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The Farmer's Advocate

and Home Magazine

"Persevere and Succeed."

Established 1866.

Vol. XLII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, JULY 25, 1907.

No. 774.

EDITORIAL.

THE RIGHT HAND AGAINST THE LEFT.

Why is it that the publisher referred to last week could get scores of editors, but not a hand for the mechanical department? Why have we always had an overplus of professional men to export, while engineers and practical men of affairs, city laborers, farm laborers, and even farmers, have been so scarce? Why is it that a rural country like Canada was so tardy about developing her fertile Northwest, and is even now importing a large proportion of the settlers who occupy it? Is it not due principally to the inconsistency of those who have shaped our school systems?

As a nation, we have been sorely in need of constructive genius, skilled labor for manufacturing, and, most of all, labor for the land. On the one hand, we have been crying out for these. When the demand could not be met at home, we insisted that the Government must secure immigrants—immigrants who, without reflecting ungraciously upon their character, in many cases have failed to measure up to the standards of Canadian citizenship. Above all, we have insisted on obtaining the best of farm laborers from Great Britain, a country with a comparatively small rural population, and few good farm laborers to spare.

On the other hand—and we defy contradiction here—on the other hand we have, through our public educational systems, been doing all we could to reduce the ranks of native labor; to train away from the shop, the forge and the farm, and to send as many as possible of the brightest boys and girls up through Public School, High School and University into the so-called higher professions, when, these becoming overcrowded, the surplus was forced to new fields in foreign countries. Thus has Canada been drained of much of her best blood to contribute to the upbuilding of her Republican rival, and many of those who have remained with us have failed to follow out their natural bents because of an educational system which perverted their ideals in youth. Hon. Geo. W. Ross used to be fond of likening Ontario's school system to a ladder with one end in the kindergarten and the other in the university. Did he ever stop to think where such a ladder would lead? A system of that kind may answer all right for countries where only the few are educated; it will never do for Canada, where education is so general.

Canada needs a practical education in her lower schools, an education conceived chiefly, not in the interest of the one per cent. of pupils who go on to the university, but of the ninety and nine who finish in Public and High Schools. We need an education in which nature study, school gardening, manual training and domestic science have a place. Above all, we need teachers imbued with a proper appreciation of the dignity of labor. Go back, Reader, in memory to the old school. You probably studied under half a dozen different teachers, or more. Did ever one of them uphold farming or manual labor? Did they not incite you to study by holding up the prospect of a job without hard work? Our schools have been saturated with the pernicious idea that education was a means of avoiding physical exertion, a means by which the son might rise above

the station of his parents. The father was "only" a farmer, or "only" a day-laborer, or "only" a mechanic, as the case might be. The son, if he was clever, aspired to something "better," and was encouraged in this ambition. All this must be changed. We must inculcate into our young people, through school and press, that it is not the degree, but the nature of a man's ability, that should determine his calling; that it is just as worthy to be an expert farmer or mechanic as a first-class doctor or lawyer. We need a school system that will give the child with a mechanical turn every chance to develop his natural inclination, instead of weaning him away from it by means of a purely academical course of study, calculated to develop a preference for sedentary employment. In other words, we must stop trying to make second or third-class professional men out of boys who might have become first-class farmers or carpenters. President Roosevelt says the United States hasn't begun to take in the real dignity of labor. No more has Canada. False notions are undermining our national progress. We need a complete revolution in our whole idea of school education. We want one framed in the interest of the nation and of the general people.

Just here a word of warning. The new education will not develop peasants or white slaves. In proportion as we educate the workingman and make him proficient, just to that extent will he demand more intellectual scope in his calling. He will demand an occupation in which he may rise according to his ability. He will insist on being provided with the opportunity to accomplish more and earn more as his intelligence, diligence and experience increase. He will insist on steadily-improving opportunities. The new education will train such laborers, and it will also train employers who will endeavor to provide the opportunities; employers who will, in short, study the labor problem from the laborers' standpoint, as well as from their own. Our present system of school education has not been judiciously calculated to train either capable employees or progressive employers.

We have said, in earlier issues, that the school, among other agencies, had tended, by broadening the individual citizen's outlook and stirring humanitarian impulses, toward an ultimate betterment of the laborer's position. Broadly speaking, we believe this is correct, but the reader must not miss the force of the qualifying word, ultimate. The direct and immediate influence of our ill-conceived school systems has been to complicate the labor problem, which has now reached a stage which demands a solution; and the obvious solution lies not in abolishing free education, but in remodelling it. We must cease playing the right hand against the left. We must recast our school systems so as to educate our people according to the national needs. This will also be in the best interests of the individual citizen.

It is encouraging and but fair to note that the most progressive educationists in Canada, as well as in the United States and Great Britain, are now alive to the situation. The new movement is no party issue. In Nova Scotia, under a Liberal Government, a system of technical instruction is being introduced. Ontario, with a Conservative administration, is inaugurating agricultural classes in six High Schools, and the last report of the Provincial Education Department, recently to hand, shows that the Department is ready and anxious to institute further reforms and improvements as fast as public opinion is prepared to approve. The aim of "The Farmer's Advocate" is to awaken public interest in this subject, than which none is more vital to national progress.

THE SOMNAMBULIST ON THE FARM.

Somnambulism is defined as the act of walking and performing other actions in sleep. In this remarkable condition, long distances and exceedingly dangerous situations are traversed. Most of the faculties are dormant, as in profound slumber, and others, though prenatally acute and active, are apparently fixed upon some pre-existent impression or purpose of mind, in pursuit of which the individual goes forward, with eyes open, but in stony oblivion to surrounding realities.

In like manner, we have found in nearly every farming community young men with their eyes fixed upon the city and its pursuits as a goal of relief where their aspirations might speedily be realized, but all the while oblivious of the advantages and the opportunities for improvement lying available about them. The closing years of the nineteenth century witnessed a remarkable reaction setting in against the overwrought and artificial life of the city, and in the 20th century we find men of means and all who think below the surface reaching out eagerly after rural conditions, and finding the life more abundant nearer to nature's heart. And there is common sense in the movement. How few out of the multitudes that throng the cities achieve anything like what is called success. Here and there one holds out to the end, and the fortune he accumulates or the fame he achieves puts him much in the public eye, but what of the multitude? There is no doubt that, as a business proposition, farming makes an infinitely better showing on the average than commercial and professional pursuits, with more incidental good and less output of the energies of life.

At best, the town can only counterfeit or approximate the beauties, marvels and advantages of the country. What people need most of all is vision to see. Appreciation of values will follow. What have we? Instead of a darkened dome overhead, obstructed with grimy walls, smoking chimneys, forests of ugly poles, and a network of wires, there is the honest blue of the Canadian sky, silhouetted with magnificent forest trees, smiling orchards, glimpses of lakes and streams.

Instead of an atmosphere thickly saturated with disease germs, dust and soot, and laden with mephitic odors from which, in the congestion of humanity, there is all but no escape, the lungs of the country dweller are filled and his blood purified and invigorated by unlimited supplies of pure air, without money and without price. Just breathe it in, is all he has to do.

Instead of the incessant roar, grind and rattle of steam and electric cars, the insistent shriek of the whistles summoning to toil, and the whirr of dusty machinery, he hears the breeze southing through the trees, billowing across the waving grain fields, and the morning and evening choruses of birds.

Instead of the blackened moulds of the foundry, turning out a thousand stoves or plow-points, each a monotonous duplicate of the other, or the never-ending figures of the counting house, he sees going on before him, in endless variety, the magic ministry of sun and water, building up from plant food hidden in soil and air flowers of varied hue and fragrance, nutritious grains and toothsome fruits.

If he have but a little patience, he will see the fields and the herds respond in a miracle of improvement to the touch of better culture and intelligent selection. There is physical toil, of course, but those who have tried both find the country less exacting in the end than the town, and in no pursuit are the rewards of intelligence more certain than in farming; while, by study and reflection, every task becomes invested with new interest. Said a shrewd, observant city journalist

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE.

THE LEADING AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL IN THE
DOMINION.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
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JOHN WELD, MANAGER.

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to us the other day: "The man of the country seems to have better opportunities for reading and reflection than we in town, and he appears to exercise a more deliberate and independent judgment on questions of the day. We must draw upon the wholesome life of the country to recruit the degenerate tendencies of city population." In other words, the country youth is to be a sacrifice upon the altar of urban progress.

As sons and fathers of the country, let us stop to measure up these priceless privileges of agricultural life in a land like Canada, and at the same time realize the invincible allies which nature and science put at our disposal to wrest success from the soil, despite the weeds, insect pests and fungous foes that dispute the field.

How comes it that we have lost the vision of these things and our young men are fallen into the somnambulistic state? Misdirected education. The power of wrong ideals. But this is another story, the salient features of which are dealt with in an article in this issue entitled, "The Right Hand Against the Left."

UTOPIAN?

Capital and Labor chanced to meet.

"Good morning!" they exclaimed in cordial unison.

"I hope," said Capital, "that you find your wages satisfactory."

"Entirely so," replied Labor, "and I trust your investment is bringing you fair returns."

"Excellent," said Capital, and with a warm clasp of hands they parted.—[Philadelphia Ledger.

"At best the auto is a nuisance, raising foul clouds of dust, breaking up the street pavements, and scaring horses. But if to gratify a senseless fancy for speed it threatens our limbs and lives, the law must protect us. A fine of \$5 is futile; two months would tell."—[Goldwin Smith.

ONE-SIDED SYSTEM OF EDUCATION CONDEMNED

In his introduction to the fourth edition of his magnificent work on the "Farm Live Stock of Great Britain," the author, Prof. Robert Wallace, of the Department of Agriculture and Rural Economy in the University of Edinburgh, makes some wholesome observations on the subject of education. It is quite in accord with the view of this question lately set forth in these columns, and is bound to commend itself to the thoughtful public.

"One of the weak points in the British system of education," says Prof. Wallace, "so far as agricultural laborers and the small working-farmer classes are concerned, is that no adequate provision is made for their learning in their youth (the time when all the deepest and most lasting impressions are formed) the business they intend to follow. Agriculture, more particularly in the live-stock branch, is not like an ordinary trade or profession, which admits of hard-and-fast rules being laid down, and of being learnt in so many years, even after a man reaches maturity. Its principles, whether they be acquired by the farmer or by the laborer, have to be taken in little by little, through a long period of time, which must embrace a considerable proportion of his boyish days. The knowledge must come, as it were, instinctively; it cannot be learnt by rote. It would indeed be wrong to deny the obligation to give every working man in the kingdom a good plain education. Putting aside all considerations of sentiment towards our fellow men, and the necessity of having everyone educated who is to have a voice in the government of the country, there is an undoubted advantage in having work performed by the aid of that intelligence which accompanies education. But what calls loudly for protest is the virtual prohibition of the learning by boys, at the only time when they can do so perfectly, of the one branch of their business by which they themselves will live and in time rear families. The present system is much too one-sided. It is the extreme into which we have fallen, after a long period of deficiency in the branch which now receives too much attention. Youth is entirely spent upon book-learning; interest and inclinations which must develop are led into channels far away from the employments of adult life; work, when it has to be done, is performed as a drudgery and with a heavy heart; the frame is not trained, while it is being built up by Nature, to dexterity and efficiency, nor yet is it strengthened and enlarged by that practice which always precedes efficiency. Why should not our laboring classes in both its branches, manual and mental, when this would conduce so much to their future happiness and the public good? In saying this, it is fully realized that the only possible places where a sound, practical training, such as schoolboys should have, are ordinary farms managed on commercial principles. Every facility ought to be given by school authorities to boys to avail themselves of the opportunity of taking part in the regular work of busy seasons, under conditions which provide work of a natural and useful kind, of which they are able to recognize the practical value."

CO-OPERATION IN THE HARVEST.

People are wont to descant upon the results that have accrued to us, as farmers, through the advent of labor-saving agricultural machinery. It has promoted the industrialism of the cities, they say, and transferred from man to the horse much of the physical labor of the farm. It also increased the speed with which farm crops may be put in and taken off, and helped partially to overcome the troubles that have arisen from the waning of the male population of the country, due to families growing smaller, the drift to the towns, and emigration to the Northwest. Labor-saving machinery, though a modern necessity, is a not unmixed boon. It has tended to make the farm more self-contained in its operations. For this and other reasons, there has been an unfortunate decline of communal relations among the people. In the old days neighbors rallied more to each other's aid than is the custom now. "Exchanging works" was the order. The combination of many hands made the work go merrily forward, while the toil of the long forenoon was broken about 10 o'clock by the appearance of the good-wife and daughters with a lunch basket, affording a cheery halt, and fortifying "the men" for another two hours' onslaught at the hay or grain. We might do worse than revert to those good old days. There is nothing better than communion in labor to promote the amenities of life. The growing spirit of independent isolation is not good. It is opposed to the principle of co-operation, which

will do more to immediately overcome the shortage of men that handicaps the successful cultivation of our magnificent farm lands than any other one agency in sight. In the rush of harvest, it will be found especially helpful in saving the crops, but in many cases, such as grain-cutting, silo-filling, threshing, wood-sawing, and so on, it will lessen materially the outlay in the aggregate for costly machinery by purchasing and using on the co-operative plan. In many instances one outfit will admirably serve the purposes of four or five adjacent farms. Done in a fair and friendly spirit of give-and-take, it will promote the general interests of the locality and make the farmer less dependent upon the evanescent supplies of help from the labor bureau.

AGRICULTURAL NEWS FROM TRURO.

As announced some weeks ago, the Agricultural Department of the Nova Scotia Government, and the Agricultural College at Truro have been advantageously unified, in a certain sense, by the recent appointment of Principal M. Cumming, to fill, henceforth, the dual position of Principal of the Agricultural College and Provincial Commissioner for Agriculture. The offices of the Department of Agriculture have been moved from Halifax to Truro, which now becomes, as it were, the agricultural capital of the Province. At the same time this appointment was published, it was announced that F. L. Fuller, formerly Agriculturist at the College Farm, was translated from the College to the Department of Agriculture, and given charge of the new office, "Superintendent of Agricultural Societies," his place in the College being taken by Stanley A. Logan, of Logan Bros., Amherst Point. Since then another change in the staff has taken place, with the resignation of Prof. F. C. Sears, Horticulturist of the College and Director of the Horticultural Station at Wolfville, to accept a tempting position as Professor of Pomology in his native State of Massachusetts. To succeed Prof. Sears in the work at Truro, Prof. P. J. Shaw is being appointed. Prof. Shaw was born on a fruit farm in King's County, N. S., and is a graduate of Dalhousie. After several years of school-teaching, he was chosen by Dr. Jas. W. Robertson to take up nature-study work, and, after an extensive course of preparation, took charge of Nature-study and School-gardening in public schools in the vicinity of Truro. In this work he was exceptionally successful. Subsequently, he was chosen as Professor of Nature-study in the Normal School at Truro, and Lecturer in English and Mathematics at the Agricultural College. He has been intimately in touch with Prof. Sears' work, and being a bright, practical young man, and an excellent instructor, will undoubtedly make good in his new capacity. The Station at Wolfville is to be closed. Instead, a new Fruit Experiment Station is to be established in the Annapolis Valley by the Provincial and Dominion Governments conjointly. It is probable that a new man will be placed in charge of this Station, but he will work in co-operation with the Horticulturist of the College at Truro.

On the College Farm a special effort is being made to strengthen the herds of dairy cattle. In the past there has been a preponderance of Short-horns, but it is recognized that the dairy breeds have the larger place to fill in Maritime agriculture. Some six cows have been purchased, including the noted Ayrshire cow Annie Laurie, first Ayrshire in the dairy test at the Ontario Winter Fair, in 1905, also successful at the National Dairy Show in Chicago year before last, and again last December at the Ontario Winter Fair. She was purchased from H. & J. McKee, of Norwich. Other good utility cows have been secured from Messrs. Ness and Gordon, both of Howick, Que., and Alexander Hume, of Menie, Ont. The four Holstein cows on the Farm are making a good record, averaging over 12,000 pounds of milk a year, the poorest giving 11,000 and the best 18,000. It is intended to open a business account with the representatives of each breed, so as to obtain some specific data as to the production of the various breeds. The figures are not expected to be absolute or final, but will be of interest, and not without value. In the fields a good many fertilizer experiments

are being conducted, not only on the upland, but on the marsh. Men from Upper Canada may discount commercial fertilizers, but in the Maritime Provinces there is no gainsaying that these often give marked results when used intelligently. It is not advised to use them altogether in place of manure. Some farmers make the mistake of thinking chemical fertilizers will take the place of cultivation and humus. At the College they find that fertilizers give best results when applied as a supplement to a dressing of manure. The aim of the College experiments is to secure information that will result in a more intelligent use of the artificial fertilizers applied.

One phase of Governmental enterprise which would hardly be commendable in Upper Canada, but is perhaps justifiable to a limited extent in Nova Scotia, is the purchase and dissemination of breeding stock. Last fall quite a successful ram sale was held in Cape Breton, and last week we had a call from Prof. Cumming, who was in Ontario looking up another lot to send East. Some seventy-five or a hundred good, useful rams of different breeds are being secured, and a sale will be held later on at Pt. Tupper, Cape Breton, where bidding will be confined to men in that section and the two eastern counties, Antigonish and Guysborough. Another sale will be held later, at the October Windsor Exhibition, towards the west end of the Province. The idea in distributing these importations of rams is to improve the breeding stock in the sections more remote from the College.

As to agricultural conditions generally, Prof. Cumming says the Province is feeling rather acutely the Westward migration of population. This works against the attendance of students at the two-years' course in the Agricultural College, for not only do some boys leave who might otherwise attend, but the general scarcity of labor prevents not a few from entering who would do so if relieved at home. However, in spite of all drawbacks, the College has had fairly good attendance thus far at the two-years' course, and the winter short courses are especially popular. Every year Truro does more to make good her claim to be considered the agricultural center for Maritime Canada. Prof. Cumming spares no effort on behalf of agriculture, and he is surrounded by a staff likewise energetic, who are animated by high-minded motives and striving toward practical ideals.

OUR MARITIME LETTER.

ISLAND-GROWN ALSIKE SEED.

We happened to attend a meeting of the District Board of Trade the other day, and were pleased to see that even there, among the traffickers, the interests of the farmer were held sacred. One member got up with considerable trepidation, towards the end of the session, and asked permission to refer to a matter which concerned the seed-growers of the community, if such a subject could properly come before the Board. The President, Mr. A. J. McFadyen, of Tignish, who loves dearly to enliven and better his mercantile calling by an indulgence in agricultural pleasures, and who is shrewd enough, too, to make it pay, assured the questioner that he was in order, and that purely farming concerns in their commercial bearings were the best work of such corporations. Then we learned something agreeable.

The member got to his feet to ask if there was not some way whereby the good clover seed raised locally could be sold to advantage by the farmers. It was stated that in that section, (O'Leary) quite a quantity of clover seed had been raised last season; that it was splendid seed of the alsike variety; that, whilst much seed of the kind, but inferior to sample, was imported, the merchant refused to buy the farmer's seed because he feared the penal provisions of the Good Seeds Act. On this account, it was openly stated that much splendid native seed still laid in the granaries of farmers, whilst there was a great demand for such goods in many parts of Canada. Seedsmen abroad would not touch the seed because it was not certificated properly.

Whilst it was news to us that our people were growing such quantities of alsike—and agreeable news, too—we ventured the opinion that the Seed Control Act, as passed through Parliament, provided amply for such cases. The farmers could either come under the provision which enabled them to sell the one to the other, with slight restriction, or send their sample forward to the analyst of the Seed Department, Ottawa, and, securing a proper classification of the seed, offer it to the seed dealers as such, without fear, and with the prospect of securing something near its value. Indeed, we volunteered the assurance that the Maritime Inspector of the Seed Division would, in the case of farmers growing a quantity of good seed, call round and grade it, as a pleasant concern of his office.

There was a large number of merchants present, and they entered into the question with interest, giving their experience with native and imported seeds. It appeared, from the account of these dealers, that no country could grow better alsike than this, and that many were engaged in the work last year. We have time and again given our own notion that this should be a seed-breeding Province. It is comparatively well soiled, climated and tilled. No weeds worth talking about as yet make this work extra hazardous. Our system favors it entirely. And the Macdonald Selection Campaign has enlisted many good cerealists in the individual breeding processes. We should be able, then, to take up seed-raising for export, with our other farm operations, for the good it will do us as farmers, and for the good



Tatton Settler.

Shire yearling colt. First at Royal Show, 1906; second at Shire Show, London, 1907.

money that its successful prosecution vouchsafes. Dairy Commissioner Ruddick said to us last year, when here: "There is one thing you can do here almost better than anywhere else, and that is to grow seeds." Many others have similarly remarked, and it is now dawning upon many that they can really put themselves without the necessity of importing dear and defective seeds, supply their own wants satisfactorily, and carry the war into Africa by exporting the right article to the centers of previous supply. One common farmer had for sale, in a small community, this spring, nearly two tons of alsike seed. He got a market for a lot of it at 10, 12 and 13 cents, when the whole country was purchasing seed not nearly so good at a much higher figure because it had the inspection certificate upon it. Our people will have to get organized, prosecute this work intelligently, and, if clover is the way to wealth—and it is—get the full value of their exertion and use it in their own and the community's betterment.

We said in our last, "Let everyone try to grow his own seed this year." We repeat the injunction, and add that when Prince Edward Island has hundreds of tons of clover seed to export, then it will be in reality the "Garden of Canada."

A. E. BURKE.

NOTES FROM IRELAND.
CANADIAN VISITORS.

At date of writing, we have in Dublin Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Canadian Premier, as guest of their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. The distinguished visitor, accompanied by Lady Laurier, is making but a brief stay, and perhaps the most important item in his programme was the pleasurable inspection he was able to make, on the 6th inst., of the International Exhibition, where the Dominion is represented by a most imposing display that is eliciting the highest praise and admiration from all sides.

THE CANADIAN GRAIN TRADE.

We have also had, within the past couple of days, a visit from the Royal Commission on the grain trade in Canada, consisting of Messrs. John Miller (Chairman), Indian Head, Saskatchewan; W. L. McNair, of Keyes, Manitoba; and George E. Goldie, of Ayr, Ontario, with Mr. E. Weild, of Toronto, as Secretary. At the sitting held in Dublin on the 5th inst., Mr. Miller explained the object of the Commission, which was to inquire into certain complaints that had reached them in Canada, to the effect that Western grain had not been arriving in these countries in proper condition. He said that information he had already received showed that, although the grain was usually in good condition, occasionally it was not up to the mark, especially grain arriving through American ports which had received seaboard inspection. They hoped to make recommendations so that the law would be improved, and the grain generally would come in better condition. That would benefit the importers here, as well as the producers in Canada.

The scheme of inspection and grading, as carried out by the authorities at Winnipeg, was detailed by Mr. Goldie, and, in reply to a question from a Dublin factor, he stated that the mixing of grades was practically an impossibility, without deliberate fraud. Another Irish witness said he had few complaints to make as to "certificated" Canadian wheat coming from Canadian ports, and he took good care to buy none through American ports. Yet a third, while confirming this statement, added that, in his opinion, the quality of the wheat had fallen off within the past few years. It contained more soft grains than formerly; seven or eight years ago they were receiving No. 1 Northern which would be fully equal to No. 1 Hard. In a discussion which followed on this alleged deterioration, it was suggested that it might possibly be due to exhaustion of the land. It was also stated that the charge applied to California produce, and other countries, but not to Australia. The Canadian winter wheats were declared by one importer as not fit to be compared with the corresponding stuff of ten to fifteen years ago. A south of Ireland witness brought forward the fact that Irish millers would desire regular and uninterrupted shipment all the year round, which could not be obtained from ice-bound ports.

Passing to the question of barley, Mr. Goldie informed the company that the trade in malting barley was increasing, and the Chairman added that a special feeding barley, suitable to Irish needs, could be offered by Canada. After further discussion, the Chairman concluded the proceedings by hoping that the visit of the Commissioners would give Irish traders greater confidence in the future. At Belfast, another sitting was arranged, a few days later, to meet northern importers and millers.

A UNIQUE SEASON.

The newspapers tell us that in the Arctic region the inhabitants are experiencing most temperate, if, indeed, not actually warm weather. If this be so, judging by the atmospheric conditions in the British Isles this "summer," there is a serious derangement somewhere in climatic orthodoxy. We are now in the beginning of July, and there has been a dull monotony of cold, rainy days for the past few months, with but occasional fitting appearances of improvement. The wonder of it all is that the country looks even as promising as it does. Things are pretty backward, and the potato crop, in many places, has shown signs of the dreaded blight already. This, of course, was the inevitable result of the record rainfall of June, and farmers are now being urged, by their own past experiences, and by the precepts of their instructors and well-wishers, to lose no time in

spraying their crops with either the Burgundy or Bordeaux mixtures, which have proved so effective in preventing the ravages of the noxious fungus. Haymaking was much delayed until a lot of the grass became overripe and past the most profitable stage for cutting. In brief spells of better weather, a good amount of mowing has been accomplished, and in many places the unsettled atmospheric conditions have led many farmers to consider the advisability of converting the grass, not into hay, but into ensilage. This plan does not find general popularity in Ireland, though, during such a season as this, the conviction must be borne home on many minds that good ensilage is much to be preferred to badly-saved hay. Turnips were very late in being sown, but are coming on well, the destructive fly not hampering their growth. Cereal crops are also putting on the inches, but in many fields might look a good deal more flourishing. "EMERALD ISLE."

Dublin, July 8th, 1907.

HORSES.

THE PROBLEM OF THE HORSE INDUSTRY. III.

In order to improve various classes of live stock, what might be termed a crusade has been carried on in the past. Something similar is needed now in order to improve the classes of horses bred and start people breeding along correct lines, and to a definite type. To begin with, local associations might be encouraged by Government aid. From these, upwards, comes more widely-representative associations. True, some sections and townships have associations, but generally they are not carried on in a way that is productive of the best results. The Dominion and Provincial Associations are good and necessary, but, until they are backed up, the other smaller associations, beginning with the small district clubs, and from these clubs upwards, they will be like a heavy building that has a shaky foundation. Where the local organizations are alive and working, the people have usually a definite aim, and work upwards towards it. They know the kind of horse they want, and go out to buy that kind. Thus, the syndicate or horse-trader with the poor horse at an extortionate price cannot do business in such places. A premium is thus placed on the good animal, and the scrubs and grades find their proper place as geldings.

STALLION ENROLLMENT BENEFICIAL.

The enrollment of stallions standing for service has proved beneficial in our own Western Provinces, and in some States of the Union. In the Canadian West, all owners of stallions must send to the Department of Agriculture of their respective Provinces, if the horse be a pure-bred, a copy of the Certificate of Registration, and an application for enrollment. If the copy is found to be correct, and issued by a Register recognized by either the Ottawa or the Washington Departments of Agriculture, the horse is duly enrolled as a pure-bred, and a certificate of such enrollment is sent to the owner, a copy of which must be on every route bill, and a bill must be posted on the inside, as well as outside, of the stable door, wherever the horse stands for service. Certificates issued by the Canadian Horse Register, of Toronto; the Ontario Draft, Coach and Roadster Horse Association, of St. Thomas; the late Dominion Draft-horse Association, of Goderich; and Percheron certificate signed by S. D. Thompson, of Chicago, are not accepted as pure-breds unless they are first accepted by a recognized Book and registered therein. Copies of certificates from these Books have been received by the Alberta and Saskatchewan Departments within the last year. The horse-owners in almost every case declared that they supposed their animals to be pure-bred, and the certificates all right. In Manitoba, an owner make take a statutory declaration that his horse is sound, and he will be enrolled as such. If this is not done, the copy of enrollment states that this has not been done, and, therefore, cannot be enrolled as a sound horse. Grades and cross-breeds are also enrolled, each on form for themselves.

From time to time bogus pedigrees are met with, a few transfers refused in lieu of regular certificates, and other shady work brought to light. Accurate data are obtained as to the breeds most common, and also the proportion of grades to pure-breds used. Usually there are from three to four grades for every two pure-breds.

In Wisconsin, in addition to making application for enrollment and sending in a copy of the certificate of registration, if the horse be a pure-bred, the owner must either take oath that his horse is sound and free from hereditary diseases or have a veterinary surgeon examine him. This law has had the effect of retiring many horses that would otherwise be used and passed as sound or with a "nothing-to-hurt" trouble, for there is seldom a disease that the owner or groom cannot satisfactorily account for. Otherwise, the work-

ing of the law in Wisconsin is similar to the laws in our own West. In all of these States, these laws, though not perfect, and though their intent and purpose have often been evaded, yet they have given a great stimulus to horse-breeding, and placed it upon a safer basis.

A law compelling owners to have all stallions used for service inspected and enrolled, if up to a certain set standard, would be a step along the right lines. Certificates bearing the Dominion seal only should be recognized. When there is no register open for the breed in this country; then, certificates from Books recognized by the U. S. Department of Agriculture might be accepted. This would lessen the bogus-pedigree trade. Each horse might be examined by two men—a veterinarian and breeder or expert in breeding, and in the particular breed—who would see that the horse answered the description given in the pedigree certificate. Horses with hereditary unsoundnesses should be disqualified, also those which, by reason of age, were physically unfit to use in the stud; likewise, horses of bad conformations and of a type that would be a detriment rather than a help to the breed. The pure-breds might be divided into three classes, while grades and cross-breeds would go in a fourth grade. In class No. 1 would go horses of each breed that were sound, and of superior quality, correct action, normal size and true type. Class No. 2 would take in all horses which, though sound and excellent in many respects, were lacking in some particular point or points that would debar them from coming into the short leet in No. 1 company. Class 3 would be made up of all the rest of the pure-breds considered fit for service, but not good enough to be classed in either of the foregoing classes—horses that were of fairly good conformation and quality, but plain and faulty, it might be, in symmetry, size or action—in short, the cheap, dear horse so common. In class 4 would come the best of the grades and cross-breeds, all being classified as grades, or having the word "grade" in large print at the top of the certificate. Cross-breeds are nothing more or less than grades, and generally of the worst sort when used in the stud.

A full description of the classification should be on each certificate of enrollment sent out, and this should be printed on each route bill above the certificate of enrollment and class of the particular horse in question. Only the horse's own cut should be allowed on his route bill, and the words, "a pure-bred" or "a grade," of class 1 or 4, as the case may be, should go in large, black type immediately below the cut. In the case of the grades, only the sire's name, and not the sire's full pedigree, should be given; or, if the horse be a high-grade, dam's sire, etc., far enough back to give the animal's true breeding. Route bills should be posted on the doors, both inside and out, of all buildings where stallions stand for service. Every printer of route bills should forward a couple of copies of the bills gotten out for each horse to the Department where the enrollment was done. Model bills might be gotten out by the Department for printers to follow.

The Government might well, for a time, aid clubs or local societies by giving a premium to those clubs who guaranteed a certain number of mares to procure a pure-bred horse, classified not lower than No. 2, at a certain fixed rate of service fee. This premium system has proven very beneficial in Britain, and within the last couple of years has been worked very successfully in the Province of Alberta. It enables societies to obtain good horses at a fair service fee and a minimum amount of trouble. It protects horse-owners at the same time, and discourages the use of cheap, scrub sires. It raises the standard of the horses in the district by enabling the breeders to stick to one breed, and get a new horse of the same breed when required.

GOVERNMENT CONTROL SYNDICATING.

Of course, a howl long and loud would arise about personal liberty and freedom to trade, etc., and a deal more hot air from parties like the silversmiths of old. However, a closer look at the question shows that many are now being injured to benefit the few, which is not according to the best-known laws, either British or Roman. A law compelling syndicators of horses, that are not breeders, to take them back and return the full amount of money paid, together with any notes or liens he may hold upon the horse, would be step number one. Where it can be proven that the horse was known before to be a non-breeder, or had been syndicated and taken back before for that reason, the syndicator should not only be compelled to take back the horse and restore the money, etc., paid, but also be liable for all expenses, interest on the money, and the loss of the season, to the purchaser. Strict regulations are necessary to set the industry on a proper working basis, and to keep the Province in the van. The other eight look to us for foundation stock to begin with, and new blood to renew their studs periodically, but unless a right-about-face in methods is taken soon, this monopoly must soon pass. Get busy; legislators, horse-men, breeders; in fact, everybody. Raise the standard; be far-

sighted enough to see into the future, and calculate the great loss in the coming years that would result from a shortsighted policy of to-day.

UNSIGNED.

BARBARIC CRUELTY UNPUNISHED.

A press despatch of July 12th stated that Montreal was indignant over the decision rendered in the Recorder's Court the previous afternoon by Recorder Dupuis, in which he allowed two men, proven to have beaten a team of horses until huge welts appeared on their backs, to escape any kind of punishment. "Recorder Dupuis astonished the officers present in the court by allowing both men their freedom, on the ground that the horses had not been unduly flogged, as blood had not been drawn. He remarked that when a man was sentenced to be flogged, the stipulation was 'until blood is drawn,' and that, similarly, when it was necessary to flog horses, the operation could be continued until blood is drawn. In the case of the accused that had not been done, and, therefore, he could not sentence them. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have decided to appeal the case, and will carry it to the higher courts."

This officer must be either a beast or a fool—or both. If callous to the sufferings of horses, he is a brute; if under the impression that cruelty consists in drawing blood, he is a fool. Presumably, their legs might be broken, or they might be starved to death, or tortured in endless ways with impunity, so long as no blood were drawn.

Some day, when the world is really civilized, men will be thrust into penitentiary for such conduct, and the rights of the animal kingdom as strongly insisted on as the rights of fellow men. But as yet we are dwelling in a comparatively cruel, benighted age, in which the general public accepts an ordinary amount of cruelty to animals as a matter of course, and only the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, aided, to be sure, by a few humane individuals, look after the interests of the brute creation. There are exceptions, however, and they are becoming more numerous as years go on, as the public learns that animals have nerves, the same as men and women.

The general run of teamsters have little idea of humane treatment beyond the commercial one. If a horse is suffering so severely that it cannot work without serious loss in condition, it is rested; seldom otherwise. Still we call ourselves a Christian people, and send out missionaries to the heathen. There is need for missionaries on our own streets, roads and farms—missionaries of the grand, noble gospel of kindness to animals. It is everybody's business to interfere with cruelty to the lower animals, as much as of defenceless women and of children. As for the judge, we should like to see him lose his job.

STALLION INSPECTION IN AUSTRALIA.

Ontario horsemen who are inclined to regard the proposal to adopt a system of stallion enrollment as a radical, revolutionary and unwarranted action, may be surprised to learn how widespread is the agitation for such a step. Several States of the American Union and three Provinces of Canada have such legislation in force, and away down in the antipodes the following circular letter relative to the inspection and examination of stallions has been forwarded to the various agricultural societies throughout the State of Victoria, over the signature of E. G. Dufus, Secretary for Agriculture:

"In accordance with the recommendations of the Horse Improvement Committee, and in pursuance of the policy of assisting the small breeder toward a more valuable result in horse-breeding operations, the Minister of Agriculture (the Hon. Geo. Swinburne) has decided to issue, free of cost, a 'Government Certificate of Soundness and Approval' to all stallions standing for public stud service which, on inspection and examination by one of the Government Veterinary Officers, are found free from hereditary unsoundness and defective conformation. The certificates will be given for all breeds—draft horses, light horses and ponies, and it is equally provided that blemishes or unsoundness, or defects of conformation the result of accident, external injury or overstrain and overwork, will not disqualify.

"The main advantage that is expected to accrue from the carrying out of this scheme is that the Government certificate will become the "hall-mark" of soundness in stallions; and owners of mares will be aided in the choice of a sound sire and so be guaranteed that the progeny will not be depreciated in value by the inheritance of unsoundness. Conversely, a means will be afforded of avoiding constitutionally unsound and trashy sires.

"The proposal is to have the inspection conducted at parades held at some convenient center in the different district areas usually travelled by stallions, on some suitable date (whether show day or otherwise), prior to the commencement of the forthcoming season."

LIVE STOCK.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SHEPHERD.
SOME TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

The common citation, "There are tricks in all trades but ours," is generally accompanied by a wink or a twinkle of the eye, but, of course, any references I shall make here to the practice of questionable artifices or stratagem in the fitting and showing of sheep at fairs apply mainly to the long ago, when there were fewer and less stringent rules for the guidance of exhibitors than now, and possibly showmen were less conscientious. Then there were no pedigree registers for sheep, and no record ear labels to indicate to what breed they belonged and to help keep a man honest, were he disposed to err. Leicesters were then the principal breed in the country, although, along in the later sixties, classes were provided for Cotswolds, Lincolns, and at least one of the Down breeds. The prevailing type of Leicesters in the early days was the blue-headed English variety, and, to my fancy, there is no handsomer or more breedy-looking class of stock than a first-class specimen of this breed, except it be a Jersey cow, which always appeals to me as the acme of animal beauty and elegance. But not content with nature's coloring, it became fashionable, as it sometimes does with ladies, to endeavor to add to nature's charms by adding to her coloring, which, in the case of the sheep, was done by clipping the hair off the head with flat-sided scissors, and applying a little button blue. And there was sometimes ground for suspicion that a Cotswold or a Lincoln had been so successfully treated by the tonsorial art as to pass muster in the Leicester class, with judges less discriminating, or, perhaps, less competent than we have in these days.

For a number of years there was at the Provincial Exhibitions a class for "Long-wools, not pure-bred Leicester or Cotswold," intended for cross-breeds, or for Lincolns, which up to that time had not been given a place in the prize-list, and here again there was sometimes suspicion that the shears were brought into requisition to modify the character of a Cotswold, and some shown as cross-breeds would probably have figured in the pure-bred class had the prospect been favorable to winning more money there. And I recall an amusing instance of an overambitious exhibitor being tripped up in the attempt to show a ram in this practically free-for-all class which had failed to get into the money in a former class in which he had been shown. I also remember another case where an old sinner, not satisfied with winning in one class, attempted to show the same sheep in another at the same show, having in the meantime used the shears to make some slight change in its appearance, but he was checked by a wide-awake young shepherd, and ordered out of the ring by the director in charge. And this reminds me of a similar shuffle attempted on me once, when I was acting as judge at an Eastern exhibition, where an exhibitor who had the class to himself, but had not enough sheep to go round, tried to pass the same animals in more than one section, and I had some difficulty in persuading him he had made a mistake. What perhaps made me a little less charitable in judging him was that a few hours before he had tried to ring in a little black Canadian heifer in a younger class which he had previously shown in a section for older animals.

It was along in the sixties that the abominable practice of stubble-shearing became generally fashionable and grew into a vice, sheep sometimes being shown carrying nearly eighteen months' growth of wool under an exhibition rule that called for not more than the product of eight months. Show sheep were fed fatter in those days than now; it was common to see clear peas in their feeding troughs all day in the pens at the fair, and the wonder is that more of them were not dead before the judgment day. Size counted for more then than now, and quality for less. The commonest question of wondering visitors at the fairs was, "What does he weigh?" And I fear the shepherds, in answering, did not always keep close to the truth, as it was a source of amusement to them to hear the various exclamations of astonishment following the announcement that an aged ram weighed 450 or 500 pounds, and a shearling barely a hundred pounds less. And when a long-wooled sheep, so fat as to approach these weights, was covered with some twenty pounds of wool, old and new, and this fleece, or combination of fleeces, was hand-picked to make it stand out well, giving the appearance of a table-back, it is little wonder that occasionally a visitor from New York State or New Jersey, on looking into the sheep pens, should be heard to exclaim, "By gum," "Jee-rusalem," or some other expression more nearly bordering on the profane. When we remember that expert judges were less numerous then than now, and that the awards were made by a jury of three, nominated for the Provincial Fair by directors each representing half a dozen or more counties, and sometimes

chosen with more reference to their political or social standing, or their family relationship, showing was even more of a lottery than it is at present. An amusing instance of the fitness of things used to be told by an old exhibitor of South-downs, who, while trimming his sheep at one of the big fairs, was accosted by a visitor with the question, "What breed do you ca' they wee, smutty-faced beasties?" And before the conversation ended, the exhibitor learned that his querist was to be one of the judges of his class. When, as sometimes happened, one or two of the three judges was disposed to give more than the benefit of a doubt to the exhibitor from his own district, and especially if one of them was a Scotchman, there were such prolonged arguments and such stubborn resistances that the sheep, as well as the men who held them, showed in their general appearance that they had aged considerably during the examination. I always had some sympathy to spare for the exhibitor charged with showing in the yearling class a sheep with a two-year-old mouth, as I had more than once to face the same ordeal with one that had been precocious enough to put up four broad front teeth before the regulation time, but it remained for a twentieth-century exhibitor to be charged at a Provincial fair with practising dentistry, by clipping off and filing down the ivory, in order to pass its wearer in a younger class than that to which it properly belonged. And though ear labels and record numbers are certainly aids to honesty, for which, doubtless, many are truly grateful, I believe it was a twentieth-century case in which the purchaser of a bunch of record-labelled lambs discovered in the ear of one an ownership label that failed to correspond. This, of course, might be accounted for on the theory that "accidents will happen in the best regulated family," and it is doubtless safe to say that, on the whole, the sheepmen are as straight as any on the show circuit; indeed, I believe they claim a higher average of conscience than they concede to the pigmen, which is saying a good deal, and reminds me of the retort of the boy who was twitted for carrying a black eye: "Gosh," said he, "You ought to see the other fellow."

"SHEPHERD."

LIVE STOCK OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Robert Wallace, Professor of Agriculture and Rural Economy in the University of Edinburgh, has given us a truly monumental work in the fourth edition of his well-known treatise on "Farm Live Stock of Great Britain." The first edition was published in 1885. The one before us has been three years in course of preparation, has been more than doubled in size, and comparing it with the third edition in completeness of data and wealth of illustrations, of which there are over four hundred, we should say its value had been enhanced fourfold.

Though dedicated to the live-stock breeders of the United Kingdom, whose achievements in animal improvement have easily set and kept the pace for the rest of the world, and written chiefly in their interests, it will appeal strongly to breeders everywhere, and to none more than those of Canada and the United States. Besides covering all the breeds of horses, cattle, sheep and swine common to Great Britain and Ireland, it contains chapters on such classes as Holstein cattle and the American trotter, the aim being to make this work comprehensive within the limits of 750 splendidly-printed pages. No up-to-date stockman's library can be considered reasonably complete without a copy of such a work as this, not the least valuable of which are the practical chapters on feeding, dairying, treatment of disease, records of milking trials such as those at St. Louis, etc.

The opening chapters of the distinguished author in respect to agricultural education and the principles of breeding are most wholesome and

calculated to be of very great service at the present time.

The publishers, Oliver & Boyd, of Edinburgh, Scotland, are deserving of great credit for the admirable style in which the work has been executed. It is quoted at 16s. net in Great Britain, which would mean \$4.50 postage prepaid, if ordered through "The Farmer's Advocate" office.

PROPORTIONS OF THE SEXES IN LITTERS OF PIGS.

In response to requests, the Animal Husbandry Office of the Bureau of Animal Industry, U. S. Department of Agriculture, has recently collected information regarding the relative proportions of the two sexes of pigs at birth, with quite interesting results. This information is not to be obtained from the herdbooks, for the reason that, while the total number of pigs farrowed is usually given, the number of each sex is given only for the pigs raised.

Reports received from 82 breeders, located in 23 States and 2 Territories (Indian Territory and Oklahoma). Eight breeds were represented, as follows: Berkshire, Chester White, Duroc-Jersey, Hampshire, Large Yorkshire, Ohio Improved Chester, Poland-China, and Tamworth. In a few cases the record of litters of grade and mixed breeding was given; these are included in the results.

The number of sows whose litters were reported was 1,477. The number of boar pigs was 6,660; the number of sows, 6,625; and the total, 13,285. The average per sow was as follows: Boars, 4.51; sows, 4.48; total, 8.99. The figures are mainly for litters farrowed during 1906. In 49 cases second litters during the year were reported for the same sows, which somewhat raises the average per sow.

Boars are seen to be slightly more numerous than sows, but for all practical purposes the sexes may be regarded as equal in number at birth. The relative proportion was found to be 1,065 boars to 1,000 sows. Expressed in another way, the proportion is 100.53 boars to 100 sows, which, in lowest terms of whole figures, is 201 boars to 200 sows.

GEORGE M. ROMMEL,
Animal Husbandman.

EFFECT OF CATTLE EMBARGO IN ARGENTINA.

Mr. Herbert Gibson, of Buenos Ayres, in a paper read at the International Sheep Breeders' Conference at Lincoln, England, the week of the Royal Show, said:

"The fact that the British ports remained closed to Argentine live stock, has been of positive benefit both to the sheep and cattle industries. The disappearance of the live-stock exporter created for a time a drop in the values of wethers and steers; and the profits obtained by the freezing industry, left with only local consumption as a competitor, encouraged those engaged in the industry to increase their plant and led to the construction of new freezing works. The freezing establishments of the Argentine are now capable of handling over 200,000 tons of meat per annum. The stimulus given to the trade has created competition, the quality of the carcass has improved and commanded a better price in the consuming markets, and breeders whose record local prices in the palmiest days of the live-stock export trade were 15s. for sheep and £8 for steers, now obtain up to 20s. for the former and up to £10 for the latter. Apart from the fact that Argentine stock-raisers had not lost but benefited by the closure of British ports, the country at large had gained through the capital invested in the building of plant for the freezing establishments. The labor employed in the works and the by-products and offal which remained at the Argentine end were elaborated for export."



Judging Lincoln Sheep at the Royal Show, 1907.

THE SPIRIT OF SHOWING.

Every breeder should be an exhibitor, says a writer in the Live-stock Journal. It is the very essence of live-stock breeding. There is incentive and ambition and honor and satisfaction in it. Aye, and let not the severely practical look on it scornfully, for there is money in it, too. The latter does not come so much from the prizes as from the appreciation in which a regular prize-winner's stock is held. The mere hope of gain, however, is not the spirit in which showing is followed. It is, indeed, but a very small part of the business. The great incentive is the trial of strength, the putting of one man's judgment in selection, or skill in breeding, against all others. How often does a man gain the knowledge that leads to his ultimate success in the experience bought in the rough-and-tumble of the show-yard? But who, excepting the man who has experienced it, can understand the feeling of pride that pervades the man who has at last vanquished his strongest competitors and reached the summit of his ambition? It is far beyond the feeling that any mere money prize could give.

Exhibitors may be divided into two classes—those who can bear defeat, and those who cannot. The latter are men to be pitied. In one of its aspects, there is not a more merciless phase of farming than is found in the show-yard. Respectable mediocrity is nowhere, and the inferior exhibit gets neither sympathy nor indulgence. The judges have no time to spend over it; they are too busy correctly placing their selections. The spectators care nothing for it; they desire to see the vanquishers, not the vanquished. A good animal at home, but outclassed at the show, it simply comes and goes unnoticed. But what of the owner? If of the right stamp, he will brace himself for a better effort; but if he cannot stand defeat, he will surfeit his friends with vague complaints. "I will never exhibit at such a show again. The judges never looked at my animal, and I wouldn't have taken two like the one they gave the first prize to for it." Perhaps he was right, but more probably he was wrong. If right, he could go to another show to get the verdict upset, but he will not see this. The show committee come in for a share of the blame, even although they have done their best to get good judges, and, having done so, have left the matter in their hands.

How differently acts the other class of exhibitor. He likes not defeat, but he grins and bears it, and comes up happy. He hides his disappointment with a cheerful exterior, and carefully notes in what particular he has been beaten. His defeat has nothing more than a momentarily depressing effect; it, indeed, braces him and strengthens him for a further effort. If he thinks he has got less than his deserts, he does not openly complain, but seeks the only exhibitor's remedy, that of getting the decision upset at a subsequent show. Possibly the defeat may be partially his own fault. He may not have exhibited to the best advantage, and thus failed to catch the judge's eye. There is a lot in this. The art of attracting attention is one to be studied by every exhibitor. Many a man wins simply by taking pains to show his animals to the best advantage. An animal's toilet makes a wonderful difference to it. Who has not heard the story of a man selling a horse to sharpers who have so made it up that they have resold it to him at an enhanced price and as a better animal than his own in the same day? The feat has actually been done, and to see some animals before and after their toilet is completed, is to believe it. There are two ways, too, of entering a ring, one as though you intended to win, and the other as though you were there by sufferance. There is a tendency to take a man at his own estimate, and he who shows that he means to win if he can has a better chance of catching the judge's eye than he who keeps in the background. The loud boaster does not reflect the true spirit of showing. The man who wins to crow over his competitor, has but a low aim. The really successful exhibitor is seldom, indeed, a man of this class. Watch him as the animals are being judged. He stands by the ringside apparently an unconcerned spectator. Much may depend on the judge's decision, but he gives no sign. He talks quietly and collectedly, knowing and feeling as himself, and just as keenly interested. If he loses, he takes his defeat resignedly; if he wins, his elation is tempered by the fact that a mere trifle may have turned the scale, and that other judges would have acted differently; for it is but seldom that an exhibit is of such outstanding merit as to win in any company and under any judges.

And so we see and recognize the right spirit of showing. Not in the discontented, not in the timid and faint-hearted, not in the careless and unobservant, not in the boaster, but in the man who, with grim determination, sets himself to equal or surpass his strongest opponents. And not for mere gain alone, but for the knowledge that in skill and determination he can hold his own, more

than that, even, for it gives him the proud feeling that he is playing a not unimportant part in maintaining and improving the great live-stock industry of this country.

MUSLIN - CURTAIN VENTILATION JUST THE THING.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

In reply to your letter, requesting my experience with muslin curtains as a means of ventilation, I would say that I have had but one year's experience, but that has convinced me that nothing can take their place.

My stable has always been very warm, but I was troubled by foul air and moisture gathering on the walls and ceiling, and I tried all kinds of ventilators, but they did no good. At last we tried the muslin curtains, using one thickness of common muslin, costing a shilling a yard, and never doubling it. We put it on frames made of lath, so it would be easy to remove in summer, and tacked the frames in the same as windows. It is well to have them hinged, so as to raise them on warm days. The ones we put on last fall were mostly all right this spring, but I do not think they will last more than two winters.

We find it better to have them on one side of the stable only, so as to prevent too rapid circulation of the air. The most noticeable effect of them was to dry out the walls and make the air in the stable smell fresh and invigorating. When one entered it from the outside he did not meet a rush of hot, foul air, as formerly. It did not seem quite as warm as it had been, but water never froze in any part.

Its advantages are that it is cheaper than glass for windows, gives pure, fresh air to the stock at all times, does not allow any draughts, and keeps the stable dry and warm.

It has two slight disadvantages. One is that it is easily torn, and the other is that it must be kept clean to be effective. The latter should not be charged as a disadvantage, for the stable should be kept clean, anyway. This is all I can tell you with my present experience. I will use them this winter, and hope you may, with as good success.

Franklin Co., N. Y.

C. O. HOOSE.

A UNIQUE CASE.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I should like to know through the medium of your paper, if you or any of your readers have ever known of a case like the following, which seems to me and my neighbors here to be unique. I have a sorrel Clyde grade mare, seventeen years old this spring, which I bred to one of my studs, Glencoe, last spring. On September 16th she slipped a foal, a fact which ten men can witness, and was not served again, it being too late in the season. On Thursday, June 16th, last, she dropped another colt, a male, strong and healthy. I have heard of a cow slipping one of twins, but never a mare, and should therefore very much like to hear of any other cases.

G. L. WATSON.

Highland Ranch, B. C.

[This is a most interesting case, and for the time we do not recall anything of a similar nature. Perhaps some of our readers could recite as unique an instance.—Ed.]

BEST VENTILATION HE EVER TRIED.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

We have used a light, thin grade of muslin on our windows for about eighteen months. It is fastened on with lath. Only about one curtain in ten has been replaced with a new one in this eighteen months. Its effect on our stables is remarkable. It keeps out dust, drives away moisture, and even in the coldest weather the temperature falls very little below that of a stable with glass windows. I consider it by far the best means of ventilation I have ever tried.

HARRY B. WINTERS.

Tioga Co., N. Y.

FAIR DATES FOR 1907.

July 22-26—Brandon, Man.
 July 30 to August 2—Regina's Big Fair.
 Aug. 23-30—Iowa State, Des Moines.
 Aug. 26 to Sept. 9—Canadian National, Toronto.
 Aug. 29 to Sept. 6—Detroit, Mich.
 Sept. 2-14—Dominion Exhibition, Sherbrooke, Que.
 Sept. 6-14—Western Fair, London.
 Sept. 9-13—Indianapolis, Ind.
 Sept. 9-14—New York State Fair, Syracuse.
 Sept. 13-21—Canada Central, Ottawa.
 Sept. 17-19—Guelph.
 Sept. 18-20—Woodstock.
 Sept. 25 to Oct. 3—Halifax.
 Sept. 27 to Oct. 5—Springfield, Ill.
 Oct. 8-11—Charlottetown, P. E. I.
 Oct. 11-19—Kansas City, Mo.

THE FARM.

OUR DESTRUCTIVE ENEMY, THE RAT.

The following has been condensed from a very comprehensive bulletin on "Methods of Destroying Rats," recently prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture:

Three kinds of rats have found their way to America from the Old World, but by far the most numerous, and on that account the most destructive, is the common brown or Norway species, which introduced itself in 1775. In the United States, this rodent is said to destroy more property than all other animal pests combined. In Denmark, the losses occasioned by it are estimated at \$3,000,000 a year, while in France the total damage caused by rats and mice is placed at \$40,000,000 a year. Copenhagen, in Denmark, has begun a war of extermination. A bounty of three farthings is offered for each rat tail handed in.

When it is considered that a single rat will consume about two ounces of wheat or corn in a day, and that the average cost of feeding one on grain for a year is fifty cents, the loss occasioned by great numbers of these pests may be somewhat apparent.

The fecundity of the female is enormous. It breeds three or four times a year, and produces from six to twelve—occasionally more—young at a litter, the first brood appearing when the mother is but four or five months old.

The methods recommended for destroying rats are as follows: (1) Poisons, (2) traps, (3) ferrets, (4) fumigation, (5) rat-proof construction of buildings.

POISONS.

Barium carbonate, or barytes, is one of the most effective poisons known for this purpose, and possesses, besides, two distinct advantages: (1) Its action is slow, and the rodents usually leave a building in search of water before they die. Occasionally this results in their getting into wells, cisterns or other places, where they drown, and become a nuisance. Sometimes it is advisable to set out a pan of water where the rats may help themselves. The farther it is placed from their holes, the better. All wells should be carefully walled and curbed. (2) Although sure death to rats and mice, the small quantity of it required is harmless to larger animals. It may be fed in a dough made of one-fifth barytes and four-fifths meal, or of ordinary oatmeal mixed with one-eighth its bulk of barytes, water being the mixing medium in both cases. Barytes is sometimes simply spread on bread and butter. If the first supply fails to drive all the rats away, the process should be repeated, but with a different bait.

Strychnine is also an effective poison, but its action is so rapid that the animals often die on the premises. It may be prepared by putting the crystals in bits of meat, or by soaking oatmeal or wheat in strychnine syrup and placing it in the rat runs. To make the syrup, dissolve one-half ounce sulphate of strychnine in boiling water and add to one pint of syrup.

Arsenic and phosphorus are sometimes used, but are not to be recommended, as arsenic is occasionally ineffectual, and the rats may convey the phosphorus to different parts of a building, and thus cause fire.

If rats are in poultry yards or houses, the following plan may be used: Take two wooden boxes, one larger than the other, and place two or more holes in each large enough to admit the rats, while excluding the poultry. Put the poisoned bait near the middle of the larger box and invert the smaller box over it.

TRAPS.

There are several kinds of modern traps, those most commonly used being the "cage" and "guillotine" varieties. The latter is the best, as it kills the rodents at once. For bait, use bacon, sausage, toasted cheese, toasted bread buttered, sunflower or pumpkin seeds. It is well to feed the animals a night or two before with the same kind of bait which is to be used in the trap, as they are rather suspicious, and may require to be thrown off their guard.

Occasionally ferrets and dogs are used, the ferrets to drive the rats out of their burrows, the dogs to catch them when driven out; but an amateur is not likely to have much success with a ferret.

RAT-PROOF CONSTRUCTION.

The best way of keeping rats out of a building is to make it rat-proof with cement. The cellar walls should have concrete footings, and the walls be laid in cement mortar. Make the cellar floor of "medium" concrete, and embed all water and drain pipes in it. Rat holes may be closed by a mixture of cement, sand and broken glass. Poultry houses and granaries may also be made rat-proof by a liberal use of concrete in the foundations and floors.

For insulating corn cribs from the pest, the plan of covering either outside or inside with a

strong wire netting is sometimes resorted to. If the corn cribs are set upon posts with inverted pans at the top, the posts should project at least three feet above the surface of the ground, to make safe allowance for the distance the rats may jump.

Foxes, weasels, skunks, owls and hawks all destroy rats and mice, yet nearly all these animals are regarded as undiluted foes of the farmer and poultryman. It is estimated that rats destroy more poultry-eggs and young chicks than all of these animals put together.

AUGUST SEEDING OF ALFALFA.

While spring is the usual season for the sowing of alfalfa in Canada, it is a matter of some importance to know that it has been seeded in August with excellent success, not only south, but north of the International Boundary, several Canadian farmers having informed us that they have obtained very satisfactory catches by working the ground to a fine tilth and sowing early in that month. Some few state that they prefer August to spring seeding. This may be right. Orchardists, sowing alfalfa in July as a cover crop, to be plowed under the following spring, have, in many cases, secured a splendid, vigorous growth, and it is not surprising that summer seeding should prove a success in the fields as well. The three essential conditions would appear to be fine tilth, plenty of moisture, conserved by previous frequent surface cultivation, and time enough to allow the alfalfa to get a good top before autumn. Farmers having land ready to be seeded to this valuable crop, are advised to try August seeding in an experimental way, and we shall be especially pleased to hear from those who may have given this method a trial.

ONTARIO FIELD-CROP COMPETITION.

We have received from Mr. J. Lockie Wilson, Supt. of Agricultural Societies for Ontario, particulars of the Field-crop Competition inaugurated this season by ten Agricultural Societies. The Ontario Department of Agriculture set apart \$1,000 for the prizes, and arrangements for the work of expert judging have been made with the Seed Division of the Dominion Department of Agriculture. In all, there are 250 competitors, made up from the following societies: Puslinch, 39; Mount Forest, 57; Lucknow, 25; Strong, 17; York and Markham (East), 23; Peninsular Central, 18; Verulam, 21; South Dorchester, 11; Oxford, 16; and Caledonia, 23.

The great majority of the competitors are growing oats and barley, though one society has taken up goose wheat altogether, and in another beans and fall wheat are the crops being grown. It is proposed that the prizewinners will send samples of their crop to the Winter Fair at Guelph, and a sweepstakes prize is likely to be given for the best grain from the competing societies.

CEMENT WATER TANK.

From time to time inquiries are made as to the construction of cement water tanks for use on the farm. Mr. David Carrothers, Middlesex Co., Ont., has had one in use for several years that has given the best of satisfaction. The materials used were Portland cement one part to four of good sharp gravel. It stands inside the basement stable, next the north wall, and is 14 feet long, 3 feet 6 inches wide, and 2 feet deep inside. The tank wall next the wall of basement is 3 inches thick, the other three walls being 6 inches thick, and the bottom 5 inches. The latter is made up solidly from the ground, sufficiently high so that the bottom of tank is on a level with the water troughs from which the cattle drink. The tank contains ample water for all the cattle and horses, and is supplied through galvanized iron piping from well and windmill pump some rods distant outside. It has never leaked.

DOES IT PAY TO DRAG ROADS?

The way to make a good dirt road is to keep it so that the next rain will not go into it. This means dragging only about once a month on an average. I have kept track of it, in order that I might be able to speak with authority as to the amount of time, and I find that the average is about twelve times a year—not much to secure a good road. I dragged from my own front gate to my neighbor's front gate, a half mile. It takes about twenty minutes. I don't make very many trips to town before I have regained the time I expended in dragging, to say nothing of the gain to my neighbors and the general public.—[D. Ward King.

THE DAIRY.

GREEN FEED FOR COWS.

Correspondence published in these columns last winter from successful competitors in the dairy-herd competition in Western Ontario, emphasized the value of supplementary green feed in maintaining the milk flow throughout midsummer. This is sound practice. Not only will the immediate returns in milk be found, as a rule, to pay for the feed consumed, but a considerable further advantage will be manifested in the sustained milk flow during autumn and winter. Cows allowed to shrink in their yield during any period of the year are exceedingly hard to bring back again to normal flow; in fact, this is seldom or never accomplished. A cow that goes down badly for a week, owing to any ordinary cause, is almost certain to give less milk next week and the weeks following than she would have done if not allowed to drop. It pays handsomely, therefore, to do everything possible to keep up a uniformly large yield.

For the purpose of supplementary feeding, nothing else equals green, fresh-cut alfalfa. Green clover is good, and corn, especially if fed along with a little oil cake or bran, is also good and very convenient, while many other crops are likewise useful for the purpose; but alfalfa easily heads the list, and every farmer who can do so should grow at least an acre or two for soiling. As a rule, a good-sized field or more should be sown, and what is not required for green feed will make the best hay that can be grown. If we were to get a few more dry, hot summers, there would soon be a great number of farmers wishing they had provided a liberal acreage of this kind of soiling crops. However, the lack of alfalfa must not deter anyone from making use of such feeds as he has, for Hungarian grass, green oats, or even hay, may be brought into requisition. In fact, hay, being usually convenient, has some strong claims in this connection. It is surprising how cattle relish good new hay, even when coming from fairly good pasture. And the hay is cheaper than pasture almost every time.

Individual judgment must determine what to feed and how to feed it, but, by all means, feed the cows. Don't let the milk flow shrink, and, for that matter, don't let the other stock go down in flesh. A pound of flesh saved is two pounds gained—yes, and a good deal more.

LIGHT ON THE BUSINESS.

Keeping milk records takes very little time, not more than one minute per cow a day. I use a spring-balance, dial-face scale, which is provided with a pair of hands; the one hand is used to take the weight of pail off, the other tells the weight of milk at once. The blank forms, which are supplied by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa free, I keep on a shelf close to the scales. I was led to start keeping cow records by reading an address given by Mr. J. H. Grisdale before the Eastern Dairymen's Association. I had long before been dissatisfied with what my cows were doing, and I had come to the conclusion that I had a very poor lot of cows, or I was not giving them the proper care and feeding them as I should.

The first thing I learned by keeping records was that my conclusions were about right. I had not been feeding to make the cow do her best, and I also had some poor cows. The next advantage is I am able to weed out these poor cows, which I purpose doing as fast as circumstances will permit. Another advantage is you can watch the amount of milk a cow gives very closely. My experience is that the milk pail is the first place to give warning of anything wrong with the cow. With the scales, you can detect this at once, find the cause and apply the remedy.

I consider milk records a benefit to a man who is taking as good care of his herd as he knows how, because records will show him where he is

sinking good money in care and feed on worthless cows, for I am convinced there are cows in all average herds that, no matter how good care they get, will not pay their way.

Another benefit is that records show just how much the profitable cows are doing, and it is a great satisfaction to learn this. Keeping records also gives a person an interest in his work. There is a lot of work in taking the best care of a herd; the more interest we can have in our labor, the lighter it will be. I am quite satisfied with keeping milk records, and intend to go right on, as I expect to receive greater benefit in years to come. The following is a summary of my cows for the past year. It is not a record-breaker, yet the record is not without valuable lessons. My cows are Shorthorn grades, I having used a pure-bred bull for twelve years.

Milk yield from April 1st, 1906, to March 31st, 1907:

- No. 1, 7,852 pounds milk, 290 days in milk;
 - No. 2, 5,265 pounds milk, 244 days in milk;
 - No. 3, 5,170 pounds milk, 257 days in milk;
 - No. 4, 4,920 pounds milk, 292 days in milk;
 - No. 5, 3,128 pounds milk, 150 days in milk;
 - No. 6, 5,061 pounds milk, 250 days in milk;
 - No. 7, 4,610 pounds milk, 290 days in milk;
 - No. 8, 3,148 pounds milk, 219 days in milk;
 - No. 9, 3,948 pounds milk, 235 days in milk;
 - No. 10, 1,003 pounds milk, 50 days in milk;
 - No. 11, 1,190 pounds milk, 33 days in milk;
- making a total of 45,295 pounds for the year, which was produced by the nine cows (leaving out the milk of Nos. 10 and 11), at a cost of \$300 for the year, leaving a profit of \$173.95. It is needless to say that I have disposed of Nos. 4 and 5. No. 6 was taken sick and died. Nos. 7, 8 and 9 were heifers, and will give them another chance. Nos. 10 and 11 are beginners which promise well.

To sum up the dairy business, it hinges around three principles: Breed, Feed, Weed. Keeping records will help wonderfully in the last two of these.

Norfolk Co., Ont.

IT PAYS TO KEEP MILK RECORDS.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate": We have been keeping record for the last two years, and think it the only way to know what one's cows are doing. Since keeping records we have, by careful feeding and selecting our cows, been able to raise the yield. Where we used to get from five to seven thousand pounds of milk per cow per year, now we get from six to ten thousand pounds. Our cows are a mixed herd. I will give you the six cows that have completed the year's test:

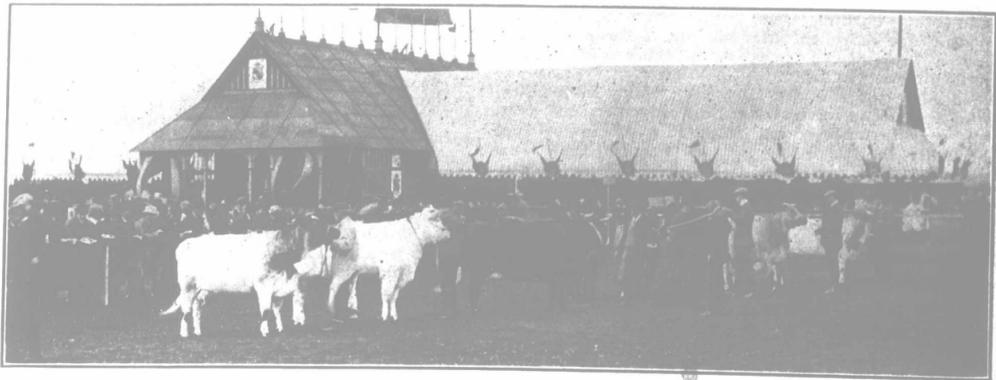
- Darkey, grade Holstein, 10,146½ pounds milk; average test, 3.6.
 - Beauty, grade Durham, 10,046 pounds milk; average test, 3.8.
 - Nigger, cross Polled Angus, 9,472 pounds milk; average test, 3.2.
 - Rose, grade Shorthorn, 7,597 pounds milk; average test, 3.2.
 - Lilly, grade Ayrshire, 7,395½ pounds milk; average test, 4.6.
 - Minnie, grade Shorthorn (8½ months), 6,176 pounds milk; average test, 5.8.
- Four others we are changing this spring.

As we have to produce nearly 70 quarts of milk daily for our customers, and our space is limited for the keeping of ten cows, we aim to keep the best, and the only way is in keeping a daily record and testing at least once a month. The time it takes is nothing, compared to the advantage gained.

Middlesex Co., Ont.

NICE TO READ ABOUT—BUT.

A subscriber sends us a clipping from an English paper describing a farm where the milking is done by a machine run by electricity and asks our opinion. The idea is not new, but the milking machine is by no means an unqualified success, and electricity as a motive power is not yet practicable under very many conditions. The whole scheme is very nice to read about, but we are not advising Canadian dairymen to fit up any such apparatus.



Placing the Shorthorn Awards at the Lincoln Royal.

THE DIFFERENCE IN COWS.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I have been keeping records of each individual mess of each individual cow since March 1st, 1902, but have given up to my son, who is now running the farm, and is continuing in the same course. We are both well satisfied that it pays. We have run from 6 to 10 cows, and the time it takes is too small to estimate. It shows us where the leaks are; also, in connection with the testing, shows what each cow is doing. We have one cow that has never tested less than 4 per cent., and from that to 5.7 per cent., that has given nearly 9,000 pounds of milk in a year, while some others had to be got rid of for beef.

King's Co., N. S.

J. W. FULLER.

POULTRY.

INCUBATOR EGGS.

In scanning the columns of a Canadian poultry paper this spring, I was astonished, and I may say disheartened, at seeing a letter from a Canadian poultryman advising incubator-owners to sell the "tested out" or clear eggs, as "they were just as good for household purposes" as those which had not been in the machine. It is to be hoped that if any other over-enthusiast should try to air his notions or fancies through the press in future, he will not find a place. Such doctrine and practices will do more to keep the price of eggs below their value than possibly anything else. Let the people get the idea that they are not getting first-class eggs, and they soon turn their attention to other articles of diet.

In Hamilton, recently, a newspaper reported that some parties had been selling "tested-out" incubator eggs, and for some time afterwards eggs remained low in price, compared with other articles of food. There is no doubt but this report turned many from the use of eggs.

Consumers with fat purses (the ones we like to sell to) will not purchase food supplies which have any chance of being inferior in quality. Why is this? Simply because the supply and variety is so great they can obtain anything they desire. When they find an article not up to the desired point of excellence, they turn quickly to another.

Poultry-keepers should put forth every effort to advance their business. This is not done by supplying an inferior article. The egg is one thing which must be right, or the demand will decrease at once. If we want good prices, we must present our goods in such form that they will create a demand and be sought after. If sought after by the best class of buyers, we will get the price. Eggs have been a fine price during the past two or three years, compared with previous years, and yet, in comparison with other things, they are cheap. When we consider the nutrients they contain, the very little heat required to cook them, that they do not overtax the digestive system, and that they are about indispensable in nourishing invalids, we must realize what an important place they occupy in the bill-of-fare.

Let every person concerned do his best to supply a good, reliable article, and the trade will come in time.

If grocers, dealers and consumers would insist on having stamped eggs (date not necessary), there would be a guarantee then, or a way of fastening the blame where it belongs. There would be no difficulty in establishing the system if purchasers would discriminate in price in favor of stamped goods.

J. R. HENRY.

Wentworth Co., Ont.

PRODUCTION AND PROFIT.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

A short time ago there appeared in your paper a request that persons having used the hopper method of feeding should give their results and opinions of this plan. As you had already, in an article by Mr. A. G. Gilbert, printed our experiences, I did not write you further on the subject. I think these experiences of different people are of much interest, but I should like to say a word on the question of the exact value of a feeding experiment.

I have for a short time been using trap nests, and no one can have even a limited experience with these nests without realizing the great importance of individuality in hens. Hens from the same stock, of the same age, all presenting an equally healthy appearance, and all receiving exactly the same care, will give widely-varying results. These results will vary, not alone in the matter of the number of eggs produced, but also in the matter of the general condition of the bird. How, then, is it possible to tell, when certain results are obtained, whether they are due to the conditions under which the birds have been treated or to the individual nature of the birds composing the flock? A different flock under the same treatment might give much different results, owing to the individuality of its

members. To attempt, therefore, to draw conclusions from the results of various methods of feeding, would require, to say the least, the average from a large number of flocks for a good many years. If, however, it were possible to obtain a large number of birds whose individual records were known, divide these into flocks and try the various methods on each flock, the results would give us some idea of the respective merits of the methods used.

Such a plan would involve a great deal of labor and expense, and would not, therefore, be practical for the farmer or poultryman. It is to our experimental farms that we must look for this kind of work. It is quite possible that even they would say the expense was too large, but if so, the poultry interest must make itself felt by actively supporting the heads of the poultry divisions at these places in their demands for larger grants. There is a considerable amount of money invested in the poultry business throughout the country, and the knowledge obtained from exact experiments such as these would be the means of saving many a dollar, and perhaps many a business. In reading over the report of the Professor of Dairy Husbandry at the O. A. C., Prof. Dean, for the year 1905, I note he says, regarding a feeding experiment, that, while the feeding of 12 pounds of meal per cow per day resulted in more milk than the feeding of 8 pounds per day, yet the cost of producing 100 pounds of milk in the first case was 68.1 cents, while the cost in the second case was only 51.4 cents. In this case the lighter feeding was undoubtedly the more profitable. Is it possible that the same fact might be found to be true in the matter of feeding hens? That is to say, may it not be true that, in hopper-feeding our hens—giving them all they want to eat—though we get more eggs, we do not make as much profit. Personally, I know of no such way of settling such a matter as this, except by the plan above mentioned.

Muskoka Free Hospital,

Simcoe Co., Ont.

E. S. TURVILLE,
Poultry Department.

GARDEN & ORCHARD.

HORTICULTURAL PROGRESS.

Prepared for "The Farmer's Advocate" by W. T. Macoun, Horticulturist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

INSECTS AFFECTING FRUIT TREES.

It has been said that one-tenth of the crops which are grown in America are destroyed by injurious insects. The annual percentage of loss of tree fruits is, we believe, even larger, and some years much larger. The loss in the apple crop from codling worms last year must have been several times ten per cent. in some orchards in Ontario.

The fruit-grower has a constant fight to control and destroy the injurious insects which affect his fruits, hence any literature which will give him information on how to do it in the best way is always welcome.

One of the latest bulletins on this subject is entitled, "Insects Affecting Fruit Trees," and was written by Dr. C. J. S. Bethune, Professor of Entomology, of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ont.

To combat insects most successfully, one should know something of their life-history, and in Dr. Bethune's bulletin will be found the description and life-history of 38 of the commonest insects which affect tree fruits in Ontario, the grape being included in these. There are illustrations of 34 species in different stages, which add very much to the value of the bulletin. Some of the insects described are the codling worm, apple maggot, tent caterpillar, tussock moth, eye-spotted bud moth, aphid of various kinds, San Jose scale, oyster-shell bark-louse, borers, and plum curculio. In addition to the descriptions and life-histories, remedies which have been found best by different experimenters are given, with formulas for making the insecticides. The author emphasizes the importance of clean cultivation in destroying insects and preventing them from multiplying. Wild trees, closely related to cultivated varieties, such as cherry, plum, hawthorn and mountain ash, harbor many insects, and are a breeding-ground for them. These should be watched and kept sprayed, or destroyed.

He draws attention to winter birds in destroying injurious insects, and makes special mention of the woodpecker and chickadee. In summer, toads, snakes and skunks are very useful in this regard, and should be protected. A table of contents, or index, would have made this useful bulletin still more valuable.

CELERY CULTURE.

One of the best and most complete bulletins on "Celery Culture" ever published in America, is Farmers' Bulletin, No. 282, by W. R. Beattie, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington. Since the publication of this bulletin, we under-

stand that the author has published a book on the same subject.

All the operations, from the sowing of the seed to the storing of the plants for winter, are described, both from the standpoint of the farmer or small grower, and the man who grows large quantities of celery for market. The bulletin is well illustrated, which makes very plain a number of the points discussed.

As the seasons for preparing the ground, sowing the seed and setting out the plants are passed, the part of the bulletin referring to that part of the work need not be referred to here.

It is interesting to learn, from the introduction, that the culture of celery is quite a recent thing, many persons being able to recall the time when celery was considered a novelty, and when it was used only for garnishing and flavoring. The cultivated varieties of celery are derived from the wild celery, native to the south of England, the scientific name of which is *Apium graveolens*. It is a biennial, producing its seeds the second season and then dying. Sometimes, if the seed is low in vitality, or if the plants are much checked in their growth, it will seed the first season. There is a turnip-rooted form of celery known as celeriac, which has a large root and small stems. This is more useful for cooking than the common celery.

Cultivation.—From the fact that the wild celery grows naturally in the marshes of England, it is easily understood that, to grow the best celery, there should be an abundant supply of water. The nights should also be cool. These conditions are sometimes difficult to get in Ontario in summer. The importance of the most thorough cultivation of celery, to retain as much moisture as possible in the soil, is apparent. In the United States, and doubtless in some parts of Canada, special irrigation plants are laid down for the purpose of supplying the growing celery with a continuous and bountiful supply of water. Cultivation should be quite shallow, as the roots are near the surface, and will be injured if the cultivator goes deep.

Diseases of Celery, and How to Prevent Them.—Celery is very subject to a disease known as "blight" or "leaf spot," especially early in the summer, when growth has not been rapid, owing to dry weather or dry soil. It develops during sultry weather, when the air is filled with moisture and the nights are warm.

The first visible indication of the disease is in the form of a grayish spot upon the leaves, changing to a brown or burnt appearance in a day or two. If conditions continue suitable to the development of the disease, it will spread to all parts of the plant, the stem will droop, and the entire plant assume the appearance of having been scalded. The heart of the plant will continue to throw up new leaves, but when once badly infected it never sufficiently overcomes the disease to produce a marketable product.

After the disease makes its appearance, it is too late to do much good by spraying, although it is wise to spray even after the disease is noticed.

When this disease is troublesome, as it is in Ontario more or less annually, the plants should be sprayed with Bordeaux mixture, beginning in the seed-bed, and continuing to keep the plants covered until the weather becomes cool in late summer and the plants are growing thriftily. At the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, good success has been obtained by adopting this method, and celery has been practically free from this disease when unsprayed celery in the neighborhood has been badly affected. If plants can be kept growing thriftily all summer, they are not likely to be affected.

Another disease is the "black rot" or "heart rot" of celery, which affects it after being stored. This is induced by too much watering, and especially by wetting the tops, which should be kept as dry as possible, the watering being done from below, and a well-ventilated storehouse being used.

Blanching.—The blanching of celery is a very necessary part of its culture. In the wild state, celery is tough and woody, is of a green color, and has a rank flavor. The outside leaves or trimmings of the cultivated varieties give some idea of what celery is like when growing wild.

Celery is blanched in order that the stems will be crisp and tender, and be free from woodiness and rank flavor. Some varieties of celery are very easily blanched, and certain varieties are called self-blanching on this account. To blanch celery successfully, the light should be excluded from it while it is growing. The old method was to plant celery in deep trenches and gradually fill in with soil, and by winter the celery was well blanched. This method is little practiced commercially now, although it is still seen. Celery is now almost entirely planted on the level, and the soil kept thoroughly cultivated, as already referred to. The early or self-blanching varieties are now quite generally blanched by means of boards, which are placed on edge along each side of a row of celery. One-inch boards, from 12 to 14 inches wide and 12 to 16 feet in length, are used. New boards may give the celery an un-

pleasant odor, and should not be used. When in position, there should be as little space as possible between the boards—no more than the thickness of the plant necessitates. The boards may be kept in position at each end by means of stakes driven into the ground, by nailing short pieces of laths across the top every six or eight feet, or by placing notched sticks over the tops of the boards.

Where celery is grown on a large scale, another plan is adopted, galvanized-iron wire spanners being used to hold the boards together at the top, the stiffness of the celery plants keeping the boards upright.

When the boards are placed, a celery-hiller, much resembling a double mould-board plow, is run between the rows to throw a little soil against the lower edges of the boards, to close any openings.

Two or three weeks only are required to blanch early celery. "If the celery is allowed to remain in the boards long after it has reached a marketable stage, it loses its weight and flavor, and is liable to be injured or even destroyed by the attacks of blight." Perhaps the most satisfactory way of blanching early celery on a small scale is by means of ordinary farm-drain tiles, of about 4 inches inside diameter, placed over the plants after they have become fully grown. To facilitate the work of placing the tiles over the plants, some of the outside leaves should be pulled away and the main part of the plant loosely tied together by means of a soft string, or better, with what is known as paper twine, being a string made by twisting a strip of soft paper. This string will lose its strength as soon as it becomes wet, and will offer no resistance to the further growth of the plant. The presence of the tiles will cause the leaves to draw up over the tiles, thereby forming a screen over the top to shut out the light from the interior. If the common, unglazed tiles are used, the evaporation from their surface has a tendency to keep the plant cool during the heat of the day, and a very crisp and tender product is the result. This method of blanching is very desirable, also, on account of its cleanliness, and celery treated in this way will need very little washing before marketing.

The finest flavor is obtained by blanching with soil. This process is begun by getting the plants in as compact and upright a position as possible by means of soil placed about the base of the plant with the hand, or the plants may be held together by means of paper twine. "Instead of tying each plant by knotting around it a short piece of string, fasten the end of the string around the first plant in a row, then pass to the second plant without cutting or breaking the string. While the outside leaves of the second plant are brought up together by the left hand, carry the string once around by allowing it to run between the thumb and finger of the right hand, and so on from plant to plant." Boards may also be set upright against the plants, temporarily, while the earth is being placed around them. The earth is partially thrown up by means of a plow or celery-hiller, and completed with a spade. Banking with soil is expensive, but where it is to be stored for late fall or early winter use it is necessary. Celery for winter use is planted much later than that which is to be used in the summer or fall, early in July being time enough in Ontario. As most of the blanching for winter use will take place in the storehouse, it is not necessary to bank late celery so much as early celery, but it is important to bank up sufficiently to insure an upright and compact growth.

Storing.—Some important points to be remembered in storing celery are: The temperature should be cool, and the atmosphere moist—not damp. The tops should be kept dry and the roots moist. Watering should be done at the base, not at the tops of the plants. The celery should be in the dark. Good ventilation is necessary where celery is to be stored for a considerable time.

When the autumn is long, celery may be kept in the rows until hard frost by banking up to the very tops of the plants when the air becomes frosty, and, when absolutely necessary, covering the tops with straw or corn fodder, or even straw manure held in place by stakes or boards. The celery can be removed as needed. It will withstand several degrees of frost, but if allowed to freeze it will not keep so well, nor is the flavor as good. Trenching is adopted by large growers, who leave the celery partially banked up until there is danger of severe frosts, when the plants are lifted, and eight or ten rows are brought close together and placed upright in a shallow trench, when the earth is banked up on both sides, or boards may be used if available. Straw or some other material is then put on top. Or a trench or pit 24 inches in depth and 3 feet wide is dug, loosening the soil at the bottom. Into this pit the plants are packed in an upright position, with considerable soil adhering to their roots, the celery being well watered as it is being put in, avoiding wetting the tops more than is absolutely necessary. Before covering, let the tops dry off. A board is placed on edge on one side of the trench, banking up soil on the outside

of it. Now cover the trench with a roof of boards, sash, poles, or bare cornstalks, etc., placing them across the pit, with one end resting on the board and the other on the ground. Over this put a light covering of straw, increasing the covering as the weather becomes colder. Any unused pit or hotbed may be used for storing the plants.

When stored in a cellar, the temperature should be kept low, without frost; the warmth and dampness of an ordinary cellar are not suitable conditions for celery. Celery will also absorb odors from other things stored near them. Plants should have most of their roots attached when stored, and, if possible, a bed of moist sand should be provided to place them on. Good ventilation is very important.

Plants are loosened in the field by means of a digger or spade, and no more should be loosened than can be handled at once, as exposure of the roots to the sun is injurious. The plants are gathered up in armfuls and taken to the storehouse in boxes or on a low wagon.

Upon reaching the storehouse, the celery is taken from the wagon and laid in piles near where it is to be stored, or, if in boxes, they can be set close at hand. Beginning at the end of one of the divisions, a small furrow is opened in the soil by means of a spade, the celery is stood along the furrow, and the soil filled in around the roots. The soil should be rather moist at the time when the celery is stored, and it may be necessary to moisten it a little from time to time by inserting a hose between the plants and pouring water around the roots, but the tops should never be wet after entering the storehouse. After the storehouse is filled, constant ventilation should be maintained by means of openings near the ridge, and the temperature should be kept as low as possible. Care should be taken, however, that the celery does not become frozen, although a

THE SEASON'S PRINCIPAL FRUIT PESTS.

Thoughtless persons, who disparage spraying because, forsooth, they once sprayed their trees a couple of times in a season, and, in spite of the fact, had foliage or fruit attacked by some unexpected fungous or insect disease, will do well to reflect upon how many of these insect and fungous enemies there are, and how many applications of spray mixtures are necessary to insure against all loss. While it is probably true that, outside the districts infested with the San Jose and oyster-shell scales, seventy-five per cent. of the insect and fungous diseases attacking the apple can be controlled by three thorough sprayings with Bordeaux mixture and Paris green—the first when the leaf-buds are expanding, the second just after the blossoms fall, and the third a week to ten days later—nevertheless, it should be recognized that the other twenty-five per cent. may require further applications of Bordeaux and poison, or, in the case of sucking insects, spraying with kerosene emulsion. One should, therefore, never jump to the conclusion that spraying is ineffectual because two or three applications failed to ward off all forms of attack. Rather, such partial failure should lead to more earnest study of the various pests and means of combating them.

To give an idea of how many of these there are, we quote from the June fruit-crop report of the Fruit Division, Ottawa, lists of the principal insects mentioned by their correspondents as particularly injurious this year in the several fruit districts.

In Districts 1, 2 and 3, embracing the Lake Erie counties, the counties on Lake Huron and inland to York County, and the counties bordering on Lake Ontario north to Sharbot Lake and Georgian Bay. The principal insects mentioned

are: San Jose scale, oyster-shell bark-lice, codling moth, aphid, green fruit worm, tent caterpillar, bud moth, apple-tree borer, currant saw-fly.

In Districts 4 and 5—Ottawa and St. Lawrence Valleys, Quebec and New Brunswick—the insects noted this month are: Bud moth, tent caterpillar, leaf roller, cankerworm, cigar and pistol case bearers, green fruit worm, tree borers, white grub.

In addition to this list, we have in District 6—Hants, King's, Annapolis and Digby Counties, N. S.—the dreaded brown-tail moth; tent caterpillars, still a pest;

in Districts 7 and 8, comprising the balance of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island: American tent caterpillar, codling moth, bark-lice, leaf roller.

In Districts 9 and 10, including British Columbia: American tent caterpillars, decidedly on the increase; cutworms; aphid or plant louse, attacking currants, cherries and plums; oyster-shell bark-lice.

The bark-lice, when moving in June, may be checked with kerosene emulsion. The emulsion is also a remedy for the aphid, and, in fact, will kill any insect it covers. In early winter spray with lime wash or lime-sulphur mixture.

The green fruit worm, codling moth, tent caterpillar, bud moth, leaf roller, cankerworm, cigar and pistol case bearers can be controlled with the four sprayings of poisoned Bordeaux mixture presupposed in good orchard practice. The first application is made just before the blossoms open, the second shortly after the blossoms fall, and the third and fourth applications at intervals of about ten days each.

The currant sawfly or green worm on the currant is quite plentiful, but was late in appearing. The eggs are deposited early in rows along the veins on the underside of the newly-formed leaves. In a few days the worms appear and feed voraciously upon the foliage, quickly stripping a bush of its leaves if not attended to. Remedy: Spray with Paris green just before the blossoms open, and with hellebore, if necessary, after the fruit forms.

The value of spraying seems to be appreciated more than ever in the Annapolis Valley, since the appearance of the brown-tail moth. Careful spraying with poisoned Bordeaux will successfully com-



Cross-country Transportation, Argentine Republic.

(There are also over 11,000 miles of railway in Argentina. The most interesting line is the Transandine, which climbs to the summit of the pass of the Andes, which are over 13,000 feet above sea level. There are comfortable sleepers and fine dining cars on all through lines.)

temperature that will often show a trace of frost will not injure it."

The varieties recommended in this bulletin are: White Plume and Golden Self-blanching for earliest use; Golden Self-blanching and Pink Plume for autumn use. For storing, the Giant Pascal and Evans' Triumph are recommended. Practically the same varieties are recommended at the Central Experimental Farm.

Information is also given on marketing the crop, and the profits to be derived from growing celery.

CLOVER VS. VETCHES AS ORCHARD COVER CROP.

As showing the extent to which leading orchardists make use of summer-sown cover crops, the following excerpt from a letter by S. C. Parker, Secretary Nova Scotia Fruit-growers' Association, to "The Farmer's Advocate" last winter, is apropos:

"We orchardists are consumers of seed, not growers. I do not know of any man in the Annapolis Valley that grows clover seed. I sow from 20 to 50 acres annually, using 200 to 500 pounds seed, and find it quite a tax. We hope you will find some way to cheapen it for us. There is quite a tendency to the use of vetches as a cover crop, instead of clover. I used ten bushels last season, and think I shall use twenty this. On our light soils we get more humus, the seed costs less than clover, and we get a catch on poorer land, with less care in sowing."

bat any of these caterpillars appearing from nests which may have been overlooked. It will also destroy tent caterpillars and cankerworms.

For cutworms, use poisoned baits. Dig out and kill worms when plants have been destroyed.

FUNGOUS DISEASES.

Very few fungous diseases are reported as yet. Shot-hole fungus has been noticed on Japan plums in District 4. Remedy: Spray with poisoned Bordeaux.

Black knot is doing considerable injury to plums. Remedy: Cut out a few inches below the knots and burn. Spray unaffected trees with Bordeaux as a preventive.

The apple canker is frequently reported this year, especially in British Columbia. Remedy: With a sharp knife remove all diseased tissue around the affected portion. Swab out the wound with a three-per-cent. solution of copper sulphate (one ounce to two gallons of water). When dry, cover with some heavy lead paint. Repeat the paint towards the close of the season, and every following year until the wound is completely healed. This prevents a second infection or the entrance of rot fungi, which almost invariably follow unless the cankered portions are attended to.

NO. 2 APPLES MUST BE UP TO THE MARK.

The strict enforcement last year of the Fruit Marks Act, with reference to the No. 2 grade of apples, seriously embarrassed many negligent shippers, who bought early in the season by the orchard, expecting to take out what they could get of grade No. 1, and then brand the rest all No. 2. When they came to pack the fruit, a large per cent. had to be graded No. 3, which grade could not be exported from Ontario, at least except at a loss. It would seem the part of ordinary business prudence for fruit-growers, and more particularly shippers, to post themselves thoroughly regarding the provisions of the Fruit Marks Act. Copies, giving definitions of all grades of fruit, may be obtained free on application to the Fruit Division, Ottawa.

THE FARM BULLETIN

OFFICIAL JULY CROP REPORT FOR THE UNITED STATES.

The official report from Washington as to the condition of crops in the United States on the first of July does not differ materially from that issued a month earlier.

Winter wheat has improved a little over one point during the month, but spring wheat has declined 1½ points in the same time. The condition even of winter wheat is still 7 points below that prevailing last year at the same time, and 4½ lower than on July 1st, 1905. The condition of spring wheat on the first was 4 points below that of the same month last year. The combined conditions of winter and spring wheat is 6 points lower than on July 1st, 1906.

Corn shows a slight increase in acreage as compared with last year, but the condition is 7 points lower than it was in 1906.

Oats have actually declined a little during the past month, and are 3 points below the standard of last year, and 10 lower than for July, 1905.

There is reason to fear that this is going to be a lean year, in so far as crops are concerned in the United States.

UPS AND DOWNS OF THE BICYCLE INDUSTRY.

A bulletin issued by the U. S. Census Bureau gives some interesting statistics in regard to the ups and downs in the history of the bicycle. In 1890 there were 27 bicycle factories in the United States, the output of which was valued at \$2,568,326. In 1900 there were 312 factories, with an output of \$3,915,908, and during the intervening years 5,000,000 bicycles were disposed of in the United States alone. In 1900 nearly 20,000 people were employed in the factories, and \$10,000,000 were paid out in wages. Then suddenly bicycles went out of fashion, and in the next five years there was a falling off of 85 per cent. In 1905 the output value of the industry had fallen to \$5,153,240, and only 253,000 bicycles were manufactured, as compared with 1,200,000 in 1900. This year the demand has been somewhat higher, but has been far from amounting to anything like a craze. The automobile boom now holds the market instead, and to such an extent that, it is said, the price of all rubber articles is materially advancing, owing to the demand for rubber for auto tires. This will be an added grievance to those unhappy mortals who can't afford to own a chug-chug machine.

About fifty members of the Dominion Educational Association, at the close of the annual meeting in Toronto, visited the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, expressing themselves delighted with the institution. One of their number declared that it was worth crossing the continent to see.

IMPROVEMENTS IN ONTARIO DAIRYING.

For years past there has been a strong tendency on the part of some farmers to insist on the maker taking his milk when it was decidedly "off flavor," or contained a sufficiently large growth of bacteria to make it inferior. The maker, feeling that competition was very keen, reluctantly took in the can, rather than lose his patron. One can of inferior milk affects the whole make. If every other farmer has taken every care possible as to cleanliness and cooling, this one will so deteriorate the quality of the entire make that it will not command the same price, and every producer has to suffer financially. Again, if such a make goes on the British or foreign markets, it reflects just to the extent of its inferiority on all the product from Canada; and to the extent that it is inferior in quality it cuts down the price in the foreign markets and in the growing home market. To a certain extent the poorest lot of milk that goes into the vat fixes the standard of the product. The first two articles of the milk producer's creed should be "cleanliness" and "quick cooling." So far as the producer is concerned, these are the actual principles which determine the price that the market shall pay for our cheese. Every maker who takes in an inferior article pulls down the standard price. And this problem has loomed up before the Department of Agriculture, demanding solution before Canada can take and maintain the position she is capable of taking as a manufacturer of cheese.

For several seasons past the more ambitious, up-to-date cheesemen availed themselves of the opportunity of instruction offered, and made the best of every suggested improvement they could put in practice, but this did not reach the men who did not desire better methods, and in many cases these were the men who most needed instruction and assistance. During the present season, 1907, instructors are being sent to every factory in Ontario. Every factory is made to realize that it is responsible for its share in holding up and advancing the reputation of Ontario cheese. The instructors visit the producers, and they are given individual direction as to best methods of caring for milk in the particular conditions under which each man is producing it. The patron has it explained to him why the milk should be clean, why it should be kept away from any contaminating flavor or odor, and why the milk should be cooled at once (to stop the growth of injurious bacteria). He is shown the practical reasons for all this care, with the result that more and more are beginning to study the problem. As he gets deeper into it, it becomes fascinating, and he realizes that upon him, primarily, more than upon anyone else, depends the quality which is the chief factor in determining the price of the manufactured product.

The milk producers this year are welcoming the instructors, and in the majority of cases they manifest their desire to co-operate with the Department, by adopting every means of improving the conditions surrounding milk production. As many of the makers at the present time have attended dairy schools, and have become experts in their line, it rests all the more with the producer to see that his milk is of first-class quality, and that an inferior article is not allowed to be made up with that furnished by him, and thus lessen the value of what he has contributed. Less opposition is offered to having inferior milk returned.

There are still careless patrons and indifferent cheesemakers and proprietors, and it is only by raising their standard that Ontario cheese can come up to its possibilities. If all the milk arriving at cheese factories were equal to the best, and all the cheese made were produced under the most sanitary conditions, Ontario would enjoy such a reputation as she may well hope to attain. Judging from the success of the instructors, the welcome they are receiving from the producer, the maker and the proprietor, and the improvement in the manufactured product, the work of the Department is being much appreciated, and can be pronounced a decided step in advance.

The suggestions made by instructors as to desirable alterations and additions, in order to place factories in a proper sanitary condition, are being accepted in a very kindly manner by owners and managers of factories. Many of these improvements have already been made, while in many other cases it is the intention of responsible persons to install the desired improvements before another season. It is particularly significant that factories which had not heretofore taken advantage of instruction are this year co-operating most heartily.

The necessity for a clean product and rapid cooling is so easily understood that it is arousing many of the producers to a realization of the importance of furnishing high-class raw material, and in many of the best dairy sections a large percentage are preparing to provide suitable milk-houses, containing cooling tanks, which will keep the milk away from bad odors and dust, and protect it from the sun, as well as keep it at a low temperature. Again, producers are also making preparation for the storage of ice.

The new "Lord's Day Act" will also have a beneficial effect upon the product which was not looked for. During the present season the making of cheese on Saturday night and Sunday morning will not be prohibited. Of course, many sections do not at the present time practice Sunday manufacture. However, the effect of this law in its enforcement during the coming season will be that proper preparation will be made for caring for milk over Saturday night and Sunday. When this is done and bacterial growth is delayed, it will be found that the Monday morning make will be a vast improvement on the make of any day where the neces-

sary cooling and other sanitary precautions were neglected. And in this way the enforcement of the "Lord's Day Act" will produce a very practical object lesson in favor of the proper care of milk. In other cases arrangements will be made to make the Saturday night's milk into butter, a plan which some large factories have found very satisfactory.

WINNIPEG INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

Large crowds, cool, pleasant weather, and close competition in all agricultural products, were the predominant features of the Winnipeg Exhibition last week. People seem to have contracted the habit of going to Winnipeg during Exhibition week, and generally there is something well worth seeing. At the time of writing we have not got a comparative estimate of the attendance, but from observation it appeared to be large, despite the fact that the directors had decided to raise the admission price to half a dollar for the male population. The weather was exceedingly pleasant for visitors, though not hot enough for the vendors of liquid refreshments. The grounds were in better shape than they have ever been before, and the arrangements for the convenience of the exhibitors were considerably improved.

Each year the line between the agricultural and the entertainment features is more definitely drawn, a circumstance that is encouraged by the peculiar arrangements of the grounds. There is a need for a plan of the layout of the grounds and buildings at Exhibition Park that will make it more convenient for spectators to take in the different attractions that are purely of the exhibition, and segregate them more clearly from the side-shows and hurdy-gurdy features that have attached themselves to the function. This is a large task, and no doubt Manager Bell will work to this end. Like other Western institutions, the Winnipeg Exhibition is engaged in a struggle to get away from the crudity of pioneer existence, and to accomplish this requires time and money, and more of both since nature has not exerted herself to assist man's efforts on the north side of Winnipeg.

One thing that gave a wholesome flavor to the Exhibition this year was the fact that the side-shows were not overly obtrusive, and the public were spared the offence of flaunting vulgarity. This they appreciated, although we should not be surprised to hear that the side-shows did not reap a big harvest. If so, the public is the better off for it. Besides, if there were a falling off in patronage, some of it will have to be credited to the continuous counter-attractions at the new summer park.

Coming to the more essentially agricultural aspects of the fair, there was a great improvement as a whole over previous years. Live stock were up to a higher standard, especially in Clydesdales, Shorthorns, dairy cattle, Polled Angus, Herefords, Yorkshire swine, and the harness classes of commercial horses. The show of grain and seeds was a far step in advance in arrangement and display, as well as in quality and bulk. In the dairy division there was also a more lively interest, and an improvement in the goods presented. The poultry-men declared their show the best ever held, while the bench show of dogs proved an additional feature of interest and education. Such additions and improvements as these are gratifying to see. They possess a fresh charm each year, and do not pall upon the senses as do the circus attractions, in which hitherto so much dependence has been put to make exhibitions a success. The agricultural features, however, appear to need more popularizing in the way of attracting the visitors to them, and in this connection there would be much gained if the stock-judging could be more centralized, so that spectators could watch several breeds and classes at once from elevated seats.

HORSES.

As has been intimated before, the horse show was the crowning attraction of the Exhibition. New horses and new names among the exhibitors appeared at every turn. The Clydesdales demonstrated emphatically the proud position they hold in the estimation of the Canadian farmer, and were a credit to the trust that has been placed in the breed. Representatives from Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta stables were out, and the show they made was a surprise to even those who are most familiar with Clydesdale transactions. We have before remarked upon the invincible front that the Western female Clydesdales put up in the ring, and only hesitate to say more because the excellence of the strong, uniform classes have to be seen to be appreciated. However, we have it upon the authority of visiting members of the Clydesdale Horse Association, that our Eastern shows are clearly outclassed when the females line up. In stallions our exhibitions are not as strong as Ontario can produce, although the West probably gets as good individuals as can be had, but they go to outlying districts, and are not brought forward for exhibitions.

The sensation of the Clydesdale display was the string shown by R. H. Taber, of Condie, Sask. Mr. Taber made his debut as a Winnipeg exhibitor last

week, and to few men, indeed, is it given to make so remarkable a sweep of the boards. With only seven head, and just one of them imported, he won the male and female championships, the championship for Canadian-bred female, first for stallion and three of his get, first for aged stallion, first for three-year-old filly, second for two-year-old filly, second and third for yearling filly, and second for yearling colt, in the regular classes, besides several specials; and, more satisfactory of all, not a prize went to the Condie stables but what the crowd approved of it. Mr. Taber is a young man as well as a new exhibitor, and selected his show string with a true horseman's instinct for their possibilities. The single imported horse in his string is his stallion, Baron's Gem, which he bought, together with three fillies, from A. & G. Mutch, of Lumsden, who share with Mr. Taber in his honors, as they imported Baron's Gem and bred the champion female and second-prize two-year-old filly.

The judge, Mr. Arthur Gibson, Nottingham, Eng., had a large task, and while there were those who differed from his placings in many sections, it was also generally admitted that where there were disagreements there was also room for honest differences. The brood mare and the yeld mare sections, the two first classes brought out, were probably the greatest disappointment to the crowd when the rosettes were tied on. Among the stallions there was more unanimity of opinion.

Last year's champion, Lord Ardwell, won the three-year-old section, and John A. Turner's Acme King the two-year-old class, but Taber's Baron's Gem was made champion, with Acme King reserve.

In the female sections Mr. Gibson shattered some idols. The erstwhile champion, Rosadora, was shown as a yeld mare, and given third place, being beaten by Lady Rotha and Turner's Polly Chattan, though few could see the reason for it. In brood mares a Canadian-bred female was placed over a long string of imported ones. Her name is Baroness, by Lakeview Laddie, who stood in Ontario. Bryce was consoled in the two-year-old filly class, by seeing one of his less respected fillies go to the front, while he and all the talent had made other selection. Taber won the championship for females, with his three-year-old, Eva's Gem, who had beaten a lot of good ones. She also won the Canadian-bred championship, being a production of A. & G. Mutch's, by their old horse, Baron's Gem, and out of a Lord Charming mare. Baron's Gem and three of his get won the group prize for Taber, but Bryce won for groups of five, and Saskatchewan, with selections from Mutch's, Bryce's and Taber's stables, was awarded the ten-horse interprovincial contest.

Other classes of breeding horses were light. Mr. Pepper was again on hand with his fancy string, but met much more competition than last year.

CATTLE.

Cattle, especially the beef breeds, are always a strong entry at Winnipeg, and this year's Exhibition was no exception to the rule. Shorthorns were represented by some of the best herds of Canada and the United States; the Herefords were the best that Manitoba's breeders of white-faced cattle could produce, and the Galloways came largely from Ontario, David McCrae, of Guelph, being one of the principal exhibitors. Dairy cattle were shown in larger numbers than formerly; Ayrshires, Jerseys and Holsteins being quite an extensive exhibit, and one herd of Red Polls were shown. But this Westland is as yet no dairy country, so the heifers are always the heaviest entry, and form, aside from a few heavy-horse classes, the most attractive livestock display. Of these the Shorthorns were supreme, and as Mr. Arthur Gibson, of Nottingham, England, who judged the class, remarked, some of the first and second prize ones would have been sure money in the British Royal itself. Sir Wm. Van Horne, of East Selkirk, had a strong entry; J. G. Barron, Carberry, one of the best-known Western breeders, was out with a half a hundred individuals; C. E. Clarke came up from St. Cloud, Minnesota, with one of the champion herds of the United States; and a number of other minor exhibitors swelled the entry in every class, and made the competition keen enough to satisfy the staunchest enthusiast of the breed. A. J. and J. A. Watt, of Salem, Ont., made large entries, but failed for

some reason to bring their stock West. Clark, Barron and Van Horne divided the prize money fairly evenly among them. The first-named had the senior champion bull, and a particularly excellent line-up of females in all classes, winning all the female championships. Barron got the grand championship for males, with Toppman's Duke 7th, a two-year-old, of his own breeding; one of the most typical-looking Shorthorn propositions ever seen in bull company on this continent. Barron also came out well in the herds competition, getting first for bull and three females; for calves, and for herd bred in Western Canada. The Van Horne herd got in for first in aged cows, beating out Clark's entry, a female that never before took second in any prize-ring in America. The East Selkirk aggregation showed up pretty well as individuals, but they didn't get a look-in for herd or championship honors. Marchioness 14th, their famous prizewinning, aged female, went down to second when the senior championship ribbon was awarded, the Minnesota bunch, represented by a two-year-old, Dorethea 2nd, going first. The general good quality of the Shorthorn classes was the subject of much favorable comment from farmers and breeders at the ringside, and Mr. Gibson ventured no extravagant opinion when he rated them the equal of anything that England could produce.

Herefords were not, of course, as large a class as they usually are at Eastern exhibitions; but they were a particularly breezy-looking bunch of individuals. The winners were animals of no small merit, and would do themselves credit in any White-faced company. James Bray, Portage la Prairie, had perhaps the best entry, and got the largest proportion of the reds. Chapman and Shields, Beresford, came out strong in the younger sections, and J. E. Marples, of Deleau, Man., had a small entry. Leslie Smith, St. Cloud, Minnesota, was the judge.

The Galloway exhibit was made up largely of representatives from the herd of David McCrae, Guelph, and J. W. Anderson, Winnipeg. The former had a strong string of animals entered, and got first and championship honors in practically every class he entered.

SHEEP AND SWINE.

Sheep were not very strongly shown. Few Western breeders give the attention and care they should to fitting up their animals to show-ring shape; hence sheep, generally speaking, were a little ragged. Alex. McKay, of Macdonald, Man., had the best general exhibit, and won out everything worth winning in the Leicester class. His stock is all of Maple Lodge, Ont., breeding. They were well fitted, well brought out, and well shown. Other sheep sections were badly off in condition and appearance, though a good many of them had just as good breeding as McKay's entry. Mr. John Jackson, Abingdon, Ont., was judge.

In the swine, Yorkshires were the strongest line-up, and Oak Lodge breeding came out very conspicuously among the winners. As a class, Yorkshires showed out with lots of quality and in good condition. Oliver King, of Wawanesa, with W. J. James & Sons, were largest winners. King's herd is built up principally on Brethour foundation stock, and has been making good at all Western fairs for some time.

Berkshires were chiefly shown by Jas. Ewens, Bethany; W. V. Edwards, Souris, and C. M. James, of Rosser. The grand championship for sow of any breed fell to the champion sow of this class, owned by Edwards. The championship boar was a York, owned by A. J. Butland, Oakburn.

Other breeds were weakly shown and poorly brought out, there being only one exhibit of Tamworths, and no entries in any of the others, except the bacon classes.

An organization, styled the Ontario Branch of the American Poultry Association, was formed last week in the offices of Prof. W. R. Graham, Poultry Department of the Ontario Agricultural College.

Anthony McGill, Assistant Chief Analyst at Ottawa since 1887, has been appointed Chief, in succession to the late Thos. Macfarland.

COLLINGWOOD COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

With much assurance the statement can be made that Collingwood is already proud of the new branch of agriculture which the Provincial Departments of Agriculture and of Education have co-operated in establishing in the High School. An enthusiastic School Board, and numerous ratepayers just as eager to see the project succeed, are supporting the promoters of the idea, and the specialist in charge, Mr. R. E. Mortimer. For this year no extravagant expenditures will be enlisted, but it is hoped to achieve success in the enterprise, and every effort is being spent to that end. Owing to more than usual damage to roads and bridges by spring rains, which entails the outlay of more money, the County Council, by a vote of 20 to 17, declined to assist the movement. Nevertheless, the work will go on, and we shall endeavor to make the courses meet the demands of the farmer for practical education.

SUGAR-BEET OUTLOOK AT WALLACEBURG.

The Wallaceburg, Ont., Sugar Co. report splendid prospects for a good crop of sugar beets this year. Conditions generally are a little ahead of last year, although the acreage is not quite so large. With reference to the importations of raw sugar, the company have up to this time refined 12,000,000 lbs. of imported sugar, and are making a grade of sugar that will compare favorably with the best in the world. The factory will be producing sugar-beet meal in large quantities this fall. Machines are now on the way, which will complete the drying plant and bring the capacity up to between 40 and 50 tons of dry meal per day.

BERLIN BEET - SUGAR OUTLOOK.

The beet acreage for the Ontario Sugar Co., at Berlin, Ont., is considerably reduced this year, being about 3,200 acres. The crop outlook is good, better than for several years, so far as yield is concerned. The present arrangement whereby a quantity of raw sugar may be imported from Germany is of considerable advantage to the factory, as it can be kept in operation for a longer period.

THE MEAT-INSPECTION ACT.

Thirty representatives of meat-packing establishments and transportation companies, last week discussed with Mr. O'Halloran, Deputy-Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa, and Dr. Rutherford, Veterinary Director-General, the draft regulations for the enforcement of the act of last session for the inspection of meats, which goes into effect on September 3rd. The regulations were approved, and will be issued as an order-in-council.

AMERICAN-GROWN TEA.

The United States Department of Agriculture is issuing a Farmers' Bulletin (301), entitled Home-grown Tea, prepared by George F. Mitchell, Scientific Assistant, Bureau of Plant Industry.

The bulletin describes briefly the methods of growing tea plants and the handling of the same for the production of tea. A practical method is described for the making of tea from the fine leaf, using only such pieces of apparatus as are found in every kitchen.

AMERICAN BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION.

The American Breeders' Association will hold its fourth annual meeting at Washington, D.C., January 28, 29 and 30, 1908. Secretary James Wilson, the President of the Association, will speak, and other able and prominent men are being secured to take part in the programme. The sessions will be held in the National Rifles' Armoury, 918 G. St., N. W.

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MARKETS.

TORONTO.

LIVE STOCK.

The receipts of live stock at the City and Junction markets last week, were 269 carloads, consisting of 5,697 cattle, 3,544 hogs, 2,393 sheep and lambs, 625 calves, and 9 horses. Trade was brisk, although prices were lower for shipping cattle and grass-fed butchers'. Buyers from Montreal and other outside places caused an active trade all round.

On Monday of this week at the Junction, receipts were large, 2,028 cattle; trade fair, at 25c. per cwt. lower. Exporters, \$5.40 to \$5.90, dull, but selling at \$5.50 to \$5.75. Picked butchers', \$4.55 to \$5; medium, \$4.40 to \$4.75; common, \$3.85 to \$4.25; canners, \$2.25 to \$2.75. Milch cows, \$35 to \$47. Veal calves, \$5 to \$6.50 per cwt. Sheep, \$4.75 per cwt.; lambs, \$7 to \$8 per cwt. Hogs, 10c. per cwt. lower; selects, \$6.80 per cwt.; lights, \$6.55.

Exporters.—Prices last week ranged from \$5.65 to \$6, but only a few loads brought the latter price; the bulk going at \$5.85; export bulls sold at \$4.25 to \$5 per cwt.

Butchers'.—Prime picked lots of stall-fed butchers' sold at \$5.25 to \$5.40; loads of good, \$5 to \$5.25; medium, \$4.65 to \$4.85; common, \$4.25 to \$4.50; cows, \$3 to \$4.50 per cwt.

Feeders and Stockers.—Comparatively little business was transacted in the stocker and feeder classes, for there was not much material on hand with which to operate. Common light stockers did not sell readily. Most of the trade lately has been in the lower grades. Several lots of light stockers sold from \$3 to \$3.25, and a few of the better class, 700 to 800 lbs. each, brought \$3.50 to \$3.75, and \$4 was paid for a few weighing around 900 lbs. each.

Milkers and Springers.—Receipts in this class were not as large as usual, and the market for them was barely steady all week. In fact, it was difficult to sell at anything near the prices paid a few weeks ago, except for the very best. Common and medium cows were at the lowest point this season, selling at \$25 to \$35 each. The best were quotable around \$50, and but few sold higher or as high as that during the week.

Veal Calves.—Good to prime veal calves sell readily, but not more than ten per cent. of the deliveries are in these classes. There are too many of the buttermilk class. Good calves sold from \$5 to \$6.50 per cwt., with an odd new-milk-fed calf at \$7 per cwt. Grassers and buttermilk calves sold at \$3 to \$4 per cwt.

Sheep and Lambs.—Prices held fairly steady, with a strong market. Export ewes, \$4.50 to \$4.75; rams, \$3.50 to \$4.25 per cwt., yearling sheep sold at \$5 to \$5.50 for butchers' purposes; lambs, 8c. to 9c. per lb.

Hogs.—Prices have advanced, and selects sold at \$6.90 per cwt., with light

deliveries, and \$6.65 for lights and fats. And it does not look as though the hog market was at the top notch yet.

Horses.—Burns & Sheppard report the horse trade as being quiet, similar to the past few weeks, except for a few lots of extra-quality. Only a limited number were on sale, about one hundred during the week. Prime-quality draft horses are scarce, and sell well at any time. The quotations were as follows: Draft horses, 1,500 to 1,700 lbs., \$225 to \$275; expressers, 1,300 to 1,600 lbs., \$175 to \$220; good drivers, \$150 to \$200 each.

BREADSTUFFS.

Wheat.—No. 2 white, 90c.; No. 2, mixed, 88c. to 89c. bid, outside; No. 2 red, 90c. Manitoba, No. 1 Northern, 97c.

Corn.—No. 3 yellow, 61c.; No. 2 yellow, 62c., at Toronto, lake-and-rail freights.

Barley.—No. 2, 53c.; No. 3, 50c. bid.

Peas.—No. 2, 79c., outside.

Rye.—Nominal, at 70c.

Buckwheat.—None offering.

Bran.—\$19 to \$20, at Toronto.

Shorts.—\$21, at Toronto.

Flour.—Manitoba patent, \$4.05, on track, at Toronto; Ontario, 90 per cent. patents, \$3.45 to \$3.50; Manitoba patent, special brands, \$4.75 to \$5; seconds, \$4.40 to \$4.50; strong bakers', \$4.20 to \$4.30.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—Prices steady, with good demand. Creamery rolls, 21c. to 22c.; creamery boxes, 21c. to 22c.; dairy, pound rolls, 20c. to 21c.; tubs, 18c. to 19c.; bakers' tubs, 16c. to 17c.

Eggs.—17c. to 18c.

Cheese.—11c. to 12c. for large, twins 12c.

Honey.—Market firm; strained, 12c.; combs, \$2.60 to \$2.75 per dozen.

Evaporated Apples.—8c. to 9c. per lb.

Potatoes.—Delawares, \$1.10 to \$1.15 per bag, for car lots, at Toronto; new potatoes, \$3.25 per bbl.

Poultry.—Spring ducks and spring chickens were plentiful. Ducks, 15c. to 18c. per lb., dressed; chickens, 18c. to 20c.; turkeys, 11c. to 15c.; old fowl, 9c. to 11c. per lb.

Hay.—Baled, in car lots, at Toronto, \$14 to \$15 per ton for No. 1 timothy; No. 2, \$12 to \$13 per ton.

Baled Straw.—\$7 to \$7.25 per ton, in car lots, at Toronto.

HIDES.

E. T. Carter & Co., 85 Front Street, have been paying the following prices: Inspected hides, No. 1 steers and cows, 9c.; No. 2 steers and cows, 8c.; country hides, 7c. to 8c.; calf skins, No. 1, city, 13c.; calf skins, No. 1, country, 11c. to 12c.; horse hides, \$3.25 to \$3.50; horse hair, No. 1, per lb., 30c.; tallow, per lb., 5c. to 6c.; wool, unwashed, 13c. to 14c.; washed, 23c. to 24c.; lamb skins, 40c.

TORONTO FRUIT MARKET.

Receipts of strawberries, currants, cherries and gooseberries last week were liberal. Prices ranged as follows: Strawberries, 8c. to 12c. per quart, by the case; currants, 90c. per basket; gooseberries, 75c. to \$1 per basket; cherries (cooking), 75c. per basket; cherries (table), 90c. to \$1.00.

CHICAGO.

Cattle.—Common to prime steers, \$4.75 to \$7.35; cows, \$3.25 to \$5.75; heifers, \$3 to \$5.90; bulls, \$3.15 to \$5.25; stockers and feeders, \$3 to \$5.

Hogs.—Good to prime, heavy, \$5.80 to \$5.90; medium to good, heavy, \$5.70 to \$5.85; butchers' weights, \$5.80 to \$6.05; good to prime, mixed, \$5.75 to \$5.85; light, mixed, \$5.85 to \$6; packing, \$5 to \$5.75; pigs, \$5.50 to \$6; selected, \$6 to \$6.10, bulk of sales, \$5.70 to \$5.90.

Sheep and Lambs.—\$3.75 to \$6; yearlings, \$5.50 to \$6.30; lambs, \$5.75 to \$7.75.

BUFFALO.

Cattle.—Dull and unchanged.

Veals.—Active and steady; \$5 to \$8.

Hogs.—Heavy, \$6 to \$6.30; mixed, \$6.30 to \$6.35; Yorkers, \$6.35 to \$6.40; pigs, \$6.50 to \$6.60; roughs, \$5 to \$5.35; dairies, \$6 to \$6.25.

Sheep and Lambs.—Active and steady.

Lambs, \$5 to \$7.25; yearlings, \$6 to \$6.25; ewes, \$5.50 to \$5.75; ewes, \$4.50 to \$5.50; best mixed, \$2.50 to \$5.

MONTREAL.

Live Stock.—The offerings of cattle on the local market have shown an increase as compared with the past few weeks. The demand was very fair, both for local consumption and for export. Prices showed considerable firmness, a few prime steers selling at 6c. per lb. Choice were 5c. to 6c.; fine, 5c. to 5c.; good, about 5c.; medium, 4c. to 4c., and common, 3c. to 4c. Market for sheep steady at 4c., demand for export being good. Sheep as well as lambs were scarce, the latter being in good demand at \$4 to \$6 each. The supply of calves continues to decrease from week to week, and for the most part the stock is larger and better. The common stuff, \$2 to \$4, and the good, \$5 or \$6 to \$10 each. Market for hogs decidedly firmer, owing to firmer advices from abroad; the market advanced about 1c. per lb., with an active trade. Sales of select lots took place at 7c. to 7c. per lb., some of the inferior hogs selling at fully 1c. less than these figures.

Horses.—Dealers report the market quite dull. There is a good demand for really fine heavy-draft horses, but there is a great deal of difficulty in obtaining them. Quite a few inferior horses are offering, but these are not wanted. A few cars of 1,600-lb. animals were received lately, and were shipped out immediately. The market holds steady, dealers offering the following prices: Heavy-draft horses, weighing from 1,500 to 1,700 lbs. each, \$275 to \$350 each; light-draft, 1,400 to 1,500 lbs., \$250 to \$300 each; express horses, \$175 to \$250 each; common plugs, \$75 to \$150 each, and choice saddle and driving animals, from \$300 to \$500 each.

Dressed Hogs and Provisions.—The market for dressed hogs, firmer. Dealers quote dressed hogs at 9c. to 10c. per lb., the quality being fresh-killed, abattoir-dressed stock. Barreled pork steady at \$20.50 to \$24.50 per bbl. Bacon and ham continue in good demand, and prices are steady, at 10c. to 12c. per lb. for green bacon, and 13c. to 15c. for finest smoked, the latter prices being a shade lower. Hams are 14c. per lb. for those weighing 25 lbs. and more, 14c. to 15c. for 18- to 25-lb. hams, 15c. to 15c. for 12- to 18-lb. hams, and 16c. for 8 to 12 lbs. Lard continues steady, at 10c. to 11c. for compound, and 12c. to 13c. for pure.

Potatoes.—The first of the new local potatoes reached the market during the past few days, and sold at \$3.75 per bbl. of about 180 lbs., while the new American stock is selling at \$3.25 per bbl. of about 160 lbs. So far, receipts have been very light; old stock quoted at 75c. to \$1 per bag of 90 lbs. Some of the latter has reached here from Maine, and depressed the market.

Eggs.—Some firms have dropped out of the market. Receipts continue very fair. The quality is reported very bad. Dealers claim to be paying 14c. to 14c., f. o. b., according to location, and selling at 11c. for straight receipts, and 17c. for straight candled, selects being 20c. Demand is good for good stock, but poor is neglected.

Butter.—There is an easier tone to the market, but prices show very little change, being possibly about 1c. per lb. down. The make is large in England, and this gives the Canadian make less chance. Shipments for the week ending July 14 were 3,300 packages, making 11,337 to date. Dealers are paying about 20c. to 20c., f. o. b., country points, for finest Townships, and selling at 1c. advance. Quebecs are costing 20c., and selling about 20c., Ontarios being about 1c. below Quebecs.

Cheese.—The market has been showing considerable easiness, particularly on white cheese. Colored holds its own at a good premium over white. During the week ending July 14, shipments from Montreal reached 95,000 boxes, against 129,000 a year ago, making 615,000 to date, against 778,000 a year ago. The demand from England is light, the make there being large. Dealers quote Quebecs selling at 10c. to 10c.; Townships, 11c. to 11c., and Ontarios, 11c. to 11c. Colored is at least 1c. above these figures.

Honey.—It is expected that there will be a fairly large make this year; last year's crop was exceptionally small. At the present time, the old crop is selling at about 13c. per lb., white clover, strained, being referred to in the above

references. Dealers seem to think that the new crop, of which there have been a few arrivals, will commence selling at about 11c. Comb is not in the market.

Flour and Feed.—Manitoba strong bakers' flour is quoted at \$4.50 per bbl., patents being \$5.10, demand being fair. Bran is very dull at \$19 per ton, in bags, shorts being active at \$23.

Grain.—There is practically nothing doing in the market save in oats, which are in dull demand. Prices are fairly steady, locally, at 49c. to 49c. per bush., store, for No. 2 Manitoba, and 45c. to 49c. for No. 2 Ontario, 47c. to 48c. for No. 3, and 46c. to 47c. for No. 4.

Hay.—The market is on the easy side, owing to the nearness of the new crop, which, though below the average, will be fair. Prices show little change, being \$15 to \$16.50 per ton for No. 1 timothy, \$15 to \$15.50 for No. 2, and \$13.50 to \$14 for clover-mixed, and \$1 less for clover.

Hides.—The market is lower than ever this week, the decline of some days ago being continued to the extent of another half cent. Dealers are offering only 7c., 8c. and 9c. per lb., respectively, for Nos. 3, 2 and 1 beef hides; selling to tanners at 1c. advance. For calf skins, the market has declined a further 2c. per lb., dealers now offering 8c. per lb. for No. 2, and 10c. for No. 1. Lamb skins are 30c. each, and horse hides, \$1.75 each for No. 2, and \$2.25 for No. 1. Rough tallow is 1c. to 3c. per lb., and rendered, 6c. to 6c.

CHEESE BOARD PRICES.

Kingston, 10c. to 11c. Madoc, 11 1-16c. Tweed, 10c. Ottawa, white sold at 10c.; colored at 11c. Napanee, white at 10c.; colored at 11c. Huntingdon, colored, 11c.; white, 10c. Brantford, 11c. to 11c. Perth, part sold at Brockville ruling prices, balance being shipped to cold storage.

BRITISH CATTLE MARKET.

Liverpool and London cables are steady at 12c. to 13c. per lb., dressed weight; refrigerator beef is quoted at 9c. to 9c. per lb.

GOSSIP.

At the auction sale of Shorthorns at Lincoln, during the week of the Royal Show, some stiff prices were paid. Mr. G. Rodger, for South America, paid 1,000 guineas for Mr. Rothwell's third-prize junior yearling bull, Scotland Yet. The same buyer paid 700 guineas for Mr. Handley's first-prize junior two-year-old, Rosedale Diamond, and Mr. R. Wright gave 610 guineas for Mr. Hosken's Hayle Viceroy, first in the senior yearling class. The 115 head sold made an average price of \$435.

HIGHLAND SOCIETY WINNERS.

The report of the Highland Society Show, at Edinburgh, just to hand as we go to press, and too late for this issue, shows that the championship in Clydesdale stallions went to Mr. Wm. Renwick's first-prize two-year-old colt, Royal Review, by Hiawatha, the reserve being Messrs. Montgomery's first-prize aged horse, Ruby Pride, by Baron's Pride; Mr. Dunlop's Baron O'Buchlyvie, also by Baron's Pride, being second in the aged class. Mr. Park was first in three-year-olds, with Clan Forbes, by Royal Chant. Montgomery's yearling colt, by Baron's Pride, first at Ayr, was again first.

The champion Shorthorn bull was Linksfield Champion, and the champion female, Baillie Taylor's Pitlivie Rosebud 2nd, beating the Royal champion, Sweetheart.

The champion Aberdeen-Angus bull was Sir Geo. M. Grant's Jeshurun, and the cup for the best cow went to Mr. Wylie's Barton of Glamis.

The breed champion for Galloways went to Mr. Cunningham's aged bull, Chancellor, the reserve being the three-year-old cow, Joyce of Queenshill.

Mr. Howie's Spicy Sam was again champion Ayrshire bull. Messrs. Kerr's red cow, Soney 7th, was first in the aged class in milk. Mr. Mitchell's Royal winner, Lady Douglas, was third.



Life, Literature and Education.

[Contributions on all subjects of popular interest are always welcome in this Department.]

REMINISCENCES OF A REPORTER.

The almost indecipherable scrawl of the great editor meant that I was to try my hand in a newspaper office. A world of unknown opportunity seemed opening out before me. Had I known the infinite hazard and toil of it, I might well have hesitated to attempt its portals, and the succeeding period would have writ a different story. Hamlet tells us

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we may."

So why speculate over what might have been? About journalism itself there is a sort of fascination, every issue of a paper being an appeal to the spirit of achievement that keeps one on the qui vive; but, despite all the artificial garishness of the city and its life, the old farm never lost its lure on me. One thing let me whisper in the ears of the country lad who pines to change what he thinks of as strenuous drudgery for white-shirted ease, by going into some of the occupations of the town, that he will know better some day if he tries it. A glamour invests them now, but he is plunging into real drudgery and a struggle that wears out the life, abandoning a heritage of freedom and natural benefactions, the pricelessness of which he will realize, alas, too late! He can never buy them back. Compared with a man on a morning paper, or in some grimy hive of industry, the hired man of to-day leads a life of tranquil independence in an environment that easily yields up the best things of life. He who in any way aids in preserving the simple rural life of Canada, enhancing its opportunities, and according it a place of proper esteem, is just to that extent a saviour of the country.

In those days editors were made more than they were born, and I reckon the most of them are yet. If you're going to be an efficient journeyman, you must learn the trade. To have a nose for news, and be as tough as a mule, were reckoned the prime qualifications of the reporter. There were no Monotypes or Monoline typesetting machines then, so "Old Chatty," as we called him, who had charge of the mailing sheets, undertook to teach me the "case," how to set type, correct and revise proofs, and "make up" the paper. He knew how, for he had learned where they do things well—in Old London. That dingy, low-ceilinged corner was a good school, out of which boys graduated as foremen, business managers or editors, into the newsroom, the business office or the editorial room, as their bent might indicate. My initial weekly wage amounted to exactly the same sum as my weekly board bill, so I had no facilities for squandering

Nowadays, impatient young fellows expect to start about on the salary of the general manager, and learn the business at his expense, while he supplies the capital and takes the risk.

My first assignment was to report a special discourse by an imposing D. D. "How much space shall I give him?" "Oh, about a stickful" (18 lines), said the city editor. I wrote half a column, which went into the waste basket, and I learned to do what I was bid. How thoroughly the purveyor of theology was satisfied or disgusted, I never heard. Next day I was sent to the office of the County Crown Attorney, and copied three columns of affidavits in a murder trial. Then I was directed to "boil" a long article from another paper into ten lines. One afternoon the chief editor took rheumatism, and I sat by his "easy chair" at home and took down in longhand dictation his rheumatic editorial on the Pacific Scandal, or the National Policy, I forget which, for the following day. And so it went on, alternating typesetting with making reports of "tea fights," council committees, interviewing a traveller who told tall stories, like they do yet, about the Manitoba land boom; funerals and weddings, synods and conferences, fires and business failures, sermons and sports, general assemblies and picnics, brawls on the streets and elopements, agricultural conventions and millinery openings, and the thousand and one other incidents, grave or gay, that make up the passing history of the day, only to be forgotten as fast as recorded.

The unwritten law of the office was to get "all the news that's fit to print," and, if possible, print it before the other papers. To save time, many expedients were resorted to. After the shooting of George Brown, in the Globe office, we kept his obituary standing in type till the dust lay thick upon it, waiting for the wires to bring the news of his death. "Take nothing for granted," was another maxim. "Verify everything." And yet newspapers and printers are continually blamed for their blunders, and how seldom does anyone commend them for their care and accuracy? Considering that so much information is collected hurriedly, and comes second-hand, the real wonder is that so few errors occur. No two people ever see or hear the same thing exactly alike, not even a dog-fight. Anxious to the right? Why, I knew one scribe who got out of bed after one o'clock in the morning to take down some forgotten information, not absolutely essential, but still would add to the completeness of the article he left with the night editor hours before; and another reporter walked five miles through mud and rain to verify the facts of a small fire. Wilful misrepresentation is exceeding rare; carelessness uncommon; infinite pains the rule.

Of course, reporters are human, and the heart may get the start of the head. An associate of mine, on our staff, was assigned a suburban concert one night, for which complimentary tickets and programme were

handed in. Evening developed a rough storm. "Bother the concert," he said, "I'll go and see Mary," and stayed till 11 p. m. with his best young lady; wrote up the entertainment in his choicest vein, including the chairman's felicitous address, encores, and all the other accessories. It read well in the morning paper, but, unluckily, there was no concert. It had been postponed on account of weather.

The animosities of newspapers are mostly in print, though it used to be a working rule of some offices, "Wherever you see a Grit (or Tory) head sticking out, hit it." Reporters swap copy and help each other out in countless ways. In several years' experience I never knew one to play a mean trick upon another, no matter how hot the rivalry. Even when thrust out of a political election convention for fear I might print something injurious to the chances of the opposite party, I was furnished with the list of delegates and speakers and other routine data by the reporter of a contemporary who well knew he might be in a similar box next day. Delegates will talk on the street, and the convention developed a row, which, prompted by the Old Adam, I did not forget to relate in my account, together with copies of tell-tale telegrams from the leader of the party beseeching the local managers to heal their difference and save the day, which they had carelessly left in my way before giving me the bounce.

Reporting a railway picnic one afternoon, 100 miles from town, there was no train back, but, having made friends during the day with a local official, he consented, because of some fires and rows along the track, to make the express slow down, and I to take the risk of jumping on the platform of the first passenger coach. In the darkness, I landed on the front end of a locked-up baggage car, just behind the tender. I had a forty-mile ride in a hurricane of smoke, cinders and dust, crawling off at the next stop chilled to the bones, but got my report in the morning paper O. K.

To save routing up the family at 4 a. m. to catch a train for a convention, I slept at a down-town hotel near the depot, and the porter called me three-quarters of an hour before train. I turned over to think and fell asleep. It was exactly five minutes to train time when I looked at the watch. I literally jumped out of bed and into my clothes, but caught the express, finishing the toilet en route. I need not have hurried, for we were not out of the yard till another car came crashing into the side of the one where I was sitting, and we did not finally get away for an hour.

My rival on the night staff of another paper scored some great reportorial achievements, earning him the sobriquet of "Mexican Joe," after a noted necromancer. At 10.30 one night the suburban sky of the city showed the reflection of fire. "Only one of them tanks again," he grumbled, and turned in for a snooze

in the big chair at the nearest hotel. I trudged out two miles, and struck a \$25,000 conflagration and several men roasted to death. This written up, it was 1 a. m. A deluge of rain had been pouring for hours. "The night's spoiled, I'll go and look at the river," I said. Sure enough a flood was creeping swiftly up the piers of the bridge, and in ten minutes the bridge above came down, the water was over the banks, and houses were floating off. I raced back to the office, warning the police on the way, and wrote a substantial sketch for the morning issue. Made another trip to the devastated village, now a waste of waters, ruined homes and drowning people. One more instalment to my scare-heading story, and then I tumbled into bed.

As a rule, daily journalists are not actual participants in the events which they record, but I had one thrilling experience, the great Victoria disaster, one of the most heart-rending incidents of the past century, when, on the natal day, in 1881, of the best queen of all the ages, a river steamer bearing her name, carrying a happy crowd, capsized a short distance west of the Cove Bridge, on the Thames, London, Ont., and 182 went down to death. Beyond the souse and a gulp of river water, I was little the worse personally, but the vision of its horrors I cannot recall without a tightening of the heart-strings and a vain guess at the inexplicable ways of destiny. A whole cityful, from the gladness of the May holiday, plunged into the impenetrable gloom of a night of death.

Politics provide a long chapter in the reporter's life. At conventions and political picnics I came in touch with such men as Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Chas. Tupper, Hon. Edward Blake, Hon. William Macdougall, Hon. Thos. Ballantyne, Hon. C. F. Fraser, Hon. A. S. Hardy, Sir Wm. R. Meredith, Hugh McMahon (now Justice) Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Sir Hector Langevin, Hon. David Mills; Justin McCarthy, the Irish Nationalist, historian and novelist; Hon. T. B. Pardee, Sir Oliver Mowat, Sir Richard Cartwright, Hon. Geo. W. Ross, Hon. Thos. Greenway, Hon. J. Carling, Hon. Clifford Sifton, and many others whose names I could recall. Blake was an enigma. I saw him first get off the train at Brampton. Chilly and awkward as an iceberg on land, with a big black slouch hat pulled down over his massive brows, he threw a chill over the delegation who were just ready to enthuse. The speed, stately logic and involved nature of his sentences made him the terror of reporters. Once I was sent out to Perth or Huron to report fierce old Sir Richard Cartwright, and in his speech he reeled off a column of epithets which newspaper critics for months had been hurling at him. Thoughtful for the scribe, he had it all written out in advance, and slipped it into my hand as we parted after the meeting. In like manner, Edward Blake had all written out in advance the historic speech delivered in the Princess Rink, London, where he dramatically refused to construct a political platform out of the Regina scaffold.

It is amusing to recall that the first speech of any importance I attempted to report was in a Y. M. C. A. hall, by no less a personage than Hon. Geo. E. Foster, and the subject, "Gospel Temperance." That was before the days of high finance, when George was lecturing at \$10 a night.

Part of my experience was as police-court reporter. I can still hear the small, piping voice of the old justice as he looked over his big "specs" to ask of the sergeant with unfailing regularity, "How much money had the prisoner on his person?" graduating the fine accordingly, after taking a confession that he was not as intoxicated as he might have been, and didn't recollect trying to kick the officer in the discharge of his duty, or in the bread-basket, he wasn't sure which. I never had the heart to make merry over the pitiful, never-ending procession of moral wreckage, the finished product of the gin mill, gathered daily into the ill-smelling cells, and filling them nightly with maudlin terrors. There was tragedy in it all, enacted right there before me, and worse on another stage, the homes.

One night I went with the constables on their rounds to a rookery from which father and mother had both been dragged out, battered and besotted, leaving three helpless children huddled in rags on the floor, where a colony of rats scrambled over the crusts of the last meal and scurried out of sight when the big blue-coat turned on his bull's-eye lantern. As we stumbled out into the frosty midnight with the youngsters, the doors of a brilliantly-illuminated mansion just around the next corner might have been seen swinging open, and presently a cabful of gaily-gowned merrymakers whirled away over the snow, laughing out, "We won't go home till morning."

The bell in the custom-house tower rang one as I started north for home, having handed over "30" on the city council's report. It was a zero night, and a half blizzard swirled about as I ran across a lost man, white-haired and old, perishing on the street. The drink had put him past seeing, though he could talk, and, with help, keep on his feet. I soon got out of him where he lived—about a mile further on—and piloted him home. By the time we got there his senses had returned, and he realized the shame of being seen like that. Someone was waiting—a daughter or wife—so I just pulled the knocker and stole away.

The tragedies are not all in fiction nor on the stage.

One bright summer afternoon, with two detectives, I climbed the stairs of a west-end tenement, and on the pallet lay another Nancy like the one in Oliver Twist. A little stain of red, and a small, gaping wound on the white, from the blade of another Bill Sykes, told the last chapter of one more unfortunate, while, a month later, when the black cap was pulled down, his was recorded in the sheriff's books.

It is said that these things make the journalist hardened and insensible to human suffering, and even irresponsive to its joys. Not so, although, in his perpetual eagerness to be ahead of his contemporaries, and have something daily served up to satisfy the public craving for "news," his instincts hurry him along till he seems forgetful, if not indifferent, to the tragic side of the events he narrates. The absolute candor of newspaper people in discussing men and affairs among themselves, and their saving sense of good humor, with a perpetual outlook on what the world is doing, makes them the most companionable of men.

You might think the daily record of life, as it flares out under sensational headings from day to day, would stagger one's faith in humanity, but it does not. In these electric times, the ill things seem heard of first, and they do loom large in the public eye, but, after all, the good predominates.

For my part, I have more confidence every day in the triumph of the right, and more well-grounded assurance that the world is getting better. More tolerant of the foibles of my fellows, I am likewise conscious that folks have probably used me better than my desserts, and helped me more a thousand times than they ever tried to hinder me in the time I spent news-gathering. To me, the most hopeful tendencies of recent years are the steady growth of independence in the Canadian press, its all but universal insistence upon higher ethical standards in journalism itself, in politics, business, and personal conduct; the steady advance of agriculture, and the truly marvellous growth of the spirit of Christian unity among the churches, co-operating for the uplift of the world and against the forces of evil, in happy contradistinction to the denominational rivalries, heartburnings and overlappings of the past. T.

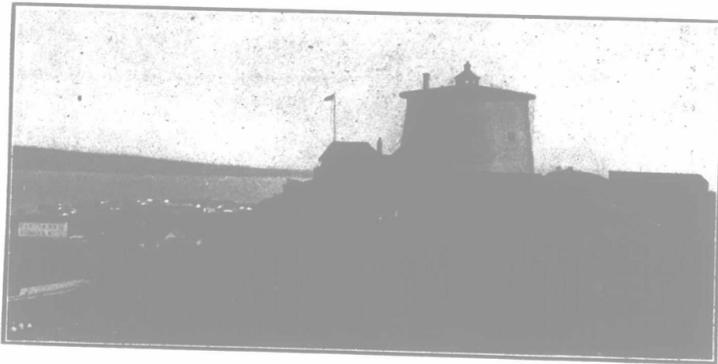
BRIEF PRESS EXTRACTS.

What some of the leading papers are saying about "Carmichael":

"'Carmichael' is far above the ordinary run of fiction."—[Courier, Buffalo, N. Y., U. S.]

"Good stuff. Get the story and read it through. You'll like it. The love story of Dick and Peggy, the badness of Dr. Jamieson, who wants to be a big artist, and the lonely heart of Miss Tring are all worth while."—[Brooklyn Citizen, U. S.]

"'Carmichael' is a wholesome, well-told story, satisfying and restful after



The Martello Tower at St. John, N. B.

the emotional turmoil that fills the modern novel from cover to cover. It is such a chronicle of the Canadian interior as Roberts knows how to write of the settlements beside the sea."—[Milwaukee, Wis., Free Press, U. S.]

"It is refreshing to read a story of this kind after some of the highly-flavored novels that are being produced."—[Canadian Magazine.]

"In 'Carmichael' romance and pathos have been mingled in simple, graceful language, that carry the reader the whole way between the covers with an interest that is not permitted to flag."—[London Press Press, Canada.]

"There is a quality of freshness, a sweet springtime gladness about Anison North's first novel, 'Carmichael.' It is a winning story of real people."—[New York Times, U. S.]

"The simplicity and unaffectedness with which the story is told bears us along, and the author provides plenty of amusement by the way. The necessary love story is well worked out, with an attractive heroine and a hero distinctly above the average. Altogether 'Carmichael' is quite above the average. The author shows undoubted talent, and it is to be hoped that we may have the pleasure of a second book from her pen which will be as charming as the first."—[Nashville, Tenn., American, U. S.]

This book will be sent, postpaid, to any address for 25 cents. Address: The Martello Tower, London, Ont.

THE MARTELLO TOWER AT ST. JOHN.

Considered, less than a century ago, as invaluable in the defence of port towns, the Martello towers, scattered here and there throughout the world, verge, when judged according to twentieth-century ideals of warfare, almost on the edge of the ridiculous. A Martello tower, exposed to the fire of the tremendous cannons of the Dreadnoughts of to-day, would prove unstable as the house built upon the sand. Nevertheless, they are still deserving of respect, in that, like gray-haired veterans, they have served their time and served it well. In Canada there are several of these towers scattered along the seaboard and the St. Lawrence. Of the one which appears in our illustration, Col. A. J. Armstrong, Military Paymaster for New Brunswick, says:

"The Martello Tower, St. John, N. B., stands on Lancaster Heights, on the western side of the Harbor of St. John, and was built in 1812 by the 8th King's Liverpool and the 104th New Brunswick Regiments. It is said that the men of these regiments carried the stone with which it is built from the shore of the Bay of Fundy, about half a mile off, on barrows, through the woods. The height on which it stands is between two and three hundred feet above the level of the sea. It was a strategic point at that time, and was intended to serve the double purpose of protecting the city from a rear attack by land, and supporting the batteries to prevent a landing by boats from ships out in the Bay of Fundy. It is 32 feet high; its cir-

passing tourist must needs stop to weave strange, vague stories of the past, and reconstruct scenes of animation in which these queer old relics may have had a part.

But there are none to regret that the warlike era signified by such fortifications has, for Canada, passed. An age of peace and prosperity must ever be better than one of danger and daring. Canada, so some say, is growing too commercial in her aims and purposes; yet, the flood-tide of commercialism must be reached, and after that "the best is yet to be." Before the old Martello towers have fallen stone from stone, she may reach that highest development of both art and commerce toward which she is, with ever strengthening steps, striving.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

SOMETHING ABOUT WOMAN'S WORK IN AGRICULTURE.

In July will be held an exhibition and sale of farm and garden produce at the Royal Botanic Gardens, under the auspices of the Women's Agricultural & Horticultural Union, the bulk of the exhibits coming from gardens, farms and dairies managed by women. The motto chosen for the occasion is a quotation from the poem, "Spede the Plow," written in the year 1500, though by whom I am too ignorant to tell you. The motto, which surely might serve as a loving and appropriate message to our Canadian workers, too, runs thus:

"I pray to God the plow to spede,
And all those that laboreth with the
Lande,
And them that helpeth them with word
or dede."

A very large representation of women farmers, gardeners, dairy-workers, beekeepers and poultry-breeders are sure to attend, and the results will be of importance, as evidence of the success or otherwise which has attended a movement which so far has hardly gone beyond the experimental stage. Many succeed, but others, who do not actually fail, withdraw from occupations which certainly require hard work and close attention when pursued upon a distinctly professional footing, and not from the point of view of the mere amateur.

The testimony of one of the most successful lady farmers in Kent is, "You can make a living at it, but not a fortune, if you are content to begin in a small way, do the work yourself, and train thoroughly first. You cannot, as a rule, make one thing alone pay, such as poultry-rearing. You must watch your chances in every branch of your work, and there will always be good and bad years. This year I did well with my lambs. I got mine into market before many of the farmers in the neighborhood had theirs ready. Advantages? Yes, indeed. The woman farmer can have a nice home of her own, and she virtually keeps herself and the house off the farm. Almost my only bill is with the grocer. Holidays? Well, they are scarce. I keep the Sunday work down as much as possible, but there is work which must be done."

Another lady who has had a successful career is Miss M. Agar, the landscape gardener to the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association. Before she obtained this most honorable position, she became a garden designer, first obtaining training in an architect's office in plan-drawing, surveying and levelling. In addition to her official office, she has, in conjunction with a friend, started a nursery, with a view to growing the stock required in her gardens. Another feature is a certain amount of "job-work," i. e., staying at a place a week or so to show the owner pruning, and to supervise alterations. For this visiting work there is said to be considerable demand, and it is considered to be a good preliminary for anyone desirous of taking up the more serious business of garden de-

Very peaceful the old towers now seem, with the birds of passage pausing upon them in their flight, and the grass growing long about their masonry; yet, about them hangs the atmosphere of romance. They tell in their own eloquent way of the age of chivalry in Canada, when the fight for a living and possession of the land meant more than the filling of elevators with the gold of wheat, and colliers with the gold for which it may be exchanged, and by them the

signing. But whatever branch is taught or undertaken, the rule applies equally to women as to men, that, to supervise others, it is absolutely necessary to be able to do the practical work oneself; and that, in the profession of agriculture, as in most other professions, there seems to be room at the top, but no short-cuts to fame or fortune.

Just now, as I write, the Danish flag is flying in every direction, and the King and Queen of Denmark are meeting with a hearty British welcome, not only from their near relatives, the Royal Family of England, but from the crowds gathered to do them honor. Danish colors deck their line of route, the strains of the Danish national anthem meet their ears, whilst the menu cards at the banquet yesterday in the Guild Hall bore a charming picture in water-colors of a Danish war-galley in full sail, with a mail-clad Viking at the prow. In a leading article, which refers with warm approval to the welcome accorded to England's honored guests, the following words occur, which will serve to bring us back in some measure to the subject with which our letter began: "But interesting as Danish Royalty may be, the chief attraction of Denmark for the outside world is its butter. In Denmark we see a small but highly-educated people, which have developed the one source of wealth of the country with extraordinary success. With a population little more than half Ireland's, Denmark has devoted itself to scientific agriculture with a thoroughness that yields a conspicuous reward. Two years ago its export of agricultural produce alone amounted to £19,500,000 in the year. It was chiefly butter. Not all the butter is actually produced in the country, for a considerable quantity now comes from Siberia, and is manipulated in Denmark till it can be decently sold as 'Danish.' But there are three important conditions in Danish produce which should be an example for other peoples. First, Denmark, like ourselves, is a free-trade country; secondly, Denmark supports twenty-one agricultural colleges, where scientific farming is taught, and if we built colleges in proportion throughout England and Wales, we should have about 300 of them, instead of three or four; thirdly, Denmark is essentially a land of small holdings. No less than five-sixths of its surface is cultivated by peasant-owners or holders from the State. That is the point in Denmark's example upon which we must most insist."

Under big headlines, and in a very interesting way, is told the story of the old lady of 81 who was to leave Liverpool on the 8th of June, to go to her son in Saskatchewan, Canada, "where, surrounded by grandchildren, she will live out the remainder of her allotted span in peace and plenty." It seems that Granny Russell had been asked by her son to go with him to Canada three years ago, but refused from the unselfish reason that he would need all the money in his pocket wherewith to make a start. But now her reward has come. "I do want to see my boy again and all his children, though I know I shan't be much use in Canada, as my mummy fingers and the rheumatics won't let me. Fancy me going to Canada, a young thing like me! They think I'm too old, but I've plenty of spirit; and though I've never been further than the Nore before, bless you! why should I be afraid?" Granny tells, with some humor, that twenty years ago she paid her penny, and the "tell-fortune birds" had this to promise her: "You will eat bread in two countries and be very much better off in your old age than in your young days," a prophecy, if such it was, which seems very likely to come true, the more so that Granny acknowledges the Hand which has, during years of struggle and sorrow, borne her safely through life's rougher billows into the blessed haven where a welcome awaits her across the sea. H. A. B.

WANDERLUST.

The highways and the byways, the kind sky folding all,
And never a care to drag me back and never a voice to call;
Only the call of the long white road to the far horizon's wall.

The glad seas and the mad seas, the seas on a night of June,
And never a hand to beckon back from the path of the new-lit moon;
Never a night that lasts too long or a dawn that breaks too soon!

The shrill breeze and the hill breeze, the sea breeze fierce and bold,
And never a breeze that gives the lie to a tale that a breeze has told,
Always the tale of the strange and new in the countries strange and old.

The lone trail and the known trail, the trail you must take on trust,
And never a trail without a grave where a wanderer's bones are thrust—
Never a look or a turning back till the dust shall claim the dust!

—Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, in The American Magazine.

HARD AT WORK.

They all will come, those things we want, if we but wait, they say;
But let them find us hard at work, in earnest, steadfast way,
With pen in hand, or saw, or hoe, in office, shop or field,
As though not counting on those things, but on our labor's yield.

For all these gifts of good that come are odd in seeking homes—
They shun alike the shiftless man and idling one who roams.

And seek for sturdy, working hosts who make their way, and then
Add noble gifts to what they earn and make them stronger men.

—Frank H. Sweet, in the Religious Telescope.

With the Flowers.

SEASONABLE NOTES.

At this time of the year there is little left to do in the garden save to water it when necessary; keep a lookout for blight or insect pests, and cultivate every three or four days. In cultivation, stirring up the soil for an inch or two in depth with a garden trowel or a small, three-cornered hoe, will be all that will be necessary. Care must be taken not to injure the rootlets in any way.

Dig a little hardwood ashes in around asters and sweet peas once or twice during the summer, and give weak liquid manure to rank-growing plants, such as cannas, ricinus and ornamental grass. Remember, however, that manure water should never be applied when the ground is dry. The best time is while it is still damp after a watering of three or four hours or more previously.

The secret of keeping such prolifically-flowering plants as sweet peas, poppies, nasturtiums, coreopsis, pansies, larkspurs, etc., in bloom for a long time lies in preventing the formation of seed. Flowers should be removed as soon as they wither.

If you sow foxglove seeds early this month and cultivate the young plants carefully, they will bloom next June. Protect them during winter by a four or five-inch mulch of leaves from a hardwood tree. The foxglove is a biennial, but as it self-sows, it is practically perennial.

"Garden Magazine" says that cement veranda boxes are very satisfactory. In making them, holes should be provided for drainage, and the inner mould should be withdrawn as soon as possible, as the planks of which it is made tend to swell and may split the bottom mortar.

Insects that chew or bite leaves may always be killed with Paris green. Bordeaux mixture is the specific for fungous diseases; tobacco in some form for sucking insects, plant lice, etc.

Soot tea poured around the roots of asters, pansies, etc., will be found very beneficial. Pour your wash-day suds about the roots of dahlias and sweet peas. Water pansy beds twice a day, but do not give nasturtiums too much water unless you want rich and luxuriant foliage and fewer flowers.

SANSEVERIA—CACTUS.

Would you kindly tell me how to properly care for my Sanseveria zealanica and cactus of the stump-like prickly variety?
LOUIE.

Sanseveria zealanica is very easily grown, and is fine for house decoration, as it will grow in any part of a room away from sunlight. Give it a rather heavy soil, and water when dry as you would geraniums. The Sanseveria may be propagated by leaf cuttings about three inches long. Put them in sandy soil, and in about a month roots will form and throw out a long underground stolon, which in turn will send up a new plant at some distance from the cutting.

The secret of success with cactus plants is to provide extra deep drainage, and to give almost no water, except during the active growing season. A pot in which cactus is planted should have about one-third of its length filled with very rough drainage material, lumps of coke or stones. On top of this put a layer of finely-broken crockery, and fill up with soil composed of equal parts good garden loam, leaf loam and sand. Prof. Bailey would give half fibrous loam, half old lime rubbish from a torn-down building or chimney, and a little sand. After potting, have the soil fairly dry, and give no water, except a slight spraying once a day until growth begins, then water more liberally.

Some people plunge the cactus pot in a well-drained sunny bed during summer, and leave it there until fall, when it is taken in again and given more water, but never, at any time, an over supply. During winter, the cactus does best in an even temperature of about 50 degrees.



Bringing Home the Innocents from Abroad.

The Quiet Hour.

THE INSIDE MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE OUTSIDE.

We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.—2 Cor. iv.: 18.

Life may be a tedious, uninteresting progress towards the grave, or it may be filled to the brim with never-palling interest—it all depends on our spiritual vision. When Elisha was surrounded by enemies, and his servant was afraid of the visible host of horses and chariots, he recovered his courage and hope simply by having his eyes opened, and "Behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." The spiritual vision made all the difference. The position of God's servant was perfectly secure all the time, but it was a grand thing to know certainly that all was well.

The great difference between a great man and a small man lies in this difference of vision. The small man only sees the visible—looks only at the things which are seen—while a real nobleman looks at the things which are not seen, and so his life passes out of the sphere of things temporal into the world of eternal verities. Brierley describes a tourist who, when an expedition was planned, exclaimed: "I suppose it is just the same there as here, a lot of mountains and that kind of thing!" and he says that another tourist, with Salamis and the mountains that look on Marathon in full view, grumbled, "I can't for the life of me see what people find to rave about in these places; a lot of barren rocks and tumble-down ruins!" Of course, he was bored, for he saw only the visible rocks and earth; his eyes were not opened to the time-honored associations, which made them full of interest to other men, and he did not find that to "lift up his eyes unto the hills" was to be lifted up in spirit into the presence of the unseen Maker of the great mountains. To such untrained vision "a primrose by the river's brim" would be nothing but a common yellow flower, a sunset would be simply a blaze of color, the midnight sky would be nothing but a multitude of bright points on a dark background. No sense of mystery and awe would be roused by these outward sights, there would be no uplifting of the soul, no reaching out of the spirit of man to touch the Spirit of God. It would be useless to say to a man with such veiled sight: "Consider the lilies of the field."

But even the most hard-headed man of business, who seems to care only for driving close bargains and piling up money, is not utterly destitute of spiritual vision. Even the bustling woman, who seems to think that the all-important object of life is to have her house and clothes—the things which are seen—in perfect condition, feels dissatisfied when this low ideal is attained. We are spiritual beings, all of us, and can never be made completely happy with visible things. Dickens, in the Christmas Carol, shows how a man who makes the pursuit of wealth his one aim and object, misses the realities of life, and grows narrow-minded and miserable. Love and friendship cannot be retained in any degree of fullness by those who don't think them important enough to be worth cultivating, and real happiness without love—given and received—is impossible to a spirit that is made in the image of God. The people who do most to brighten and uplift the lives of others are not necessarily the people who work most incessantly. They are those who are looking at the invisible, and who can, with God's help, do much to unseal the blinded eyes of others. They come down in the morning with faces shining like the faces of Moses and St. Stephen, shining with reflected glory because they have been gazing straight up into the face of God. They accept the little difficulties or serious trials which meet them with quiet courage, because they see Christ at their side to give all the strength required for each moment. They never worry about possible troubles in the future, because everything comes to them as a special gift from His hand,

and they are always looking up confidently for new proofs of His love. Everything is a holy sacrament, and they prize the outward, visible sign because they look through it and see the inward spiritual grace. If the one you love best on earth should pick a rose and give it to you, that rose is not a commonplace flower any longer, it has power to thrill your very soul with wonderful gladness. Why? Because you do not look only at the visible petals, which can only give a passing sense of pleasure from their delicate coloring, but you look through the visible to the invisible love which makes any gift from that hand very precious. So it is with the everyday events of life. If we look only at the outside, we soon find life monotonous and uninteresting—whether we live in city or country, in cottage or palace—but if we keep our eyes always open to see God offering gifts of love to us, life is flooded with ever-fresh interest. Each difficulty is an opportunity for gaining new strength as the soul reaches out to God for help. Pain of heart or body beautifies the character when it is taken with bright willingness from His outstretched hand. No matter from what human source it may appear to come—though it may be caused by one's own fault, or by the fault of others—one who is looking not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, can say with quiet confidence: "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" No better motto could be hung on the wall of a room than this: "Christ is the Head of this house, the unseen Guest at every meal, the silent Listener to every conversation."

Then nothing will seem trifling or unimportant, for everything can be seized and pressed into the great work of life, which is the invisible building of things visible and temporal into the great invisible reality of character—and character is eternal. The invisible person, hidden within the outside clothing of circumstances and environment, has been built up slowly, but very steadily, out of the raw material of the past days and hours. If the temper is sweet and easily controlled, it is because it has been trained and strengthened by a thousand little victories. If we are easily irritated or upset by trifles, it is because we have never formed the habit of welcoming every circumstance as valuable material for our daily task of building character. How disappointing it would be if God made life so smooth and easy that we had no chance to acquire the great gifts of patience, long-suffering and meekness; and so we had to go out through the gate of death lacking these pearls of great price. If He made the whole way clear before our eyes, we should never know the strength of faith and the sweetness of childlike trust. Peace would be of very poor quality if it had never stood fast in the midst of strife, and joy and hope would not be glorious unless they had proved their power to anchor the soul in storms. And, as our present character is built out of the everyday circumstances of the past—or, rather, out of the way we have accepted and used those circumstances—so, also, our future character is being built up now. "Now is the accepted time," says St. Paul, "now is the day of salvation." He is quoting from God's promise, given through Isaiah, that there will be an accepted time in which He will hear and succour His people. And that time is "Now." He never makes a mistake in His training and perfecting, and we could gain new beauty and strength every hour if we always walked prayerfully and trustfully, with eyes raised to His. Electricity was at man's disposal for ages before he appropriated it and made it work marvels. So God's Spirit is always waiting for us to work miracles through His Almighty power. Why should we wait for a possible crisis in the future, hoping some day that we may have a chance to do some great thing? Everything is great—if inspired by a high motive and carried into effect by virtue of our union with the Most High—and everything is small—if done for fame or vain-glory. The people around us are seen to be wonderfully interesting, if we look through the outside commonplace of appearance and conversation, and realize that underneath there is a soul that is hungry for God—though it may be with an unconscious yearning that expresses itself only in the

unlovely fashion of discontent and everyday "crossness."

Let us cultivate a desire to be noble and beautiful, and let us make everything fit into that end, then we can not only rejoice in the midst of tribulation, but even be glad because of the tribulation—knowing that it helps largely towards the attainment of our eager desire. Then we can understand Browning's strange counsel:

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand,
but go!"

We cannot help forming habits, they are tightening their bands round us every day, therefore it is vitally important that our outlook on life, which is steadily hardening into habit, should be a true one. Life can be lived sweetly, nobly, grandly in a lonely prairie home just as easily as in a palace. It is always the invisible that is the real and eternal, it is always the inside that counts most. We do not all stand on the same level,—not because one has more money or education than another, but because one has extracted health and beauty from the circumstances which surround him, while another has failed to learn the lessons set him in God's great school of life. People talk of an occasional event as a "special providence," forgetting that everything is a special providence, carefully planned by our Father for the good of His children.

"No mere note's breadth but teems immense
With witnessings of providence."

HOPE.

The following beautiful poem was written by our poet-friend, Mrs. Carrie Hayward, Corinth, Ont., whose tender words have so often brought gladness to our readers:

THE CHASTENING HAND.

I saw the stone when a shapeless mass,
From the deep, dark quarry brought;
So rude and rough, yet an object meet
For the Master-Workman's thought.
"What can He do with that rock?" I asked,
"Or where will His work begin?"
But He looked it o'er, and His kindling eye
Betokened the thought within.
It thrilled His beauty-loving soul
To know that in that stone
Lay concealed a form of beauty rare,
Seen by none but His eye alone.
But it needed the stroke of His skilful hand,
Needed patience and toil and care,
Ere the beautiful thought in His Master-mind
Could find expression there.
I saw it again, when hammer and file
And chisel their work had done,
All polished and fair, an angel form,
Most fair to look upon.
Thus the once rough stone, as the years pass on,
An honored place doth fill,
A silent but potent witness to
The Master-workman's skill.
I saw a life, it was helpless and poor
And marred by the stains of sin.
I said, "How can such a life e'er hope
In God's Kingdom a place to win?"
But the Master-Workman's heart of love
Yearned over the worthless clay,
Till with trembling hope it was given up
To His skilful hand, one day.
He could see that back of that untaught will,
"Neath a covering of self and pride,
Was a pearl more precious than gems of earth,
A soul for which He died,
But oh! it needed the chisel and file
Of sorrow and pain and loss,
The chastening hand and even the fire,
To consume the worthless dross.
Sometimes the quivering soul cried out,
But the Master dared not stay
His hand, lest at last His unfinished work
Be worthless and cast away.
I saw that life when sorrow and pain
Their chastening work had done,
And lo! what once seemed rude and poor
In His glorious image shone.

Oh, Master-Workman! this life of mine
Is poor and weak at best,
I can only yield it to Thy dear hand,
Thy power must do the rest.
Is chastening needed? I'll take it, Lord,
Or sorrow or loss or pain,
If but through these my yearning soul
May Thine own dear image gain.
That shining and fair and pure within,
Through time and eternity,
It may to Thy love's transforming power
A glorious witness be.

M. CARRIE HAYWARD,
Corinth, Ont.

SERVANTS.

O Lord our God when can we feel
The touch of Thy all-present power,
Or do we dumbly pray and kneel,
Before thee through the sacred hour.

Our hearts are smeared with many things
We try to praise the God we love,
But all in vain until we cling
With outstretched arms to Him above.

The heights of peace we wish to know,
The breadth of love to keep secure,
The seed of justice we may sow
In gospel truth that shall endure.

God's increase comes—work not in vain,
The harvest fields grow large and white,
The verdant earth grows rich with rain,
Our tithes with showers grow rich in might.

We cannot see Thee as Thou art,
Thy gracious power has formed us so,
If man could know Thee, but in part,
From whence would all Thy wisdom flow.

Mt. Brydges, Ont.

D. W.

DON'T FORGET THE OLD FOLKS.

Don't forget the old folks,
Love them more and more
As they with unshrinking feet
Near the shining shore.
Let your words be tender,
Loving, soft and low,
Let their last days be the best
They have known before.

Don't forget the father
With his failing sight,
With his locks once thick and brown
Scanty now and white,
Though he may be childish
Still do thou be kind,
Think of him as years ago
With his master mind.

Don't forget dear mother,
With her furrowed brow,
Once as fair and smooth and white
As the fresh, young snow;
Are her steps uncertain?
Is her hearing poor?
Guide her safely till she stands
Safe in heaven's door.

IF I KNEW.

Could we but draw the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better,
Purer than we judge we should;
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner,
All the while we loathe the sin;
Could we know the powers working
To overthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment—
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim, eternal roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Should we help, where now we hinder?
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source.
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good—
Oh! we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

—Exchange.

The Young People's Department.

A DOMINION-DAY CELEBRATION.

I hope you all had a jolly holiday on the 1st of July, and sang "The Maple-leaf Forever" in your most patriotic manner. I happened to spend it a great many miles from home, in Brandon, a city of Manitoba. Not a very big city, but growing as fast as it can, and very proud of itself.

The great celebration began in the evening, when my cousins and I found a good window on the main street, and sat down to watch the procession. It was a long time in coming, so some of us dropped firecrackers and little balls of dynamite on the pavement to amuse the passersby. Three wagons full of men from the asylum drove up, and took up positions across the street. They had no firecrackers, but someone served them with glasses of ginger pop all round. A great many fine horses pranced up and down, jumping at every explosion. Everybody seemed to have a nice rubber-tired buggy, and the country people drove fine pairs. Horses must be cheap, for they say nobody keeps a horse that is slow. After a long wait, along came the band, and behind them about twenty-five red-coated dragoons on horseback, with grey felt hats, and leather rifle-belts. Behind them came a long string of floats, or platforms on wagons, each representing a province. Manitoba had a big threshing machine, with a lot of men sitting on it, holding up pitchforks. British Columbia had miners, and a heap of tins of canned salmon. Alberta had two wooden horses, held by cowboys. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick had boats, with sailor children in them. Then there was a float for the British Empire, and, I think, the funniest was called "The Pioneers." There was a great wood-pile, and some men chopping logs as hard as they could, with their flannel shirts hanging up to dry in the bushes. Then a little boy came along, driving a big, raw-boned white horse, and sitting on some old two-wheeled vehicle with a wooden tail, which scraped along behind. There were a great many other floats, some piled with flour bags, one with furniture, one with marble, and others with different things which the Brandon manufacturers wanted to advertise. At the end of the procession came a string of automobiles, all decorated with red, white and blue tissue-paper.

But the exciting time began when the procession was over, and we all hurried down to the street to join in what they call "the battle of confetti." Confetti is colored paper chopped up very fine, and you buy a small bagful for ten cents. As you soon use up a bagful, it is a very expensive amusement. Everybody makes for the place where the crowd is thickest, and begins to throw handfuls of the confetti into the faces of the people going the other way. The boys seem to like throwing at the girls best, which is very ungentlemanly, but then the girls will throw at the boys, and not too gently either. Soon the street looks as if a snowstorm had been raging, the girls' hair is covered with confetti, the boys turn up their coat collars to keep it from going down their necks, and everybody is shouting with laughter. It is not safe to laugh, for you may get your mouth full, and that is no joke. The small boys add to the excitement by setting fire to some kind of phosphorus, which runs along the pavement with little cracking explosions. There is no use in getting nervous, for the crowd pushes you along, and you are glad to find yourself safe across with a whole skin. How they manage to hold in their lively horses, with all the noise, I can't imagine. But nothing happened, and we got home safely in time to spend half an hour in combing the confetti out of our hair before bedtime.

I wonder how a battle of confetti would do in one of our Ontario towns. Wouldn't you like to try it some day?
C. D.

THE CRICKET.

Oh, to be a cricket,
That's the thing!
To scurry in the grass
And to have one's fling!
And it's oh, to be a cricket
In the warm thistle-thicket,
Where the sun-winds pass,
Winds a-wing,
And the humbees hang humming,
Hum and swing,
And the honey-drops are coming!
It's to be a summer rover,
That can see a sweet, and pick it
With the sting!
Never mind the sting!
And it's oh, to be a cricket
In the clover!
A gay summer rover
In the warm thistle-thicket,
Where the honey-drops are coming,
Where the humbees hang humming—
That's the thing!
—Charles G. D. Roberts.

BIRDS SHAM DEATH.

It is a moot question whether birds suddenly recover from fright or sham death to effect their escape when captured. A man living in one of the houses in Park Row, London, is the possessor of a fine old Persian tabby cat, which not infrequently makes a raid on Hyde Park and returns with a fat prize. The other day, one of the maids met puss climbing leisurely upstairs with a sparrow in his mouth. He was making the peculiar muffled "mowwows" that meant "here's fun." The bird's head

The Ingle Nook.

I picked up a copy of the Independent this afternoon, and, opening it haphazard, chanced upon this bit of description: "It is four o'clock. In the valley orchards the cows stretch themselves, one after another rising from her mellow bed, while the dew still glistens on her hide. The farmer himself comes out to let down the bars, and his boys bring the pails for the milk. A sweet odor, smelled at no other time, is filling the air. The sun is drinking dew, and the dew is full of clover and rose fragrance. Milking is a poem, if done where we can smell the clover, and if the man be not a lout."

Some of you, very probably, will not see where the poetry comes in, and yet this is true in regard to almost any kind of work, especially of work in the open air. It is not, in short, so much what we do as the attitude which we bring to it which determines whether work shall be pleasant or unpleasant, poetry, or just the commonest, most uninspiring kind of prose.

And now to something more frivolous: Have you noticed the new streak of color which seems to be appearing in men's clothes of late? Last spring, a man I know went down town with the intention of buying a suit, something quiet, dark, and unobtrusive. He came back announcing that he had bought black, because, forsooth, he couldn't get

as he advanced, not at all conscious of his very negligee appearance.

In Parliament but a few years ago ceremonial of dress and manner were considered necessary to the dignity of the institution. A writer in an English magazine stated not long since that he had been told by Sir James Ferguson (the British statesman killed last winter during the earthquake at Jamaica) that he could well remember the time when no Member who respected himself or his office thought of sitting down in the presence of the Speaker without gloves. As recently as in the seventies, the Members invariably attended the sessions in black coats and top hats, and it is on record that one brave venturer, whose name, Monk, has been thus handed down to history, was subject to much remark because he insisted, session after session, in presenting himself on sultry days in a dove-colored suit. At a later date, Sir Randolph Churchill gave the House a decided shock by appearing with tan shoes—a worthy father, truly, so far as independence goes, of the present Colonial Secretary!

To-day, however, the Members dress as they choose, lounge as they choose—liberties which will please or displease you according as you are conservative or otherwise. One of the working men returned, in the new order of things in Great Britain, to the present parliament has shown his independence of precedent by appearing continually in a soft brown wide-awake. . . . And yet, and yet, when the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario came to visit our own little Canadian London a few weeks ago, some of the dignitaries of the city debated like schoolgirls over the question as to whether they should meet him in business suits or frock coats and "tiles." So, dear, dear, what are we coming to!

Of one thing only may we be sure—that is, whatever the vagaries in regard to color, the tendency will be hereafter toward the comfortable, for both men and women. Wasp waists, burdensome materials, chokers, hot poke bonnets and heavy linings and overskirts have, it is safe to say, gone forever. Our fashions may grow ugly—some of the styles shown in "Toilette" and such other extreme fashion books are rather ugly just at present—but they are not likely to become uncomfortable.

I'm afraid this is a rather foolish, rambling letter, but this is a very hot day, fit only for soda-water. . . . I've been talking dress again, I see—but, well, I must be a little excited over our new pattern department yet, n'est-ce-pas?—I promise you we'll give you nothing from "Toilette." And now a truce to the subject for a while.

DAME DURDEN.
"Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.



An Old-time Ride to the Harvest Field.

dangled limply, its eyes were half shut, one wing was trailing, and feathers were missing from its tail. The owner of the house and the cat happened to come downstairs at the time, and the maid drew his attention to puss and the bird. The cat laid the sparrow at their feet with pride. The maid stooped to take the bird in her hand, when it suddenly shot up and flew straight out of an open window. It had evidently not been hurt by the cat, which was so angry that it tried to jump out of the window, too.—Sel.

THE VESPER SPARROW.

Roscoe Brumbaugh, in Lippincott's.
My father did not guess its name,
Some common word was all he knew;
And yet its song was just the same
Sweet cadence of the falling dew.

How oft I've seen him linger, when,
His face turned toward the waiting
gate,
He paused to hear in twilight then
The vesper calling to its mate.

A little trill in minor key,
A heart-break bursting into song;
The longing for the love to be,
The plaintive cry of hidden wrong.

My father loved the vesper bird,
His open heart thrilled through and
through:
Some secret word his spirit heard—
Some message that no other knew.

anything else but—green! Only the other day, I met, down street, a young "buck" (as Thackeray is so fond of saying,—please remember that the quotation is his) with a brownish suit, white vest, cherry tie, and Panama hat, with the brightest of cherry ribbons on it. He was, perhaps, "rushing" the fad, and yet, ever and over again since spring, green vests, crimson vests, blue vests might be seen at any time on the street, and not a few in conjunction with the ubiquitous greenish suits.

Shades of the past decorous quarter century, what are we coming to? Are we heing to the fashions of a by-gone age?—and will we live to see our masculine element strutting around in slashed coat and knickerbockers, powdered peruke and buckled shoes? . . . For sheer sake of contrast will we women come out in staid russet and gray, emulating the quiet hen birds who leave all the show to their more brilliantly-caparisoned mates?

Personally, I don't like to see this note of color appearing in men's apparel. Do you?

And yet, there seems a tendency in the opposite direction, too—towards less instead of more ceremonial in dress. Last summer, during the hot weather, a certain doctor of this city was not afraid to appear at church in a suit of cream flannel, with a soft shirt and turnover collar. He certainly looked comfortable, and, notwithstanding the smile that rippled down on either side of the aisle

OUR SCRAP BAG.

I suppose some of you at least are doing bits of fancywork these hot summer days, bits to give away at Christmas, or to cheat yourselves into the belief that you are accomplishing something without working strenuously. Have you seen the new ribbon work? I saw a girl making a centerpiece of it the other day, and although, as a rule, I hate doing fancywork, and would go crazy (more or less) if obliged to do anything so fine as point lace or drawnwork, I really believe I could do this ribbon species without a frown. It is done on scrim. You get it stamped to order—the one I saw had a water-lily design—and simply work over and over with soft ribbon made for the purpose, and a large-eyed needle—a very fine darning needle will do. Where centers have to be put in flowers, you work them in with rope silk in French knots. The border around the outside must also be worked with rope silk, as ordinary embroidery silk is too fine for the scrim.

Coronation-braid work is also a kind that can be done quickly and easily. The braid is only the old-fashioned "rice" braid improved, and is simply sewed on the linen with fine stitches that do not show. When completed, the designs look like elaborate handwork. Coronation braid is used for centerpieces, sideboard scarfs, etc. I have also seen white linen dresses and waists decorated with it, but it is scarcely as dainty for this purpose as eyelet or raised embroidery.

Hydrocyanic-acid Gas.

If the Elgin County subscriber who wishes to know how to use hydrocyanic-acid gas will write to the Bureau of Entomology, United States Department of Agriculture, for Circular No. 46 on this subject, sending a few cents (the price may be had on application), the bulletin containing full instructions will be sent him. As this gas is so deadly poisonous, we have decided that it may be better not to throw its use open to the whole countryside, in which there might be a few careless and foolhardy people. Otherwise, we would be pleased to print the information in our journal.

A Request from Helponabit.

Dear Dame Durden and Ingle Nookers,—In one of our Dame's letters lately, she spoke rather reproachfully that the Nookers were not sending her any letters. One reason, I think, was we thought our Dame was overwhelmed with letters, and had not room to publish them; but now she has asked for some. I want help, so I ask for it. You will be glad to know that a Women's Institute has been formed in our neighborhood. Last year, the county officers and Miss Rose and another lady from Guelph College came and tried to form one, but they could not get anyone to take office. Last May, they came again, and were more successful. I was laid up at the time with inflammatory rheumatism, so could not attend. They have sent a request that I would prepare a paper to read at a meeting. I prepared a paper on "Women and Home" for the Daughters of the Empire meeting, and was requested to read it at our Ladies' Aid meeting, so I do not want to give that paper again, and cannot think of a subject, so I come to you and ask for suggestions. Hoping you are all enjoying the summer,
York Co., Ont. HELPONABIT.

I am delighted to hear that you have started a Women's Institute in your vicinity; I should be glad to hear that there was one in every rural district in Canada. It is such a help not only in leading people to find out the best ways of doing things and the highest ideals for rural life, but also in developing the social side of our nature—a consideration which it is not well to overlook. You know how easy it is to get into the way of just "staying in." It seems so comfortable, sometimes, just to "not bother" getting ready and going out. At others, there really seems nowhere to go; and so one gets into the habit of staying at home, week in week out, month in month out, perhaps year in year out, without ever realizing that she is growing crochety, or hypercritical, or selfish, or out of date in regard to things with which she should be conversant—accidents which are almost sure to befall us if we keep too much by ourselves.

The Women's Institute affords a way out of all this. If calling and visiting are not much in vogue in your neighborhood, it affords "some place to go," some place, too, where one is likely to hear something infinitely more interesting than gossip. Just listen to a group of really enthusiastic Institute workers some day, after a meeting, or before it, for that matter, and "see" how comparatively little they talk about their neighbors. The Institute has provided other subjects of conversation. And, then, getting acquainted seems so easy at the meetings. One is sure to find some kindred soul there, and soon it seems but natural to say "Drop in to see me some day," or "What about having a little picnic to so-and-so?" Believe me, these are all things that count in the forming of our character, in helping to keep us bright and optimistic, instead of gloomy and morose.

There are just a few things more that I should like to say in regard to the Women's Institute now while I have such a good chance. One is that the members should be enthusiastic, or at least willing to help. If one after another holds back, will neither prepare a "paper," ask a question, nor take an office, how can the society be expected to get along? Shyness is all very well in its place, but not in an Institute meeting. It may be rather hard, it is true, to get up the courage to speak out for the first time or two, and one may be a little afraid of one's own voice, but that will soon pass away, and capability, you know, grows with practice.

Upon the other hand, however, the "extremest" opposite of this shyness is to be as religiously guarded against,—one must avoid being too imperious, or "bossy," as the saying is. No matter how fixed one may be in one's own decisions, it is at least graceful to solicit the opinions of others, and wise to remember that a great necessity to the success of any meeting is that all the members enter, and as sympathetically as possible, into the discussions. The best suggestions must invariably carry the day, no matter how modestly presented,—the more modestly, in fact, the better.

In the third place, I do think all of the officers should be changed each year. These may have filled their positions ever so acceptably, yet the interest will be kept up better by a yearly change all round. It may be opportune to remark, however, that the secretaryship should invariably be given to a young, active woman, one who is able to write good business letters, and to compose the minutes in a businesslike way.

And, now, Helponabit, we have almost forgotten your topics, haven't we? How would one of the following do?

1. The Aim and Purpose of the Women's Institute.
2. The Essentials of a Happy Home.
3. Furnishing a Country House.
4. Saving Steps on the Farm.
5. Some Ways in Which the Farmer's Wife May Make Money.
6. How to Prepare and Serve Some Tempting Dishes.
7. The Ideal Farmer's Wife.

We are open to still further suggestions.

Dear Dame Durden,—As I am a subscriber to "The Farmer's Advocate," I feel privileged to ask a few questions.

I bought a cream separator, which seems to give good satisfaction, but the trouble is to get the butter from the cream. Sometimes it comes all right, and maybe next churning I cannot get near the butter I ought to get. It seems to be in the buttermilk. In gathering the cream, I see that it is cold before mixing. What I want to know is what am I to do with the cream to get all the butter?

JULIA J. HOLLAND.

Grey Co., Ont.

I have referred the above to our dairy editor, who says:

"The cream is probably too thin. Thin cream is much more tedious to churn than rich cream, and usually requires to be churned at a higher temperature, which, in turn, causes a considerable loss of fat in the buttermilk. Rich cream, capable of being churned at a low temperature, is essential for an exhaustive separation of butter-fat from the buttermilk. If you have not a Babcock tester, have the local creameryman, or some neighbor, make a Babcock test of the cream, and if it tests lower than 30 per cent. fat, adjust the separator so as to skim a richer cream. Turning a cream screw inwards, or a skim-milk screw outwards a little, will give a richer cream. (Most makes of separators are regulated by cream screws, but some few have skim-milk screws instead.)

"Some little time before churning, raise the cream to churning temperature. Churn at as low a temperature as conditions will admit of. Do not try it too low the first time, but gradually lower, till experience teaches you that the lowest practicable temperature has been reached. This should be 60 degrees or below, depending upon many factors, among which are breed and individuality of the cows, length of lactation period, feed, etc. Avoid filling the churn much more than one-third full."

TWILIGHT SONG.

By Eugene C. Dolson.

Now the long, long day is done;
Slowly down the west
Sinks the red and rayless sun;
Insect voices, one by one,
Have their even-song begun,—
'Tis the hour of rest.

Sweet forgetfulness will creep
O'er us by-and-by,
Dreamland fancies softly steep
Weary eyes in peaceful sleep,
While the stars in silence keep
Watch from out the sky.

"THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE" FASHIONS.

4165.—Little Boys' Suit, 5 sizes, 3 to 7 years.



4152.—Little Girls' Pinafore, or Apron, 4 sizes, 2 to 9 years.



6905.—Ladies' Kimono, 4 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust.

The above patterns will be sent to any subscriber at the very low price of ten cents per pattern. Order by number, and be sure to give waist and bust measurement. Allow from one week to ten days in which to fill order.

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

FROM THE WOODS.

(By Grace Duffield Goodwin, in the Congregationalist.)

Here in the deep wood's green content
I would be free of the sleepless town,
Dear to the tramp of those many feet
That plod so patiently up and down.

Free of the noise, the strife, the heat,
Free of the voices of human woe;
Here in this cloistered and cool retreat,
Free of the toilers who come and go.

Here in the green wood's shadowy peace,
Lord, grant me courage and calm again,
The better to battle with loyal heart
The good of the sorrowful world of men.

About the House.**THE LARDER BEETLE, OR BACON BEETLE.**

A. M. Bainsville, Ont., writes: "We are plagued with some kind of an insect in our house. I send you specimens. Please tell me what they are, and also how to get rid of them. They infest every part of the house."

The answer has been given by Dr. Jas. Fletcher, Entomologist, Experimental Farm, Ottawa, as follows:

"The insects which you send are the grubs of the Larder beetle, or Bacon beetle, which this year is very abundant. The mature beetle is about one-fourth of an inch long, blackish, with the anterior half of the wing-covers pale brown or yellowish. The grub, which produces the beetle, and which is the form in which you have noticed it, is about half an inch in length when full-grown, dark brown above, whitish below, and rather thickly covered with brown hairs. This insect was introduced from Europe, where it has been known for a great many years. It is now widely distributed in North America. The grubs feed upon all foods of an animal nature, such as bacon, of which it is particularly fond, dried meats, cheese, skins, furs, etc. It is the bete noire of the naturalist, being a most destructive enemy of many kinds of specimens, but particularly of preserved insects, birds and mammals. In the larder, it is sometimes very troublesome. It has an unlimited capacity of 'getting into things,' the mature beetles laying their eggs as near as possible to stored provisions of all kinds. As soon as the young and very active brown, hairy grubs hatch, they crawl through the smallest cracks and devour the food. Where dead flies are allowed to collect behind furniture, etc., these insects sometimes increase in large numbers. The best preventive measure is not to keep on hand large supplies of foodstuffs, and to sweep out and scald the shelves of pantries at short intervals during the summer. Although the true wings of these insects do not show when the wing-cases are closed, they are well provided with wings and fly to houses to which they gain access by the windows and doors; they may be frequently seen on the outsides of pantry windows. Cleanliness, plenty of air, tight receptacles and fine wire netting on the windows and doors of pantries, are, therefore, recommended, supplemented by the destruction of the beetles and grubs wherever noticed. The covering of windows and doors with fine wire netting keeps out not only these beetles, but many kinds of flies, which are most unwelcome guests, owing to their habits of frequenting unsavory places, and then flying directly to exposed foods, in this way undoubtedly frequently taking with them germs of putrefaction and disease. Good results may be obtained by leaving a tempting bit of old cheese in an exposed place. This will act as a trap for the beetles and grubs, where they can be easily found and destroyed. Where rooms can be subjected to strong fumes of bisulphide of carbon, this material can be employed with good effect; but its inflammable nature must not be overlooked. Gasoline or benzine, where it can be brought into direct contact with these insects, will kill them."

SEASONABLE RECIPES.

Green-pea Soup.—Cook three cups of peas in salted water until very tender, and rub through a soup-strainer or potato ricer, leaving only the skins behind. To the pulp obtained, add 1 cup of stock, 1 teaspoon each of salt and sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ saltspoon of pepper, and 1 teaspoon of flour made smooth in half a cupful of milk. Cook 5 minutes. Add 1 cup of cream brought just to a scald, and serve with a spoonful of whipped cream on top of each serving.—(Contributed.)

Soup Stock.—For soup stock, use any scraps or scraggy bits of beef, veal, or fowl, with the bones. Remove all fat, put in a pot, cover with cold water, cover, let come very gradually to a boil, then remove to the back of the range, and simmer gently for 6 hours. If you choose, after 4 hours you may add a little onion and herbs. Skim from time to time while boiling, and when done

house.

OR BACON

writes: "We of an insect specimens, and also They infest

by Dr. Jas. Experimental

are the or Bacon abundant. one-fourth of the an-pale brown which pro- the form in about half brown, dark and rather hairs. This Europe, a great widely dis- The grubs nal nature, particularly skins, furs, of the destructive mens, but ts, birds t is some- as an un- ting into ying their red pro- as the wn, hairy ough the the food. to collect ts some- pers. The o keep on, and to selves of ring the ings of hen the well pro- poses to windows seen windows. ight re- on the ies, are, ted by d grubs ng of ire net- tles, but most un- habits of then fly- ing this ing with disease. leaving an ex- trap for y can be e rooms of bi- can be its in- over- here it act with

strain, and remove any remaining fat from the top with blotting paper. If the stock is to be kept for some time, it should be put in jars, and the fat permitted to harden on top. As long as it remains unbroken, the stock will keep.

Sea-foam Pudding.—Scald 1 quart of milk, and stir into it half a cup of cornstarch mixed with cold milk. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, and a dash of salt, and cook 15 minutes. Tint a delicate green with liquid confectioner's color (this is made from spinach leaves), then fold in the whites of 3 eggs beaten dry. Turn into a wet mould, chill, and serve with whipped cream and sugar.

Canning Peas.—Select young peas. Scald by pouring boiling water over, and drain immediately. Pack in well-sterilized glass jars, shaking down well. Fill to the brim with cold water. Adjust rubbers, and screw on covers loosely. Put a cloth in a kettle, then put in the jars, separating with cloth. Fill kettle nearly to top of cans with cold water. Bring to boiling point, and boil three hours, adding boiling water as that in the kettle evaporates. Keep kettle covered all the time. At the end of three hours screw down tightly, and as they cool give the covers an occasional turn. Keep in a cool dark place.

Stewed Lettuce.—Use firm heads; wash and tie each with cheesecloth so it will not fall apart in cooking. Cover with boiling water, and let simmer very gently nearly an hour. Drain, remove the cloth, and serve with butter or broth, thickened with flour or eggs.

Junket with Whipped Cream.—Crush a junket tablet, and let it dissolve in 4 tablespoons cold water. Heat 1 quart rich milk, sweetened slightly, to lukewarm, or about 90 degrees F. Remove from the fire, stir in half a teaspoon vanilla and the dissolved tablet. Put in a dash of salt, if you wish, then pour the mixture into cups, glass ones, if you have them. Let stand in a warm place until it thickens; then set in a cool place to chill. Serve with a spoonful of cream whipped solid, with a little sugar and flavoring, on each cup.

Caramel Junket.—Stir 4 level tablespoon sugar over the fire until of a rich caramel color. Add 6 or 8 tablespoons water, and let cook to a thick syrup. Add the syrup, 2 tablespoons of sugar and a few grains of salt to 2 cups milk, and heat to 90 degrees F., or lukewarm. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ a junket tablet dissolved in a little milk, and finish in the same way.

Chocolate Junket.—Dissolve $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce chocolate over hot water; add 6 tablespoons of sugar, and heat to boiling point. Add 2 cups milk and a teaspoon vanilla; test with the thermometer, and if it is not at 90 degrees F., heat to that degree. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ a junket tablet dissolved as before, and finish in the same way. Junket may be varied by mixing with it cake crumbs, spices, chopped cooked figs or dates, etc.

Junket is one of the most easily-prepared desserts for hot weather, and the above recipes, from Boston Cooking School, may be a revelation to those who have never tasted it in any way but the old-fashioned, tasteless milk-and-sugar variety.

Cornstarch Pudding.—Let three cups milk scald in a double boiler. Stir one-third cup of cornstarch, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, and 1 cup milk to a smooth paste; then stir the paste into the hot milk, and continue to stir until the mixture thickens. Cover and cook 15 minutes. Beat 2 eggs light, then gradually beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Stir the eggs and sugar into the hot cornstarch, and cook 2 or 3 minutes. Serve with cream and sugar or canned fruit.

MENDING STOCKINGS.

(For cashmere, cotton or lisle stockings.)

The old saying, "a stitch in time saves nine," applies a little more forcibly to stockings than to anything else. While one may be able to do a few things to prevent holes, we must constantly face the task of mending actual breaks.

To begin at the top of the stocking, many of the rents and dropped stitches may be prevented by firmly stitching a piece of stout material to the top, wherever the garter is likely to be fastened; then buy only silk-loop or rubber-shield garters. Darns and patches will be dealt with a little later. The dropped stitch should be taken up with a crochet hook, and securely fastened when the top is reached. The first

essential of good darning is proper material; the darning yarn must match in color, material and size, the thread used in weaving the stocking—never use coarse yarn, and do not darn cotton with wool or vice versa. One can get all shades of darning yarns on the little cards sold at any good dry goods or fancy store; but if one has much mending to do, skeins come a little cheaper. If you cannot get yarn quite fine enough, try splitting a coarse yarn, and do not attempt to use a hard, tightly-twisted thread in either cotton or wool. Have several sizes of needles and a darning ball,

paper, then weave in your darning yarn as before, first lengthwise, then crosswise, weaving the threads regularly under and over each other, and, where the thread meets the edge of the rent, go first under, next stitch over this edge, thus preventing it from rolling up on either side. Large darns may be made more neatly by tacking a bit of netting or veiling over the hole, to be used as a foundation. But large darns are usually rather unsightly. If you have a very large hole to mend, baste the stocking firmly on the paper as before, but this time trim off all the worn edge until firm material is reached. Now, from the leg of a stocking that matches the one to be mended, cut a patch that is just the tiniest bit smaller than the hole; baste this also to the paper, taking care that the weave in the patch just matches the weave in the stocking; then, with a basting thread and a loose over-hand stitch, draw these edges together, but be very sure they do not lap the least little bit. Now, take fine darning yarn, and, making your stitches very close and firm, lace the edges together; that is, putting the needle under the edge of the patch, then up and over the edge, under the edge of the "hole," up and over the edge, and so on.

And now, perhaps you have darned and patched until the foot resembles a piece of crazywork, but the legs are still quite good. Save all such legs for patching and re-footing. From the accompanying sketches, patterns may be cut to suit any foot. From these patterns, new heels, new toes, or entire new feet may be developed.

To renew the entire foot first cut off the worn part, as in fig. I., removing all thin material at A, and let the point B come well down on the instep. Notice that the line between A and B in the leg is curved up, while on the foot it curves down. This is to prevent a "baggy" instep. The sizes given are for a 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ stocking, which is the large size of women's hosiery. In fig. I., the length from A to B is about 6 inches; in fig. II., C to E, 10 inches; F to F', 3 inches; F to G, 2 inches. The curves, C, F, must exactly correspond in size. The curves, C, G, are much flatter than C, F. A to B on foot is 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches; B to C, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. The depth of heel, A E, depends on how much has been cut from the leg of the stocking to be mended. If 3 inches have been cut away, the heel must be 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep to allow quarter-inch seams to be taken without shortening the stocking.

Now, to put the pattern together, sew up the heel, A E; then join the edges between B and C. Join the points marked C, and sew each way to F, thus completing the toe; open out all seams, and "cat stitch" to hold them flat. Now, join A on foot to A on leg, and sew towards B, first in one side, then the other side. Open this seam also, and tack down. Be sure your stitching will stretch a little, or the stitches may break in putting on the stocking. This work can all be done by machine, if a long stitch and loose tension are used. JACK'S WIFE.

JELLY MAKING.

Probably every housekeeper likes to keep some jelly on hand. It is so pretty for tarts and for decorating blanc-mange and other puddings. But probably, also, very many housekeepers dread the work of making it. It is so fickle, and it seems hard sometimes to get it of the right consistency, neither too thick nor too thin, and of that delightful, translucent, quivering quality which marks jelly par excellence. And yet, jelly-making is not such a very difficult matter, provided one knows exactly how to go about it.

In the first place, the most of the fruits used for jellymaking, apples, plums, etc., should be somewhat under-ripe, as the ripening process does away with some of the gelatinous properties which all fruits at certain stages possess. In the second, it should be quickly but carefully washed; otherwise all sorts of microbes, not to speak of more tangible dirt, may be clinging to it.

Some fruits, which are very juicy, will need no water at all, and should be simply set on the stove and allowed to become soft enough to mash easily. Others require some water, but as little as possible must be used. After cook-

ing until soft, pulp the fruit, and put it into a flannel or cheesecloth bag, hung so that one point will be downward, and let drip over night into a crock, never into a tin or metal vessel of any kind.

In the morning, strain the juice as you measure it into a granite kettle, and set on the stove to boil, and, in the meantime, measure your sugar (granulated), allowing a pound to a pint, and heat it in the oven. When the juice has boiled half an hour, add the sugar; stir well until it is dissolved; let boil up once; skim, and put into glasses. If it does not jell, do not boil again; simply place the glasses in the sun until of better consistency.

Some people use less sugar than the amount given above. One authority gives $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar to a pint of currant, crab-apple, cranberry and green-grape juice, and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. to the pint of apple juice; but, when these smaller quantities are used, the liquid may need to be boiled a little longer before the sugar is added.

Above all things it must be remembered in jellymaking that the juice and sugar must not boil together long. If this is permitted, both color and flavor may be ruined, and the jelly become of the sticky, molasses-like species. It is also to be remembered that in doing-up fruits which do not jell easily, a mixture of the juice got by boiling down apple parings will help wonderfully.

Before placing the lids on jelly glasses, many people place a thin covering of melted paraffine or a round of paper dipped in brandy over the fruit, both of which devices help to prevent the formation of moulds. Jelly should be kept in a cool but dry place, or if the air is at all moist, vessels of unslaked lime should be kept near.

SOME JELLY RECIPES.

Peach Jelly.—Boil the stones and skins of the fruit, and add to it any of the juice left from canning. Add to it apple juice in the proportion of one-third peach to two-thirds apple, and proceed as above.

Jelly for Meats.—Make ordinary apple jelly, but flavor with cloves, cinnamon sticks or essence of mint. The cloves or cinnamon should be put in a cheesecloth bag so that they may be removed.

Apple and Crab-apple Jelly.—When preparing the fruit, leave both skins and cores in, as these help in the jellifying process, then proceed as above. The fruit jellies best if slightly under-ripe.

Rhubarb Jelly.—Wash the stalks, and, without peeling, cut into inch lengths. Boil with very little water to a pulp, and strain through a jelly bag. For each pint of juice, measure 1 lb. loaf sugar. Boil the juice down about one-third, then add the heated sugar, and boil again for a while, skimming often. When the juice jellies on the skimmer, remove, and pour into glasses.

Gooseberry Jelly.—To every quart of berries allow 1 pint water, and to every pint of juice allow 1 lb. sugar. Stew the gooseberries in the water until broken well, and strain through a jelly bag. Boil the strained juice down, then add the heated sugar, and boil until it will jelly on a plate. Make the left-over berries into jam.

THOUGHT HE SAW DOUBLE.

A worthy professor was invited to dine at the house of a lady of fashion.

The day was hot, the wine cool, the professor's thirst great, and the fair neighbor with whom the professor was engaged in a lively conversation filled his glass as often as it was emptied.

When the company rose from the table, the professor noticed, to his great consternation, that he was unsteady on his feet.

In his anxiety to save appearances, he repaired to the drawing-room, where the lady of the house yielded to the wishes of her lady friends, and ordered the nurse to bring in the baby twins.

The pair were lying together on a pillow, and the nurse presented them for inspection to the person nearest the door, who happened to be the professor.

The latter gazed intently at them for a while, as if deciding whether or not they were two, or one, and then said, somewhat huskily:

"Really, what a bonny little child."

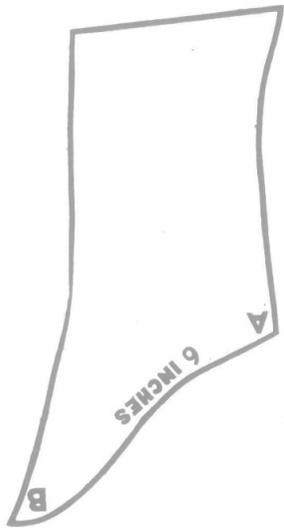


Fig. 1.

or egg, or an old wooden last if you can get one, but a large, smooth stick or a roll of newspaper can be used with fair satisfaction.

If one wears the stockings out very quickly, it is well to run in a few threads before ever wearing the stocking. The heels, toes and edges of the foot are usually the first to show wear. To mend these thin spots, baste firmly to a piece of heavy paper or table oil-cloth, being careful that the weave lies straight and is not stretched. Now, with your fine yarn, weave back and

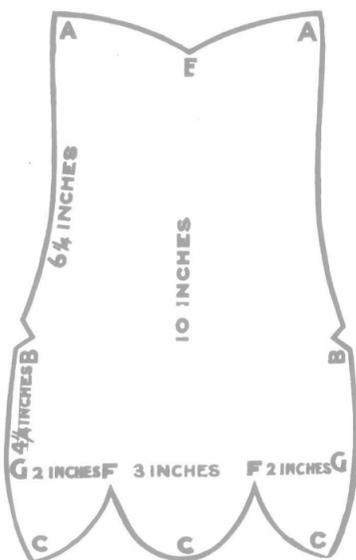


Fig. 2.

forth through the thin material lengthwise of the stocking, making an irregular outline by stopping some lines near the worn spot, and running others well up into the strong material. This makes a darn much less noticeable than if the rows of threads are all the same length. If the spot is almost worn through, run several threads crosswise through the thin spot, going first under, then over, the lengthwise threads. Never run a thread diagonally, as it makes a bulging darn.

If the hole has appeared, do not trim off the frayed edges, but, having first tacked the worn spot to your paper, straighten out all the ragged edges and tack, with a stitch or two, to the

MISS MARGARET'S LAVENDER SILK.

Miss Margaret Willowby was sweeping her front piazza. It had rained the night before, and the wind had driven the seeds from the maples into all the niches and crevices of the carved railing.

She had driven the last seed from its hidingplace when she heard someone coming up the path, and turned to greet her nearest neighbor, Mrs. Trumbull.

"Mercy sakes, Marg'ret!" she exclaimed, as she dropped into an armchair. "I should think you'd want some new steps. Them and climbing that hill's tired me all out. I've brought ye a letter. Joe, he got the mail, and I thought I'd fetch it up. From Edgar, ain't it? I see it's postmarked Salt Lake City."

"Yes, I guess so," said Miss Margaret. "It was real kind of you to bring it up. I didn't calculate to go to the village today."

She took the letter in her thin hands and patted it lovingly. She would like to have waited and read it by herself, but she knew that Mrs. Trumbull would expect her to read it to her, so she slowly broke the seal.

"My dear little sweetheart of an auntie," Miss Margaret read, and laughed. Dear heart! that was so like Edgar, so like a lad she had known long years ago, who scrawled letters to her on his slate and called her "sweetheart."

She was aroused by Mrs. Trumbull's sharp "Is that all he says, Marg'ret?" "No," she said, faintly, and she read on: "I'm doing splendidly here—made a hundred dollars the very first week." (Mrs. Trumbull gasped), "and I enclose fifty for my little aunt, to spend just as she pleases."

Miss Margaret dropped the letter and took up the check.

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. Trumbull. "What you going to do with it, Marg'ret?"

"I—I don't know exactly," she said in a bewildered way. "I kind of think I'll get me a lavender silk."

"A lavender silk!" ejaculated Mrs. Trumbull. "Of all the foolishness I ever heard. Why don't you spend it for something sensible, coal or vittles, or a black alpaca? You ought to be ashamed of being so vain at your age."

"I ain't any older than you be, Sarah Trumbull," Miss Margaret retorted. "An' I've been a-spending my money for sensible things all my life. And now," her voice broke a little, "I'm going to have one pretty dress before I die. I always wanted a lavender silk, and now Edgar's sent the money, seems like I could have it."

"Well, if you feel that way about it, I s'pose it's all right, but it's an awful lot of money to put into finery. I must be a-going." Mrs. Trumbull hesitated a moment, then added, "You're willing I should tell about your present, hain't you, Marg'ret? They'll want to know how Edgar's a doing."

"Yes," said Miss Margaret, "I be." She watched her caller go down the steps, then gathered up her precious bits of paper with a sigh of relief, and went into the house.

"It's real thoughtful of Edgar to send me his first money. I'll set right down and thank him for it, and then I'll plan that dress. I believe I will go to the city this week and get it. I guess I'll make the skirt with three little ruffles, then a space and three more. Then there's that lace of Aunt Patty's that I can have to trim the waist with. I don't care if it was on her wedding gown. Mebbe I be a foolish old woman, but I just crave that dress. I always liked lavender. I had on a lavender muslin when 'Lisha asked me to marry him."

It was thirty years since she said "Yes" to the question 'Lisha asked her under the maples, yet she was Margaret Willowby still.

"It wa'n't 'Lisha's fault nor mine," said she, softly to herself. "Only first it was father took sick and nobody but me to care for him. Then Alice broke her hip and come home with her children, then Ellen died and left Edgar to me, and now—" A soft flush stole over her cheeks as she thought that she was free at last. But where was 'Lisha?

"The last time he come for me was when Edgar was a baby. I couldn't leave and I had to tell him so. That was

twenty years ago, and I ain't heard from him sence."

Three weeks later the lavender silk reposed in state on the bed in Miss Margaret's spare chamber. She shook out the shining folds and patted the sleeves with a happy little sigh.

She slipped on the skirt to see. Then she tried on the waist and stood smiling at her shadowy reflection in the old-fashioned mirror.

"I declare, it makes me look ten years younger."

She caught up the skirt and curtsied to the figure in the glass. It was like seeing herself as she might have been.

"I wish," she said, softly, "that 'Lisha could see me now."

A sharp peal at the bell aroused her from her reverie.

"Oh!" she whispered, "I wonder who it can be." She made a frantic effort to slip out of the dress, but the hooks evaded her nervous fingers. "Oh! I'll have to go down just as I be."

She stole to the window and peeped out.

"I do believe it's Elder Davis. He will think I'm a frivolous old woman to be fixed out this way. Oh dear!"

With a sigh she gathered up her shimmering skirt and went slowly down the stairs and opened the door. The next moment she disappeared in the embrace of a tall stranger who kissed her until her cheeks were red as roses.

"'Lisha!" she murmured, happily. "Where did you come from?"

She led the way to the parlor and was about to sit on one of the stiff hair-cloth chairs when 'Lisha objected.

"No," he said, "you come over here on the sofa by me. When a man ain't seen his sweetheart for twenty years, he wants her handy."

The delicate color flooded her cheeks and she laughed.

"What a man you are, 'Lisha!" she said, fondly; "but where in the world did you come from?"

"Didn't Edgar tell you?" he asked. "I met him in Salt Lake City, and he said you were living here alone, so I started right off, soon's I could leave. Strange he didn't say nothing about it."

"Why," Miss Margaret took the letter from the bookcase, "here 'tis on the other side. I was so frustrated with Sarah Trumbull's calling me old that I didn't see this. I wondered, too, what made Edgar stop so sudden."

"You old? Why, you don't look a day over thirty. Margaret—when can you get ready to go back with me?"

"In a week, I guess."

"A week!" he repeated.

"Can't you wait that long, 'Lisha?" she asked, anxiously.

"Margaret," he said, soberly, "I've waited thirty years, and it's hard work."

Her eyes glistened. Did she not know how hard it was?

"And you never married in all those years, 'Lisha?" she said, wistfully.

"Me married? Wa'n't I engaged to you? I ain't a Mormon if I have lived among 'em."

She laughed. Oh, it was so good to see him again, to hear his hearty voice and to touch his strong, muscular hand!

"Can't you get ready to-day?" he queried. "The preacher's at home. I seen him hoeing in his garden as I came by."

"But I haven't any dress," she faltered.

"What's the matter with the one you have on?"

"Why, I forgot all about it, talking to you. It's my new lavender silk I got with the money Edgar sent me."

"Well, it's pretty enough for a wedding dress. Shall I go for the preacher, Margaret?" he said.

"I don't care if you do," she answered, faintly.—Paul Howard Campbell, in the Designer.

Two Irishmen were crossing the ocean on the way to this country. On the way over Patrick died. Preparations were made for the burial at sea, but the lead weights customarily used in such cases were lost. Chunks of coal were substituted. Everything was finally ready for the last rites, and long and earnestly did Michael look at his friend. Finally he blurted out sorrowfully: "Well, Pat, I always knew ye were goin' there, but I didn't think they'd make ye bring yer own coal."

CORRYMEELA.

Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay.

An' I wisht I was in Ireland the live-long day;

Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!

"Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it!"

There's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyond the heavy trees,

This livin' air is moithered wi' the bummin' o' the bees;

I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through the heat

"Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it."

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,

There's not the smallest young gossoon but travels in his shoes!

I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefoot child!

"Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind."

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,

By the luck o' love! I'd still go light for all I did go bare.

"God save ye, 'colleen dhas," I said; the girl she thought me wild.

"Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind."

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortal hard to raise,

The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are hard to please;

When ones't I'm out this workin' hive, 't is I'll be back again—

"Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain."

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an English town!

For a "shaugh" wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a silver crown.

For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in vain,

"Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same 'soft rain."

—Moira O'Neill.

"PARTNERS."

By Antony E. Anderson.

I know he's just a common cur,

Yet money couldn't buy him;

For he is good an' gentle, sir,—

Jest pat him onct, an' try him!

He knows a gentleman at sight,

An' treats 'em all politely;

No customer o' mine he'll bite

Who buys my papers nightly.

We're partners, that small cur an' me,

A-workin' both together;

Where I am found that dog you'll see,

In every kind o' weather;

He'll follow me with waggin' tail,

He'll lay and watch my papers,

Ef I look glum, he'll never fail

To cheer me with his capers.

I tell you, partners jest like Jim

Ain't found on every corner,

Though on the day I 'dopted him

No dog could be forlornier;

A sadder cur you never see,

An' one thin leg was broken;

I looked at him, he looked at me,

An' nary a word was spoken.

But from the very hour he crept

An' licked my hand so dumly,

An' from the very night he slept

Beside my feet so humbly,

That dog was mine, I surely knew,

My partner an' my friend, sir,—

My love an' his'n grew an' grew,

An' now they couldn't end, sir!

COURTESY OF THE HOME.

The home is the place of all places in which to teach courtesy. Be courteous to the children if you would have them be courteous to you. Some folks brusquely brush children aside and never ask their pardon when they do anything to them demanding an apology. I was once at a day nursery where the woman in charge always used the politest words in addressing the babies. When spoken to in regard to this, she said: "If we are not polite to them, we cannot expect them to learn to be polite." Mothers should insist that their children observe in the home every law of politeness. The term "company manners" should never be used. Home manners and company manners should be the same.—Set.

THE LADYBUG.

What child, boy or girl, is there who does not know what a ladybug is?—that little round bug with glistening red wings spotted with black polka-dots. And what child who has not said:

"Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home; Your house is afire, your children will burn."

An old English writer says of this pretty insect. "It is one of those few highly-favored among God's harmless creatures which superstition protects from wanton injury."

An effort to trace the source of the tender regard in which the ladybug is held by children in all the countries of Europe has ended in the belief that it is a relic of some ancient cult.

There are many different versions of the hymn which is repeated to warn the little bug to fly away. In Lancashire, England, where the people speak a peculiar dialect, it runs:

"Gowdenbug, gowdenbug, fly away home; Yar house is bahnt down, an' yar children all gone."

The children there call it "gowdenbug" because that is their way of saying "goldenbug," which is their name for "ladybug."

There are places where this same little bug is called "ladycow," or "Our Lady's cow," and the children then say:

"Dowdycow, dowdycow, ride away heame; Thy house is burnt, and thy bairns are taen; And if thou means to save thy bairns, Take thy wings and fly away."

Then there are other places where this bug is called "Bishop Barnabee," and the hymn says:

"Bishop, Bishop Barnabee, Tell me when your wedding be. If it be to-morrow day, Take thy wings and fly away."

Or else:

"Bishop, Bishop Barnabee, Tell me when my wedding be. If it be to-morrow day, Take thy wings and fly away. Fly to east, fly to west, Fly to them that I love best."

Everywhere it is believed necessary to repeat one of these rhymes over three times, while the ladybug is held in the palm of the hand—the palm of a little girl's hand is thought to be best—and then it will heed the warning and fly away.

In other places this little bug bears the names of "ladybird," "ladybee," "Maybug," "goldenknop," and the "bishop-that-burneth."

It has been thought that there was some connection between this insect and cows, but neither from its habits nor from its history can this be traced. The word "Barnabee" is supposed to come from "barn-bee," because ladybugs gather in large numbers in barns to take their long winter's sleep. And the name "bishop" is thought to come from the robes worn in early times by the doctors of divinity at Oxford University, which were of scarlet velvet with black velvet sleeves and trimmings, and so were something like the coat of the ladybug.

One author has attempted to show that, because the ancient Egyptians revered all kinds of beetles, this one was taken by them as being especially for children, because it is so small, and so harmless and pretty and clean. It certainly never does any harm, and eats only the little bugs which kill plants and flowers; and children have always liked it, so that even the most mischievous boys have felt that they must never do anything to hurt this innocent little bug. —[Circle.]

A candidate for municipal honors was in the middle of an impassioned speech. "Can anyone here sell me six pennyworth of common sense?" shouted a man at the back of the hall. The candidate paused for a moment. "Yes, I can sell you six pennyworth," he then said, "but you have nothing to put it in, I'm afraid."

Current Events.

A tremendous ovation at Quebec and other points greeted Sir Wilfrid Laurier on his return to Canada from Europe, whence he had gone to attend the Imperial Conference in London. Sir Wilfrid and his party landed on July 18th.

Thousands of acres of crop have been destroyed by storms in Southern Russia.

A party of Doukhobors are again on the march, searching for the promised land.

From January 1 to May 31 of this year there were 991,003 deaths from plague in India.

An unsuccessful attempt upon the life of President Fallieres, of France, was made recently.

Placards have been posted in Seoul calling for the death of all the Japanese officials in the city.

The United States Government has decided that training warships will not be permitted on the Great Lakes.

Two Japanese sealing vessels have been seized by the United States revenue cutter near the seal island of St. Paul.

Complaints are being made at London, England, that the Japanese are endeavoring to shut out Great Britain and the United States from trading in Korea.

The death of eight persons and the injury of many others, by the collapse of three stores in London, Ont., plead eloquently for the necessity of strict inspection of buildings while in process of construction or repair, and more especially of those which have become old enough to have passed their first strength. Such lessons, it seems, must always be taught by tragedy.

THE DOMINION EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The session of the Dominion Educational Association, which closed in Toronto recently, was marked by many features, not only important in themselves, but auspicious as to the educational future of Canada. The delegates found inspiration and food for thought in the addresses of such men as Dr. Colquhoun, Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario; Dr. J. W. Robertson, of Ste. Anne de Bellevue; Rev. J. A. Macdonald, of The Globe; Dr. G. H. Lock, of Montreal; Inspector J. L. Hughes, of Toronto, and others, while a spirit of unity was induced by the fact that delegates were present from every part of the Dominion. A conspicuous movement of the institution was, in fact, one towards having the same set of public-school readers for all the Provinces. That some change in many of the readers is necessary, was universally conceded; our Ontario set was stigmatized by Mr. J. P. Hoag, of Brantford, as the worst in the world.

A feature of much interest to the rural population of the country was the prominence given to rural education. Dr. J. W. Robertson was, as usual, the pioneer in this movement, the masterly spokesman ever to the fore in the interests of the agricultural Dominion. But Dr. Robertson is not only an Aaron, but a Moses also. He has ever been an indefatigable worker, whose good services have been neither unrecognized nor forgotten by the farmers of Canada, who are glad to-day that his appointment to the new college at Ste. Anne de Bellevue will but give him chances of extending still more a beneficent

influence. An interesting item of his address was his announcement that Macdonald College would gladly give free tuition to a class of forty teachers of rural schools each year for a number of years to come, his wife to pay their board and railway fare to Ste. Anne and back, the one condition of these "Jennie Robertson scholarships" being that the teacher must have taught two years in one rural school, and return to teach in the same district at least one year more.

Education, he said, in conclusion, costs, and the people would pay the cost; what cost most was ignorance and selfishness and sordid life, a cultivation of words and neglect of the spirit.

A visit of the delegates to the O. A. C. was another proof that agriculture is fast becoming recognized among the professions.

Almost every phase of education, from the Kindergarten to the higher education of the Universities, was discussed, and the delegates returned to their homes feeling that the time spent at the Dominion Educational Association must be productive of a rich harvest.

"LOOK PLEASANT."

I know a woman of charming personality and great tact. She makes few demands on people, allowing her friends the privilege of their own opinions—in other words, minding her own business.

But there is one quality that she does demand in her friends, and that is a sunny disposition.

"I want the people about me to be cheerful," she says. "I cannot bear glum faces and sulky manners."

She is sweet and bright herself, and diffuses an atmosphere that cannot but affect those with whom she comes in contact.

She is not physically robust, and sometimes it requires great effort to maintain her sunny cheerfulness.

If you have ever lived with a peevish pessimist you cannot appreciate what a comfort the sunny person is. One sour, discontented face at the breakfast table can spoil the meal for everyone.

Very often people do not feel in the mood to talk, but at least they can look pleasant in their silence and refrain from disagreeable remarks.

The girl who is sweet-tempered over her work can count her friends by the score. Other girls are glad to show her little favors, to help her with her work if she is rushed. They all like her because she is never unkind or sharp in her manner to them.

I know that sometimes it is desperately hard to keep back the sharp retort that seems as though it must force itself out.

But if you can control yourself for just a minute or so, the temptation will have passed, and the victory be yours.

As for the sulks, they are the most disagreeable of all forms of bad temper. It is undignified to sulk; no one is sorry for you; everyone is bored and will keep away from you as much as possible. And, incidentally, to sulk will draw most unbecoming lines upon your face.

"Look pleasant!" the photographers used to say when taking a photograph. It is a very wise saying, and one that every one of us might pin on her looking-glass.

Don't go about all day with a fancied or real grievance, festering your heart and spoiling your face. Either forget it, or go straight to the source of the bitterness and have it out.

Explanation very often removes the cause, which has sprung from misunderstanding.

But no matter what you do, don't act sulky and peevish. Be sunny if you possibly can.—Sel.

Stand close to all, but lean on none,
And if the crowd desert you,
Stand just as fearlessly alone
As if a throng beheld you,
And learn, what long the wise have known,
Self-flight alone can hurt you.
—William S. Shurtleff.

TIME AND THE CHILDREN.

Where they play among the grasses,
If perchance a dark cloud passes
O'er their places,
Not a shadow of the morrow
Brings a sorrow
To their faces;
For they hear the bluebells ringing
When the fairies rock the steeple,
And they see the green grass swinging
'Neath the feet of fairy people.
Ah! Father Time,
Their golden hours are few,
And the arch of the rainbow is still to climb
And the fairies to find in the dew!
—Will you not wait for the children?

Through the lilacs straying, playing,
What the children hear them saying
All the sages
Have no hope of ever learning
In the turning
Of dull pages;
For they can hear the laughing
Of the elfin-comrades drinking
When the morning dew's for quaffing
And the cowslip cups are clinking.
Ah! Time, each rose
Her best for the children weaves;
Soon, too soon, as the wan world knows,
They will walk in the brown dead leaves
—Will you not wait for the children?

Time! The days are short for reaping
Mirth, but ah, so long for weeping!
And the wreath
Withers oft before its binding
Or unwinding,
Pales to death!
Leave them to their wild-flower braiding,
With the kind blue sky above them,
For those wreaths, tho' swiftly fading,
Last as long as child-hearts love them.
We dare not climb,
And the fairies for us are dead;
Will you not wait for the children, Time,
And hurry us home instead?
—Ah, Time! Wait for the children!
—Will H. Ogilvie, in Temple Bar.

THE POSTAL-CARD PEST.

She's got them from China and from Peru,
From Egypt, Japan, and Honolulu!
She's got them in all conceivable styles,
From Italy, Belgium, the British Isles,
From Switzerland, France, and the Isle of Man,
From Holland and Russia and Astrakhan!
She wants but one more to make up the whole—
Then she'll be satisfied—from the North Pole!
Pictures of Paris, of London, of Rome,
The Tower, the Louvre, and St. Peter's Dome,
The Sphinx and the Pyramids, Suez Canal,
The Rock of Gibraltar, Malta, Pall Mall!
Higgledy-piggledy, see! there they lie
No trouble to write and SO cheap to buy!
Most every picture's a caricature,
This is the fashion one has to endure!
It's not the custom to write letters now;
People, it seems, have forgotten just how!
If of your movements friends wish to keep track,
Just get a postal, with picture on back,
Then write the address, and mail it—that's all!
The trouble's infinitesimally small!
Of all the sad things of pen and of ink,
The saddest of all's the postal, I think!
—Times, New York.

It was a village school, and the rector called and began to question the class. "What am I?" he asked, pompously. "A man, sir," came the reply. "Yes, yes; I know I'm a man, but what kind of a man?" After a pause came another reply: "A little man, sir." "Dear, dear, how silly," he said, pettishly; "I know I'm a man, and a little man; but you see the clothes I wear. I preach in church. What kind of man am I?" After a painful pause, one little girl bravely put up her hand. "Well, dear, what am I? Here's a little girl at last can tell us." "Please, sir," came the reply, "you're an ugly little man."

CREAM IS MONEY. The chief reason you want a separator is to get more cream—more money—out of your milk. U.S. GETS All the CREAM. Holds World's Record for CLEAN Skimming. Marshfield, Vt., Feb. 2, '07. I bought one of the machines, but after running it a little while I found it was not skimming clean. I had it tested at the creameries here and found it to test 1 per cent, and I could not stand this so exchanged it for one of the U. S. machines, and find that if I had given the other machine away I should have made money by so doing. I like the U.S. very much. ALMON TUCKER. The U.S. is also the simplest, strongest, safest separator. Only two parts in the bowl—easy to wash. Gears turn in oil and run surprising easy. Lasts for many years with ordinary care. Let us tell you ALL about it. It's money in your pocket right away to know. Just write, "Send me new Catalogue No. 110." The pictures tell the story. FREE TO YOU. Write to-day, addressing the VERMONT FARM MACHINE CO. Bellows Falls, Vt. 472. Eighteen Distributing Warehouses.

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LADIES Send for a FREE Sample of ORANGE LILY. If you suffer from any disease of the organs that make of you a woman, write me at once for ten days' treatment of ORANGE LILY, which I will send to every lady enclosing 5 cent stamps. This wonderful Applied remedy cures tumors, leucorrhoea, lacerations, painful periods, pains in the back, sides and abdomen, falling, irregularities, etc., like magic. You can use it and cure yourself in the privacy of your own home for a trifle, no physician being necessary. Don't fail to write to day for the FREE TRIAL TREATMENT. This will convince you that you will get well if you continue the treatment a reasonable time. Address MRS F. V. CURRAN, Windsor, Ont.

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SHOW-RING POINTERS

Size vs. Conformation.

Conformation in an animal is the result of BREEDING, but size is decidedly the result of FEEDING.

Many exhibitors, in their anxiety for the former, lose sight of the latter, with the result that often an inferior animal carries off the honors; but notice that those who FEED CARNEFAC always turn out animals with plenty of size, the desired smooth flesh, and the healthy, glossy coat. This is why CARNEFAC is recommended by all the BEST STOCKMEN. No substitute has proven its equal. Do not forget this in preparing your stock for SHOW or SALE. See your dealer or write us at once.

The Carnefac Stock Food Co., TORONTO.

Improving Crop Prospects in Nova Scotia.

Crops are growing splendidly in this part of Canada now. Spring was very late coming, and kept cold until well on in June. No seeding was done until the eighth of May, and we had heavy frosts as late as the twelfth of June; but about the twenty-second of June, the weather became warm and showery, and how things have grown since then!

Now, what are the prospects and the conditions? The good growing weather came too late to make a good grass crop, and the present prospect is that hay will be about two-thirds of an average crop. Of course, hay is the only crop that we can speak of with any degree of certainty, but grain is coming on splendidly, and with good weather from now on could be a bumper crop yet. Potatoes were generally too late planted to expect anything more than an average crop, even under good conditions, and if the blight affects them as early as it often does, the crop will be light. Roots of all kinds are generally rather a poor stand, but are coming on splendidly now. Pests, such as cutworm and potato bug,

have not done as much harm as usual. Prices for beef, pork and dairy products have ruled high, and hay has been as high as it ever was. Potatoes have been retailing at \$1 a bushel. Picnics and excursions have been the order of the day for the last two weeks. The Pictou County Farmers' Association came to Amherst on their excursion on the 9th, and the Cumberland County Farmers' Association held their annual picnic at the Experimental Farm, Nappan, on the eleventh. About 500 from different parts of the county met at the farm, and had a very pleasant day. Among the speakers were Mr. Roberston, Superintendent of the Farm; Samuel Freeman, President of the Association, and H. J. Logan, M. P. for Cumberland County.

C. H. BLACK.

Cumberland Co., N. S.

Little Dick.—Papa, didn't you tell mamma we must economize?
Papa.—I did, my son.
Little Dick.—Well, I was thinkin' that mebbe, if you'd get a pony, I wouldn't wear out so many shoes.

THE LIFE NATURAL.

Overhead the leaf-song, on the upland slope;
Over that the azure, clean from base to cope;
Belle the mare beside me, drowsy from her lope.

Goldy-green the wheat field, like a fluted wall
In the pleasant wind, with waves that rise and fall,
"Moving all together," if it "move at all."

Shakespeare in my pocket, lest I feel alone,

Lest the brooding landscape take a somber tone;
Good to have a poet to fall back upon!

But the vivid beauty makes the book absurd;
What beside the real world is the written word?

Keep the page till winter, when no thrush is heard!

Why read Hamlet here?—what's Iecuba to me?

Let me read the grain-field; let me read the tree;

Let me read mine own heart, deep as I can see.

—Edward Rowland Sill.

THE TEMPLE IN THE FIELD.

How often, worshipping, have I
From toil, desire, and care
Gone far aloof,
Under the blue and solemn roof
Men call the sky.

The very air
Was sweet sometimes with promises,
And a divine content,

Passing from flower and field,
Taught me again to yield
My spirit doubting, spent,
To Heaven's clear way, and try
The summons calling from I knew not where.

The rose, at coming of the sun,
Lifts an adoring face;
There is for her

No sharp distrust of time, no stir
Of joys soon done.

And shall the faith I praise
Be then a shadowy, fairy thing,
Spun of a wish? Much more

Am I than any rose;
For me there doth unclose
A distant shining door,
Whereto my hopes may run
Past the last narrow bound of time and space.

—Mildred I. McNeal, in Lippincott's.

ANSWER TO A WEDDING INVITATION.

Mr. Black regrets that he
Must impart the information
That he can't accept with glee
Mrs. White's kind invitation.
Candidly he must avow,
Risking being thought unpleasant,
That his means do not allow
Of the purchase of a present.

Mr. Black, too, would remind
Mrs. White, without evasion,
That they've met, through Fate unkind,
Only upon one occasion.

As for the prospective bride,
Her no doubt delightful daughter,
If her form he'd ever eyed
Something he perhaps had bought her.

Mr. Black must, therefore, state,
Taking all things in conjunction,
That he can't participate
In this fashionable function.
He is neither millionaire
Nor a dog inclined to manglers;
He's just one who cannot spare
Charities for perfect strangers.

"FRIENDSHIP."

Friendship does not look askance
When clothes are old, or, if by chance
From off the narrow way—aside—
We slip to where the path is wide—
But sympathetic words of cheer
Pours in the poor discouraged ear,
And gladly helps with hearty hand
To lead us back to higher land.

—Harry H. Marsales, in Toronto

SPIRIT OF DELIGHT.

By Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Rarely, rarely comest thou,
Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure:
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure;
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good;
Between thee and me
What difference? But thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love, though he has wings,
And like light can flee;
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee.
Make once more my heart thy home,
Thou art love and life! O, come.

THE HAMADRYAD.

Was it the wind I heard, starting the
leaves athrill?—
A wind in the golden birch when the rest
of the wood was still?
Was it the wing of a bird high up in
that leafy place
That gleamed so white to my eye, like
the mask of a peering face?

The round moon washed the forest an
indescribable blue—
The blue of the unfound rose—the color
of dreams come true—
And there in the elfin radiance, deep in
the elfin land,
Drunk with the elfin hour, my fingers in-
closed her hand.

She led me by aisles of azure and float-
ing ramparts of sleep
To a castle of hammered silver set in
a magic keep.

She led me beyond remembrance of toil,
and failure, and fame,
Back to the glory of Youth and the
longing that has no name.

Was it the wind I heard, starting the
leaves athrill?—
A wind in the golden birch when the rest
of the wood was still?
Was it the gleam of her breast, or a
bird, in that leafy place,
When I opened my eyes to the dawn and
felt the dew on my face?

—Theodore Roberts.

ROMANY.

The city frets in the distance, lass,
The city so grim and gray;
A glare in the sky by night; my lass,
And a blot on the sky by day;
But we are out on the long white road,
And under the wide free sky,
And the song that was born in my
heart to-day,
Will sing there till I die.

The long white road and the wide free
sky,
And the city far away;

A good-night kiss in the twilight, lass,
And a kiss at the break of day;
For light are the loads we bear, my
lass,
By highway and hill and grove,
And the sunlight is all for life, my lass,
And the starlight all for love.

Charles Hamilton Musgrove, in Lippin-

cott's.

These heroes are the only ones that

THE TWO WORKERS.

Two workers in one field
Toiled on from day to day.
Both had the same hard labor,
Both had the same small pay.
With the same blue sky above,
The same green grass below,
One soul was full of love,
The other full of woe.

One leap'd up with the light,
With the soaring of the lark;
One felt it ever night,
For his soul was ever dark.
One heart was hard as stone,
One heart was ever gay;
One worked with many a groan,
One whistled all the day.

One had a flower-clad cot
Beside a merry mill;
Wife and children near the spot
Made it sweeter, fairer still;
One a wretched hovel had,
Full of discord, dirt and din—
No wonder he seemed mad,
Wife and children starved within.

Still they worked in the same field,
Toiled on from day to day;
Both had the same hard labor,
Both had the same small pay.

But they worked not with one will,
The reason let me tell—
Lo! the one drank at the still,
And the other at the well.
—National Advocate.

NAMES.

Belinda and Rebecca,
Mehetabel and Sue,
Hannah and Amanda,
What has become of you?

Once glorious in hoop and curl,
With modest maiden grace
You led our fathers such a dance
They scarce could keep the pace.

I wonder, if you came again,
With parted dusky hair,
And no three-storied pompadour,
If they'd still think you fair?

If ping-pong youths, and those that steer
The wary auto-car,
Golf fiends and gridiron champions,
Would let you stand afar?

Or if the Vassar tailor mades,
The Bryn Mawr stunning whips,
Or Chicago's jockey sweaters would
Your old-time grace eclipse?

No, though you never made a tee,
Nor held a handle-bar,
And though your tender feelings would
Have fled a football star,

Belinda and Rebecca,
Mehetabel and Sue,
Hannah and Amanda,
They still would worship you!
—Alice R. Corbin.

ALL NIGHT THE LONE CICADA.

By Charles G. D. Roberts.
All night the lone cicada
Kept shrilling through the rain—
A voice of joy undaunted
By unforgetten pain.

Down from the wind-blown branches
Rang out the high refrain,
By tumult undisheartened,
By storm assailed in vain.

To looming vasts of mountain
And shadowy deeps of plain,
The ephemeral, brave defiance
Adventured not in vain.

Till to the faltering spirit
And to the weary brain,
From loss and fear and failure,
My joy returned again.
—From the Century (March).

I pray not that
Men tremble at
My power of place
And lordly sway,
I only pray for simple grace
To look my neighbor in the face
Full honestly from day to day.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE HAY FIELD.

With slender arms outstretching in the sun
The grass lies dead;
The wind walks tenderly and stirs not one
Frail, fallen head.

Of baby creepings through the April day
Where streamlets wend,
Of child-like dancing on the breeze of May,
This is the end.

No more these tiny forms are bathed in dew,
No more they reach
To hold with leaves that shade them
from the blue
A whispered speech.

No more they part their arms, and
wreath them close
Again to shield
Some love-full little nest—a dainty house
Hid in a field.

—Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald.

THE GOOD MAN.

I.
Mackillray was a dour man,
Workin' night and day,
Thyrin' to build a grand house,
And frettin' life away.

When he'd built his foine house,
High beyont the furze
Not a girl in Kildare
Sought to make it hers!

II.

Larry was a young de'il
Idlin' youth away,
A-pipin' and philanderin'
And laughin' all the day.

Never was a colleen
Trode the Kildare sod
But homeless would have fared forth
At homeless Larry's nod!
—Arthur Stringer, in Smart Set.

A MOTHER'S SONG.

Soft sleeps the earth in moonlight blest;
Soft sleeps the bough above the nest;
O'er lonely depths the whippoorwill
Breathes one faint note and all is still.
Sleep, little darling; night is long—
Sleep while I sing thy cradle song.

About thy dream the drooping flower
Blows her sweet breath from hour to hour,
And while the great moon spreads her wings,
While low, while far, the dear earth swings,
Sleep, little darling; all night long
The winds shall sing thy slumber song.

Powers of the earth and of the air
Shall have thee in their mother-care,
And hosts of heaven, together rest,
Bend over thee, their last, their best,
Hush, little darling; from the deep
Some mighty wing shall fan thy sleep.
—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Freshman (meeting a professor in Subway).—"Are those micrococci in that basket?"
Professor.—"No."
"Spirogyllimi?"
"No."
"Saceromise cervivise?"
"No."
"Generatorsphorgetirimillinollinician organisms?"
"No."
"What are they, please?"
"Grapes."

"What was all that noise about at your house this morning?"
"Oh, nothing at all. Johnny sat on his grandmother's false teeth and they bit him."

WHOLESALE COUPLING.

Rev. Dr. Joinem.—"Yes, sir, I marry about fifty couples a week, right here in this parsonage."
Visitor.—"Parsonage? I should call it the union depot."

GOSSIP.

ROYAL SHOW MILK-AND-BUTTER TEST.

At the one-day milk-and-butter trial for cows, at the late Royal Show, at Lincoln, the first prize and gold medal for the best cow, any breed, over 900 lbs., live weight, was won by a Jersey, eight years old, weighing 910 lbs., which yielded, 116 days after calving, 41 lbs. 2 ozs. milk, and 2 lbs. 7 ozs. butter; a ratio of one pound butter to 16.87 lbs. milk. The second award went to a Shorthorn, six years old, weighing 1,316 lbs., which, 36 days after calving, gave 58 lbs. 10 ozs. milk, and 1 lb. 9 1/2 ozs. butter; ratio, 36.42. In the milking classes, the first-prize Shorthorn gave 59 lbs. 2 ounces, testing 3.10 per cent.; the first-prize Ayrshire, 44 lbs., testing 3.70; the first-prize Lincoln Red, 63 lbs. 2 ozs., testing 3.77; the first-prize Jersey, 37 lbs. 8 ozs., testing 5.35, and the first-prize Guernsey, 38 lbs., testing 4.62.

Official record of 90 Holstein-Friesian cows were accepted by the American Holstein Association, from May 24th to June 24th, 1907. All made seven-day records, three made fourteen-day, one made a twenty-one-day, six made thirty-day, and one made a sixty-day record. Eighty-four of these, of all ages, produced in seven consecutive days 33,126.7 lbs. of milk, containing 1,128.128 lbs. of butter-fat, thus showing an average of 3.41 per cent. fat. The average yield for each animal was 394.4 lbs. of milk, containing 13.43 lbs. butter-fat, equivalent to 56.3 lbs., or 27 quarts milk daily, and 15.67 lbs. of best commercial butter per week.

In this issue of the official reports, the aged-cow class is again led by Colantha 4th's Johanna. For this great cow, early in the spring, records were reported as follows: 28,176 lbs. fat from 651.7 lbs. milk in seven days, 110,933 lbs. fat from 2,373.6 lbs. milk in thirty days, and 208,398 lbs. fat from 5,326.7 lbs. milk in sixty days; and now, beginning her official record 143 days after freshening, she makes the great record of 21,802 lbs. fat from 613 lbs. milk.

THE CANADIAN-JAPANESE TRADE.

In the July 15th weekly report of the Dominion Department of Trade and Commerce, Alexander McLean, Canadian Commercial Agent in Japan, compares Canadian-Japanese trade for the two years, 1906 and 1905, as follows:

	1906.	1905.
Exports, Japan to Canada	\$1,976,526	\$1,620,018
Imports, Japan from Canada	501,160	366,011
Total trade	\$2,477,686	\$1,986,029

Of the items making up this trade, we find wheat flour, \$81,821 in 1906, against \$52,053 the year before; salted salmon and trout, \$203,877 in 1906, against, \$143,610 in 1905; lead, \$85,180 in 1906, against, \$25,494; printing paper, \$22,571, against only \$3,020 the year before; fertilizers, \$28,100, against, \$16,981; bicycles, \$494, a decrease of \$1,316. This, however, was practically made up by the increase of whiskey, which amounted to \$1,533 in 1906. The imports of Canadian butter in 1906 were \$11,479, and of cheese, \$1,910. Regarding the flour trade, Mr. McLean warns Canadian millers that they are up against keen competition from the Pacific-coast States. He evidently believes, however, that with reasonable prices and fair freight rates, Canadian millers will be able to hold their business. The flour for the Japanese market will come from Alberta and Saskatchewan rather than from farther east. On this and other matters, Mr. McLean writes interestingly, suggesting possible avenues for trade extension in minor forms of agricultural implements and various other lines of goods. The trouble he finds in promoting Canadian trade in Japan is that our manufacturers are too busy at home to pay attention to the Oriental market. Whether they are wise in failing to secure an early footing therein is a matter on which there is room for difference of opinion. The Japanese market will grow in importance as the years go on.



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Our stable fittings do just that, and increase the profits from the stock as well.

BEATH'S LITTER CARRIER, illustrated here, takes at least half the hard work away from cleaning out stables. The tub lowers to be filled, then winds up and runs out easily on the overhead track, dumping directly into the spreader if desired. Every part is made for solid service.

Our PRESSED STEEL WATERING BOWLS, always within reach of the stock, and always supplied with fresh water, are far more convenient and a great deal better for the animals than an icy trough in the yard. They are cheap and easy to install and rust proof.

Our U BAR ROTARY STANCHIONS make it possible for even a boy to tie up the herd in half the usual time. They give the cattle plenty of freedom, but prevent them from injuring one another, making partitions and stalls unnecessary.

Write for our catalogue No. 16. It will give you some valuable information on how to lighten your work.

METAL SHINGLE & SIDING CO. Limited, PRESTON, ONT. 60

SHOW ME Sherlock - Manning Organs.

They are built on a solid foundation.

"QUALITY"

and will bear inspection. No dealer will hesitate to show you the inner workings of a

Sherlock - Manning

Write us for catalogue and particulars.

THE SHERLOCK-MANNING ORGAN CO., LONDON, ONTARIO.



Every Woman is interested and should know about the wonderful Marvel Whiting Spray Douche

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies. WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

BIG IMPORTATION OF SHEEP.

The steamship, Marina, of the Donaldson Steamship Company, from Glasgow, arrived at Quebec last week, having on board 317 pure-bred sheep, nearly all Shropshires, bred in the Midlands of England. Among them are first and second-prize winners at the English Royal and other leading shows; also some Southdowns, purchased from His Majesty the King. This is said to be the largest flock of pure-bred sheep brought to North America by one person or firm in the last 15 years. They are the property of Messrs. Chandler Bros., of Charlton, Iowa. Part of this importation will remain in Canada, and part goes on to the United States.

Ingleside Herefords

FOR SALE:

Young bulls; 60 females, all ages; a few choice heifers by champion Burton Ingleside, and in calf to Keep On. Come and see them, or write:

H. D. SMITH,
HAMILTON, ONT.

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HOMESEEKERS'

Round Trip Excursions
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NORTH-WEST

Leave Toronto

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VERY LOW RATES

for second-class tickets to Winnipeg and all important North-west towns

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS

on each excursion. Berths at small additional cost. Berths must be reserved early; very heavy demand. Apply to local agent at least a week before excursion leaves.

Ask nearest C.P.R. Ticket Agent for more information

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C. B. FOSTER, Dist. Pass. Agt., C.P.R., Toronto

Advertisements will be inserted under this heading, such as Farm Properties, Help and Situations Wanted, Pot Stock, and miscellaneous advertising.

TERMS—Three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

BABY FOR ADOPTION—Healthy; attractive. Guardianship made safe. Write J. J. Kelso, Toronto.

FARM SALE—Farm 170 acres, lot 20, 3rd concession, West Flamboro, County Wentworth, 6 miles from Hamilton, 24 from Dundas. Two barns (one bank); two houses; orchard; 17 acres timber; well fenced; spring creek and wells; best soil—high state cultivation. One of the best farms in County. Apply to Mr. Morden, on premises, or A. R. Wardell, Dundas, Ont.

I WANT to correspond with farmers or producers of onion sets to give contracts. Address: J. T. B., 122 St. Pierre St., Quebec.

SCOTCH Collie puppies two and five months old. Sire imported Craigmere Clyde, ex bitches that produce workers. Prices six to ten dollars each. W. J. Johnston, Box 246, Meaford, Ont.

VETERINARY student desires position as assistant with practitioner. Address: Geo. Keith, 133 Colborne St., Toronto.

WANTED—A few good subscription agents for The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine. Liberal terms. The William Weld Co., Ltd., London, Ont.

260 ACRES Good locality. Excellent buildings. Box 57, Uxbridge, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE—Tenders will be received up to August 11th next for the desirable farm of the late Thomas Howay, west half lot seven, concession one, Township West Nissouri, containing 115 acres—100 cleared, 15 bush, clay loam, well drained, clean, and in good state of cultivation; extra well fenced. Good young orchard, also small fruit trees. Large bank barn, new drive shed, good frame house. Spring water with windmill; one power windmill. Six miles from London. For further particulars apply to undersigned at lot three, con. three, London Township, or address: E. Howay, The Grove P. O., Ont.

Wifey.—George, dear, isn't my new hat a cuckoo?

Hubby (looking at the bill).—By the size of the bill it must be a pelican.

There is a big farm in Minnesota now which is worked entirely by machinery, no horses being used for anything. Automobile plows, harrows and harvesters are busy all the time, and it is said that they can work prairie land better than horse-drawn machines.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1st.—Questions asked by bona-fide subscribers to "The Farmer's Advocate" are answered in this department free.
2nd.—Questions should be clearly stated and plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer.
3rd.—In veterinary questions, the symptoms especially must be fully and clearly stated, otherwise satisfactory replies cannot be given.
4th.—When a reply by mail is required to urgent veterinary or legal enquiries, \$1 must be enclosed.

Miscellaneous.

PEAT FOR FUEL.

Does peat make good, satisfactory fuel for cooking-stove? How would you prepare it for fuel? A. R. T.

Ans.—Will some readers who have had experience, send us answers to the foregoing?

THE CUINO.

I enclose you a clipping from an American paper, re ram cross with sow. Will you kindly give your opinion on the matter? I remember when a boy seeing a ram try to serve a sow, but separated them.

Ans.—Regarding the practicability of such a seemingly unnatural cross, we know nothing from personal observation, and should have little confidence in its becoming a desirable consummation, if it is possible. In the letter referred to, a Mexican rancher says it is a common practice among the poor people in that country who want to improve their hogs, that the produce grow tall, and have fine curly hair, but otherwise are just like the hog, and that they will reproduce. This cross-bred animal is called the Cuino.

A LOST CERTIFICATE.

There is a pure-bred mare down here that I got from a dealer. Her certificate of registration has been lost, and the party has requested me to get them another one. What course should one pursue in order to get this? H. B.

Ans.—Correspondent does not say to what breed the mare belongs. If a Clydesdale, a new certificate could not be issued to anyone but the owner, as shown by the books of the Clydesdale Association of Canada. It would be necessary to have transfers signed by each person through whose hands she has passed. A complete chain of ownership would thus be procured. Even were the certificate now in possession of the enquirer, the transfers would have to be made before the pedigree of a foal from the mare could be registered. Transfer blanks may be procured free by addressing, Accountant, National Live-stock Records, Ottawa.

FENCING—TREE PLANTING.

1. What is supposed to be a lawful rail fence for a line fence?
2. Would an eight-wire woven fence, with single wire stretched on top, say about 8 inches above woven wire, be a lawful fence? If so, would it be lawful to put barbed wire on top instead of smooth wire?
3. What distance should posts be apart?
4. If line fence crosses creek, are you supposed to fence so as to keep out hogs?
5. Is farmer joining where creek comes through from his place supposed to help fence across creek?
6. Is it lawful to plant shade trees outside road fence? If so, what distance from fence, and how far apart?
Ontario. OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Ans.—1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. You should see your local municipal by-laws on the subject. Ask the clerk of the municipality to show them to you.
6. A person owning land adjacent to the highway may plant trees on the portion thereof contiguous to his land, but not so that such trees may be or become a nuisance in the highway, or obstruct the fair and reasonable use of same. This is provided for by "The Ontario Tree-planting Act," but the by-law, if any, of the local municipality must be looked at for regulations respecting the details you mention.

HOMEMADE SLINGS.

Would you kindly give me particulars how to make slings for unloading sheaves?

Ans.—The slings are, we believe, comparatively inexpensive to purchase all ready for use, and we think you would probably find it more satisfactory to get them that way than to try to purchase the castings, ropes, etc., and put them together. Some of the firms advertising haying and harvesting tools in "The Farmer's Advocate" could, doubtless, supply the slings.

RYE GRASS.

Can you tell me what the enclosed plant is? I found a few patches growing in sod, along wire fence, beside a small creek. Will mowing it and burning on ground kill it, or what is best to do with it? SUBSCRIBER.

Ans.—The sample is Lolium perenne (perennial rye grass), one of the best-known rye grasses. For this country, the rye is regarded as somewhat misleading, as it cannot be depended upon to give a crop for more than one season. It is a grass of good quality, and on rich lands yields a fairly heavy crop of hay, not much inferior to timothy.

SIGNALING AUTOMOBILE DRIVER.

If anyone, driving on the public road, raises his hand before he meets an automobile, are the people in the automobile compelled to stop it until he is safely past? Is there any law to this effect?

Ans.—1. The person having control or charge of the motor vehicle, if approaching a person riding or driving a horse upon any public highway outside the limits of any city or town, must stop such motor vehicle when signalled by such rider or driver, so to do by raising his hand, or otherwise requested, and must remain stationary so long as may be necessary to allow such rider or driver to pass, or until directed by him to proceed.
2. Yes, Ontario Statutes, 1906, Chap. 46; Sec. 10.

CATALPA TREES DYING.

A catalpa tree on my lawn has commenced to die. Last spring it was very late in coming out in leaf, and then only the lower limbs, perhaps half way up the tree, had any leaves on. Do you know of any method for saving this tree? G. H. H.

Ans.—There are several varieties of catalpa, and none of them are really hardy at Guelph. The hardiest one of the lot is Catalpa speciosa. This should succeed well at Ancaster. The other kinds kill back more or less every winter, much as you have described, and if yours happens to be one of the more tender varieties, it would be better to discard it and make sure of getting trees of the hardy species. These grow readily from seed, and in a few years form good-sized trees. The catalpa is well worth growing as an ornamental tree, because of its large, showy foliage and handsome flowers. One objection to it is the lateness at which it leafs out in the spring. It is one of the last trees to begin growth in the spring, and often presents a bare, dead appearance when other earlier-growing trees are in full leaf.
O. A. C., Guelph. H. L. HUTT.

BLIGHT ON FRUIT TREES.

A few weeks ago a blight appeared on my Talman Sweet apple trees, beginning at the extreme point of a limb, and affecting the apples. It is spreading to other trees, and I am afraid it will prove serious to my apple crop, and also to the life of the trees. W. H.

Ans.—The disease to which you refer is, no doubt, the twig or fire blight, which is common to all of the pome fruits, such as apples, pears, and quinces, but is usually most severe on pears and quinces, although in some seasons it seriously affects the apple trees. This is a bacterial disease, and is spread by means of a minute bacterial organism, which enters the plant either at the extremities of the growing twigs or through the blossoms. It is spread, more or less, by means of bees and insects, which frequent the flowers in search of pollen or nectar. Unfortunately, this is one of the diseases which cannot be checked by spraying or any such treatment, as the disease works entirely beneath the tissue of the plant, where fungicides cannot reach it. It is usually

most common on trees during rainy weather, when the trees are making a soft, succulent growth. It has been observed that trees which are growing in sod, or are otherwise checked in vigor of growth, are less subject to it than those which are kept well cultivated and growing vigorously. But checking the vigor of the tree to avoid attacks of the disease is not advisable, unless the trees are making too much growth for the production of good crops of fruit. The only effective means of dealing with it is to carefully cut out and burn all affected parts every year. This might best be done towards the latter part of the season, when the blighted twigs can readily be distinguished. A full account of the history and nature of this disease may be found in Bulletin 136 of the Ontario Agricultural College. H. L. HUTT.

Veterinary.

LOCO POISONING.

I have a young mare suffering from loco. Is there any known sure cure for it? If so, where can I get it, and what is the price? R. G. B.

Ans.—There is no sure cure. The success of treatment depends upon the amount of poison existing in the system. Treatment consists in giving a brisk purgation of 6 to 10 drams Barbadoes aloes (according to size of patient) and 2 drams ginger in order to remove any unabsorbed poison from the system by purgation. Follow up with antiseptics, as 30 to 40 drops carbolic acid, mixed with a pint of water, and sprinkled on food three times daily. Also give tonics, as 30 grains quinine and 2 drams each of gentian and nux vomica three times daily. Of course, access to food containing the weed must be checked, else there will be no results from treatment. The cost of quinine is about 40c. to 50c. per ounce. The other drugs do not cost much. V.

INFECTIOUS DISEASE IN SWINE.

Pigs, fed on grass, milk, oat and barley chop, are dying. They cough a great deal, get poor and die. Post-mortems reveal the intestines normal, the spleen with white lumps, some of which contain matter, and the lungs full of matter. W. H. R.

Ans.—This is an infectious disease, either infectious bronchitis, or a form of hog cholera. If the former, it may be checked in the early stages by shutting the pigs in a close building and burning sulphur as long as you can stand the fumes, then opening doors and windows to admit air. Repeat treatment every 10 days, as long as necessary. Pigs that have the disease in an advanced stage will not recover, and it is probable you will lose your whole herd. The premises should be thoroughly disinfected by scrubbing, and applying hot lime wash, with 5 per cent. carbolic acid, before introducing fresh stock. I would advise you to notify the Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa, and it will send a man to investigate, and it is possible he will order the destruction of your herd, in which case you will be compensated. If the trouble is hog cholera, this will be done. V.

GOSSIP.

The death of Mr. Edward Cleary Attrill, of Ridgewood Park, Goderich, Ont., took place at Nicholls' Hospital, Peterboro, on July 11th, resulting from a fall from a hammock, his head striking a stump, causing concussion of the brain. Mr. Attrill was formerly a prominent breeder of Shorthorn cattle and other pure-bred stock, his herd having been dispersed by auction at London about a year and a half ago, owing to ill health of the proprietor.

Volume 4 of the South Devon Flock-book, recently issued, thanks to the Secretary, Mr. W. W. Chapman, has been received at this office. It contains 190 well-printed pages, and the records of rams numbering from 2,570 to 3,528, and of flocks from 1 to 218, together with the constitution, by-laws, rules and regulations of the society. The Secretary's address is No. 4 Mowbray House, Norfolk St., Strand, London, W. C.

SHERBROOKE FAIR,

Sept. 2 to Sept. 14, 1907

\$25,000 in Premiums — Classes for all kinds of stock, farm products and machinery.

Good Racing Programme daily. Air-ship ascensions. Fine vaudeville programme.

Canada's Finest Show this summer; Sherbrooke's biggest fair in history.

Something Doing all the Time.

Entries Close July 31.

Cheap railroad excursions.

Ample hotel accommodation.

For information, prize lists, entry blanks, etc., apply to

W. M. TOMLINSON, Sec'y,
Eastern Townships A. A.,
Box 728, Sherbrooke, Que.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

Woodstock, Ont.

A residential school for boys and young men, offers educational facilities not excelled anywhere.

Four courses: Matriculation, Teachers', English Scientific, Commercial.

A thorough scholastic training, teaches the boy "to do" by "knowing."

A fully-equipped manual training teaches the young man "to know" by "doing."

A new gymnasium under medical supervision ensures healthy physical conditions.

The distinctly christian and moral life of the school safeguards from immoral and hurtful influences.

Write for calendar.

A. T. MacNeill, B. A., Principal.

CONSUMPTION

Book Free!

If you know of anyone suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure.

Write at once to the **Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 132 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.** Don't wait—do it now.

Advertise in The Farmer's Advocate and Get Good Results

HURST POTATO & ORCHARD SPRAYER

ON FREE TRIAL.
No money in advance—Pay when convenient. Sprays Everything—Trees, Potatoes, Truck, etc. 4 rows at a time—20 acres a day. Doubles Your Crop—extra yield one acre will pay it first season. A boy can operate it. **GUARANTEED FIVE YEARS.** Wholesale Price (where no agent). **AGENTS WANTED.** Special FREE OFFER for first one in each locality. "SPRAYING GUIDE" and full information FREE. Write Today. We Pay Freight.
H. L. HURST MFG CO., 94 North St., Canton, O.

GOSSIP.

A veterinary student, who has studied in the Royal College, Glasgow, advertises in this paper for assistantship with a practitioner. Address, George Keith, 133 Church St., Toronto.

Steam plowing has been quite general upon the prairie farms in Western Canada the past few weeks. The steam outfit with several gangs is doing a lot of the work that was only considered possible of execution with animal traction and a hand breaker. True, the sod is not so well laid as where it is turned by a good plowman, but the time saved more than compensates for the difference in work.

The Canadian National Exhibition Dog Show prize list is being circulated. By it, it is learned that this forthcoming show will be the 19th Grand International. The prizes that will be given in money and plate reach close in value to \$7,000.

There are 293 classes, including two for sheep-dog trials. A feature of the prize list is the extraordinary number of specials, every breed having several, and Pointers and Setters as many as fifteen, and Fox Terriers, twenty-two.

Entries close on Thursday, August 15th, at the Exhibition offices, City Hall, where prize lists, entry blanks, and any information desired can be obtained.

The Dominion and Provincial Exhibition, as advertised in this paper, goes, this year, to Sherbrooke, Que., and that hustling little cry of the hills, and that joined with the 23rd annual Sherbrooke Fair. The consequence has been that the Sherbrooke Fair will be, this year, not only the finest that has been given in that place, but also the biggest fair in Canada this year.

A programme of racing has been prepared that will provide good sport for nine days, with trotting and pacing stake and class events, and a number of running races on the flat.

Mr. W. M. Tomlinson, the Secretary, says the entry list in the stock and horse classes especially are a long way better this year than ever before, which is not to be wondered at, with a premium list of \$25,000 hung up.

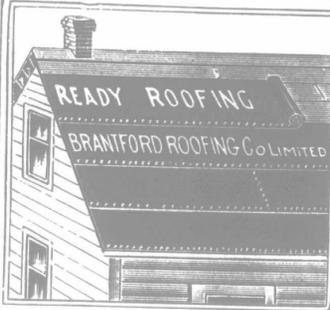
In the racing stakes, more than fifty horses have been nominated for the various \$500 purses, and the classes are receiving entries every day. The runners also promise to show big fields, for the meeting comes immediately after the Quebec meet, and at a time when Montreal will be full of the runners waiting for the fall races. The horses may not be of the first quality, but they will probably be evenly matched for the most part.

The events have been very well arranged, showing two trotting or pacing classes for each day, beginning with Wednesday of the first week, and continuing, with only the last day of the fair, Saturday, Sept. 14, allowed for running off postponed races on account of possible rain.

The amusement section is headed by Lincoln Beachley, the air-ship navigator. Beachley has the only air-ship that is practically up-to-date; his craft has neither refused to fly, like the aerodromes of Prof. Langley, nor dumped him down at critical times, like the various attempts of Santos Dumont. Mr. Beachley, this summer, made an ascension from the Point of Pines, near Boston, Mass., flew up the coast ten miles to the city, lighted in a selected spot in Boston common, took a message to the Governor of the State, and flew away again in his air-ship, as simply as he would have mounted a bicycle for his return trip. He has agreed positively to make ascensions at the Sherbrooke Fair from the fair grounds, and to demonstrate that his ship is really under his control.

A herd of trained elephants has been engaged for Sherbrooke, and heads a list of vaudeville specialties, which would be hard to equal, and which will perform every afternoon and evening. Several bands will alternate in furnishing music, and liberal fireworks displays will enliven the evening. The railroads have come to the scratch magnificently, and have made excursion rates from all points in Canada, New England and the Provinces that practically amount, in most cases, to charging fare only one way. See the advertisement, and write the Secretary for entry blanks and information.

"Brantford" ASPHALT OR RUBBER "Roofing"



What It Is! How to Lay It!

Made of pure wool felt, saturated with asphalt of the highest grade under our own process. **No Tar. No Paper.** But the real thing all the way through.

You can lay it from ridge to eave, or gable to gable. Is suitable for barns, houses, sheds, stables, rinks, warehouses—steep or flat roof. It requires nothing but common sense to lay it.

"Brantford Roofing" has quality. Feel it. Cheaper and better than shingles, or the cheap roofings you see. Write for samples and prices.

Brantford Roofing Co., Brantford, Ont.

Clydesdales, Percherons and Hackneys



I have still on hand 19 Clydesdale stallions, 4 Clydesdale fillies, all imported; Scotland and Canadian prizewinners; 3 years old, that will make 2100-lb. horses of choicest quality and richest breeding; 4 black Percheron stallions, 3 years old, big, flashy, quality horses, and 6 Hackney stallions, 1st-prize and championship horses among them. Will sell reasonable and on terms to suit.

DR. T. H. HASSARD, Millbrook P.O. and Str.

W. C. KIDD, LISTOWEL, ONT.

Importer of Clydesdales, Shires, Percherons, Belgians, Hackneys, Standard-breds and Thoroughbreds

of highest possible quality and richest breeding. Have sold as many stallions the last year as any man in the business, with complete satisfaction in every case. I have always a large number of high-class horses on hand. My motto: "None but the best, and a straight deal." Will be pleased to hear from any one wanting a rare good one. Terms to suit. Long distance 'phone. **LISTOWEL P.O. AND STATION.**

SMITH & RICHARDSON, COLUMBUS, ONT.,



have now on hand only the choice imported colts Dashing King, a 3-year-old, and Baron Columbus, a 2-year-old; also a couple of rattling good Canadians, 7 and 8 years old.

Long-distance 'Phone. Myrtle Station, C. P. R. Brooklyn or Oshawa, G. T. R.

Graham & Renfrew's CLYDESDALES and HACKNEYS



Our Clydes now on hand are all prizewinners, their breeding is graded. Our Hackneys, both stallions and mares, are an exceedingly high-class lot. We also have a few high-steppers and carriage horses. Yonge Street cars pass the door every hour. 'Phone North 4488.

GRAHAM & RENFREW, BEDFORD PARK, ONT.

IMPORTED CLYDESDALES



Just arrived: One 4-year-old mare, two 3-year-old mares, seven 2-year-old fillies and three yearling fillies, two 2-year-old stallions, and one 1-year-old. The 4-year-old mare is due to foal. Six of these fillies are high-class Scotch winners. No richer-bred lot. No more high-class lot was ever imported. They have great size and quality. The stallions will make very large show horses—full of quality. They will be sold privately, worth the money.

CRAWFORD & BOYES, Thedford Station, Widder P. O., Ont.

FARM FOR SALE

and barns; large orchard. Price, \$10,500.

115 acres of choice land, 3 miles from City of Brantford. This is one of the best farms in the county. Buildings and fences are all nearly new. First-class two-story brick house, 10 rooms; cattle barn, 40 x 64, with cement floors and mangers, with water basins to each stall; horse barn, 50 x 28, modern plan; pigsty 28 x 50; implement shed, 54 x 28; never-failing well with new windmill that drives water to both house and barn. For further particulars apply to **T. A. COX, Box 71, Brantford, Ont.**

A Georgia professor wrote an arithmetic that contained such tough problems that nobody could solve them. One teacher wrote asking for a key. The professor replied on a postal card: "Dear sir,—It has no key. It's a stem-winder."

Suburban Host (to unexpected supper guest).—Now, then, Miss Mobson, will

you have a little of this rabbit pie or—or (looking round and discovering there is no other dish)—or not?

Massachusetts Minister (visiting Kentucky).—My friend, this is a very bibulous State, I hear.

Native.—Lord! there hain't twenty-five Bibles in all Kentucky.

An Infallible Cure

For Sprains, Ringbone, Splint, Curb, Sweeney, Lameness and Soft Bunches, Kendall's Spavin Cure has no equal.

MONTREAL, P. Q., Sept. 12, '06. "I have the care of a number of horses and have used your remedies, which always proved infallible." D. Baillergon.

Be prepared—keep Kendall's always in the stable. Our book "Treatise on the Horse" free from dealers or \$1 a bottle—6 for \$5.



Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Essexbury Falls, Vermont, U.S.A.

JOHN CHAMBERS & SONS,

Holdenby, Northampton, England.



Wish to inform their many friends and customers in Canada and the United States that they have established permanent headquarters in Canada, at St. Thomas, Ontario, under the direction and management of Dr. Geary. A

shipment of 10 stallions and 9 mares and fillies among them, weighing up to 2,500 pounds, and full of quality and flesh motters. The mares and fillies are safe in foal. Positively the best lot of Shires ever landed in Canada. Address all correspondence to

DR. GEARY,

Long-distance Phone. St. Thomas, Ont.

Imp. Clydesdale Fillies!



Have now on hand about 1 dozen, nearly all imported, high-class lot and very richly bred. Combine size and quality and all in foal. Also one-year old stallion. Write me, or come and see them.

Nelson Wags, Clarendon P. O. & Sta.

E. DYMENT

Breeder of and dealer in high-class

Driving Ponies & Outfits

Mares sent from a distance to breed pastured and cared for at \$1 per month. Terms for breeding and prices of ponies on application. GILEAD'S SPRING FARM, COPETOWN, ONT.

CLYDEDALES AND SHORTHORNS—Canadian-bred, registered. One stallion rising 3, by Imp. Macqueen. Two stallions rising two, by Imp. Primrose. Also my stock bull, Gilbert Logan 36424. W. D. PUGH, Clarendon P. O. and Station.

CLYDEDALES, Shorthorns—4 Imp. Clyde mares, 2 and 3 yrs., bred in the purple—two in foal. Filly, rising 1 yr., sired by Macqueen—registered. 3 Shorthorn bulls 8 to 19 months—Scotch. A few heifers. All sired by Scotland's Fame—47897—by Nonpareil Archer (Imp.). John Forgie, Clarendon P. O. and Station.

Clydesdales, Shorthorns and Cotswolds—For individuals of above breeds, write me. My new Cotswold and Clydesdale importation will arrive early in the season. J. C. ROSS, Jarvis P. O. & Sta.

YOUNG MEN WANTED—To learn the Veterinary Profession. Catalogue sent free. Address VETERINARY COLLEGE, Grand Rapids, Mich. L. L. Conkey, Prin.

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More profitable than poultry. Experience unnecessary. We give advice free. Our new 25c book, "Money in Canaries," tells all about it. With book we send free, you name it paper, a 10c packet BIRD BREAD. Also, "How to Kill Birds of Lice," and "Bird Magazine." Send 25c to-day: stamps or coin. Refunded if you buy birds from us. Birds shipped anywhere any time. Write us before buying. Ad dress:

COTTAM BIRD SEED

28 Bathurst St., London, Ont.

Sunnyside Herefords



Present offering: 10 cows with calves at foot or safe in calf. Two bulls 13 months old and one three-year-old sired by Protector, a champion bull of England. Must make room for this year's crop of calves. Come and see them, or write and tell me what you want. ARTHUR F. O'NEIL, Maple Grove, Ont., Middlesex Co.

Broxwood Herefords

Cows, heifers and calves

For Sale.

R. J. PENHALL, Nober, Ont.

FOREST VIEW FARM HEREFORDS

Four bulls from 8 to 19 months old; prizewinners and from prize-winning stock. Several heifers bred on the same lines; choice individuals for sale. JOHN A. GOVENLOCK, Forest Sta. and P. O.

DOGS AS POLICEMEN.

By Gustave Abel.

[The author of the following article is editor-in-chief of a well-known progressive Belgian daily, La Flamande Liberale, published at Ghent.—Editor.]

The rather startling innovation of utilizing sheep dogs as an auxiliary to the police force of great cities is spreading throughout Europe. It may be interesting, therefore, to give the history of this custom in the place where it first came into existence, and then to tell briefly in what it consists.

The Belgian town of Ghent has a population of 170,000 souls, of whom 80,000 are workmen. Its circumference is about fifteen miles, and its surface about 6,400 acres. So, as the population is scattered over a pretty broad surface, the policing of the city became rather a difficult proposition. Complaints were being continually made to the municipal council about the lack of police protection, but as it would have required a great outlay to remedy the evil, the authorities hesitated to vote the necessary funds. One day, when the Mayor, Mr. Emile Braun, was examining the question with the chief of police, Mr. Van Wesemael, the latter exclaimed: "If you can't give me men, then give me dogs!" At first, the Mayor thought he was joking, but finding that he was quite in earnest, and himself being a man not afraid of trying new things, asked for further explanations of his suggestion. Mr. Van Wesemael, who is recognized as a very able police superintendent, and who unites vigorous action with careful and intelligent study of details, had already examined with attention this matter of dogs as policemen. So he replied: "The weak spot in our organization is the small number of night watchmen in the out-of-the-way parts of the town, and especially along the wharves, where a large number of thefts take place between sunset and sunrise. An officer is exposed to great danger in these deserted spots, and his life is in peril when attacked by toughs whom he has surprised in the act of stealing. However strong our force may be, we cannot remove this disagreeable side, nor can we ever hope to prevent crime there. But let me have, as a trial, three dogs, which I shall choose, and I am certain that the results will be wonderful. A dog can follow a fleeing man swifter than a police officer. He is more nimble; he is full of courage, and evildoers are terribly afraid of him. No man has the keen sense of smell and hearing of a dog. Then, again, he can squeeze in anywhere. If he is well trained—and I will see that this is done—his usefulness will be tenfold greater."

Mayor Braun was convinced, and three dogs were forthwith bought. Two months later two more were added to the force, and we now have thirty. And Mr. Van Wesemael kept his promise as regards their training. In fact, it is just here that he has produced the most wonderful results and won the highest praise from all those who have examined his system.

As everybody knows, dogs can be so trained as to be useful in war and for hunting. The problem our chief of police had to solve was to so train them that they would catch tramps and bad characters in general; and this is how he proceeded to bring about this desired result: During the first two weeks, the dogs are simply kept in their kennels, where they are taught obedience, and then are slowly initiated into their future work. They are first taken, every evening, to the place where the night watchmen gather before starting out on their beats, where they get acquainted with their future masters, who win their affection by giving them bits of liver to eat. During the early months, the dogs stay out of doors only two or three hours every night, but later on this period of work is lengthened to eight hours. They are taught how to search for thieves, how to lead the policeman to some hidden spot where are footpads and the like, how to obey promptly when ordered to pounce on a malefactor, how to return quickly to the policeman on the first signal to this effect, how to swim, and how to answer immediately the whistle of a night watchman calling for aid from a neighboring post. Further-

more, they are expected to defend a policeman when he is attacked, to follow anybody who is running or who is carrying a large parcel, and to scent out tramps lurking in hiding. To prevent the dogs from getting too familiar with other people than their masters, they are taught to be distrustful of everybody but the police. This training takes three months. The animals are looked after by an officer in plain clothes, whom the dogs suppose to be foreign to the police force, and who is thus able to get up sham attacks on the men. Each dog always watches the same section, and is associated with the same officer, of whom there are a hundred and eleven, distributed over as many different sections. There are eight lieutenants, one captain and one inspector. These make up the staff of the dog branch of our police force. A night watch begins at 10 o'clock and continues without a break till 6 a. m. This has taken the place of the old system, by which different men came on in turn. The advantage is that the policeman being on the same beat the whole night knows everything that is going on there during this lapse of time.

Now let us consider one of these trained dogs at his work. In the first place, a good muzzle had to be found. Mr. Van Wesemael invented one which meets the requirements. It consists of a cup of hard perforated rubber, with a single opening quite at the end, which makes breathing easier and allows the dog to drink. By pressing a spring, the apparatus falls off of the dog's nose and hangs attached to his collar. So now the animal is ready to go out on the beat. He is never set on a person until this person has refused to stop when ordered to do so by the policeman. In this case, the dog springs at his throat, knocks him down, and holds him till the policeman can come up. Our force cites many instances when a criminal would have escaped if it had not been for these dogs. In one case, the scent crossed a ditch filled with blocks of ice; but the dog brought down his man. On another occasion, one dog kept a whole band of tramps at a standstill until the police came up and captured them. One of these sagacious animals named "Tan" has a reputation at Ghent that any detective might envy. One night on the docks, he saw a fellow hurrying away with a suspicious-looking bundle. He followed him, barking until the police officer's attention was attracted, when the man was stopped, the contents of the parcel examined, and it was discovered that the goods had been stolen. The thief proved to be a very dangerous criminal. Several of the dogs have received honorable wounds in their fights with roughs in the suburbs of our city. But, as a rule, a few well-placed bites generally cause the criminal to surrender, but if he manages to get away, his trail is soon found. It has been remarked, that once caught by the collars of their coats, thieves are so scared by the formidable teeth of their four-footed enemy that they can be taken to the lock-up as easily as if they were sheep. But if they show fight, they quickly see the grave mistake they have made; the dogs don't handle them with gloves. It has been found that drunkards especially have a dread of the canine policeman.

Many of these points, and still others, were brought out during recent experiments made at Ghent in the presence of the town authorities, representatives of the press and some foreign guests. The chief feature on this occasion were men on bicycles or on foot trying to get away from the police dogs. Suffice it to say that in no case did a man succeed in escaping from the animals. Their manner of stopping a bicycle is to throw themselves fearlessly into the front wheel, which overturns rider, bicycle and the dog, too, and all are tumbled together in a confused mass on the ground. A peculiar feature of their training is the respect which they are taught for the police officer's uniform. They will always protect a policeman in uniform. But let the same man take off his uniform, and begin to act the part of a tramp, and the dog will attack him at once. The intelligence they show in answering the whistle is also very notable. They are not deterred by shots, and will jump savagely at the hand holding the pistol. It will be seen that the life of these animals is very strenuous, and it will not surprise your readers,

(Continued on next page.)

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Pure Scotch Rosewood, Rosalind and Countess strains. Ten one and two year old heifers of the above strains, the get of the Village-bred son of Imp. Knuckle Duster, Vicar 39855, and the Bruce Mayflower bull, Star Prince; also young bulls from 6 to 12 months old. Prices reasonable. W. M. WALDIE, Box 324, Stratford, Ont.

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3 young Shorthorn bulls. 30 young Berkshire boars and sows. 30 Buff Orpington pullets. Eggs \$1 per 15. Address: E. JEFFS & SON, Bond Head, Ontario

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Clarets, Stamfords, English Ladys, Mildreds, Nonpareils. Present offerings by Springhurst 44864 and Mildred's Royal. Prices moderate. F. W. EWING, Salem P. O., Elora Station.

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therefore, to be told that a police dog lasts but from five to eight years, when he is worn out and is honorably discharged from the service.

A governor of one of the neighboring French departments came to Ghent not long ago to study this question of police dogs, and went away astonished; and no wonder, for here are some of the things that he saw: At eleven o'clock at night, a man hid himself among the thickly huddled-together tombs of the Ghent cemetery. A muzzled police dog was then let loose upon him, and in a marvellously short time the man was found and brought in amidst the warm applause of the spectators. Next, an experiment was made on men who were supposed to have broken into a house. At a whistle from one of the policemen on the spot, six dogs came running in from neighboring police stations, which in some cases were a thousand yards or more away, and performed their part in the arrest of these pretended robbers. Finally, a group of men acted as if they were drunk and got into a fight with one of the policemen, whereupon the dogs came to his rescue, attacking the aggressors in a most energetic fashion, springing so high as to strike with their muzzled noses the faces of the men. The spectators, official and otherwise, were really astonished at the value of these auxiliaries, and these experiments, tried for the first time in the worst quarters of the town, produced a most salutary effect on the criminal classes thereabouts. The fame of these experiments reached France, and the head of the Paris police sent an agent to Ghent to look into the matter. The result was that he carried back with him to the French capital three young sheep-dogs named "Black," "Duke" and "Bob," which were nearly completely trained. A public exhibition of their talents was given one night in an enclosed ground near the Porte Maillot entrance of Paris, and the whole neighborhood was thrown into consternation by the cries of "Thief!" and "Help!" as well as by the continual whistling for the dogs. But when the cause of all this was learned the next day, the peaceful inhabitants were so delighted at the idea of having their police protection increased, that they forgot one sleepless night; and the result is that the Paris police force is also going to try our system.

We have now in our country a Belgium Shepherd-dog Club, whose aim is to improve and spread the introduction of this dog-police. They award training honors at public trials. Thus—I quote from their printed official list of rules: "On an order from his master, the dog must walk along with him, behind him, or in front of him. This counts 20 points. He must go and fetch an object pointed out to him. Five points. He must keep watch over an object when the master is absent. Ten points. He must find an object, which has been first shown him and then hidden within a radius determined by the judges. Ten points. He must find a man whom he has seen, but who has hidden himself within a certain radius. Fifteen points. Broad jump, ten points. High jump, ten points. Climbing over fences, ten points. Defending his master, fifteen points. Attacking anybody pointed out by his master, ten points.

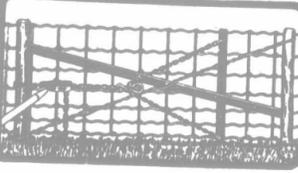
The list is considerably longer, but this suffices to give an idea of the whole. The wonderful intelligence of dogs is well known, and many are the examples of this fact offered by these police dogs. Their highly-developed power of scent is especially noticeable in this connection. Let me give one remarkable instance of this, which happened last year. On June 3rd a girl of eleven, named Helen Bebenorth, was assassinated on the Hagenhof estate near Koenigslutten, and though every effort was made to find the murderer, the police made no progress. Four days after the crime, the district attorney called in the police inspector of Brunswick and asked him to put his police dogs on the case. So "Harras" and "Caesar," two German shepherd dogs, were taken in a motor car to the spot, and "Harras" was introduced into the room where the child was murdered, and was left there for some twenty minutes. In the meantime, the judge had all the servants lined up in the garden. When the dog came out of the room into the garden he began sniffing around, stared about for a moment, made

(Continued on next page.)

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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.

AT "MAPLE SHADE"

Our young bulls are the best that our herd has ever produced. We can furnish Cruickshank bulls of high quality to head the best herds, and some that should produce the best prime steers. We have a bull catalogue. Send for one.

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2 just past two years old; 15 just over one year old; 7 just under one year old.
The best lot we ever had to offer in individuality and breeding, and prices are right. Catalogue.

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One roan Shorthorn bull, 8 years old, highly bred, quiet to handle; a bargain. Cows and heifers all ages. Also a number of Chester White sows that will weigh from 100 to 150 lbs each. No fancy prices.

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Bred by (Imp.) Jilt Victor - 45177-. Offerings are two bull calves, an 11-months Miss Ramden, from imp. sire and dam a 19-months Missie, by Blythmore Ruler, and other bulls; also heifers of choice breeding. A few choice Berkshire sows just off the sow.

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Ferd headed by the grand show bull, Starry Morning. Present offering: Imported and home-bred cows and heifers, also a few young bulls. Terms and prices to suit the times. C. D. WAGER, Enterprise Stn. and P.O. Addington Co.

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Scotch and dairy bred; up-to-date in type; prize-winners at the local shows. A number of 1 and old—the last will make a show bull. Flora bred—will be sold easy. L. S. POWELL, Wallace-stain P. O. and Stn. O. P. R.

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This wonderful remedy has been on the market for over sixty years and in using it you are not running any risk.

Be sure when asking for Wild Strawberry you get Dr. FOWLER'S and don't let the unscrupulous dealer palm off a cheap substitute on you.

Mrs. Gordon Helmer, Newington, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY for Diarrhoea and never found any other medicine to equal it. There are many imitations, but none so good as Dr. Fowler's."

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The champion herd of Highgate Kent and Essex counties. For sale: 6 choice young bulls 3 reds and 3 roans, of grand type and quality; also good selection of young cows and heifers. Visitors welcome.

Queenston Heights Shorthorns

Two high-class Cruickshank herd bulls. Show animals in bull and heifer calves. Straight Scotch, Canadian and American registration. Easy prices.

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The Salem Herd of Shorthorns

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It contains a number of the most noted matrons of the breed. Write for what you want.

R. A. & J. A. Watt, Salem, Ont.
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Glover Lea Stock Farm SCOTCH SHORTHORNS

Superior breeding and individual excellence. For sale: Bulls and heifers—reds and roans, some from imp. sire and dam. Visitors met at Ripley station, G. T. R.

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Breeds SCOTCH SHORTHORNS of the following families: Cruickshank Bellonas, Mysies, Brawith Buds, Villages, Broadhooks, Campbell Clares, Minas, Urye, Bessies, Bruce Mayflowers, Augustas, Marr Missies and Lovelaces, and others. Herd bulls: Scottish Hero (imp.) = 65049 = (90065), Sittytan Lad = 67214. Correspondence solicited. Visitors welcome. Long distance 'phone in house.

SHORTHORNS

Six superior yearling bulls, some of them out of great milch cows; heifers of all ages. A lot of very big yearlings and a few heifer calves cheap.

CLYDESDALES

Two mares 5 years old, one an extra good one and a pair of geldings 4 years old.

JAS. McARTHUR, Gobles, Ont.

several turns of the garden, jumped a ditch, and entered by a door that had been left open into the house of a certain Dune, where he smelt all the workmen and suddenly stopped in front of the eighth one. Then he backed away from him, returned to him, and finally jumped on him. The night was very dark, and it was impossible to distinguish at first who was the man that cried out at this moment. But on inquiry, the inspector found that it was Dune. Twice more the dog was locked up in the room, the men changed places, and twice the animal sprang at Dune. During the following night, the forlorn man admitted that he was the guilty one!

Let us glance for a moment at the financial aspect of the question. In this connection, I confine my attention to Ghent. We needed twelve more night watchmen, which meant an increase of our police budget by 12,000 francs per year. Now, it is admitted that thirty dogs are equal to sixty men in this matter of police. The cost of keeping a dog varies from five to six cents per day, so that those sixty dogs would cost us 3,285 francs, instead of 12,000! Nothing further need be said on this point.

But it is not simply the economical side of the system that recommends it. There is no doubt of the very important fact that there has been much less crime in Ghent since these dogs "came to stay." Nor is this our opinion alone. Some hundred and fifty German towns have examined into what our police are doing on these lines, and they have all concluded that cheaper and more thorough work is done when dogs are added to the police force.

The breeds chosen at Ghent are the tall Belgian sheep-dog, with short, stiff hair, or with long hair, like the Brie, and the Groningen dogs, and also the ordinary French shepherd dog, with long, stiff hair. These breeds are distinguished for endurance, courage, audacity, fidelity and their wonderful powers of scent; their powerful jaws also command respect. The question is also sometimes asked, at what age the dog should be used. The police departments of St. Gilles and Schaarbeek hold that it is impossible properly to train the dogs before the age of ten months. But here in Ghent we begin their education at six months.

A few more words about this training may prove interesting. In Ghent, it is absolutely forbidden to let anyone caress the dogs that are being trained. Even the policemen must not show them too much affection. They are patted and caressed only when they have done some fine piece of work; it is a reward and an encouragement. As has already been said, prompt obedience is the main lesson inculcated; and to secure this a certain amount of punishment is permitted, though the culprit must be at first only threatened with punishment, and the real thing administered as a last resort. The reason for proceeding in this way is because it has been found that a badly-treated dog always becomes a coward. Another rule is not to let the animals pick up bones to crunch. They are fed only in their kennels. Otherwise evil-intentioned persons might give them poisoned food. They are kept muzzled also for this same reason, for then there is no danger of improper food passing their mouths. If a dog on duty dies suddenly, the police instructions inform the policeman that he must be on the lookout for danger. He is to leave the dog where he has fallen, continue his service alone, and the next morning the animal is carried to the municipal slaughter-house, where the body is examined to see what was the cause of death.

A few details as to how the dogs are cared for may be valuable. Thus, in winter they wear a blanket of tarred sail cloth bordered with leather, which is fastened to the collar and passes under the belly. The kennels, which are very comfortable, are built of bricks and wood, and are placed in the garden of the central police station. They are washed out every week, and are disinfected with creolin; twice a year they are white-washed. The dogs are fed twice a day—at seven in the morning and at seven at night—on "Kneipp," which consists of a mixture of broth, meat, rice and black bread. Each ration weighs about three pounds. During the night each dog receives a large slice of bread. A veterinary surgeon and a drug shop are especially provided for the kennels. The

history of each dog is carefully kept on a register ad hoc. Thus are noted the day of their birth, when they were bought, whom from, the price, sex, and, if necessary, why they were dismissed from the service.

But there is nothing new under the sun. Far back in the olden times dogs were used to protect cities. Louis XI., who ruled in France before Columbus discovered America, provided that famous spot, Mont Saint Michel, with a dog corps, and St. Malo, hard by, was excellently protected in those stormy times by a canine posse. But Ghent is the first town, past or present, which has established a systematic and regular school for the training of police dogs, which has put in practice the use of the animals when once trained, and has introduced into the police establishments of the world a new and valuable element, which has received the approval of every municipality that has tried it.—[New York Independent.

"THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH."

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds!

Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams

As in an idiot's brain remembered
Hanging empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!

Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your teams

Drag home the stinging harvest, and no more

The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

"What! would you rather see the incessant stir

Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper

Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whir

Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay,

Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take

Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know

They are the winged wardens of your farms,

Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,

And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;

Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,

Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail."

—Our Dumb Animals.

SUNDAY AT THE FARM.

On Sunday mornin's years ago, when but a little lad,

I used to come to salt the cows in this same field with dad,

The little clouds that floated round I thought were bits of wool;

The sky was blue as 'tis to-day, and calm and beautiful.

Now dad is gone, and mother, too; they lie up on the hill,

Just by that clump of poplar trees, beyond the old red mill;

For time has kept a creepin' on, and you and I are men,

And little Bobbie thinks the thoughts that I was thinkin' then.

There's a brown thresher in the tree that stands there on the knoll—

Just hear the little tyke a-sillin' his immortal soul, but yet

What pretty critters God has made, and loves 'em all, I'll bet!

And now I come out here and set me down a spell,

Where rustlin' leaves and wavin' grain seem whisperin' "all is well,"

I wish that all who'd like to feel their dead are safe from harm,

Could come out here and spend with me a Sunday on the farm.

Lump Jaw

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 Street, Toronto, Ontario

Pleasant Valley Shorthorns

Herd headed by Imp. Ben Lemon = 4510, assisted by Bua's Emblem, 2nd prize senior bull at Toronto, 1906, son of Old Lancaster 50668. Correspondence solicited. Inspection invited.

350. AMOS & SON, Moffat St. & P.O., C.P.R.
Farm 11 miles east of City of Guelph.

Shorthorns and Clydesdales

I am now offering 6 young bulls from 8 to 30 months old, all Scotch bred, two of them from extra good milking families, and a few registered allies of good quality.

JOHN MILLER, Brougham, Ont.

Charenton Stn., C.P.R.; Pickering, G.T.R.

Glencore Shorthorns and Lincolns.

Imp. Marr Road Lady's, Missies, Urye, and Miss Ramsdens. All bulls of breeding age sold but the grand young bull, Lord Missie. Rich roan Show bull anywhere. Fifteen months old. Will sell at a bargain. Lincolns and Shorthorns all ages for sale. Correspondence invited.

A. D. McGugan, Rodney, Ontario.

DOMINION SHORTHORN HERDBOOK WANTED.

The Dominion Shorthorn Breeders' Association will pay \$1 each for the following volumes of their herdbooks: Volumes 8, 9, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 19. Parties having these volumes to part with, write for wrappers and mailing instructions to

W. G. Pettit, Sec.-Treas., Freeman, Ont.

GREENGILL HERD of high-class

SHORTHORNS

We offer for sale 8 young bulls, a number of them from imp. sire and dam; also females with calf at foot or bred to our noted herd bull, Imp. Lord Roseberry.

R. MITCHELL & SONS,
Melson P.O., Ont.; Burlington Junc. Sta.

SHORTHORNS AND LINCOLN SHEEP.

Two bulls, 11 and 12 months old—a Miss Ramsden and a Bessie, both by the good breeding bull, Proud Gift = 5077 = (imp.), also cows and heifers in calf by him. Inspection solicited. Always have some choice Lincoln sheep for sale at reasonable prices.

J. T. GIBSON, DENFIELD, ONTARIO.

T. DOUGLAS & SONS

STRATHROY, ONT.,

Breeders of Shorthorns and Clydesdales. 15 bulls, 60 cows and heifers, 1 imp. stallion, imp. and home-bred allies. Write us what you want or come and see our stock. Farm 11 miles north of town.

Maple Lodge Stock Farm 1854-1907.

Am now offering a grand lot of young Shorthorn Bulls, several from choice milking strains. Also a few extra good heifers.

A. W. SMITH, MAPLE LODGE, ONT.

Spring Valley Shorthorns

Bulls in service are: Bapton Chancellor (imp.) = 40359 = (78286), Clipper Chief (imp.) = 64220 =. Stock for sale at all times.

EYLE BROS., Ayr, Ontario.

Brown Lee Shorthorns!

Nonpareil Victor = 63307 = at head of herd. Young stock for sale at all times. Prices very reasonable. Ayr. C. P. R.; Drumbo, G. T. R.

DOUGLAS BROWN, Ayr, Ont.

FERTILIZERS

My "Star Brand" Wood-Ash-Fertilizer is Nature's fertilizer for the Lawn, Garden, Orchard or Farm. They contain plant food in a concentrated form, dry, fine, and guaranteed in first-class condition; no obnoxious odors. Put up in strong bags of 100 lbs. each. We employ no agents, sell at one price to all, direct to customers. Prompt shipment to all points. Prices, in lots of 200 lbs. or more, quoted upon application. Address CHAS. STEVENS, Napanee, Ont. Drawer 641.

HOLSTEINS

We must sell at least 25 cows and heifers at once in order to make room for the increase of our large herd. This is a chance of a life-time to buy good cattle at bargain prices. The best way to arrange to come and look the herd over. If you cannot, we will do our best for you by correspondence. Also a few young bulls, 100 head to select from. Imported Pontiac Hermes, son of Hengerveld De Kol, world's greatest sire, head of herd. All leading breeds represented. H. E. GEORGE, Brampton, Ont. Putnam station, near Ingersoll.

time to buy good cattle at bargain prices. The best way to arrange to come and look the herd over. If you cannot, we will do our best for you by correspondence. Also a few young bulls, 100 head to select from. Imported Pontiac Hermes, son of Hengerveld De Kol, world's greatest sire, head of herd. All leading breeds represented. H. E. GEORGE, Brampton, Ont. Putnam station, near Ingersoll.

LOOK HERE

Have on hand bull calves from choice dams, and sired by son of greatest cow in Canada. Boustje Q. Fietertje De Kol, 643 lbs. 7 days; 96 lbs. 1 day. His sire's dam and granddam have records averaging over 95 lbs. butter week. Also choice bulls fit for service. Prices right. FRED ABBOTT, Fairview Stock Farm, Harrietsville, Ont.

HILTON STOCK FARM—Holsteins, Oxtewolds and Tamworths—Present offering: Some young cows; a nice lot of young pigs; few boars six months old, and sows in pig. R. O. MORROW & SON, Hilton P. O. Brighton Tel. and Stn.

Glenwood Stock Farm—Holsteins and Yorkshires. Holsteins all sold out. Have a few young Yorkshires sows, about 3 months old, for sale cheap. True to type and first-class. Bred from imported stock. THOS. B. CARLAW & SON, Warkworth P. O. Campbellford Stn.

Ridgedale Farm Holsteins—1 yearling bull, 6 bull calves from one to four mos., by Prince Pauline De Kol 6th, and from rich, heavy-milking dams. Come and see them or write: R. W. WALKER, Utica P. O., Ont. Port Perry, G. T. R., or Myrtle, C. P. R., Ontario Co.

Holsteins and Yorkshires R. HONEY, Brickley, Ont., offers a very choice lot of young bulls, also boars and sows fit to mate.

Grove Hill Holstein Herd Offers high-class stock at reasonable prices. Only a few youngsters left. Pairs not skin F. R. MALLORY, Frankfort, Ontario, G. T. R. and C. O. Railway connections.

Imperial Holsteins Bull calves for sale. W. H. SIMMONS, New Durham P. O., Ont.

Greenwood Holsteins & Yorkshires For sale: Two richly-bred bulls ready for service. No females to offer at present. Choice Yorkshires of either sex. D. Jones, Jr., Caledonia P. O. and Stn.

Mistress (to the servant who comes down very late in the morning).—"Doesn't that alarm clock I gave you wake you up in the mornings, Jane?" Jane.—"Oh, no, mum, not now, thank you; it worried me at first mum, but I've got used to it."

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

A new advertiser of Oxford Down sheep is William Barnett, Living Springs P. O., Fergus Station (G. T. R. and C. P. R.), about 15 miles from Guelph. A number of select yearling rams and ram lambs, sired by a Royal winner, and an aged ram, first at Ottawa, 1906, are offered for sale.

A ticket collector on a northern railway obtained leave to go and get married. He received a pass for the journey there and back. On the return journey, being rather flustered, the bridegroom pulled out his marriage certificate instead of the railway pass, and showed it to the ticket collector. The latter, a Scot, looked long at the certificate in perplexity, and then said: "Eh, mon, you've got a ticket for a lang, weary journey, but no' on the Caledonian line!"

A young man proposed for the hand of a millionaire's daughter. "Well," said the millionaire, frowning thoughtfully, "what are your prospects? Is there any chance of promotion in your business." "Any chance!" cried the young man. "Well, I should say so. Why, we employ two hundred men, and my job is next to the lowest in the establishment."

A prominent Montana newspaper man was making the round of the insane asylums of that State in an official capacity as an inspector. One of the inmates mistook him for a recent arrival. "What made you go crazy?" "I was trying to make money out of the newspaper business," replied the editor, to humor the demented one. "You're not crazy; you're just a plain fool," was the lunatic's comment.

Senator Vance once told a good story of a man down in Buncombe County, N. C., who was arrested for murder and assigned an ignorant-looking young lawyer, whose crude appearance caused the unfortunate prisoner to ask the judge: "Is this my lawyer?" "Yes," replied His Honor. "Is he going to defend me?" "Yes." "If he should die, could I have another?" "Yes." "Can I see him alone in the back room for a few minutes?"

"I always hate to tell a story," said a well-known actor at a banquet, "because my listeners may have heard it before. What boredom that is for them, what agony for me! It is like the case of a friend of mine. He is deaf, but tries to conceal his deafness. One night at a dinner the host told a story at which everybody roared, and my dear friend joined in and out-roared the whole table, though in truth he hadn't heard a word. "At the end of the laughter he held up his hand as a sign that he wanted to speak. "That story," he began, "reminds me of another—" "And then the poor fellow went on and told the very same yarn the host had repeated only a minute before."

SUBMERGED.

At the close of service one Sunday morning in a Washington church the pastor went down the aisle, as is his custom, to greet the strangers in the congregation. With one such he entered into conversation, during the course of which he asked: "May I ask, sir, to what denomination you belong?" "Well," was the reply, "I am what you might call a submerged Presbyterian." "I beg your pardon," said the puzzled divine. "I was brought up a Presbyterian," continued the stranger. "My wife is a Baptist; my eldest daughter is a Methodist; my son is the organist at a Universalist church; my second daughter sings in an Episcopal choir, and my youngest attends a Congregationalist Sunday-school." "But you contribute, doubtless, to some one church?" suggested the pastor. "I contribute to all of them," said the stranger. "That is partly what submerges me."

"The meanest fiend I ever knew," said a member of the Century Club yesterday, "was a fellow who used to belong to this club. He used to bore us for hours telling of the smart sayings of his children. It was something fierce. Finally, he left town, and we discovered that he had no children—he was an old bachelor. He'd been springing that line of stuff for years, just to watch us writhe!"

THE BIRTH RATE.

"The Scotch," said Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, "are certainly a witty people. Now, there was a visitor in the little town of Bowdoin, who, on looking about, saw no children, but only grown men and women. He wondered at this, and, finally, meeting a weazened old man in the street, inquired: 'How often are children born in this town?' " 'Only once,' the man replied, as he proceeded on his way."

A widow coy and sweet was wooed by a bluff old sailor, who thought the world of her. But not trusting himself to make a direct proposal of marriage, he decided to speak to her in the metaphor of the sea.

"Kate," he said, "your boat is drifting down the sea of life, with no strong hand to steer it safely past the rocks. May I be your captain and sail it for you?"

"No, Jack," she answered with an engaging blush, "but you may be my second mate if you like!"

Mrs. Howard Gould was describing her last balloon trip. She had stayed up much longer and gone much further than had been intended. "The trip," she said, ruefully, "was a little too successful." "Can anything be too successful?" was asked. "A temperance sermon was once too successful," said Mrs. Gould. And she told how a woman preached one morning a temperance sermon to her husband, who was suffering from the effects of the night before. "The great trouble with you, George," the woman said, "is that you cannot say 'No.' Learn to say 'No,' George, and you will have fewer headaches. Can you let me have a little money this morning?" "No," said George, with apparent ease.

The late Theodore Tilton, who boasted that he had never had a pipe, cigar or cigarette in his mouth, used to declare that the most inveterate smoker he ever knew was Sojourner Truth, the famous freed-woman reformer and lecturer. He was wont to tell how one day when the venerable dame, then about ninety years old, was on a visit to his house, she sat smoking her pipe by the chimney corner, when George W. Bungay, the author of several eloquent anti-tobacco tracts, called to see her. "Aunt Sojourner," he said, "I revere your character, but I deplore your smoking, for it will keep you forever out of heaven."

"Lawkes, honey, how so?" she asked. "Because, Auntie," he rejoined, "you know that according to the Good Book nothing entereth there that defileth. Now, how do you expect to get into heaven with your breath defiled by tobacco?" "Lawkes, honey," answered the old negress, "when I go to heaven I 'spect to leave my breff behind me!"

A BARGAIN.

Belinda bought a bargain Black net to make a dress; Marked down from something fearful To half the price, or less.

It only cost four dollars, The lining cost fifteen. And fifteen more for chiffon, The silk and net between.

Then forty yards of ruching And thirteen pounds of jet, Some lace, a little velvet To brighten up the net.

Then twenty for the making— It is a bargain gown— It only cost four dollars, Because it was marked down.

—Washington Post.

Lost Strayed or Stolen—One Cow

That is about what happens each year for the man who owns five cows and does not use a Tubular cream separator. He loses in cream more than the price of a good cow. The more cows he owns the greater the loss. This is a fact on which Agricultural Colleges, Dairy Experts and the best Dairymen all agree, and so do you if you use a Tubular. If not, it's high time you



did. You can't afford to lose the price of one or more cows each year—there's no reason why you should. Get a Tubular and get more and better cream out of the milk; save time and labor and have warm sweet skimmed milk for the calves. Don't buy some cheap rattle-trap thing called a separator; that won't do any good. You need a real skimmer that does perfect work, skims clean, thick or thin, hot or cold; runs easy; simple in construction; easily understood. That's the Tubular and there is but one Tubular, the Sharples Tubular. Don't you want our little book "Business Dairymen," and our Catalog A.198 both free? A postal will bring them.

The Sharples Separator Co. West Chester, Pa. Toronto, Can. Chicago, Ill.

ANNANDALE FINE STOCK FARM TILLSONBURG, ONT.

Premier sire, Prince Posch Calamity, whose dam and sire's dam average in official test 86 lbs. milk in 1 day and 26 lbs. butter in 7 days. No stock for sale at present.

GEO. RICE, Tillsonburg, Ont.

Fairview Herd Holsteins

Home of Pontiac Rag Apple, the cow that sold a few days ago for \$8,000. Highest price ever paid for an A. B. O. cow. I have her sire, Pontiac Korndyke, the greatest living sire of the breed, and also over 40 of his daughters, sisters to the one that brought the top price, and they are all good ones. Also bull calves by the best sires in the States. Write me, or come and look the herd over. Only seven miles from Prescott, Ont. E. H. DOLLAR, Heuvelton, St. Lawrence County, N. Y.

RECORD OF MERIT HOLSTEINS

Herd 110 strong. Over 40 head now in the Record of Merit. Two of the richest-bred bulls in Canada at head of the herd. For sale: 18 bulls, from 3 months to 1 year of age, all out of Record of Merit cows and sired by the stock bulls. P. D. EDE, Oxford Centre P. O. Woodstock Station.

"THE MAPLES" HOLSTEIN HERD

Is made up of Record of Merit cows and heifers with large records, and headed by Lord Wayne Meethilde Calamity. Bull calves from one to five months old for sale.

Walburn Rivers, Folders, Ont.

Lyndale Holsteins

Two bulls fit for service, sired by a son of De Kol 2nd's Butter Boy 3rd; also a number of bull calves, out of Record of Merit cows.

BROWN BROS., LYN, ONTARIO.

"GLENARCHY" HOLSTEINS

43 head of big, deep-flanked, heavy-producing Holsteins, many of them milking from 50 to 60 lbs. a day on grass. Have only bull calves for sale now. A straight, smooth lot. G. MAGINTYRE, Renfrew P. O. and Stn.

Maple Hill Holstein-Friesians

Bull calves from No. 1 dams, sired by bulls with great official backing. Write for prices. G. W. Clemons, St. George, Ont.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES CURES RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES BACKACHE



Tudhope Carriages

It's a mighty comfortable feeling to know that the carriage you buy has a 50 years reputation behind it.

There's no likelihood of there being any cause for complaint against a Tudhope Carriage. But if there should be, you have the guarantee of a firm that has been in business, right here in Canada, since 1835.

TUDHOPE NO. 3
A great favorite all over Canada. Light—easy running—with rubber tires if desired. Gear, wheels and shafts best hickory. Complete with lined rubber apron, wrenches, quick shifters and 2 sets of washers. Detailed description in our free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.

THE TUDHOPE CARRIAGE CO., Ltd. OSHWA, Ont.

SILVERTHORN JERSEYS

Our herd now numbers 60 head—St. Lambert strain. Our stock bulls are: Golden Fox of Dentonia, a son of Arthur's Flying Fox, imp., and Blue Bell's Fox of Linden Grove, by Blue Bell's Blue Fox. No better breeding alive. The B. F. test of our herd, on the basis of which we are paid for our cream, is 30%. Females of all ages. A few bull calves for sale.

THOMPSON PORTER, Carleton West, near Toronto Junction

BRAMPTON JERSEYS

CANADA'S PREMIER HERD.—Strengthened regularly by importations from United States, England and the Island of Jersey. We have animals of all ages and both sexes for sale, and the largest herd in Canada to choose from. Write for prices and particulars. Long-distance phone at farm.

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

High Grove Jerseys 2 choice young bulls for sale, 10 months; would serve now. Bred in the purple. Could also spare a few females either young or old. Robt. Tufts & Son, Tweed, Ont.

Pine Ridge Jerseys For sale some choice young bulls, bred in the purple, of ideal type; also a few heifers and heifer calves and some Cotswold shearing rams and ram lambs. Wm. Willis & Son, Newmarket P. O. & Sta.



Burnside Ayrshires.

IMPORTED AND CANADIAN-BRED

Winners at the leading shows of Scotland, Canada, and U. S. Importation of 74 head have just landed home. All bulls sold. 30 fine 2-year-old heifers due to freshen in Sept. A few Advanced Registry cows to freshen in Aug. and Sept. Anything I have is for sale at reasonable prices.

R. R. NESS, HOWICK, QUE., P. O. AND STATION.

Springhill Ayrshires.

A new importation of 45 high-class Ayrshires, due out of quarantine June 24th. A few grand yearling bulls and females—all ages. Some cows and heifers calving for shows. Write for prices.

Robt. Hunter & Sons, Maxville, Ont.
Long-distance phone, Maxville 33.

SPRINGBROOK AYRSHIRES. Produced 7,000 lbs. of milk each, testing 3.9 per cent. butter-fat, in 1905. FIVE choice young bulls dropped in August 1906, for sale. Orders booked for calves of 1907. W. F. STEPHEN, Box 163, Huntingdon, Que.

Ayrshire Bulls One last September and a few March and April calves by the champion Douglasdale (imp.) W. W. BALLANTYNE, "Neidpath Farm" Stratford, Ont.
Long-distance phone.

Mention Advocate

I Will Import for Showing and Breeding SHROPSHIRE, COTSWOLD, HAMPSHIRE, OXFORD, SOUTHDOWN, or any other of the English breeds of Sheep, Cattle, or Horses, for those wishing to make an importation, large or small, this season. The best of care in selecting and delivering will be exercised, and the commission will be reasonable. Write me at once for what you want.

ROBERT MILLER, STOUFFVILLE, ONTARIO.

South-downs
ROBT. McEWEN,
Byron, Ont.
Long-distance phone.

SHIP US YOUR
WOOL
Or write:
E. T. CARTER & CO., Toronto, Ont.

When Writing Please Mention this Paper

Farnham Farm Oxford Downs

We are now offering a number of select yearling rams and ram lambs, sired by imported ram, for flock headers; also yearling ewes and ewe lambs. Price reasonable.

Henry Arkell & Sons, Arkell, Ontario.
Arkell, C. P. R.; Guelph, G. T. R.

Fairview Shropshires

Orders now booked for shearings and lambs of both sexes, fitted for showing or field condition. Don't forget that this flock has produced more winners than any other flock in all America, and stock sold at prices of winners. J. & D. J. CAMPBELL, Fairview Farm, Woodville Ont.

40 IMPORTED SHROPSHIRE RAMS AND EWES—First choice of England's best flocks. Ram lamb from the champion ram of Canada, 1906. LLOYD-JONES BROS., Burford, Ont.

Oxford Down Sheep, Shorthorn Cattle Yorkshire Hogs.

Present offering: Lambs of either sex. For prices, etc., write to John Cousins & Sons Buena Vista Farm, o Harriston, Ont.

P. E. Island.

Crop prospects are brightening very much lately. Since July came in, we have had grand growing weather, with copious rains. Grain, roots and potatoes are making a fine growth. Corn has come well, and is growing finely. The frequent warm showers are keeping pastures fresh. The hay meadows are coming up some, but hay will be late in being made, and much below an average. The milk supply is increasing at the dairy stations, and the make of cheese and butter promises to exceed last year. The June make of cheese has been sold for about 11¢. This price will encourage patrons to produce as much milk as possible. The apple crop promises well. Insect pests are not much in evidence. The extreme cold of the early season has kept them in check.

Potato bugs are getting pretty strongly in evidence, but we will be able to control them, even with Paris green at 30c. a pound. Cutworms, which did so much damage to the root crop a few years ago, are not molesting us any. All kinds of mill feed have increased in price here. Oats are still worth about 55c. a bushel.

We have had a very interesting and instructive series of agricultural meetings. C. M. McRae, of the Live-stock Branch, and S. T. Moore, of the Seed Branch, have been holding meetings in Queen's County, and discussing breeding and feeding problems and seed selection; and Mr. Mason, of Ontario, and Theodore Ross, our Secretary of Agriculture, have been holding meetings west, discussing agricultural matters. These meetings have been pretty well attended, and farmers are beginning to take quite a live interest in the newer methods in farming and stock-breeding. The Institute system has done much good in arousing farmers to some of the possibilities of their calling. It is much easier to get up a good big agricultural meeting here now than it was a few years ago. We are expecting "Chief McNeill," of the Fruit Division, to discuss questions along fruit lines, such as co-operative packing, spraying, etc., with our fruit-growers. W. S.

[Note.—The above letter, written July 10th, arrived a day too late for publication last week. We make this explanation for the reason that crop prospects may have changed in the meantime.—Editor.]

Buena-Vista Stock Farm, the property of Messrs. John Cousins & Sons, Harriston, Ont., has, for about 20 years, been the home of a large and well-selected herd of dairy Shorthorn cattle, Oxford Down sheep and Yorkshire hogs. The Shorthorns all belong to the well-known Canadian dairy strain, Maid of the Mist, which got their foundation from that great Bates-bred cow, Imp. Princess. For years they have been Scotch-topped, resulting in a very large, good-doing strain of cattle that are producers of a highly-profitable class. Among them are cows that have made as high as 15 lbs. of butter in seven days, and the factory test shows this herd to head the list of patrons in the percentage of butter-fat. The present stock bull is Baron Brave =59599=, by Imp. Baron Cyprus, an Augusta, dam Ida Moor, by Imp. Lord Kintore. He also carries the blood of William of Orange and Prince of Archers. The Oxford Downs were founded on imported winners, and have always had as a header, the choicest obtainable imported rams. The yearlings are the get of Imp. Hampton Hero 4th, and the lambs are the get of the present stock ram, Imp. Hambletonian 96, winner of first prize and championship at Toronto and London last year. All told, there are 81 head of strictly high-class animals. This year's crop of lambs will all be for sale. The Yorkshires leave nothing to be desired in their make-up. The brood sows are all of the noted Cinderella strain. Young stock is for sale.

A lady, intent on raising some chickens, purchased some eggs for the purpose. She inquired of a friend how long the eggs should remain under the hen, and the friend replied: "Three weeks for chickens and four weeks for ducks." Some time after they met again, and the friend asked how the chickens turned out. "After three weeks," the lady replied, "I looked and there were no chickens, so I took the hen away, as I didn't want ducks."

"I sent you some suggestions telling you how to make your paper more interesting. Have you carried out any of my ideas?" Editor.—"Did you meet the office boy with the waste-basket as you came up the stairs. Yes? Well, he was carrying out your ideas!"

The owner of a ranch in one of the arid regions of the great West was entertaining an eastern relative. He showed him over his broad acres, spoke of the difficulties that had been overcome in making the desert blossom as the rose, and outlined his plans for the future. "But is it possible," asked the visitor, "to make more than a bare living on such land and in such a climate as this?"

"It is. I have made considerably more than a bare living on this land."

"I am glad to hear it, Cyrus. Then you have something laid by for a rainy day, have you?"

"Not exactly," rejoined the host, with a laugh. "On the contrary, with the help of an occasional rainy day, I have managed to lay something by for the dry days."

Dr. Punshon on his return from America to England told the story of the old gentleman who, on getting into a train at New York, made a special request to be informed when the train should arrive at Poughkeepsie. At each intervening station he called out anxiously, "Is this Poughkeepsie? Is this Poughkeepsie?" At last, to silence him, the conductor said, "Don't you trouble any more; I will come and tell you when we reach Poughkeepsie." Unfortunately he forgot his promise, and the train was half a mile beyond the desired stopping-place before he remembered. He brought the train to a standstill, and pushed back into the station. Then, going to the old gentleman, he said, "This is Poughkeepsie, sir." "Oh, indeed," was the reply; "this is Poughkeepsie, is it?" "Yes, sir, will you be quick and get out?" "I don't want to get out," was the provoking rejoinder; "I only wanted to know, because my doctor told me I was to take a pill when I got to Poughkeepsie."

A Wisconsin farmer has a rooster who is taking care of a brood of chickens. The chicks were hatched last month, and two days later the old hen strayed into the roadway in time to be killed by an automobile. The little chickens were too far away to be hurt. The farmer's wife endeavored to have another hen take care of them, but those who have tried this plan know the experiment is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a failure. The stepmother who had carelessly depleted her own brood refused to care for the motherless chicks. They were put out in the yard, and in an instant were adopted by the oldest rooster. He scratched around for them, and took all the care that a mother hen would, showing as much concern for their safety as a hen would over her first brood. In his awkwardness, he has killed one of the chicks by stepping upon it, but he is raising the others. The queer sight has been seen by all the neighbors, and he has been dubbed the "mollycoddle rooster."

President Roosevelt gathered his hay crop on his Sagamore Hill farm on Long Island one day last week. Edward Maloney, who worked on the farm, told the story in the village store. "The President came out to the field about 2 o'clock," said Maloney. "He was dressed in a white suit and a white negligee shirt and tie to match. With a hearty greeting and handshake all around he began to pitch with three others, with one loading. Before the first load was done, you wouldn't have given 30c. for the white shirt. And talk about sweat drops like peas! The President had them as big as black walnuts dropping from his face, and he didn't stop to wipe them off, either, but kept right on pitching up forklifts so big that he had to get under them and shove them up to me. "Talk about hay pitchers, he's a wonder. After we got two wagons loaded, I drove to the barn with 'Teddy' in the lead, took on shoulder. When we reached the new hay barn, the President climbed on my lead and so up in the mow, where he took the hay from the fork and mowed it away."

1906—A Year of Success for



The report of this company for 1906 tells a story of growth and prosperity, unequalled in Canadian Life Insurance. These three items tell more—

New Insurance Written, \$5,555,639
Gain in Insurance in force, \$2,712,453
Expenses, \$10,224.36 LESS than in 1905.

They prove the wisdom—the sound judgment—the careful management of the company's officials.

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Write for copy of 37th Annual Statement. Mailed free on request to any of the Company's Agents, or to

HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, Ont.

NEW STYLE Herd of Tamworths and Shorthorns.
We have for quick sale a choice lot of boars and sows from 2 to 6 months old, the produce of sows sired by Colwill's Choice and Newcastle Warrior, both our own breeding, and winners of sweepstakes and silver medal at Toronto, 1901-02-03-05. Several very choice sows bred to our imported boar. Pedigree furnished with every pig. Several choice heifer calves and heifers in calf to our present stock bull. All of high show quality. Prices right. Daily mail at our door. Colwill Bros., Newcastle, Ont.

Maplehurst Herd of Tamworth Swine, Bronze Turkeys, Toulouse Geese, Pekin Ducks, S.-C. W. Leghorns.

For sale: A large herd of Tamworths, of excellent breeding and ideal bacon type. This herd won sweepstakes at Toronto and London, 1905-6. Among our winnings at World's Fair, St. Louis 1904, both premier championships, sweepstakes aged and junior herd, and two grand championships. Inspection and correspondence solicited. For further particulars apply to

D. DOUGLAS & SONS, Mitchell, Ont.

CHESTER WHITE HOGS

The largest herd of bacon-type Chester White hogs in Canada. Strictly high-class have won highest awards. Young stock of both sexes always on hand. Satisfaction guaranteed.

ROBERT CLARKE, 41 Cooper Street, Ottawa, Ont.

Cherry Lane Berkshires

Are strictly high-class Toronto winners. Of all ages. Young stock of both sexes for sale. Pairs supplied notakin

Sam Dolson, Alcoa P. O., Norval Stn. COUNTY PEEL.

LARGE ENGLISH YORKSHIRES

We have a limited number of choice young pigs for sale, bred from our choicest sows, and got by the imported boars, Dalmey Joe 1897 and Broomhouse Beau 1854. Pigs from the latter won all the first prizes at the Ottawa Fat Stock Show last March for the best dressed carcasses, and sweepstakes over all breeds or grades. We guarantee satisfaction in all mail orders. Joseph Featherston & Son, Streetsville, Ont.

Cedar Lodge Yorkshires

100 head brood sows (imp.) and the product of imp. stock, weighing from 500 to 800 lbs. each. Stock hogs by imp. sires and dams, very large and full of quality. Young stock of both sexes constantly on hand for sale. Pairs not akin. Satisfaction guaranteed.

P. O. COLLINS, Bowesville P.O., Ont. Manitowick Stn., C.P.R.

Mount Pleasant Tamworths and Holsteins.

For Sale: Pigs of either sexes, from 6 weeks to 7 months; pairs not akin; also bull and heifer calves under 5 months. Phone in residence.

BERTRAM HOSKIN, The Gully P. O.

Elmfield Yorkshires!

40 pigs 2 to 5 mos. Boars ready for service. Sows by S. H. Chester, imp. bred to S. H. Edward 2nd, imp., due about Aug 1st; also sows ready to breed. Pairs not akin. Prices right. G. B. MUMA, Ayr, Ont.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Miscellaneous.

BREACH OF CONTRACT.

A gives B a written agreement to take one-third the produce of his cows for twelve months as part payment for his labor. Since the agreement was signed, A has sold several cows now in full profit. What remedy has B got? Does the agreement hold good, or would it be wise to demand wages due for the last six months and quit his service?

Ontario. A SUBSCRIBER.

Ans.—It is impossible for us to advise in this matter without seeing the agreement itself. Submit the document to a solicitor personally, and have him tell you what to do.

VENTILATION: THE KING AND THE MUSLIN-CURTAIN SYSTEMS.

A great deal was said with regard to stable ventilation last winter, and I saw afterwards the King system was considered the best, but I never read the article on it.

Ans.—The King system is not new, and has been often described in these columns.

By it, the air is admitted through several apertures in the walls near the stable floor. Flues conduct it to the ceiling and diffuse it with as little draft as possible. The flues may be made of board boxes, of ordinary stovepipe, or of galvanized-iron conductor pipes, or the holes through the walls may be ordinary five-inch drain tile, with elbow stovepipe on the inside. The foul air is carried off by outlet flues at the side, or in center of stable or both. These run up from near the floor, and have openings, also at the ceiling. The flues are carried to the roof of the barn, and there connected with a main shaft running to the roof of the cupola. The draft is regulated by dampers. The King system is undoubtedly good, but, as mentioned in reply to a recent correspondent, we should not be surprised if the new system of muslin or canvas curtains supersedes it. The muslin-curtain system consists in having the glass removed from the tops of the windows, and curtain or canvas stretched across it instead. These curtained windows will not admit so much light as those of glass alone; and for this reason, where the window space is limited, a number of extra openings would require to be made in the walls. These, when covered with canvas, insure a gradual exchange of inside with outside air by means of diffusion, keeping the inside atmosphere fairly pure and free from excessive moisture. At least, this is the report of those who have used it in poultry houses, sheep pens and dairy stables. If the new system bears out its present promise, it will certainly revolutionize methods of barn and, possibly, also, of house ventilation.

RATS—LICE ON POULTRY—PASTURE FOR MUCKY LAND.

1. The bank of our barn is five feet higher outside than the stable floor. Rats have holes dug down beside and under the wall, and come in the stable from outside. What would you advise me to do to rout them out?

2. How much formalin should be put in eight quarts of water for spraying a henhouse to rid it of lice?

3. Will alfalfa grow on mucky land? If so, how many pounds should be sown per acre for a permanent pasture?

H. W.

Ans.—1. Cement floors and cats are the best means we know of for exterminating rats from barns. If one does not see fit to go to the expense of concrete flooring, ferrets and dogs might be used, if there is anyone in the neighborhood who has a few trained to work together, but the amateur ferreter is liable to be disappointed. Traps and poison may also be used to advantage. We have read that pulverized copper sulphate, scattered around their runways and burrows, will make their feet sore, and thus persuade them to seek other quarters, but we cannot vouch for the efficacy of this plan.

2. We do not recall having ever heard of using formalin for this purpose, and doubt its efficacy. Use pure coal oil instead, and sprinkle the roosts, joints, openings and covers with it about once a fortnight in summer, and twice during the winter.

3. Alfalfa is very unlikely to succeed

on mucky land, being almost certain to winter-kill. It should never be sown alone for pasture anyway. Try Red-top, 8 pounds; Kentucky blue grass, 6 pounds; timothy, 4 pounds; Alsike, 4 pounds; red clover, 2 pounds; white clover, 1 pound, per acre. Three or four pounds of alfalfa might be added as an experiment.

The Corn Tassel.

The suggestion by Assistant Secretary Hays, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, that the corn tassel should be adopted as the "national flower" is worthy of all acceptance if there is any doubt about the right of corn to be called the king of the vegetable kingdom. There are a dozen reasons why the tassel should be chosen, to one in favor of any other candidate. A million happy jaws will suspend their attack upon steaming cobs and shout for the plummy tassel. Thousands of spoons will suspend above breakfast dishes, while shrill cries arise in celebration of the national food. Regiments and brigades will rally to the support of any movement that has for its object the glorification of hoecake, pone, hominy, and all other blessings derived from corn. The sadness of those mournful words "it might have been" is infinitely more pathetic when the phrase is applied to good old Uncle Ned:

He had no teeth for to eat the corn cake,
So he had to let the corn cake go.

The poet rightly perceived in its exquisite pathos the isolation of Uncle Ned. In this couplet the singer sounds the utter depths of woe. The words haunt every true American, and will haunt him till he dies. May all honest men be spared the fate of old Uncle Ned!

One of the chief reasons why this world should honor the memory of Christopher Columbus is the fact that corn is a native of the land he discovered, says the Washington Post. Some of the results of Columbus' haphazard western tour have not been particularly praiseworthy, but they are more than offset by the gift of corn. Considered from any standpoint—utilitarian, esthetic, financial, artistic, poetic or any other—corn meets all requirements. It is useful, moral, profitable, beautiful and good. The Indian deemed it a gift of his God, and he was not wrong. Nothing about corn is useless. The stalk will become valuable for paper, if it is not already so. The kernel feeds the world. The cob keeps countless prairie homes warm. The tassel, graceful daughter of the tall and bannered army of the field, is peculiarly the emblem of faithfulness, peace and happiness. If it were necessary that a "national flower" should be formally chosen, the corn tassel would run away ahead of the ticket. But such a course is not necessary. Corn is King, and his daughter takes her proper place by divine right.—[Live-stock World.]

BLOW AT THE PIE TRUST.

The Washington Department of Agriculture has killed the so-called pie trust, says a recent press despatch.

After the canning season of this year, the makers of pie fillings wherewith "homenade" pies are manufactured in factories will not be permitted to use benzoate of soda or benzoic acid. Until the end of the season, they will be permitted to use not to exceed one-tenth of 1 per cent., if they have been accustomed to preserving their products in that way. Every package containing food products which have been preserved with benzoate of soda or benzoic acid must be plainly marked.

While the Department of Agriculture was considering the subject, the makers of pie fillings, catsups and things like that, asserted that to forbid the use of preservatives would kill their business. Notwithstanding that declaration, the food and drug inspection board forbid its use. Secretaries Wilson, Cortelyou and Strauss approved the finding and recommendations of the board.

Nor may any food product be colored to hide damage or inferiority. All except a few of the coal-tar dyes are placed on the prohibited list. Pending further investigation, saltpetre may be used.

Bone Spavin

No matter how old the blemish, how lame the horse, or how many doctors have tried and failed, use

Fleming's Spavin and Ringbone Paste

Use it under our guarantee—your money refunded if it doesn't make the horse go sound. Most cases cured by a single 5-minute application—occasionally two required. Cures Bone Spavin, Ringbone and Sidebone, new and old cases alike. Write for detailed information and a free copy of

Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser

Ninety-six pages, durably bound, indexed and illustrated. Covers over one hundred veterinary subjects. Read this book before you treat any kind of lameness in horses. FLEMING BROS., Chemists, 75 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario

Glenburn Herd of Yorkshires.

Winner of gold medal three years in succession. Young boars and sows of different ages. Also a grand good Shorthorn bull (roan) 7 months old. fit to head any herd.

David Barr, Jr., Box 3, Renfrew, Ont.

Maple Grove Yorkshires

IMPORTED AND CANADIAN-BRED Boars and sows of the best possible breeding, with lots of size and full of quality, comprise our herd. We are winning at the leading shows in Canada. We have a fine lot of sows and boars ready for service, also both sexes of all ages—youngee. We guarantee everything as represented. Prices always reasonable. Write at once. H. S. McDiarmid, Fingal P. O., Shedden Stn.

SUNNYMOUNT BERKSHIRES.

Sunnymount Berkshires are unsurpassed for ideal bacon type and superior breeding. For immediate sale: A few choice boars from 5 mos. up to 15 mos. old.

JOHN McLEOD, Milton P.O. and Stn., C.P.R. & G.T.R.

Fairview Berkshires

Bred from imported and Canadian-bred sires and dams, and bred on prize-winning lines. My brood sows are large, choice animals. Young stock of both sexes. Some sows bred to imp. boars

HENRY MASON, SCARBORO P. O. Street care pass the door

MAPLE LEAF BERKSHIRES!

Large English breed. Now offering King of the Castle sows, and Polgate Doctor sows, bred to British Duke (imp.). Also young boars and sows for sale, 10 and 12 weeks old. Joshua Lawrence, Oxford Centre P. O., Woodstock Station.

Glenhodson Yorkshires!

A few choice young sows in farrow; also young pigs from three to six months old. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long-distance phone at farm.

GLENHODSON COMPANY, Lorne Foster, Mgr. Myrtle Station, Ont.

Fairview Berkshires

Are second to none. My herd has won high honors wherever shown. Am now offering sows bred and ready to breed, and you nger ones of both sexes, the get of Masterpieces and just the thing. An exceptionally choice lot.

JOHN S. COWAN, Donagat P. O., Milverton Stn.

Duroc Jerseys.

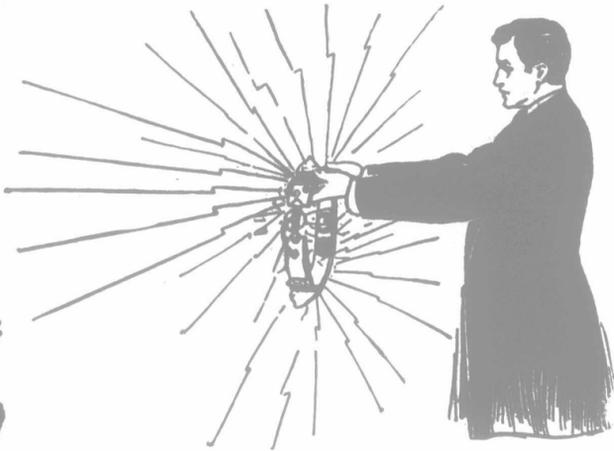
Sows ready to breed. Young pigs, either sex, ready to ship Canada Boy (imp.) 1907 heads our herd. MAC CAMPBELL & SON, Warwick, Ont.

IMPROVED LARGE YORKSHIRES—Herd headed by the famous Summer Hill (Gladstone) and Dalmey Joe (imp.), and some imported sows of good breeding and quality. Stock for sale at all times. GEO. W. SMITH, Hayville, Ont. New Hamburg, G.T.R. or Brighton on Buffalo & Lake Huron R.R.

For Sale—Ohio Improved Chester Whites, the largest strain, oldest established registered herd in Canada; young sows in farrow; choice young pigs, six weeks to six months old; pairs not akin; express charges prepaid; peddle green and safe delivery guaranteed. Address H. D. GEORGE, Putnam, Ont.

Yorkshires and Tamworths—Either breed any age, both sexes; sows bred and ready to breed. Yorkshires bred from imp. sire and dam. Tamworths from Toronto winners. Pairs not akin. As good as the breeds produce. CHAS. CURRIE, Schaw Stn., C.P.R. Morrison P.O.

"A LIFE SAVER FOR WEAK MEN"



All men cannot be MILLIONAIRES, but thousands of them could be much better off FINANCIALLY, SOCIALLY and in every other respect, if they would guard their HEALTH. With VIGOROUS HEALTH—a body full of ELECTRIC ENERGY—a man can make OPPORTUNITIES if he don't find them; but lacking in the COURAGE and SELF-ASSURANCE that is born of MANLY VIGOR, he is but a derelict—a vessel without mast or rudder—cast hither and thither by every storm of life that besets his pathway. GIVE ME A MAN that has exhausted his VITALITY—suffering from PAINS AND ACHES—NERVOUS DEBILITY—without HOPE—AMBITION—COURAGE gone—drifting with the tide—and I can transform him into a STRONG MAN—a man of push—a man that will make his way in spite of all obstacles—if he has anything left to build upon, and he will follow my advice and use the DR. McLAUGHLIN ELECTRIC BELT as I direct. Save your tobacco money for a few weeks—cut out a few of your health-destroying, soul-destroying habits—procure one of these appliances—USE ELECTRICITY, and use it in the right way to invigorate your body, and you will look upon the day you gave your case to me as the TURNING POINT of your life. Here is what some say of this remedy, who have used it:

"I am well satisfied with the results of your Belt. I have quit wearing it now as I am feeling all right again, and am able to do a fair day's work without that tired feeling, aching hips and legs, which troubled me so much; my appetite is really good, and I have no stomach trouble as before. Yours respectfully, Hear-Dicker, Coulson, Ont."

"Your Belt has done wonders for me, and I am more than pleased with the results, for without it I do not believe I could ever have done another day's work in my life. I shall ever praise your Belt to all sufferers of Rheumatism, and can safely say that your Belt will do all that you say it will. You can print this for the good of others, if you wish." Peter L. Harris, Murray, Ont.

Never mind waiting until you use the last dose out of that bottle from the drug store. Begin now. Call and talk your case over with me, or send for my book. It costs you nothing. For over 24 years I have taught the great truth that "ELECTRICITY IS LIFE," and have proved the soundness of my doctrine by making cures when others have failed time and again. Others have aspired to do the work I am doing with my ELECTRIC BELT. They offer you Electricity in some other form, or an "electric belt" that possesses no curative power whatever. They are like "boys on bladders" floundering in a sea of uncertainty—while to-day the DR. McLAUGHLIN ELECTRIC BELT stands the world over as the most correct—the most perfect—method of applying Galvanic Electricity to the body that has ever been devised. Call at once, or send coupon for our FREE illustrated 80-page book, from which you can learn much that you want to know. Do it now.

Dr. M. S. McLaughlin,
112 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

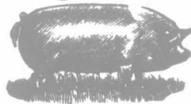
Dear Sir.—Please forward me
one of your books as advertised.

Name

Address

Office Hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
Wednesday and Sat. till 8.30 p.m.

Large White Yorkshires



Am offering at the present time a number of choice boars and sows of breeding age, also some imported sows in pig. Also young pigs of spring farrow direct from imported stock. Pairs and trios supplied not akin. Write for what you want.

H. J. Davis, Woodstock, Ont.
Breeder of Shorthorns & Yorkshires



MONKLAND
Yorkshires

Imported & Canadian-bred

We keep 35 brood sows, and have constantly on hand between 100 and 200 to choose from. Our supply pairs and trios not akin. Quality and type unsurpassed. Prices right.

JAS. WILSON & SONS,
FERGUS, ONT.

G. T. R. and C. P. R. Long-distance Phone

Willowdale Berkshires

Young boars and sows, 3 and 6 months of age, out of imp. sows, and sired by Imp. Polgate Doctor, Royal Masterpiece, a son of the \$3,500 boar, Masterpiece, and some of them imp. in dam. Satisfaction guaranteed.

J. J. WILSON, Milton P.O. and Ste.

YORKSHIRES of Choicest Type and Breeding.



I have on hand 75 brood sows of Princess Fame, Cinderella, Clara, Minnie, Lady Frost and Queen Bess strains. My stock boars are true to type and richest breeding. For sale are a large number of sows bred and ready to breed, boars fit for service, and younger ones of both sexes. Pairs and trios not akin. **J. W. BOYLE, P. O. Box 563, Woodstock, Ont.**

Elmhurst Berkshires

Motto: "Goods as Represented."



Woodstock Herd of Large English Berkshires

For sale: Boars fit for service. Sows ready to breed. March and April pigs supplied in pairs and trios not akin, bred from my imported and home-bred sows. My pigs are all bred on prizewinning lines, and true to type. Come and see, or write for prices. **DOUGLAS THOMSON, Box 1, Woodstock, Ontario. C. P. R. and G. T. R. stations.**



OKDALE BERKSHIRES Largest Berkshire herd in Ontario. Imported. For sale: Sows bred and ready to breed, boars ready for service, and younger ones, all ages, richly bred on prizewinning lines and true to type. Everything guaranteed as represented. Long distance phone. **L. E. MORGAN, Milliken P.O., Co. of York.**



ROSEBANK BERKSHIRES
Present offering: Boars fit for service. Sows ready to breed. Choice young stock ready to wean, sired by Maple Ledge Doctor and Sallie's Sambo (imp.), a Toronto winner.
Lefroy, G. T. R. JOHN BOYES, JR., Churchill, Ont. Long distance phone

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Miscellaneous.

THE OAT AND BARLEY BLIGHT

We have sent to your address a sample of our oats and barley. Can you tell us what is the cause of their blighted appearance? There are about 28 acres in the field, and we never had a finer promise of a good crop. **C. J. F. Oxford Co., Ont.**

Ans.—On these barley leaves I do not find any effects that can be traced to insect cause. On the blighted leaves, there are mycelium and spores of an oidium, a kind of mould, which is probably the first stage of Erysiphe graminis. This fungus is widely distributed, but is not seriously injurious, except in damp situations with limited circulation of air, or where other causes have reduced the vitality and resisting powers of the plants. The fungus named affects barley, wheat, oats, rye, brome and other grasses. The forms on these different cereals are supposed to belong to the same species of fungus, although the experiments of Prof. E. S. Salmon go to prove that the conidia of the form on barley cannot directly infest the leaves of wheat or brome. **J. D.**

USE OF SCHOOL BUILDING.

Thirty years ago a country schoolhouse was built, and at that time provision was made that religious meetings might be held in it, and it has been used for that purpose ever since. A new schoolhouse is now being built. The old one is to be sold, and the amount realized from it is to be used in the new building. At the last annual meeting, when we resolved to build a new schoolhouse, it was not mentioned that religious services might be held in it. The majority of the ratepayers wish the schoolhouse to be open for such meetings, but one or two desire to have the schoolhouse closed against all such meetings.

1. When no mention was made at the time we decided to build concerning the holding of religious meetings in the new building, would the same privileges that existed in reference to the old schoolhouse extend to the new one, since the amount we realize from the old building is to be used in the new one?

2. As no provision was made at the time we resolved to build for the holding of religious meetings in the new building, would it be legal for trustees to call a special meeting of ratepayers to decide that matter before the schoolhouse is completed and opened for teaching?

3. If not, can one or two ratepayers keep the schoolhouse closed against religious meetings when the majority are in favor of having it opened for such meetings?

4. Is this matter entirely under the control of the trustees, or does the majority of the ratepayers govern?

Kindly answer the above questions, and if there is any other information that would be useful to us, please publish it, as we desire to have the schoolhouse open for religious meetings, if possible. **SUBSCRIBER, Ontario.**

Ans.—Ordinarily, a public schoolhouse cannot, lawfully, be used for other than public-school purposes without the express permission of the trustee board, and the matter is one with which the board has exclusively to deal. But it may be that, as would seem to be the case, the deed of conveyance of the school site contains a provision for religious meetings, and, if so, the powers of the board of trustees would be subject to such provision. We cannot, of course, without knowing the exact wording of the clause of the deed respecting the matter in question, venture to say definitely whether such clause would apply to the new building, but it is highly probable that it would. Subject to the terms and effect of such documentary regulation (if any) of the matter, we would say that it is a question to be disposed of by the board rather than by the ratepayers, or by the trustees individually.