
When the fish aint on your line;
Bait your hook and keep on tryin',—
Keep a goin'.

If the weather kills your crop,
Keep a goin'.
When you tumble from the top,
Keep a goin'.
S'pose you're out of every dime,
Gettin' broke aint any crime;
Tell the world you're feelin' fine,—
Keep a goin'.

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a goin'.
Draw the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a goin'.
See the wild bird on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring;
When you feel like sighin', Sing,—
Keep a goin'.

When Icicles Hang by the Wall.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit!

To-who!—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit!

To-who!—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

"The Farmer's Advocate" Fashions.



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
6282 Girl's Box-Plated Dress.

6282.—A simple frock for little girl. Sizes 6 to 12 years.

Current Events.

A process for disinfecting library books has been devised by M. Marsoulan, member of the Paris Municipal Council.

It is estimated that the new university, to be erected in Saskatoon, Sask., will cost about one million dollars, of which amount the Agricultural Building will take about \$200,000.

A monument to Barbara Heck, the "founder of Methodism in Canada," has been erected in Prescott, Ont., and was unveiled on July 1st. Her great-great-granddaughter pulled the string which unveiled the memorial.

The building of a dam across the Niagara River to raise the level of the Great Lakes, has been under discussion at the meeting of the International Waterways Commission, and it is understood that the project has been approved of, and will be recommended.

Westminster Abbey and other old stone buildings of the British metropolis have been found to be greatly damaged by certain acids contained in the smoke of the great city, and steps are being taken to devise some means by which the danger may be lessened.

Some Dying Speeches.

Addison's dying speech to his son-in-law was characteristic enough of the man, who was accustomed to inveigh against the follies of mankind, though not altogether free from some of the frailties he denounced. "Behold," said he to the dissolute young nobleman, "with what tranquility a Christian can die!"

Haller died feeling his pulse, and when he found it almost gone, turning to his brother physician, said, "My friend the artery ceases to beat," and died.

Petrarch was found dead in his library, leaning on a book.

Metastasio, who would never suffer the word death to be uttered in his presence, at last so far triumphed over his fears that, after receiving the last rites of religion, in his enthusiasm he burst forth into a stanza of religious poetry.

Alfieri, the day before he died, was persuaded to see a priest, and when he came he said to him with great affability, "Have the kindness to look in tomorrow—I trust death will wait four and twenty hours."

Napoleon, when dying, and in the act of speaking to the clergyman, reproved his sceptical physician for smiling, in these words: "You are above those weaknesses, but what can I do? I am neither a philosopher nor a physician; I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father. It is not everyone who can be an atheist." The last words he uttered—Head—Army—evinced clearly enough what sort of visions were passing over his mind at the moment of dissolution.

Leibnitz was found dead in his chamber, with a book in his hand.

Keats, a little time before he died, when his friend asked him how he did, replied in a low voice, "Better, my friend. I feel the daisies growing over me."—[T. P.'s Weekly.

A country clergyman, on his round of visits, interviewed a youngster as to his acquaintance with Bible stories. "My lad," he said, "you have, of course, heard of the parables." "Yes, sir," shyly answered the boy, whose mother had instructed him in sacred history; "yes, sir." "Good!" said the clergyman. "Now which of them do you like the best of all?" The boy squirmed, but at last, heeding his mother's frowns, he replied: "I guess I like that one where somebody loafs and fishes."—Puck.



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
6287 Girl's Dress.

6287.—Sizes 8 to 14 years.



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
6317 Over Blouse with Short Sleeves.
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The above patterns will be sent to any subscriber at the very low price of ten cents per pattern. Be careful to give Correct Number and Size of Patterns Wanted. When the Pattern is Bust Measure, you need only mark 32, 34, 36, or whatever it may be. When Waist Measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. When Misses' or Child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. Allow from one to two weeks in which to fill order, and where two numbers appear, as for waist and skirt, enclose ten cents for each number. If only one number appears, ten cents will be sufficient.

Address: "Fashion Department," "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

Forestry in Japan.

Over in the islands that make up the Japanese Empire, forestry has been carried on for a longer time than in any other country; in fact, for twelve hundred years the people of that country have been scientifically planting and raising forests. Their success has been remarkable, and under their careful management high financial returns have resulted. The forestry service in this country has been making a close study of Japanese methods and results, and in a bulletin recently issued it calls attention to the fact that the high financial yield of the forests in Japan is due to the close utilization of every bit of the tree, so that scarcely a twig is wasted, and to the improvement of the growth of forests by carefully-conducted thinning and tending. The woods are first thinned at the age of thirteen years, and then every five years after that, up to the time of the final harvest at a hundred and twenty years. It was with the opening up of the hitherto inaccessible mountain forests that the Japanese Government became most intensely interested in forestry. The mountains were still Government land, so all that was necessary to protect them was to place proper restrictions on the sale and cutting of timber. This was effected by declaring the forests on the steep slopes as reserved forests, in which the only cutting should be done under Government direction. The forests on agricultural lands, not needed for protection, are classed as available forests, and here the cutting is not so carefully restricted. Thus Japan has effectually prevented the stripping of her mountain slopes before any great damage has been done. In some districts, where the mountains are near the towns, the steep slopes have already been cleared, and this has resulted in floods and the washing down of the soil from the slopes on the farm lands. But these cases have been exceptional, and have merely served as a warning, which Japan has heeded before it was too late to prevent widespread destruction. —The British "Pathfinder."

Good Country to Live in.

The German Emperor and I
Within the self-same year were born,
Beneath the self-same sky,
Upon the self-same morn;
A kaiser he of high estate,
And I the usual chance of fate.

His father was a prince; and mine—
Why, just a farmer, that is all.
Stars still are stars, although some shine,
And some roll hid in midnight's pall;
But argue, cavil all you can,
My sire was just as good a man.

The German Emperor and I
Eat, drink, and sleep in the self-same
way;
For bread is bread, and pie is pie.
And kings can eat but thrice a day,
And sleep will only come to those
Whose mouths and stomachs are not foes.

I rise at six and go to work,
And he at five and does the same.
We both have cares we cannot shirk;
Mine are for loved ones; his for fame.
He may live best, I cannot tell;
I'm sure I wish the Kaiser well.

I have a wife, and so has he;
And yet, if pictures do not err,
As far as human sight can see,
Mine is by long odd twice as fair.
Say, would I trade those eyes dark
brown?
Not for an empress and her crown.

And so the Emperor and I
On this one point could ne'er agree;
Moreover, we will never try.
His frau suits him and mine suits me,
And though his son one day may rule,
Mine stands A1 in public school.

So let the Kaiser have his sway,
Bid kings and nations tumble down,
I have my freedom and my say,
And fear no ruler and his crown;
For I, unknown to fame or war,
Live where each man is emperor.

—Boston Globe.

Mirth as Medicine.

I know of nothing equal to a cheerful and even mirthful conversation for restoring the tone of mind and body, when both have been overdone. Some great and good men, on whom very heavy cares and toils have been laid, manifest a constitutional tendency to relax into mirth when their work is over. Narrow minds denounce the incongruity; large hearts own God's goodness in the fact, and rejoice in the wise provision made for prolonging useful lives. Mirth, after exhaustive toil, is one of nature's instinctive efforts to heal the part which has been racked or bruised.

You cannot too sternly reprobate a frivolous life; but if the life be earnest for God or man, with here and there a layer of mirthfulness protruding, a soft bedding to receive heavy cares, which otherwise would crush the spirit, to snarl against the sports of mirth may be the easy and useless occupation of a small man, who cannot take in at one view the whole circumference of a large one.—Arnott.

The Baby.

He is so little to be so beloved!
He came unbooted, ungarbed, ungloved,
Naked and shameless,
Beggared and blameless,
And for all he could tell us, even nameless;
Yet every one in the house bows down
As if the mendicant wore a crown.

He is so little to be so loud!
Oh, I own I should be wondrous proud
If I had a tongue
All swivelled and swung,
With a double-back action twin-screw lung
Which brought me victual and keep and care,
Whenever I shook the surrounding air.

He is so little to be so large!
Why, a train of cars or a whaleback barge
Couldn't carry the freight
Of the monstrous weight
Of all his qualities good and great.
And though one view is as odd as another,
Don't take my word for it. Ask his mother.

Opportunity.

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and ride to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never binds a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep,
I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven.
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven!

THE TRUTH.

"See here. That horse you sold me runs away, kicks, bites, strikes, and tries to tear down the stable at night. You told me that if I got him once I wouldn't part with him for \$1,000."
"Well, you won't."—Lutheran Observer.



The hard work of bread-making should be done in the flour mill—not in the kitchen.

When it is necessary for you to make bread by main strength, the miller hasn't done his part. His flour is not fine enough.

Royal Household Flour

is made from hard Spring wheat—which is capable of finer grinding than any other wheat—and milled by a process that insures the finest, and most nutritious of flours. Get enough to try from your grocer.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited, Montreal.

When I Awake I Am Still with Thee.

By Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Still, still with Thee—when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness I am with Thee!

Alone with Thee—amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness, Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee! as to each newborn morning
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness awaken,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and Heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer,
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'er-shading;
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there!

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh! in that hour fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.

—From The Independent of September 9, 1852.

Sweetest Lives.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpet, ring no bells;
The Book of Life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beautitudes
After its own life working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Three Old Saws.

By Lucy Larcom.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,
Go build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
On the winds to din it?
Raise a hut, however slight,
Weeds and brambles smother;
And to roof and meal invite
Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it!
Breathe the love that life endears,
Clean from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark sorrow's stream
Blends with hope's bright river!

"I do not know, my Lady, but, as I said, I looked in the door, although forbid to do so. Half-open doors are so tempting, and one cannot shut one's eyes! Even a keyhole is hard to resist when you long to know what is on the other side of it—I always found it so!"

"I dare say you did! But how does she look?" broke in Angelique, impatiently stamping her dainty foot on the floor.

"Oh, so pale, my Lady! but her face is the loveliest I ever saw—almost," added she, with an after-thought; "but so sad! she looks like the twin sister of the blessed Madonna in the Seminary chapel, my Lady."

"Was she at her devotions, Fanchon?"

"I think not, my Lady; she was reading a letter which she had just received from the Intendant."

Angelique's eyes were now ablaze. She conjectured at once that Caroline was corresponding with Bigot, and that the letter brought to the Intendant by Master Pothier was in reply to one from him. "But how do you know the letter she was reading was from the Intendant? It could not be!" Angelique's eyebrows contracted angrily, and a dark shadow passed over her face. She said "It could not be," but she felt it could be, and was.

"Oh, but it was from the Intendant, my Lady! I heard her repeat his name and pray God to bless Francois Bigot for his kind words. That is the Intendant's name, is it not, my Lady?"

"To be sure it is! I should not have doubted you, Fanchon! but could you gather the purport of that letter? Speak truly, Fanchon, and I will reward you splendidly. What think you it was about?"

"I did more than gather the purport of it, my Lady; I have got the letter itself!" Angelique sprang up eagerly, as if to embrace Fanchon. "I happened, in my eagerness, to jar the door; the lady, imagining someone was coming, rose suddenly and left the room. In her haste she dropped the letter on the floor. I picked it up; I thought no harm, as I was determined to leave Dame Tremblay to-day. Would my Lady like to read the letter?"

Angelique fairly sprang at the offer. "You have got the letter, Fanchon? Let me see it instantly! How considerate of you to bring it! I will give you this ring for that letter!" She pulled a ring off her finger, and seizing Fanchon's hand, put it on hers. Fanchon was enchanted; she admired the ring, as she turned it round and round her finger.

"I am infinitely obliged, my Lady, for your gift. It is worth a million such letters," said she.

"The letter outweighs a million rings," replied Angelique, as she tore it open violently, and sat down to read.

"The first word struck her like a stone:

"Dear Caroline!—it was written in the bold hand of the Intendant, which Angelique knew very well—" "You have suffered too much for my sake, but I am neither unfeeling nor ungrateful. I have news for you! Your father has gone to France in search of you! No one suspects you to be here. Remain patiently where you are at present, and in the utmost secrecy, or there will be a storm which may upset us both. Try to be happy, and let not the sweetest eyes that were ever seen grow dim with needless regrets. Better and brighter days will surely come. Meanwhile, pray, my Caroline! it will do you good, and perhaps make me more worthy of the love which I know is wholly mine.

"Adieu, FRANCOIS."

Angelique devoured, rather than read, the letter. She had no sooner perused it than she tore it up in a paroxysm of fury, scattering its pieces like snowflakes over the floor, and stamping on them with her firm

foot as if she would tread them into annihilation.

Fanchon was not unaccustomed to exhibitions of feminine wrath; but she was fairly frightened at the terrible rage that shook Angelique from head to foot.

"Fanchon! did you read that letter?" demanded she, turning suddenly upon the trembling maid. The girl saw her mistress's cheeks twitch with passion, and her hands clench as if she would strike her if she answered yes.

Shrinking with fear, Fanchon replied faintly, "No, my Lady, I cannot read."

"And you have allowed no other person to read it?"

"No, my Lady; I was afraid to show the letter to anyone; you know I ought not to have taken it!"

"Was no inquiry made about it?" Angelique laid her hand upon the girl's shoulder, who trembled from head to foot.

"Yes, my Lady; Dame Tremblay turned the Chateau upside down, looking for it; but I dared not tell her I had it!"

"I think you speak the truth, Fanchon!" replied Angelique, getting somewhat over her passion; but her bosom still heaved, like the ocean after a storm. "And now mind what I say!"—her hand pressed heavily on the girl's shoulder, while she gave her a look that seemed to freeze the very marrow in her bones. "You know a secret about the Lady of Beaumanoir, Fanchon, and one about me, too! If you ever speak of either to man or woman, or even to yourself, I will cut the tongue out of your mouth and nail it to that door-post! Mind my words, Fanchon! I never fail to do what I threaten."

"Oh, only do not look so at me, my Lady!" replied poor Fanchon, perspiring with fear. "I am sure I never shall speak of it. I swear by our Blessed Lady of Ste. Foye! I will never breathe to mortal that I gave you that letter."

"That will do!" replied Angelique, throwing herself down in her great chair. "And now you may go to Lizette; she will attend to you. But remember!"

The frightened girl did not wait for another command to go. Angelique held up her finger, which to Fanchon looked terrible as a poniard. She hurried down to the servants' hall with a secret held fast between her teeth for once in her life; and she trembled at the very thought of ever letting it escape.

Angelique sat with her hands on her temples, staring upon the fire that flared and flickered in the deep fireplace. She had seen a wild, wicked vision there once before. It came again, as things evil never fail to come again at our bidding. Good may delay, but evil never waits. The red fire changed itself into shapes of lurid dens and caverns, changing from horror to horror, until her creative fancy formed them into the secret chamber of Beaumanoir, with its one fair, solitary inmate, her rival for the hand of the Intendant—her fortunate rival, if she might believe the letter brought to her so strangely. Angelique looked fiercely at the fragments of it lying upon the carpet, and wished she had not destroyed it; but every word of it was stamped upon her memory as if branded with a hot iron.

"I see it all now!" exclaimed she—"Bigot's falseness, and her shameless effrontery in seeking him in his very house. But it shall not be!" Angelique's voice was like the cry of a wounded panther tearing at the arrow which has pierced his flank. "Is Angelique des Meloises to be humiliated by that woman? Never! But my bright dreams will have no fulfilment so long as she lives at Beaumanoir—so long as she lives anywhere!"

She sat still for a while, gazing into the fire; and the secret chamber of Beaumanoir again formed itself before her vision. She sprang up, touched by the hand of her good

angel, perhaps, and for the last time. "Satan whispered it again in my ear!" cried she. "Ste. Marie! I am not so wicked as that! Last night the thought came to me in the dark—I shook it off at dawn of day. To-night it comes again—and I let it touch me like a lover, and I neither withdraw my hand nor tremble! Tomorrow it will return for the last time and stay with me—and I shall let it sleep on my pillow! The babe of sin will have been born and waxed to a full demon, and I shall yield myself up to his embraces! O Bigot, Bigot! What have you not done? C'est la faute a vous! C'est la faute a vous!" She repeated this exclamation several times, as if by accusing Bigot, she excused her own evil imaginings and cast the blame of them upon him. She seemed drawn down in a vortex from which there was no escape. She gave herself up to its drift in a sort of passionate abandonment. The death or the banishment of Caroline were the only alternatives she could contemplate. "The sweetest eyes that were ever seen"—Bigot's foolish words! thought she; "and the influence of those eyes must be killed if Angelique des Meloises is ever to mount the lofty chariot of her ambition."

"Other women," she thought bitterly, "would abandon greatness for love, and in the arms of a faithful lover like Le Gardeur find a compensation for the slights of the Intendant!"

But Angelique was not like other women; she was born to conquer men—not to yield to them. The steps of a throne glittered in her wild fancy, and she would not lose the game of her life because she had missed the first throw. Bigot was false to her, but he was still worth the winning, for all the reasons which made her first listen to him. She had no love for him—not a spark! But his name, his rank, his wealth, his influence at Court, and a future career of glory there—these things she had regarded as her own by right of her beauty and skill in ruling men. "No rival shall ever boast she has conquered Angelique des Meloises!" cried she, clenching her hands. And thus it was in the crisis of her fate the love of Le Gardeur was blown like a feather before the breath of her passionate selfishness. The weights of gold pulled her down to the nadir. Angelique's final resolution was irrevocably taken before her eager, hopeful lover appeared in answer to her summons recalling him from the festival of Belmont.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Seals of Love, but Sealed in Vain.

She sat waiting Le Gardeur's arrival, and the thought of him began to assert its influence as the antidote of the poisonous stuff she had taken into her imagination. His presence so handsome, his manner so kind, his love so undoubted, carried her into a region of intense satisfaction. Angelique never thought so honestly well of herself as when recounting the marks of affection bestowed upon her by Le Gardeur de Repentigny. "His love is a treasure for any woman to possess, and he has given it all to me!" said she to herself. "There are women who value themselves wholly by the value placed upon them by others; but I value others by the measure of myself. I love Le Gardeur; and what I love I do not mean to lose!" added she, with an inconsequence that fitted ill with her resolution regarding the Intendant. But Angelique was one who reconciled to herself all professions, however opposite or however incongruous.

A hasty knock at the door of the mansion, followed by the quick, well-known step up the broad stair, brought Le Gardeur into her presence. He looked flushed and disordered as he took her eagerly-extended hand and pressed it to his lips.

Her whole aspect underwent a transformation in the presence of her

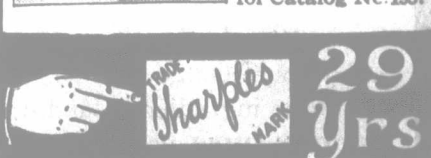
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Money refunded if Bruises, Cuts, Horns and Saddle Galls, Scratches, Grease Heel, Chafes, Rope Burns and similar affections are not speedily cured with Bickmore's Gall Cure. Old, tried remedy for these troubles. At all Dealers. Be sure you get Bickmore's. Trade-mark on every box. Valuable Horse Book and liberal samples free if you'll send 6 cents for packing and postage. WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD., Canadian Dispensary, 605 NOTRE DAME ST., W. MONTREAL, CANADA.



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FARM for sale in Huron County, McKillop Township, Con. 5 and 6. One hundred and fifty acres. With or without crop, stock and implements. Immediate possession. Phone in house. Frank Evans, Beechwood P. O., Ont.

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PARTIES wanting to buy a farm, or sell any kind of property, now is the time. We have some bargains to offer in farms. Write, stating what kind of a farm you want. We can suit you in suburban, or farm from one acre to 200. B. Lawson, Auctioneer, The London Real Estate, 484 Talbot St., London.

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S. C. WHITE LEGHORNS of prizewinning strains. Eggs priced for remainder of season. 75c. for 15, hatch guaranteed. Geo. D. Fletcher, Binkham, Ont., Erin Station.

Please Mention Farmer's Advocate.



farm buildings is very different from paint that merely covers them. Most of the ordinary paints are made only to sell and cover. If that is not a fact—then why are all ordinary paints made bulky and heavy with adulterating compounds? Adulterated paints are cheap and they look it. Don't use ordinary paints unless you have nothing else to do but paint all over again in about a year.

MARTIN-SENOUR PAINT

is positively pure paint. It is made only of pure White Lead, pure Oxide of Zinc, pure Linseed Oil and necessary coloring ingredients and dryers. That's why **Martin-Senour pure** paints will preserve and save your farm buildings from sun and storm. And that's why two gallons of **Martin-Senour Pure Paints** will go as far as three gallons of ordinary adulterated paints. This pure, honest paint looks better, lasts longer, and saves your buildings and a lot of trouble. **Insist** on your dealer giving you **Martin-Senour Pure Paint**. If he does not sell it, send us his name on a postal and we will send you a book—The Home Beautiful—free. Write today.

MARTIN-SENOUR CO., Ltd.
MONTREAL

lover. She was unfeignedly glad to see him. Without letting go his hand she led him to the sofa, and sat down by him. Other men had the semblance of her graciousness, and a perfect imitation it was, too; but he alone had the reality of her affection.

"O Le Gardeur!" exclaimed she, looking him through and through, and detecting no flaw in his honest admiration, "can you forgive me for asking you to come and see me to-night? and for absolutely no reason—none in the world, Le Gardeur, but that I longed to see you! I was jealous of Belmont for drawing you away from the Maison des Meloises to-night!"

"And what better reason could I have in the world than that you were longing to see me, Angelique? I think I should leave the gate of Heaven itself if you called me back, darling! Your presence for a minute is more to me than hours of festivity at Belmont, or the company of any other woman in the world."

Angelique was not insensible to the devotion of Le Gardeur. Her feelings were touched, and never slow in finding an interpretation for them, she raised his hand quickly to her lips and kissed it. "I had no motive in sending for you but to see you, Le Gardeur!" said she; "will that content you? If it won't—"

"This shall," replied he, kissing her cheek—which she was far from averting or resenting.

"That is so like you, Le Gardeur!" replied she—"to take before it is given!" She stopped—"What was I going to say?" added she. "It was given, and my contentment is perfect to have you here by my side!" If her thoughts reverted at this moment to the Intendant, it was with a feeling of repulsion, and as she looked fondly on the face of Le Gardeur, she could not help contrasting his handsome looks with the hard, swarthy features of Bigot.

"I wish my contentment were perfect, Angelique; but it is in your

power to make it so—will you? Why keep me forever on the threshold of my happiness, or of my despair, whichever you shall decree? I have spoken to Amelie to-night of you!"

"O do not press me, Le Gardeur!" exclaimed she, violently agitated, anxious to evade the question she saw burning on his lips, and distrustful of her own power to refuse; "not now! not to-night! Another day you shall know how much I love you, Le Gardeur! Why will not men content themselves with knowing we love them, without stripping our favors of all grace by making them duties, and in the end destroying our love by marrying us?" A flash of her natural archness came over her face as she said this.

"That would not be your case or mine, Angelique," replied he, somewhat puzzled at her strange speech. But she rose up suddenly without replying, and walked to a buffet, where stood a silver salver full of refreshments. "I suppose you have feasted so magnificently at Belmont that you will not care for my humble hospitalities," said she, offering him a cup of rare wine, a recent gift of the Intendant—which she did not mention, however. "You have not told me a word yet of the grand party at Belmont. Pierre Philibert has been highly honored by the Honnetes Gens, I am sure!"

"And merits all the honor he receives! Why were you not there, too, Angelique? Pierre would have been delighted," replied he, ever ready to defend Pierre Philibert.

"And I too! but I feared to be disloyal to the Frippone!" said she, half-mockingly. "I am a partner in the Grand Company, you know, Le Gardeur! But I confess Pierre Philibert is the handsomest man—except one—in New France, I own to that. I thought to pique Amelie one day by telling her so, but on the contrary I pleased her beyond measure! She agreed, without excepting even the one!"

"Amelie told me your good opinions of Pierre, and I thank you for it!" said he, taking her hand. "And now, darling, since you cannot with wine, words or winsomeness divert me from my purpose in making you declare what you think of me, also, let me tell you I have promised Amelie to bring her your answer to-night!"

The eyes of Le Gardeur shone with a light of loyal affection. Angelique saw there was no escaping a declaration. She sat irresolute and trembling, with one hand resting on his arm and the other held up deprecatingly. It was a piece of acting she had rehearsed to herself for this foreseen occasion. But her tongue, usually so nimble and free, faltered for once in the rush of emotions that well-nigh overpowered her. To become the honored wife of Le Gardeur de Repentigny, the sister of the beautiful Amelie, the niece of the noble Lady de Tilly, was a piece of fortune to have satisfied, until recently, both her heart and her ambition. But now Angelique was the dupe of dreams and fancies. The Royal Intendant was at her feet, France and its courtly splendors and court intrigues opened vistas of grandeur to her aspiring and unscrupulous ambition. She could not forego them, and would not! She knew that, all the time her heart was melting beneath the passionate eyes of Le Gardeur.

"I have spoken to Amelie, and promised to take her your answer to-night," said he, in a tone that thrilled every fibre of her better nature. "She is ready to embrace you as her sister. Will you be my wife, Angelique?"

Angelique sat silent; she dared not look up at him. If she had, she knew her hard resolution would melt. She felt his gaze upon her without seeing it. She grew pale, and tried to answer no, but could not; and she would not answer yes.

The vision she had so wickedly revelled in flashed again upon her at this supreme moment. She saw, in

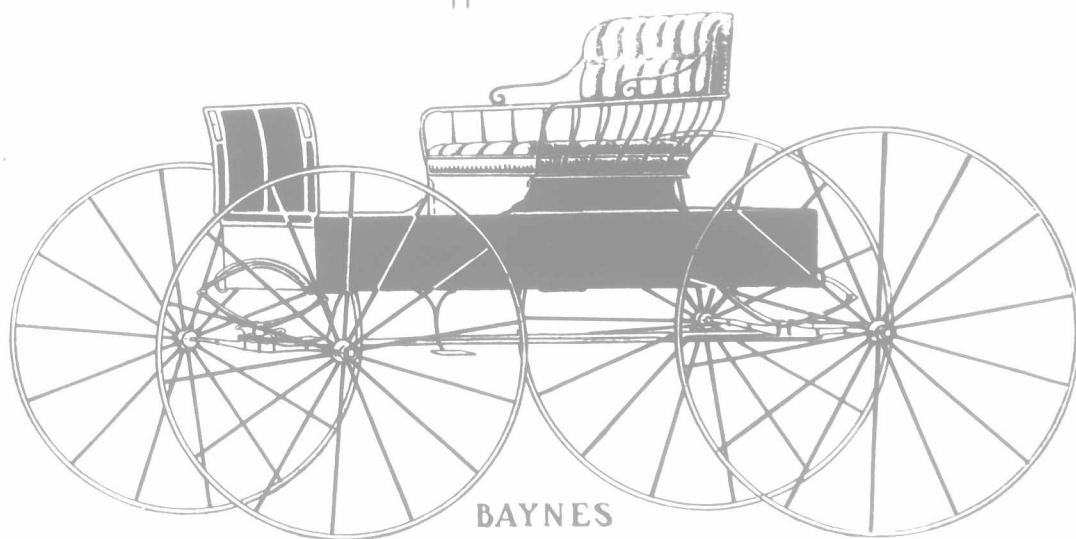
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a panorama of a few seconds, the gilded halls of Versailles pass before her, and with the vision came the old temptation.

"Angelique!" repeated he, in a tone full of passionate entreaty, "will you be my wife, loved as no woman ever was—loved as alone Le Gardeur de Repentigny can love you?"

She knew that. As she weakened under his pleading, and grasped both his hands tight in hers, she strove to frame a reply which would say yes while it meant no; and say no which he should interpret yes.

"All New France will honor you as the Chatelaine de Repentigny! There will be none higher, as there will be none fairer, than my bride!" Poor Le Gardeur! He had a dim suspicion that Angelique was looking to France as a fitting theatre for her beauty and talents.

She still sat mute, and grew paler every moment. Words formed themselves upon her lips, but she feared to say them, so terrible was the earnestness of this man's love, and no less vivid the consciousness of her own. Her face assumed the hardness of marble, pale as Parian and as rigid; a trembling of her white lips showed the strife going on within her; she covered her eyes with her hand, that he might not see the tears she felt quivering under the full lids, but she remained mute.

"Angelique!" exclaimed he, divining her unexpressed refusal, "why do you turn away from me? You surely do not reject me? But I am mad to think it! Speak, darling! One word, one sign, one look from those dear eyes, in consent to be the wife of Le Gardeur, will bring life's happiness to us both!" He took her hand and drew it gently from her eyes and kissed it, but she still averted her gaze from him; she could not look at him, but the words dropped slowly and feebly from her lips in response to his appeal:

"I love you, Le Gardeur, but I will not marry you!" said she. She could not utter more, but her hand grasped his with a fierce pressure, as if wanting to hold him fast in the very moment of refusal.

He started back, as if touched by fire, "You love me, but will not marry me! Angelique, what mystery is this? But you are only trying me! A thousand thanks for your love; the other is but a jest—a good jest, which I will laugh at!" And Le Gardeur tried to laugh, but it was a sad failure, for he saw she did not join in his effort at merriment, but looked pale and trembling, as if ready to faint.

She laid her hands upon his heavily and sadly. He felt her refusal in the very touch. It was like cold lead. "Do not laugh, Le Gardeur, I cannot laugh over it; this is no jest, but mortal earnest! What I say I mean! I love you, Le Gardeur, but I will not marry you!" She drew her hands away, as if to mark the emphasis she could not speak. He felt it like the drawing of his heartstrings.

She turned her eyes full upon him now, as if to look whether love of her was extinguished in him by her refusal. "I love you, Le Gardeur—you know I do! But I will not—I cannot—marry you now!" repeated she.

"Now?" he caught at the straw like a drowning swimmer in a whirlpool. "Now? I said not now, but when you please, Angelique. You are worth a man's waiting his life for!"

"No, Le Gardeur!" she replied, "I am not worth your waiting for; it cannot be, as I once hoped it might be; but love you I do and ever shall!" and the false, fair woman kissed him fatuously. "I love you, Le Gardeur, but I will not marry you!"

"You do not surely mean it, Angelique!" exclaimed he; "you will not give me death, instead of life? You cannot be so false to your own heart, so cruel to mine? See, Angelique! My saintly sister Amelie be-

lieved in your love, and sent these flowers to place in your hair when you had consented to be my wife—her sister; you will not refuse them, Angelique?"

He raised his hand to place the garland upon her head, but Angelique turned quickly, and they fell at her feet. "Amelie's gifts are not for me, Le Gardeur—I do not merit them! I confess my fault; I am, I know, false to my own heart, and cruel to yours. Despise me—kill me for it if you will, Le Gardeur! better you did kill me, perhaps! but I cannot lie to you as I can to other men! Ask me not to change my resolution, for I neither can nor will." She spoke with impassioned energy, as if fortifying her refusal by the reiteration of it.

"It is past comprehension!" was all he could say, bewildered at her words thus dislocated from all their natural sequence of association. "Love me and not marry me!—that means she will marry another!" thought he, with a jealous pang. "Tell me, Angelique," continued he, after several moments of puzzled silence, "is there some inscrutable reason that makes you keep my love and reject my hand?"

"No reason, Le Gardeur! It is mad unreason—I feel that—but it is no less true. I love you, but I will not marry you." She spoke with more resolution now. The first plunge was over, and with it her fear and trembling as she sat on the brink.

The iteration drove him beside himself. He seized her hands, and exclaimed with vehemence—"There is a man—a rival—a more fortunate lover—behind all this, Angelique des Me-loises! It is not yourself that speaks, but one that prompts you. You have given your love to another, and discarded me! Is it not so?"

"I have neither discarded you, nor loved another," Angelique equivocated. She played her soul away at this moment with the mental reservation that she had not yet done what she had resolved to do upon the first opportunity—accept the hand of the Intendant Bigot.

"It is well for that other man, if there be one!" Le Gardeur rose and walked angrily across the room two or three times. Angelique was playing a game of chess with Satan for her soul, and felt that she was losing it.

"There was a Sphinx in olden times," said he, "that propounded a riddle, and he who failed to solve it had to die. Your riddle will be the death of me, for I cannot solve it, Angelique!"

"Do not try to solve it, dear Le Gardeur! Remember that when her riddle was solved the Sphinx threw herself into the sea. I doubt that may be my fate! But you are still my friend, Le Gardeur!" added she, seating herself again by his side, in her old fond, coquettish manner. "See these flowers of Amelie's, which I did not place in my hair; I treasure them in my bosom!" She gathered them up as she spoke, kissed them, and placed them in her bosom.

"You are still my friend, Le Gardeur?" Her eyes turned upon him with the old look she could so well assume.

"I am more than a thousand friends, Angelique!" replied he; "but I shall curse myself that I can remain so and see you the wife of another."

The very thought drove him to frenzy. He dashed her hand away and sprang up towards the door, but turned suddenly round. "That curse was not for you, Angelique!" said he, pale and agitated; "it was for myself, for ever believing in the empty love you professed for me. Good-bye! Be happy! As for me, the light goes out of my life, Angelique, from this day forth."

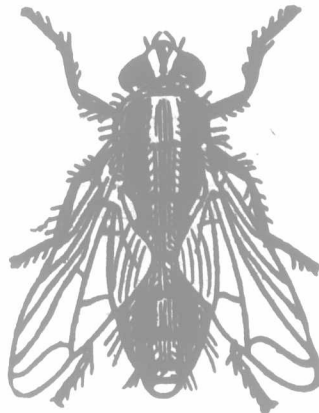
"Oh, stop! stop, Le Gardeur! do not leave me so!" She rose and endeavored to restrain him, but he broke from her, and without adieu or further parley, rushed out bare-

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In the Plymouth congregation there was at one time a woman who was a thorn in the flesh. She had a harsh voice and a stiff manner of speaking. Her long-drawn-out, dull discourses wearied the congregation. But Mr. Beecher was patient. At last he, too, reached the limit of endurance; and one evening, when she sat down, after talking nearly half an hour, he arose, and in his deep tones said slowly, "Nevertheless, I still believe in women speaking in meetings." She spoke no more.

The Honorable and Reverend James Smilax was an austere man, and as such was accepted by Miss MacSimpson. But he was once known to make a joke.

He was learning Italian preparatory to his honeymoon in Venice.

"Suppose," said his instructress and wife-elect, "you were asked, 'Where is your luggage?' What would you say?"

"Well, my dear," he replied, "if I was in France, I suppose I should say 'Voilà!' But in Italy—really I don't know."

"Fcco! would be the correct answer," said the lady.

"To be sure," rejoined the Honorable and Reverend gentleman, "I should have remembered that Echo answers where."

headed into the street. She ran to the balcony to call him back, and leaning far over it cried out, "Le Gardeur! Le Gardeur!" That voice would have called him from the dead, could he have heard it, but he was already lost in the darkness. A few rapid steps resounded on the distant pavement, and Le Gardeur de Repentigny was lost to her forever!

She waited long on the balcony, looking over it for a chance of hearing his returning steps, but none came. It was the last impulse of her love to save her, but it was useless. "Oh, God!" she exclaimed in a voice of mortal agony. "He is gone forever—my Le Gardeur! my one true lover, rejected by my own madness, and for what?" She thought "For what!" and in a storm of passion, tearing her golden hair over her face, and beating her breast in her rage, she exclaimed—"I am wicked, unutterably bad, worse and more despicable than the vilest creature that crouches under the bushes on the Batture! How dared I, unwomanly that I am, reject the hand I worship for the sake of a hand I should loathe in the very act of accepting it? The slave that is sold in the market is better than I, for she has no choice, while I sell myself to a man whom I already hate, for he is already false to me! The wages of a harlot were more honestly earned than the splendor for which I barter soul and body to this Intendant!"

The passionate girl threw herself upon the floor, nor heeded the blood that oozed from her head, bruised on the hard wood. Her mind was torn by a thousand wild fancies. Sometimes she resolved to go out, like the Rose of Sharon, and seek her beloved in the city and throw herself at his feet, making him a royal gift of all he claimed of her.

She little knew her own wilful heart. She had seen the world bow to every caprice of hers, but she never had one principle to guide her, except her own pleasure. She was now like a goddess of earth, fallen in an effort to reconcile impossibilities in human hearts, and became the sport of the powers of wickedness.

She lay upon the floor senseless, her hands in a violent clasp. Her glorious hair, torn and disordered, lay over her like the royal robe of a queen stricken from her throne and lying dead upon the floor of her palace.

It was long after midnight, in the cold hours of the morning when she woke from her swoon. She raised herself feebly upon her elbow, and looked dazedly up at the cold, unfeeling stars that go on shining through the ages, making no sign of sympathy with human griefs. Perseus had risen to his meridian, and Algol, her natal star, alternately darkened and brightened, as if it were the scene of some fierce conflict of the powers of light and darkness, like that going on in her own soul.

Her face was stained with hard clots of blood as she rose, cramped and chilled to the bone. The night air had blown coldly upon her through the open lattice; but she would not summon her maid to her assistance. Without undressing, she threw herself upon a couch, and utterly worn out by the agitation she had undergone, slept far into the day.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Hurried Question of Despair.

Le Gardeur plunged headlong down the silent street, neither knowing nor caring whither. Half mad with grief, half with resentment, he vented curses upon himself, upon Angélique, upon the world, and looked upon Providence itself as in league with the evil powers to thwart his happiness, not seeing that his happiness in the love of a woman like Angélique was a house built on sand, which the first storm of life would sweep away.

"Holla!" Le Gardeur de Repentigny exclaimed. "Is that you?"

voice in the night. "What lucky wind blows you out at this hour?" Le Gardeur stopped and recognized the Chevalier de Pean. "Where are you going in such a desperate hurry?"

"To the devil!" replied Le Gardeur, withdrawing his hand from De Pean's, who had seized it with an amazing show of friendship. "It is the only road left open to me, and I am going to march down it like a garde du corps of Satan! Do not hold me, De Pean! Let go my arm! I am going to the devil, I tell you!"

"Why, Le Gardeur," was the reply, "that is a broad and well-travelled road—the king's highway, in fact. I am going upon it myself, as fast and merrily as any man in New France."

"Well, go on it, then! March either before or after me, only don't go with me, De Pean; I am taking the shortest cuts to get to the end of it, and want no one with me." Le Gardeur walked doggedly on; but De Pean would not be shaken off. He suspected what had happened.

"The shortest cut I know is by the Taverne de Menut, where I am going now," said he, "and I should like your company, Le Gardeur! Our set are having a gala night of it, and must be musical as the frogs of Beauport by this hour! Come along!" De Pean again took his arm. He was not repelled this time.

"I don't care where I go, De Pean!" replied he, forgetting his dislike to this man, and submitting to his guidance—the Taverne de Menut was just the place for him to rush into and drown his disappointment in wine. The two moved on in silence for a few minutes.

"Why, what ails you, Le Gardeur?" asked his companion, as they walked on, arm in arm. "Has fortune frowned upon the cards, or your mistress proved a fickle jade, like all her sex?"

His words were irritating enough to Le Gardeur. "Look you, De Pean," said he, stopping, "I shall quarrel with you if you repeat such remarks. But you mean no mischief, I dare say, although I would not swear it!" Le Gardeur looked savage.

De Pean saw it would not be safe to rub that sore again. "Forgive me, Le Gardeur!" said he, with an air of sympathy well assumed. "I meant no harm. But you are suspicious of your friends to-night as a Turk of his harem."

"I have reason to be! And as for friends, I find only such friends as you, De Pean! And I begin to think the world has no better!" The clock of the Recollets struck the hour as they passed under the shadow of its wall. The brothers of St. Francis slept quietly on their peaceful pillows, like sea birds who find in a rocky nook a refuge from the ocean storms. "Do you think the Recollets are happy, De Pean?" asked he, turning abruptly to his companion.

"Happy as oysters at high water, who are never crossed in love, except of their dinner! But that is neither your luck nor mine, Le Gardeur!" De Pean was itching to draw from his companion something with reference to what had passed with Angélique.

"Well, I would rather be an oyster than a man, and rather be dead than either!" was the reply of Le Gardeur. "How soon, think you, will brandy kill a man, De Pean?" asked he abruptly, after a pause of silence. "It will never kill you, Le Gardeur, if you take it neat at Master Menut's. It will restore you to life, vigor, and independence of man and woman. I take mine there when I am hipped as you are, Le Gardeur. It is a specific for every kind of ill-fortune. I warrant it will cure and never kill you."

They crossed the Place d'Armes. Nothing in sight was moving, except the sentries who paced slowly like shadows up and down the great gateway of the Castle of St. Louis.

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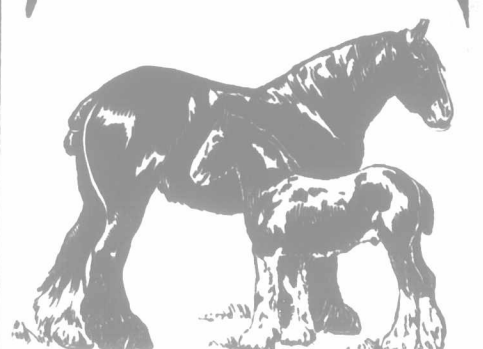
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"I hadn't been talking with him three minutes before he called me an ass. What sort of a person is he?" "Well, I never knew him to tell a lie."

churchyard here," remarked De Pean; "all the life of the place is down at Menut's! I like the small hours," added he, as the chime of the Recollets ceased. "They are easily counted, and pass quickly, asleep or awake. Two o'clock in the morning is the meridian of the day for a man who has wit to wait for it at Menut's—these small hours are all that are worth reckoning in a man's life!"

Without consenting to accompany De Pean, Le Gardeur suffered himself to be led by him. He knew the company that awaited him there—the wildest and most dissolute gallants of the city and garrison were usually assembled there at this hour.

The famous old hostelry was kept by Master Menut, a burly Breton who prided himself on keeping everything full and plenty about his house—tables full, tankards full, guests full, and himself very full. The house was to-night lit up with unusual brilliance, and was full of company—Cadet, Varin, Mercier, and a crowd of the friends and associates of the Grand Company. Gambling, drinking, and conversing in the loudest strain on such topics as interested their class, were the amusements of the night. The vilest thoughts, uttered in the low argot of Paris, were much affected by them. They felt a pleasure in this sort of protest against the extreme refinement of society, just as the collegians of Oxford, trained beyond their natural capacity in morals, love to fall into slang, and, like Prince Hal, talk to every tinker in his own tongue.

De Pean and Le Gardeur were welcomed with open arms at the *Taverne de Menut*. A dozen brimming glasses were offered them on every side. De Pean drank moderately. "I have to win back my losses of last night," said he, "and must keep my head clear." Le Gardeur, however, refused nothing that was offered him. He drank with all, and drank every description of liquor. He was speedily led up into a large, well-furnished room, where tables were crowded with gentlemen playing cards and dice for piles of paper money, which was tossed from hand to hand with the greatest nonchalance as the game ended and was renewed.

Le Gardeur plunged headlong into the flood of dissipation. He played, drank, talked argot, and cast off every shred of reserve. He doubled his stakes, and threw his dice reckless and careless whether he lost or won. His voice overbore that of the stoutest of the revellers. He embraced De Pean as his friend, who returned his compliments by declaring Le Gardeur de Repentigny to be the king of good fellows, who had the "strongest head to carry wine and the stoutest heart to defy dull care of any man in Quebec."

De Pean watched with malign satisfaction the progress of Le Gardeur's intoxication. If he seemed to flag, he challenged him afresh to drink to better fortune; and when he lost the stakes, to drink again to spite ill-luck.

But let a veil be dropped over the wild doings of the *Taverne de Menut*, Le Gardeur lay insensible at last upon the floor, where he would have remained, had not some of the servants of the inn who knew him lifted him up compassionately and placed him upon a couch, where he lay, breathing heavily like one dying. His eyes were fixed; his mouth, where the kisses of his sister still lingered, was partly opened, and his hands were clenched, rigid as a statue's.

"He is ours now!" said De Pean to Cadet. "He will not again put his head under the wing of the *Philiberts*!"

The two men looked at him, and laughed brutally.

"A fair lady whom you know, Cadet, has given him liberty to drink himself to death, and he will do it." "Who is that? *Angelique*?" asked Cadet.

"Of course; who else? and Le Gardeur won't be the first or last man who has put under store sheets,"

replied De Pean, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"*Gloria patri filioque!*" exclaimed Cadet, mockingly; "the *Honnetes Gens* will lose their trump card. How did you get him away from Belmont, De Pean?"

"Oh, it was not I! *Angelique des Meloises* set the trap and whistled the call that brought him," replied De Pean.

"Like her, the incomparable witch!" exclaimed Cadet, with a hearty laugh. "She would lure the very devil to play her tricks, instead of his own. She would beat Satan at his best game to ruin a man."

"It would be all the same, Cadet, I fancy—Satan or she! But where is Bigot? I expected him here."

"Oh, he is in a tantrum to-night, and would not come. That piece of his at *Beaumanoir* is a thorn in his flesh, and a snow-ball on his spirits. She is taming him. By *St. Cocufin*! Bigot loves that woman!"

"I told you that before, Cadet. I saw it a month ago, and was sure of it on that night when he would not bring her up to show her to us."

"Such a fool, De Pean, to care for any woman! What will Bigot do with her, think you?"

"How should I know? Send her adrift some fine day, I suppose, down the *Riviere du Loup*. He will, if he is a sensible man. He dare not marry any woman without license from *La Pompadour*, you know. The jolly fishwoman holds a tight rein over her favorites. Bigot may keep as many women as *Solomon*—the more, the merrier; but woe befall him if he marries without *La Pompadour's* consent! They say she herself dotes on Bigot—that is the reason." De Pean really believed that was the reason; and certainly there was reason for suspecting it.

"Cadet! Cadet!" exclaimed several voices. "You are fined a basket of champagne for leaving the table."

"I'll pay it," replied he, "and double it; but it is hot as *Tartarus* in here. I feel like a grilled salmon." And indeed, Cadet's broad, sensual face was red and glowing as a harvest moon. He walked a little unsteady, too, and his naturally coarse voice sounded thick, but his hard brain never gave way beyond a certain point under any quantity of liquor.

"I am going to get some fresh air," said he. "I shall walk as far as the *Fleur-de-Lis*. They never go to bed at that jolly old inn."

"I will go with you!" "And I!" exclaimed a dozen voices.

"Come on, then; we will all go to the old dog-hole, where they keep the best brandy in Quebec. It is smuggled, of course, but that makes it all the better."

Mine host of the *Taverne de Menut* combated this opinion of the goodness of the liquors at the *Fleur-de-Lis*. His brandy had paid the King's duties, and bore the stamp of the Grand Company, he said; and he appealed to every gentleman present on the goodness of his liquors.

Cadet and the rest took another round of it to please the landlord, and sallied out with no little noise and confusion. Some of them struck up the famous song which, beyond all others, best expressed the gay, rollicking spirit of the French nation and of the times of the old regime:

"Vive Henri Quatre!
Vive le Roi vaillant!
Ce diable a quatre
A le triple talent,
De boire et de battre,
Et d'être un vert galant!"

When the noisy party arrived at the *Fleur-de-Lis*, they entered without ceremony into a spacious room—low, with heavy beams, and with roughly-plastered walls, which were stuck over with proclamations of governors and intendants and dingy ballads brought by sailors from French ports.

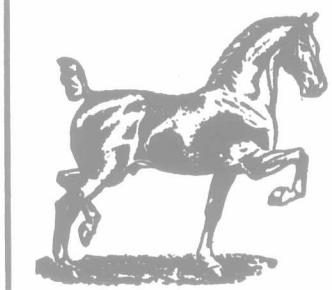
(To be continued.)



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BLEEDING, itching, blind and protruding Piles have always been considered incurable. Sufferers have consulted Physicians, Specialists, consumed any amount of patent Medicines, and a thousand and one other things, but without effect hoped for. There is but one positive cure for Piles—a permanent relief, which makes Piles a trivial matter. Mrs. Summers' wonderful Absorption Treatment instantly relieves, and finally effects a permanent cure, and can be used at home. No danger, loss of work, pain, or Doctors' bills. If you are suffering from Piles, you are to be pitied, and I want you to write for my advice and Free home treatment. I send this free trial to prove, before you invest a cent, that my Absorption Treatment will permanently cure you. After you use it, if you think that there is no hope for your case, you need not continue, nor feel under any obligation. Although nearly every case of Piles is "different," I have never found even one that my Absorption Treatment could not permanently cure. I have helped thousands of others suffering like yourself, why not you! Please remember that I want no money for my trial treatment—just your name and address. Don't put it off any longer—you may be sorry like many others who neglected Piles. Write me to-day, and address:

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WINDSOR, ONTARIO



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NEW CLYDESDALE IMPORTATION.



My new importation of 24 Clydesdale stallions is now in my stables. I invite inspection and comparison. I think I have the best lot for size, style, character, quality and action ever imported. 27 Clyde stallions and 8 Hackney stallions to select from. Prices right, and terms to suit.

T. H. HASSARD, MARKHAM, ONT.

POST OFFICE, PHONE AND STATION.

CLYDESDALES AND SHORTHORNS.—Both Imported and Canadian-bred, at Columbus, Ont., the Home of the Winners.

Our last importation landed in August. They include the pick of Scotland, from such renowned sires as *Baron's Pride*, *Everlasting*, *Baron o' Bucklyvie*, *Hiawatha*, *Marsells*, *Sir Everest*, and *Prince Thomas*. We have on hand over 30 head to choose from, from the above noted sires, from 1 to 6 years old, and including stallions and mares. Correspondence solicited. Call and see them at our barns, Columbus, Ont., before purchasing elsewhere. Our prices are right. Long-distance phone in houses. Phone office, Myrtle station. Myrtle station, C.P.R.; Brooklin station, G.T.R.; Smith & Richardson & Sons, Columbus, Ont. Oshawa station, G.T.R.

Farmers and Cattlemen, Read This!

When you cannot sell your export cattle at satisfactory prices at home, and wish to ship them to the Old Country markets, write or wire for steamer space, market and shipping information to Donald Munro, Live-stock Forwarding Agent and Commission Salesman, 43 St. Sacramento St., Montreal. Load your cattle carefully, and bill them to me. I provide the necessary feed, insurance, etc., pay freight and all other expenses from shipping point, and give liberal cash advances on all consignments. Cattle are loaded on steamer under my personal supervision, and placed in charge of capable attendants for the ocean voyage. I represent the most reliable salesmen at all the different British markets. BUSINESS ESTABLISHED 1890. REFERENCES: THE MOLSONS BANK, MONTREAL.

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I have for sale some very fine young stock bulls and heifers ready to breed. Descendants of Joy of Morning, Broad Scotch and other noted sires. Also Chester White Swine and Imported Clydesdale Horses.

J. H. M. PARKER, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

During the Busy Season

If you need a Shorthorn bull we will ship one on approval, and if you are not suited you may ship him back. Write us for terms and conditions. Just two ready for service. Both Cruickshank Lavenders. MAPLE SHADE FARM. STATIONS: } MYRTLE, C. P. R. }
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Long-distance telephone. JOHN DRYDEN & SON, BROOKLIN, ONT.

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The best bunch ever on the farm. All ages. Not exhibiting this year. H. Smith, Exeter, Ont.

A FEW YOUNG BULLS and 20 YOUNG COWS and HEIFERS

COMPOSE OUR LIST FOR PRIVATE SALE. J. A. WATT, SALEM, ONTARIO. ELORA STATION, G. T. R. AND C. P. R. FARM ADJOINS TOWN. BELL TELEPHONE.

SHORTHORNS

Belmar Parc. Calves for sale by our grand quartette of breeding and show bulls: Nonpareil Archer, Imp. Proud Gift, Imp. Marigold Sailor, Nonpareil Eclipse. Females, imported and from imported stock, in calf to these bulls. An unsurpassed lot of yearling heifers. John Douglas, Manager. PETER WHITE, Pembroke, Ont.

VALLEY HOME SHORTHORNS AND BERKSHIRES

For sale: 6 grand young bulls from ten to eighteen months old, young cows with calves at foot, and ten one and two-year-old heifers. All our own breeding. Some are very choice show animals. Also young sows, and a fine boar 12 months old. S. J. PEARSON, SON & CO., MEADOWVALE P. O. AND STATION C.P.R.

YOU NEED A TONIC



Your blood has become thin and weak. The drain upon your system the past few months has been very great. You are consequently feeling "all out of sorts" and "run down." Your appetite is bad and you hardly have enough energy left to do your daily duties. You should take PSYCHINE, the greatest of Tonics, without delay. This will put you on your feet at once. The following testimonial will interest you.

"RUN-DOWN" FOLK

If you are weak PSYCHINE will make you strong

Gentlemen:—"I have used PSYCHINE and I do think it is the greatest tonic and system builder known. I would advise all who are run-down or physically weak to use PSYCHINE." Yours truly, Mrs. Jas. Bertrand, West Toronto.

PSYCHINE restores the appetite and tones up the system. It creates rich, red blood—a wonderful family Tonic. You may try PSYCHINE Free! Simply send your name and address to DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Spadina Ave., Toronto. All druggists and stores sell Psychine 50c and \$1 bottle.

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SIKEEN

THE GREATEST OF TONICS.

Shorthorn Cattle AND LINCOLN SHEEP.

Females of all ages for sale of the thick-fleshed, low-down kind that have been raised naturally, neither stuffed nor starved. Twenty-five Lincoln ewes, bred to our best imported stud ram, also a few choice yearling rams. Prices very reasonable for quick sale.

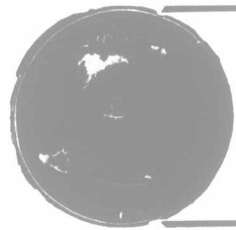
J. T. GIBSON, DENFIELD, ONT.

A. Edward Meyer,

P. O. Box 378, Guelph, Ontario,

Breeds SCOTCH SHORTHORNS Exclusively

Twelve of the most noted Scotch tribes have representatives in my herd. Herd bulls: Scottish Here (imp.) = 65042 = (90065) 295765 A. H. B.; Gloster King = 68708 = 283804 A. H. B. Young stock for sale. Long-distance phone in house.



SOME SHOW PROPOSITIONS IN BOTH MALE AND FEMALE

SHORTHORNS

as well as a number of the useful sort of both sexes. Prices right. Large lot to select from. Up-to-date in breeding, etc. Catalogue.

JOHN CLANCY, Manager. H. Cargill & Son, Cargill, Ont.

Shorthorns and Shropshires

Herd headed by Imp. Queen's Counsellor = 64218 = (96594). For sale: Three young bulls; also cows and heifers bred to Queen's Counsellor. The Shropshires are yearling rams and ewes, bred from imported Buttar ram.

H. L. STEAD, Wilton Grove, Ont.
London, G. T. R., 6 miles; Westminster, P. M. R., 1 mile. Long-distance phone.

SHORTHORN BULLS PRICED

Red, two years old, from a good imported cow, price \$100.
Roan, thirteen months old, extra good, short-legged calf from one of my best cows, \$100.
Red and White, thirteen months, out of Lady Madge, by Langford Eclipse, price \$75.

JOHN MILLER, BROUGHAM, ONTARIO.
CLAREMONT STATION, C. P. R.

7 Imported Scotch Shorthorn Bulls 7

Six imported bull calves from 9 to 14 months old, 3 reds and 3 roans. They are of such noted families as Clara, Jilt, Roan Lady, Butterfly, Claret and Broadheads. One imp. bull 2 years old, red; a most valuable sire. One bull 11 months old, roan, from imp. sire and dam; promising for a show bull. Two bulls 12 months old, from imp. sire and dam; suitable for pure-bred or grade herd. Also females all ages. Write for catalogue. Prices reasonable. Farm ¼ mile from Burlington Junction station, G. T. R.

FRED. BARNETT, MANAGER.

J. F. MITCHELL, BURLINGTON, ONT.

Geo. Amos & Son, MOFFAT, ONTARIO.

For sale: Several good young heifers, some of them show heifers, and all of the very best Scotch breeding. Correspondence solicited and inspection invited.

Moffat Station, 11 Miles East of City of Guelph, on C. P. R.

SHORTHORNS

Nine bulls from 8 to 20 months old, reds and roans; 10 yearling heifers and a few cows. Will sell very cheap to make room in stables.

CLYDESDALES

One pair of bay mares and one dark brown, heavy draft and two spring colts.

JAMES McARTHUR, Gobles, Ontario.

We are offering **5 Good Young Bulls** at very reasonable prices in order to clear, also 2 VERY CHOICE JUNIOR YEARLINGS in SHOW CONDITION. We can sell some extra well bred cows and heifers (bred or with calves at foot) at prices which should interest intending purchasers. Our farms are quite close to Burlington Jct., G. T. R. Long-distance telephone.

W. G. Pettit & Sons, Freeman, Ontario.

Scotch Shorthorns—Canada's greatest living sire, Mid-dred's Royal, heads my herd. For sale are young bulls and heifers, show stuff and Toronto winners, out of Stamford, Lady Ythan, Claret, Emeline, Matchless and Belona dams. A visit will be appreciated. GEO. GIER, Grand Valley P. O., Ont. Waidomer Sta., C. P. R.

JOHN GARDHOUSE & SONS Always have for sale a number of first-class Short-horns, Shires and Lincolns, of both sexes. Drop us a line, or better, come and see for yourself. HIGHFIELD P. O., ONTARIO. Weston Sta., G. T. R. & C. P. R. Long-distance phone in house.

WHY NOT BUY A HIGH-CLASS SCOTCH SHORTHORN COW, Or a Helper, Or a Bull, Or a Few Shropshire Ewes, Or a Few Cotswold Ewes, NOW, While You Can Buy Them Low?

I can offer you something in any of them that will make a start second to none. Write for what you want.

ROBERT MILLER, STOUFFVILLE, ONT.

SPRING VALLEY SHORTHORNS

One 14 months' old imported bull, bred by A. M. Gordon. Good enough to head any herd. Five Canadian-bred bulls from 12 to 16 months. Will be priced very reasonable, as we do not want to run them over.

KYLE BROS., AYR, ONT.

Greengill Shorthorns!

Our present offering consists of 10 young bulls, from 8 to 20 months. All nice reds and roans. A number of them from imp. sire and dam. Prices right.

R. Mitchell & Sons, Nelson P. O., Ont. Burlington Jct. Sta.

Special June Crop Bulletin.

Owing to the unusually wet, cold and generally backward spring, vegetation was greatly checked, and in many localities but little sowing or planting had been done when the schedule for the May Crop Bulletin of the Ontario Department of Agriculture was sent to correspondents. It was deemed advisable, therefore, to ask for further information, and the following is a statement of conditions in the Province on or about the 22nd of June—

THE WEATHER.—April was an unusually wet and cold month, and early sowing was hindered. The first half of May was also unfavorable to farm operations, and, as a consequence, spring sowing was very backward at the end of that month. However, a general rainfall about the 17th of June, followed by warm weather, sent growth along with a bound, and spring crops were fast approaching normal conditions.

FALL WHEAT.—As correspondents wrote, fall wheat was heading out, being about a week or ten days later than usual. While some correspondents speak of the likelihood of a large yield, fully as many describe the fields as being thin or spotty on low-lying or undrained soils. A considerable area was plowed up, and more would have been but for the wet condition of the ground, and the fact that grass had been sown with the wheat. Many of the patchy spots were resown with barley or oats. Taken on the whole, the June prospects for fall wheat are decidedly better than those of May.

CLOVER HAY, like fall wheat, will be very variable in yield, ranging from light to heavy even in the same localities, but the present outlook for the crop is more favorable than that reported a month ago. New meadows have done much better than old ones, and clover is reported to be relatively ahead of timothy. There has been practically no complaint of the midge. The poorest accounts concerning hay come from the St. Lawrence and Ottawa counties and the northern districts. Cutting will be fully a week later than usual. Reports regarding alfalfa are practically unanimous as to the vigorous growth of that crop.

SPRING GRAINS.—The bulk of these crops have been sown a week or two later than ordinarily; in fact, some oats and barley were being put in as late as the 10th of June, and corn was being planted even later. Some correspondents point out that the spring conditions of 1907 were somewhat similar, so far as lateness is concerned, and that very fair yields were given after all. Where spring wheat, barley or oats failed to catch, or were not got in, the following were used as alternatives: Buckwheat, millet, corn, rape, peas, beans and vetches; some preferred to summer-fallow.

SPRING WHEAT.—There has been a further decline in the acreage of this crop, but where grown is looking well, considering late sowing.

BARLEY.—About the average area has been given to barley. It had a late start, but is now making splendid growth, with prospects of a good yield should favorable weather continue.

OATS.—Some correspondents claim a decreased acreage for oats, while others hold that it has been increased. A good average is the probable area. Though late, the crop looks well as a whole, although rather thin in places.

PEAS.—The lateness of the season prevented the sowing of some cereals, and led to a larger acreage being given to peas. The crop looks promising, and less is said about the "bug" or weevil than for years.

BUCKWHEAT is being planted more largely than ever this year in nearly every part of the Province, mainly as an emergency crop, owing to some cereals being crowded out by the lateness of the spring.

CORN.—Ontario farmers appear to be depending more upon corn than formerly. The area has been considerably enlarged this year, and the only drawback to the situation is the lateness of planting; in fact, some were putting in corn in the third week of June. What was up when correspondents wrote looked well, although even then some complaints were being made of the grub.

BEANS.—Like other field crops, beans have been planted late. They have come

up nicely, however, and were looking well when correspondents reported.

TOBACCO.—Owing to the land being so wet, tobacco was not planted until a week or two later than usual. The plants were rather small when returns were made, and there were reports of the crop being attacked by grubs.

POTATOES.—Very few early potatoes were got in, but late planting had been vigorously pushed, and in a number of counties the acreage will be greater than last year. The season being a week or two later than usual, the vines were not of average size when returns were made, but the outlook generally was favorable, although the bug was beginning to appear in large numbers.

ROOTS were sown on the late side, and were only showing up when correspondents wrote. Turnips were promising well, although many fields had been purposely held back in order to escape the louse. Mangels were not doing so well, and some patchy places had to be re-sown with turnips. Where grown, sugar beets were looking well.

FRUIT.—Blossoming was late but full, and there has been a more general setting of fruit than in ordinary years. Apples will likely turn out satisfactorily, for although early varieties will be scarce, the more valuable winter varieties promise a big yield. Pears will be only fair. The latest reports regarding peaches put the probable yield as medium; in some places the trees have been attacked by curl-leaf. Plums are likely to be a full crop, taking the Province as a whole, although in some of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa counties a number of trees are said to have been "blasted." Cherries will yield from fair to large crops. Grapes promise an average yield, and small fruits generally will do well unless drouth sets in early.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Veterinary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

1. Horse's sheath swells after he stands idle for a few days.

2. Two-year-old colt has a hard lump the size of a walnut, as the result of a wound he received a little above the fetlock when a sucker.

3. I have a three-year-old heifer that has been bred several times, but does not conceive.

Ans.—1. Some horses are continually predisposed to swelling of legs and sheath when standing idle, and, no doubt, yours is one of them. Give him a purgative of 8 drams aloes and 2 drams ginger, and follow up with 1 dram iodide of potassium, three times daily, for a week. Repeat the treatment once every two months, and endeavor to give him at least a little exercise daily.

2. The lump is an enlargement of the fibrous covering of the bone, and is probably partly bony, and will be very hard to remove. It can be reduced, more or less, in time, by rubbing a little of the following liniment well in, once daily, viz.: Four drams each of iodine and iodide of potassium and four ounces each of alcohol and glycerine.

3. The most common cause of sterility in cows is closure of the os uteri (the opening into the womb). When she shows signs of oestrus, tie her and open the os. The operator should oil his hand and arm, insert the hand into the vulva, and press through the vagina until his fingers reach the os. Then, with a rotary motion of the fingers, force one into the womb. In some cases the fingers have not sufficient strength. There are special instruments, which can be purchased from dealers in veterinary instruments, designed for the purpose. A female catheter or sound, about one-half inch in diameter, or other smooth instrument of the same size, can in many cases be successfully used, but do not use a sharp instrument. Breed in an hour after operating.

A young couple in a Western Ontario city, who were principals in a June wedding, were consulting as to where they should spend their honeymoon, and had agreed on the Thousand Islands, when the lady mildly suggested that it would be a good idea to spend a week on each Island.

HEADACHE.

In all cases of headache the first thing to do is to unload the bowels and thus relieve the afflicted organs or the over-full blood vessels of the brain; and at the same time to restore tone to the system, re-establish the appetite, promote digestion and invigorate the entire body.



will remove the cause of the trouble and restore the system to healthy action and buoyant vigor.

Mrs. J. Priest, Aspdin, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with headache for several years and tried almost everything without results, until a friend advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I got two bottles, but before I had finished one I was completely cured. I can never say too much for B.B.B."

For sale at all dealers. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Scotch Shorthorns

Have yet for sale, two extra good bulls, imported, just ready for service; also one good roan Canadian-bred bull, grandson to Batton Chancellor, imp.; also a grand lot of heifers. Write or call on

H. J. Davis, Woodstock, Ont.

Long-distance Bell 'phone. C. P. R. & G. T. R.

Shorthorns, Berkshires, Gotswolds.

Four yearling bulls, cows with calf at foot, heifers and young calves. A number of young Berkshires ready to ship, and a nice lot of lambs coming on for fall trade.

Chas. E. Bonnycastle, Campbellford, Ont. POST OFFICE AND STATION.

SHORTHORNS!

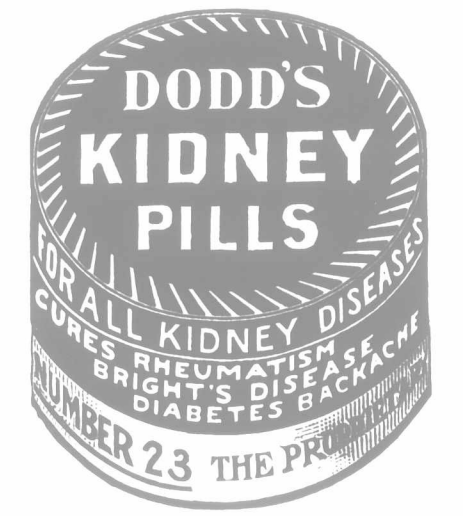
A few cows and heifers with calves at foot by Good Morning, imp. No bull to offer of breeding age. Office both stations.

SCOTT BROS., HIGHGATE, ONT. M. C. Ry. P. M. Ry.

MR. A. J. HICKMAN

Court Lodge, Egerton, Kent, England
Exports pedigree live stock of every description to all parts of the world. During the fall months the export of horses of the light and heavy breeds will be a specialty. Write for prices, terms and references.

One winter's evening in the city of Belfast, when a water inspector was going his round, he stopped at one of the mains in a busy street to turn off the water owing to some repairs. He had just put the handle on the tap and began turning, when a hand was placed on his shoulder. Turning round, he was confronted by a tipsy gentleman, who said, in a drunken tone: "So I have found you at last, have I? It's you that's turning the street round, is it?"



GOSSIP.

SUGAR BEETS AND BEET SUGAR.

Though sugar can be extracted from many plants, the world's main sugar supply comes at present from only two plant species, sugar cane and sugar beets, and it comes about equally from each. The former is grown only in tropical or sub-tropical climates, the latter only in temperate climates.

The great bulk of the beet sugar consumed is made in European countries, Germany, Russia, Austria-Hungary and France being the leading producers. But there are now 64 active beet-sugar factories in United States, located in 16 different States. Last year the farmers of these States harvested about 365,000 acres of beets, and delivered to the factories 3,415,000 tons of beets. From these, nearly 426,000 tons of refined sugar was made. The yield of beets per acre was 9½ tons, and the yield of sugar per acre of beets was 2,334 pounds.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture has just issued its annual report on "Progress of the Beet-sugar Industry in 1908." One marked feature of progress is seen in the improved quality of the beets grown. The entire beet crop for 1908 averaged 15½ per cent. of sugar in the beets. The factory processes have also been improved, until the refined sugar produced is about four-fifths of that contained in the beets.

One of the instructive features of this report is an account of the use of by-products. The beet pulp from which the sugar has been extracted, is a useful stock food, and vast quantities of it are fed in the fresh state to cattle and sheep. It finds special favor with dairymen. A dozen or more factories have installed plants for drying pulp. With this is mixed molasses, the product being put on the market as "dried-molasses-beet-pulp." The molasses is also extensively used in the manufacture of alcohol.

The prospects for further development of the industry are reported to be good. Plans are on foot for the building of several new factories.

STONYCROFT FARM.

Stonycroft Stock Farm, the property of Harold A. Morgan, of Montreal, is situated at St. Anne de Bellevue, Que., on the Montreal Island. It comprises 1,000 acres of the richest agricultural and grazing lands in Canada, vegetation of all kinds showing a phenomenal growth, the hay crop, of which there is about 300 acres to gather, being particularly heavy. On the farm are erected a most complete set of farm buildings, modern in equipment throughout, and lighted by gas. Clydesdale horses, Ayrshire cattle and Yorkshire hogs are the specialties in pure-bred stock, a large importation of each having been made three years ago. At the head of the Clydesdale stud just now is the splendid-quality stallion, Sweet Everard (imp.) [6065], a bay six-year-old son of Gay Everard, dam by Formakin, grandam by Sir Everard, by Prince of Wales. He thus carries a double infusion of the blood of Sir Everard, the sire of the world-renowned Baron's Pride. Among the mares now in breeding on the farm, are such royally-bred and high-class ones as Pitlochrie Queen (imp.) [13992], by Boreland Pride, dam by Prince Grandeur, Princess Mary (imp.), by Marmion, dam by Prince of Kyle, Jessie Stewart (imp.), by Argosy, dam by Breastplate, Jess Darling (imp.), by Ardlethen, dam by Holdfast, Kate (imp.), by Baron Lawrence, dam by Prince of Scotia, and several other Canadian-bred ones, nearly all of which have now foals at foot. The Ayrshires are essentially a high-class herd, numbering about 85 head, all either imported or bred from imported sire and dam. In making the selection of foundation stock in Scotland, Mr. Morgan exercised great care, and paid possibly higher prices than were ever before paid by any importer from Canada. Among those selected and now doing service in the herd, were such noted animals as New-houses Toshy 2nd, a full sister to the

winner of the Dairy-test at the Royal, and herself a winner of note; Bloomhill Blossom, winner of first at Dundonald Show; Glenshamrock Canty, first at Cumnock and third at Kilmarnock; Oldhall Dandy 7th, second at Dundonald; Lady Flora 4th, a granddaughter of the celebrated Herdbook winner; Old Graitney Trim 4th, winner of first at Dumfries, first at Annan, and one of the herd that won the dairy prize at the Highland; Arden Beauty, first at Glasgow, besides their winnings and those of others in the herd's winnings at Toronto, Ottawa, Sherbrooke and St. John, the whole making one of the highest-class herds in Canada; and in milk-yield they are now running along from 40 to 45 pounds a day. The chief stock bull is Monkland Guarantee (imp.), first and champion at Kilmarnock, and sired by Monkland White Cockade, champion of Scotland for three years. Others in service are Stonycroft Chief (imported in dam), winner of second at Sherbrooke, and first at St. John, N. B., 1908, and Stonycroft Dairyman, sired by Monkland Victor (imp.), and out of Stonycroft Dairymaid (imp.). In younger bulls for sale are one two-year-old, imported in dam, sired by Zomersal, champion of Scotland as a three-year-old. Another yearling, by Monkland Victor, imported in dam, Dairymaid (imp.), and five others from six to ten months of age, sired by Monkland Guarantee, and out of imported dams. There are also for sale a number of heifers of all ages, a rare choice lot. The Yorkshires are strictly up-to-date in type; the main stock boar is Imp. Broom-house Hercules 3rd, a son of Broom-house Hercules 1st, champion of Scotland for four years. The writer's opinion is that this hog is the nearest perfection of bacon type of any he has ever seen. He is very large, and choke-full of quality. Second in service is Victoria Hero, by Duke of Hudson, dam O. L. Minnie. The sows are all that could be desired in type, size and quality. For sale are both sexes, all ages, a number of young sows just bred, and ready to breed, and boars from one year old down. Under the able management of Wm. McIntyre, the stock are all in splendid condition. The farm is connected with long-distance Bell 'phone.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Miscellaneous.

LICE IN ROSE BUSHES — WOOD ASHES FOR CORN — CAPACITY OF SILO — HEAVES — TULIP BULBS.

1. What should one use to destroy lice on rose bushes?
 2. Would wood ashes be beneficial to corn?
 3. Would it be advisable to sprinkle a quantity on each hill of corn after it is several inches high?
 4. What quantity should be applied to a hill when from 3 to 6 stalks grow in each hill, which are 40 inches apart?
 5. How many tons of silage will a silo 10 x 30 feet hold?
 6. Is there a watery discharge from the nostrils of horses which have the heaves?
 7. At what time should tulip bulbs be lifted?
- CONSTANT READER.
Wentworth Co., Ont.
- Ans.—1. Spraying with tobacco water is recommended.
2. Wood ashes are beneficial for almost any farm crop, but more especially for roots, potatoes and clover. Corn could not be expected to respond so freely as these.
3. It would be better to sprinkle the whole surface of the ground than merely the hills. The fine feeding rootlets fill the whole soil. The ashes should have been applied last fall or early this spring, as they are rather slow acting.
4. Twenty-five bushels per acre is moderate. Sandy land is usually more benefited by the application of ashes than is strong clay.
5. Fifty to fifty-five tons of settled silage, after having been filled, settled and refilled once or twice.
6. No; that is to say, such discharge is not a recognized symptom of heaves.
7. Some lift the tulip bulbs as soon as they are mature, say in July. Probably the better plan is to wait till autumn. Early October is a good time.

The first remedy to cure Lump Jaw was Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure and it remains today the standard treatment, with years of success back of it, known to be a cure and guaranteed to cure. Don't experiment with substitutes or imitations. Use it, no matter how old or bad the case or what else you may have tried—your money back if Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure ever fails. Our fair plan of selling, together with exhaustive information on Lump Jaw and its treatment, is given in Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser. Most complete veterinary book ever printed to be given away. Durably bound, indexed and illustrated. Write us for a free copy. FLEMING BROS., Chemists, 75 Church St., Toronto, Ontario

Glengow Shorthorns!

Benmore = 70470 =. Red. Calved Jan. 25th, 1907. Sire Ben Lomond (imp.) = 45160 =. Dam Danish Beauty (imp.) = 48740 =. Benmore is a twin, but will be guaranteed, and will be exchanged for a female of approved pedigree. Royal Clan at head of herd, and do not require another. Apply to:

WM. SMITH, COLUMBUS P. O., ONT.

HAWTHORN HERD OF DEEP-MILKING

For Sale: 2 young bulls and 10 heifers, sired by Aberdeen Hero (imp.) = 28840 =. Some bred to the Lavender bull, Lavender Lorne = 68706 =.

WM. GRAINGER & SON, Londesboro, Ontario.

1854—Maple Lodge Stock Farm—1909

Shorthorn bulls and heifers of extra quality and breeding, and from best milking strains.

Leicesters of first quality for sale. Can furnish show flocks.

A. W. SMITH, Maple Lodge P. O., Ontario. Lucan Crossing Sta., G. T. R., one mile.

Shorthorn Cows and Heifers.

I have Village Maids, Village Blossoms, English Ladys, Lancasters and Wimples for sale. Four with calves at foot, and one yearling heifer fit for any show-ring. One mile east of St. Mary's.

HUGH THOMSON, Box 556, ST. MARY'S, ONT.

Clover Dell Shorthorns

Having disposed of my recent offering of bulls, also several females, I have still young of both sexes for sale. Dual Purpose a specialty. L. A. WAKELY, BOLTON, ONT. Bolton station on C. P. R. within ½ mile of farm.

Stoneleigh Shorthorns and Berkshires For sale: Two choice yearling bulls—dairy-bred, and a few one and two year old heifers. Berkshires of both sexes. And eggs of Buff Orpingtons, Pekin ducks and Bronze turkeys. E. Jeffs & Son, Bond Head P. O., Ont.

Green Grove Shorthorns and Yorkshires A few young bulls and sows, ready for service, to offer. Geo. D. Fletcher, Binkham P. O., Ont. Erin Shipping Station C. P. R.

A proof-reader out for a walk was met by a typographical error; but the proof-reader did not speak, nor did he even bow in recognition. "Ha, ha," chuckled the typographical error, "I knew he wouldn't see me!"

Want to be strong?

Eat more Quaker Oats. Eat it for breakfast every day. This advice is coming from all sides as a result of recent experiments on foods to determine which are the best for strength and endurance. It has been proved that eaters of Quaker Oats and such cereals are far superior in strength and endurance to those who rely upon the usual diet of heavy, greasy foods.

When all is said and done on the cereal food question, the fact remains that for economy and for results in health and strength, Quaker Oats stands first of all. It is the most popular food in the world among the foods sold in packages. It's worth a trip to Peterborough to see these great mills.

Put up in two sizes, the regular package and the large family size, which is more convenient for those who do not live in town. The large package contains a piece of handsome china for the table.

COOPER'S FLUID

A SHEEP DIP
A CATTLE WASH
A DISINFECTANT

Absolutely indispensable on farm and ranch. Highly concentrated—non-poisonous. Mixes with cold water—suitable for all animals—won't stain wool or hair.

Positive cure for Scab, Foot Rot, Mange, Ticks, Lice, Ringworm, Sores etc.

The best disinfectant for Stables, Stock Pens, Hen Houses etc.

COOPER'S THE KING OF SHEEP DIPS USED BY THE KING.

Cooper's Powder Dip has been the king of them all for 65 years. His Majesty's famous Southdowns are dipped regularly in Cooper's. In Spain, by Royal Decree, every man raising Merino Wool must dip his sheep in Cooper's Powder Dip.

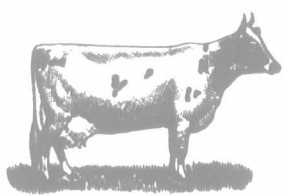
Write for copies of books "Sheep Scab" and "Diseases of Sheep." Sent free if you tell us the paper in which you saw this advertisement and how many sheep you have.

For sale by druggists and dealers generally or direct from
WM. COOPER & NEPHEWS, TORONTO.

Brampton Jerseys

Canada's premier herd. Dairy quality. Bulls all ages for sale, from best dairy and show cows in Canada, and by best sires. Our herd is 175 strong.

B. H. BULL & SON, BRAMPTON, ONT.



Stoneycroft Ayrshires

Choice young bulls and heifers of the very best breeding, combining show and dairy quality.

Large Improved Yorkshire Pigs from imported sire and dams, now ready to ship.

Stoneycroft Stock Farm, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que.

MILK-FEVER OUTFITS. Dehorners, Teat Syphons, Slitters, Dilators, etc. Received only award World's Fairs, Chicago, St. Louis. Write for illustrated catalogue. Haussmann & Dunn Co., 392 So. Clark St., Chicago.

Ayrshires from a Prizewinning Herd— Have some nice bull and heifer calves for sale at reasonable prices. For particulars, etc., write to **WM. STEWART & SON, Menie P.O., Ont.**

AYRSHIRES AND YORKSHIRES!

Kindly send in your orders at once for imported stock. We can cable orders and have them shipped in May. Calves from imp. dams or from home-bred Record of Merit dams. Females any age. A few young pigs.

ALEX. HUME & CO., MENIE, ONTARIO.

HOARD'S STATION, G. T. R.



SPRINGBROOK are large producers of milk, testing high in butter-fat. **AYRSHIRES** Young stock for sale. Orders booked for calves of 1909, male and female. Prices right. Write or call on **W. F. STEPHEN, Box 163, Huntingdon, Que.**

Ayrshires Two young bulls, 12 months and 15 months old, of true dairy type. Very fashionable. **N. DYMENT, CLAPPISON'S CORNERS, ONTARIO.**



Just Landed with 50 Head CHOICE AYRSHIRES

Including 12 bulls fit for service, a few August calving cows and two-year-old heifers; cows with records up to 70 lbs. per day. I have a choice lot of two-year-olds, yearlings and heifer calves. Anything in the lot for sale. Correspondence solicited. Phone, etc.

R. R. NESS, HOWICK, QUE.

Imperial Holsteins!

For sale: Bull calves sired by Tidy Abbe Kirk Mercedes Pasch, whose seven nearest dams have records within a fraction of 27 pounds, out of show cows, with high official records. A most desirable lot of coming herd-heads. **W. H. SIMMONS, New Durham P.O., Ont., Oxford County.**

Holsteins at Ridgedale Farm—Eight bull calves on hand for sale, up to eight months old, which I offer at low prices to quick buyers. Write for description and prices, or come and see them. **R. W. WALKER, Ulica P.O., Ont.** Shipping stations: Myrtle, C. P. R., and Port Perry, G. T. R., Ontario Co.

Glenwood Stock Farm Holsteins and Yorkshires. Holsteins all sold out. Have a few young Yorkshire sows, about 2 months old, for sale cheap. True to type and first-class. Bred from imported stock. **Thos. B. Carlaw & Son, Warkworth P.O., Ont.** Campbellford Station.

FAIRVIEW HERD HOLSTEINS

The greatest A. R. O. herd of in northern New York. Headed by Pontiac Korndyke, the greatest sire of the breed, having five daughters whose seven-day records average 29 1/4 pounds each, and over 4.3% fat. Assisted by Rag Apple Korndyke, a son of Pontiac Korndyke, out of Pontiac Rag Apple, 31.62 pounds butter in 7 days, and 126.56 pounds in 30 days, at 4 years old. Cows and heifers in calf to the above two bulls for sale, also young bulls sired by them out of large-record cows. Write or come and inspect our herd. **E. H. DOLLAR, Heuvelton, St. Law. Co., N. Y., near Prescott, Ont.**

BUSINESS HOLSTEINS! Over 60 head to select from. Milk yield from 60 to 85 lbs. a day, and from 35 to 47 lbs. a day for 2-year-olds. There are 10 2-year-old heifers, 8 1-year-olds, and a number of heifer calves. Bulls from 1-year-old down. Priced right. Truthfully described. **W. Higginson, Inkerman, Ont.**

GOSSIP.

GREAT BRITAIN'S MEAT SUPPLY.

In a paper on the meat supply of the United Kingdom, read at a recent meeting of the Royal Statistical Society, R. H. Hooker stated that the amount of meat produced in the United Kingdom was now about 25,000,000 cwt. annually, consisting of about 14,000,000 cwt. of beef or veal; 5,500,000 cwt. of mutton or lamb, and about the same quantity of pig meat, although the latter was a very variable quantity. He considered that the home production had somewhat increased during the past fifteen years, although not proportionately to the population. Imports had increased very rapidly in the past thirty years, and they now imported 21,000,000 cwt. to 22,000,000 cwt. annually—viz., about 9,000,000 cwt. of beef, nearly 4,500,000 cwt. of mutton, and some 7,500,000 cwt. of pig meat. The total annual consumption was thus over 46,000,000 cwt., or about 120 lbs. per head of the population; of which the produce of the United Kingdom amounted in 1907-8 to 54 per cent., it having been well over 60 per cent. 15 years ago. Beef, he said, came mainly from North and South America, but the United States were beginning to show signs of exhaustion, and the Argentine Republic was rapidly increasing its supplies. Mutton came almost entirely from the Southern Hemisphere, and pig meat from North America (a steadily diminishing quantity) and Denmark. In future supplies from North America should steadily dwindle, and he looked to the Southern Hemisphere for an extraneous meat supply—mainly to the Argentine for the beef, and to Australasia for mutton, the latter probably exhibiting great fluctuations. When the South American supply had ceased to grow, there seemed every probability that the next generation would have to pay dear for its meat.

EULOGY ON THE DOG.

[One of the most famous speeches ever made by the late Senator Vest, of Missouri, was made in the course of the trial of a man who had wantonly shot a dog belonging to a neighbor. Vest represented the plaintiff, who demanded \$200 damages. When Vest finished speaking, the jury, after two minutes' deliberation, awarded the plaintiff \$500. The full text of his speech is printed below.]

Gentlemen of the Jury.—The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one, absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

Gentlemen of the jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger to fight against

his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death.

GLENBURN STOCK FARM.

Glenburn Stock Farm is the property of John Racey, Lennoxville, Que., breeder of dairy-bred Shorthorn cattle, Shropshire sheep and Berkshire pigs; also considerable attention is paid to the large and choice flock of Barred Rock fowl, imported from the noted flock of A. C. Hawkins, Lancaster, Mass. Glenburn Farm lies about 4 1/2 miles east of Lennoxville Station—G.T.R., C.P.R. and Boston and Maine R. R.—and about 2 miles from Johnsville Station, C.P.R. Mr. Racey's herd of Shorthorn cattle is one of the old-established herds of Quebec, founded many years ago by the purchase of the cow, Blooming Belle, which traces to the cow Imp. Lily 302. Blooming Belle was sired by Sir Charles 3875. On this foundation have been used Scotch-bred bulls, notably one of the sons of Imp. Indian Chief. Next was Nonpareil Victor; following him was Strathroy 9305, a son of Imp. Vice-Consul. The present stock bull is Golden Crescent 72325, by Frosty Morning, by Imp. Joy of Morning; dam Bellrose 30628, by Highland Chief 18744. Bellrose also traces to Imp. Lily, thus giving the progeny a double infusion of heavy-milking Shorthorn blood. The herd now numbers about 30 head, all told, among which are a number of one- and two-year-old heifers that are just the sort for anyone to purchase that wants to start a herd of milking Shorthorns. There is only one bull left for sale of serviceable age. He is a red yearling, of ideal dairy type, and will be priced right, as will also the heifers. The Shropshires are a typical lot, founded on importations of the late Mr. Cochrane. Of late years the stock rams have been principally of Dryden breeding, better than which there is none. For sale will be this year's crop of lambs of both sexes, and also two shearing rams. The Berkshires are one of the most noted herds of Quebec, but owing to the extraordinary demand for breeding stock, are all sold out at present.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Veterinary.

DIFFICULT BREATHING.

Calves all right until two months old, when it began to have difficulty in breathing, then commenced to discharge from nostrils, and coughed some. It is now breathing easily, and is doing well, but I noticed it sweating some. H. W.

Ans.—It is very probable the calf had catarrh, and has practically recovered. I would advise you to keep it by itself until it has thoroughly recovered. If it continues to cough, even though it may thrive well, it will indicate tuberculosis, for which nothing can be done, and it would probably be wise to destroy it, but if the cough disappears it will indicate that it will be safe to keep it with the other cattle. A.

BONE SPAVIN.

Five-year-old horse has bone spavin. I tried several applications without result, and eight weeks ago my veterinarian fired and blistered him, but he is still quite lame. Had I better have him fired again at once? D. McK.

Ans.—The beneficial results upon bone spavin caused by firing and blistering in some cases are noticeable in a few weeks after the operation, while in others they are not apparent until several months have elapsed. Lameness will not disappear until the internal inflammation has subsided, and this subsides only after what is called "the process of ankylosis," or the union of the bones involved is complete. The idea of firing, etc., is to hasten this process, which requires a variable time. I would not advise a second firing until, at the least, ten months after the first. In some cases a cure cannot be effected, and it is not possible for any person to foretell what the results of treatment will be. A.

Subscribe for The Farmer's Advocate

Tuberculosis in Cows.

The Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, in sending to the local authorities of Great Britain copies of the Tuberculosis Order of 1909, which is to come into operation on January 1st, 1910, state in an accompanying circular that the Board are satisfied that it must now be accepted as a fact that tuberculosis is transmissible from affected bovine animals to man by the agency of milk used for human consumption. This fact has a material bearing on the measures to be adopted. Any action which results in the reduction in the number of tuberculous bovine animals in the country must reduce the risk of the spread of tuberculosis amongst the community, and if it were possible to eradicate from this country the disease in animals a material step forward would have been taken in the campaign against the disease in man.

It is abundantly clear at the same time that any operations aiming at the diminution or eradication of tuberculosis in animals must be commenced with caution, and carried out with due regard to the extent to which the disease is believed to exist amongst cows, and the importance of securing the continuance of an adequate milk supply, and also of avoiding any disorganization of the important industry concerned.

The Board have accordingly decided that their first endeavor should be to secure the destruction of every cow found to be suffering from tuberculosis of the udder, and also of all bovine animals which are emaciated from tuberculosis, since these are known to disseminate freely the germs of the disease. Any cow which is proved to be giving tuberculous milk should also, in the opinion of the Board, be similarly dealt with. By such means the Board conceive that a check will be placed upon the spread of the disease and the way cleared for any future action which may, in the light of experience, be considered necessary and practicable in the public interest.

Local authorities for the purposes of the Diseases of Animals Acts are charged with the duty of investigating reports received, with the assistance of a veterinary inspector, with the view to causing the slaughter of any animal in their district shown to be suffering from one of these specified forms of tuberculosis.

The circular explains that the animal to be slaughtered is to be valued in its condition at the time of valuation. Inasmuch, however, as the clinical diagnosis made by the veterinary inspector prior to slaughter may not be confirmed on post-mortem examination, it is provided that there shall be separate valuations on the basis both of the animal proving to be affected with tuberculosis, and of its proving to be not so affected, and the amount of the compensation will depend on the result of the examination.

The compensation payable by the local authority for an animal slaughtered under their direction in cases in which the post-mortem examination does not show tuberculosis is a sum equal to the full value of the animal, and a further sum of 20s. Where tuberculosis is found the proportion of the value of the animal payable by way of compensation to the owner is made to depend upon the extent of the disease which is present.

The Order has only been made after very careful consideration of the liabilities which are thrown upon the local authority. The Board believe that public opinion is favorable to the adoption of concerted measures designed to check the spread of tuberculosis throughout the country, and no such action can be satisfactory which fails to make provision for dealing with the disease in the animal. Every measure in this connection would only defeat their own object, but a well-considered scheme for gradually reducing the prevalence of tuberculosis in animals should, the Board feel, carry with it a measure of public sympathy and support. The payment to agriculturists of reasonable compensation for animals slaughtered in the public interest, must, in the opinion of the Board, be an essential feature of any such scheme. On the other hand, the liability of the local authority to provide such compensation on the present basis from public funds is a heavy one, and cannot be continued

unless events show that a return commensurate with the burden imposed is being obtained. It behooves agriculturists, therefore, to second the efforts of the public authorities by themselves taking measures to eradicate the disease entirely from their herds by segregating all bovine animals which respond to the tuberculin test, so as to prevent tuberculosis from being spread within the herd, and the Board will be prepared to advise how this can best be done in particular cases.

GOSSIP.

The State of Illinois has 2,824 rural-mail routes, the largest number of any State. Ohio has 2,527, while Iowa is third with 2,145. The total number of routes in operation in the United States on June 1st was 40,637.

WILLOWDALE STOCK FARM.

One and one-half miles north-east of Lennoxville Station, and two miles south-west of Sherbrooke Station, in Quebec, is that splendid stock farm, Willowdale, the property of J. H. M. Parker, one of Quebec's most noted and extensive breeders of Clydesdale horses, Shorthorn and Ayrshire cattle, Leicester sheep, Chester White hogs, and White Rock poultry. Mr. Parker is one of those extensive farmers of means, for which the Province of Quebec is noted. His farming operations are carried on as a business venture, and in laying the foundation of his several breeds of pure-bred stock no money or care was spared to select the best. Stallions in service are: Fyvie Prince (imp.) [15126], a brown five-year-old son of Baron's Pride; dam by Prince Thomas; grandam by Garnet Cross. He is a horse of superb mould and quality throughout. The other is Indomitable (imp.) [84114], a bay two-year-old son of the great Benedict; dam by Prince of Clay; grandam by The Prince. He is a big, growthy colt, on a faultless bottom, and will make a ton horse. Among the several choice brood mares are Amulet (imp.) [15616], a bay three-year-old, by Prince Sturdy; dam by Prince Attractive; grandam by Baron's Pride. This mare was first and grand champion at Ottawa last year. Madaline (imp.) [11665] is a brown six-year-old, by Up-to-Time; dam by Windsor. She has a filly foal at foot by Imp. Fusilier. Bonnie McQueen is another big mare of superior quality. She was sired by McQueen (imp.); grandam by Queen's Own (imp.). She has an extra choice yearling filly, Queen Victoria, by Darnley's Pride. The Shorthorns, on blood lines, belong to the Strathallan, Alpine Beauty, Celsia, Diadem and Lavinia tribes; the get of such noted bulls as Imp. Lord Roseberry, Imp. Broad Scotch, Imp. Lord Mount Stephen, Frosty Morning 44973, Electioneer 58746, etc. Among them are several that are now milking from 40 to 45 lbs. a day—great big splendid cows, that make many cows of the milk breeds take a back seat. There are a number of heifers for sale bred from these cows that are a most desirable lot; also two bulls rising 2 years of age—Jimmie 67209, by Bellview Prince 58747, dam Celsia 3rd; and Earl of Willowdale 69295, by same sire, dam Celsia 4th. There is also another rising 1 year; an extra choice young bull. The Ayrshires are imported and Canadian-bred—high-class representatives of the breed. The Chester Whites are an exceptionally choice lot; the breeding stock were all imported from the noted herds of Henry P. Beck, Cleveland, Ohio, and S. F. Kershner, Ansonia, Ohio, two of the leading breeders of Chester White hogs in the United States. They are large and well up to the ideal of baron type. For sale are young ones of both sexes; extra choice. The Leicester sheep as a flock are hard to duplicate. The stock ram was purchased from the noted Ontario breeder, J. M. Gardhouse, Weston, Ont.; the foundation ewes from R. W. Frank, of Richmond, Que. The 30 fleeces of this year's clipping weighed a total of 312 lbs.; single fleeces weighed as high as 15 1/2 lbs., an evidence of the superior covering of the flock. For sale are this year's crop of lambs of both sexes; a grand lot, that are doing exceptionally well. The farm contains 450 acres of very choice grain and grazing lands, much of it being river flats, that are very productive.

WOODBINE STOCK FARM

Offers a few fine young Holstein bulls and bull calves, sired by Sir Mechthilde Posch. Sire's dam holds world's largest two-day public test record, dam Ianthe Jewel Mechthilde, 27.65 lbs. butter in 7 days; average test, 4.46 per cent. fat; out of dams with superior breeding and quality. Shipping stations—Paris, G. T. R.; Ayr, C. P. R. A. KENNEDY, Ayr, Ont.

Centre and Hillview Holsteins

For sale: 5 choice bulls fit for service now, from dams of extra good backing. Their sires are Brookbank, Butter Baron and B'nheur Statesman. Their dams and sires' dams and grandams average over 24 lbs. butter testing over 4 per cent. in 7 days. P. D. EDE, Oxford Centre P. O., Woodstock Sta. Ont. Long-distance phone, Burgessville.

Holsteins

FOR SALE: COWS AND HEIFERS

All ages. Also bull and heifer calves, including daughter and granddaughters of Pietertje Hengerveld Count De Kol, whose TWO famous daughters made over 32 lbs. butter each in 7 days, and sire of the "world's champion milking cow," De Kol Creamelle, which gave 119 lbs. in one day, over 10,000 lbs. in 100 days. Also for sale daughters of De Kol's 2nd Mutual Paul, sire of Maid Mutual De Kol, which gave over 31 lbs. butter in 7 days, also granddaughters of Hengerveld De Kol. Other leading breeds represented. Putnam station, near Ingersoll.

H. E. GEORGE, CRAMPTON, ONTARIO.

HOMEWOOD HOLSTEINS

For Sale: Only thrifty bull calves from 4% R. O. M. cows; some will make great herd headers and show animals. Write for prices and description. Station on the place. M. L. & M. H. MALEY, Springfield, Ont.

MAPLE HILL HOLSTEIN - FRIESIANS

Special offering: Am now offering for first time my stock bull, Sir Mercedes Teake (489), champion bull at Toronto and London, 1908. Can no longer use him to advantage, as I have twelve of his daughters in my herd. G. W. CLEMONS, ST. GEORGE, ONT.

LAKEVIEW HOLSTEINS

We have for sale 4 young bulls ready for service, 2 of them by Brightest Canary, whose several nearest dams average 25 lbs., and whose B. F. test shows 4%; the other 2 equally as well bred. We have also for sale a few pure-bred females and a number of heavy-milking Holstein grades. LAKEVIEW FARM, BRONTE, ONTARIO. Write us for particulars. W. D. Brecken, Manager. Long-distance phone.

MAPLE GLEN Holsteins

For sale: Only 1 bull, 11 months old, left; dam is sister to a 26-lb. tested cow. Any female in herd for sale, 7 with records 20 1/2 to 26 3/4 lb. official tests. An 8-yr.-old G. D. of Paul Beets De Kol, in calf to Oakland Sir Maide—her record 21.88 as a 5-yr.-old. Price \$400, or will dispose of herd en bloc, a great foundation privilege. G. A. Gilroy, Glen Buell, Ont. Long-distance phone connects with Brockville.

The Maples Holstein Herd!

RECORD-OF-MERIT COWS. Headed by Lord Wayne Mechthilde Calamity. Nothing for sale at present but choice bull calves from Record of Merit dams; also a few good cows at reasonable prices. WALBURN RIVERS, Folden's Corners, Ont.

HERE AGAIN!

With high-class HOLSTEINS for sale, of all ages, except bulls for service. CHEESE is HIGH. Why not invest AT ONCE? We sell at BARGAIN prices. Write or call, we're always home. Railway connections good. E. & F. MALLORY, Frankford, Ont.

Holsteins

Record of Merit stock. One bull 13 months old. A number of bull calves, also a few young cows and heifers for sale. THOS. HARTLEY, DOWNSVIEW, ONT.

Sunny Hill Farm

No more Holsteins for sale at present. Eggs from choice White Rocks and Buff Orpingtons, one dollar per setting. DAVID RIFE & SONS, Hespeler Ontario, Waterloo County. C. P. R. and G. T. R.

Stop! Read! Strength for Weak Men!

Do you want to feel as vigorous as you were before you wasted your strength? To enjoy life again? To get up in the morning refreshed by sleep, and not more tired than when you go to bed? To have no weakness in the back, or "come-and-go" pains? No indigestion or constipation? To know that your strength is not slipping away? To once more have bright eyes, healthy color in your cheeks, and be confident that what others can do is not impossible to you? In short, do you want to be what nature intended you to be? Then use



DR McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT

It makes people strong. It causes the nerves to tingle with the joyful exhilaration of youth, it fills the heart with a feeling of gladness, makes everything look bright, and makes the nerves like bars of steel.

It is the modern cure, the grandest remedy of the age. Worn while you sleep, it fills the body with electrical currents, which gives strength to every organ; makes the blood circulate more rapidly; warms the stomach and liver; overcomes all pain, and restores strength to every part. You can feel its soothing glow, but it never burns or blisters.

Dear Sir: I have worn your Electric Belt for three months, and can say that it has cured me completely. I was in misery every day, and wished I was dead till I got your Belt. I felt the good of it the first night. I had suffered with rheumatism for ten years. Before I got your Belt I could hardly eat anything, and now I can eat a good big meal three or four times a day. I can recommend your Belt to anyone suffering from rheumatism.

ED. RABBURN, Fergus, Ont.

The confidence I have in the wonderful curative power of my Belt allows me to offer any man or woman who can give me reasonable security, the use of my Belt at my risk, and then can

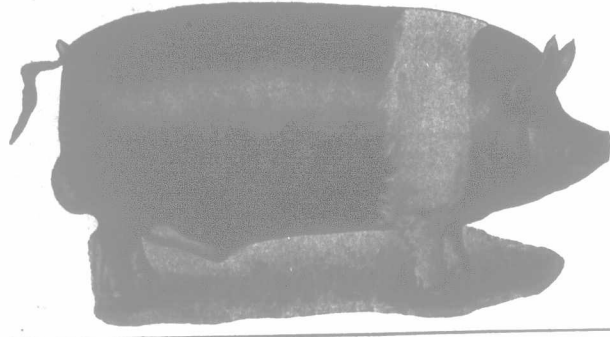
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If you can't call, cut out this coupon and mail it to me to-day. I will send you my 84-page book, together with price list, prepaid, free. Call if you can. Office hours: 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Wed and Sat. to 8.30 p.m.

DR. M. S. McLAUGHLIN,
112 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.
Please send me your book, free.
NAME
ADDRESS

Hampshire Swine



Of the most popular show and breeding type. The breed that won over all three years in succession, including Canada and United States. We offer for sale now fifty pigs, both sexes, from 6 weeks to 3 months old, and will make good ones for fall breeding; also a few choice sows safe in pig. Call on or address:

A. O'NEIL & SON,
Birr, Ont.

PINE GROVE BERKSHIRES.

Sows bred and ready to breed. Nice things, three and four months old.

W. W. BROWNIDGE,
Milton, C. P. R. & Ashgrove, Ont.
Georgetown, G. T. R.

SIX (6) CHOICE BOARS

Ready for service, at \$25 apiece for quick sale. A few pigs ready to wean. Several good young sows to spare, all sired by imported Knowle King David.

A. C. Hallman, Breslau, Ont.



Monkland Yorkshires We are offering 30 sows from 1 1/2 years to 3 years old that have had litters. All large and excellent sows—proved themselves good mothers. Bred again to farrow in July and August. Also 50 young sows to farrow in August. Jas. Wilson & Sons, Fergus, Ont.

Willowdale Berkshires!

Won the leading honors at Toronto last fall. For sale are both sexes and all ages, from imp. stock on both sides. Show things a specialty. Everything guaranteed as represented. J. J. WILSON, MILTON, ONT., P. O. AND STATION. C. P. R. AND G. T. R.

OHIO IMPROVED CHESTER WHITES.—Largest strains. Oldest-established registered herd in Canada. Young sows in farrow. Choice pigs 6 weeks to 6 months old. Pairs furnished not akin. Express charges prepaid. Pedigrees and safe delivery guaranteed. E. D. GEORGE Putnam, Ont.

Pine Grove Yorkshires

classes. Our Yorkshires are noted for superior excellence. Both sexes and all ages for sale.

J. Featherstone & Son, Streetsville, Ont.

Hilton Stock Farm

Present offering: 6 yearling heifers and several younger ones. All very choice. Of Tamworths, pigs of all ages and both sexes, pairs not akin. R. O. MORROW & SON, Hilton, Ont. Brighton Tel. and Stn.

SOUTH DOWNS AND COLLIES.

Long-distance Telephone.

Orders now solicited for especially-fitted sheep. Your choice of early lambs from imported and prize-winning Canadian-bred ewes, and by the sire of the Grand Champion wether at Chicago, 1907. Twenty shearings, the choice of last year's lamb crop, also for sale.

ROBT. McEWEN, Byron, Ont. Ry. Stn., London, Ont.

WOOL

HIGH PRICES. WRITE US.

E. T. CARTER & CO.,
84 FRONT ST., E. TORONTO, CANADA

Farnham Oxford Downs

The Champion Flock for Years. Our present offering is 110 yearling rams; 20 of these fit for the show-ring, and are grand flock headers. Also 50 yearling ewes, and a number of good ram and ewe lambs. They are all registered and by imported sires or g. sires imported, and a number from imported dams. Our prices are reasonable.

HENRY ARKELL & SON, ARKELL, ONTARIO. Arkell, C. P. R.; Guelph, G. T. R., and Telegraph.

CLAYFIELD STOCK FARM! Buy now of the Champion Flock of America, 1906. Flock headers, ranch rams, ewes of different ages. All of first-class quality, and prices reasonable. Write, or call on J. C. ROSS Box 61, Jarvis, Ont.

Fairview Shropshires

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.

J. & D. J. Campbell, Fairview Farm, Woodville, Ont.

Maple Villa Oxfords, Yorkshires

The demand for Oxford Down sheep and Yorkshires has been the best I ever had. I have still for sale shearing ewes and ewe lambs, and young sows safe in pig. These will certainly give satisfaction.

J. A. CERSWELL, BONDHEAD P. O., ONTARIO. Simcoe County.

Oxford Down Sheep, Shorthorn Cattle, Hogs.

Present offering: Lambs of either sex. For prices, etc., write to John Cousins & Sons, Buena Vista Farm, Harriston, Ont.

IMPORTED HORNED DORSETS

I have for sale a few of both sexes, the get of last year's champion all round the circuit, Imp. Romulus 2nd. Canada's banner flock of Dorsets.

JAS. ROBERTSON & SONS, Milton P.O. and Stn., C. P. R. and G. T. R.

CATTLE and SHEEP LABELS

F. G. James, Bowmanville, Ont.

Terms Used in Wool Trade.

The National Association of Wool Manufacturers gives out the following list of terms and definitions used in the Eastern wool trade:

Wools grown in the United States (except in a few of the older Middle States) are generally shorn without washing, and the product of each sheep (called the clip) is tied into a bundle and termed the fleece.

The terms used in the wool trade to designate domestic wools refer to condition, or degree of cleanliness; quality or degree of fineness; and staple, or length and strength of fiber.

CONDITION.

Washing—Sheep are driven into water courses and a portion of the yolk (natural secretion through the skin, held in suspension in the wool) and dirt washed out before shearing.

Unmerchantable Wool—Wool poorly washed is known as unmerchantable.

Unwashed Wool—Wool on which no attempt at washing has been made is called unwashed.

Scouring—Wool washed perfectly clean by mechanical and chemical processes in machines prepared for that purpose is known as scoured wool.

QUALITY.

The qualities are picklock, XXX, XX, X, No. 1 (or half-blood), No. 2 (or three-eighths, No. 3 (or quarter-blood), and coarse or common. These qualities are liable to variation in many wool houses, according to the varying demand.

Picklock—Is the quality produced from a pure Saxony sheep.

XXX—The first cross of the Merino with the Saxony.

XX—The true standard is the quality of a full-blood Merino.

X—Is three-quarter blood Merino.

No. 1, No. 2, etc., indicate the variations in purity of blood from the pure Merino, from crossing with common sheep.

Coarse Wool—The product of sheep with but little trace of Merino blood.

Braid Wool—The clip of bright-haired (lustrous) woolled sheep, almost pure, as Lincoln, Cotswold, and Leicester.

STAPLE.

Wools are classified according to staple into clothing wools, combing wools and delaine wools.

Clothing Wools—Wools to be carded.

Combing Wools—Wools to be combed so as to leave the fibers parallel.

Delaine Wools—Practically combing wools of Merino blood, and may be called fine (X and above), or medium (half-blood).

Felting Wools—The semi-annual clips of portions of Texas and California are sometimes so designated.

Noils—The refuse, short-stapled wool resulting from combing.

Grading is the arranging into qualities without untying the fleece.

Sorting is done by the manufacturer, who separates the fleeces into different qualities or sorts, according to fineness, length and strength of staple, whiteness, etc., and is the first process of manufacturing.

Neck, breach, belly, etc., indicates the location where grown on the body of the sheep, but the nomenclature of sorts varies in different mills.

Skirting—The separation of the inferior portions from the fleece.

Tags—A sort of short dung locks.

Pulled Wool—Wool from slaughtered sheep. It is rubbed off after soaking the skin. Pulled wools are classified according to quality and length of staple. For quality the terms are XX, Extra, A Super, B Super, C Super, etc., for length, combing and delaine.

Lamb's Wools are pulled from lamb skins, and are sometimes subdivided into qualities by the large pullers.

Shearings—The short wool obtained from skins of sheep shorn before slaughtering. Used principally by hatters.

Ohio, Pennsylvania and Michigan—No. 1 and 1/2-blood refer to cross-bred wool of superior quality. They are practically synonymous terms as applied to wool today. Formerly the grading was on somewhat different lines, and No. 1 grade included what would now be called low 1/2-blood and high 1/2; of late years, however, the demand for closer grades has been such that 1/2-blood contains none of the high 1/2, but, on the contrary, sometimes takes in the low edge of the X.

Three-eighths, one-quarter blood and braid are purely arbitrary terms as applied to the grades of wool according to the quality of fineness, 1/4 being finer than 1/2, and 1/2 finer than braid.

Ohio and Pennsylvania wools are quoted at higher prices than Michigan wools of the same grade, for the reason that they are usually of better blood, and, consequently, have better spinning qualities. This is due largely to the superior climate and feed of these States.

Texas, California and Oregon wools come under separate quotations, because the classes of wool grown in these States, respectively, vary very much, as do the uses to which they are put. For instance, Texas and California wools are both used by felt mills, as they have peculiar felting properties, also by woolen mills, which do not require long staple wools. California wools are used largely by underwear and hat manufacturers, while Oregon wools are generally of longer-staple, deeper-grown wools, and are used by both woolen and worsted-manufacturers.

"Texas Fine twelve months" and "Fine six to eight months" refer to the length of the wool, although the length is generally due to the time which it has been growing on the sheep. For instance, twelve months' wool indicates wool shorn in the same month of succeeding years; six to eight months' refers to the spring or fall shearing of clips that are shorn twice a year.

California wool is classed "Fall free" and "Fall defective," on account of the wide variation in price between the fall wools that are comparatively free from burrs and shives and wools that are defective. Texas wool does not have this peculiarity of burr and shive to such an extent, therefore, it is not necessary to make the same classification, and the term "Fall clean," which is also used in the market reports, refers to the scoured value of wools which are shorn in the fall of the year, and therefore only have from four to six months' growth.

Oregon—There are two distinct classes of wool grown in the State of Oregon. Those grown in the valley regions of Southern and Western Oregon are classed as No. 1, 2 and 3 valley, according to fineness. No. 1 would correspond to a 1/2-blood, No. 2 to 1 and 1/2-blood, and No. 3 to low 1/2 and braid in quality. Wools from the Eastern and Northern sections are of much finer quality, and are graded with the arbitrary terms of No. 1 and No. 2, No. 1 referring to the finer and No. 2 to the more medium qualities. They are also graded according to the length of the staple, the longer staple or delaine growth being used for worsted (combing) purposes, and the shorter staple or clothing being used for woolen (carding) purposes. Oregon wools are generally graded and baled at point of shipment, according to Eastern standards.

Territory Wools—In a general way, Territory wools are considered those grown in the States west of the Missouri River, but owing to the different characteristics and purposes for which Texas, California and New Mexican wools are used, these States are not included in this general classification. The terms "Territory ordinary," which is seldom used, and "Territory staple," refer to the difference in length, rather than the difference in quality. "Territory clothing" is the trade term for the shorter-stapled wools.

Colorado and New Mexico—Colorado and New Mexico spring wools refer to the wools that are clipped in those States in the spring of the year. Many of the ranchmen in that section shear both spring and fall, therefore we sometimes refer to the Colorado and New Mexican "Spring" and Colorado and New Mexican "Fall."

The market quotations for Texas, California, New Mexican and Territory wools are generally based on the scoured value.

PEASE "ECONOMY" FURNACE

Heavy and Durable

Manufactured by Pease Foundry Co., Ltd., Toronto, Winnipeg

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

Man from the City—You intend to keep bees, I suppose?
 Suburbanite—Some day, perhaps. At present we are devoting our entire energies to keeping a cook.

Barny Ryan, son of Peter, used to play lacrosse. So did Peter A. Small, also son of Peter. Barney could run some in those days, when neither he nor Toronto's lacrosse grounds was as big as they are now. One day a dilatory swallow sailed over the old grounds, then on North Sherbourne street. Barney thought it was the ball and gave chase. Peter Small watched him bearing down the field. As he passed, he hailed him with a chuckle:
 "Keep it up, Barney, by," he cried, "you've got a long way to go before it lights."

A merchant named Berry retired from business, leaving his son to conduct the store. Among the patrons was a man who never paid his bills until about six months after they became due. Said the young Mr. Berry, "I'll fix that old cuss. I'll send him this bill before it is due, and then, maybe, he'll be ready to pay it by the time it is really due." So he sent the bill. The next day the young Mr. Berry was surprised to get this note from the "old cuss": "Dear Huckle Berry—You must be a goose, Berry, to send me your bill, Berry, before it is due, Berry. Your father, the elder Berry, would not be so hasty. You may look very black, Berry, and feel very blue, Berry, and on your feelings these words may rasp, Berry, but I don't care a straw, Berry, for you or your bill, Berry."

NEEDED HIS MONEY.

It is well known that Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, not only enlisted as a common soldier in the ranks of the Seventeenth Connecticut Regiment, carried a musket, and did full military duty during the war, but at a certain juncture, when national finances were at a low ebb, he paid soldiers out of his own pocket. Relative to this incident, P. T. Barnum used to tell this story:
 "While Mr. Howe was counting out the money referred to, a stranger, who was a clergyman, entered the tent and said he had heard of Mr. Howe's liberality, and had called to ask him to contribute toward building a church for his congregation.

"Church, church?" said Mr. Howe, without looking up from the bills he was counting. "Building churches in war times, when so much is needed to save our country! What church is it?"
 "St. Peter's Church," replied the clergyman.

"Oh, St. Peter's," said Mr. Howe. "Well, St. Peter was the only fighting apostle—he cut a man's ear off. I'll go \$500 on St. Peter, but I am spending most of my money on saltpeter now."

Once, during the argument in a lawsuit, in which Lincoln represented one party, the lawyer on the other side was a good deal of a glib talker, but not reckoned as deeply profound or much of a thinker. He would say anything to a jury which happened to enter his head. Lincoln, in his address to the jury, referring to this, said:

"My friend on the other side is all right, or would be all right, were it not for the peculiarity I am about to chronicle. His habit—of which you have witnessed a very painful specimen in his argument to you in this case—of reckless assertion and statements without grounds, need not be imputed to him as a moral fault or as telling of a moral blemish. He can't help it. For reasons which, gentlemen of the jury, you and I have not time to study here, as deplorable as they are surprising, the oratory of the gentleman completely suspends all action of his mind. The moment he begins to talk, his mental operations cease. I never knew of but one thing which compared with my friend in this particular. That was a small steamboat. Back in the days when I performed my part as a keen steerman, I made the acquaintance of a very little steamboat which used to puff and puff and wheeze about in the St. Lawrence River. It had a five-foot long and a seven-foot whistle, and every time it whistled, it stopped."

"The other day," remarked the Britisher calmly, "I was in a train in the Old Country, and it went so fast that I thought the field of turnips, field of carrots, field of cabbage and the lake we passed were broth!"

"By Gosh!" said the Yank with a smile, "guess we can beat that. The other day, down South, the snow fell to a depth of ten feet, and the next day it was so hot that it had no chance of melting, so the sun cooked a brown crust on top of it!"

Then they gave him the belt.

"The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
 I heard a voice; it said: 'Drink, pretty creature, drink!'"

"Children," said the teacher, "those are two of the most beautiful and poetical lines ever penned in the English language! They were written by that great man Wordsworth—perhaps the noblest of our bards, after William Shakespeare and Milton. Now, I want to see if you can memorize them. Tommy Butterworth, what are they?"

For a moment Butterworth, the Manchester marvel, pondered. Then he brightened considerably as recollection dawned, and he began:

"T' neet wor comin' on, an' t' moin 'ud sooin be up,
 Ah 'eard a voice 'at said, 'Sup, tha caufthead, sup!'"

ON A HOMESEKERS' EXCURSION.

Here is an incident of the Homeseekers' excursion which left Toronto on June 15, as related by a man on the train, says Toronto Saturday Night:

"We were passing through North Ontario, where in many places the trees are stripped clean of foliage and bark by fire and weather. There was a young married man on the train, who had a great idea of his own importance and knowledge. As we were standing in the vestibule of the car, he noted these quaint, bare trees, and said to a man near him:
 "Say, what do they do with this hemlock bark, anyway?"

"The man replied: 'They use it for tan bark. It is shipped in great quantities. Why?'"

"Those Indians must be great climbers," replied the young man, "but it beats me how the deuce they can strip the bark off those trees, clean to the top."

"And then he wondered why everybody laughed."

The Dispossessed Heart.

Fair Mabel had a dainty waist.
 A triumph of the fashion's art.
 But, ah, so tightly was it laced
 There wasn't room for Mabel's heart.

The hapless heart was in despair;
 "I must beat somewhere! I believe
 I've heard a pretty girl will wear
 Her heart sometimes upon her sleeve."

But Mabel's sleeve clung like a skin
 To Mabel's softly-rounded arm—
 The beating heart could not squeeze in,
 It loo'ed about in vague alarm:

"Well, well! I must try other routes.
 Of timid maids I've heard it said,
 Often their hearts are in their boots!"
 And downward then it quickly sped.

"Ah, this place," said the heart, "I choose!"
 Alas, it found no room to beat—
 The little patent-leather shoes
 So snugly fitted Mabel's feet.

Now, though deep fear the poor heart smote,
 It thought: "Sometimes a girl can't sin;
 Because her heart is in her throat;
 I do believe that's just the thing!"

To Mabel's lovely throat it stole,
 But once again—poor, luckless wight!
 It failed to reach its longed-for goal—
 Her collar was so high and tight!

The desperate heart, despairing, sighed,
 "There's no place left but Mabel's hat.
 Aha! I'm saved!" with joy it cried—
 For there was lots of room on that!

—Carolyn Wells, in Life.

The People Back of Sunshine Furnace



Sunshine Furnace is the triumph of sixty-one years' experience—growth from a small tinsmith to 16½ acres of floor space, from a half dozen artisans to 1,500, from an annual wage sheet of \$4,000 to one of \$670,000, from a capital of energy to one of \$3,000,000, from obscurity to recognition as Largest Makers of Furnaces in the British Empire.

SUNSHINE FURNACE.

was placed on the market the first furnace to be wholly and solely designed by a Canadian Company.

We employ a consulting staff of furnace experts, who are continually experimenting with new ideas in order that Sunshine Furnace shall not have to travel on its past reputation for goodness.

We buy materials in such large quantities that its quality is guaranteed to us. We have our own testing rooms, so that supervision of construction is exercised down to the finest detail.

McClary's

Start a Cannery of your own for \$30—and save all Fruit Losses.



Just think of having a Canning Factory in your own home—on your Farm, or in your Grocery Store! One that does the same wonderful work as the real large Factories, where thousands of people are employed! The Modern Canner takes the place of those large Canneries—but on a smaller scale. It saves all that loss of fruit and vegetables. The three sizes, \$30, \$60 and \$90, will Can 1,000, 2,000 and 4,000 tins in 10 hours, mind you, simply and easily, without a bit of waste. And the fine price you can demand for Modern Canned goods pays for your Modern Canner, the first season. This Modern Canner means much to you, Mr. Farmer—Mr. Grocer—in dollars and cents. Won't you write for valuable information now?

Write for Catalogue to-day.

The Modern Canner Co.
 Canadian Branch, 86 King St., St. Jacob's, Ont.

In a town where the license law requires Sunday closing of the barrooms, a woman who had discovered that at a certain public house, entrance could be effected by way of the back door, was returning with her supply in a coal-oil can. Seeing a policeman coming down street, she hid the vessel under her apron. "Mary," said the officer, who knew her ways, "What is that you have under your apron; is it a tumor?" "No, it's a can, sir," was the ready reply.

"When I observe the way some things go in New York, over which we make a fuss when we get them," said the Reverend Thomas R. Slicer, "and think of what we ought to have, I am reminded of the poor minister who had seven children, and whose family was increased to eight. He told his eldest child, a daughter, about the new baby.
 "Well, father," she said, "I suppose it is all right, but there are a lot of things we needed more."

Maudie, who lives on a New Jersey farm, got hold of her older sister's history book and began to read the history of the Reformation. Soon she stopped and looked at her father, a dairyman.
 "Papa," she asked, "what is a Papal bull?"
 The old man scratched his forehead a moment. "I never seen none o' them there kind," he said, after a long pause. "But I guess they're Italian. I never hearn tell of a Papal bull in these parts."
 "Perhaps they're extinct," remarked Maude's mother, with a learned look, like the Dinna Sours."

"Have you any alarm clocks?" inquired a customer. "Yes, ma'am," said the man behind the counter. "About what price do you wish to pay for one?" "The price is no object if I can get the kind I am after. What I want is one that will rouse the hired girl without waking the whole family." "I don't know of any such an alarm clock as that, ma'am," said the man. "We keep just the ordinary kind—the kind that will wake the whole family without disturbing the hired girl."

Genasco Ready Roofing

Saves money and trouble. Made of lasting Trinidad Lake Asphalt.

Fully guaranteed. Look for the trade-mark. Write for samples and the Good Roof Guide Book.

THE BARBER ASPHALT PAVING COMPANY

Largest producers of asphalt and largest manufacturers of ready roofing in the world.

PHILADELPHIA

New York San Francisco Chicago

Roofers' Supply Co., Ltd., Bay and Lake Sts., Toronto.

Alex. McArthur & Co., 82 McGill St., Montreal.

D. H. Howden & Co., Ltd., 200 York St., London, Ont.



Electric Insect Exterminator

The only practical dry powder sprayer—no water required. With this sprayer, one pound of Paris Green will cover an acre of potato plants. Our patented device regulates the quantity of powder and prevents waste. Machine works up, down and sideways, so every part of the plant is reached and every bug killed. Children can keep vegetables and flowers free of insects, without trouble, when you have the Electric Insect Exterminator.

Illustrated catalogue of Sprayers, Seeders, Planters, Drills, Wagon Boxes, etc., sent free on application. The Eureka Planter Co., Limited, Woodstock, Ont.

FIT'S CURED

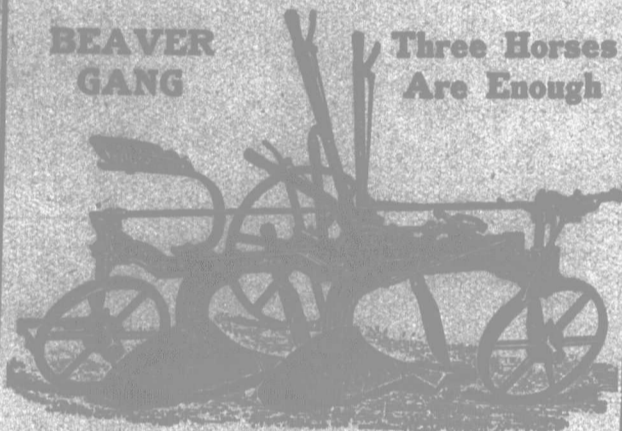
Sufferers from Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Troubles or Falling Sickness should write the **EMMIG CO.**, 179 King Street, Toronto, for a trial bottle of their Fit Cure and Treatise. Enclose 10c for postage and packing.

Son Roger Belongs To The Wise Family, Too, —And Farmer Wise Finds It Out!

You needn't own a big farm to use the Beaver Gang Plow at a profit. Many a farmer with only twenty acres has found it pays him, and pays him well, to plow two furrows at a clip—especially when it takes only three horses to do it, on most soils. **And a boy can work it.**

Lightest Draft—Not a bit of neck-weight strain on the horses, because the pull is straight—every ounce of horse-muscle utilized by our ingenious close-in hitch. It's a cold fact that in almost any soil—ANY, for that matter, except tough and sticky clays—three horses really will handle this plow with less effort than two can handle the ordinary single-furrow walking-plow.

BEAVER GANG **Three Horses Are Enough**



Easily Handled—It may be hard to believe, but it's true, that an unskilled hand—a grown boy, say—can do better plowing with this Beaver Gang, and do it with far less exertion, than an expert with the ordinary plow. That's due, partly, to the clever helper-spring on the straightening lever, which straightens crooked furrows easily with the least muscular effort. Due, too, to the extra-large land-wheel, always under driver's control,—it makes the bottoms ride evenly and smoothly, and cut uniformly, however rough, sloped or irregular the land surface.

Can't Plow Badly—Poor plowing is practically impossible with the Beaver Gang. For one reason, the cushion spring device, on the land-wheel's axle-arm, takes up the shocks and bumps and prevents the bottoms from jolting up or sideslipping.

Handily Adjusted—It's a moment's work with the New Adjustable Frame to set the furrow-width anywhere between 18 and 22 inches; and the fine-adjustment ratchet lever changes the depth between 4 and 7 inches, by quarters of an inch—just pull it and it will stay there. Ample lift-clearance. Beaver Gang No. 1 (pictured here) is shipped with knife colters, shares, triple-trees and wrench; No. 2 has our S12 bottoms, or breaker bottoms as ordered, rolling colters and weed-hooks. Both are fitted with DUST-PROOF WHEELS. Send for full particulars. The price is right. Write direct.



"I tell you, Governor," (said Son Roger to me) "your way of plowing isn't just merely out of date. It's wasteful! It costs too much for any live farmer like you to follow. To-day you used four horses and two men to plow four acres with those old-time one-furrow walking plows of yours. If I couldn't get the same work done with three horses and a boy and a Beaver Gang Plow—I'd eat my hat."

"Kind of emphatic, Son Roger is, since he graduated from that O. A. C. College down at Guelph. Says I to him:

"But we can't afford to buy a Beaver Gang just for the eighty or a hundred acres that we're going to crop this season."

"We can't afford not to," said Son Roger.

"Of course we can't afford not to, when three horses and Brother Bill on the Beaver Gang will do as much work as two men and four horses the old way."

"But, I says, 'Bill is only fifteen. He can't plow good enough to get even the truck patch in shape.'

"Bill is plenty old enough to do better work with a Beaver Gang," says Son Roger, "than your best man will do with an ordinary plow. Try it, Governor," says Roger.

"I gave in. Just to keep the boy satisfied I bought a Beaver Gang."

"Wish now I'd bought one years ago. It saves me money—time—horseflesh—both about ignorant help. It cuts two furrows at a clip, and young Bill makes it work like a charm. Can't plow wrong with it. Handles twice as easy as a one-furrow walking plow; isn't but a very little harder on the horses; and the plowing is better done by a boy than a man who knows how can do it in the old-time way."

"To get the same amount of plowing done in a day with the Beaver Gang, I save the labor of a horse and of a man, and more—"

"I save, too, the difference between a boy's wage and a man's. Because, though of course I pay Bill for his work, I'd have to pay a man considerable more to do less with the one-furrow walking plow."

"And it doesn't tire the boy, nor the team, nor do I have to tag around seeing that the plowing is being done right."

"Yes sice, I'm certainly glad Son Roger talked me into buying that Beaver Gang. Next spring I'm going to add a Beaver Sulky—that's another easy-running, easy-handled riding plow."

"I'm tired of worrying over help that can't plow well enough to keep warm! I'm going to have plows that almost run themselves,—as these two do."

For the man who doesn't want quite the capacity of the Beaver Gang, but does want a high-class, smooth-working riding-plow, the Beaver Sulky is the ticket. No easier-drawing sulky plow has ever been built.

It Runs Itself—This plow rides like a buggy, almost—draws not more than a fourth harder than a walking-plow, using the same horses. Like the Beaver Gang, with which it is identical except for the number of bottoms, it has the extra-large land-wheel feature that gives the driver absolute control of the work at all times, and makes it cut smoothly and run nicely in the bumpiest kind of ground.

Great For Heavy Work—The Beaver Sulky is built to stand the hardest kind of work—very few sulky plows will. The beam that carries the plow proper is extra heavy special formula high-carbon I-beam steel that will stand much greater strains than you'll ever put on the plow. The whole thing weighs but 450 pounds; and yet the cut can be made from 7 to 9 inches wide, as you wish.

Rides Easily—Cushion spring device (same as on Beaver Gang) absorbs shocks and keeps the bottoms cutting evenly at the fixed depth, on roughest land. New lever and spring-lift raises the bottoms easily, with plenty of clearance. Needn't raise the bottoms to turn sharp corners, even. Absolutely automatic adjustment to soil conditions—just the plow for the farmer who finds it hard to get skilled labor.

More Work Per Day—Actual field tests, by practical farmers, have shown that this riding-plow will do more work in a day, with the same horses, than an ordinary walking-plow of the same capacity. It saves time, it economizes labor cost, it reduces plowing expense, and it is anything but hard on the horses. Send for full particulars,—write direct to our works as below.

BEAVER SULKY

Wonderfully Light in Draft



The Cockshutt Line includes, besides the two up-to-date plows described here, more than 120 styles of plows, ranging from light garden models to 12-furrow traction gangs; and also all modern types of disc drills, disc and drag harrows, weeders, cultivators, etc. Glad to send you illustrated details upon request. Of course, we pay the postage. Write to us before you invest in any farm-tool.

COCKSHUTT PLOW COMPANY LIMITED **BRANTFORD**