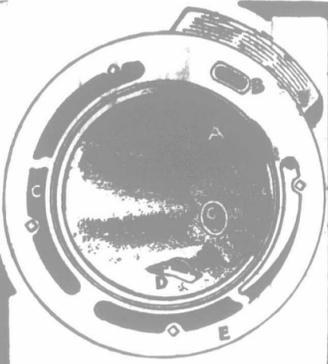


**PAGES  
MISSING**



**DOWN DRAFT  
Dome and Radiator**

- A—Heavy cast-iron heating dome.
- B—Dust flue.
- C—Warm-air space entirely surrounding dome.
- D—Direct draft damper.
- E—Radiator.
- F—Where hot water attachments can be inserted.
- G—Down draft pipe.

Why do we make our heating dome of heavy cast iron?

Because steel will warp and bend. Cast iron won't.

THE DOWN DRAFT FURNACE generates such intense heat that it would destroy a steel dome in a comparatively short time. But cast iron absorbs the heat unharmed. Corrugations on dome add to the radiating surface. Made in one piece, it will expand and contract in perfect harmony with the fire pots. Will never warp or get out of place so as to permit gas and dust to escape.

This Dome will never burn out.

The durability of a furnace depends upon the lasting qualities of the dome, so that a furnace made with a cast-iron dome is much superior to one made with a steel dome. Our combined dome and radiator extracts and gives off the maximum amount of heat from the fire an amount greatly in excess of the heat from other furnaces.

Other points indicated in the above drawing are fully described in our catalogue, which will be mailed upon application.

**The DOWN DRAFT  
FURNACE CO., Limited,  
Galt - Ontario - Canada**

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**The Colorado of  
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**THE ALBERTA RAILWAY HAS 500,000  
ACRES CHOICE FALL AND WINTER  
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These lands are situated in Alberta's warm belt, a short distance north of the Montana boundary, and at the east base of the Rocky Mountains.

PRICE: \$7.50 to \$8.00 per acre near railway; \$6.50 to \$7.50 per acre back from railway. In blocks of 5,000 acres and over, a special price of \$5.50 to \$6.50 per acre is given.

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**Osler, Hammond & Nanton,  
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NOTE.—In 1905 the first car of winter wheat was shipped from Lethbridge on August 12th.

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**ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS  
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MODERATE RATE SERVICE**

The company have placed in this service the one-class cabin (second cabin) carrying steamers, OTTAWA, KENSINGTON and SOUTHWARK. The popular rate of \$42.50 or \$45.00 to Liverpool, and \$45.00 and \$47.50 to London, has proved a great attraction, passengers having the best on the steamer, which means every comfort, and it is no longer necessary to delay going to Europe on account of the expense of ocean passage. For full particulars apply to local agents, or at the Company's Office, 17 St. Sacramento St., Montreal.

**THE SPICE OF LIFE.**

Boy—My mother bought some slippers last week.  
Man—Felt?  
Boy—Yep. Three times already.

An Irish priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up whiskey. "I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whiskey is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can." "Me enemy, is it, Father?" responded Michael, "and it was Your Riverence's self that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our enemies!" "So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest, "but I didn't tell you to swallow them."

**THE PRIVILEGES OF OLD AGE.**

Old age has its drawbacks, but it has also its privileges. Not the least of these is leisure; not idleness, for that way lie wretchedness and disintegration—but freedom from the stress of unlovely rivalry, and opportunity for the calm and moderate pursuit of congenial occupation. With its advent one may doff the armor, but not the apron, and choosing one's bench, work, not as a slave, but as a master.—U. S. Senator William P. Frye, in the March Circle.

**VIGILANT FIDO.**

In the barber-shop the scissors clicked merrily away, and the barber's dog lay on the floor close beside the chair, looking up intently all the time at the occupant who was having his hair cut.

"Nice dog, that," said the customer.  
"He is, sir," said the barber.  
"He seems very fond of watching you cut hair."

"It ain't that, sir," explained the barber, smiling. "Sometimes I make a mistake and take a little piece off a customer's ear!"

A certain peasant supplied a baker with three pounds of butter daily, and after some time the baker noticed that the butter never weighed three pounds. At last, he summoned him.

"Have you no scales at home?" the Judge asked.  
"Yes," said the peasant.  
"Have you weights?"  
"Yes, but I never weigh the butter with them."

"Why?"  
"Because since the baker buys my butter, I buy his bread, and as I always buy three pounds at a time, I weigh the butter with the bread."  
He was acquitted.

**AN INDORSEMENT.**

A bride's mother presented her with a check on Christmas day. With a feeling of the utmost importance, she took it down to the bank in which her husband had opened an account for her. The cashier took the check, then handed it back politely, saying:

"Will you please indorse it, Madam?"  
"Indorse it?" repeated the bride, puzzled.

"Yes, across the back, you know," replied the man, too busy to notice her bewilderment.

The bride carried the check to a desk, laid it face downward, and nibbled the end of a pen thoughtfully. Then inspiration came, and she wrote, triumphantly, across the back:

"For Fanny, from mother, Christmas, 1906."

A New Englander recently had occasion to engage a gardener. One morning two applicants appeared,—one a decidedly decent-looking man, and the other of much less prepossessing appearance and manner.

After very little hesitation, the man of the house chose the latter applicant.

A friend who was present, evinced surprise at the selection, asking:

"Has that man ever worked for you before?"

"No," replied the other: "in fact, I never saw either of them until to-day."

"Then why did you choose the shorter man?" The other had a much better face.

"Face!" exclaimed the proprietor of the place, in disgust. "Let me tell you that, when you pick out a gardener, you want to go by his overalls. If they're patched on the knees you want him. If the patch is on the seat of his trousers, you don't."

Brains and commonsense make a good manager, and good management is three-fourths of successful farming.

**AT THE MUSICAL.**

Clara.—She puts lots of feeling into her singing, doesn't she?  
Ferdie.—Yes, but it must be awful to feel that way.

The second day drew to its close with the twelfth jurymen still unconvinced.

"Well, gentlemen," said the court officer, entering quietly, "shall I, as usual, order twelve dinners?"  
"Make it," said the foreman, "eleven dinners and a bale of hay."

**COURT OR CAUGHT.**

"Sold your automobile, eh?" exclaimed Wyss. "What was the trouble?"  
"Couldn't control it," explained Acher. "When I ran fast it took me to the police court, and when I ran slowly it didn't take me anywhere."

A son of the Emerald Isle, on landing at a wharf in New York, saw lying there a huge anchor. For the next three days he stood by watching the anchor. "What are you doing here?" asked a workman one day. "Sure, sor," was the reply, "I want to see the man who can handle that pick."

"Getting-on so often means losing everything in life that brightens and elevates, crushes the best qualities of head and heart, that it would be a good thing if we all stopped now and again and gazed steadily beneath the glittering veil which hides the inner workings of the 'getting-on' craze of the day."

**TAINTED MONEY.**

The big touring-car had just whizzed by with a roar like a gigantic rocket, and Pat and Mike turned to watch it disappear in a cloud of dust.

"Thim chug wagons must cost a heap av cash," said Mike. "The rich is fairly burnin' money."

"An' be the smell av it," sniffed Pat, "it must be thot tainted money we do be hearin' so much about."

"Out in Downs a little Swede boy went to school, and the teacher asked his name.

"Young Olsen," he replied.  
"How old are you," asked the teacher.  
"Ay not no how old ay bane."  
"Well, when were you born?" continued the teacher.  
"Ay not born at all, ay got stepmuter."

**BRIDGET WHIST.**

"Phwere hov yez been this avenin'?" asks O'Tunder of O'Toole.

"Sure, I've been playing Bridget whist. 'Tis a foine game, it is."  
"Bridget whist? An' how do yez play thot?"

"Oi sit in the kitchen wid Bridget and ate pie an' cake an' chicken, and when Bridget hears the mistress comin' she says, 'Whist,' and Oi hide in the pantry."

"If you please, ma'am," said the servant from Dublin, "the cat's had chickens."

"Nonsense, Gertrude!" returned the mistress of the house. "You mean kittens. Cats don't have chickens."

"Was them chickens or kittens that master brought home last night?"  
"Chickens, of course."  
"Well, ma'am, them's what the cat has had."

One of the old governors of the Carolinas was a man who had lived a farmer's life most of the time until he was elected, and his wife, having never seen a steamboat or a railroad, and having no wish to test either one, refused to accompany her husband to the Capital. When the governor reached his destination, he found that almost all the other officials were accompanied by their wives, and he sent an imperative message to his brother to "fetch Melinda along."

The brother telegraphed: "She's afraid even to look at the engine."

The governor read the message and pondered over it for a few moments. At the end of that time, he sent off the following command:

"Bill, you blindfold Melinda and back her on to the train."

**One Man  
Does It**

Compare the one-man-one-hammer way of laying REX Flintkote ROOFING with the crew of skilled laborers and apparatus necessary to lay any other kind of roof.

**REX  
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costs less both for material and labor of laying than any other good roof, yet lasts longer and gives better protection from fire, rain, snow and wind.

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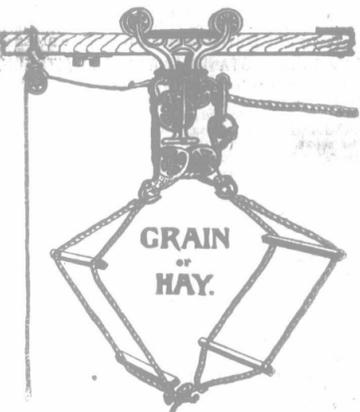
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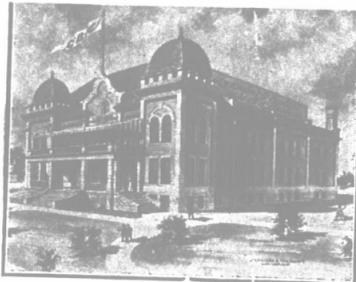
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Capital and Reserve, \$2,900,000



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### CANADA'S GREATEST SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

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Over 400 students placed in good positions during past year. The salaries paid to these 400 averaged close to, if they did not exceed, \$600 to each per annum. Does it not pay to attend the best, and get a good position when through.

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If you cannot come to Chatham, write for mail-course catalogue, which tells you all about our home courses. We can give you instruction at your home in Bookkeeping, Shorthand or Penmanship.

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**D. McLachlan & Co., Chatham, Ont.,**  
and mention this paper.

Advertise in the Advocate

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There are still some who freeze to old skimming ways, reluctant to sever the ties that binds to the ways "good enough for grandmother," there's a

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in any building, is given by our *Classified Steel Ceilings and Walls*. They have a rich and elegant appearance, which would cost many times as much in any other material. Yet they cost little more than plaster, and they're good forever.

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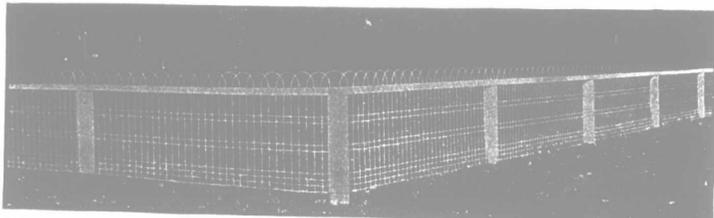


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I am pleased with the Ceiling. Am only sorry I did not put it all through the house.

Yours truly,  
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# The Farmer's Advocate

## and Home Magazine

"Persevere and Succeed."

Established 1866.

Vol. XLII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, JULY 11, 1907.

No. 772.

### EDITORIAL.

#### THE BEEFSTEAK STEER.

Butchers and purveyors in these prosperous times complain of the difficulty, in towns and cities, of disposing of the plainer or cheaper portions of the beeves they cut up, especially in the summer months, nearly all their customers requiring steak, and the majority asking for the best cuts of the porterhouse or sirloin, while roasts and boiling parts go begging for buyers. One reason for this preference is doubtless the convenience of the use of gas in cooking, the shorter time, and consequent saving of expense in broiling a steak as compared with the longer time required to cook a roast or other part. Another reason is that by the use of gas less heat is disseminated in the house, a desirable condition in hot weather when the constant endeavor is to keep cool, or as nearly so as circumstances permit. But this preference is not limited to the summer season, and the principal reason for it is probably the general prosperity prevailing and the increasing extravagance of the urban population in their manner of living, a feature which forebodes no good, since many are believed to be living beyond their means, as wages are not increasing in proportion to the rise in rents and the general cost of living in cities, which keeps many people in perplexity in the endeavor to make ends meet, while not a few are compelled to give up the struggle and adapt themselves to more moderate circumstances. This growing demand for choice cuts, even at the advanced prices purveyors have been necessitated by the increasing discrimination of their customers to require, while it certainly is not in the interest of the common people, since, from the standpoint of economy and nutrition, the lower-priced portions of meat are cheaper and quite as wholesome, opens up the question whether the farmers, on whom all depend for the supply, should cater to the requirements of the times by producing the type of animal that will yield the largest proportion of weight of the highest-selling cuts. This has certainly been the tendency in the breeding of beef cattle in recent years, the endeavor to produce a maximum of weight in a minimum of superficies and with the least offal or waste. And this aim amply accounts for the attainment of the type of the modern Hereford, Aberdeen-Angus, Galloway and Scotch Shorthorn, with their roundness of contour, thickness of flesh on back and ribs, fineness of bone and lack of paunchiness, which has made them popular. The question necessarily arises, can we improve on this type and hold the favor of the cattle-raisers, while meeting the excessive demand for greater weight of choice cuts? Will the increasing demand for the dual-purpose cow produce in her progeny the steer that will fill the bill, or shall we, in the endeavor to kill two birds with one stone, land where we were three decades ago, with larger cattle, having heavier bones, thicker flesh, and a maximum proportion of the cheaper-selling portions of flesh, together with a mediocre milking class of cows, or can the two propensities of superior beef and milk production be successfully combined? These are questions which may well engage the attention and consideration of the men behind the cattle which are to supply the meat menu of the people in the years to come. And, as discussion often helps to wise conclusion, we invite the opinion of practical producers, in order that light may be thrown upon the problem forming the basis of this article.

#### A DEPARTURE IN AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

In the course of an editorial headed "The Cardinal Fault in Our School Systems," the Weekly Sun observes: "We are sincerely glad to note what is being done in the matter of appointing agricultural specialists to the staff of certain High Schools, but the work should begin lower down; it should have its origin in the public school."

That is right. The public school is the place to begin, although we incline to the opinion that the beginning should be made, not by another attempt at a formal introduction of agriculture into the curriculum, but by a general recasting of the whole course so as to make it bear on agriculture where possible, acquainting the pupils with a few fundamental agricultural truths and predisposing them toward farm life instead of setting their ambitions in the other direction. This could be done in several ways. More farm problems might be given in the arithmetic, such as calculating the relative value of cows giving certain quantities of milk of a certain fat percentage, etc. In the readers also the same principle might be applied. There is a lesson in the Ontario third reader on "Heat: Conduction and Radiation," which has probably disseminated more useful information than any other in the book. The principles therein enunciated are clear in our mind to-day. Now, if in a similar way the principles and value of the soil mulch in conserving moisture and aerating the soil could be discussed as lucidly and impressed as thoroughly, it would give the young reader a more intelligent comprehension of the principles underlying successful tillage than many experienced farmers have to-day. And so all the way through. A fundamental part of the process of this educational reform will necessarily be accomplished in the Normal Schools, where the staff of the public schools of the country receive their training in the principles and practice of teaching, to whom we must look to handle the modified curriculum.

With the above changes should come school gardening, nature study, and, if possible, manual training and domestic science. A public-school course of study modelled according to the foregoing principles would be the best means of fitting a student for the Agricultural High School or the Agricultural College, but if he could not go on to these he would at least be in a fair way to become a student of agriculture on his own farm, and to make the most of agricultural literature, farmers' institutes and other agencies of progress.

As for the Agricultural High Schools, while we welcome them heartily as an evidence of the growing disposition to recognize the merits of vocational training—training that will touch and benefit the pupil by relating him to his environment—yet at the same time we deem it well not to encourage over-sanguine expectations. Extravagant hopes lead to disappointment and reaction. The new schools have our hearty sympathy and we bespeak for them and the agricultural teachers every support and encouragement from farmers in their respective vicinities. The farm boy attending one of these schools will no doubt find it greatly to his advantage to take the agricultural course rather than to spend precious time and money studying Latin and Greek classics, French, German, Algebra and Euclid.

We fear, however, that too much is being attempted. We are promised that the agricultural students in these High School classes, after two years' time, should be in a position to enter the Ontario Agricultural College and take up second-year work. They may do so, for the O. A. C. course is not difficult and young men with good education often take two years in one. But it is

a mistake to think that two years in an Agricultural High School will give one as good a training in agriculture as one year in the right kind of an Agricultural College. In the first place, facilities will be lacking for thorough, all-round work. In the second place the teachers will necessarily be to a large extent rehearsers, whereas at the Agricultural College each subject is in charge of an expert of many years' experience, who has, besides, in most instances, the great advantage of having carried on original investigation and experimental work. We believe it would have been better not to hold out the Agricultural High School course as a substitute for part of the Agricultural College course, but as simply a more thorough preparation for it than could be obtained in an ordinary High School. It takes time to acquire a good agricultural education—time, application, sound sense and expert tutoring. Those who think there is little to learn about agriculture haven't an inkling of its scope.

So we say success to the Agricultural High School, but let us not build up too glowing hopes, and let us remember that the new step is but a single one towards the necessary remodelling of our educational systems. This remodelling will require considerable time, but we have set our faces towards it and we will keep on.

#### A STUDY OF THE LABOR PROBLEM.

There are two sides to the farm-labor problem. There is the farmer's side and the hired man's side. The trouble is that each has insisted on looking at the situation from a one-sided point of view. Until this is changed, the problem will never be solved. Immigration will not solve it. Immigration may relieve it (from the employer's standpoint), but only, in most cases, by bringing about in the end conditions probably no better than it relieves. Immigration may, to a limited extent, be advisable as a temporary expedient, but will never prove a permanent remedy. It is to be feared that some Canadian farmers, in common with other employers, have been over-anxious to avail themselves of the expedient, and have failed to get down to a philosophic study of the problem.

There was a time when labor for the soil was abundant, servile and cheap. That was in a dark period of the world's history. Going back farther, there was a time when Egyptian kings constructed monumental pyramids by commanding the services of subjects little better than slaves. Those were great times for the ruling classes. The idea of democracy is foreign to it. Since the time of Christ, the tendency of civilization has been to raise the position of the lower classes, to make the chances of life as nearly as may be equal for all. The tendency has been counteracted by many adverse influences, such as tariffs, which tax the many to enrich the few, and unjust assessment systems, which discourage and hamper enterprise by taxing improvements; by a society which looks down on the man or woman who does manual labor; by various sinister influences, from which the Church itself has not been free, and, perhaps, most of all, by the benighted and bucolic mind of the masses, which could do little to help themselves, and required ages of education to reach point where they were ready to be helped upward. But, despite all these drawbacks, the church, school, platform and press of civilized countries have tended, by broadening the individual's outlook and stirring humanitarian impulses, and by educating the average citizen, towards an ultimate betterment of the laborer's position.

Hand in hand with these agencies, came invention, which, by increasing the productiveness of labor and intellectualizing a part of it, has given

## THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE.

THE LEADING AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL IN THE  
DOMINION.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
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### 1. THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE

is published every Thursday.  
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the laborer grounds for demanding, and brains to organize and obtain, a constantly-increasing remuneration for his toil. Capital, which controlled, manipulated and applied the inventions, has naturally wanted to reap the full advantage thereof. Labor disputes its right to do so. Capital, by virtue of its position, has held the long end of the lever, but labor is steadily gaining ground. What the end will be, no man can now foresee, but this much is certain: The fight for democratic principles and the rights of the masses will go on till conditions are brought about as different from those of to-day as present conditions are superior to those of slavery and serfdom. A state in which the masses dwell in poverty and hardship, while the few, dominant by accident of birth or by mental superiority due to the favor of nature, revel in wasteful luxury—such a state becomes increasingly painful the more it is contemplated. That is why high-minded men, though oftentimes grieved by the laborer's failings and shortsightedness, and by the violent methods to which he occasionally resorts, are, nevertheless, bound to sympathize with his cause.

How, then, can the laborer's position be improved? By doubling his wages? No; wealth suddenly acquired, is not used wisely. Emancipation was of little or no immediate benefit to the American slaves, because they knew not how to use their new-found freedom. Moreover, commerce and industry, as at present organized, could probably not afford to double wages all round. The result of such a step would very likely be bankruptcy or anarchy, with grave attendant evils to all classes. Commerce, manufacturing, farming and society cannot be advantageously revolutionized in a day. The change is a matter of growth; it is being evolved. Change in any established order of things has never been brought about without hardship and opposition, very often opposition from the class it was destined to help. In order that the present and impending improvements in the situation between labor and capital may be

accomplished as speedily as possible, with a minimum of hardship and a maximum of net advantage to both sides—for it will be genuine advantage to all men in the long run—it is necessary that each party take a broad, tolerant and progressive view. The laborer must be active, but patient; the employer firm, but progressive. He must look ahead and plan his work with a view to making his business as profitable and congenial as possible for those he employs. He must endeavor to see, not how cheaply he can hire, but how much he can safely manage to pay, and how far he can raise the condition of those he employs. This ideal may not appeal to the avaricious man, but it will find a response in every Christian heart. Incidentally, it is the best way to build up a permanent business success—a success that will stand when the ill-gotten gains of the selfish employer are crumbling into dust. That stage is coming. It is on the way. The signs of the times are unmistakable. Civilization is beginning a war on extortion, monopoly and sweat-shop methods. The day of humanitarianism is dawning. It is time for employers to look ahead.

Phases of this question bearing more specifically upon the farm-labor problem, may be profitably left for later discussion.

### KING'S GOOD-ROADS AXIOMS.

I pin my faith in the future betterment of Missouri highways to these foundation truths, says D. Ward King:

1. Six or seven feet width of stone is sufficient for the average rural traffic.

2. Any community where rock is available is behind the times if it does not each year build a mile or more of stone road.

3. Rock within two and one-half miles is available where land is worth \$30 per acre.

4. Where stone roads are out of question, and where, if they can be built, they are not yet an accomplished improvement, a dragged road is the best substitute.

Dragging is cheap, simple, effective, and is the best method known for arousing public sentiment on the good-roads question.

## HORSES.



Mr. Frank F. Euren.

Secretary of the Hackney Horse Society and Manager of the International Horse Show, London, Eng.

### CRUSHED VERSUS WHOLE OATS.

In Australia, the critics who pose as authorities on horse rations are divided in their opinions as to whether crushed oats are not better than whole oats as horse food. The reason advanced in supporting crushed oats is that they are more thoroughly digested than whole oats. That, however, is not the reason which mainly influences the farmer. He finds that when his horse-feed is crushed the germinating power of the wild oats which may be mixed with it is destroyed, and thus his paddocks are kept clean longer than would be the case if the oats were not crushed. As a matter of fact, the crushing of oats does not increase or promote their digestibility. The molar teeth of horses possess great grinding or crushing powers, and a horse whose teeth are in a normal condition is perfectly well able to chew or masticate whole oats in a thorough and com-

plete manner. Crushed oats require less grinding on the part of the horse than whole oats, and the former are therefore more suitable than the latter for feeding to animals that are troubled with their teeth. Men with long experience of horses generally hold the faith that crushed oats are not so suitable as whole oats for horses that are required to be in a hard condition and to do work at a fast pace.—[Horse World.]

### DAY TO RETURN MARES.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

We have been breeding horses for many years. The oestral period with mares recurs quite regularly every three weeks, the first one after foaling being manifest about the ninth day. This period with most mares is brief, seldom ever being manifest over three days, and usually only one, the ninth. The subsequent periods are longer, varying with different mares from three to ten days.

Our instructions are always to return in just three weeks. I should never allow a horse to serve a mare at intervals of nine days. If she were in heat at that time, it would only be evidence that she had not gone out since the previous service, and would not be evidence that she had not conceived. If a mare should be bred toward the close of an oestral period and did not conceive, she would probably be in heat again in eighteen days; but if she had been bred toward the first of the period she would not be, so we think it safer to make the return the twenty-first day. We have been reasonably successful in breeding mares on the thirtieth day after foaling.

P. MILLS.

### THE PROBLEM OF THE HORSE INDUSTRY.

I.

One of Canada's great needs to hasten its development is better means of transportation. Every year brings more thousands of people than the preceding one, to start new homes, cultivate more land, grow more wheat and other products required to feed the human family. Each year sees hundred of miles of new track laid by the different railway companies. But, for steady and lasting growth, it is necessary that every link in the great chain of the whole system that contributes to the successful building of our country must be strong and able to bear its due proportion of weight, of whatever kind it may be. This brings before us one of the great problems, viz., the supply and distribution of the initial energy—the horse-power. It is a serious question at this period of the country's history, for horse-power is the initial power, whatever may take its place in whole or in part in after years. To-day lands are lying uncultivated or only half worked, miles of railways are not commenced or not finished, lumbering and mining operations curtailed in many cases because of "no horses suitable to be had. These industries make for a nation's wealth, and if hampered or closed out, must needs react on the nation's prosperity. This is our century if every citizen does his duty, and the duty of the breeder of each Province at this time is to raise more horses, and of better quality than we have to-day, for the homeland first, where the need is greatest. "The horses are not in the country," is the cry of every man who is in any way connected with the business. In past years, many of the horses used in our Western Provinces came from Montana, Idaho and Wyoming, where they were bred on large ranches and in large numbers. Now, the incoming settler has closed out most of these large ranchmen. Good horses are very scarce, and are worth as much at home, while the unbroken cayuses—never useful nor valuable—are not allowed into this country since last March. In fact, in these States, as in our own country, the traffic is chiefly in second-raters, horses that could not be sold during the years of depression, and consequently had to be kept. Now this sort finds a ready market, if they are able to chew and look as if likely to stand a few months' work. It is usually a case of "buy them quick," before the price advances a fifty. Generally speaking, it is the middleman who knows the scarcity and makes the money—another case of the few non-producers profiting at the expense of the many real producers of wealth.

Going from effect to cause, takes us back to the depression of the nineties, when the pinch of hard times found the stables of the average Ontario breeder full of horses—a few good ones, some fair, but most poor; careless methods of breeding, the use of cheap, inferior sires of all kinds and classes, sound and unsound; the mixing of the heavy and light breeds, without method or object other than the production of "just a horse." Hard times should have taught a lesson; it did in many cases, for the good horses found a market at remunerative prices, even during the period of greatest depression; but the scrubs, which cost, outside of the stud fees, the same to raise, were traded, raffled, given away or shot to get rid of them. The African war and the great

immigration helped to take many of the rest, because the average breeder had gone out of business till the tide should turn again. The tide did turn, but when these men jumped into the business again, it was not in the condition in which they left it. The good mares were, speaking of this Province as a whole, all gone, or hopelessly in the minority. The culls were left, often old, unsound, and totally unfit to be used for breeding purposes. Yet this class, generally, must be used as foundation stock—a case of necessity, setting aside all laws. Poor care of the dams during the period of gestation, followed by bad feeding, care and management of the colt during the first couple of years of its life, are other evils that are to be found only too often. NEMO.

**PROVIDE PUBLIC WATERING PLACES.**

Water often and not too much at a time, is a good motto for the horseman. To drive a horse till parched with thirst, and then let him swill down two or three pailfuls fresh from the well, or else wait half an hour without anything to drink at all, is criminal, to say nothing of its unwisdom from the standpoint of dollars and cents. The teamster should treat his horse as he would be treated himself were positions reversed. Sometimes it is difficult or inconvenient to do this, owing to the lack of suitable watering places. Wherever troughs can be provided on public roads, it should be done. The accompanying cut was made from a photograph of such a watering fountain, taken by a member of our staff on the Elora Road, running from Guelph north to Elora, Wellington Co., Ont. The water is piped down hill, rises through an upright pipe, and empties into a trough. It is said to be of a quality particularly relished by horses, and a drinking-cup is provided for people. The man standing with tools in hand is the caretaker of the road.

**LIVE STOCK.**

**SHOW - YARD STRATEGY.**

To an enthusiastic breeder of cattle there are few things more trying than the showing of his stock to one who has little knowledge or can scantily appreciate a good animal. Who is there among breeders who has not experienced this feeling? Your herdsman draws out what you consider a good specimen, one that you have looked at many times a day, and yet can go back and smoke a good-night pipe over him with a keen feeling of pleasure. Instead of any real, practical interest being taken in the animal, you get a criticism on the shape of the halter, or a statement that Brown or Jones has just purchased a reaping machine with twelve spokes in the driving wheel. On the other hand, who can put a value on the amount of pleasure derived from having a judge's opinion when you submit your pet subject to his inspection. It may be, and it often happens that he is not a man of words, but are these needed to fill your heart with pleasure? Not at all; you watch his eye as it dwells on the good points, and his hand, which seems loath to be withdrawn from the thick skin and mossy hair, with its soft, mellow touch. If he is a keen critic, you expect, and perhaps fairly hope, that one or two of the weak spots you have time and again carefully examined, and perhaps have seen gradually disappearing, may be overlooked. They are, however, noticed and discussed, to the edification of the man at the end of the rope, whose whole soul is in his work, and who there and then resolves that in the show-ring "the best side" of his animal will be shown to the judges.

I must tell a tale apropos of this. At one of our largest and most important Shorthorn shows in England, I stood watching the judging of a heifer class. One of the crowd around the ring said, in my hearing: "If I were the owner of No. 70, I would sack the fellow who is showing her. Look at the way he lets her snuff about with her nose on the ground, trying to get a bite of the short grass; he must have neglected to feed her. What a fool he is." I knew the owner and the man on the rope, two of the best men in the country, each in his own sphere, and I was quite satisfied that the man "at the wheel" was making no mistake, although, by the innocent way he looked, one could fancy his thoughts were in the clouds. His heifer won, and afterwards, congratulating him, I said: "What was there in the Yorkshire grass that made the pretty lady so fond of it?" With a merry twinkle in his eye, and knowing that I understood that the nose on the ground meant a strong, broad, level line along the back, whereas in other positions there was a slight tendency to loin weak-

ness, he replied: "Oh, just a little dust of spiced cake which fell through a hole in my jacket pocket; the wife must give it a stich or two when I get home." I need not say that the owner of the heifer did not sack his man. No blame can be attached to a herdman who is able to hide a weakness, and it is only a clever one who can hide a fault without making it evident he is doing so.

Look at the herdman who knows his animal gets his hocks together, and perhaps spreads out his hind feet as he walks. See him when asked

ly, while the expression of his face, indicating intense anxiety, was most amusing, and was evidently so to the judge. When Mr. Outhwaite moved away, having scarcely looked at the heifer, I said: "Did it come off, Jamie?" "I did him properly," he replied; "he never saw the wee bit hole in her back." I may say, however, that Jamie was less confident about this when the ribbons were handed out. Mr. Outhwaite, who understood all the tricks in showing, and I had a laugh over the matter afterwards, when he repeated a story he was fond of telling of a bartender who, after

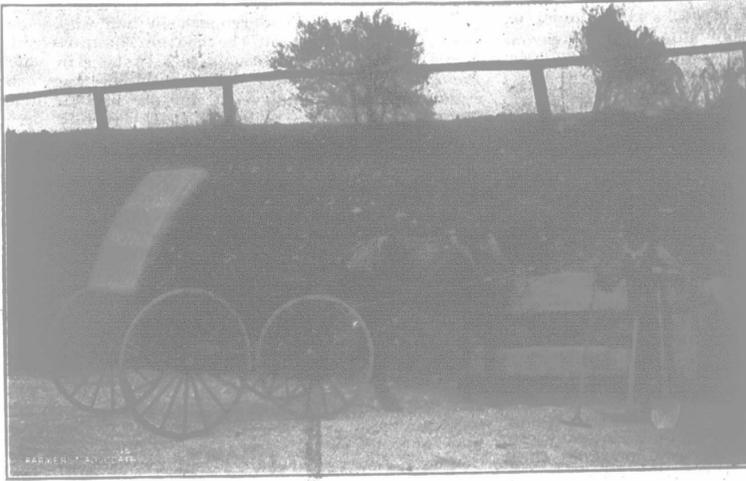
being a year in the employment of a Yorkshireman, complained he had not been able to make a shilling more than his wages. Wonder being expressed at this, seeing he was a Yorkshireman, he replied: "Ah, my employer is Yorkshire, too!"

Speaking of Yorkshire, brings to mind an experience I had as a judge at a show in the West Riding of that county. I acted as a judge of cattle, sheep and swine, and was quite puzzled regarding the placing of two of the pigs. I looked long and carefully at them, sometimes thinking of placing the one first and then the other. From the crowd around the ring, it was quite evident there was intense interest being taken in the decision, and, as I afterwards understood, bets of new hats and so forth were being freely made on the result. The pigs belonged to working men, and each had keen supporters. While carefully inspecting one of the animals, the man in charge of it whispered: "This pig has always beaten the other wherever they have competed." Feeling this statement should not have been made, and being convinced that the one was as good as the other, so far as I could determine, I said: "That being the case, it is time to give the other fellow a turn," and at once made the award accordingly. I afterwards learned that at former shows it had been a case of seesaw; they had often been in competition, and had each scored about an equal number of wins.

At the Highland Society's Show, it is usual, in the cow classes, for the exhibitors to send the calves into the ring with the mothers. As a rule, the animals are trained so that the calves lead quietly alongside of their dams. At one of the Society's meetings I showed a cow that had an awkward habit of standing stretched out, which led to an indication of weakness on her loins. She had been under training for weeks with a view to making her keep her hind legs under her, without much result. On the judging day I was occupied as steward in another section of the show, and when congratulating my man on his having secured the first prize, I said: "The cow must have shown herself well in the ring." He said: "I made Johnnie lead the calf, look like a fool, and keep as far away from me as he could; the judges said she was an uneasy beast, and I put the blame on the silly laddie that would not keep near me with the calf."

ROBERT BRUCE.

In a series of articles in an American magazine, Emerson Hough discussed the great American steer. He accounts for the increasing price of beef by the fact that everyone wants the same cuts. Until consumers are educated to utilize the cheaper parts of the carcass, the price of roasts and steaks must tend upwards.



An Institution of Mercy.

A watering-trough on the Elora Road, Wellington Co., Ont.

to lead the animal straight out from the judges—how his light, long-lashed whip is used in a matter-of-fact sort of way, yet in a way to induce a sort of side walk. You will observe, then, how soon he considers he has gone far enough, and how, walking back, showing a wide, deep chest, he crawls to his place at a snail's pace! Or watch how the performance is reversed if the strength is behind and the weakness in front. I remember being much amused at a performance witnessed at a Highland Society's show in Scotland. Jamie, a well-known North Country cattleman, had a pretty roan heifer in the ring, strong in most points except her top line. John Outh-

waite, the well-known Yorkshire breeder, was one of the judges, and was doing the major share of the work. I was standing against the rail a few feet from Jamie, who stood in front of his heifer, with a hand on each side of her head, pressing it downwards and backwards, and thereby getting the back fairly straight. The purpose of the pressure was a little too evident, and old Mr. Outhwaite stood for some time looking at the man, while poor Jamie never lifted his eyes from the animal's back, which he had manipulated to the position he had considered right. The position of Jamie's burly figure was peculiar, to put it mild-



Sir Humphrey 9889.

Hackney stallion; chestnut; foaled 1902. Champion, International Horse Show, 1907.

ly, while the expression of his face, indicating intense anxiety, was most amusing, and was evidently so to the judge. When Mr. Outhwaite moved away, having scarcely looked at the heifer, I said: "Did it come off, Jamie?" "I did him properly," he replied; "he never saw the wee bit hole in her back." I may say, however, that Jamie was less confident about this when the ribbons were handed out. Mr. Outhwaite, who understood all the tricks in showing, and I had a laugh over the matter afterwards, when he repeated a story he was fond of telling of a bartender who, after

## CANINE COURAGE AND FIDELITY.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

"He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast;  
He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things, both great and small,  
For the dear God who loveth us  
He made and loveth all."

—Coleridge.

"Sirrah, my man, they're awa!" And so they were, Mr. Editor—seven hundred of them—lambs, of the "wild, black-faced breed," wild almost as the red deer on their native mountains. Seven hundred of them—and at weaning time, too!—had broken, at midnight, from Mr. Hogg, the famous Etterick shepherd, and, parting into three separate companies, had, with muffled thunder of furious feet, stormed away to the hills. This it was that had wrung from Mr. Hogg the exclamation quoted above.

It was addressed to no heedless ears. Thrilled to the heart by the distress of his master, the noble Collie—dear gift of God to man—responded to the call. Swift as an arrow, noiseless as a ghost, he melted into the night.

All that night Mr. Hogg and the lad who accompanied him searched the hills in vain. Not a lamb could they discover, and there was no trace of Sirrah. Morning found them exhausted and dispirited. How could they go to their master and tell him they had lost his whole flock? Well did the shepherd know the qualities of splendid, wise, fleet, resourceful Sirrah—faithful to death. But was it not clearly impossible that even Sirrah could collect these wild and scattered lambs and control them in the darkness? Suppose he did find and collect and master one company of them, what was he to do with it while he searched the hills and valleys, the rocks and ravines, the vastnesses of the mountains, for the others? But that he should succeed in finding, collecting and controlling even one of the bands in the darkness, was in the last degree improbable. The case was desperate. Even the Etterick shepherd, with all his skill and experience, was at his wits' end, and utterly dispirited. If he could have found even a few of the lambs—but to lose them all! Then, suddenly, as he was disconsolately making for home, he discovered a small body of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, called the Flesh Clench, and "the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them, looking all around for relief, but still standing true to his charge."

Could it be possible that the wonderful dog had, after all, collected and saved one of the missing bands, and had driven them into this commanding situation, the better to control them? Hogg hurried forward with renewed hope. But what was his astonishment, on coming nearer, to find that, not one only, but all three companies were there—not a lamb missing! "How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark, is beyond my comprehension," says Mr. Hogg. "All I can say is that I never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun as I did to my honest Sirrah that morning."

Sirrah's son, Hector, was a comparatively stupid dog, but how faithful let Mr. Hogg testify. There had been trouble at the folding of some lambs. Hector had worked hard, and they were all got in at last. But when supper time came, no Hector could be found. His master called him in vain. "I was distressed about this," Mr. Hogg says, "for, having to take away lambs in the morning, I knew I could not drive them a mile without my dog, if it had been to save the whole drove." But when he went next morning to the fold, "There was poor Hector sitting, trembling, in the very middle of the fold door, on the inside of the flake that closed it, with his eyes still steadfastly fixed on the lambs. He durst not for his life leave them, though hungry, fatigued and cold, for the night had turned out a deluge of rain. He had never so much as lain down, for only the small spot he sat on was dry, and there he had kept watch the whole night." Had he not been a stupid Collie, he would have known that the lambs were safe in the fold. "But he would not," as Mr. Hogg says, "even take my word for it, for he would not quit his watch, though he heard me calling both night and morning."

Jemmy Forsythe was my father's shepherd for over forty years, and when he had grown somewhat feeble, and for reasons which we will not specify for this letter concerneth neither "wine, women nor graft" was at times a bit unsteady on his pins, his Collie, Sailor, might be seen pressing very close to him. On such occasions, when Jemmy was trying to negotiate any unusually difficult dyke, Sailor, having it in mind that he was in danger of falling, would take him by his coat and tenderly steady the old man till he reached level ground.

Mr. Steel, of Peshawar, was so proud of the wisdom and skill of his Collie that he delighted to send her home in charge of flocks of sheep,

while he himself went off about other business. On one of these occasions he had sent her to drive a number of sheep a distance of five miles when she was quite unfit for the work. On reaching home, he was alarmed to find that both sheep and dog were missing. Hurriedly summoning help, he set out in search of them. But, on reaching the street, lo! there were all his missing sheep, and driving them along was his poor dog, carrying a puppy in her mouth. The Collie, indomitable in her fidelity, had not allowed even the pangs she suffered to interfere with the discharge of her duty; and, while the maternal instinct impelled her to guard her offspring, her love for her master and her sense of the trust reposed in her would not permit her to abandon the charge committed to her care, even in the desperate situation in which she had found herself. But those who knew the circumstances best marveled, for she had to bring the flock over wild, almost trackless hills and through sheep all the way.

As soon as she had delivered her charge into her master's keeping, the poor creature hurried back to the moor and one by one carried home the rest of the litter. "But the last was dead."

The wisdom, the fidelity, the fortitude displayed by this dumb animal, the suffering she endured in the discharge of her duty, must surely fill every true heart with admiration and pity.

Only a few weeks ago we read of a man in our own Province of Ontario having been attacked by his Jersey bull, of a neighbor who had courageously come to his assistance being attacked in his turn, of both their lives being in jeopardy, and of the Collie of one of them fearlessly attacking the bull, and thus, apparently saving the lives of both the men.

The following incident I had from the lips of one of the most estimable members of the House

more?" Or are there, perchance, under conditions beyond our ken, undreamed of possibilities?

"Behold, we know not anything,  
I can but trust that good shall fall,  
At last—far off—at last, to all,  
And every winter turn to spring."

A FRIEND OF MAN'S FRIEND,  
Bruce Co., Ont.

## OUR FAITHFUL FRIEND, THE DOG.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I sometimes, on taking up a newspaper, find an article headed, "The Confessions of a Burglar," in which the writer tells of the circumstances that led up to his adopting that mode of getting a living, and, in addition, relates his success or non-success in his operations. In your issue of June 20th, pages 1017-18, there is a letter headed, "Recollections of a Shepherd," which might be more appropriately headed, "The Confessions of a Dog-killer." This writer relates that he was born in Ontario in the early forties, that his father farmed 500 acres, and kept no dog. He himself farmed successfully for 30 years, and kept no dog; kept sheep, though, of which he was very fond. During all those thirty years, my friend tells us that he had only three sheep killed by dogs, for which he received ample remuneration. But, while his own losses were nil, his neighbors appeared to have suffered to some extent, hence he appoints himself a public executioner—a modern Don Quixote—to rid the neighborhood of every canine upon which he could lay his hands. He also insinuates that any person who is mean enough to own a dog, is apt to be a

liar. "Nearly every dog-owner will defend his dog's reputation against evidence sufficient to hang a human." So says this writer. But lying is not by any means confined to dog-owners. I think I can bring the charge home to my friend "the shepherd" himself. One of the dogs he put out of the way was a bulldog, owned by a man who worked on the farm. This dog, being found one night in the cellar of the "great house," was shot to death and buried in the orchard under the apple trees. Two days afterwards man enquires about his dog. Anything seen or heard of him around here? Of course not, but will lend you one of the horses to ride around the concession, etc., etc., knowing all the time that the dog's remains were under the apple trees. "Shep," may claim that this was a white lie, but white lies are just as bad as, if not worse than the other kind. As a "piece of diplomacy," he thinks it



Lively Beeswing.

Hackney mare; chestnut; foaled 1905. Champion, International Horse Show, 1907. Breeder and owner, Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart.

of Commons it has ever been my privilege to know: It was winter. He was sleeping heavily at midnight, when he was started broad awake by something scratching at the bed clothes and pulling at the breast of his nightshirt. Springing up, he found, to his amazement, that his Collie, who slept outside, had gained access to his room by breaking through a double window, and was trying to tell him that his barn and house were in flames. By dint of desperate exertions he managed to save his family. In the course of his frantic efforts to do so he was felled to the ground—splendid specimen of manhood though he was—by a log, that, breaking of a chair, recoiled and struck him on the temple as he was smashing a way of escape through a window. Of this circumstance he was, however, quite unconscious at the time. As he himself escaped from the burning house, the veranda fell upon him, but he got off with a badly-bruised leg. And the noble creature—"hero" we should say if he were human—that had braved the breaking glass and fear-compelling fire to save his dear master? What of him? Oh, brave and loyal heart! Is there, then, no reward reserved for thee in all the ages? Or shall thy sole reward be the smothering smoke and agonizing flame in which you perished, but from whose hell grasp you saved those you so fondly loved? Is that small heap of poor charred flesh and bones all that indeed remains of so much love and truth, faithfulness, wisdom and courage? "No

all right to deceive the "hired man." He believes it lawful, in certain cases, to "do evil that good may come." What the Apostle thought of those who hold such a doctrine, he will find in Romans 3: 8. My friend appears to have had a cemetery—a canine burying-ground—in his orchard, where he laid away vast numbers of "Wandering Willies." But his practices differed somewhat from those in other cemeteries, inasmuch as all his grave-digging and funerals were conducted in the dead of night! The Scriptures tell us that some men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil (John 3: 19, 20), and, although he kind of boasts about what he has done, I think if one of his neighbors had caught him in the act, he would have felt rather cheap.

And now, a few words in the dog's behalf—Luke 16: 19, and onwards. Here, He who made the world tells us of a certain rich man who fared sumptuously every day, and of a beggar named Lazarus, full of sores, who was laid at the rich man's gate, desiring to be fed with the crumbs. Whether he was so fed, we are not told, but we are told that the dogs came and licked his sores. The dogs seemed to have more sympathy and compassion for the poor beggar than the rich owner of the chateau.

Wolves, in ancient times, were quite numerous in the British Isles, and it is on record that a Welsh Chieftain owned a famous wolfhound named

Gelert. On one occasion the baby was left in the house unattended. Upon his return the chief found the cradle empty, the floor spattered with blood; and when his favorite hound, whose jaws were bloody, attempted to fawn upon his master, he plunged his dagger into his heart, having thought him guilty of his infant's death. The chief regretted his precipitate action to the day of his death. The child was found unhurt, and in one of the rooms lay a great wolf, stiff and stark, dead. The chief could not undo what he had done, but he caused a monument to be erected in memory of his faithful friend the dog.

York Co., N. B. WILLIAM BOYLE.

A CHAMPION OF THE DOG.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Allow me to make a few remarks in answer to two letters anent the "uselessness" of the dog for the benefit of the authors, Mr. Holdsworth and "The Hero of the Bulldog Tragedy," who seem to be badly informed of what is going on in the dog world. Let me tell them that one Collie was sold a short time ago for more money, probably, than all the sheep ever they owned, or ever will own, \$7,500. I mean Orenskirk Emerald, bred and sold by Messrs. Stretch, Lancashire, England, to Meyson, "The Collie King," of Manchester, England, who has paid almost as much for others of the same breed, simply to look and be looked at. Plenlemmon, a St. Bernard, was bought for \$5,000. Prince and Princess Royal, Airdiles, cost their owner, a Montreal gentleman, \$1,000. Racing greyhounds, never to speak of their real value, win their owners great amounts in stakes. Master McGrath, Fullerton, Fitz, Fife, won the Waterloo Cup, value \$10,000, not once, but three times, never to speak of other rich stakes. The stage performances of Prof. Kelly's Irish Terriers and Duncan's Collies have to be seen to be believed, and these men draw enormous salaries for their clever dogs' performances. Waterloo Jack has collected over £1,000 (\$5,000), for the Railway Benevolent Society, as did his predecessor. Now, these dogs are trained, as all others should be, and if this were done, Mr. Holdsworth would have no chance to grumble about the yapping curs which annoy him for miles around. In Belgium and Northern Ontario I have seen dogs work harder, for their size, than any horses. They can get to camps in winter faster and safer than the larger animal.

I like the story of "The Hero of the Bulldog Tragedy," as I call him, for want of another name. Quite a war correspondent he would make—in his own mind—of a Scawa sham fight. The "powerful brute," as he calls "Jimmie's" pet, I think only lived in his powerful imagination. Supposing he had existed, and eaten through an 18-inch cellar wall, was it the act of an honest man to deprive his poor hired servant of his pet which he had got "to make farm life less solitary." As President Roosevelt would say, this was the reward "Jimmy" got for his "honest services," and which many more may receive if they run across similar employers (as I have). However, I am pleased to say all farmers are not alike, although they are classed by many to be. Again, he tells of how generously he gave Jimmy the loan of a heavy-draft charger, although a team had to be stopped, to look for his dead bulldog. "Knowing that deceit is not a virtue, this was diplomacy." It must have been storming, and Jimmy worked by the day. As to the horse, he was a rare sort of charger, suitable for hunting dead bulldogs that never existed, but not to be depended upon in a great crisis. If your correspondent has not read Mr. Roosevelt's address to 15,000 people, he should take about one bushel of "common sense" and do so; it strongly applies to men of his calibre and judgment. "In nature there's no blemish but the mind; none can be called deformed but the unkind." In conclusion, I am pleased to inform you my dog and constant companion is as much thought of as myself where I work, and enjoys all the luxuries from kind hands like their own. Wishing the sheep-raisers and your interesting paper all future success.

IRISH IMMIGRANT.

THE HORN FLY.

The horn fly is recognized as a serious pest to cattle throughout the country, and methods for controlling it have been investigated at various stations. In Virginia, it is found that kerosene emulsion is a very successful means of controlling this pest. In applying this remedy, a chute 20 feet in length, or longer, should be constructed in connection with the barn. At first, cattle may show some resistance to the spraying operation, but they soon become accustomed to the treatment. It was found that daily spraying for a period of two weeks reduced the number of horn flies to the point of insignificance, even in cases of the most excessive infestation. Fifteen gallons of diluted emulsion, prepared from 3/4 pound of soap and 1 1/2 gallons of kerosene oil, is sufficient to treat 100 cattle.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SHEPHERD.

(Continued.)

My first experience in charge of show sheep at a big fair was at the Provincial Exhibition held at Cobourg, in 1855, when I was just 15 years old, where we showed Leicesters, with encouraging success for beginners. The Grand Trunk Railway was not then built, and we hauled our sheep in wagons twenty miles, and thence by steamboat some seventy miles, to Cobourg, where I first saw a railway locomotive, on the short line running from that town to Rice Lake. Coming down the line at night, with its blazing headlight, it was an exciting sight to a boy who had never before been beyond the limits of his native county; but the locomotive of that day was a puny affair compared with the ponderous mogul machines that rush the Imperial Limited across the continent nowadays. It was at Cobourg I first saw Cotswold sheep, and fell in love with them at first sight. They were a bunch of beautiful ewes, imported that year by the late F. W. Stone, of Guelph, who owned the farm now occupied by the Ontario Agricultural College. Their stylish appearance, nicely-curved fleeces, and long forelocks, made an impression upon my mind that has never been effaced, and my experience with the breed, for which my father paid \$240 for a pair that year, was a long and interesting and uncommonly successful one, both in prizewinning and sale-making, winning more than once the Prince of Wales' prize at the Provincial exhibitions for the best flock, the \$100 prize offered by the late Hon. Geo. Brown, at the first Toronto Industrial Exhibition, for the best flock of long-wools of any breed; and the gold medal at the Dominion Exhibition at Ottawa, in 1879, for the largest number of first prizes won by one exhibitor in the classes for sheep and swine, when the medals were distributed by the Princess Louise in the Senate Chamber of the Parliament Buildings.



Cotswold Shearling Ram.

First at Bath & West Show, England. Exhibited by W. T. Carne, Northleach, Glos.

A BATTLE OF BREEDS.

Harking back to Cobourg, an incident that occurred there, in the form of a ram fight, left a lasting impression on my mind, not because it was the first or the only conflict of the kind I had seen, but because it was a battle of breeds, and a double tragedy, both combatants being knocked out for good and all. Only those who have witnessed such an encounter have an idea of the terrific force with which two such fighters come together, after backing up ten yards or more, and meeting each other with a run and with a whack sounding like the report of a pile-driver on a post. It was customary, in those days, for exhibitors to take their sheep out of the fair ground each night to pasture in neighboring fields, and the shepherds, always a little anxious lest dogs or other enemies might attack them, were invariably out at early dawn to feed their flocks their grain ration. On this occasion, in the silence of the morning, before we sighted the field, we heard the sound of battering rams, and, hastening to the scene of conflict, discovered one of our Leicesters measuring the distance with a plucky Southdown, which had scaled the low snake fence looking for trouble, with blood in his eye. The shepherd ran with full speed, hoping to stop the contest before it was too late, but probably did more harm than good, as his appearance attracted the attention of the boxers, distracting their aim and causing them to come together in a slightly sideways direction, with the effect that two necks were broken in one concussion and two clans were deprived of their chiefs, to the serious financial loss of the owners. I have known several cases since where one of the duelists in a rampage of this kind was knocked out, but not another in which both went down together. I can recall

some amusing incidents of rams which had become habitually belligerent, probably from being teased by boys, and I remember one that became positively dangerous, attacking men, women and children, without respect of persons or station, and the villain came near depriving me of a dear old grandmother when I was quite young, having attacked her while crossing a field and pounded her into unconsciousness before being rescued by a passer-by. That, of course, was not among the amusing incidents, but I never could forbear laughing heartily on seeing a full-grown man run away from a sheep, and I have seen a good many such cases; it's nearly as funny as to see a man run away in fear from a honeybee. One of the laughable cases was where another shepherd was taken unawares, while stooping to pour some grain into a feed trough, and the ram, evidently thinking it too good a chance to miss, took a charge at the old man's posterior and sent him sprawling across the yard. As might be expected, the atmosphere was less clear in that vicinity for a few minutes, as the shepherd delivered himself of vigorous expletives in the Yorkshire dialect; but when the smoke had cleared, he confessed that the treatment had cured him temporarily of his "rheumatiz." And here I am reminded of the conundrum, "What remarkable transformation took place in the event of a girl with a red jacket crossing a field where a butting ram was pasturing?" to which the answer is, "The ram turned to butter, and the maid to a scarlet runner."

SHEPHERD.

THE FARM.

WHEREIN THE DRAG EXCELS THE LEVELLER.

One of the hardest things to understand about the split-log drag is just what are its special advantages over the old-fashioned, iron-shod, single-piece leveller. That the new implement is better than the old, is widely demonstrated by results, but many of those who have not had experience with it are still doubting. Time and again we have labored to explain that the split-log drag was designed to puddle the soil when sticky, especially clay, whereas the familiar form of leveller was seldom or never used until the soil was crumbling dry, and thus, instead of packing or puddling the surface, converted a portion of it into dust, or at least left it in such a friable state that traffic would soon reduce it to that undesirable condition. The dragged road is smoothed earlier after rains, is harder and less dusty than one worked with the old kind of leveller. Besides, the drag being used before the fields are fit to work, is less likely to be neglected. It is used oftener and to better purpose than the old leveller. In this connection, the inventor's own explanation throws considerable light on the subject:

PUDDLING.—Marvellous is the only word that in any measure describes the result secured by continuous dragging. So wonderful was the hardness of the road, and the persistent manner in which it seemed to defy bad weather, that I for years searched for some adequate explanation. At last I have concluded that the greatest factor is the manipulation of the puddled earth while it is moist. Not only is earth in this condition water-proof, but it bakes hard as a brick. It may also be well to observe the action of the split-log drag in this connection. Now, a grader, or even a single-plank scraper shod with iron, or even the front slab of the log when it is shod, will have a cutting action, with a tendency to leave the soil at the surface of the road toughened and slightly lifted up. This condition is not favorable for shedding the next rain. But the split-log drag (with only the front slab shod) leaves the surface in a vastly different condition, because the hind slab, not being shod, becomes polished, and as it is drawn over the moist soil smoothes and smears and packs. This is better understood by some persons when the word "cement" is used instead of puddled. Numerous practical road-draggers have expressed to me their appreciation of this cementing effect, and assert that, to this effect, in combination with the grade secured and the smooth surface, is due these marvellous results.

DRAGGING IN THE MUD.—At the beginning of the drag agitation, I was careful to urge the necessity of waiting a certain period before using the drag. The experience of some of my neighbors and others throughout the State has converted me to the theory that the only time you can hurt the road with the drag is when it is too dry. Dragging the road when it is dry has a tendency to produce dust. But if you drag in the sloppy mud, and the weather remains settled, the sun and wind will bake and harden the smooth surface, and the road will be improved. However, in the best interests of the road and team, it is better to drag while the soil is still moist, yet sufficiently dry so that it will not stick to the face of the log. Dragging in the sloppy mud needs doing only once on most roads.

### CLOVERS FOR PASTURE AND SEED—ABERDEEN TURNIPS.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Your article, in the issue of June 20th, re saving clover for seed, was both timely and wise. It is almost a certainty that there will be a shortage of red clover seed for the coming year, and prices will be high. I remember that towards the end of the sixties prices went up to \$16 per bushel, which most farmers considered prohibitory. The consequence was old meadows were left for another year, a diminished area was reseeded, to the future loss of farmers themselves and the country at large. It is a shortsighted policy to depart from a regular system of rotation, on account of high or low prices of any commodities. Alsike clover will likely be a good crop. Timothy will be a short crop. We would advise the saving of an acre or two of the timothy meadow for seed. This can be cut with the binder after wheat harvest (cut in early morning or late evening), stowed away with little trouble, and threshed by hand in the winter. This will be a paying proposition, as timothy seed will likely be as dear, comparatively, as clover. A mixture of 5 pounds timothy and 3 pounds alsike seed will make very fair meadow or pasture.

So much has been written and spoken of late of the value of red clover—and rightly, too—that the tendency has been to depreciate the value of alsike and timothy, both of which are better for pasture than red clover, and also makes a very fair quality of hay. Clover hay is superior as a winter feed because of its high percentage of nitrogenous matter, which balances other feeds deficient in this; but as a summer pasture, it is not equal to timothy and alsike, or natural grass. Stock do not relish it as much, and there is more waste. After it comes into bloom, they feed on the blossoms and trample the rest underfoot. A common error in pasturing timothy is not putting on sufficient stock to keep it eaten down. If this is done, it is surprising how long it will keep growing, while, if it is not done, it will head out, become hard, and stock will cease to relish it.

By your permission, I would like to say a little in favor of the Aberdeen turnip. Any reader who has failed to get a catch of mangels or swedes, should try Aberdeens. They are an excellent turnip, far superior to Greystone or White Globe, and they may be sown as late as July 20th and mature a good crop. They yield well, are good keepers, and their feeding value is nearly as good as swedes. In cases of emergency, we have taken a part of our summer-fallow, worked it down fine, sown the seed thinly in rows 35 inches apart, on the flat, after a rain, any time between the first and 20th of July. They require very little labor, are harder than swedes, and, if sown thinly, require very little thinning. They need to be harvested before swedes, for if wet weather sets in they are liable to crack open and rot. We have raised Aberdeens at a cost of 1½ cents per bushel. On clay land, when cattle cannot be pastured on rape, we prefer them to rape for fall feed, pulling and carting them off, and feeding them tops and roots together.

FRED FOYSTON,  
Simcoe Co., Ont.

[Note.—Let us hear the experience of other readers on the points raised.—Editor.]

### ARTIFICIAL CULTURES FOR LEGUMES.

For some reason or other, Canadian experimenters have been more successful than Americans in the attempts at artificial inoculation of soil with the nitrogen-gathering bacteria which cause the development of nodules on the roots of legumes. In nearly every Province of Canada, farmers supplied with artificial cultures by the Bacteriological Department of the Ontario Agricultural College, and by the Agricultural College at Truro, N. S., have obtained remarkably successful results. It is true that not all have been successful. In some cases the land proved to have been already inoculated by natural or accidental means, and here cultures produced no effect; but in perhaps half the cases results have been striking indeed.

The American experiment stations have been not nearly so successful. Maine, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, New York and other stations have reported negative or at least unsatisfactory results, and, from the twenty-third annual report of the Wisconsin Experiment Station, we extract the following testimony by the agronomist:

"The use of artificial cultures for the production of nodules upon soy beans and alfalfa has not been successful, as no nodules were to be found upon the soy beans and upon the alfalfa grown from seed inoculated with artificial cultures. Unfortunately, no conclusions can be drawn from the trials made on red clover and field peas with the Canadian cultures, as the soil of the trial fields proved to be well stocked with the organisms able to form nodules upon these legumes. It is asserted that the trials made in Canada with these cultures have been quite successful."

"The inoculation of alfalfa and soy beans with infected soil (soil from a field where these crops

have been growing), has been very successful, nodules being produced in abundance the first year. It is generally asserted that, in order to have a thorough infection of the plants, large amounts of soil must be applied, thus making the process of applying it cumbersome and expensive. This objection is possibly well taken, so far as alfalfa and similar crops are concerned, which are not sown in drills. In the case of soy beans and like crops, a small amount of well-infected soil, when sown in direct contact with the seed, is able to thoroughly infect the plants the first year. On the experimental plot seed was sown at the rate of one-half bushel per acre, and an equal amount of soil sown directly in the drill row. The abundance of nodules on all plants shows the efficiency of this method.

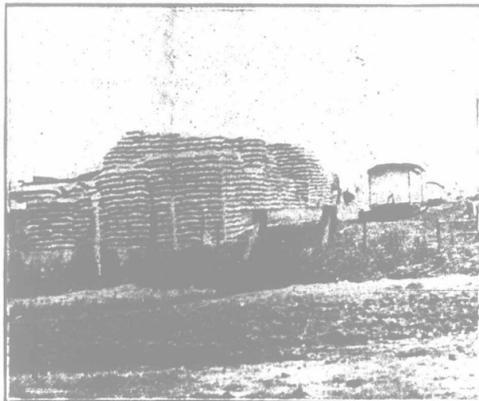
"Thus, for a large number of leguminous crops, the inoculation with soil requires no more work than the use of artificial cultures, and the usual objections, viz., introduction of plant diseases and weeds, which are urged against the use of soil, do



A New Station and Wheat Elevators in a Newly-settled District, Argentine.

not seem to the writers to have much force. In the use of soil for infecting purposes, care should be taken to use only soil from fields that produced during the previous year an abundance of nodules on a crop of the legume in question. The organisms seem to disappear from the soil, unless the legume is grown at frequent intervals.

"The conclusions which were given in the Twenty-second Annual Report were based upon the use of dried cultures. This year's trials with liquid cultures, however, show practically the same results, and until artificial cultures can be made more certain and effective, it does not seem advisable to recommend their purchase for general use. Especially is this true when the expense connected with their use is so considerable, as at present, and when the questionable value of cultures to be found on the market is considered. Nineteen cultures from three firms were examined by the Bureau of Plant Industry, Department of Agriculture; six were found to be good, three fair, two poor, and eight worthless. This would indicate that over fifty per cent. of the farmers who have used commercial cultures have had their trouble and expense for nothing."



Wheat Stacked Ready for Shipment, Argentine.

The above, be it noted, is no disparagement at all of the principle of inoculation, but simply indicates that the Wisconsin Station has so far not succeeded in procuring and applying forms of commercial cultures that contained enough vigorous bacteria to live and multiply when introduced into the soil. It is regrettable that the Canadian cultures tested at the Wisconsin Station were applied to land which turned out to have been already inoculated, hence no conclusions were possible. As the only claim made for inoculation is that it is a benefit in fields where the bacteria are lacking, it is encouraging to learn that the attempts to inoculate such land with soil from fields where the legumes had previously grown were, on the whole, successful.

### OUR MARITIME LETTER.

#### AN IMPROVING CROP OUTLOOK.

We have just had an opportunity, in passing athwart the Maritime Provinces, of judging the agricultural conditions therein obtaining pretty accurately, and feel confident that, more than any other year, they are alike in the season's start and in the general appearances of the springing crops. Sometimes the local divergences are striking in portions of the country comparatively proximate; this year all differences seem to have disappeared, and even the advance in season which always marked the Island of Montreal, for example, is not nearly so great as in other years. A severe winter, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has delayed, then, the farming operations of Canada unduly, but this does not by any means, and despite the forebodings of the fearful, predicate a year of short crops and unfruitful yields to the husbandman's toil. Indeed, to our mind, the prospect of a year of full and plenty was never brighter.

Perhaps a long and severe winter, with occasional baring of the ground, is unfavorable to the production of grass. The meadows, although springing up admirably now, are thin, and in many places killed out. We noticed this in the rich uplands of our own Province, as well as on the dykelands of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The new meadows are now sending up a great deal of late growth, however, and by the time haymaking comes round, we will be surprised if, under the benign influence of sunshine and shower, as now vouchsafed us, the hay crop be not as good as any we have gathered into the mows in recent years. And they have one particularly pleasing aspect—they are as clean as can be. The disfiguring weeds have either suffered more than the cultivated plants, or, under the new and commendable regulation as to seed, we have been getting a better and purer article lately to put into the ground. To our mind, anything which will confine meadow growth to the class of plants seeded, is a great benefaction, whether it come in the form of legislation, or, still better, by a wiser education of the agriculturist.

The dearth of hay on the mainland last year will make the people look sharper after the whole crop this. Improvidence is one of the vices of our farmers most in evidence. Anyone can look to present needs; the prudent farmer should get a year ahead, or nearly so, in the matter of fodder before he feels safe. Prince Edward Island has shipped a lot of hay since last fall, most of it at prices altogether too low to permit of the sellers replacing what it took from the soil, let alone affording a profit to the grower. Just recently the men who held on are getting record prices. In Cape Breton and Newfoundland it is selling at famine figures—\$30 per ton; aye, even at \$50. Two years ago, when we were very short and navigation was closed, these conditions came home to many with a fearful rudeness. And still, even with those who suffer most in these circumstances, we notice a woeful prodigality in the time of haying. This crop, which is basic of all proper agronomy with us, must be more carefully set out, cared for and harvested.

Some feared that the lateness of the spring would adversely affect the acreage under crop. This has not been the case. These Provinces by the sea have put in a crop as great as, if not greater than in any former year. It was an ideal spring for work; fall plowing had advanced the field preparations; the animals were enabled to do a deal of work in a short time under the cool conditions obtaining, and the land came quickly into fitness for tillage. There is a good crop in the ground, then, and since it went in the weather has been ideal—sunshine and shower, as we have said—and never, to our mind, was there a better promise of a generally abundant return. The hay is good, on the whole, the grain never looked richer and more luxuriant, and the roots have all come, and indicate abundance. Whilst the farming population is gradually thinning out here, sad to say, those who remain to prosecute their important calling are, it seems to us, yielding to the beneficent influence of advanced teaching. Their farms are now a picture of order and beauty, for the most part, and the buildings and appurtenances an indication of intelligence, ease and culture. Verily, this is a good land to live in. Those who relinquish it unthinkingly will lament their error in unfeeling bitterness of spirit elsewhere.

A. E. BURKE.

### THE WIREWORM PEST.

Replying to an inquiry concerning wireworm injury in a cornfield, Dr. Jas. Fletcher writes: "I am sorry to say that there is not yet any remedy to prevent injury by wireworms. Plowing in September and late August is the only treatment which has given any satisfaction, and he would not be likely to have his corn off the field by that time. The injury should soon stop now if the wireworms are in the last stage of their growth; possibly, however, they may be young ones, and, if so, the injury may continue more or less throughout the summer."

**LIKES THE SIDE-DELIVERY RAKE.**

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Different letters have appeared in recent issues of your journal giving experiences in haymaking. There are many reasons why a farmer cannot devote the same time as formerly to his haymaking. In the first place, farm help is scarce and expensive (we speak particularly of Ontario), and the extra help which might be had during haying and harvesting is often so bad that the average man does not want to be bothered with it at all if it can be avoided. That is where the implement manufacturer steps in and can help the farmer out. The average farmer cuts his hay just about at the time his other work and the weather permit him. There are many good theories about just the proper time, but they don't always work out in a practical way. However, we are not trying to advise anyone just when to cut his hay, but how to handle it economically after it is cut. In Ontario, we believe we are safe in saying that not one farmer in fifty coils his hay. Shortage in help bars this, even though extra good quality of hay is made in this way. We find the up-to-the-minute farmer using machines which in a manner have practically the same effect on hay. Coiling the hay, we believe, is for the purpose of sweating the water out of it. Now, if this water can be driven out by wind—that is, by circulation of warm air through the grass—the same result is accomplished with less labor.

In making clover hay, the difficulty is that the leaves dry more rapidly than the stalk or the stem. We believe the proper method of making clover hay at the present day is to handle it by some method that the leaves will remain green as long as the stem. These leaves act as lungs, and the exit of moisture in the plant is through the leaves. There are few pores in the stem, and many in the leaves. Handle the hay so that the leaves will remain green as long as possible. How can this be done? By using a side-delivery rake. This, if properly set, will throw the hay with bottom up to the sun, leaving the leaves at the bottom, and in a loose, fluffy windrow which the wind and air can penetrate, giving air-dried hay, instead of sunburnt. Let the hay be fairly wilted in the swath, and then put on a side-delivery rake. A side-delivery rake is superior to a tedder for this reason: All the hay is moved in the operation. A tedder does not do this, and, besides, another objection is that hay, especially if heavy, sinks back into the swath after being teded, and the desired effect is not gained. Another feature about a side-delivery rake is the fact that if the windrows are rained on, it will shake them out, turn them bottom up, and allow them to cure quickly and evenly. The above method of curing hay has worked out to good advantage for hundreds of farmers, in connection with the use of a good hay loader. Their hay has been of good color, well cured, and proved first-class for feed purposes, and, if marketed, brought the highest prices. HAYING.

**SOMETHING OF AGRICULTURE IN FOREIGN LANDS.**

**WHEAT IN THE ARGENTINE.**

Although cattle-raising is the prime industry in the Argentine Republic, there are also immense areas under wheat, and some fine samples are grown, notwithstanding the very primitive manner in which, in some districts, the cultivation is carried on. The plowing in these districts is done with bullocks, but the lack of expedition in the spring is redeemed in fall, when men, women and children turn out and work early and late until the season is over. There are about 350 railway stations, with very many wayside elevators, at which the wheat is shipped for export. It is also bagged at these elevators, being conveyed thither in bulk in large wagons, such as that shown in our illustration. Occasionally, when congestion occurs, by reason of strikes or insufficiency of immediate conveyance, the station elevators are not equal to the tax demanded of them, and then the grain is stacked up in the open air, at imminent risk in case of rainstorm. Mr. J. A. Kinsella reports having seen as many as 300,000 sacks piled up at a single station, but this was during a strike, when it was deemed necessary to send soldiers along the lines to bring affairs to the normal again. He was much impressed with the brilliant regalia of these troops, with their tall, scarlet-topped caps, but thought the uniform compared very unfavorably with the khaki as a serviceable working dress for soldiery.

Upon being conveyed to the coast, the wheat is stored in large elevators similar to those on Lake Superior, to await shipment. The largest of these are at Buenos Ayres.

Upon the whole, the wheat outlook for the Argentine seems very bright, with a climate perfectly suited to its growth, and to which drouth is almost foreign, with level and easily-worked land and cheap labor, conditions seem almost perfect. There has been some trouble with locusts, but already the Government has spent

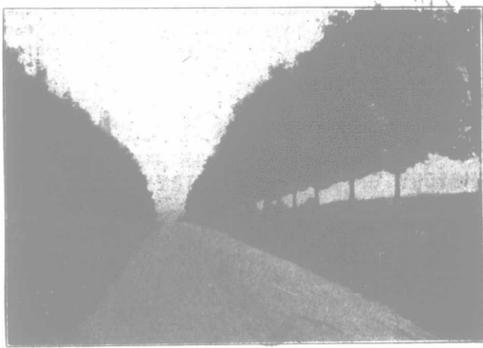
\$11,000,000 in fighting the plague. Evidently there is a great agricultural future ahead of the big southern Republic.

**THE DAIRY.**

**ADVANTAGES OF SENDING RICH CREAM.**

Many creamery patrons still labor under the mistaken idea that a large amount of cream should necessarily give a correspondingly large amount of money, forgetting that it is only the butter-fat in the cream, or the butter made from the fat, which they get pay for, says the bulletin, "Gathered Cream for Buttermaking," by Ruddick and Barr.

For instance, if 100 pounds of 4-per-cent. milk is separated so as to give a cream testing only



The Twelfth Line of Zorra.

A well-known highway, with splendid row of hard maples on either side. (Photo by H. C. King.)

20 per cent. of fat, there will be 20 pounds of cream containing 4 pounds of fat, and 16 pounds would be left as buttermilk after churning. If the same quantity of 4-per-cent. milk is separated so as to yield cream testing 30 per cent. of fat, there would only be 13.33 pounds of cream, making 6.67 pounds less to haul to the creamery and that much more skim milk retained on the farm, and the same money for the patron at the creamery in either case. The above figures do not allow for the slight loss of fat that would occur in skimming. Then there is the further advantage that rich cream will keep sweet very much longer than will thin cream, other conditions being equal.

The patron who supplies sweet cream will most likely get a better "test" than if he allows the cream to become sour. Nearly all the creameries using the Babcock tester measure the sample for the test, taking 18 cubic centimeters. Sour cream contains gases, produced by fermentation, which decrease the weight of a given quantity of cream. That is to say, 18 c.c. of sweet cream will really contain more fat than 18 c.c. of the same cream after it has become sour, and will, therefore, give a higher test. The same thing will apply to a sample taken for the oil test, when the sampling tube is filled to a certain mark.

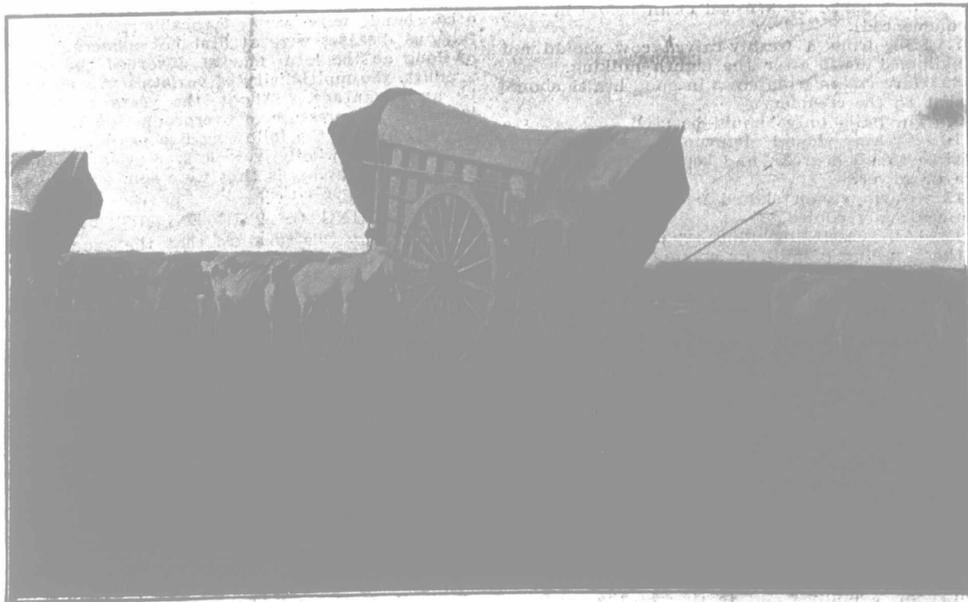
**ANOTHER DAIRY HERD COMPETITION.**

Patrons of creameries and cheese factories, in Western Ontario especially, will have been pleased to learn, by an item in last week's paper, that Ryrie Bros., Ltd., of Toronto, are willing to repeat last year's offer of a silver and a bronze medal to the Western Ontario Dairymen's Ass'n., to be offered for competition, and are agreeable that these be for the purpose of a dairy-herd competition, such as the one held last year. Secretary Frank Hems assures us of the Association's intention to institute such another contest this summer. Official notice, with rules and entry blanks, will be sent out in due time before the end of the season.

It is probable that the prizes will be awarded on a slightly different basis than last year. In 1906 the prizes were to the cheese-factory and creamery patrons, respectively, who received the largest amount of money per cow from the factory or creamery from April 1st to October 31st, 1906. Inasmuch as some patrons haul their own milk, while in other cases the factory hires the hauling done and deducts the cost of it from the patron's check, it was felt that the basis of money return was hardly fair. Another point to be considered is the fact that some factories make for a smaller cost per cwt., and others, again, sell their cheese for a better price than neighboring factories receive. All things considered, therefore, it is deemed fairer to award the prizes on a basis of milk yield, rather than cash return. This will require to be carefully worked out. It is a point to decide whether any allowance shall be made in the case of cheese-factory patrons for percentage of fat, or whether weight of milk will be the only consideration. The fairest way would be to award the prizes on a basis of per cent. of fat plus two, but as very few factories test their patrons' milk, this plan would not be feasible in many cases, and a large number of would-be competitors would be debarred. We shall await with interest the decision of the executive concerning the basis on which the prizes will be awarded. Meantime, prospective competitors may take advantage of this timely tip to feed and care for their cows so as to keep up the milk flow to the highest profitable point.

**SEPTIC TANKS FOR CHEESE-FACTORY SEWAGE**

As forecasted in these columns some weeks ago, Dr. C. A. Hodgetts, Secretary of the Provincial Board of Health, is making arrangements to instal, at one or two representative cheese factories, septic tanks, and any other appliances found necessary for the disposal of sewage. This subject has heretofore received very little attention from a scientific standpoint, and the necessity for better provision for disposal of sewage is becoming more and more apparent. In fact, many of the factories will be required to make better provision for keeping the plant and surroundings in a more sanitary condition, and this can only be done by installing suitable equipment. The cost for this will not be great, and it is expected that the Department of Agriculture, in conjunction with the Provincial Board of Health, will be prepared, later in the season, to make some definite recommendations as to the most suitable methods for the disposal of factory sewage.



Natives Hauling Wheat to a Railway Station, Argentine.

(Note the wagon-wheels, 8 feet in diameter.)

**GATHERED CREAM FOR BUTTERMAKING.**

"Unfortunately, the hand-separator creamery business was started on wrong lines, and the separator agents are largely to blame for it. Plausible agents have been employed to push the sale of separators, and even to organize creameries. In order to promote business, the agents have represented that cream need not be delivered more than once or twice a week, and that once a day is often enough to wash the separator. As has been said, these men are plausible; they are selected on that account; they get close to the milk producer, and they have exerted considerable influence, to the detriment of the creamery industry, which it will take some time to overcome."

The foregoing paragraph, taken from Dairy and Cold-storage Commissioner J. A. Ruddick's 1906 annual report, is quoted in the introduction of a bulletin on "Gathered Cream for Buttermaking," recently to hand. The bulletin, which was prepared by Mr. Ruddick and his recently-appointed assistant, Geo. H. Barr, is available for free distribution among patrons of creameries, on application to the Dairy and Cold-storage Commissioner, Ottawa. We advise makers in cream-gathering creameries to take advantage of the offer.

There are large territories in Canada where the system of gathering cream instead of whole milk from the farms is the only practicable system of running a creamery, but in sections where the milk producers elect to adopt it, they must make up their minds to do one of two things: either cool the cream immediately after separating to 55 degrees or under, or else be prepared to accept a lower price for their butter than they would otherwise obtain. The former alternative is in every way preferable.

It is admitted by all authorities that finer butter can be made from cream which is sweet when delivered at the creamery than from cream which is sour and curdled. It is also well known that any taint that may be in the milk or cream will be, to some extent, carried into the butter. In the production of fine-flavored cream, the same precautions must be observed as those which are necessary in furnishing milk to separator creameries or to cheese factories.

After enumerating the conditions necessary for the production of fine-flavored cream, and describing the various methods of skimming, viz., shallow pans, deep setting, and hand separators, the bulletin discusses such points as care of cream, advantages of rich cream and cooling the cream, and concludes with the following summary of important notes:

**FOR THE PATRON.**

1. It pays to make cows comfortable at all times.
2. It pays to treat cows with invariable kindness. They should never be driven fast or worried by dogs.
3. Pure water should be provided for the cows, and they should be prohibited from drinking stagnant, impure water.
4. A box or trough containing salt, to which the cows have free access, should always be provided.
5. Care must be taken to avoid feeds that will taint the milk.
6. The udders and flanks of the cows should always be washed or brushed clean before milking is commenced.
7. Milk from a freshly-calved cow should not be skimmed until after the eighth milking.
8. Only cream from cows in good health should be sent to the creamery.
9. Tin pails only should be used.
10. Cream should be cooled as quickly as possible to 55 degrees, and kept at that temperature or lower.
11. Warm cream should never be mixed with cream already cooled.
12. All vessels, including separator bowl, used in the handling of milk or cream, should be thoroughly cleaned immediately after they are used by washing in lukewarm water and then thoroughly scalding with boiling water. A brush is preferable to a cloth for washing tinware.

**FOR CREAMERY OWNERS.**

1. Provide for cooling the cream quickly when delivered at the creamery.
2. Provide an abundant supply of good, pure water for the purpose of the creamery.
3. Provide cold storage that will keep the butter under 40 degrees.
4. Support your buttermaker in dealing firmly with patrons who send cream which is not in good condition.

**FOR THE BUTTERMAKER.**

1. Attend personally, as far as possible, to the taking in, sampling and testing of the cream.
2. Keep your creamery clean, bright and tidy; also yourself and assistants.
3. Be satisfied with only the finest quality of

butter, the cleanest and most attractive surroundings.

Copies of this bulletin may be obtained free for each patron of a creamery, by application to the Dairy and Cold-storage Commissioner, Ottawa.

**TO PREVENT SELF-SUCKING.**

Many devices have been recommended to prevent the habit of self-sucking in cows, but the following is perhaps the most effectual, is easily applied, and inexpensive: Insert in the cow's nose an ordinary bull ring. Just before inserting the ring slip on it two common iron harness rings, which, of course, suspend loosely after the bull ring has been inserted. The secret is that, by adding more than one loose ring, the animal can in no way prevent them from dropping into the mouth when it attempts to suck. Brass bull rings can be bought at almost any hardware store for twenty-five cents, and harness rings cost but a few cents per dozen. For piercing the nose, a three-cornered file, ground sharp on the edges, answers the purpose very well, though the trocar and canula, used for puncturing bloated animals, is the most complete instrument.

**GARDEN  ORCHARD.****HISTORY OF APPLE INDUSTRY IN ONTARIO.**

In our issue of July 4th appeared an editorial review of the new bulletin, "Co-operation in the Marketing of Apples," by A. McNeill, Chief of the Fruit Division, Ottawa. Readers were promised that extensive quotations would be made from time to time, for every paragraph teems with matter of vital interest. We accordingly reproduce the subjoined paragraphs, tracing the history of apple-culture in Ontario, up to the crisis which gave birth to the organization of co-operative selling associations:

**APPLE CULTURE IN ONTARIO.**

Forty years ago the Ontario farmer found a ready sale for the fruit grown in his orchard in the local markets, and no part of the farm yielded a more profitable return for the money and labor expended. As new settlers came into the Province, they adopted the common practice of setting out trees, and eventually the planting of an orchard in the establishment of a farm became as much a matter of course as the clearing of the land or the erection of farm buildings. The varieties to be grown were selected with a view to covering the entire season, ranged from early harvest to late winter. A few novelties were almost always added at the instigation of tree agents, whose methods were frequently open to question. The result was a great admixture and confusion of varieties, but, nevertheless, there was an orchard planted on every farm.

In this manner originated, during a quarter of a century, the numerous small orchards that aggregate to-day from 6,000,000 to 7,000,000 bearing trees in Southern and Western Ontario. The varieties were not selected with care, nor were the interests of the individual owners sufficiently important to encourage them to become experts in apple-growing. Natural conditions, on the other hand, were very favorable; insects and fungous diseases were at first not numerous, and, as long as the local market absorbed the entire product, the multiplicity of varieties was found to be an advantage. About the years 1865-1870, however, the pressure of overproduction began to be felt, and in the following five years apples became almost wholly valueless, especially in the thousands of orchards that were somewhat remote from the larger cities.

**BEGINNING OF THE EXPORT TRADE.**

It was at this juncture that the export trade in Canadian apples, which now aggregates from \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000 in value annually, began. The price received was at first very low, but the cheap fruit was quickly introduced into the British market, where it was classed with American apples and found ready sale. In a short time the trade became firmly established, and the buying of apples in Canada for the British market became a regular business with a large number of fruit dealers. The apples in the first few years of the trade were bought in barrels ready for the market. The inexperience of the farmer in the grading and packing of the fruit, however, and the difficulty of inspecting a large number of small lots, led, eventually, to a change in the method of buying. Henceforward the buyer bought the apples on the trees and organized gangs of packers, who proceeded from orchard to orchard, picking and packing as they went. The farmer at first furnished board and lodging for these gangs, and often did the picking; of late years this, in many cases, has been discontinued.

**RESULT OF THE EXPORT TRADE.**

The immediate result of the establishment of a profitable export trade in apples was that the orchard again became a very profitable portion of the farm. New plantings began to be made, more especially along the northern shore of Lake Ontario and on the shores of the Georgian Bay. These orchardists, profiting by the experience of their predecessors, exercised greater care in the selection of varieties, the industry being directed almost entirely with reference to the foreign market. The number of varieties was limited, in most instances to three or four, while at the same time the average acreage of orchards was increased from three or four to plantations of ten, twenty or even thirty acres. As the new orchards came into bearing, it naturally happened that the more accessible foreign markets began to feel the pressure of the increased supply. The result was that, when the phenomenal Canadian and American crop of 1896 was put on the market, the demand was again more than supplied; once more apple prices in Canada fell so low that little or no margin of profit remained for the grower, and thousands of barrels in the year named were fed to stock or allowed to rot under the trees.

**THE DECLINE OF PRICES.**

The extent of the waste of apples in 1896 and succeeding years will be appreciated when it is stated that the apple yield of the Province of Ontario was, on the authority of the Ontario Bureau of Statistics, placed at over 12,300,000 barrels in the year 1900; the exports from the entire Dominion for the same year were 678,651 barrels, and as it is hardly probable that more than 4,000,000 barrels were consumed locally, a total of over 7,620,000 is left to be accounted for. Doubtless the most of these were wasted. A feature of the situation which it is important to note, however, was that the waste of fruit was by no means evenly distributed over the Province, but was confined largely to the older orchards. The reason for this was not that the fruit of the older orchards was poorer in quality, or the yield much less abundant, but that the methods of harvesting and selling the crop were too expensive to enable the owners to maintain the contest with their competitors who owned newer orchards. As a result, reputable buyers practically abandoned all except very limited portions of Southern and Western Ontario, except in years of scarcity. The field was given over, instead, to irresponsible buyers, whose method was frequently to secure the confidence of the growers during one season and defraud them in the following year, many having in this way taken from a few hundred to thousands of dollars out of a single neighborhood. It is not a matter of wonder that many farmers chopped down their orchards, though, for the most part, wiser counsels prevailed.

**INQUIRY INTO THE SITUATION.**

An earnest inquiry was made at this juncture by both governmental and private authorities to determine why orchard-planting should go on with vigor in one part of the Province, while in other parts orchards were being chopped down. The conclusion reached was that the requirements of the foreign market were being met by the newer and larger orchards, where the industry was, in consequence, profitable, whereas it was impossible to fulfil these conditions in the older and smaller plantations.

The most important requirements for successful catering to the foreign demand were found to be four in number, namely:

1. Large lots of fruit.
2. Few varieties.
3. Uniform packing, grading and marking.
4. The employment of skilled labor.

**HORTICULTURAL PROGRESS.**

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

Co-operation in the Marketing of Apples, by A. McNeill, Chief of the Fruit Division, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

This is a very opportune bulletin, published at a time when the value of co-operation is being impressed upon fruit-growers from every point of view. It is written in Mr. McNeill's lucid style, and covers the whole subject of co-operation very thoroughly. Almost every paragraph could be quoted in full, with profit, as the information is in a condensed form, and only the important points given. It would not be possible, in a review, to cover all the questions dealt with in this bulletin, hence "The Farmer's Advocate" will from time to time quote from it extensively.

About the same time that Mr. McNeill's bulletin was received, another, from Colorado, on the same subject came to hand. This was prepared by Prof. W. Paddock, of the Agricultural Experiment Station, Fort Collins, Colorado. It does not cover the field so completely as the Canadian bulletin, but those interested in co-operation may care to learn of its publication.

**ENEMIES OF THE POTATO CROP.**

Affecting the potato crop, there are two insects, two forms of blight, two or more forms of rot, and the fungous disease which causes the tubers to be scabby. In addition to these troubles, there is a condition called tip-burn, which is a drying up of the tips and margins of the leaves, and is due to a loss of vigor in the plant on account of hot, dry weather or neglect of cultivation. Thorough cultivation, to provide a continual dust mulch, will prevent tip-burn to a large extent.

**INSECT ENEMIES.**

The insects are the well-known Colorado potato beetle and the cucumber flea-beetle. The former is usually combated by application of Paris green or other insecticides, which destroy the pest by poisoning the foliage which it eats. The cucumber flea-beetle is a minute black insect, which, though inconspicuous and generally unrecognized, being less than one-twentieth of an inch in length, does considerable damage in hot, dry summers by eating many small holes through the leaves. Incidentally, the parts of the leaves injured by the flea-beetle make suitable lodging-places for the spores of the early and possibly, also, the late blight. The best treatment for the flea-beetle is Bordeaux mixture combined with Paris green. Bordeaux mixture for potato-spraying is made from the following formula: Copper sulphate (bluestone or blue vitriol), 6 pounds; unslaked lime, 5 pounds; water, 40 to 50 gallons. For bugs and flea-beetles, Paris green should be added to the Bordeaux at the rate of half a pound of the poison for each barrel of the mixture. For detailed instructions how to make and apply, see page 1094, issue July 4th.

**THE EARLY BLIGHT.**

As stated above, there are two distinct forms of blight which affect potatoes. They are known, respectively, as the early and the late blight. The names are somewhat confusing, by reason of the fact that early blight, which usually makes its appearance early in July, may occur late in the season, as well as early, and may be found active during September. It appears in spots, having concentric rings irregularly over the leaf. The spots gradually enlarge and unite. When they extend to the margin of the leaf, they cause the edge of it to curl up, giving somewhat the same appearance as tip-burn, and finally the whole leaf may wither and dry up, followed by the death of the plant in an immature state. Thousands of acres of potatoes die prematurely from early blight without the real cause ever being suspected by the growers. The disease spreads by means of spores which fall on the leaves, germinate, and penetrate the epidermis and breathing pores. The fungus then permeates the tissues of the plant, and new spores are borne very shortly. The disease is carried over winter in the dead potato stalks. As the disease cannot be cured when once established in the plant, it must be prevented. This can be done by keeping the vines coated with Bordeaux mixture from the middle of July until the end of the season. It is considered a good plan to burn the stems after digging. Just here it may be explained that the reason certain proprietary remedies for potato beetles have seemed to give better results than Paris green was because these had a certain fungicidal property, and protected the vines from blight as well as beetles. The ideal preventive of blight is Bordeaux mixture, and there is no better insecticide than Paris green. By using these in combination, as advised above, we have the best possible protection from blight and rot, as well as from bugs and cucumber flea-beetles.

**THE LATE BLIGHT AND THE ROT.**

Though perhaps not so prevalent as early blight, the late blight is an even more serious disease, as it spreads much more rapidly, and not only kills the tops, but causes the rotting of the tubers. Although not a new disease, there is an incredible lack of information in the country regarding it. Mr. H. B. Smith, who was appointed by the Ontario Gov't. to investigate the potato industry, informs us that, in the whole course of his inquiry, he did not run across one man who had a clear understanding of the nature of and method of treatment for this disease. Erroneous and absurd speculations are rife; some attributed it to Providence, and some to lightning. The real fact is that it is a fungous disease, which, according to the opinion of the best authorities, passes the winter in the tubers, is taken to the field in them, and is planted with the sets. When the vines begin to grow, it also starts to develop, not unlike the way in which the smut fungus develops in the young grain plants. It grows up through the tissues of the stems, and, during the latter part of July or early in August, it produces on the under sides of the leaves myriads of tiny spores, which, in the mass, have a frost-like appearance. These spores make the "rust" stage, which is caused by the leaf tissues drying up where the spores have been feeding upon them, leaving dark brown spots. It is at this stage that future infection takes place. The spores, carried rapidly by wind, alight on the foliage of new plants, germinate, develop, and in a very short time destroy the leaves. It spreads so fast that in a few days the tops in a whole field may be infected and destroyed. Infection of the tubers is supposed to take place in two ways. In the first place, it is thought that the disease spreads through the plant, and, by means of the underground stems, reaches the tubers. The second means of infection is in this wise: The spores are washed below the surface of the ground by rains, and reach the tubers, infecting them, and, if conditions are favorable for the development of the disease, setting up a rot. The correctness of this theory seems to have been conclusively proven by some experiments carried on in Denmark by J. L. Jensen, and published by him in 1882. By making high and sharp ridges, to prevent rain washing the spores down upon the tubers, he greatly reduced the amount on injury by rot. He could not, however, prevent the dying of the tops, and his method is objectionable as being wasteful of soil moisture, and undesirable in other ways.

In Ontario and Quebec, the late blight usually appears between the middle of July and the first of August, though sometimes later. As a rule, the early varieties escape serious injury. Close, warm days, or what is known as "muggy" weather, favors the spread of the late blight. With these conditions, myriads of spores germinate. A marked characteristic of the late blight is the strong and disagreeable odor from a potato field where it is at work. As in the case of early blight, treatment must be preventive, rather than remedial. The tops of the vines must be kept coated with the Bordeaux mixture, in order that spores of the disease which fall upon the leaves may be killed ere they can germinate and enter the plant tissues. Once in the leaves, they are incapable of being reached by any application.

**THE COST AND PROFIT OF SPRAYING.**

The cost of spraying potatoes with Bordeaux mixture is not large in comparison with the increase in yield which results from it. The cost per acre of spraying with Bordeaux mixture for the prevention of blight (four applications), is thus itemized by W. T. Macoun, Horticulturist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa: Bluestone, 72 lbs.,

at 6c., \$4.32; spraying four times, horse and two men, 8 hours, at 30c., \$2.40; total, \$6.72.

The expense will be less on large areas, with the best appliances for making and using. Four to six dollars would be the average range of cost.

As it would sometimes be necessary to spray with Paris green for bugs about the time of the first application of Bordeaux, these could be put on together. Therefore the expense of one spraying with Paris green, 60 cents, might be deducted, leaving \$5.52 as the extra cost of applying the Bordeaux. In experiments, at Ottawa, the average increase in yield for three successive years, due to spraying for blight, was 94½ bushels per acre. At 40 cents a bushel, this is \$37.80. Deducting the cost of the spraying, the net profit is \$32.28 per acre. A good spray pump, with modern improvements, can be obtained for less than this amount, and the cost would be saved in a single year.

There are one or more forms of bacterial rot which cannot be controlled by spraying, but the rot which is associated with the late blight can be effectually prevented by thorough spraying with Bordeaux mixture, and, where any acreage of potatoes is grown, it will pay handsomely to buy a pump and spray regularly for blight. It should be as much a matter of course as the planting or the harvesting of the crop.

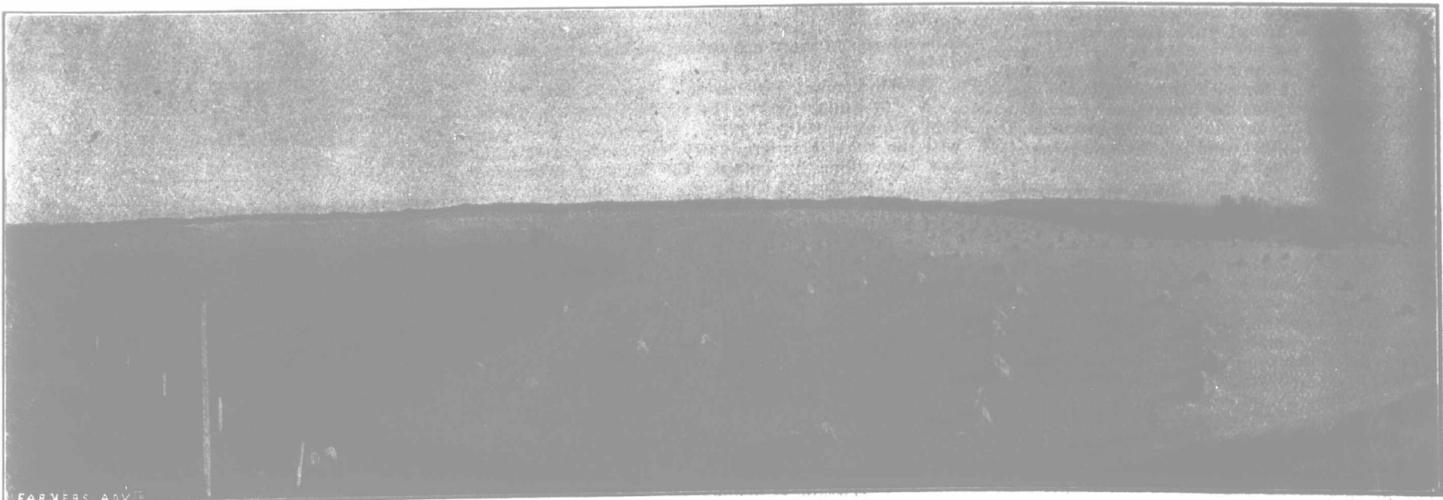
**HINTS ON POTATO SPRAYING.**

In 1905 there was published a bulletin on "Potato Culture" by W. T. Macoun, Horticulturist, of the Central Exp. Farm, Ottawa, which every potato-grower should procure and carefully read. We presume it is still in print, and may be had on application to Prof. Macoun. From it we quote the following practical suggestions on the application of spray mixtures:

**METHODS OF APPLYING SPRAY MIXTURES.**

A good spray pump is considered an absolute necessity with every progressive fruit-grower, but there are few farmers who yet own one. It has been proven by experiments at the Central Experimental Farm that more than the price of a good spray pump can be saved in one year on an acre by spraying potatoes with Bordeaux mixture to prevent blight and rot, but a spray pump is useful for other purposes than applying liquid mixtures to the potato crop. Most farmers in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec have some fruit trees or bushes which need spraying, and a spray pump is very useful and necessary in treating them. A pump may also be used to whitewash or paint barns, outbuildings and fences, it having been found that one of the most economical methods is to use a spray pump. It may be used for disinfecting stables, cleaning vehicles and washing windows. No farmer and no potato-grower should be without a good spray pump. Good pumps, suitable for most purposes, cost from about \$25 upwards; cheaper ones may be obtained, but are not as satisfactory, and it is much more economical to get a good one to begin with. One great advantage that a good pump has over a poor one is that the operator can develop more power with it.

Spraying is not sprinkling. A spray should be applied in the form of a fine, fog-like mist, and this only can be obtained with a good pump and a good nozzle, the latter being almost as important as the former. When spraying, the object is not to put on so much liquid that it will run down the leaves, but just enough to cover the leaves evenly and well, as the insecticide or fungicide must be evenly distributed over the leaf, so that every part will be protected, if the best results are to be obtained. A fine spray will envelop the leaf, protecting the underside as well, which is important. If the spray is coarse, and



A Chance to Use Labor-saving Implements.

much of it is applied, the liquid will run down the leaf, carrying with it the fungicide or poison, and this, accumulating at the tips of the leaves, often causes burning and injury to them. It is also very wasteful to apply the liquid in a coarse spray.

Potato-spraying attachments are now made for most good sprayers, and from four to six rows can be sprayed at one time. The latest devices have the nozzles arranged so that the vines may be sprayed from beneath, as well as above, which is important, as all parts of the plant above ground should be protected. With these attachments, one man and a horse can get over a large area in a day. This is not always the most economical way to do, as, for instance, if a nozzle or nozzles should become clogged, the machine may go on for some distance before this is noticed, and there will be a patch left unprotected where the potato beetles can work and the potato blight may get a strong foothold; or perhaps the cart will jolt. Thoroughness is very essential, both in spraying for the potato beetle and for blight. A wise plan, if a four or six attachment is used, is to have a man or boy on the back of the sprayer watching for any clogging of the nozzles. The method preferred by the writer, though a little slower than that mentioned, is to spray two rows at one time, a man or a boy driving, and one sitting at the back holding a hose and nozzle in each hand. By this method one can direct the spray better, and can immediately note and fix a nozzle if it should become clogged. In this way the work is more certain to be thoroughly done, and thoroughness, especially when disease or insects are very troublesome, is better than speed. The distance apart of the rows should be regulated at time of planting, so that the horse and wheels of the cart will come between the rows. Many homemade machines for spraying are used, but most of these are very wasteful of material, and the liquid is put on in so coarse a spray that it runs down the leaf and most of the poison is washed off or down to the tip. There is no doubt that much of the difficulty in killing Colorado Potato Beetle is due to the fact that the poison is not evenly and thoroughly distributed over the leaves. There is the same defect with the watering can, which is an article which has been used in spraying potatoes for many years. There is no doubt that the reason why the dry application of Paris green for the prevention of the Colorado Potato Beetle is preferred in many cases to liquid is that when applied dry the poison is more evenly distributed. Various shakers and blowers have been invented for applying poison dry.

The effectiveness of an application of an insecticide or fungicide will be in proportion to the thoroughness with which the mixture is applied. Every part of the leaf left unprotected may mean a foothold for insects or disease.

#### THINNING FRUIT.

It pays to go through the orchard and thin out overloaded trees, more especially young ones. To allow a fruit tree to bear excessively one year is almost certain to result in little or no yield from it the next. The second year after, having recovered its vigor, it will, in all probability, again bear to excess. Thus, the habit of alternate bearing, to which many varieties are predisposed, becomes established or confirmed in the young tree. One year it bears so heavily that the specimens are inferior. The next it bears scarcely anything. The most vexatious feature about it is that the "off year" is liable to be one of scarcity and high prices. Even if this were not the case, it would still pay to take precautions to prevent the alternate-bearing habit.

But there are also good and sufficient reasons for thinning a heavy setting on mature trees. It taxes a tree far more to produce seed than fruit flesh. Thus, the attempt to mature an excessive number of fruits wastes the vigor of the tree, without producing as much edible fruit as would be grown if the fruit were thinned, while the small size, defective form (due to insect and fungus attack), and generally inferior quality, render the fruit far less valuable, whether intended for domestic use or for market.

In thinning, cull first any imperfect specimens, particularly those which are diseased or affected by insects. After this, thin out any branches or clusters to about one-half what seems a proper set. By the time the fruit is matured, it will be found quite thick enough.

Thinning apple trees will destroy large numbers of the codling moth. When plums and cherries are thinned, large numbers of curculio are destroyed; and, in the case of any fruit, thinning out thick clusters is one of the best means of insurance against rot.

It must be acknowledged that comparatively few fruit-growers practice thinning, but then, many are likewise indifferent about spraying, although there can be no question as to the profitability of this operation. Labor scarcity will be pleaded by some, but high wages are paid not by large crops of inferior fruit in place of a few, but

by regular crops of choice quality year after year. We are convinced that a careful trial of judicious thinning will convert almost any grower to the practice, and are pleased to see that no less an authority than E. D. Smith, of Winona, is a strong advocate of the practice.

#### VEGETABLE CROP PROSPECTS.

Although the season is backward, the crop correspondents of The Ontario Vegetable-growers' Association report that the growers expect a fair to good crop of all kinds of vegetables. The fine growing weather during the latter part of June brought the crops along rapidly. The acreage planted to potatoes is slightly larger than that of last year, but the growth is from two to three weeks later, and some varieties came up unevenly. Early-sown roots also came up unevenly.

Some patches of seed onions are about the same as last year, and a fair crop is expected. In some sections, however, worms and maggots are injuring seed onions. In the Ottawa district rhubarb and asparagus have been plentiful; around Toronto rhubarb has been comparatively scarce, thereby keeping up the price. New beets are coming in plentifully, at good prices. The acreage in tomatoes for canning is not as large as last year, owing to unfavorable weather conditions. Sweet corn will be late. Other vegetables are doing as well as the season would allow one to expect.

### POULTRY.

#### FATTENING CHICKENS FOR EXPORT.

Address by Adam Armstrong, of Fergus, Ont., before the Ontario Provincial Winter Fair, Guelph, 1906.

We have been at this business of fattening for some six years. When I first started, I went to the planing mill and had them make 100 fattening coops, each coop capable of holding 20 birds. We could thus fatten 2,000 birds at a time. We did not have 2,000 birds to start with. I employed a man who was an expert at fattening chickens, and it was not long before we had our coops full, and they did well; but there was a number of birds that seemed to take indigestion, and some died. When the season was over, we balanced our books, and we were \$100 in the hole, and we had 100 fattening coops on our hands, which cost \$175, making a total deficit of \$275. And then I thought of the plan of letting the farmers have these fattening coops and do the fattening themselves. One man put 20 birds in a coop he got from us, and, when he took them out, they had paid for the coop and paid for the food, and he had 10 cents left over on that lot; he had the coop to the good, and was well satisfied. The next year I gave out eggs to any farmer who would bring me back the chicks. I sold the eggs at 25 cents a setting. In that way the farmers got well-bred birds and we got a higher standard of birds to fatten, and, by that means, we now have nearly all the birds in the district pure Plymouth Rocks. There may be other birds as good as the Plymouth Rock, but we have not found them yet. At the present time I have 150 of these coops out with farmers, who are feeding the birds and bringing them in to us, and I have placed an order with a sawmill man to make 100 more coops to distribute out among the farmers, and I am going to let them have them for nothing, on condition that I must have the birds they fatten in them. We are now paying 9 cents a pound for crate-fattened chickens alive. Last week we weighed 350, and to-day and yesterday we weighed in 350. That will show you the interest the farmers are taking in the work in our district.

Q. How many do you take in in a year?

A. In 1903, 1,467; in 1904, 1,973; in 1905, 2,994; and in 1906, 3,607. By these figures, you will see that it is gradually increasing, and this has been done by getting the farmers interested in the fattening of chickens and by showing them the benefit of fattening in this way. I also use a circular, which I distribute among farmers, as follows:

#### HOW TO FATTEN CHICKENS FOR THE EXPORT TRADE.

To fatten birds for the export trade, it is necessary to have proper coops to put them in. These should be two feet long, twenty inches high and twenty inches deep, the top, bottom and front made of slats. This size will hold four birds, but the cheapest plan is to build the coops ten feet long and divide them into five sections.

#### WHAT TO FEED.

Oats chopped fine, the coarse hulls sifted out, two parts; ground buckwheat, one part; mix with skim milk to a good soft batter, and feed three times a day. Or, black barley and oats, two

parts oats to one part barley. Give clean drinking water twice a day, grit twice a week, and charcoal once a week. During the first week the birds are in the coops they should be fed sparingly—only about one-half of what they will eat. After that gradually increase the amount until you find out just how much they will eat up clean each time. Never leave any food in the troughs, as it will sour and cause trouble. Mix the feed always one feed ahead. Birds fed in this way will be ready for the export trade in from four or five weeks. Chickens make the best gain put in the coop weighing three to four pounds.

When Mr. Westervelt asked me to say a few words, I happened to have in my coops at home a batch of chickens I got from a farmer that were not crate-fattened. He brought them into town and asked me to buy them, and I asked him, "Are they crate-fattened?" and he said, "No, but they are just as good." I said, "I cannot give you more than 7 cents a pound, and I do not want them even at that price, but if you will take them home and feed them five weeks, I will give you 9 cents a pound." He would not do that, and I put them into crates and fed them, and in five weeks they made an average gain of 2.5 pounds, and they just about doubled their money in the five weeks. If I had kept track of the cost of the feed, I think I would have made at least from 13 to 15 cents per head for the five weeks' feeding. One young man told me this year that it just cost him 30 cents per bird for the five weeks, and they gained 2-3 pounds in the five weeks. I fed them three times a day for the first two weeks, and twice a day after that. You can feed them just as well at night as in the daytime, and you can put the feeding coops in the pigpen and feed them at the same time as the hogs.

Q. Do you think you should keep them in the coops five weeks?

A. I certainly do; we have tested them in three weeks, four weeks and five weeks, and we get the best birds in five weeks.

Q. Would it be advisable to coop up ducks?

A. I do not know anything about ducks at all. Q. Do the farmers feed them five weeks?

A. Yes, you can injure the birds by keeping them too long. We occasionally get a bunch that has been kept seven weeks, and they are not as good.

Q. What is the difference between a crate-fed bird and a stall-fed bird?

A. There is a great difference; you can tell it at once. There are muscles in the stall-fed bird, and there is none in the crate-fattened bird.

Q. Do they eat their feathers?

A. Yes, I have found they do. This year I put a little more salt in the feed, and I did not have any trouble with feather-eating.

Q. Do your birds moult?

A. Yes, quite often.

Q. What kind of grit do you use?

A. I like the mica spar; any kind of gravel will suit.

Q. Did you ever try fattening old birds?

A. If you take an old bird and put it into a coop and fatten it, it will do better than an ordinary chicken running around; the muscles will be gone, and it will be almost as tender as a chicken.

#### A. P. A. TO CONVENE AT NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

The thirty-second annual convention of the American Poultry Association will be held at Niagara Falls, N. Y., August 13th, 14th and 15th, 1907. In connection with the convention there will be held a Poultry Institute, and the programme, as a whole, should be very interesting. Several Canadians are slated to take part. The meetings will be held in the convention hall of the Cataract Hotel. Headquarters will be the International and Cataract Hotels. Application has been made for reduced rates on the fare-and-a-third basis. An attractive twelve-page circular of announcement, containing the programme of the A. P. A. Convention and Poultry Institute, and reliable information regarding railway rates, hotel accommodation, etc., may be had on application to President Grant M. Curtis, Buffalo, N. Y.

#### BREEDING STOCK VS. MARKET POULTRY.

Healthy, vigorous breeding stock is produced by mating healthy birds not too closely akin, and then hatching and rearing the young stock under conditions as nearly natural as can be secured. Free range, plenty of insects, plenty of grit, a sufficiency of green food, and grain in hoppers from which they may help themselves—these are some of the conditions that make for success in poultry-breeding. The old idea of "forcing" on mashes is out-of-date. That practice is all right for finishing market birds, as it helps to make tender flesh, but the fowls that produce the eggs from which these market birds are hatched should be allowed to use their gizzards. Give the fowl room and liberty galore, and they will grow strong, keep healthy, and shell out eggs generously.

THE FARM BULLETIN

THE MACDONALD COLLEGE OPENING.

Macdonald College, at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P.Q. (incorporated with McGill University), was founded, erected, equipped and endowed by Sir William C. Macdonald for the following among other purposes:

1.—For the advancement of education; for the carrying on of research work and investigation and the dissemination of knowledge; all with particular regard to the interests and needs of the population in rural districts.

2.—To provide suitable and effective training for teachers, and especially for those whose work will directly affect the education in schools in rural districts.

The College occupies a beautiful site, overlooking the Ottawa River at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, twenty miles west of Montreal. The main lines of the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific railways pass through the property, and the stations of both railways are within its boundaries.

The College property comprises 561 acres, and has been arranged into three main areas, viz.: (1) The Campus, with plots for illustration and research in grains, grasses and flowers, containing 74 acres; (2) The Small Cultures Farm of 100 acres, for horticulture and poultry-keeping; and (3) The Live-stock and Grain Farm, extending to 387 acres.

The staff as arranged this far is as follows:

James W. Robertson, LL.D., C.M.G., late Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying for the Dominion, Principal.

Geo. H. Locke, M.A., Head of School for Teachers.  
F. C. Harrison, B.S.A., M.Sc., Professor of Bacteriology.  
William Lochhead, B.A., M.S., Professor of Biology.  
Carteton J. Lynde, Ph.D., Professor of Physics.  
Leonard S. Klink, M.S.A., Professor of Cereal Husbandry.

H. S. Arkell, B.S.A., Professor of Animal Husbandry.  
John Brittain, D.Sc., Professor of Nature Study.  
J. F. Snell, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Chemistry.  
W. Saxby Ivair, Assistant Professor of Horticulture.  
V. R. Gardner, Assistant in Horticulture.  
J. M. Swaine, M.A., Lecturer in Biology.

John Fixter, Farm Superintendent and Instructor in Farm Machinery.  
Fred C. Elford, Manager and Instructor in Poultry Department.

School for Teachers—  
Abner W. Kneeland, M.A., B.C.L., Professor of English Language and Literature. Mme. Sophie Cornu, Professor of French. Miss Lillian B. Robins, B.A., Instructor in Mathematics and in Classics. Miss Mary I. Peebles, Head Mistress of the Practice School. Miss Moe, Assistant in the Practice School.

School of Household Science—  
Miss A. DeLury, Assistant. Miss C. T. McCaig, Assistant.

General—  
House-mother in women's residence building. Mrs. Jennie Muldrew. Housekeeper and Dietician, Miss J. Kennedy. Matron of the men's residence, Mrs. J. F. O'Hara.

The preliminary announcement calls for the opening of the first term for Protestant Public-school teachers on September 17th; the School of Household Science, Sept. 24th, and the School of Agriculture October 1st.

In the School of Agriculture, courses are offered as follows: A. Short courses of from two weeks to three months each. B. A two-year course, leading to a diploma. C. A four-year course, leading to a Bachelor's Degree.

A. The Short Courses are made as practical as possible, and are provided in the subjects of: (1) Live Stock; (2) Seeds, Crops and Weeds; (3) Poultry; (4) Horticulture.

B. The two-year course embraces studies in: (1) Field and Cereal Husbandry; (2) Animal Husbandry; (3) Poultry Husbandry; (4) Home Dairying; (5) Horticulture.

In household science there will be short courses—a one-year home-maker's course and a two-year course leading to diploma. The short courses last three months each, are made as practical as possible, and include the study of: (1) Foods; (2) Plain Cooking; (3) Sewing; (4) Laundry; (5) Home Nursing, Sanitation and Hygiene; (6) Home Art; (7) Care of the House.

The one-year home-maker course embraces practical and theoretical work in: (1) Foods; (2) Cookery; (3) Household Economics; (4) Materials for Clothing; (5) Dressmaking and Millinery; (6) Laundry; (7) Fuels, Ventilation and House Sanitation; (8) Home Nursing and Hygiene; (9) Home Art.

Simultaneous studies are carried on in the Physics, Chemistry, Biology and Bacteriology laboratories to show the direct bearing of the sciences on the practical side of housekeeping.

The two-year course is an extension of the one-year course, comprising a more intensive study of the subjects therein embraced, and also more advanced laboratory work in the Chemistry, Physics, Biology and Bacteriology branches. English, Mathematics and History are also obligatory subjects in this course, and the student is allowed to choose two of the following: Home Dairying, Poultry, Horticulture, Seeds and Plant Improvement, and Wood Carving.

An American journal records the death at Palo Alto farm, of Mendocino, the last rooster of Electioneer, at the age of eighteen years.

CAPITAL EMPLOYED IN CANADIAN MANUFACTURING.

A bulletin of the Census and Statistics Bureau, issued last week, shows that the capital employed in manufacturing establishments in Canada increased from \$446,916,487 in 1900 to \$843,931,178 in 1905. This increase of three hundred and ninety-seven millions, or about 90 per cent., compares with an increase of two hundred and thirty-four millions, or about 50 per cent. in production. The disparity in these ratios of increase is no doubt owing to the inability of recently-established works to produce to their full capacity. In cars and car works, for example, the ratio of production to capital in 1900 was 151, and in 1905 it was 101. In Portland cement works it was 86 and 15; in smelting works it was 67.5 and 32.5, and in electric light works it was 17 and 9, for each year, respectively. The five years have been a growing period in industrial investment, and the full results are not yet realized.

The figures for some of the more important industries are as follows:

	1900.	1905.
Agricultural imp.	\$18,207,342	\$28,409,806.
Boilers and engines	5,552,862	4,648,058.
Bricks and tiles	11,005,869	11,819,165.
Bread, biscuits & con.	6,996,204	10,387,797.
Brick, tile & pottery	4,210,244	7,110,685.
Bridges, iron and steel	1,755,379	3,341,754.
Butter and cheese	6,161,035	9,668,639.
Carriages and wagons	6,615,525	9,654,926.
Cars & car works	2,475,602	14,248,654.
Cement, Portland	891,959	8,625,240.
Clothing, men's, cust.	5,420,144	5,287,567.
Clothing, men's, fac.	3,843,799	6,562,452.
Clothing, women's, cus.	2,492,118	1,879,294.
Clothing, women's, fac.	1,051,481	4,195,814.
Cordage, rope & twine	2,335,246	2,324,178.
Cottons	18,298,699	21,938,823.
Drugs	1,606,608	2,746,968.
Electrical apparatus & supplies	5,267,397	14,399,666.
Electric light & power	11,891,025	80,393,445.
Fish, preserved	7,992,893	7,858,248.
Flouring & grist mill products	14,686,558	31,414,540.
Foundry & machine shop products	16,274,645	30,351,498.
Fruit & vegetable canning	2,004,915	3,480,215.
Harness and saddlery	2,512,301	4,085,223.
Iron and steel products	9,829,560	9,071,938.
Leather, tanned, etc.	7,300,584	11,193,851.
Lighting and heating	7,692,101	10,283,114.
Liquors, distilled	7,874,724	10,209,004.
Liquors, malt	10,925,679	12,834,573.
Log products	55,605,666	99,634,553.
Lumber products	9,143,276	20,026,993.
Musical instruments	3,990,728	5,172,176.
Paper	7,507,819	21,260,157.
Printing & bookbinding	2,830,814	5,536,008.
Printing & publishing	13,726,039	16,009,049.
Sewing machines	110,140	885,710.
Ships and ship rep'g.	3,156,149	3,139,403.
Slaughtering and meat packing	5,395,162	6,374,110.
Smelting	10,483,112	87,482,829.
Sugar, refined	10,104,545	13,412,517.
Wire	1,599,118	3,981,192.
Wood pulp	11,553,540	11,161,768.
Woollen goods	10,486,198	6,938,683.

ONTARIO'S CEMENT TRADE.

It is estimated that there is some \$7,000,000 invested in the Canadian cement industry, \$5,000,000 of this being in Ontario mills, employing 1,000 men, and having an output of some 8,000,000 barrels per year, and consuming in the process over \$700,000 worth of coal annually. The Globe gives the following list of the chief works, with daily output in Ontario:

Owen Sound, Shallow Lake	1,200
National, Durham	1,200
Grey & Bruce, Owen Sound	500
Sun, Owen Sound	500
Imperial, Owen Sound	600
Hanover, Hanover	500
Atwood, Atwood	100
Ottawa, Ottawa	1,800
Lakefield, Lakefield	1,000
Canadian, Deseronto	1,500
Blue Lake, Brantford	700
Belleville, Belleville	900
Daily output in Ontario	10,500

Several other mills are approaching completion, the demand being ahead of the supply, although establishments are running night and day. In addition to the many other uses, cement is now utilized in the construction of reinforced telegraph and telephone posts.

Dr. George Hilton, chief assistant to Dr. J. G. Rutherford, Veterinary Director-General, has gone to Regina to take over from the commissioner of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police the work of the health of animals branch in Saskatchewan and Alberta, hitherto in charge of the latter officer, a change rendered necessary by the rapid increase of live-stock interests in Alberta and Saskatchewan.

IMPROVEMENTS AT THE CENTRAL EXPERIMENTAL FARM.

Marked improvements are being made at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, this summer, particularly in regard to buildings. The need of better accommodation for the horticultural division has long been felt, but it was not until this year that money was available for the erection of a suitable building. This building, which is 50x50 feet, is now being erected, the foundation being already laid. It will be of wood, and three stories high. In order to have the cellar well insulated, especial attention was paid to the foundation walls, which are made of concrete, with an air space. There will be two air spaces in the part above ground; this part being faced with concrete blocks, which are hollow in the center, thus providing an air space. Adequate provision has been made for ventilating the cellar, which is divided into two main parts, one for fruit and the other for vegetables and trees. In one part of the cellar will be an ice-cold storage room. The fruit cellar will be used not only for storing the fruit, but for testing the keeping quality of the many seedling varieties of apples now fruiting at the Farm, and for other experiments. Boxes of uniform size will be used, and the conditions made as nearly similar as possible. The ground floor will be used for work rooms, and an office for the foreman. There will also be an exhibition room, which will be open to the public, and it is planned to have fresh fruit in this room most of the year. The walls of this part of the building will be specially constructed, so that the room may be as cool as possible in the summer.

The upper story will be divided into four main rooms, which will be used for storing baskets, boxes, etc., and for drying seeds.

The cow stables, which are somewhat out of date, having been built nearly twenty years ago, are being thoroughly overhauled. The construction of the walls is being altered, and in future the stables will be much lighter than they now are, larger windows taking the place of those which have been in the stables in the past. The floors, which were of cedar blocks, are being torn up and will be replaced by concrete. The interior fittings will also be replaced by those the most approved and modern.

A large addition will be made to the main office building later in the summer, which will increase the accommodation very much. This addition is greatly needed, as the clerical work in connection with the Central Experimental Farm is much greater now than it was a few years ago, and is constantly increasing.

A concrete sidewalk will be laid this year from the main entrance gate to near the office, to replace the wooden one which has served the purpose for a number of years.

It is expected that the electric railway will be extended from the city to the main office in the autumn. This will bring the Farm into much closer touch with the farmers who go to Ottawa on the many excursions which are held every year. Owing to the long distance from the cars, about a mile or more, which they have to walk to get to the Farm buildings, the number of farmers who visit the Farm is not as great as it otherwise would be, although many do go at present when special excursions are held to the Farm.

Taking these and other things into consideration, this will be a year of marked progress in the history of the Central Experimental Farm.

WHEAT - HARVEST CALENDAR.

- January.—Australia, New Zealand, Chile, Argentine Republic.
- February and March.—Upper Egypt, India.
- April.—Lower Egypt, India, Syria, Cyprus, Persia, Asia Minor, Mexico, Cuba.
- May.—Texas, Algeria, Central Asia, China, Japan, Morocco.
- June.—California, Oregon, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, Kansas, Arkansas, Utah, Colorado, Missouri, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, South of France.
- July.—New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Southern Minnesota, Nebraska, Upper Canada, Roumania, Bulgaria, Austria, Hungary, South of Russia, Germany, Switzerland, South of England.
- August.—Central and Northern Minnesota, Dakotas, Manitoba, Lower Canada, Columbia, Belgium, Holland, Great Britain, Denmark, Poland, Central Russia.
- September and October.—Scotland, Sweden, Norway, North of Russia.
- November.—Peru, South Africa.
- December.—Burmah, New South Wales.

FAIR DATES FOR 1907.

- July 13-20—Winnipeg Industrial.
- 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. 13-21—Canada Central, Ottawa.
- Sept. 6-14—Western Fair, London.
- Sept. 9-13—Indianapolis, Ind.
- Sept. 9-14—New York State Fair, Syracuse.
- Sept. 17-19—Guelph.
- Sept. 18-20—Woodstock.
- Sept. 25 to Oct. 3—Halifax.
- Sept. 27 to Oct. 5—Springfield, Ill.

### SUNDAY-MORNING CHEESEMAKING PERMITTED A SIDE LIGHT ON THE PACKING BUSINESS.

In order to give cheese-factory men time to make arrangements to comply with the provisions of the Lord's Day Act in the matter of Sunday cheesemaking, the Ontario Department of Agriculture has recommended that the practice of making up Saturday night's milk on Saturday evening and Sunday morning until 5 a.m., be permitted during the present season. The recommendation was made after careful investigation and consideration by a committee, consisting of the Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Mr. James; the Director of Dairy Instruction, Mr. Putnam, and the Chief Dairy Instructor in Eastern Ontario, Mr. Publow. Their representation was addressed to Premier Whitney, and we are informed that it has been approved. It is:

"We have, under your instructions, made careful and thorough enquiry into the question of Sunday work in connection with the manufacture of cheese through the thirty-two instructors employed by this Department. In Western Ontario, out of 218 factories, 68 are manufacturing cheese on Saturday night; in Eastern Ontario, less than one-quarter of the 1,000 factories are taking in milk on Saturday night and manufacturing it into cheese. In the majority of cases where milk is taken in on Saturday night it is found impossible to properly complete the work before twelve o'clock. The work is, therefore, continued for a period of from one to four or five hours in the beginning of Sunday. If those factories that are at present doing some work in the early hours of Sunday were prohibited from carrying on this work, it would, in nearly all cases, be necessary that the milk be retained at the homes of the patrons, as the factories at present have not proper facilities for holding over until Monday morning this milk, and then handling it with the Sunday and Monday morning milk. The difficulty now met with in the handling of the milk at the homes of the patrons is that the patrons have not storage or ice necessary for the purpose. In all other factories where Saturday night delivery does not take place, or where the factory is not equipped for making milk into butter, it is necessary for the patrons to make butter at home, or to hold the Saturday night's milk over, along with the Sunday's milk, until Monday morning.

"It will be seen that, in the future, to handle the milk at present made up on Sunday, either the factory must be reconstructed or equipped with better facilities, or the patrons must put in additional appliances at home and provide ice supplies.

"If the law against doing any work in cheese factories during any of the hours of Sunday were strictly enforced, at once, there would, of necessity, be a very large waste of milk on the farm, in addition to the increasing of the Sunday work on the part of the producer to a very large extent.

"Having considered the question from all standpoints, and obtained opinions from many persons interested in the question, we beg to recommend that, for the present year, permission be granted to continue the Saturday night work in cheese factories until not later than 5 a.m. Sunday morning. In this connection, we might state that in the great majority of cases the work can easily be completed by 2 a.m., but in some cases, beyond the control of the maker, it may be found impossible to make up the cheese at so early a time.

"Further, we would suggest that early notification be given to the dairymen of the Province (owners of cheese factories, makers and patrons) that it will be necessary next year to fully comply with the Sunday Observance Law, and that they should now make arrangements whereby either the patrons of factories shall now begin to make provision to keep the milk at home under proper conditions or utilize it at home, or that the factories shall make such provision as may be necessary to enable them to handle the milk on Monday morning."

### ANNAPOLIS COUNTY CROPS.

We had no warm weather until the middle of June, and at that date not half the planting had been done. Since then, however, we have had almost ideal weather conditions for growth of all crops. The rains have come chiefly in the nights, and the days have been warm and without much drying sun and winds, the result being that we have had a wonderful growth of grass and root crops. Turnips are making fine promise. The apple prospect is generally good, and thus far the sets are staying on the trees well. Pastures, though late, are getting good. Pasture here means rough land, in most cases that which has never been plowed or cultivated. The weed and underbrush is cut off and burned. In some cases seed is sown on the land thus burned over, and more often it is left to become covered with wild grass, bracken, etc.; so our pastures do not compare very favorably with those of Ontario, and the up-to-date dairyman finds it necessary to supplement them with green fodder and grains.

Spraying is quite general this year, partly on account of the brown-tail moth scare. Since this insect is susceptible to human attack both in winter and summer, it may be a blessing in disguise, since it may result in better general care of our fruit trees. I have heard it said, with more truth than would appear, that twentieth-century weeds are a blessing to our farmers, since they compel necessary cultivation.

R. J. MESSENGER

As a result of a friendly action at law, brought by the executors of the estate of Mrs. Wm. Davies against several interested parties, statements have been recorded showing that the value of stock (shares \$100 par value) in the provision business of the William Davies Co., Toronto, is placed at from \$300 to \$400 per share, and that during thirteen years past the dividends on the stock have ranged from 15 per cent. up to 120 per cent. per annum.

In placing the value of the stock, information was provided the court to the effect that the stock was worth \$300 on January 12th, 1907, and that J. W. Flavell had paid \$400 per share for stock during the past year.

A table was also placed in evidence, showing the dividends which the stock has paid during the past thirteen years to be:

For the year ending March 31, 1893, 65 per cent.; 1894, 34 per cent.; 1895, 40 per cent.; 1896, 45 per cent.; 1897, 100 per cent.; 1898, 120 per cent.; 1899, 82 per cent.; 1900, 60 per cent.; 1901, 27½ per cent.; 1902, 27½ per cent.; 1903, 15 per cent.; 1904, 30 per cent.; 1905, 41 per cent.; 1906, 25 per cent.

On a capitalization of \$750,000 this would mean that in 1906 the company made a profit of \$187,500. The capitalization in 1898 was smaller, but at the same capitalization the profit would have been \$900,000.—[Toronto World.]

This lets a bright beam of sunshine into the packing business. For many years it has been felt that the packers were making larger profits by the conversion of hog into bacon than their modesty would allow them to acknowledge, but proof was difficult, and the plaint of the packer invariably was "no profit," or "losing money." If there ever was a period when bulging profits expanded his brooding countenance into smiles, he hid his face discreetly and laid up the surplus against possible loss later on.

To many of us it has been a Chinese puzzle how packers computed profit, but from the showing of the Wm. Davies Co. it would appear that they must in their bookkeeping charge up every possible expense, allow a liberal margin for contingencies, ten per cent. for depreciation of plant, and probably twenty per cent. for dividends. If after all these charges were deducted nothing were left, the wail would go out, "no profit in the business." Meantime, out of their margin for contingencies, their 10 per cent. for depreciation of plant, and 20 per cent. or so set aside for dividends, they have been clearing a rate of interest on their investment which makes the business of raising hogs look like thirteen cents. Of course we do not know that the packers compute their profits on the basis outlined above, but the figures quoted lend color to the speculation that some such system is followed.

And what of it all? Is the William Davies Company worse than the rest? We have no reason to think so. On the contrary, we doubt whether there is a more honorable, enterprising or worthy packing company in Canada. Well, then, are they all a pack of thieves? Not by any means. Business is business. They all buy hogs as cheaply and sell pork as high as possible. The same principle is followed almost universally in modern business. If the Davies have been more successful than their rivals it has been due to greater scope and better management. And, at the worst, none of the packers are taxing the public so heavily as some other middlemen.

The healthy condition of the business is, however, calculated to relieve any fears that may have been entertained as to the fate of the packers in 1905 when deprived of their supply of American hogs. It is also liable to set some men thinking on certain economic problems concerning the production and distribution of wealth.

### URGE INCREASED GRANT FOR COUNTY - ROAD IMPROVEMENT.

The Ontario Motor League believes that the time has come when the Provincial Government should take another forward step on the important question of good roads. Under the County Roads Act, one million dollars was originally appropriated to assist county councils in improving the leading highways, on the basis of a contribution of one-third of the cost, if the county councils would put up two-thirds. Some ten counties have taken advantage of the act, and the total sum of \$295,765.91 has been contributed by the Government. At the last session the former appropriation was cancelled, and a fresh million dollars appropriated.

At a meeting of the directors of the Ontario Motor League, they decided to advocate that the Government offer to contribute one-half instead of one-third the cost of improvements undertaken under the act. If this change were made, they feel that many more councils would take up the matter of county road improvement.

Mr. G. W. Clemons,\* St. George, Ont., Secretary of the Canadian Holstein Association, has been appointed to the staff of Live-stock Commissioner J. G. Rutherford, of Ottawa, as associate with Mr. Dan Drummond, in inspecting dairy cows and herds entered in the Government Record of Performance, the increasing number of herds being entered rendering necessary an increase in the number of inspectors. Mr. Clemons, whose duties commenced May 13th, is, from his extended experience as a dairyman and breeder, well qualified for the position to which he has been called.

### NATIONAL RECORD FOR PERCHERONS.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

At the request of a large number of breeders and others interested in Percheron horses, I am calling a meeting for the purpose of organizing a Record Society for this breed, under the Dominion Act respecting the incorporation of Live-stock Associations, to be held at the time of the Regina Fair, in the offices of the Department of Agriculture, Regina, on Thursday, August 1st, at 9 a.m.

To the circular letter, issued a short time ago, I have received a large number of responses from those interested in Percheron horses, enthusiastically supporting the idea of a Canadian National Record for this breed, which is becoming so popular throughout the Western Provinces, and shall be glad if you will make known this meeting through your widely-circulated medium.

GEORGE H. GREIG.

Winnipeg, June 27th, 1907.

### THE WOODSTOCK CLYDESDALE SALE.

The auction sale, on July 3rd, of imported Clydesdale fillies belonging to J. W. Innes, Woodstock, Ont., attracted a moderate attendance of farmers, mostly from the adjacent counties, but good bidders, and the offering was disposed of at fair prices, considering that most of the fillies were in only thin condition; the average for the lot being \$263, and the highest price \$400, for the five-year-old mare, Jessie Gilchrist, and filly foal, taken by Mr. J. R. Johnson, of Springford. Two others brought \$300 each, one being taken by Hugh Thomson, St. Mary's; the other by Valentine Ficht, Oriel.

### DATE OF DOMINION EXHIBITION AT SHERBROOKE.

By a typographical error the dates of the Dominion Exhibition at Sherbrooke, Que., have been wrongly published in these columns. The exhibition will commence September 2nd, and continue till September 14th, 1907. Live stock exhibited at Toronto Exhibition, and also entered for Sherbrooke, will be allowed to leave the grounds on the evening of Wednesday, September 4th. Special trains will take the stock direct to Sherbrooke. Sherbrooke has arranged the judging so as to allow stock to get there from Toronto.

### DR. HOPKINS GOES TO OTTAWA.

Dr. A. G. Hopkins, B. Agr., D. V. M., for two and a half years Editor-in-chief of "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Journal," of Winnipeg, has severed his connection with that paper, and will now be associated with Dr. J. G. Rutherford, Dominion Live-stock Commissioner and Veterinary Director-General, in certain new work the Department of Agriculture is undertaking in the interests of Canadian stock-raisers. Dr. Hopkins' headquarters will be Ottawa, but his work will take him to all parts of Canada, and occasionally to the United States. He was previously associated with the Dominion veterinary service for several years.

Jamaica has placed Portland cement and articles for use in the equipment of steel buildings on the free list.

Owing to the vast amount of necessary preliminary work, the Dominion Department of Agriculture have postponed the going into force of the new meat and food inspection bill from August 1st to September 3rd.

Representatives of Canadian meat-packing houses and transportation companies will confer with the authorities in the office of the Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa, on July 17th, re the new inspection regulations, and on September 3rd the canning interests will be represented.

Owing to the reduced rates of postage on British publications, there was an increase of 1,600 bags of British mail received at Montreal P. O. during the three months ending June 30th, as compared with the same period last year.

The Dominion Government Forestry Branch has sent out to farmers this season, for planting, in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, 2,300,000 young trees, making a total of 10,000,000 in recent years. The Western forest reserves are also being surveyed, in order to the inception of a policy of preservation.

Halton, Ont., authorities, in conjunction with A. W. Campbell, Provincial Commissioner of Highways, will expend some \$200,000 improving the leading roads of the county.

The June fruit-crop report of the Fruit Division, Ottawa, states that the season, though late, has been as favorable as usual for the pollination of the exceptionally heavy bloom. British Columbia and Southern Ontario have suffered somewhat from drought. Effects of the frosts, which occurred up to about May 20th, are apparent on small fruits, but tree fruits have not suffered much, excepting Japan plums and cherries.

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MARKETS.

TORONTO.

LIVE STOCK.

The receipts of live stock at the City and Junction markets last week were light. Trade was fairly good for stalled cattle, which are becoming scarce. Good exporters as well as good butchers' cattle sold readily at fair prices, but medium and common grassers were slow sale. More choice cattle would have found a ready market at firm prices.

On Monday of this week, at the Junction, cattle receipts, 1,625; trade good; prices steady. Exporters, \$5.75 to \$6.30; bulk selling at \$5.90 to \$6.12; bulls, \$4.25 to \$5. Prime butchers', \$5.35 to \$5.40; good, \$4.85 to \$5.10; medium, \$4.50 to \$4.85; common, \$4 to \$4.25; cows, \$2.50 to \$4.50; milch cows, \$3.5 to \$5.5; calves, \$3.50 to \$6.50 per cwt. Sheep, \$1.50 to \$5 per cwt.; lambs, 7c. to 8 1/2c. per lb. Hogs, \$6.60 for selects, \$6.35 for lights.

Exporters.—Prices last week ranged from \$5.85 to \$6.40, and one lot of 62 cattle, weighing 1,250 lbs., fed by J. B. Shields, of Mount Albert, a farmer and live-stock dealer in North York, sold for \$6.50, with a luck-penny back. Mr. Shields made the sale of the season, considering the number of cattle. Mr. Shields paid \$3.50 per cwt. for these cattle as feeders last fall. The bulk of exporters sold from \$6 to \$6.25 per cwt. Bulls sold from \$4.50 to \$5 per cwt.

Butchers.—Prime picked lots sold from \$5.25 to \$5.50; fair to medium loads, grass fed, sold at \$4.65 to \$4.85; common mixed, \$4.25 to \$4.50; cows, \$2.75 to \$4.25.

Stackers and Feeders.—Little or no trade was transacted in feeders, but a few light stockers, 500 to 800 lbs. each, sold at \$3 to \$4 per cwt.

Milch Cows.—Trade dull for common to medium cows, but prime-quality cows sell at all times. Prices ranged all the way from \$25 to \$50.

Veal Calves.—The market remains strong for veal calves, especially for good to prime quality. The bulk sold at \$5 to \$6 per cwt., but odd lots of choice sold at \$6.50, and new-milk-fed veals of prime quality sold as high as \$7 per cwt.

Sheep and Lambs.—Trade in sheep and lambs was generally good, at prices quoted. Export ewes sold at \$5 to \$5.20 per cwt.; rams, \$4 to \$4.50; lambs, \$5 to \$6 each, and prime quality heavy lambs sold at 8c. to 9c. per lb., live weight.

Hogs.—Prices were quoted 15c. per cwt. easier; selects, \$6.60; lights and fats, \$6.35.

Horses.—Trade in horses at present is dull, as there is little outside demand, and few sales are being made outside of local demand. Good quality drafters and expressers that are sound, and well-broken saddle and carriage horses, sell at fair prices; but there is no getting out of it that prices for the general run of all classes are easier. Burns & Sheppard report the following quotations: Drafters, \$225 to \$275, and \$300 for

something extra good; medium, 1,400-pound horses, \$175 to \$225; expressers, \$190 to \$225; first-class well-broken drivers, \$250 to \$350; medium, \$140 to \$200.

BREADSTUFFS.

Wheat.—No. 2 white, buyers, 90c.; No. 2, mixed, buyers, 90c.; No. 2 red, 90c. bid; Manitoba No. 1 Northern, 97c. Corn.—No. 3 yellow, 62c. Barley.—No. 2, 55c. bid; No. 3X, 54c. Peas.—No. 2, sellers, 80c. Rye.—Dull at 70c. Buckwheat.—About 60c. Bran.—\$17 to \$17.50, outside. Shorts.—About \$19, outside. Flour.—Manitoba patent, \$4.05, track, Toronto; Ontario, 90 per cent. patents, \$3.50 bid for export; Manitoba patent, special brands, \$5; second patents, \$4.40; strong bakers', \$4.30.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—There is a good supply steadily coming forward, with prices steady. Creamery, rolls, 22c. to 23c.; creamery, boxes, 21c.; dairy, pound rolls, 20c. to 21c.; tubs, 18c. to 19c.; bakers' tub, 15c. to 17c. Eggs.—17c. to 18c. Cheese.—11 1/2c. to 12c. for large; twins, 12 1/2c.

Honey.—Scarce, strained, 12c.; combs, \$2.60 to \$2.75 per dozen. Evaporated Apples.—8 1/2c. per lb. Potatoes.—Old potatoes are easy at \$1.25 to \$1.30 per bag for car lots, on track, at Toronto. New potatoes sell at \$3.50 to \$4 per bbl.

Poultry.—Turkeys, 11c. to 14c. per lb.; spring ducks, dressed, 20c. to 25c. per lb.; spring chickens, 20c. to 25c. per lb., dressed, and 15c. to 20c., alive; fowl, 10c. to 12c. per lb., dressed, and 8c. to 10c., alive.

Hay.—Baled, No. 1 timothy, \$15.50 to \$16; No. 2, \$13 to \$14. Straw.—Baled, \$7 to \$7.25, on track, at Toronto.

HIDES.

E. T. Carter & Co., 85 Front Street, have been paying the following prices: Inspected hides, No. 1 steers and cows, 9 1/2c.; No. 2 steers and cows, 8 1/2c.; country hides, 7 1/2c. to 8c.; calf skins, No. 1, city, 13c.; calf skins, No. 1, country, 11c. to 12c.; sheep skins, each, \$1.75 to \$1.85; horse hides, \$3.25 to \$3.50; horse hair, No. 1, per lb., 30c.; tallow, per lb., 5 1/2c. to 6c.; wool, unwashed, 13c. to 14c.; washed, 23c. to 24c.; lamb skins, 40c.

TORONTO FRUIT MARKET.

Canadian fruits are beginning to come forward. Strawberries were fairly plentiful at the latter end of last week, selling at 7c. to 9c. per quart basket, by the case; Canadian cucumbers, \$1.25 per basket; Oxheart cherries, \$1.25 to \$2 per basket; raspberries, \$2 to \$2.50 per 12-quart basket; green peas, 40c. to 50c. per basket.

CHEESE BOARD PRICES.

Kingston, Ont., 11 3-16c. for colored, and 11c. for white; Madoc, Ont., 10 15-16c. bid. Tweed, Ont., 10 1/2c. bid. Napanea, Ont., colored, 11 5-16c.; white, 11c. (on curb). Ottawa, Ont., white, 11c.; colored, 11 1-16c. to 11 1/2c. Huntingdon, Que., white cheese, 10 1/2c.; colored cheese, 11 3-16c.; salted butter, 20 1/2c. Brantford, Ont., 11 1/2c. Kemptville, 11c. bid for white, and 11 1/2c. for colored, no sales. Brockville, colored, 11 1/2c. Cowansville, Que., 10c. to 11 1/2c. St. Hyacinthe, Que., 10 1/2c. Winchester, 11 1/2c. for white, and 11 1/2c. for colored. Belleville, colored, 11 1/2c.; white, 11 1-16c. Vankleek Hill, white, 11 1-16c.; colored, 11 3-16c. Alexandria, white, 11 1/2c. Picton, colored, 11 1/2c.; ordinary cured, 11 1/2c. Cornwall, 11 1/2c. for white, and 11 1-16c. for colored.

CHICAGO.

Cattle.—Common to prime steers, \$4.60 to \$7.25; cows, \$3.25 to \$4.75; heifers, \$3 to \$5.50; bulls, \$3.30 to \$5; calves, \$3 to \$7.25; stockers and feeders, \$3 to \$5.

Hogs.—Good to prime, heavy, \$5.95 to \$5.97 1/2; medium to good, heavy, \$5.90 to \$5.92 1/2; butchers' weights, \$5.95 to \$6; good to prime, mixed, \$5.90 to \$5.95; light mixed, \$5.95 to \$6.05; packers, \$5.25 to \$5.85; pigs, \$3.30 to \$6; selected, \$6.05 to \$6.12 1/2; bulk of sales, \$5.90 to \$6.

Sheep and Lambs.—Sheep, \$3.75 to \$6; yearlings, \$5.50 to \$6.25; lambs, \$6.25 to \$7.75.

MONTREAL.

Live Stock.—Notwithstanding the fact that receipts of cattle in the city markets were much lighter than for some time past, there appeared to be ample to supply the demand. Prices showed some decline, but the quality of the stock was not very choice. Exporters would have paid 6c. for choicest steers, but the quality only justified 5 1/2c. to 5 3/4c. per lb., while bulls sold at 4 1/2c. Local butchers filled their demands at 5 1/2c. to 6c. for choicest, 5 1/2c. to 5 3/4c. for fine, 4 1/2c. to 5c. for good, 4 1/2c. to 4 3/4c. for medium and under for common. The market for sheep shows a weaker tendency, and prices are 1/2c. lower, at 4 1/2c. per lb., there being a good demand for lambs, at about \$4 to \$5 each. Calves are also meeting with a good demand, at \$2 to \$8 each, according to quality. Notwithstanding that the advices from England relating to the bacon and hog markets are easier, receipts here, of live hogs, are smaller, and prices hold steady at all the way from 6 1/2c. to 7 1/2c. per lb.

Horses.—The market for horses continues about steady. The shortage is as great as ever, and it is hard to find choice stock. Dealers do not see any very decided reason why there should be any easing of prices whatever for a considerable time to come, and the probability of a good hay crop will rather tend to strengthen the market for horses, than otherwise. Prices are as follows: Heavy-draft horses, weighing from 1,500 to 1,700 lbs., \$275 to \$350 each; light-draft, 1,400 to 1,500 lbs., \$250 to \$300; express horses, \$175 to \$250; common plugs, \$75 to \$150, and choice driving and saddle animals, \$300 to \$500 each.

Dressed Hogs and Provisions.—The market for dressed hogs shows very little change this week. Choice, fresh-killed, abattoir-dressed hogs are selling readily, though there is not a very keen demand for them. They are quoted at about 10c. per lb., other qualities ranging down to 9 1/2c. The trade in smoked and salt meats is only moderate. There is very little demand for salt pork, and prices are steady at \$20.50 to \$24.50 per bbl. Smoked meats sell fairly well, hams being in good demand at 14c. per lb. for those weighing 25 lbs. and more; 14 1/2c. to 15c. per lb. for 18 to 25 lb. hams; 15c. to 15 1/2c. for 12 to 18 lbs.; 16c. for 8 to 12 lb. hams. Bacon, also, continues in very good demand, and prices are steady at 10 1/2c. to 12 1/2c. per lb. for green, and 13 1/2c. to 16c. for smoked. Lard is 10c. to 11c. per lb. for compound, pure being quoted at 12 1/2c. to 13c.

Potatoes.—Farmers appear to have disposed of practically all their potatoes, and for this they may be thankful. It is claimed that dealers will no longer pay them more than about 7 1/2c. per 90 lbs., track, for reds, and 8 1/2c. for whites, some trying to buy at less. However, these potatoes are not picked over, and are sometimes of pretty poor quality. Dealers are demanding from \$1 to \$1.05 per 90 lbs., in a wholesale way, for reds here, and \$1.10 for whites, while they are selling, in a jobbing way, delivered into store, at \$1.20 per 90 lbs., bagged. In all cases, when sold by dealers, the stock is picked over. The new, imported stock is coming into general use among the wealthier classes, and it will be some time yet before the Canadian will be fit for use.

Eggs.—The production of eggs is very fair, but by the time the stock reaches here it is usually of doubtful quality. The consumption is fairly large. Prices range around 18c. here, candled, in a wholesale way, selects being 19c., and No. 2 stock, 16c. Dealers report purchases in the country at about 15 1/2c. to 16c., according to location.

Butter.—The production of butter is small this season, receipts last week being but 17,000 to 18,000 packages. Shipments continue remarkably light, and it is difficult to know what becomes of even the small quantity of butter which is made. It is claimed, however, that there is no accumulation here, and if things continue as at present, it is quite likely that there will be none more than is necessary. Prices show little change from week to week, being 20 1/2c. to 21c. for finest Townships, 20 1/2c. to 20 3/4c. for Quebecs, and 20c. for Ontarios, dairies being about 17 1/2c. to 18 1/2c. The quality offered is good.

Cheese.—Dealers report that Cheshire

cheese is being purchased in England at 10c. to 11c., while Canadian cheddars are costing considerably more. This is a rather unusual condition of affairs, and has not been experienced in England previous to a year ago, in all probability. Cheshires are generally considered to be considerably finer goods, but the fact remains that Canadians are selling at higher prices. Dealers are quoting about 11 1/2c. to 11 3/4c. here for Quebec cheese, 11 1/2c. for Townships, and 11 1/2c. to 11 3/4c. for Ontarios. The quality is showing a slight deterioration, owing to warm weather.

Flour and Feed.—Demand for flour is apparently very good, and the turnover is fairly large. Manitoba strong bakers' flour is quoted at \$4.50 per bbl., in bags, and patents at \$5.10. Ontario straight rollers are quoted at \$4.10 to \$4.25, and Ontario patents at \$4.85. A report has been in circulation that a sale of bran has taken place for export at considerably under market quotations. These are \$21 per ton for Manitobas, in bags, and \$18.50 to \$20 for Ontarios, shorts being in active demand at \$22 to \$22.50.

Grain.—Merchants are asking former prices, but there is a feeling that they would accept less if they could only get it for considerable quantities. Quotations on oats are given out at 48 1/2c. to 49c. for either No. 2 Manitobas or Ontarios, 47 1/2c. to 48c. for No. 3 Ontarios, and 46 1/2c. to 47c. for No. 4.

Hay.—A fair crop is promised, the recent rains having improved matters considerably. The local market is steady. Prices are \$16 to \$16.50 per ton for No. 1 timothy, \$15 to \$15.50 for No. 2, and \$14 to \$14.50 for clover and clover mixture, some dealers, however, quoting more.

Hides and Tallow.—The market for hides showed very little change this week. Lamb skins, owing to the greater quantity of wool to be taken from them, have advanced, and dealers are now offering 30c. each for them. They are offering 12c. per lb. for No. 2 calf skins, and 14c. for No. 1, and 8 1/2c., 9 1/2c. and 10 1/2c. per lb. for Nos. 3, 2 and 1 beef hides, respectively, and selling to tanners at 1/2c. advance. Horse hides are \$1.75 each for No. 2, and \$2.25 for No. 1. Rough tallow is 1c. to 3 1/2c., and rendered, 6c. to 6 1/2c. per lb.

BUFFALO.

Veals.—\$5 to \$8.50. Hogs.—Heavy, \$6 to \$6.50; mixed, \$6.40; Yorkers and pigs, \$6.35 to \$6.55; roughs, \$5 to \$5.35; stags, \$4 to \$4.50; dairies, \$6 to \$6.30. Sheep and Lambs.—Lambs, \$5 to \$8; yearlings, \$6.25 to \$6.75; wethers, \$5.50 to \$5.75; ewes, \$4.25 to \$4.75; sheep, mixed, \$2.50 to \$2.55.

BRITISH CATTLE MARKET.

London.—Liverpool and London cables 12c. to 13 1/2c. per lb., dressed weight; refrigerator beef is quoted at 9c. to 9 1/2c. per lb.

GOING HOME.

I tread each mountain waste austere, I pass dark pinelands, hill by hill; Each tardy sunrise brings me near, Each lonely sunset nearer still.

Sing low, my heart, of other lands And suns we may have loved, or known; This silent North, it understands, And asks but little of its own!

So where the homeland twilight broods Above the slopes of dusky pine, Teach me your silence, solitudes; Your reticence, grey hills, be mine!

Whether all loveliness it lies, Or but a lone waste scarred and torn, How shall I know? For 'neath these skies And in these valleys I was born!

—Arthur Stringer, in Munsey's Magazine.

How much the happy days of life Outweigh the sorrowful!

—Jean Ingelow.

It is a frequent occurrence that the flower of the family is a blooming idiot.



## Life, Literature and Education.

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

### PEOPLE, BOOKS, AND DOINGS.

Mr. Rudolph Girard, President of L'Institut Canadien Francais, of Ottawa, has been awarded the decoration of an Officer d'Academie, an honor for literary work given by the Government of France. The decoration consists of two handsome silver palms, with violet ribbon attached. Mr. Girard is well known in Ottawa as an able writer.—["Canada."]

Mr. H. J. Rose, the McGill Rhodes Scholar at Oxford University, has won the Chancellor's Latin-essay prize.

Mme. Lilian Nordica, the famous opera singer, has bought, at a cost of \$100,000, a tract of land on the Hudson, on which an Institute of Music, with an especial department for operatic instruction, will be established. It will be known as the Nordica Festival House, and will contain a theatre, in which, from May to October, Wagner operas, oratorios and symphonies, with the greatest artists of Europe as performers, will be given.

Master Harold Jarvis, the twelve-year-old son of Mr. Harold Jarvis, the well-known singer, is displaying wonderful talent as a pianist in Germany, where he is studying music.

### A COUNTRY GIRL IN A BIG CITY.

By the Country Girl.

I sometimes wonder if anyone else ever felt that the country was simply unendurable. I know I did at one time. It seemed as if I were simply throwing my life away. Here I had arrived at the mature age of twenty, and was fast going down the hill into old age, and what had I ever accomplished? My one dream was to be an artist, and an artist I would be, come what might. What chance, thought I, was there for learning anything in a country village. Everything was so very commonplace and monotonous. And then, a girl had so little money on a farm. I wanted to go away and earn money for myself and others. I was sure I could do it if I got a chance. Of course, to get an art education, it would be necessary for me to work to pay my way, for my father did not believe in educating girls. My plan was, to work in a store or office during the day, and study at an art school in the evening. It all seemed so simple in thinking it over.

I secured a position in an office through correspondence, and one day in December, about two weeks before Christmas, I found myself in the city and ready for work.

On arrival at the store, my first disappointment awaited me. Instead of a large, airy place, I found a small, dark, evil-smelling, tumble-down shop, right in the heart of the business section. My first thought was, how could I ever work there, and, if any of my acquaintances ever came, I would be so ashamed to have

them see my place of business. However, I set to work. The proprietor was a funny little man, who called envelopes "envelopes," and was continually referring to a brother-in-law who got out yard-sticks as an advertisement for his business. He seemed very proud of this brother-in-law, and I wondered if my employer was the same source of pride to his relations. He was kind enough, but that first morning I decided that, come what might, I would leave there as soon as another opening presented itself. People coming into the store would say: "Oh! Another new girl. He has had three or four new ones during the last month. I wonder how long you will stay." Another morning I overheard two men over beside the stove talking me over.

"Who has the old fellow gotten hold of now?" and the low-voiced reply, "I don't know." It made me feel so miserable and ashamed, and strengthened my resolution to leave. One morning I saw an enormous dead rat lying in a corner of the room, and, on speaking of it to the proprietor, he merely said, "Oh, the cat has killed it last night," and then he went away and left it. All morning I imagined I could feel rats and mice playing around my feet, and the slightest rustle of paper on the floor set me wild. A young man who worked upstairs came and removed it for me. He took it into the old gentleman's kitchen, behind the store, where he lived alone, and put it on the breakfast table for a centerpiece, then waited behind a door to see him come in. The old man came in, removed the rat, and carefully brushed off the table with a whisk broom, and set his dinner on the bare boards. Imagine such a dinner! At the end of the week, however, my employer paid me, and told me I did not suit, so I was saved the bother of leaving.

Here I was, stranded in a big city at Christmas time, with no work and very little money. My one determination, however, was not to tell at home. So I wrote home glowing accounts of the way I was progressing, and the beauty of the big city, while every night I cried myself to sleep. The shops were very beautiful at that time. They were a perfect fairyland. It was my first experience of the city at holiday time. But I could enjoy nothing. The weary tramp for work kept up day after day, with the same result. Everyone had all the help needed just then, and after the holiday would be laying off a lot of clerks. I tried to get work in some of the picture-enlarging establishments and lithographing houses. Everyone was very kind, but told me I would need to attend a school for a while to get onto the way of doing commercial work.

One day I hopelessly wandered into a large establishment where opal glassware was decorated. On inquiry, I was told, "Yes, they needed help. Would I see the manager?" The manager came, and conducted me away down stairs, along dark passages, down more stairs, and into a small room in a far corner of the building, and told me to try and see what I could do. I always had a great contempt for the kind of painting done "by the yard," but

anything to get work. The manager informed me I would get two cents for each dish decorated. Liberal pay, was it not? When a person got expert, she could make from five to nine dollars a week, so my hopes were high. Then the manager started to tell me about the business. He said he was the best at that kind of work in Canada. He did not profess to be a great artist or teach painting, like those fellows who had studios in the city, but still he quietly intimated that he was a wonder for all. I foolishly thought he was apologizing for the kind of work he turned out, for it seemed to me it needed an apology. So I said, "Oh, I do not expect to find high art here. It is all right, I expect, to go to an art school to get an art education." I was surprised at the result. His face turned white with rage, and he clutched his hands. "By gad! You country people make me sick, with your superior airs. You come here to the city, thinking you know it all. High art, indeed." And he shook his fist in my face. "I would have you know, miss, that I am the best man at this work in Canada, and yet you talk about your high art!" He was standing in front of the closed door, and I pictured myself murdered and everything else horrible I could think of. I was fairly shivering with terror, but managed not to show it too much, and made my way out. That ended opal-glassware decorating for me.

Christmas day came around, and such a dreary day it was. No bright, cheerful wood fires to draw up to, no friends, and everything seemed so desolate. I thought if I could only see some clean snow, it would not be so bad. Everywhere the snow was black and sooty. Where it melted, it ran in blackened slush. Comparison with the country was not favorable to the city then. In the city the buildings were so grim and forbidding. Pure commercialism was the keynote. The people one met on the streets! Such poverty and abject misery! Poor little shivering children hopping about; hollow-eyed women, and feeble old people, whose faces would make one shudder, so much evil seemed to be stamped there.

I went to my boarding-house and threw myself face downwards on the bed, and enjoyed my misery. I thought of home and the long, glistening white road stretching like a silver ribbon over the snow; the cosy farmhouses nestled among the trees, the quiet village street, and not a jarring note in the whole landscape; and, best of all, the faces of the people, so honest and open, most of them, and all so comfortable and cosy.

After a while I pulled myself together, and decided that next day I would settle the work question one way or another. I heard of an artist in the city who sometimes took students to help him in his work to pay for tuition. On applying to him, he said that he had none at the present time, and if my work showed promise, I might come in. On producing some samples of work, he immediately consented to take me if I could pay my board. I decided to pay my board for a while, until the depression following Christmas was

over. There were no other students studying at that time, so I had the immense room all to myself. Such a refuge as it was, after wandering about the streets, homeless, as it were. To be able to look at beautiful pictures and statuary. To sit and draw and dream all day long. It seemed too good to be true. I sometimes would shake myself to see if I were really awake. It was my duty to receive visitors if the artists were out, and such delightful people as came in! So many of the notable men of the city, who came to have portraits painted; clever artists, who did not seem to feel their cleverness in the least, and were just like ordinary mortals. I remember one old gentleman coming in and pointing out a portrait of Lord Roberts. He said that Lord Roberts was a relative of his. Wishing to be polite, I remarked that I had noticed the family resemblance. "But," said the gentleman, "he was related to my wife." He laughed so pleasantly that I forgot to be embarrassed. I was more careful after that of noticing family resemblances. It was so nice to don a dress that some lady had been presented at court in, and sit while the artist painted in the details of the costume. I almost imagined myself at court, too. The models who came in were very interesting, especially the little newsboys. To hear them tell of their lives, was a revelation.

On Sunday it was a never-ending delight to slip into the big churches and listen to the roll of the pipe organ. It was so grand and inspiring. I never tired of it. And the cathedrals, with their stained windows and pictured saints, were a revelation of beauty. I was perfectly content to sit and dream, and watch the people come and go, and weave fancies about them.

But all too soon this came to an end. My money went "done," and I would not ask for any from home, so I had to start out and look for work again. The result was the same as before, until I applied at a big departmental store and secured a place as salesgirl there. I fully intended keeping up my evening study, but when night came I was so tired I could not get to bed quickly enough. How my feet ached with standing, and there was never any time to sit down. The store seemed such an immense machine. If you could not do the work, you were thrown aside. There were plenty more to fill the vacancy.

When I went to work in the store, I had to change my boarding-house to one nearer work; and such a difference as that made. I was not so fortunate as last time. The food was of the poorest, and not enough of it; and when one morning I saw several occupants of the room out for an early promenade on the walls, I was thoroughly disgusted. I was heartily sick of the whole thing, and so tired and hungry. If I only were home again, I would appreciate it more.

One rainy day I got my feet wet, and took a heavy cold, which developed into pneumonia. I was taken to the hospital, where I gradually recovered, and was then ordered home.

I arrived home late one Saturday

night. I had not sent word that I was coming, so it was quite a surprise to my friends when I walked in. How good it was to get back again, and how clean the house was! I could not get over that at all. And to lie in bed upstairs, next the roof, and hear the rain pattering on the shingles! To think I ever thought it commonplace! The sound of the frogs in the evening coming up from the swamp, and the fireflies down in the marsh! The whole world seemed so beautiful and new. Everything was a wonder. I never tired of the white drifts on the cherry or the fragrant apple blooms. It was so nice to lie out in the hammock and simply luxuriate in the beauty of everything. The saucy robins wading through the long grass, and even the dandelions, were such a delight.

Some things in the city were beautiful, and the advantages very grand, and I would dearly love to go back again, if possible to go when and how I wanted. But to think that I got out of it all so gracefully by being sick, and no one need ever know that I was glad I could creep back home, and was just pretty tired of it all! Of course, I am telling you, but you will never tell.

"CARMICHAEL."

What some of the leading papers are saying about it:

Washington, D. C., Star.

English Canada, with its medley of Scotch, English and Irish national traits, modified by pioneer conditions, is a comparatively unexploited field of fiction. "Carmichael" is a realistic picture of such a rural community. It is, in addition, an idyll of simple, sincere living. The heroine, "Peg" Mallory, who tells the story, is, in childhood, the close friend and chosen intimate of Dick Carmichael, with whose father, Henry Carmichael, her own father has a bitter feud. The tragedy that overtakes the Mallorys, the suspicion that attaches itself to Carmichael, the division of the child friends, Margaret's development into a fine, self-contained, right-minded maiden, the dawning of an apparently hopeless romance, the resolution of fears and suspicions, all these Anison North presents vividly, sanely and tenderly. The personages of the tale are undoubtedly studied from life, and the atmosphere of the book is completely realized. An unflinching artistic instinct prevents the realism from being sordid. The closeness to the life of nature of Peggy and all her friends pervades every word of the admirable English in which "Carmichael" is written. Miss Parker's illustrations are charming.—(Washington, D. C., Star, U. S.)

This book will be sent, postpaid, to any subscriber for \$1.25. Address "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

FAULTS IN CONVERSATION.

Dean Swift once said: "There are two faults in conversation which appear very different, yet arise from the same root and are equally blamable. I mean an impatience to interrupt others and the uneasiness of being interrupted ourselves. The two chief ends of conversation are to entertain and improve those we are among or to receive those benefits ourselves, which whoever will consider cannot possibly run into either of those two errors, because when any man speaketh in company it is to be supposed he doth it for his hearers' sake and not his own, so that common discretion will teach us not to force their attention if they are not willing to lend it, nor, on the other side, to interrupt him who is in possession, because that is in the grossest manner to give the preference to our own good sense."

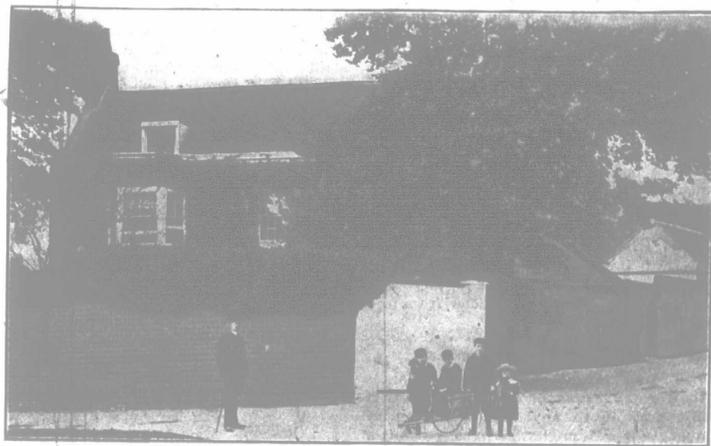
I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.—Holmes.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

WHAT A CANADIAN READER OF "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE" SAYS OF ENGLAND.

Now for another link, which reached me a few days ago from a reader of "The Farmer's Advocate," who has not only spent many months in England, but who has, from fortunate circumstances, been able to turn to account every moment of that time, of which she writes most interestingly. I know she will forgive my quoting from her delightful let-

ter words which tell so much better than I can do how the observant mind of a cultured Canadian can appreciate the beauties of the dear old land. Miss P. writes: "England is lovely, is it not? Since I left Devonshire, to spend Christmas with my cousins in London, I have seen a great deal of the real world—the thinking, controlling part of it. Is there any place in the world like it? By comparison, New York appears to me as a big, overgrown village, and Paris, a modern mansion just spring-cleaned and refurnished; but, among the nooks and crannies, and cubbyholes, Saxon crypts, and Norman arches, of London, one is lost in the history of the ages. There does not seem to be a back yard or street-corner that is not worthy of a monument. "In the garden wall surrounding



Rudyard Kipling's House, Rottingdean.

side of Devonshire, runs thus: "Cohoy Bay, Llandudno, the Menai Straits, Llanfain (Beth Gelert), Shakespeare's home, Warwick, Kenilworth, Coventry, Rugby, Oxford (where Mrs. Gerans, nee English, of London, Ontario, was most kind to her fellow townswoman). "Oh! Oxford won my heart," says enthusiastic Miss P. Her list also contains Ely, Cambridge, Salisbury and Peterborough Cathedrals; Windsor, Eton and Knebworth, that center of unstinted hospitality extended to Canadians by Lord and Lady Strathcona. Of London, she records: "I have seen some of its parks, some of its churches, some of its palaces, some of its museums, some of its galleries, some of its theatres, and, of course, I have travelled around it in some of its trains, its trams, its busses and its tubes; and now I have taken my



House of the late Sir E. Burne-Jones, Rottingdean.

the home of one of my cousins is an arch that was originally a bridge over the Fleet. Over the other side of the wall is still 'Angler's Lane,' where Isaac Walton used to sit in the shade of overhanging trees to meditate. Another cousin's garden is just under the shadow of a Norman tower, where, in modern times, Goldsmith lived, and Charles and Mary Lamb visited. My younger cousins attend school there now, and have wonderful stories of subterranean passages, etc."

My friend then gives a summary of other places, which, lucky woman,

she has been able to visit, mentioning, incidentally, notabilities she has seen. Of the latter, she names the King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Sir Wilfred and Lady Laurier, General Botha, and Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Weld, who are, as our readers know, members of the Weld family, of "Farmer's Advocate" fame. Amongst the places she has explored, with the very keenest interest, are Liverpool and Manchester, of which latter she says, "It makes reading 'The Manchester Man' and 'When it was Dark' doubly interesting." Her list, out-

for description, and, therefore, must be content to enclose some pictures, which will tell their own story, if space can be found for them. Passing "Whipping Post House," the spot upon which the old whipping-post once stood being marked upon the little triangle of green sward in front of it, I found my way to the two very unassuming houses of the late Sir E. Burne-Jones, of artistic fame, and of Rudyard Kipling, his nephew, the well-known author, the latter, however, having given up his tenancy from sheer disgust at his privacy being so frequently invaded by celebrity-hunting tourists. In the churchyard is buried Black, the writer of many excellent novels; and in a quiet nook near the church porch, marked only by a most simple epitaph, but surrounded by well-tended flowers, rests all that is mortal of the celebrated artist, Sir E. Burne-Jones; never did man need less, that another hand should chisel on stone a record of his works. They have passed into history already; but in the interesting old church at Rottingdean are many memorials of his restoring hand, and in the village his name, and that of his widow, who survives him, as the Lady Bountiful of the place he loved, will always be spoken of with gratitude and reverence. H. A. B.

COCOS ISLAND.

Almost every other year one reads among the news items that a new expedition has gone treasure hunting to Cocos Island, but one never hears of the treasure which these vessels have brought back. Another such quest has been undertaken this year, and probably it will meet with the same success as the others, the same disappointment, the same loss of money. Cocos Island has already been dug over in almost every part. Nevertheless, it has never been doubted that treasure is really concealed somewhere about it, the difficulty of finding it hanging only upon the fact that true charts of its location are not available.

It is said to consist of two great hoards, one, a pirate treasure, valued at between six and twelve million pounds sterling; the other, known as the Keating treasure, at about three millions. The former consisted of gold and silver ingots which were, during the palmy days of Mexico and Peru, seized by the Spaniards, and from them in turn by the pirate Don Pedro Benita, who concealed them on Cocos Island. Keating's treasure was also seized by Spaniards in Peru, who placed it, on being driven out of the country, on board the British steamer Mary Dier. The captain and crew of this vessel, Britons though they were, murdered those in charge and also sailed to deposit their ill-gotten pelf on Cocos Island. A Spanish warship hurried after and executed seventeen of the number on the spot, but the Captain of the Dier, who escaped, found his way to Canada, and, before his death, gave over his secret to Captain Keating, of Nova Scotia. Upon two occasions this man visited the island, and each time returned with £2,000 in gold; then he too died, taking his secret with him.

The search on this little island, away out in the Pacific Ocean, has been going on now for nearly eighty years, and only the finding of the treasure will prevent its going on indefinitely.

THE PEACE CONGRESS.

It is a good thing for diplomats and peace men to get together and discuss various plans for promoting peace on earth, but it is well for them to remember that no permanent peace can ever be obtained until the youth and children of the nations are humanely educated, and it will be found that one of the best ways of educating them will be by teaching them to be constantly saying kind words and doing kind acts to the lower races that surround them, and which depend upon their mercy.—Geo. T. Angell, in Our Dumb Animals.

Her husband.—I suppose a woman would have to be quite a philosopher to be indifferent to her appearance. She.—She'd have to be a lunatic.

## The Quiet Hour.

### GUARD YOUR UNSEEN LIFE.

Nothing is secret, that shall not be made manifest; neither anything hid, that shall not be known and come abroad.—S. Luke viii.: 17.

How good it is, . . . to show oneself to few,

To seek for Thee that gazest deep into the heart;

Not to be blown about with any windy word,

But to long that all our inner and our outer course may be fulfilled according to Thy will.

How safe it is, if we would keep God's favor,

To shun the world's "appearances," And not to seek what seems to win approval from without,

But with all carefulness to follow after all that gives zeal to life and betters it.

How many have been hurt when men have got to know their worth and praised them;

How many have been profited by grace in silence kept through this frail life, This life, "all toil and war."

—From "The Imitation of Christ."

It is recorded of Uzziah, king of Judah, that "he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord. . . . he sought God. . . . and God helped him. . . . and his name spread abroad. . . . for he was marvellously helped, till he was strong. But when he was strong, his heart was lifted up to his destruction." Such a sad record if a life, that was so full of rich promise in its beginning. When he was only sixteen, he was the unanimous choice of his people, and he went on from strength to strength, serving God and his people faithfully, and respected even by his enemies. No outside attack could really injure him, and yet his life ended in misery, being shattered from within, wrecked by pride and presumption. He presumed on the kindly favor of God, taking upon himself the office of a priest, and going into the temple to burn incense. He was warned of his danger, but treated the warning with easy scorn, until the swift judgment of God struck him down with the awful plague of leprosy, which rose up in his forehead in plain sight of all. Then, indeed, his pride sank, and he hurried out, a shamed and disgraced man, cut off from the house of the Lord unto the day of his death.

No wonder St. Paul warns us against pride and self-satisfaction: "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." It is very dangerous to feel too safe, too sure that we are above the sins of our neighbors, and can never sink to the low level of the people we are trying—trying for Christ's sake—to uplift. We are so apt to forget that our power is not ours, but God's. When He takes away our breath, we die; not once can we take a breath without His in-breathing; and our spirits are like our bodies, dependent on His spirit for daily and hourly grace and strength—"no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost."

If God has showered on us the outward signs of His favor and blessing, if we, like Uzziah, are rejoicing in the respect of our fellows, let us take warning by his sad fall, and give God the glory. We can only stand firmly by His upholding; and if we presume to think our righteousness can go on triumphantly without His strength, in very mercy He may withdraw the supply of grace and allow us to fall, so that our eyes may be opened, and we may turn to Him again in deep humility.

Now, let us try to find out whether we are in danger, and take measures to strengthen the foundation of our spiritual life. It is useless to look at the outside. All may look fair and strong (as it did in Uzziah's case) just before the crash comes. The acts and words may be irreproachable—to all appearance—winning much praise from all beholders, and yet the soul may not be leaning on its God. Let us be careful lest we try to give out without taking in. It is possible to be very zealous in Christian work, very eager in trying to open the eyes of others, and yet to be slowly shutting the avenues of communication through which needed supplies of God's

strength can enter one's own soul. We cannot be safe if we are neglecting prayer and meditation, cutting ourselves off from communion with God and from listening to His voice in His Holy Word. Our Lord has said that as a branch cannot bear fruit of itself unless the life of the vine has free course through it, so His members must abide in Him and He in them, or they will be fruitless and withered. He has also given us a wonderful sacrament, through which He pours Himself into a hungry soul. How can we grow strong and fruitful if we are disregarding His great means of grace? He has graciously promised: "He that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, dwelleth in Me, and I in him." Can we afford to turn our backs on His promised indwelling?

Let us never forget that our inner life is steadily moulding and forming our outside life. What we think, that we are. It is not without reason that St. Paul advises us to "think" about things that are pure and lovely and of good report. It is the unseen life that is of vital consequence. If that is lived consciously in God's presence, if the heart and spirit are athirst for God, constantly reaching up to Him, then the outside life will soon fall into line. And the unseen life will soon be made manifest openly and outwardly, it cannot be hidden from men very long.

Perhaps you are chafed by the feeling that you want to do great things for the world, and are forced by circumstances into a petty round of trifling duties that don't amount to anything. "Forced by circumstances" might perhaps be better rendered "called by God." It is a glorious privilege to have the most High God choosing our work and position in life for us. It is a wonderful thing to be told by Him to sweep a room or plow a field—the act at once becomes a privilege that angels might covet.

But there is another thing to be considered. Our business in this life is not to perform wonderful things, like Elijah, and go out of this life gloriously in a chariot of fire. Our business is simply to do God's will—His will for us—and to become like Him—to be perfect, even as our Father is perfect. As He is kind, even to the unthankful and to the evil, so must we be—so good actions are a necessary part of our business—but they are the fruit, not the root of life. The root is out of sight, hidden in the secret place of God, drawing strength and life continually from His Heart of Love. Those who would win a high place must seek it in lowliest humility; and, after the high place appears to be secured, the unseen life must still be most carefully guarded—more guarded than ever, for heights are dangerous, and spiritual pride and self-righteousness are sins which were terribly denounced by the sternly gentle Redeemer, being very hateful to God.

If you are to be a polished instrument, to be used by God for His work, then you must not be surprised if you have to wait many years in unnoticed preparation. He polishes and prepares His chosen instruments secretly and carefully. Think of Moses, who needed not only the learning of Egypt, but the uneventful shepherd life of forty years in the wilderness, before he could be fitted for his long-desired work of bringing his brethren out of captivity. Think of Elijah, who, after showing his power with God by bringing, through his prayers, a three years' drought in order to awaken Israel to a sense of sin, was sent by God to spend his days in solitude and enforced idleness beside the brook Cherith. He was not even allowed to work for his living, but had to endure the hard sense of dependence, being fed by ravens day after day. As Meyer says: "The man who is to take a high place before his fellows, must take a low place before his God; and there is no better manner of bringing a man down than by dropping him suddenly out of a sphere to which he was beginning to think himself essential, teaching him that he is not at all necessary to God's plan; and compelling him to consider in the sequestered vale of some Cherith how mixed are his motives, and how insignificant his strength. So the Master dealt with His Apostles. When, on one occasion, they returned to Him, full of themselves, and flushed with success, He quietly said, 'Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place.' We are too strong, too full of self, for God to use us."

Let us trust Him to know the training we need—though it may seem to us that our talents have no chance to be used, that we are forced to rust in inaction or trifling duties. Most of all, let us keep the life that is hidden from sight strong and vigorous. To go on continually giving out to others, without taking in large supplies from the only Giver of all good things, must end in bankruptcy. To live like that is to become an empty shell, a casket without a jewel, a body without a soul. But to live a quiet, uneventful life, with a spirit always drinking in more and more of God's spirit, with eyes attracted ever by His beauty of holiness and hand clasped closely in His, is to be ready for any call to do great things for Him, great service for the world. The call may not come until after death, where the servants of God shall still serve Him, but how sad it would be if that call should find us unprepared, instruments that are too dull and brittle to accomplish the work required of us. Let us think high thoughts and pray without ceasing, as we do our daily work, with the glad consciousness that it is done for God, and in His sight. Then we shall be ready when the call comes—ready for anything.

"Who are these that, linking hand in hand,  
Transmit across the twilight waste of years  
The flying brightness of a kindled hour?  
Not always, nor alone, the lives that search  
How they may snatch a glory out of heaven,  
Or add a height to Babel, oftener they  
That in the still fulfilment of each day's  
Pacific order hold great deeds in leash,  
That in the sober sheath of tranquil tasks  
Hide the attempered blade of high enterprise,  
And leap like lightning to the clap of fate."

HOPE.

### LITTLE THINGS.

A Good-bye kiss is a little thing;  
With your hand on the door to go,  
But it takes the venom out of the sting  
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel frown  
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare  
After the toil of the day;  
And it smooths the furrows plowed by care,  
The lines on the forehead you once called fair  
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind;  
I love you, my dear," each night;  
But it sends a thrill through the heart,  
I feel—

For Love is tender, as Love is blind—  
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for Love's caress,  
We take, but we do not give;  
It seems so easy some soul to bless,  
But we dole the Love grudgingly, less and less,  
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

### THE CHOIR OF THE DAYBREAK.

I sat by my window at daybreak  
As the wildbirds caroled the hour,  
And watched the shades of the night-time  
Droop 'neath the morning's power,  
And as the banners of sunrise  
Flung their colors above the trees,  
The burst of light charmed the bird-notes  
Into sweeter melodies.

The wren, the linnet and robin,  
The oriole, catbird and jay,  
And all the choir of the tree-tops,  
Spirited sang and gay,  
And with notes unknown to mortals,  
With harmonies as grandly fair  
As the soul's unuttered music,  
They piped on the morning air.

O the glory of the morning,  
And the wildbirds' heaven-made song!  
O the good that is created  
To take the place of wrong!  
But the fondest hours of lifetime,  
And the gladder moments e'en,  
Do they teach us always, sweetheart,  
The love of the Great Unseen!

—Homer P. Branch.

## Children's Corner.

[All letters for Children's Corner must be addressed "Cousin Dorothy," 52 Victor Ave., Toronto. Otherwise they will not be published.]

### THE EXPRESS TO SLEEP-TOWN.

I know a little traveller,  
Who every single night  
Starts on a long, long journey  
That lasts till broad daylight.

Her ticket reads, "Sleep-town Express,"  
Stamped, "Papa's Good-night Kiss,"  
And when she pays him with a hug  
He says: "I thank you, Miss."

"Just take the berth marked 'Dreamy Land';  
You mount it by the stairs;  
Make haste, because the train should start  
Soon as you've said your prayers."

"Remember, too, on this express  
Who tightly close your eyes,  
And no one reaches Sleepy Town  
Who talks, or laughs, or cries."

"So when the sandman engineer  
His engine bell has rung,  
The passenger for Sleepy Town  
Must surely hold her tongue."

"Be ready, then, to jump aboard;  
Kiss mother at the gate.  
It's after half-past seven, and  
The train is due at eight."

### RECORD IN SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.

What is believed to be a record attendance at school has been made at Richmond, where Jessie Hobday has attended school every school day without once being late, from the age of 3 to 14. This makes 11 years' perfect attendance, and she has won every award the Education Committee can offer.

She has a silver medal for seven years' attendance, a silver watch and other valuable prizes.—[London Globe.]

### THE BOY WHO QUARRELED WITH HIS CHUM.

The Big Boy was very sweet tempered. You could tell that by looking into his clear gray eyes, and noticing the pleasant curve of his upper lip, which seemed always just about to break into a sunny smile.

Everybody at school liked him—both masters and mates. He could play football and hockey, and he was never known to quarrel, except once—and then it was with his dearest chum!

This was the way it came about. The Big Boy was not clever in class. Sometimes when he stood up to recite his Latin or history lesson, he would send the whole room into shouts of laughter, because of the funny mistakes he made. When this was the case, the Big Boy's chum, who was head of the school, and who knew nearly as much about solid geometry and Greek as the principal himself, never laughed with the others. On the contrary, he would seem to be very much interested in a book. The Big Boy might stammer and stutter, the master might make sarcastic remarks, but somehow the Big Boy's chum did not hear. Yet when the recitation was over, and the class filed back to its grade-room, the Big Boy would often feel a friendly hand on his shoulder, and later in the afternoon, if he wanted to go skating, his chum always wanted to go too.

This was very pleasant. No wonder the Big Boy did not care whether the other fellows laughed or not.

But one day things happened differently. There had been an essay to write. The subject was: "Christopher Columbus and the First Landing on American Soil."

"Hurrah!" cried the Big Boy. "I won't have to look anything up for this! We know old Christopher by heart." And he wrote his essay in half an hour and slipped off to practice in the gymnasium.

Next afternoon when the English class was called, it happened to be the Big Boy's essay that was chosen for reading aloud. This was not because it was the best essay, but just because the

master wished to learn how the Big Boy was getting on with his composition.

Everybody put away books and pencils and sat up to listen. The Big Boy's ears grew red, the way they always did when he was called upon to recite, but for all that he began to read in a clear, loud voice.

He told all about Columbus and the wonderful voyage. He told about the sailors, their fears and quarrels. He told of shifting winds and strange changes in the compass.

"Till, at last," read the Big Boy in a loud, clear voice, "when all these dangers were finally overcome, and a new and wonderful world lay before the eyes of the eager commander, there was one more disappointment. For three days Columbus was prevented from landing by a dead clam."

The English master, who had been listening sleepily at his desk, gave a sudden leap in his chair. The boys sat up, too.

"Read that last sentence over," said the English master, sharply.

The Big Boy looked quite pleased. It was not often that people took so much interest in his essays.

"For three days," he repeated in a loud, clear voice, "Columbus was prevented from landing by a dead clam."

Then it was that the Big Boy's chum disgraced himself. With a sudden snort he threw back his head and laughed, and laughed, and laughed. All the other fellows laughed, too, and even the teacher joined in the merriment.

The Big Boy stood with very red ears and faced him. Of course, he had meant to say that it was a clam that had prevented Columbus from landing. No clam could possibly have done such a thing, alive or dead. The word had slipped out by mistake. They might have known that.

When order was at last restored, and the class dismissed, the Big Boy did not wait for any friendly hand upon his shoulder. Putting on his red sweater and slinging his skates about his neck, he started for the river alone.

It was a perfect afternoon. The ice was sound and smooth as a dancing-floor. The Big Boy struck out with a strong, even swing. He was a beautiful skater, and could cut all kinds of fancy figures, but this afternoon there was nothing of that sort.

On, on the Big Boy went, till his nose was frost-nipped and his feet felt like senseless blocks of stone. It is not much fun to skate alone, especially if one has just quarrelled with one's favorite chum.

So, at last, the Big Boy turned to come back again, and just at the same moment, round a curve in the river bank, there shot a shadowy figure.

"I say," rang a jolly voice, "of course, I oughtn't to have laughed—but that dead clam. You know?"

So the Big Boy threw back his head, and shouted, too. You would have thought it the funniest joke in the world.

Then the figure fell into step, and the Big Boy and his chum skated home shoulder to shoulder. It was not such a bad quarrel, after all.—By Alice C. Haines, in *The Boys*.

SHOULD HOMEWORK BE DONE AWAY WITH?

Affirmative.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have never written to the Children's Corner before, but often thought of it. Having seen the debate, "Should Homework Be Done Away With?" I thought I would write a few lines on it.

I think that homework should by all means be done away with.

First, because, when we go and study all day, I think our brain should have a rest in the evening; and, second, if a mother has only the one girl, I think she should have the evening to help her mother instead of having a lot of homework to do. BLUEBELL.

Colchester, Ont.

Is there no industrious boy or girl to disagree with "Bluebell"? The excuse of being the only girl will not do for very many. What about the others? Shall we allow them to play all the evening? C. D.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am the daughter of a farmer who takes "The Farmer's Advocate," and have been long-

ing for some time to write a letter to the Children's Corner, so now I will take time and do it. I live on a farm, on the fifth concession, Westminster, with my father, mother, brother and sister. My oldest sister is married, and lives next house west of us. I am the youngest of the family. I have about a mile to go to school, and try to go regularly. I intend to try the Entrance this summer. I enjoy reading the Children's Corners in "The Farmer's Advocate," and hope that my letter will help along some. RUTH STEVENS (age 12).

White Oak, Ont.

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

You may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow.

If you listen to all that is said as you go;

You'll be worried and fretted, and kept in a stew—

For meddlesome tongues must have something to do—

And people will talk.

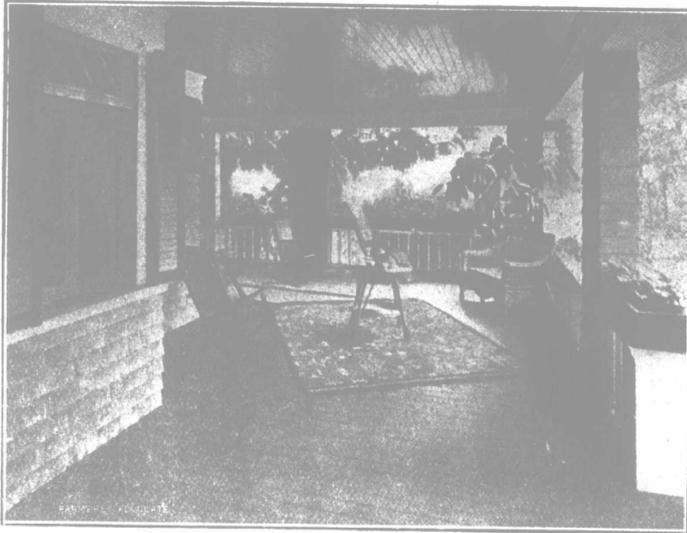
If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed

That your humble position is only assumed—

You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool,

But don't get excited—keep perfectly cool—

For people will talk.



A Spacious Porch Parlor.

And then, if you show the least boldness of heart,

Or a slight inclination to take your own part,

They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain,

But keep straight ahead—don't stop to explain—

For people will talk.

If threadbare your dress, or old-fashioned your hat,

Someone will surely take notice of that,

And hint rather strong you can't pay your way.

But don't get excited, whatever they say—

For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion don't think to escape,

For they criticise then in a different shape:

You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid,

But mind your own business—there's naught to be made—

For people will talk.

Now, the best way to do is to do as you please;

For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease.

Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse;

But don't think to stop them—it ain't any use—

For people will talk.

—From "Our Dumb Animals."

About the House.

PORCH PARLORS.

It is seldom, nowadays, that one sees the old-time veranda, about which the family used to sit all in a row of bright Sabbath evenings—in a row because, forsooth, they could not well sit otherwise. Very shelf-like appendages were these old verandas, and not very conducive to conversation. Moreover, built as they were on three sides of the house, they had a tendency to produce a dim funereal light throughout its lower regions, wholesome enough, perhaps, for the carpet whose aniline colors it was thought advisable to protect, but wholly at variance with modern ideas of bacteria warfare.

The up-to-date veranda, or porch, usually occupies a comparatively small portion of the wall of a house. Most people prefer to put it on the north, or at least in such a position that it will not interfere with the flooding of any room with sunlight, at least for a portion of every day, and usually it has an upper floor, without a roof, or with but an awning.

The ideal porch or veranda is one large enough to permit of the grouping of a company. Most people like to look at one another when they talk, and so grouping is an element in sociability to be by no means despised. Moreover, there should be plenty of room for a tea-table of some kind. The one shown in our illustration is, of course, only

through among them is like tacking against a head wind with a sail-boat.

If there is one petty annoyance more exasperating than another to most people it is having to go out of one's way for no earthly reason, or having to be continually careful about things which should be placed where care should be unnecessary. In order to obviate this difficulty with your veranda flowers, why not arrange them along the top of the railing on a permanent shelf in long boxes made for the purpose? By this plan, you may have nasturtiums to trail outside, geraniums and fuchsias and begonias to grow upward, and nothing at all to trip you up on the floor, or make you think awful things while avoiding doing so.

In short, in planning our porch parlors, let us aim at both beauty and comfort, but let us see to it that these go hand in hand, and that comfort is never sacrificed to meet our idea of what the artistic should be.

IN RASPBERRY TIME.

Canning Red Raspberries.—Fill the sealers with firm fresh fruit, shaking down, not pressing it. Make a syrup of 1 quart water and 3 lbs. sugar, and while this is boiling, put the wash-boiler on the stove with enough cold water in it to reach nearly to the top of the sealers. Place a wooden rack in the boiler to keep the sealers from knocking together, or if you have not a rack, several thicknesses of newspaper, or cloth, placed underneath and between the jars will do. Now set the sealers in, and let all come gradually to a boil, keeping the lids loosely on the sealers. When both water and syrup are boiling, remove, and fill the sealers to the brim with the syrup, and screw on the tops. Set back in the boiler again, cover the boiler, and leave until morning, then put the sealers in the cellar. Raspberries done in this way retain both color and form. A tablespoon of currant juice added to the syrup for each pint can, makes a great improvement.

Raspberry Cake.—Make a layer cake in two thick layers, and split each in two. Pile the four layers thus formed on top of each other, placing a thick layer of mashed and sweetened raspberries between. Pile whipped cream over the top of the cake; sprinkle with whole berries.

Raspberry Cup.—Crush one quart each of raspberries and currants, with a wooden masher. Add 1 pound sugar and a quart of water. Bring slowly to the boiling point, and let boil ten minutes. Strain through a jelly bag, let cool, chill on ice, and serve. A most delicious summer drink.

Raspberry Cream.—One and a half pints berries, 2 tablespoons granulated sugar, 2 tablespoons milk, 1/4 pint cream, 1 tablespoon powdered sugar, 1 ounce gelatine, 1 cup hot milk, 1/4 teaspoon vanilla. Place 1 pint berries in a bowl; add the powdered sugar, and let stand 1 hour, then press through a sieve. Put the gelatine into the cold milk, and soak 1/2 hour, then add the hot milk and the granulated sugar, stir till smooth, then set aside, and, when cold, add to the berries. Whip the cream, and flavor with vanilla, then mix lightly with the berry mixture, pour into a mould, and let stand in a cold place over night. When stiff, turn from the mould, decorate with the remaining half pint berries piled on top, and serve.

Raspberry Sauce for Puddings.—Boil together the peel of one lemon, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup water, for 5 minutes. Mix 2 teaspoons cornstarch with 2 tablespoons water, and add to the boiling water. When cooked, remove the lemon peel; add 1 cup raspberry juice; serve hot or cold.

Raspberry Jam.—To every quart of berries, allow 1 lb. loaf sugar. Put sugar and berries into a pan, and let stand two or three hours. Then boil in a granite kettle, skimming frequently. When no more scum rises, mash the berries, and boil to a smooth marmalade.

Strawberry or Raspberry and Rhubarb Jam.—One pound cut rhubarb to 1 quart berries, and 1 1/2 lbs. sugar. Boil slowly in an agate kettle, and, when it will jelly thinly, it is done.

Raspberry Vinegar.—One and a half pints vinegar, 1 quart berries. Bruise the fruit. Pour the vinegar over, let stand three days, then strain through a jelly bag. To each pint of juice, add 1/2 lb. sugar. Let come to the boiling point, and boil three minutes. Strain through muslin, and when cold, bottle.

## The Ingle Nook.

### FASHIONS FOR THE "ADVOCATE"

I have an announcement this week which will, doubtlessly, please a great many of the Chatterers very much, viz.: that we are to publish fashions in "The Farmer's Advocate" from this time forth—not, perhaps, every week, but sufficiently often to meet all the demands of our home dressmakers. And not only will we publish the fashions—we will also supply the patterns for them at the low rate of ten cents per pattern.

It goes without saying that every truly womanly woman likes to be neatly, tastefully and becomingly dressed, and enough in the fashion to escape feeling odd and noticeable when she goes out among other people. It goes without saying, also, that every man who is worthy of a wife and daughters likes to see them look just as pretty as possible.

And looking so does not depend by any means on a great deal of extra expense. It does depend, though, on good taste in the choice of material, and, above all things, upon the fashion, fit and finish with which it is "made up." Yesterday morning on the street I saw two young girls walking, the one directly behind the other. The first had on a blue and white cotton gown, mostly white, with a stripe in varying width of the blue. It was very simply made, just a Peter Pan suit, with elbow sleeves and collar and cuffs of blue linen; and with it she wore a simple white hat trimmed with a band of ribbon and a big navy quill. The other girl wore slippers with very high French heels, a drab silk skirt, brown velvet jacket, and tan-colored hat, much betrimmed with cerise roses. Evidently the second girl's outfit cost three times that of the first, yet she just looked a frump in it, while the other looked what she evidently was, a lady. One could imagine her travelling in a trim travelling suit, or at a party in a filmy fluffy gown—always in perfect taste and in perfect suitability to the occasion.

And now don't you think this new department should help to simplify this whole problem of dressing for us? Armed with a good pattern and a little experience, there is nothing to prevent any woman who has the time from making her own clothes, and so having them to her liking at next to no expense at all, at least so far as the making goes. I know girls and girls in this city who make everything they wear except their tailored suits, and who look just as well as those who pay dressmakers for every stitch. One of them—a very stylish-looking girl, too—has just made every bit of her wedding outfit, except, of course, her suit, and it is a credit to her.

Still another little lady, who usually does her own sewing, had a dressmaker in last week to make a muslin gown. The dressmaker pattered over it for three days (at a dollar a day), and after she left the little lady ripped about half of the work out and did it over again. She vows now that she has seen the last of dressmakers. . . . Of course, all this applies to ordinary dressmakers. First-class ones are to be trusted, but their prices are also likely to be first-class.

It is, perhaps, wise for the amateur to begin on something easy, perhaps a gored apron, or a simple shirtwaist, something which will do to practice on, and which will be no great loss if not entirely satisfactory. Then when this is mastered something harder may be attempted. Of course, the absolute novice may need some instruction, but there are few farm girls who do not know enough of hemming, felling, etc., to be able to go on with the patterns without much difficulty.

Just a word more: If any of you are too far out of town to know just what materials are being shown I shall be glad to help you. I do not pretend, of course, that my taste is perfect, but I am every day where I can see things and find out what are the latest and best materials for different purposes, and it will be no trouble at all to make enquiries. I have lived in the country myself, and have known just how hard it was to know, sometimes, just what to ask for when shopping.

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

### "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE" FASHIONS.

ber, 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.



6867.—Ladies' Shirtwaist, 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust.  
6868.—Ladies' 7-gored, Pleated Skirt, 7 sizes, 20 to 32 inches.



6879.—Ladies' Apron and Sunbonnet, 3 sizes, small, medium and large.



6843.—Ladies' Shirtwaist, 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust.



4172.—Child's Box-pleated Dress, 7 sizes, 4 to 6 years.

The above patterns will be sent to any subscriber at the very low price of ten cents per pattern. Order by num-

As we go along from day to day,  
What comfort there is in knowing,  
Though clouded at times may be our way,  
That each cloud has a silver lining;  
For there is never a day so dreary  
That God cannot make it bright,  
And unto the soul that trusts in Him,  
He will make their hearts so light.

What a comfort to have Jesus always with us, and know He careth for us.

Well, it is June camp time, and I am feeling a bit lonely, for the house seems quiet without my boy. I miss him everywhere, and I hope he is safe on the tented field. Those of you who have only one spared to you will know how I miss him. He is so kind. Helponabit, I hope you have some girls left after losing your son. I feel as if I ought to know you. It was loving of you to offer me such a cosy time, and how glad I would have been could I have been there, as not many pleasures come, being shut in year after year, and not old at all. I was glad you got a new house; we did not yet. Your story was very interesting to me. I did enjoy it.

Well, there is not much left for me to give to help anyone, but here is an idea of my own, which has been a great comfort to me. With high instep and one-strap slippers the strap would not button, so I cut the strap in the middle and made a hole near each end, and put a nice black ribbon through each one, and tied it in a dainty bow.

Well, there have been so many nice chats of late I hesitated about writing, but felt I should to thank all, and also dear Dame Durden. She has helped and cheered me many times. Also dear Hope. May each and all just keep on helping others along as you have done, and if I write too long forgive me. If you were not kind I wouldn't need to write, so it takes longer space in thanks. I trust the other invalids are quite better again before this. Your shut-in friend,

A LANKSHIRE LASS,  
Wellington Co., Ont.

### HEAT-MAKING FOODS.

During the warm season the question is often asked, "Which of the foods are the most heating?" In answering the inquiry, the best way is to give the names of those foods which contain the greatest amount of carbon, the element of food that gives it its heating properties. If properly digested and assimilated, the food richest in carbon produces the greatest amount of heat.

Olive oil heads the list of heat-producing foods, being 98 per cent. carbon. Next in order is fresh butter, 83%. Bacon is 71%; chocolate, 58%; Roquefort cheese, 44%; dried peas, 44%; beans, 42%; rye flour, 41%; winter barley, 40%. Buckwheat, rice, oatmeal and corn meal vary from 30% to 32%; salt fish from 20% to 24%. These are the most carbonaceous foods ordinarily in use, and constitute a fairly good list of heating foods. It would be well to keep this list in view during the warm season, and avoid the foods which produce heat. We might substitute fruit, green vegetables, squash, tomatoes, cauliflower, corn, green peas, radish, lettuce and cabbage.

Water plays a most important part in our summer diet. We should drink freely of pure cold water.

Every dinner should contain at least one vegetable, followed by a salad or dessert of raw fruit. During the sultry weather the "ideal" summer diet is uncooked food, fruit and vegetables. Aim at simplicity.

MARION DALLAS.

### PAY ATTENTION.

At a little school in the North of Scotland the master keeps his boys steadily at their task, but allows them to sometimes nibble from their lunch-baskets as they work. One day, as he was instructing the class in arithmetic, he noticed that one of his pupils was paying more attention to a small tart than to his lesson. "Tom Bain," said he, "pay attention, will ye?" "I'm listening, sir," said the boy. "Listening, are ye?" exclaimed the master. "Then ye're listening wi' one ear an' eating tart wi' the other!"

### Chocolate Pie.

Dear Dame Durden,—Here comes another chatterbox to you in search of help. I enjoy reading the Ingle Nook very much, as it is the first thing I look for when the ever-welcome "Farmer's Advocate" arrives. All who read "The Farmer's Advocate" ought to be greatly benefited. Another part of the Home Magazine I find very interesting is the Quiet Hour. I often wish that Hope would take up the topic for our Young People's Society. I think a great many of us would get some good views on the topics.

I have tried some of the recipes given, and found them "real" good. Some time ago there was quite a discussion on chocolate pie. Well, I will send my recipe, and I hope someone will try it and report their success. Can any of the readers, or, perhaps, Dame Durden, give a cure for ingrowing toe nails? What has become of Blue Bell, and Lizzie, of Huron Co.?

Chocolate Pie.—Take yolk of 1 egg, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of granulated sugar, a small teaspoon of butter, and 1 cup of sweet milk. Let these heat on the stove. Dissolve 2 dessertspoonfuls of cornstarch in a little milk, and when the mixture is hot stir in the cornstarch and keep stirring until cooked. While it is hot add 1 tablespoon of grated chocolate, or enough to make it a rich brown, and pour all into a paste which has been previously baked. Beat the white of the egg to a stiff froth, add 2 tablespoons of granulated sugar, and spread on top; if preferred, sprinkle with coconut. Place in oven and brown slightly.

Huron Co., Ont. APPLE BLOSSOM.

For ingrowing toe nails, trim the nails straight across; do not curve at the corners. Take a piece of glass or a knife, and with the edge of it scrape the nail on top to make it thinner. This, it is said, will have a tendency to draw the nails up at the edges. Does anyone know of another cure?

### Burling Wood.

"An Enquirer" asks how to "burl" wood. Also what is contained in the mixture put on to burl after the coat of paint is applied. I have been trying for two weeks to find an answer to this question. The hardware men knew nothing of it; neither did the grainers whom I consulted—at least they did not know it under that name. Had the question been how to "burn" or pyrograph wood, I could have answered it to a T. Perhaps some other Chatterer knows about the burling.

### A Letter from Lankshire Lass.

Dear Dame Durden,—It seems quite a while since I wrote to the Ingle Nook, and perhaps some of you will be wondering what has become of me. Well, I am here yet, just in the same old way. I wish to thank one and all of you for all your kind wishes to me. You don't know how much I appreciated your kindness in many ways, but it is very hard for me to write, and takes many efforts to do so, or I should have acknowledged it before. "The Farmer's Advocate" has been a great pleasure to me, and more especially the Nook.

What a cosy place it is, to be sure, when all can enjoy a friendly chat! Yes, I've found many new and loving friends in the circle, and had many pleasant surprises in loving letters and other favors from the writers who kindly hunted me up. Juanetta, too, was thinking of me. Your idea of a valentine I do not quite understand. I think it would be cute. I got many dainty ones. How many seem to think of me, and how grateful I feel to anyone who is kind. We shut-in ones get a bit lonely sometimes, no matter how brave we try to be, and no hope of any better on earth for us; but we know if we weary with the trials and severe heat and cold, why the rest will be the sweeter to us in the sweet by and bye, and what joy will be mine when His face I behold! This verse came to me, and did comfort me so; I'll pass it on, hoping to cheer another:

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.

When Paul Andronevitch Vronowski returned to Russia after a long sojourn abroad, he threw himself into the question of reform with a vigor and enthusiasm that allowed but a small margin for the exigencies of those in authority. Therefore, it was not surprising that the Governor, a harsh-featured, irascible old general, wholly absorbed by the idea of his own importance, should resent his attitude, and endeavor to restore harmony and peace in the government over which he ruled, by seeking to remove the youthful perpetrator of the disturbances.

A sudden police raid on his house at the dead of night, when Vronowski should have been sleeping placidly in his bed, ignorant of the danger that menaced him, resulted in nothing but the finding of a brief, unsigned note in a woman's fine, almost undecipherable handwriting, evidently dropped by the fugitive in the hurry of departure, which revealed the fact that someone had betrayed the Governor's secret and warned Paul Andronevitch, just in time, of his danger.

There was only one person in the whole government, however, who could have enlightened him as to the betrayer of his secret, and she was his own daughter, Vera Ivanovna Esteletski, a slight, pale-faced girl with large, pensive eyes and an air of gentle timidity. On several occasions, unknown to anyone, she had met Vronowski while driving across the steppe, and there was something in his handsome face and vigorous personality that had instantly produced a strong influence on her.

Once he had come to her assistance when her sledge had sunk into a snow-drift, and helped the driver to extricate the struggling horses. Few words passed between them, and those few were forgotten all too soon by the one, but the other had lain awake the greater part of that night, living over again those few brief moments.

She was fully cognizant of the danger when she resolved to warn Paul Andronevitch of her father's intentions, but her timidity was wholly submerged by the thought of Vronowski's peril. At lunch-time she had remained impassive when the general had declared vehemently that he would rather discover the woman who had betrayed him than the fugitive himself.

But when the meal was over her courage waned; she felt she could not face her father again, knowing how she had deceived him, and quitting the room hastily, she donned her thick furs and stole out into the gardens that stretched behind the palace.

With head bent to meet the blast that came surging over the snowbound steppe, Vera walked slowly to the end of the garden, then paused. Close to the high stone wall that separated the grounds from the open country was a small datcha (wooden house), which had formerly been occupied by an old nurse of the family, and which the Governor had converted into a little summer retreat for his only daughter. The datcha looked cold and desolate among the snowdrifts, and hence it was usually locked up at that season and seldom visited.

That day, moved by a sudden impulse, she drew out the key and threw open the door. She was about to enter the inner room when its door opened noiselessly, and a tall figure stood out abruptly.

The girl paused, her hand to her throat as if to arrest a cry of alarm. One glance sufficed to tell her that this was no ghostly visitant, but a tall broad-shouldered man with fair hair and piercing gray eyes that were quick and kind, eyes that had once on a time smiled into hers as their owner had stooped with ready courtesy to brush the clinging snow from her furs. There was no smile in them now as they met hers, but she was quick and glad to note that there was no fear in them either, only surprise, and a shade, perhaps, of something akin to disappointment, which vanished, too, as Paul Andronevitch Vronowski advanced into the room and bowed.

"Mademoiselle Esteletski," he said, coolly, "I suppose I ought to apologize for my intrusion; but, believe me, when I sought the shelter of your roof last night I had no option, as my pursuers were already close on my heels. I knew no one would dream of searching for me in the Governor's gardens, so I vaulted the

wall and made my way in through the window at the back. Had you not discovered my whereabouts I should have taken my departure to-night, and endeavored to escape across the frontier on foot. But now I have nothing to do but to yield myself your prisoner."

Still Vera did not speak. With one hand clutching her heavy coat, she stood motionless, gazing fixedly in front of her. In a flash there rose before her mental vision two pictures; the one represented the man who stood before her driven into exile, the other depicted her father overwhelmed by the tidings of his daughter's treachery.

Whom should she betray? Vronowski, who had no claim on her, or her father, who trusted her implicitly? She felt that if she gave Paul Andronevitch his liberty she could never return home and meet her father again; and if she betrayed him, if she summoned help, what then? And suddenly she remembered the way in which Vronowski had smiled the day he came to her assistance on the steppe, the touch of his hand as he brushed the snow off her coat, and instantly she became acutely conscious of his presence, his handsome face, his keen gray eyes that she knew were watching her, and forgot all else.

Fate had placed him in her hands. He was innocent, she knew, and, therefore, it was her duty to protect him whatever befell. Her breath came in little gasps, but she was conscious of an immense relief at her own decision.

Vronowski looked at the girl sharply. He saw that she was agitated, perhaps afraid, and felt sorry for her.

"I assure you there is nothing to be nervous of," he said, kindly. "See, I am unarmed," and he spread out his hands for her to examine as a proof of his defencelessness, and laughed lightly. "I shall make no resistance whatever," he continued, "and you shall have the satisfaction of handing over such a notorious anarchist as myself to the Governor with your own hands."

For the first time Vera lifted her head and met his gaze. "I am not afraid of you," she said, laconically, and paused.

Vronowski raised his eyebrows in surprise. He leaned his back against the door and studied her attentively. She was not pretty, he had noticed that the day he met her on the steppe, but there was something distinctly attractive about her, nevertheless. She had splendid eyes, he remembered that, too, although she kept them so persistently averted from his face at the present moment.

Then, in a flash, he recalled the letter he had received, and looked at her with a new interest. Was it possible that she had written it? He could not forget the intonation of her voice when she had declared that she was not afraid of him. He tried to put aside the thought as improbable, but it repeated itself with strange persistency. "Poor little thing," he muttered to himself, and then a wave of infinite compassion swept over him.

"Vera Ivanovna," he said, gently, and noted how she started at the sound of her name, and how the tell-tale blood rushed to her pale cheeks. "I know this is a difficult matter for you or any young girl to decide. But, believe me, every moment you delay in announcing my presence here jeopardizes your fair name. Even if your generosity should prompt you to hesitate in handing me over to justice, it is your duty to do so as the Governor's daughter."

The girl looked up quickly; her pale face seemed still paler in the gloom, and her great dark eyes were blazing with suppressed emotion. "Ah," she cried, "is it any woman's duty to send an innocent man into exile, in order to preserve her own good name?"

"It is yours," said Vronowski, "as you are the Governor's daughter."

"I know," said the girl. "I know my duty, and I will perform it whatever happens. Remain where you are as long as you like, and I shall take care that no one shall find out your hiding-place." She swept her furs about her as she spoke, and turned as if to go, but Vronowski intercepted her.

"Vera Ivanovna," he said in a low, tense voice, "are you aware of the penalty you incur by such an act?"

"I am," she replied.

"And you would incur it for me—a stranger?"

"I would incur it for any stranger

whom I knew to be the victim of injustice," she answered, proudly.

Paul Andronevitch took her little, cold, gloved hand in his, and drew it gently to his lips. "You are a brave girl," he murmured, hoarsely, "and I thank you for your generosity, but I cannot accept liberty at such a price. I shall deliver myself up immediately."

"You cannot, you must not," the girl cried in sudden alarm. "My father is a hard man, you would be condemned and exiled for life."

"Which fate you are willing to incur for my sake," he said. She lifted her eyes to his, and for one moment their gaze met. It was but a brief instant, but it sufficed for both.

"You wrote that letter?" he said, thickly.

"I did," she answered.

There was a silence, during which Vronowski forgot to loosen his hold of her hand, forgot everything in the knowledge that she was willing and glad to risk all for his sake.

All at once Vera started. Her quick ear had caught the sound of advancing footsteps, and her quicker brain had devised a plan to compel him to accept his liberty at her hands. She rushed across the room and out through the open door, which she allowed to swing heavily to behind her.

"Ah! Verochka," said the Governor, who, in astrachan cap and great military coat, was advancing leisurely down the walk accompanied by the chief of police. "Captain Popoff was just asking my permission to search your little datcha, as it is rumored that the anarchist Vronowski was last seen in this locality."

For a moment Vera was silent. Then she lifted her head proudly. "There is no need to search there," she said, calmly, but in a voice loud enough to be clearly audible to the solitary occupant of the datcha. "I have just been all over it."

"Ah, slavo bog!" (thank goodness) said the Governor in a relieved tone of voice. "I knew the scoundrel would not dare hide himself beneath my very roof of all places."

And turning he offered his arm to his daughter to conduct her back to the palace and dismissed the chief of police.

The following morning Vera hastened down to the datcha, and in fear and trembling unlocked the door and entered. The place was deserted. If Vronowski had been able to escape detection, he must now be safe across the frontier. She retraced her steps slowly to the palace. Now that the hour of confession was at hand, her steps slowly to the palace. Now that the hour of confession was at hand her courage failed her, and she paled at the thought of her father's wrath.

The general was reading despatches, but he turned at the sound of his daughter's step and stretched out his arm to draw her to his side. But the girl evaded his grasp, and in a few words told him how she had betrayed him. The general listened in silence, and when she had finished he put his arm about her tenderly.

"Dushenka" (little one), he said, and his voice quivered with emotion. "I recognized your handwriting the moment that letter was handed to me, but remained silent, wondering whether you would conceal your action from me. Had you done so, I would not have spared you, but now I know that I have a daughter who is not only brave, but honorable, and I am proud of her." And he kissed her tenderly on the brow.

Ten years later Vronowski was granted a free pardon and permitted to return to Russia once more. The new Governor of Oliguino saw nothing in the quiet man who had taken up his residence on the outskirts of the town to occasion his alarm. He knew him to be wealthy and of unimpeachable origin, and he considered it expedient to invite the newcomer to one of his little dinner parties. It was a very select entertainment, and among the guests was a lady dressed in deep mourning, with soft hair and great dark, pensive eyes. There was no need of any introduction, for Vronowski knew her immediately.

"Vera," he said, softly, as he took a seat at her side, "many years ago you gave me my liberty, but at the same time you took my heart prisoner. Will you render it back to me now?"

And raising her eyes fearlessly to his she answered, gently, "Paul, will you not take mine instead?"—F. L. Morgan, in M. A. P.

Current Events.

Canada's trade with Japan during the last year increased by about half a million dollars.

It is rumored that a commercial treaty between France and Canada will be signed before long.

Great Britain is endeavoring to secure a modification of last year's arrangement in regard to the Newfoundland fisheries.

The Liberals of Quebec will celebrate the return of Sir Wilfrid Laurier from Europe by a monster demonstration on July 19th.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has been served with a subpoena requiring his presence at court in the Standard-oil investigation in Chicago.

The C. P. R. will construct fifty giant locomotives, larger than any ever built in Canada before, for use on the B. C. division of the line.

A new British law, providing that employers must be liable for all accidents to employees earning not more than \$1,250 per annum, has been put in force.

Thirty designs for the new Government departmental building, to be erected in Ottawa, opposite Major Hill Park, have been submitted to the examining committee. The prizes range from \$1,000 to \$8,000.

President Cabrero has ordered the arrest of 160 prominent Guatemalans on the charge of complicity in a plot to assassinate him. Several have already been condemned to death, and the occurrence has aroused much indignation throughout the provinces, where it is asserted that the charge was merely trumped up for political reasons.

Kaid Sir Henry Maclean, a Scotchman, in command of the army of the Sultan of Morocco, has been captured by Raisuli, the bandit chief. Raisuli has sent a messenger to the Sultan announcing that he will liberate Maclean on condition that the Sultan will grant Raisuli pardon, reconstruct his house at Zinat, pay an indemnity of about \$200,000, and reappoint him as Governor of Tangier and Commander of Police.

At The Hague Conference, Mr. Joseph Choate made a speech in favor of exemption of mercantile ships from seizure in time of war. M. Nelidoff replied that if this were adopted one of the principal deterrents of war would be removed, since any nation having a large mercantile marine would hesitate long before risking destruction of her commerce. The sub-committees at the Conference have now all settled to work, and many propositions are being submitted for future consideration.

At a Dominion Day dinner in London, presided over by Lord Strathcona, Sir Wilfrid Laurier again pressed home the importance of a fast, all-red commercial line between the various parts of the British Empire. This proposal, which is, upon the whole, meeting with more favor than Joseph Chamberlain's campaign for Imperial Preference as an Empire-uniter, is of especial interest to Canada, since, if such a line were established, Canada would lie directly on the great highway of one of the most comprehensive commercial routes in the world.

LITTLE THINGS THAT MEAN  
GOOD TABLE MANNERS:

Never take your seat until the lady of the house is seated.

Never lounge on the table with your elbows, nor tip backwards in your chair.

Never play with your knives, forks or glasses, but cultivate repose at the table. It is an aid to digestion.

Never tuck your napkin into your vest, yoke or collar. It is unfolded once and laid across the knees without a flourish. After the meal, at a restaurant or formal dinner, lay it unfolded at your place. If you are a time guest in the household, and will remain another meal, you may fold the napkin in the original creases.

Never put the end of a spoon into your mouth, sip everything from the side of the spoon, and do this noiselessly.

Never put your knife in your mouth, nor use a spoon when a fork will serve.

Never hold your knife and fork up in the air when your host is serving you afresh. Lay them on one side of the plate when you send it to the host by servant or your neighbor at table.

Never leave your spoon in coffee or tea cup. Lay it on the saucer.

Never cool food by blowing upon it. Wait until it becomes cool enough to eat.

Never take a second helping at a large and formal dinner. You will find yourself eating alone.

Never make yourself conspicuous in any way by aiding the host or hostess in serving, unless especially asked to do so, or in passing dishes when servants are provided for that purpose.

Never push back your plate and finger crumbs at the conclusion of the meal. It indicates undue haste.

Remember that:

Large pieces of bread or cracker are broken into smaller pieces before buttered and carried to the mouth.

Cake may be broken and eaten like bread or crackers, or it may be eaten with a fork.

Celery, olives, radishes, salted nuts, bonbons, preserved ginger and other trifles are eaten from the fingers, but berries, melons and grapefruit must be eaten with a spoon. Orange juice may be pressed out with a spoon. Bananas are generally eaten with a fork. Peaches, apples and pears are peeled, quartered and cut into small pieces, and then picked up with the fingers.

Grapes and small plums are eaten from the fingers, and the stones or skins taken into the hand and carried to the plate, never dropped from the lips. Prune seeds are best pressed out with a spoon before the fruit is eaten, and then laid to one side on the plate.

The tender asparagus tips must be cut off with a fork, and the remainder of the stalk goes to waste.

Bones of fowl, game or chops must not be taken in the fingers, but green corn may be eaten that way.

Artichokes, source of much grief to the inexperienced diner, if served hot or cold with sauce, must be broken apart, leaf by leaf, and tip dipped in the sauce, and eaten from the fingers. The heart is cut up and eaten with a fork.

Finger-bowls are provided merely to moisten the finger tips, not for a general hand-washing.

Your host who inquires what portion of poultry or game, rare meat or well done, you prefer, will thank you for a definite answer. If you really have no preference, say so definitely. Do not enumerate various cuts that appeal to you.—[Exchange.

## THE TWO COINS.

Ben Adam had a golden coin one day,  
Which he put out at interest with a Jew;

Year after year awaiting him it lay,  
Until the doubled coin two pieces grew;  
And these two four—so on, till people said,  
"How rich Ben Adam is!" and bowed the servile head.

Ben Selim had a golden coin that day,  
Which to a stranger, asking alms, he gave.

Who went rejoicing on his unknown way,  
Ben Selim died, too poor to own a grave;

But when his soul reached heaven, angels with pride  
Showed him the wealth to which his coin had multiplied!

—Angelus.

## MARJORIE'S ALMANAC.

Robins in the tree-top,  
Blossoms in the grass,  
Green things a-growing  
Everywhere you pass;  
Sudden little breezes,  
Showers of silver dew,  
Black bough and bent twig  
Budding out anew;  
Pine tree and willow tree,  
Fringed elm and larch—  
Don't you think that May-time's  
Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard  
Mellowing one by one;  
Strawberries upturning  
Soft cheeks to the sun;  
Roses faint with sweetness,  
Lillies fair of face,  
Drowsy scents and murmurs  
Haunting every place;  
Lengths of golden sunshine,  
Moonlight bright as day—  
Don't you think that summer's  
Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the cornpatch  
Whistling Negro songs;  
Pussy by the hearthside  
Romping with the tongs;  
Chestnuts in the ashes  
Bursting through the rind;  
Red leaf and yellow leaf  
Rustling down the wind;  
Mother "doin' peaches"  
All the afternoon—  
Don't you think that autumn's  
Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snowflakes  
Dancing in the flue;  
Old Mr. Santa Claus,  
What is keeping you?  
Twilight and firelight  
Shadows come and go;  
Merry chime of sleigh bells  
Tinkling through the snow;  
Mother knitting stockings  
(Pussy's got the ball)—  
Don't you think that Winter's  
Pleasanter than Fall?

—T. B. Aldrich.

## HOPE ON.

There was never a day so misty and gray

That the blue was not somewhere above it;

There is never a mountain top ever so bleak,

That some little flower does not love it.

There was never a night so dreary and dark

That the stars were not somewhere shining;

There is never a cloud so heavy and black

That it has not a silvery lining.

There is never a waiting-time, weary and long,

That will not sometime have an ending;  
The most beautiful part of the landscape is where

The sunshine and shadows are blending.

Into every life some shadows will fall,

But Heaven sends the sunshine of love;  
Through the rifts in the clouds we may, if we will,

See the beautiful blue above.

Then let us hope on though the way be long

And the darkness be gathering fast;  
For the turn in the road is a little way on

Where the home-lights will greet us at last.

—D. Wooster.

## HOW TO BE HAPPY, THO' SINGLE.

Not long ago a young lady of Macon, Ga., visited the home of her fiancée in New Orleans. On her return home, an old colored woman, long in the service of the family, asked:

"Honey, when is you goin' to git married?"

The engagement not having been announced, the Macon girl smilingly replied: "Indeed, I can't say, auntie. Perhaps I shall never marry."

The old woman's jaw fell. "Ain't dat a pity, now!" she said. "But, after all, missy, dey do say dat ole maids is the happiest critters there is, once dey quits strugglin'."

## ALL: SAVE ONE.

The lady rode in her coach of state,  
As the air grew chill and the day grew late.

But she felt no longing to turn and go  
To her own hearthstone with its royal glow.

For though it was warm, and rich and fair,

There was never a child to greet her there.

What treasures had she in that princely home;

There were silks from Paris, and busts from Rome,

Pictures from Paris and London town,  
Books and books, upstairs and down,

Strange quaint things from the curious East,

But never a child to share the feast.

In the lady's mind was a goodly store  
Of wit, and learning, and culture more.

She had sailed to the East, and sailed to the West,

She had seen all the things that are rarest and best;

And many a wondrous tale she knew,  
But she had no child to tell them to.

And deep in the lady's heart there lay  
Such power of loving and giving, they say,

Such fancy for feeling her warm arms close

Round a slim little form, with cheeks of rose,

Such wealth of love had this lady true,  
But never a child to give it to.

Oh! women who fret at the ills of life,  
The rounds of duty, the small, small strife

Of daily living, with children's needs  
Drawing you back from prouder deeds—  
Think of yourselves bereft and lone,  
For love, ambition; for bread, a stone.

—Louise Morgan Sill, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

## WHO OWNS THE FARM?

By Kate M. Post.

We bought the house and the apple trees,

And the spring where the cresses grew,  
The old stone wall and the slope of grass  
All studded with violets blue.

We bought and paid for them honestly,  
In the usual business way;

'Twas settled, we thought, yet there are some

Who dispute our title each day.

A phœbe came to the eastern porch,  
Where I loitered one sunny day,  
And told me that porch was hers, not mine,

Just as plainly as bird could say.

That she didn't want me prying there  
Into all her family affairs,  
And asked me by pert little gestures,  
If I had no family cares.

The vireo perched high above me,  
In the great branching apple tree,  
And said, "I am here, I'm here, I'm here,"

As though 'twere important to me.

And then he most saucily asked me,  
"Who are you?" in such an odd way  
That I felt quite like an intruder,  
And I hadn't a word to say.

A pair of robins have made their home  
In that very same apple tree,  
And they plainly tell me every day  
That they don't care a straw for me.

And a pair of chippies think the limbs  
Are exactly the proper height;  
They've been looking round some time,  
I know,

For a suitable building site.

What right have we in this place, think you,

When the crows make free with our corn,

And the brown thrush says, "good-bye" each night,

And the blue jay calls us at morn?

The chimney belongs to the swallows,  
The piazza's owned by the wren.

We'll take care to see our title's clear,  
When we purchase a farm again.

## A WORD TO THE GIRLS.

Girls in the country sometimes grow tired of the quiet routine of farm work and long for the excitement and attractions of city life. But life in the city is not the public holiday it seems to the girls on their occasional visits to town. Believe me when I tell you that working girls in the city have an infinitely more monotonous existence than the country girls ever dreamed of. You get up early and work hard, it is true, but the picnics you attend in summer and the sleigh rides and parties that enliven your winter give you social recreation and change, while there is always the keenest enjoyment for those who know how to read mother nature's book.

Think of spending every working day in a dingy office, writing and figuring constantly, with but half a day's vacation in three years, as one girl I know of has done! Think of spending all the hot, dusty summer days at a sewing machine in a factory with the ceaseless clatter of hundreds of other machines all about you! Think of walking two miles to work, standing behind a counter all day, forced to smile and smile, though you feel as a villain ought to feel, and walking home again at night. All these things thousands of girls in the city do.

One girl I know stands and irons ready-made shirtwaists all day, week in and week out. What is the variety of her life? How would you like to exchange your duties with them? Do you not think it would be a welcome relief to them to milk in the cool of the morning, churn, bake and sweep before the hottest part of the day, peel the potatoes for dinner out under the shade of a tree, and, after dinner is over, to sit out in the cool and shady yard, or rest in a hammock, or take a canter on the pony, or in the fall go to the woods in search of nuts, and at night lie down and breathe the sweet-scented air of the country instead of the sewer smells and effluvia of dirty alleys?

How would you like to pay out of your scant earnings for every specked apple or withered peach you ate? Why, if you lived in the city, you would pay for fruit that you will not pick up from the ground now. How would you like the every-present possibility of losing your "job," and having your income cut off for a time, with no money to pay the expenses that always accumulate so fast? Think of all these things before you give up the quiet and peaceful life of the country with the certainty of a comfortable home, even if you do not have ice cream and fried chicken every day. To make the best of what you have is better than to rush into evils that you know not of.—Angelus, in Onward.

## IN THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

Such beautiful things in the heart of the woods!

Flowers and ferns, and the soft green moss!

Such love of the birds, in the solitudes  
Where the swift wings glance and the tree-tops toss;

Spaces of silence, swept with song  
Which nobody hears but the God above;

Spaces where myriad creatures throng,  
Sunning themselves in his guarding love.

Such safety and peace in the heart of the woods,

Far from the city's dust and din,  
Where passion nor hate nor man intrude,  
Nor fashion nor folly has entered in.

Deeper than the hunter's trail hath gone,  
Glimmers the tarn where the wild deer drink;

And fearless and free comes the gentle fawn

To look at herself o'er the grassy brink.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Winnie had been very naughty, and her mamma said: "Don't you know you will never go to heaven if you are so naughty?"

After thinking a moment, she said: "Oh, well, I have been to the circus once and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' twice. I can't expect to go everywhere."

No two things differ more than hurry and dispatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind, dispatch of a strong one.—Colton.

A HOME PICTURE.

Oh, the happy little home when the sun shone out,
And the busy little mother got the children all about;
And Johnny fetched the water, and Tommy brought the wood,
And Billy-boy tied both his shoes, as every laddie should—
And Dannie rocked the cradle with a clatter and a song,
To make the little sister grow so pretty and so strong.

—Louise R. Baker.

GIVE IT A THOUGHT.

How little it costs, if we give it a thought,
To make happy some heart each day!
Just a kind word, or a tender smile,
As we go on our daily way;
Perchance a look will suffice to clear
The cloud from a neighbor's face,
And the press of a hand in sympathy,
A sorrowful tear efface.

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.

Miscellaneous.

DEPRAVED APPETITE IN COWS.

Will you be good enough to explain why cows at this season of the year pick up pieces of leather, brick, tiles, etc., and chew them? I have noticed this habit among my cows for quite a while, so would be pleased to know the reason.

TERMINATING A TENANCY.

A rents his farm to B for a term of years—three or five—but B does not sign the lease, neither does A. Can B hold the place until the lease would run out, A having given B a written notice 10 months before the year would be up? What is the proper notice to give a tenant to leave? Can B claim any compensation, he having not signed the lease or agreement, if compelled to leave?

PROBABLY TUBERCULOSIS.

Cow has been sick for a month. Has had a very bad cough, and is slobbering very badly. Her teeth are all right, and she can digest her food. Has she tuberculosis? If so, what could I do for her?

AILING COW.

Milk cow that freshened in May was then in good condition. About ten days after she got a little lame; kept getting worse for ten days; all her limbs seem stiff; no swelling; her belly drawn up; her back humped up; feeds and milks fairly well. Don't seem to be hide-bound. Kept her in cow stable at night for a week after she got lame; has been out since on grass. Please prescribe.

CHARGING STORAGE.

A owns mill and machinery; makes contract with B to dispose of the lot at 10 per cent. The mill was sold over two years ago. B advised A to remove machinery to city, where he could dispose of it to better advantage. B still holds machinery, and now sends bill for storage for over two years.

BLACK ANTS.

Please give recipe for getting rid of black ants.
Ans.—If the nest can be found, and is out of doors in the ground, the ants may be destroyed by pouring some bisulphide of carbon into the hill, and covering it over immediately so that the fumes will be forced into all the openings. Saturating the nests with coal oil is also sometimes effectual. If the ants come into the house from unknown regions, a sponge moistened and sprinkled with sugar may be placed in their haunts. According as the sponge fills with ants, it should be dropped into hot water, and the process repeated. As bisulphide-of-carbon fumes are exceedingly inflammable, a light or fire of any kind should never be brought near while it is being used.

CHRONIC COUGH.

Horse during the past three years has been troubled with a cough; at certain times is much worse than at other times, frequently raising phlegm or matterly substance. Sometimes there is a rattling sound in his throat, but he is healthy, and the cough does not seem to affect either his working or driving capacity. He does not heave.

BARBED WIRE—TILE DRAINAGE.

1. Is it lawful to put a barbed wire on top of a line fence, or is it legal to use barbed wire on any fence?
2. What is the rule for tile draining, or is there any?
3. A and B have land below a ridge. C and D have their land tiled to top of ridge, and let the water flood down on low land in an open ditch. If a seven-inch tile would drain A and B, and a twelve-inch tile is required, have C and D a right to pay the difference all the way through to the outlet?

YOUNG BACHELOR.

Ans.—1. The local municipal by-law, if any, must be consulted before an answer can be given to this question. See the clerk of the municipality.
2. There is no hard-and-fast rule.
3. We think so.

Advertisement for U.S. Separator. Text: 'U.S. GETS ALL THE CREAM PAYS BIG PROFITS PICTURE PROVES IT'. Includes a scale showing 12 lbs and 26 lbs. Text: 'We were only making about 12 pounds of butter a week. The first week the U.S. Separator was in our house, we made 26 pounds, a gain of 14 pounds over the old way.' Vermont Farm Machine Co., Bellows Falls, Vermont.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Miscellaneous.

HOLIDAYS AND WORKING HOURS.

Is a man working by the month entitled to any holidays, if working for a term of months on a farm? What hours is he supposed to work, no mention being made at the commencement of his time?

Ans.—1. Yes; the statutory holidays, but subject to the doing thereon of "chores."
2. There are no fixed hours. Where there is no agreement regulating the hours for work, such hours must be reasonable, having regard to the nature and circumstances of the case.

ANTS ON TREES—DESTROYING ANTS—WHITE ADMIRAL BUTTERFLY.

1. The young orchards in this vicinity are overrun with ants, and the trees are badly infested with aphids. Is there any connection between the two?
2. Is there a better remedy for destroying ant hills than boiling water?
3. I enclose a specimen of a grub or slug found on an apple tree; found some of same last summer, but much larger. Please name it, and describe habits, etc.

Ans.—1. The relationship of ants to plant lice is very interesting. Frequent enquiries are received concerning the presence of ants on trees, and it is generally believed that these insects do harm to plants, but this is not the case. In most instances, it will be found that plant lice are present, and are the real cause of the injury. The ants are there because they are very fond of the sweet honey dew which is emitted by the plant lice, and some kinds of ants actually colonize plant lice, and indirectly, therefore, are injurious, although they do not themselves feed upon plant tissue.

2. When ants are seen running about on trees, a search should be made for their nest, which will, in all probability, be found on the ground close to the tree. When this is found, a tablespoonful of bisulphide of carbon may be poured into it, and the opening immediately closed up by stepping on it. The fumes of this liquid will penetrate quickly into all parts of the nest, and not only kill the adults, but the larvae as well. The material is very inflammable, and care must be taken not to bring a light near it. This will be found a more effective remedy than the scalding water referred to by "Beginner," although certainly not so simple.

3. The caterpillar from the apple tree is that of the White Admiral butterfly (Limenitis arthemis), a beautiful butterfly, but never abundant enough to be injurious. JAMES FLETCHER.

ECZEMA

Of the Skin and Scalp Can Be Cured.



It yields quickly to our reliable home remedies for the cure of all skin troubles. Not one remedy is a cure-all. CONSULTATION FREE by mail. We've had over fifteen years' experience in treating Eczema, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Itch, Pimples, Blackheads, Blisters, Freckles, Methicures and Discolorations.

Any spot or blemish that tends to mar the personal appearance of any young man or woman is always successfully treated. When writing be sure and describe trouble fully.

Superfluous Hair.

Moles, Warts, Birthmarks removed permanently by our method of Electrolysis. Satisfaction guaranteed. Come during summer for treatment. Send 10 cents for books and sample of cream.

GRAHAM DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, Dept. F. 502 Church Street, Toronto.



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 3 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.



Every Woman is interested and should know about the wonderful Marvel Whirling 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.

\$10 WOMEN'S LUSTRE SUITS, \$6 Wash suits, \$2.50 up. Cloth suits, \$6 to \$16. Skirts, waists and silk coats at manufacturers' prices. All garments tailored to your measure within one week. Send for free cloth samples and fashions. Southcott Suit Co., London, Ont.

Nurse.—"Tommy, dear, don't you want to come and see the sweet little sister a stork brought you? Tommy.—"No, I want to see the stork."

## CENTRAL CANADA EXHIBITION OTTAWA

September 13th to 21st, 1907  
(20TH YEAR.)

Send for prize list, and see special inducements to the farmer and breeder. \$15,000 in premiums; 37 gold medals as special sweepstakes prizes. Lectures and demonstrations in modern farming by Government experts. Knabenshue's wonderful airship secured for the week.

SECRETARY, E. McMAHON, 26 SPARKS STREET, OTTAWA

### 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.

Advertisements will be inserted under this heading, such as Farm Properties, Help and Situations Wanted, Pet 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.

COMPOSITOR and proofreader wanted—A first-class job compositor and thoroughly competent proofreader in Farmer's Advocate Office, Winnipeg, Man. Apply Farmer's Advocate, London, Ont. State experience.

FOR SALE—200 acres; soil, sand loam and clay loam; 160 acres cultivated and in good state of cultivation; balance, slash, with a small amount of scattered timber, now used for pasture land; fences fair; barn 40x60, stone foundation, stables under; silo; good pigpen; large driving barn, horse stable, all in good repair; house (frame) 2-story, with woodshed attached, also in good repair; stone milk room; both small fruit and apple orchards; 2 1/2 miles from railway station, post office, store, 1 mile from schoolhouse. Will be sold cheap, together with stock and implements, if necessary. Apply E. W. Nesbitt, Woodstock, Ont.

FOR SALE—Fruit farm. Box 49, Fruitland, Ont.

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

WANTED to hire, 10 to 30 acres of grass land and house suitable for poultry, or part of farm where work could be had in spare time. Near Toronto. Gibbons, Godmersham, Canterbury, England.

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 barns, new drive sh-d, good frame house. Spring water with windmill; one power windmill. Six miles from London. For further particulars apply to undersigned at lot three, con. four, London Township, or address: E. Howay, The Grove P. O., Ont.

A witness in a small lawsuit was an Irishman. There was put to him, before being sworn, the usual interrogatory, "Do you know the nature of an oath?"

A broad grin spread over the face of the Irishman as he replied: "Indade, your honor, I may say that it is second nature with me."

"Judging from Miss Thumperton's treatment of the organ," sarcastically remarked the choirmaster, who objected to the new organist engaged by the rector, "you prefer to buy your music by the pound."

"Well," replied the rector, quietly, "it isn't always supplied by the choir."

### PERFECTLY NATURAL.

"Did Perkins die a natural death?"

"Oh, yes. But I can't remember now whether he was murdered, killed in a railroad accident, or hit by an automobile."

In the game of love, the diamond generally wins the heart.

### GOSSIP.

#### IMPORTED CLYDESDALES.

A new importation of 13 mares and fillies and three stallions have just arrived at their owners' stables, the property of Messrs. Crawford & Boyes, a firm new in the Clydesdale importing business, but judging by the high-class character of this, their first importation, they are certain to very quickly rank among the leading importers of Canada. One great advantage that this firm has over the majority of Canadian importers is that one end, Mr. Crawford, lives in Canada, and the other, Mr. Boyes, lives in Scotland, where he carries on a large Clydesdale breeding business. Mr. Crawford's farm lies in Lambton County, 2 1/2 miles south-east of Thedford Station, on the Toronto-Sarnia branch of the G. T. R., and his post office is Widder. Of the three stallions, one is a bay two-year-old, by Durbar, by Baron's Pride. This is a big, growthy colt on strong, flat bone, and the making of a big good horse. The other two-year-old is a bay, by Balmedie Queen's Guard, also by Baron's Pride. He is a slashing big, flashy, quality colt, the making of a show animal of over a ton weight. The yearling is a bay, by Royal Edward, that was shown three times this year and won three firsts, a rarely choice colt. Among the females is the black four-year-old, Queen Mab, by Balmedie Queen's Guard, a big thick mare, due to foal to Baron Boquhan. One of the others is a black three-year-old, a full sister, a slashing big mare, full of quality, and supposed to be in foal. Another is a brown three-year-old, by Sir Hugo, one of the best three-year-olds ever imported. She won three firsts last year, and one second this year. Another is a brown two-year-old, by Royal Dean, she won second at Edinburgh last year, and first at Lesmahagow this year. Still another is a brown two-year-old, by Balmedie Queen's Guard, that won second at Lesmahagow this year. Another brown two-year-old is by Baron's Crest; she won first at Cambuslang last year, and second this year at same show. Another of the winners is a black yearling, by Dunure Freeman, that won first at Lesmahagow this year in a class of seven. Another yearling is a brown, by Lawrence Pride; she won third this year in the same class. The others that have never been shown, but are equally as good, are a bay two-year-old by Dunure Castle, a bay two-year-old by Royal Favorite, a bay two-year-old by Clan Chattan, a bay two-year-old by Royal Blend, and a bay yearling by Ruby Pride, the whole making an exceptionally choice lot, as they combine size and quality to a marked degree, and no better breeding is recorded in the Scottish Stud-book. Not a single animal, stallions, mares or fillies, has less than four numbered dams, thus making this one of the choicest lots of imported Clydesdales ever offered to the farmers of Canada. Write Messrs. Crawford & Boyes, to Widder P. O., Ont. They have also on hand for sale 15 Canadian-bred Clydesdales, mares and geldings of different ages.

### GOSSIP.

The official report of official butter-fat records of Holstein-Friesian cows for the year ending May 15th, 1907, and report of semi-official records and prizewinning cows for the same period, issued by the Superintendent of Advanced Registry, Malcolm H. Gardner, Delavan, Wisconsin, is a remarkable production, bristling with figures in vast array, and presenting a brilliant record of performances in milk and butter production. Persons interested may doubtless receive a copy of the report by addressing the superintendent as above indicated.

#### ROYAL SHOW WINNERS.

As we go to press, the report of the Royal Show, at Lincoln, is to hand, too late for this issue, fuller particulars will appear next week. In Clydesdales, the champion stallion was Messrs. Montgomery's two-year-old Diplomat, by Everlasting; the champion mare, Mr. Kerr's Pyrene, by Baron's Pride; the first-prize three-year-old stallion, Mr. Park's Clan Forbes, by Royal Chattan, and the first-prize yearling, Montgomery's colt, by Everlasting.

In Shorthorns, the champion bull was Mr. Miller's Linksfield Champion; the reserve, the King's two-year-old Royal Windsor. The champion female was Lord Calthorpe's six-year-old cow, Sweetheart, bred at Windsor, and the reserve, the Pittlivie two-year-old, Rosebud 2nd. In a class of 50 yearling heifers, the King's Marjorie was first.

In the Aberdeen-Angus class, Mr. Kerr's cow, Juana Erica, won the breed championship, and the male champion was Mr. Bambridge's Idlemere. The champion Galloway bull was Mr. Cunningham's Chancellor of Ballyboly, and the female champion was Messrs. Biggar's cow, Flora Macdonald.

In Shropshires, Minton was first for aged ram, Williams for shearlings, Cooper for ram lambs, shearing ewes and ewe lambs. Oxfords: Hobbs first for shearing ram and shearing ewes, Adams for ram lambs, Stilgoe for ewe lambs. Hampshires: Flower, first in all but shearing ewes, which went to Sir Geo. Pearce. Lincolns: Dudding, first for shearing ram, ram lambs, and ewe lambs; F. Miller for aged ram; Howard for yearling ewes. Cotswolds: Garne, first in all sections. Southdowns: Aged ram, Cazalet; shearing ram and ewes, Colman; ram lambs, Devonshire; ewe lambs, the King.

#### CENTRAL CANADA FAIR.

The directors of the Central Canada Exhibition, held at Ottawa, for which the dates are Sept. 13-21 inclusive, as advertised in this paper, are rapidly completing arrangements for this great fair. Every year sees many important changes and innovations, and this year is no exception. In 1906, the directors made a number of new departures, some good and others found not to be in the interests of the Exhibition. The experience gained augurs well for the success of this year's show, and from the preliminary announcements it is safe to say that, taken all in all, the exhibition will excel any previous fair.

Among the other daily attractions this year will be two trotting races and one running event every afternoon in front of the grand-stand. The purses for these races aggregate \$4,500.

Of interest to the farmer is the fact, as shown by the handsome prize list now being distributed, that in addition to \$15,000 in premiums, 37 gold medals are offered as special sweepstake prizes. It will also please this class of the community especially to learn that this year there will be seating accommodation for spectators in the judging-ring, so that patrons can scrutinize the work of the judges in comfort.

As last year, there will also be demonstrations in up-to-date farming by experts of the Ontario Government.

The directors also announce that since the printing of the prize list, the French-Canadian Cattle Breeders' Association is offering special prizes for displays of French-Canadian cattle, and that the Association is duly appreciative of the kind offer.

With the exception of live stock, which will be permitted to be taken out at 4 o'clock on Friday, the 20th inst., every exhibit will remain on the grounds until Monday, the 23rd inst. This move is in

the interest of patrons who cannot reach the Fair until Saturday, the 21st, which day will be second to none of the Exhibition.

#### ELMHURST BERKSHIRES AND SHORTHORNS.

Elmhurst, the home of Mr. H. M. Vanderlip, Cainsville, Ont., lies in Brant Co., six miles east of Brantford, two and a half miles east of Cainsville Station (G. T. R. and C. P. R.). The Hamilton-Brantford electric line, when completed, will run within a few rods of the house, which will afford shipping facilities equal to any in the country. For several years, Mr. Vanderlip's name has been before the people of Canada through the columns of "The Farmer's Advocate" in connection with the breeding of Berkshire hogs and Shorthorn cattle, and while his breeding animals have been equal to any in Canada, particularly his Berkshires, having been personally selected from the leading importers and breeders at long prices, his ambition is to own the best Berkshire herd in Canada, one that will be the equal of any in the world. To that end, he, early this year, crossed the briny deep to old England, the birthplace of the breed, and with plenty of time and cash at his disposal, visited every herd of any note in that country, finally selecting eight sows and one boar for prices probably longer than was ever paid for Berkshires for export to Canada before, and certainly bringing over a lot that for rich, royal breeding, smooth, well-balanced form and quality, and improved bacon type, were probably never equalled in any one shipment from that country, representing, as they do, the blood of such champions as Baron Kitchener, Highmoor Mikado, Danesfield McKinley, Highmoor Rex and Buscot Rosador. The boar selected is Stall Pitt's Middy, winner of first prize at Oxford this year, sired by Sailor Boy, representing the Rubical strain on his sire's side, and the Belle of Belleham strain on his dam's side, breeding unsurpassed in Berkshire history. Among the sows are two daughters of the champion Baron Kitchener, a pair of sows that have few equals alive, and for which long prices were paid. They are now both suckling litters got by that champion of champions, Oxford Emperor. These youngsters were born in quarantine, and a grand lot they are. They belong to the well-known Danesfield strain. Buscot Amy is another grand type of sow, sired by Buscot Rosador, a full brother of the Royal champion, Danesfield Warrior. She was bred by Sir Alexander Henderson, and is suckling a litter born on the water, and got by Danesfield Robert, a son of the great Mikado. Danesfield Minnie belongs to the noted Highclere strain, and was sired by that great sire and many-times champion, Highmoor Mikado. She has to her credit a number of winnings. Coronado, sired by that great sire of winners, Highmoor Rex, is a very large sow, weighing 600 lbs., and was bred to Compton Duke. She won first at Oxford, and first at Tunbridge Wells. Duchess 4th belongs to the noted Duchess strain, sired by Danesfield McKinley, winner of first at Oxford, 1904. She is due to farrow to the above-mentioned great boar, Oxford Emperor. Highmoor 106th is a five-months-old sow, by Highmoor Mikado, one of the sweetest youngsters it has ever been our privilege to look at. Among those on hand, before the arrival of the new lot, was Imp. Flashlight, Imp. Compton Dawn, Her Grace of Elmhurst, with imported sire and dam, and several others Canadian-bred. The stock boars were Imp. Elmhurst Compton Duke, and Imp. Elmhurst Swell, a grand good pair of stock hogs, and sires of a high order. Altogether there are about 25 brood sows, and a large number of young ones of both sexes. Anything in the herd is for sale. Mr. Vanderlip has a large and widely-extended trade in Berkshires. He is a man whose word is his bond, and will in no case misrepresent. In Shorthorns for sale is the four-year-old roan stock bull, Prince of Stars 49804, by Chief of Stars (imp.), dam Estelle of Sylvan, by Imp. Blue Ribbon, granddam Imp. Estelle, by Challenger. This bull can be bought very cheap, as his heifers are coming on and the herd is small. The females belong to the Estelle and Rosalie strains. They are a choice lot, and anything is for sale.

Good Ideas Practiced.

Experience counts. We are always pleased to hear, either by letter or word of mouth, from those who have tried methods recommended in the paper. Such testimony is not only of direct value to us in estimating the value of new ideas, but is the very best means of inducing fellow farmers to adopt improved practices. A week or two ago, we had a call from S. Mitchell, of Lambton County, who went into the bush twenty-five years ago and has hewn out a practical success, following the best light available. He reads "The Farmer's Advocate," and profits by the teaching of its columns. He treated his seed wheat with formalin, and has scarcely a smutty head in the field. His seed corn was tarred, and thus protected effectually from the crows. Incidentally, he was inclined to think that tarring decreased the injury by wireworms, but could not speak positively on this point. In haying, Mr. Mitchell uses the latest machinery, including tedder and loader. He makes a point of air-curing as much as possible, instead of allowing the top of the swath to burn while the bottom remains green and tough. The tedder is used once, and if the hay is heavy, twice. If rain comes, it may be gone over a third time to jerk it up and shake off the moisture as quickly as possible. Our friend considers that good, bright, well-cured hay is worth two dollars per ton more than the kind of inferior fodder which so many make out of their grass. In stowing, the mow is kept level, and a quart of salt to the load scattered over the hay as spread. Different quantities of salt have been tried, but this amount is found to be the best. There is danger of adding too much salt for the good of the stock.

Mare 45 Years Old.

An inquiry as to the limit of age of horses is reported in a German farm journal by Dr. Norner-Barensburg, who has collected information far and wide on the subject. According to his conclusions, thirty years would seem to be the equine equivalent for the human "three score years and ten." It is a good old age for horses, but many reach it, and not a few surpass it.

The oldest horse of which he could learn any definite facts was a roan mare, bred in the Government stock farm in Hungary, and she was at least 45 years old when she died. In 1852, she was assigned to Lieut. Theodore van Leyss, of Lemburg, serving in the Fifth Regiment of Uhlans. In the next year, horse and rider were transferred to the Twelfth Regiment, and in 1859 they made the entire Italian campaign together. At the battle of Magenta, the Lieutenant was cut off from his regiment by a body of French troops. His brave mare carried him to safety by an extraordinary leap over a stone wall.

In 1863, Von Leyss got into financial difficulties, and in the following year he was obliged to part with his mare to a comrade who used her as road horse until 1865, when she passed into the stable of a Major of infantry. With him, it is believed she made the campaign of 1866. Then Von Leyss, who furnished the facts to Dr. Norner-Barensburg, lost sight of her until 1873, when he found her serving as a cab horse in Vienna. He kept his eye on her after that, and in 1882 he found her drawing a delivery wagon for a manufacturer of paper boxes. Von Leyss by this time was in better circumstances, and he bought back his old friend and comrade to take care of her until her death.

This took place in 1892, when she was fully 45 years old, according to the stock-farm record. Down to the end, she was employed daily at light work. She was a well-set-up animal, with unusually clean-cut, graceful build and limbs. Two days before her death, she refused feed for the first time in her life. Her skeleton is now set up in the veterinary college in Vienna.

The great age she reached is all the more remarkable when her military experiences, including the hardships of two campaigns, are considered. Her biographer considers her career as establishing the advantage of allowing horses to become fully matured before they are put to work. No horse set to work while green, he thinks, could possibly have gone through so much and lived to such an age.

GOSSIP.

REMARKABLE GROWTH OF WEST.

A bulletin issued by the Census Department, at Ottawa, shows that in 1870 the population of Manitoba was a little over 12,000; in 1881, Manitoba and the Territories combined had 106,000, inclusive of the Indians, and in 1906, the population was 809,000.

In 1881, the area in wheat in Manitoba was 57,000 acres; in 1900, the whole West had a wheat acreage of nearly two and one-half millions, and a combined acreage in wheat, barley and oats, of three and one-half millions. In 1906, nearly eight million acres was in grain crops in three Western Provinces.

TORONTO'S HORSE PARADE.

The fifth annual Open-air Horse Show and Parade, held in the Queen City on Empire Day, was this year the most successful of the series. No fewer than 700 horses, representing 46 different classes, were marshalled and judged before 10 a. m., and afterwards took part in the parade, while about 500 vehicles, ranging from the daintiest rig to the most ponderous coal wagon and water cart, made up the procession, which was witnessed and admired by many thousands of citizens and visitors. The parade occupied 40 minutes in passing a given point, and the horses were of a class in their various sections of which any country might well be proud. At the close, the prizes were presented by Premier Whitney and Mayor Coatsworth, an interesting spectator being Dr. Goldwin Smith.

THE DON JERSEYS.

A few hours spent among the Don Jerseys, the property of Messrs. D. Duncan & Son, Don, Ont., a few miles out from Toronto, will certainly be richly enjoyed by lovers of the beautiful. Such was the privilege and pleasure of "The Farmer's Advocate" representative a few days ago. The farm is easily reached from Toronto by the Canadian Northern Railway, whose station, Don, is on the farm, and quite close to the buildings. This is the oldest-established Jersey herd in Canada, and certainly one of the very best, as no money was spared, coupled with the keenest Jersey judgment in the selection of sires, thus continuously keeping the herd up to the highest standard of excellence. The herd, as we found them, was in grand condition, with hides as yellow as saffron, and hair as soft and shining as silk. The main stock bull is Golden Lad of Thorncliffe 62318, a bull with prizes enough to his credit to make a covering for his body, and an exceedingly richly-bred fellow, having no less than five distinct crosses of that great cow, Sultana, in his pedigree. He was sired by Imp. Distinction's Golden. His dam, Nita Belle D. (imp.), was a noted prizewinner, besides having a butter record of 21 lbs. 1 1/2 ounces in 7 days. As a sire, he has had few equals in the breed, his get being very uniform and true to type, and great milkers, daughters of his having milked 37 1/2 lbs. a day at first calving. Second in service is Fontaine's Boyle 73493, rising two years of age, and last fall, as a yearling, he won first at Toronto and London. He was sired by the famous Golden Fern's Lad 66300, one of the greatest Jersey sires that ever lived, one of whose sons, Flying Fox, was sold for \$7,500; another, Eminent 2nd, for \$10,000, and still another, at T. S. Cooper's recent sale, sold for \$10,200, and scores of others for fabulous prices. His dam, Nunthorpe's Fontaine, was imported by T. S. Cooper, and sold in 1903 for \$1,035, and pronounced as the greatest Jersey cow in the United States. This bull is a model in type, full of character, and a show hulk from the ground up. Limited space forbids individual mention of the great cows in the herd. As producers, it is sufficient to say that, on ordinary feed, with ordinary care, actual test shows that many of them are making regularly from 12 to 16 lbs of butter a week; while as a show herd they stand second to none in the Dominion. As at present, there are a large number of first, second and third prizewinners at Toronto and London in the herd; cows that are now giving 47 1/2 lbs. of milk a day, and capable

of keeping it up for months. Among the younger females are a number of one- and two-year-old heifers, a grand lot indeed; practically all sired by the stock bull. In young bulls for sale, the supply is limited, as the demand on this herd for herd-headers is exceedingly heavy. Still, there are one or two about ready for service, bred from heavy and persistent milking dams that are show animals with a brilliant array of honors to their credit. Young bulls so richly bred will soon go. Write the Messrs. Duncan, to Don P. O.

TRADE TOPIC.

THE SUCCESSFUL HAY LOADER.—On the seasonable subject of haymaking, The Dain Mfg. Co., of Preston, Ont., write us: "A modern loader should be easily attached and detached to and from the wagon. It should be built wide at the back and narrow at the front. It should rake absolutely clean as it goes along. It should have a certain amount of flexibility to give to the unevenness of the ground, dead furrows, water furrows and ditches. It should have provision made for overcoming the effect of any wind on the hay in reaching the wagon. The modern loader should be constructed on such principle that when the hay once reaches the wagon, it is left there, and should not require a man to be constantly required to throw it from the back to the forward end of the load. Imagine a machine of this class, and you have the Dain, which will save any farmer the price of it in a very few years, the work being done by the horses. We have many examples where one man has put away eight and nine loads in half a day by using the modern machine and the proper rigging in his barn."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Miscellaneous.

PROTECTING MULBERRIES FROM BIRDS.

I have a large mulberry tree, about 20 feet high and 15 feet wide, and literally covered with berries. Is there any way of protecting fruit from birds?

P. A. M.

Ans.—The only suitable means of protection is to envelop the tree tops with mosquito netting. Another good plan is to use a gun freely, not so much with the object of killing the birds, which, on the whole, do more good than harm, but rather with the object of frightening them away till the fruit is picked. To protect cherry trees, some have planted wild fruits nearby, claiming that the birds will choose these in preference to the domestic varieties.

BARREN STRAWBERRY PLANTS.

Seeing in my strawberry patch a good number of healthy plants not bearing, but putting out healthy runners, I should like to know what is the cause of their not bearing, and if the young plants will be the same as the mother plants.

SUBSCRIBER.

Ans.—In any strawberry patch where the plants set runners thickly, there may be found plants which do not bear fruit. Different varieties vary much in their ability to throw out runners. Those which throw out but few runners usually produce strong, vigorous plants, nearly all of which bear fruit; whereas, vigorous-running kinds, such as Warfield, Haverland, and the Old Crescent, make so many plants that they crowd thickly, and cannot all produce fruiting crowns. One of the leading American strawberry-growers advocates thinning out the plants in such plantations to allow those left room for full development. This is quite practicable in small plantations, but in larger plantations the cost of thinning would considerably add to the expense of the crop. It is not best to use these barren plants in setting out new plantations, for this increases the tendency to barrenness in the new plantation. In planting, it is best to select strong, vigorous plants, with well-developed fruiting crowns, even though they may not be allowed to bear fruit the first season. H. L. HUTT.

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METALLIC ROOFING CO.  
TORONTO, CANADA

PRIVATE TREATY—HACKNEY STALLIONS FOR SALE—P. Crawford, Glasgow, Dumfries, Scotland, has, in addition to the usual big lot of OLYDSDALE STALLIONS, suitable for foreign buyers, about 30 first-class HACKNEY STALLIONS, two to six years old, ranging from 15 to 16 h. h., specially selected, and got by such sires as Rosador, Gascon Duke, Polonus, etc. Quite a number of them were well up in the prize lists at the recent London and other shows.

The following transfers to Ontario breeders have recently been recorded in the American Holstein-Friesian Herd Register:

- Beulah De Kol Ononis, Cassadoga Dewdrop, Sadie De Kol Ononis, W. K. Taber, to J. W. Richardson, Caledonia.
- Bessie Fairmount, H. E. George, to Ira Beme, Hawley.
- De Kol Butter Girl Madrigal, H. E. George, to Samuel Elliott, Tweed.
- De Kol Mantel, Frank W. Ames, to Gordon H. Manhard, Manhard.
- Jane Ykema, H. E. George, to Robert Shannon, Shannonville.
- Johanna Ruth De Kol, H. E. George, to Samuel Elliott.
- Johanna Sarcastic De Kol, H. E. George, to Alfred Curtis, Willetsholme.
- Marion De Kol Fairmount, H. E. George, to E. H. Hinckley, Wolf Island.
- Sarcastic Lad Johanna Belle, H. E. George, to Alfred Curtis.

One of the most interesting competitions at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, second week of September, will be for a prize offered for a string of ten horses. Horses competing must have been exhibited in the breeding-ring and must be the bona-fide property of the exhibitor. The first prize is \$100; the second prize, \$50.

Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.—C. H. Spurgeon.



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Usual mountings are silver plated on steel. That's why they rust so quickly. Tudhope mountings are silver plated on BRASS—and guaranteed rustless. Of course BRASS costs MORE than steel—but brass helps to make Tudhope Carriages better for YOU.

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is a very stylish, light running buggy—built to withstand hard driving. Made with Concord body and side spring gear. Wheels are bolted between each spoke. Double bar dash rail and hub caps nickel plated on brass. Spindle seat furnished if desired. Full details in our catalogue. Write for free copy.

THE TUDHOPE CARRIAGE CO., Limited ORILLIA, 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 Stn.

## 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 3 years old.

Long-distance Phone. Myrtle Station, C. P. R. Brooklin or Oshawa, G. T. R.



## Graham & Renfrew's CLYDESDALES and HACKNEYS

Our Clydes now on hand are all prizewinners, their breeding is gilt edged. Our Hackneys, both stallions and mares, are an exceedingly high class lot. We also have a few high-steppers and carriage horses. Young Street cars pass the door every hour. Phone North 4482.

GRAHAM & RENFREW, BEDFORD PARK, ONT.

## Pure Scotch Shorthorns

We are offering 10 young bulls, fit for service, all from imported sires and dams, among them some choice herd bulls. Cows and heifers of all ages, including some excellent show heifers. One imported Clydesdale mare, four years old, with an extra good foal at her side. Young Yorkshires of both sexes. Long-distance telephone.

W. G. PETTIT & SONS, Freeman, Ont., Burlington Jct. Stn.

## Shorthorns! BELMAR PARC.

John Douglas, Manager. Peter White, Pembroke, Ont.

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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## Special Offering of Scotch SHORTHORN BULLS

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.

John Gianoy, Manager. H. CARGILL & SON, Cargill, Ont.

PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

### TRADE TOPIC.

**STARTS OPERATIONS.**—The new factory of the Gilson Mfg. Co., Ltd., at Guelph, Ont., Canada, is now ready to start operations. The plant is modern and up-to-date, and fully equipped with everything necessary for the economical production of the famous "Goes Like Sixty" engines.

### C. P. R.'S NEW CROSS-CONTINENT FLYER.

"Trans-Canada" Makes Fastest Time Across America.

The business of the country is growing to such an extent that the C. P. R. finds it necessary to run an additional train between Montreal and Vancouver, making three trips a week during July and August. This train, which will be known as the "Trans-Canada Limited," will make the fastest time of any train across the American continent. It will carry baggage car, dining car and palace sleeping cars only, of the very latest design and with most modern appointments, and only first-class passengers will be carried. She will leave Montreal on the first trip July 2nd. Berths can be reserved in Toronto for passage from North Bay to points west of Winnipeg at which the "Trans-Canada Limited" stops. No passengers will be carried from Toronto for Winnipeg or points east thereof, as Winnipeg passengers arrive only one hour later by taking the "Imperial Limited." List of stops, full particulars and berth reservations can be obtained at C. P. R. local ticket office, or from C. B. Foster, D. P. A., C. P. R., Toronto.

### LOOKING FOR TROUBLE—GOT IT.

An elderly maiden with money laid by considered her lot sad and dreary, And married a man who was fond of a glass,

But in less than a year she was weary.

He gambled and swore, and was shiftless and lazy,

He flirted with others until she was crazy.

His notions of work were decidedly hazy—

She was looking for trouble and got it.

A youth who inherited millions of gold fell in love with a sylph of the chorus, And borrowed her slipper to drink his champagne.

In the style of the Russian Duke Boris, She sued him and published a ream of his letters,

And he gave her the cash that was earned by his betters,

To buy his escape from hymeneal fetters—

He was looking for trouble and got it.

A woman was blessed with a comfortable home,

But delighted her substance to squander; The way that she scattered the dollars and dimes

For extravagant fads was a wonder, Now meekly in charity's garments she dresses,

No longer a roof of her own she possesses,

And worry and labor have whitened her tresses—

She was looking for trouble and got it.

The man who awoke in a fault-finding mood,

And arose with a chip on his shoulder, When carried to bed with a crack in his head

Felt centuries wiser and older, For he happened to meet with a very hard hitter,

Who taught him a lesson much needed and bitter,

And so he was taken away on a litter— He was looking for trouble and got it.

The giddy old sinner, when summoned at last

From his club to cross over the Jordan, Must account for the days he has frittered away,

To Saint Peter, the heavenly warden, And when he is ordered below to be basted,

And roasted, and broiled, for the life he has wasted,

He'll say, when a goblet of sulphur he's tasted,

"I was looking for trouble and got it."

Mamma Irving, in Leslie's Weekly.

### The Man Who Wins.

The man who wins is the man who does, The man who makes things hum and buzz,

Who builds on a basis of solid facts, Who doesn't sit down to mope and dream,

But humps ahead with the force of steam,

Who hasn't the time to fuss and fret, But gets there every time—you bet!

The man who loses is he who talks, Who fumbles and fozzles and trifles and balks,

Who wouldn't do anything to-day That he can put off in the same old way; Who's down on his luck and curses his fate,

And tries to catch fish without any bait; Who goes through life with a frown on his face,

Convinced that the world is a mighty poor place.

The man who wins is the man who wears

A smile to cover his burden of cares; Who knows that the sun will shine again; That the clouds will pass and we need the rain;

Who buckles down to a pile of work And never gives up and never will shirk Till the task is done, and the toil is sweet

While the temples throb with the red blood's heat.

The man who loses is he who moans

That the way is rough and he needs the stones;

Who is looking for something soft to do, Where the pay is big, and the hours are few;

Who dreams of this and dreams of that, But never sails in and throws off his hat, Who fears the feel of a drop of sweat

And never gets anywhere—you bet!

The man who wins is the man who climbs

The ladder of life to the cheery chimes Of the bells of labor, and bells of toil, And isn't afraid that his skin will spoil

If he faces the light of the glaring sun And works in the light till his task is done—

A human engine with triple beam And a hundred and fifty pounds of steam!

### AS IT SOUNDED.

Some young women in England have begun to dress out and out like men. They wear a long coat cut like a hunting coat, a cap, riding-breeches, and top-boots. It is a handsome costume, and it is not immodest, but undoubtedly it attracts a good deal of attention. They have been telling in London lately a story about a girl who adopted this riding-rig. Pulling up her horse one afternoon, she said to an artisan who was passing, "Can you tell me if this is the way to Wareham?" The man looked her over carefully. Then he touched his cap in a respectful manner, and replied: "Yes, miss, yes—you seem to 'ave got 'em on all right."

### LONDON'S TUBES.

"L. V. G.": London now has six underground electric railways (tubes) in operation, and five more are under construction or projected. The railways of London, underground and surface, carry more than six hundred million persons each year, of which underground lines accommodate 258,000,000. There are nearly six hundred railway stations in greater London, and into the trunk-line stations alone there pour annually more than three hundred million passengers.

### THE IRISHMAN AND THE MULE.

General Phil Sheridan was once asked at what little incident he had laughed the most.

"Well," he said, "I do not know; but I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule which was kicking up its legs rather freely. The mule finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, the man remarked:

"Well, begorra, if you're goin' to git on I'll git off."

HORSE OWNERS! USE

**GOMBALT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM.**

A safe, speedy and positive cure. The safest, Best ELIXIR ever used. Removes all bunions from Horses. Impossible to produce scar or blemish. Send for circulars. Special advice free.

THE LAWRENCE-WILLIAMS CO., Toronto, Canada

Notice to Horse Importers

**GERALD POWELL,**  
INTERPRETER.  
LILLE, FRANCE,

Is well posted on the Percheron, French Draft, Belgian and French Coach horse trade, can meet importers at any port in France or Belgium. 17 years' experience, and best of references. Correspondence solicited. All information about shipping, pedigrees and banking.

**ABSORBINE**

Removes Bursal Enlargements, Thickened Tissues, Infiltrated Parts, and any Puff or Swelling. Cures Lameness, Allays Pain without laying the horse up. Does not blister, stain or remove the hair. \$2.00 a bottle, delivered. Pamphlet 1-C free.

**ABSORBINE, JR.**, for marking, \$1.00 bottle. Cures Synovitis, Weeping Sinews, Strains, Gouty or Rheumatic Deposits, reduces Varicose Veins, Varicocele, Hydrocele. Allays pain. Book free. Genuine mfd. only by

W. F. Young P. D. F., 73 Monmouth St., Springfield, Mass  
Canadian Agents, Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal.

**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.

**CLYDESDALES 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 86424. W. D. PUGH, Claremont P. O. and Station.

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

**Imp. Clydesdale Fillies!**

Have now on hand about a dozen, nearly all imported. A 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 Wagg, Claremont P. O. & Sta.

**Clydesdales, Shorthorns and Cotswolds**—For richest bred and choicest 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. Conroy, Prin.

**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; prize winners and from prizewinning stock. Several heifers bred on the same lines; choice individuals for sale.

JOHN A. GOVENLOCK, Forest Sta. and P. O.

**READ THIS!** We are offering a dark red Durham bull 14 months old, weighing 1,000 lbs., for \$75. A two-year-old bull, light roan, heavy boned, extra good getter, \$85. Females equally cheap.

W. R. BOWMAN, Mt. Forest, Ontario.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Veterinary.

FATALITY IN BULL—TUBERCULOSIS.

1. Bull commenced to get dumpish, and lie around; did not eat much. The last three days, he did not eat at all, breathed heavily, and died. What ailed him, and is it contagious?

2. What are the first symptoms of tuberculosis? I have a cow that seems all right, except after exercise, when she seems short of breath, and coughs a little, and sometimes froths from her mouth.

A. C. M.

Ans.—1. It requires more definite symptoms, or a post-mortem examination, to enable a man to make a positive diagnosis. The probability is your bull died from digestive trouble, and a purgative, followed by two-dram doses of nuxvomica, three times daily, might have saved his life. It is not contagious.

2. As any organ may be the seat of disease, the symptoms will depend upon the organ attacked, and no symptoms will be noticed until the disease has reached that stage in which the functions of the organ are materially interfered with. The symptoms you give indicate tubercular disease of the respiratory organs. The only reasonably positive means of diagnosis is the tuberculin test by a veterinarian. Treatment is useless.

Miscellaneous.

PEDIGREES OF TROTTING-BRED HORSES.

1. What is the difference between a pure-bred trotting stallion and a Standard-bred?

2. To the inexperienced breeder: how can he distinguish a good and genuine pedigree from a "made-up affair" of a pedigree?

3. Has a Standard-bred, or what breeds have to have their ancestors registered and numbered?

4. What is the distinguishing feature between a pure-bred and a Standard-bred in description of pedigrees?

5. Have genuine pedigrees their sires numbered?

6. Where or how did the Standard-bred originate?

7. Where can one obtain a general knowledge of Standard-bred horses without a too exhaustive research?

SUBSCRIBER.

Ans.—1. The requirements to entitle to registration in the American Trotting Registry Association, the only registry of this class, differ from those of other pedigree records in that no fixed number of crosses by registered sires is stated, and that records of performance of ancestors are accepted instead. There is, therefore, no such thing, strictly speaking, as a pure-bred trotting horse. The breed originated in the United States, and has been established by selection and mating of fast-trotting mares with fast-trotting stallions, and their progeny being developed by persistent and intelligent training.

2. Only by the fact of the pedigree bearing a registration number in the recognized Record of the breed, and such knowledge of the character and performance of the animal and its ancestors as can be obtained of these from published records.

3. All breeds purporting to be pure-bred, and of which official records are kept, must have registered numbers, and in order to this the sire and dam also must bear registration numbers in the case of all breeds, except that of Standard trotting horses, in which the following are the pedigree registration rules, and which together with the foregoing statements, answer questions 4, 5 and 6:

The trotting standard: When an animal meets these requirements and is duly registered, it shall be accepted as a standard-bred trotter.

1. The progeny of a registered standard trotting horse, provided his dam, and grandam were sired by registered standard trotting horses, and he himself has a trotting record of 2:30, and is the sire of three trotters with records of 2:30, from different mares.

3. A mare whose sire is a registered standard trotting horse, and whose dam and grandam were sired by registered

standard trotting horses, provided she herself has a trotting record of 2:30, or is the dam of one trotter with a record of 2:30.

4. A mare sired by a registered standard trotting horse, provided she is the dam of two trotters with records of 2:30.

5. A mare sired by a registered standard trotting horse, provided her first, second and third dams are each sired by a registered standard trotting horse.

We know of no book specially treating of the breeding of trotting horses. Probably by writing the secretary of the American Trotting Register Association, Frank E. Best, Chicago, Ill., you may learn what is the best literature on the subject.

COLT WITH SHORT JAW.

Colt, one week old, appears to have lower jaw about two inches or quite a bit longer than the top. Will it ever become perfect?

SUBSCRIBER.

Ans.—No; but it may not seriously affect its usefulness. We have known sheep similarly handicapped that made good use of their food, and kept in good condition.

COLT COUGHS—SORE EYES.

1. What is wrong with three-year-old colt? Had distemper in spring, got over it, but has cough ever since. Coughs most when working. Would it be heaves? Let me know how to treat him.

2. Two-year-old had sore eyes. First one went blind in one eye, which got all right. Now the other one is blind of one eye with a scum over it. What is the cause of it? The stable is well lighted.

READER.

Ans.—1. It is not heaves. Blister his throat with equal parts spirits ammonia, raw linseed oil, and oil of turpentine. Apply twice daily until blistered, then apply sweet oil daily. Give him, every morning for a week, a ball composed of 1 1/2 drams each gum opium and solid extract of belladonna, 1 dram camphor and 20 grains digitalis.

2. Place in partially-darkened box stall. Bathe the eyes well three times a day with warm water, and, after bathing, put a few drops, with a rubber or glass dropper, into each eye, nitrate of silver, 10 grains; distilled water, 2 ounces.

GOSSIP. ABERDEEN-ANGUS SECRETARY-SHIP.

Mr. Geo. H. Greig, of Winnipeg, has resigned the secretaryship of the Canadian Aberdeen-Angus Association, and Mr. F. J. Collyer, Welwyn, Sask., has been appointed to the office. Of course, all correspondence regarding registration should still be addressed to "Accountant," National Live-stock Records, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

An important change is about to be introduced in connection with the herdbook of the Shorthorn Society of Great Britain. In consideration of the increasing size of the volume each year, it has been suggested by the Special Committee that a thinner paper be used, and that the volume be published in two parts; part 1 to contain the pedigrees of the bulls, list of prizewinners, and list of members, and to be published as early as possible, and part 2 to contain the pedigrees of the cows, which will be abbreviated to the bulls as at present, and which would be published as soon after the bulls as practicable. This proposal was adopted at the last council meeting.

The escutcheon, also known as the milk mirror, is found along the back of the thighs or between them, and has attracted especial attention on dairy cattle alone. It is shown by the hair turning to one side or upward in contrast to the usual downward position of the hair. This line of reversed hair was investigated by a Frenchman named Guenon, who argued that the escutcheon indicated the capacity of the cow to produce milk. He gave it different names, according to its shape and size, but modern cattle authorities give it no significance, Guenon's theories not having been borne out by facts.—[Hoard.

**Cure Your Horse**

with Kendall's Spavin Cure—the one reliable cure for all Bone Diseases, Swellings and Lameness.

FAIR GROUND, Ont., May 3 '06.

"I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure with great success, and think it an excellent remedy for Spavins, Sweeney, Sprains, etc.

Wm. LINDSAY.

Accept no substitute. \$1 a bottle—6 for \$5. Write for free copy of our great book—"Treatise on the Horse."

Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburg Falls, Vermont, U.S.A.

Pleasant Valley Shorthorns

Herd headed by Imp. Ben Lomond—45160—, assisted by Bud's Emblem, 2nd-prize senior bull at Toronto, 1906, son of Old Lancaster 50088. Correspondence solicited. Inspection invited.

Geo. AMOS & SON, Moffat Sta., 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 fillies of good quality.

JOHN MILLER, Brougham, Ont.  
Claremont Sta., C. P. R.; Pickering, G. T. R.

Glenora Shorthorns and Lincolns.

Imp. Marr Ross Ladys, Missies, Urys, and Miss Ramsdons. All bulls of breeding age sold but the grand young bull, Lord Missie, 21-h 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, 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.

JOHN LEE & SONS, Highgate, Ont.

SHORTHORNS & LINCOLNS

The champion herd of High. Kent and Essex counties.

For Sale: 6 choice young bulls, 3 roans and 3 heifers, 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.

HUDSON USHER, Queenston, Ontario.

The Salem Herd of Shorthorns

IS HEADED BY JILT VICTOR (IMP.).

It contains a number of the most noted matrons of the breed. Write for what you want.

R. A. & J. A. Watt, Salem, Ont.  
Elora station, G. T. R. and C. P. R.

Maple Grove Shorthorns

Herd 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. WAGAR, Enterprise Sta. and P. O. Addington Co.

Maple Ridge Shorthorns For sale: One 15-mos. red bull by a son of Imp. Prince Louis, and out of a ton cow (a wonderful milker), and a 5-mos. old full brother; also a red yr.-old, with Imp. sire and dam—a show bull; half a dor. 1 and 2 yr. old heifers. Show stuff. D. Currie, Black's Corners P. O., Crombie Sta.

John Gardhouse & Sons  
Importers and breeders of Scotch Shorthorn cattle, Shire and Clydesdale horses, and Lincoln sheep. Call and see us.

Highfield P. O., Weston Station 3 1/2 Miles. Telephone.

Shorthorns, Oxford Downs and Lincolns  
Herds headed by Protector (Imp.), Vol. 52 E. For Sale: Bulls from 6 to 16 months old; also females in calf. Also ram and ewe lambs. All at reasonable prices. Long-distance phone.

JOHN McFARLANE & W. H. FORD  
Dutton, Ontario.  
Elgin Co., M. C. R. and P. M. Railways.

## Ring-Bone

There is no case so old or bad that we will not guarantee

**Fleming's Spavin and Ringbone Paste** to remove the lameness and make the horse go sound. Money refunded if it ever fails. Easy to use and one to three 46-minute applications cure. Works just as well on Sidebone and Bone Spavin. Before ordering or buying any kind of a remedy for any kind of a blemish, write for a free copy of

**Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser** Ninety-six pages of veterinary information, with special attention to the treatment of blemishes. Durably bound, indexed and illustrated. Make a right beginning by sending for this book.

FLEMING BROS., Chemists,  
75 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario

## SUNNYSIDE STOCK FARM



Bulls in service: Blythsome Ruler = 52236=, Trout Creek Stamp = 67660=, by Pride of Windsor (imp.) = 50071 = (98998). Stock for sale at all times.

James Gibb,  
Brookdale, Ont.

## SHORTHORNS

One roan Shorthorn bull, 3 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.

D. ALLAN BLACK, Kingston, Ont.

## Shorthorns

—Scotch and milking strains. As good milking strains as there are in Canada. Some pure Scotch. Can supply bulls of either strain; also a number of heifers from 1 to 3 years of age. Will be sold right. Dr. T. S. Sproule, M.P., Markdale P.O. & Sta.

## Wm. Grainger & Son

Hawthorn herd of deep-milking SHORTHORNS. Aberdeen Hero (imp.) at head of herd. Two young bulls, also ten heifers; some of them bred to Aberdeen Hero. Londesboro Station and P. O.

## ATHELSTONE SHORTHORNS!

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. Kneekle Dasher, Vicar 3385, and the Bruce Mayflower bull, Star Prince; also young bulls from 6 to 12 months old. Prices reasonable. WM. WALDIE, Box 324, Stratford, Ont.

## SHORTHORN FEMALES.

I have sold all my young bulls advertised in *Advocate*, but have some good females, representing the families of Village Maids, Clarets, Cruickshank Village Blossoms and Ramsdens. Box 556.

HUGH THOMSON, St. Mary's, Ont.

## KENWOOD STOCK FARM.

### SHORTHORNS.

Headed by (Imp.) Jilt Victor = 46187=. Offerings are two bull calves, an 11-months Miss Ramsden, from imp. sire and dam; a 13-months Missie, by Blythsome Ruler, and other bulls; also heifers of choice breeding. A few choice Berkshire pigs just off the sow.

HAINING BROS., Highgate, Ont. Kent Co.

## Valley Home Shorthorns

### AND BERKSHIRES.

Offering 5 choice bulls, 11 to 14 months old. Young cows and heifers in calf, and yearling heifers. Young sows safe in pig and boars and sows three months old, of prolific strains.

S. J. PEARSON, SON & CO., Meadowvale, Ont.

Stations: Meadowvale, C.P.R.; Brampton, G.T.R.

## SHORTHORNS

One beautiful roan bull for sale, sired by Derby, Imp., the great stock bull. This is a grandly-bred bull, and will make a good show bull, and also a grand getter. We also have several first-class heifers of breeding age, also some cows in calf or calves at foot—imported and home-bred.

W. J. SHEAN & SON, Box 856, Owen Sound, Ont.

## Scotch Shorthorns

A grand pair of yearling bulls also a few heifers, bred from Imp. sire and dam. Pure Scotch and fashionably pedigreed. Will be sold right. C. RANKIN & SONS, Wyebridge P. O., Wyevale Station.

## SLEEPY TOWN.

Over the hills where the sun goes down  
There lies the wonderful Sleepy Town.  
And O, such a fanciful sight you'll see  
If only you'll come and go with me.  
We will start away when the twilight falls,  
And the lone bird high in the treetop calls.

Over the hills when the red glow fades,  
We'll sail through the night's deep falling shades,  
And there at the peep of the ghostly moon  
I'll rock and I'll sing you a tender croon.  
And no one will come but the sandman true,  
For he only cares for me and you.

Over the hills when the big stars blink  
And the little ones look through the dark and wink.  
When the toys are asleep in the corner tight,  
To wait till the gleam of the morning light,  
We will rock and we'll rock in your wee white gown  
Till we rock straight off to Sleepy Town.

Over the hills—then come to my arms  
And we'll sail to the land past the fears and harms;  
Come with your lips and your tousled head,  
And we'll get in the boat called Trundle Bed.  
Come, for the gates have been all let down,  
And we'll go to the place called Sleepy Town.

## REFUGE.

"Where swallows and wheat fields are,  
O hamlet brown and still,  
O river that shineth far,  
By meadow, pier and mill.

"O endless sun-steeped plain,  
With forests in dim blue shrouds,  
And little wisps of rain  
Falling from far-off clouds.

"I come from the choking air  
Of passion, doubt, and strife,  
With a spirit and mind laid bare  
To your healing breath of life:

"O fruitful and sacred ground,  
O sunlight and summer sky,  
Absorb me and fold me round,  
For broken and tired am I."

—Archibald Lampman.

## THE FARTHER HILLS.

The clouds upon the mountain rest;  
A gloom is on the autumn day;  
But down the valley, in the west,  
The sudden sunlight breaks its way—  
A light lies on the farther hills.  
Forget thy sorrow, heart of mine!  
Though shadows fall and fades the leaf,

Somewhere is joy, though 'tis not thine;  
The power that sent can heal thy grief,  
And light lies on the farther hills.  
Thou wouldst not with the world be one  
If ne'er thou knewest hurt and wrong;  
Take comfort, though the darkened sun  
Never again bring gleam or song—  
The light lies on the farther hills.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

## THE AUTOMOBILE FOREVER.

The farmers aren't having all the fun out of the automobile. Listen to this from *Tit-Bits*:

"My brother bought a motor here last week," said an angry man to a salesman who stepped up to greet him, "and he said if anything broke you would supply him with new parts."

"Certainly," said the salesman. "What does he want?"

"He wants two deltoid muscles, a couple of knee caps, one elbow and about half a yard of cuticle," said the man; "and he wants them at once."—*Epworth Era*.

The habit of looking at the best side of any event is worth far more than a thousand pounds a year.—Dr. Johnson.

Lord Kames was judge of a circuit court. Erskine was attorney for the defendant, whose name was Tickle. He began his plea: "Tickle, my client, my Lord—"

"Tickle him yourself, Harry. You are as able to do it as I am," said Kames.

Recently a very suspicious countryman went to New York to see the sights. Coming to the Metropolitan Museum, he was amazed to find that the admission to this splendid building cost nothing. He mounted the steps and entered.

"Your umbrella, sir," said a uniformed official, extending his hand.

The countryman jerked back his umbrella, laughed scornfully, and turned on his heel. "I knowed there was some cheat about it when ye got in free," he said.

"A commonplace life," we say, and we sigh;  
But why should we sigh as we say?  
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky,  
Makes up the commonplace day;

The moon and the stars are commonplace things,  
And the flowers that bloom, and the bird that sings;  
But dark were the world, and sad our lot  
If the flowers failed and the sun shone not;

And God, who studies each separate soul,  
Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.

—Susan Coolidge.

Anent the draft-horse competition at the International Show in London, Sporting Sketches of June 15th says: Messrs. Armour exercised sound judgment in not sending their pair of greys into the ring in the draft-horse class, in which they would not have had the ghost of a chance of beating Mr. Spark's browns, Messrs. Guinness' bays, or the entries of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company." Your report in this week's issue reads as though they swept the boards. Their successes were only in classes suitable for advertising purposes, where their number (six), color, matching, etc., counted for everything.

A certain judge cites a striking example of the sort of spoke which the trickster can surreptitiously insert in the wheels of justice. A witness testified in a recent case that a person named Mary was present when a particular conversation took place, and the question was asked, "What did Mary say?" This was objected to, and after some discussion the judge ruled out the question. An "exception" to this decision was immediately taken, and on appeal the higher court reversed the verdict and ordered a new trial on the ground that the question should have been answered. At the second trial the same inquiry was propounded and elicited the information that Mary said nothing!

Miss Elizabeth Marbury, of the board of governors of New York's woman's club, the Colony, was discussing the question of the club's liquor license.

"It is rather a matter of indifference to us," she said, "whether we get a license or not. Women, you know, are not given to drinking. They are too careful of their appearance. They desire to remain slim and fresh, and wine, as you know, tends to make us coarse and stale and fat.

"So, if we had a license, I think we should sell little. It would not be with us as with a farmer I once met in Scotland.

"Travelling in the Scottish highlands one summer, I stopped at a farmhouse for a cup of milk, and the view from the door was so lovely that I said to the farmer:

"Oh, what a superb place to live in!"

"Ou, aye," he answered, in conventional Scot, "it's a' richt; but hoo wad ye like, ma'am, to hae to walk fifteen mile ilka time ye wanted a bit glass o' whuskey?"

"Oh, well," said I, "why don't you get a demijohn of whiskey and keep it in the house?"

He shook his head, sadly.

"Whuskey," he said, "won't keep."

## A Grand Cure

FOR  
SUMMER COMPLAINT  
AND CRAMPS

## DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

It is nature's specific for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Pain in the Stomach, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Sea Sickness, Summer Complaint, etc.

Rapid and reliable in its action. Its effects are marvellous, and it is pleasant and harmless to take.

It has been a household remedy for sixty-two years.

Refuse substitutes. They are dangerous.

Mrs. Wm. Flewelling, Arthur, Ont., writes: "I find it much pleasure to recommend Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY as a grand cure for Summer Complaint. My little boy, one year old, was very bad with it, and a few doses cured him. I also used it on my other six children for cramps and still have half the bottle left. I cannot praise it too much."

## Clover 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 meet at Ripley station, G. T. R.

R. H. REID, PINE RIVER, ONTARIO.

## A. EDWARD MEYER,

Box 378, Guelph, Ont.,

Breeds SCOTCH SHORTHORNS of the following families: Cruickshank Bellonas, Mysies, Brawith Buds, Villages, Broadhooks, Campbell Clarets, Minna, Ury, Bossies, Bruce Mayflowers, Augustas, Marr Missies and Lovelaces, and others. Herd bulls: Scottish Hero (imp.) = 55049 = (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.

## MAPLE GROVE SHORTHORNS

Scotch and dairy bred; up-to-date in type; prize-winners at the local shows. A number of 1 and year old heifers 1 year old bull, and one 5 mos. old—the last will make a show bull. Flora bred—will be sold easy.

L. B. POWELL,  
Wallenstein P. O. and Stn. G. P. R.

## SHORTHORNS, YORKSHIRES and S.-C. WHITE LEGHORNS.

—I have sold all my young bulls advertised, but can offer straight Scotch-bred heifers of the noted \$2,000 bull, Joy of Morning (imp.) = 32070 =, and young cows bred to him. Also choice Yorkshires, 5 months old, imp. sire and dam. Leghorn eggs supplied at 75c. per 13. Geo. D. Fletcher, Binkham, Ont., Erin Station, C. P. R.

## Scotch Shorthorns

Clarets, Stamford, English Ladys, Mildreds, Nonpareils. Present offerings by Springhurst 4484 and Mildred's Royal. Prices moderate. F. W. EWING, Salem P. O., Elora Station.

## Blm Park

## Shorthorns, Clydesdales & Berkshires

Herd headed by the choicely-bred bull, British Flag (imp.) 50016. Stock of all ages for sale.

JOHN M. BECKTON, Glencoe, Ontario,  
G.T.R., C.P.R. & Wabash. Farm adjoins town limits.

## MAPLE HILL STOCK FARM—High-class Scotch Shorthorns.

Herd headed by Rose Victor = 64335 = and Victor of Maple Hill = 65480 =, both sons of the Duthie-bred bull, Sittytan Victor (imp.) = 50093 =, and from richly-bred imported cows. W. R. Elliott & Sons, Box 426, Guelph.

### 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.

### 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

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,

Nelson 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 Short horns and Clydesdales. 15 bulls, 6 cows and heifers, imp. stallion, imp. and home-bred fillies. Write us what you want or come and see our stock. Farm, miles north of town.

### Spring Valley Shorthorns

Bulls in service are: Bayton Chancellor (imp.) = 40359 = (78286), Clipper Chief (imp.) = 64220 =. Stock for sale at all times.

KYLE 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.

### 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.

### Grove Hill Holstein Herd

Offers high-class stock at reasonable price. 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.

"Can anyone take something from nothing and still have anything?" "Of course. Doesn't Peary make a living out of not discovering the Pole?"

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
CURES RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES BACKACHE  
CORALL KIDNEY DISEASES  
BRIGHT'S DISEASE  
DIABETES  
BACKACHE  
RHEUMATISM  
The public may rely on the name of the package. The public may rely on the name of the package. The public may rely on the name of the package.

### GOSSIP.

Over 30,000 excursionists visited the Ontario Agricultural College during June.

W. J. Kennedy, B. S. A., of the Animal Industry Department, Iowa Agricultural College, is visiting Great Britain and Europe, picking up pure-bred stock and ideas for the institution at Ames.

### DRAFT HORSES FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

Hon. L. P. Farris, Commissioner of Agriculture for New Brunswick, arrived home from England and France with thirty-eight horses to improve the horse stock of the Province. The bunch included twenty-four Clydesdale fillies, two to four years old; two Clydesdale stallions; ten Percheron fillies, and two French Coach fillies. The fillies averaged \$300 each. One of the stallions cost \$1,500, and the others \$1,000. They will be brought to Quebec, and will be sold at auction by the Government. It was intended to buy sheep also for stock purposes, but the prices were too high, and the purchasers will go into Ontario or Quebec.

Mr. C. D. Wagar, of Enterprise, Addington Co., Ont., writes: "Good sales of Shorthorn cattle are being made at good prices for good stock. Mr. Andrew Gilmore & Sons, of Athelstan, Huntington, Que., one of the leading farmers there, took two head of superior quality, a young bull, bred from Winnifred (imp.), one of my best cows, lately purchased from W. D. Platt privately, a grand cow, strongly resembling Cicely, the great show cow, and from Lucerne (imp.), one of Canada's best bulls. In this calf is found quality, breeding and size. Also to same buyer a grand yearling heifer, bred from Lord Banff's Conqueror, a granddaughter of the famous Lord Banff (imp.), and from a Sittyton cow of grand quality. I also sold to Lewis Whelan, of Enterprise, a valuable young bull; also one to Mr. Duyer, of Trafford, and one to Mr. Quim, of Camden East. I have two grandly-bred young bulls still for sale, both solid red, and fit for service. I now have at the head of my herd the excellent two-year-old bull, Starry Morning, bred by Capt. T. E. Robson, of London, and purchased by Mr. Peter White of Pembroke. He is certainly a grand young bull, and from my imported cows I expect good results."

### FEEDING WHOLE GRAIN.

In ordinary digestion experiments with farm animals, the proportions of nutritive materials remaining in the feces are determined by chemical analysis, and such data are, of course, admirably adapted for the study of many problems.

A mechanical method of separating the undigested from the digested material is sometimes followed in the study of various practical questions connected with animal feeding. It is customary in such tests to mix the manure with large quantities of water, which washes away the metabolic products and similar materials, and leaves the undigested grain behind. The fact that the manure may contain considerable undigested material receives practical recognition in animal feeding. Pigs are very commonly allowed to follow fattening steers in order that they may gather and utilize this food, which would otherwise be wasted.

In tests undertaken at the Kansas station to determine the relative amounts of soaked and dry corn thus available for pig feeding, the droppings from two lots of steers were gathered for twenty-eight days. The undigested corn was carefully washed out from the feces and weighed, and it was found that the steers fed the soaked corn failed to digest 11 per cent. of the 3,045 pounds eaten, and those fed the dry corn, 16 per cent. of the 3,060 pounds eaten. The grains compared in a later test at the Kansas station, which covered thirty-three days, included corn meal, red Kafir corn meal, and white Kafir corn meal. Washing away the digested material from the undigested showed that 5.5 per cent. of the corn meal, 11.3 per cent. of the red Kafir corn meal, and 14.1 per cent. of the white Kafir corn meal passed through the animals undigested. The utilization of the undigested material by pigs was one of the principal features studied in both of these tests.

### Back to the Farm.

I lost my first savings doing charity work. I do not think I am by nature any more charitably inclined than many another man, yet at one time in my life I was philanthropic to the tune of one thousand dollars.

I farmed successfully for several years; the seasons were good, and, as I lived but a few miles from a good-sized city, I disposed of all I raised at figures that netted me money. This money I placed in a bank in the city, adding to it as I could until I had saved one thousand dollars.

Then I did as many another young man has done. I thought I would like to try city life for a while, so quit farming and went to town. I soon got a good position in a grocery store.

I had been there quite a while and was doing nicely when I conceived the idea that a store of my own would be a fine thing. I had learned, or thought I had, at least, the ins and outs of the business from the cellar to the front door, and, as I had the money, I could see no reason why I should not have a store of my own.

So I began to lay my plans to that end. I went to the bank and drew out my thousand dollars. It was paid to me all in twenty-dollar gold pieces. Very beautiful they looked, but as they were going to bring to me an increase of thirty, fifty, or perhaps a hundredfold, I need not hesitate to use them.

I then rented a building, paying thirty-three dollars a month for it. I must have a good location, or I would not get trade, and, as good locations commanded high rentals in that city, I had to pay it. Then I put in a stock of groceries. It took several hundred of that thousand dollars to stock up, get scales, show-cases and so forth.

When I had everything in readiness, I threw open my doors. Customers came, and, for a while everything was lovely. But it wasn't long before they "had forgotten their purses—wouldn't I trust them until next time?" or "Pay-day comes in a couple of weeks—could I wait until then?" Others were sick or out of work, "but if I would let them have the groceries I would surely get my pay."

And so I trusted them, and continued to trust them. Their reasons were so plausible and their promises so promising that I felt I would get my pay in time, and so it went on. My customers were getting the delicacies of the season, and myself and family were living on the simplest food my store afforded in order to have money to pay my rent and keep up my stock.

The money I had saved out of the thousand dollars with which to do business went into the store little by little. Then I had to order from the wholesale groceries on thirty, sixty and ninety days' time—hoping to collect enough to meet their bills when due.

At the end of thirteen months I came to a point where I could hold out no longer. Unable to collect what was due me, I sold my stock that I had on hand for what I could get, and applied that money to the wholesalers' bills. When I locked the door and turned the key over to the owner, I still owed the wholesale grocers two hundred and eighty-five dollars. I then went to work at nine dollars a week, and lived on next to nothing until I had those bills all paid.

All I have to show now for my thousand dollars and a year's work is a bunch of receipted bills. Yes, I have also the satisfaction of knowing that I have helped quite a number of my fellow-beings to some of the good things of life, but, as I am not a Salvation Army barracks, nor any other charitable institution, I do not suppose my name will be handed down to posterity as a public benefactor.

I am not running a grocery store now. I'm farming.—G. W., in Saturday Evening Post.

Her husband lay full length beneath the car, while she sat in it.

A crowd gathered, and she felt that they were conspicuous.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, timidly.

"The d-n carburetor's gone to blazes," he remarked, as he rose after having finished his survey.

"Do you think it will show, dear?"

**Saves Hours of Cleaning**  
Of course your wife would try to wash even the worst cream separator bowl properly twice every day. But why ask her to slave over a heavy, complicated "bucket bowl," like either  
12% lbs. 12% lbs. 8% lbs. 10% lbs. 6% lbs.  
of the four on the left? Why not save her hours of cleaning every week by getting a Sharples Dairy Tubular Cream Separator with a simple, light Tubular bowl, easily cleaned in 3 minutes, like that on the right? It holds the world's record for clean skimming.  
Sharples Tubular Cream Separators are different—very different—from all others. Every difference is to your advantage. Write for catalog M-18, and valuable free book "Business Dairying."  
**THE SHARPLES SEPARATOR CO.**  
West Chester, Pa. Chicago, Ill.  
Toronto, Can.

### HOLSTEINS FOR SALE

Four imported and one home-bred bulls, from 8 to 18 months old; also our entire crop of spring bull calves, from week old up, sired by the grandly-bred imp. bull, Sir Howie B. Pietertje, whose dam's record is over 85 lbs. milk in one day, and from great-producing cows of the most fashionable strains. Can spare a few cows and heifers from one year up; 75 head to select from. Cheese 13c. Don't delay if you want one from this herd.

H. E. GEORGE, Crampton, Ont.

### MAPLE GLEN HOLSTEIN HERD

Quality Tops for Sale

In A. B. O. test a Sylvia female has just made 6052 lbs. milk and 36.04 lbs. butter for 7 days. Who wants her son by Sir Alta Posh Beets? Four other of his sons for sale. A sister to his dam has just made over 32 lbs. butter in 7 days. Prices right.

G. A. GILROY, Glen Buell, Ont.

Brookville Stn., G. T. R. or O. P. R.

### 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.

### 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, Hevelton, St. Lawrence County, N. Y.

### HILTON STOCK FARM—Holsteins,

Ontario and Tamworth—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 Yorkshire 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. Cambellford Stn.

### Ridgedale Farm Holsteins—1 yearling bull,

6 bull calves, 6 heifers, 6 cows, by Prince Pauline De Kol 6th, and from rich, heavy-milking dams. Come and see them or write: E. W. WALKER, Utica P. O., Ont. Fort 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 to mate.

**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.**

**LOOK HERE**

Have on hand bull calves from choice dams, and sired by son of greatest cow in Canada, Boutsje Q. Pietertje De Kol; 643 lbs. 7 days; 96 lbs. 1 day. His sire's dam and granddam have records averaging over 26 lbs. butter week. Also choice bulls fit for service. Prices right.

**FRED ABBOTT**  
Fairview Stock Farm, Harrietsville, Ont.

**"THE MAPLES" HOLSTEIN HERD**

Is made up of Record of Merit cows and heifers with large records and headed by Lord Wayne Mechtildie Calamity. Bull calves from one to five months old for sale.

**Walburn Rivers, Folden's, 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.**

**Burnside Ayrshires**

Imported and Canadian-bred. Prizewinners at all the leading shows. I hold the award of merit given by the Bd. of Dir. of World's Fair, St. Louis, to the breeder of largest number of prizewinning Ayrshires at said Exposition. Females of all ages for sale, imported and Canadian-bred.

**R. R. NESS, JR., 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 143, Huntinton, Que.**

**Ayrshire Bulls**

One last September and a few March and April calves by the champion Douglassdale (imp) W. W. BALLANTYNE, "Neidpath Farm", Stratford, Ont.

Long-distance phone.

**I Will Import for Showing and Breeding SHROPSHIRE, COTSWOLDS, HAMPSHIRE, OXFORDS, SOUTH DOWNS,**

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.

**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.

**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 sure and guaranteed 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**

**T. E. ROBSON, Live-stock Auctioneer**

**2 BECHER ST., LONDON, ONT.**

**Brampton Jerseys**

Unbroken record of several years success at all leading Canadian exhibitions is unequalled by any other herd of any kind or breed of live stock on the American continent. When buying a family cow, a stock bull or a dairy heifer, buy only the best. Our public record proves that we have them.

**B. H. BULL & SON, Brampton, Ont.**

**Pine Ridge Jerseys**

For sale very cheap 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.**

**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.**

**Wardend Ayrshires**

We are offering young bulls from 1 to 2 years old; also a choice lot of spring calves from deep-milking dams. Sired by White Prince of Menie No. 1895; bred by A. Hume, Menie, F. W. TAYLOR, Weisman's Corners, Hoard's Stn., G. T. R.

**Glenhurst Ayrshires**

Oldest-established herd in Ontario, Imp. and Canadian-bred. Average B. F. test for the whole herd, 4.2; milk yield, 40 to 60 lbs. a day. For sale: females of all ages, and several young bulls; all by Imp. sire and some out of Imp. dams.

**James Benning, Williamstown P. O., Lancaster Sta.**

**Ayrshires**

3 prizewinning bulls fit for service at reasonable prices. Also younger ones for quick buyers.

**N. DYMENT, Hickory Hill Stock Farm, Dundas Stn. and Tel. Clappison, Ont.**

**FARMER'S ADVOCATE "Want and For Sale" Ads.**

Bring good results. Send in your ads, and you will soon know all about it. The Wm. Weid Co., Ltd., London, Ont.

**SHIP US YOUR WOOL**

Or write:

**E. T. CARTER & CO., Toronto, Ont.**

**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 are producers 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.**

**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.**  
Miscellaneous.

**TREATMENT FOR TURNIP FLY AND LICE.**

Can anything be done to stop the ravages of the turnip fly? T. P.

Ans.—Applications of kerosene emulsion have been found effective. In the March 28th issue of "The Farmer's Advocate" were given full directions for making this and other insecticides.

A Simcoe County farmer states that in his experience, slacked lime, applied by sifting through a perforated can, will kill the lice.

**CASTRATING FOALS.**

Referring to a question asked in a recent issue as to the advisability of castrating young foals, a Frontenac County subscriber informs us that, in 1905, he castrated, the last week in September, while still sucking its dam, a Clydesdale colt that was foaled in June of that year, and had no trouble with the case, while the colt has grown and developed well, having a good neck and breast. Our correspondent adds that he has such faith in early castration that if he happens to have another horse colt, he will castrate him in nine days, if it can be done. As we intimated before, the difficulty may be met that the testicles may not, at so early a period, be down sufficiently to make a success of the operation.

**UNSOUND MARE.**

A purchased from B a mare rising nine for \$110 in February last. After A had owned the mare a few weeks, he was told that the mare had had the staggers. A used the mare quite steady all spring, but failed to see any sign of staggers till about a month ago, and since hot weather she has an attack quite frequently.

1. Is B in any way liable to A, as he did not in any way guarantee the mare unless the price received guarantees her?

2. Can B be forced to take the mare back and refund the money, or make any amends if it can be proved that she had these attacks while in his possession?

Ontario. A SUBSCRIBER.

Ans.—1. No.  
2. No.

**RINGWORM.**

Could you give me a remedy for ringworm on calves, as we have tried everything that we know of, and I would like to know how they are affected?

W. G. P.

Ans.—Ringworm is a contagious disease, due to a fungus found on man, horses and cattle. The parasite often affects the skin around the eyes of cattle, and in some cases will spread over the neck, or on other parts of the body. Many different remedies have been prescribed, but in our experience the simple mixture of lard and sulphur has invariably been successful, say one part sulphur to five or six of lard or sweet oil. A little coal oil added to the mixture is helpful in stubborn cases. To get the quickest results, it is well to first wash the parts with warm soft water and soap to remove the dead scales, but usually the ointment well rubbed in and repeated in a few days affects a cure.

**BLADDER CAMPION.**

Find enclosed a weed I found growing in spring grain. Will you give name and nature of plant?

H. J. G.

Ans.—This plant is bladder campion, a naturalized perennial weed, which is very troublesome in many parts. It grows from 6 inches to 2 feet high, flowers from June to August; seeds from July to September, and is dispersed by root-stocks and as an impurity in seeds. It may be eradicated by such the same methods as are required for Canada thistle, although the plow may be required oftener, instead of the cultivator, on account of the size and thickness of the roots. Do not allow any plants to mature seeds in the grain crop. Subsequently, by good crop or summer-fallow, keep the plants below the surface. Thorough cultivation for one summer will eradicate almost any weed, except, perhaps, hardwood, quack grass, perennial sow thistle and a few others, and even these may be seriously reduced.

**OYSTER-SHELL BARK-LOUSE.**

I am forwarding by mail a small part of a limb of an apple tree. What are the small excrescences on the bark? Mc.

Ans.—The branch is infested with oyster-shell bark-louse, an injurious and widely-prevalent scale insect, which has been discussed scores of times and illustrated frequently in these columns. Old run-out orchards in sod are especially liable to attack, but others are not immune. As soon as winter sets in, spray both trunks and branches thoroughly with thin lime wash, one pound of lime in each gallon of water. Apply two coats, the second immediately after the first is dry. Next spring, invigorate the trees by thorough cultivation up till July, and by generous manuring and fertilizing.

**The Look of the Thing.**

It's the look of the thing that shuts some people—many people, millions of people—out. One wonders why more farms in New Ontario and the West are not snapped up. It's the look of the thing. They go up to the woods, gaze about them; they stare at the dense forest, the lonely lowlands, the solitary and eloquent hill-tops, and they turn back. It is the look of the thing.

If the early settlers of two generations ago had been afraid of the look of the thing, we wouldn't have had these beautiful southern counties to-day to brag about.

A man goes about seeking work. He can get a job digging in a sewer; but the look of the thing frightens him away. If he took a shovel or a pick and jumped down into the trench, he would find that it isn't as bad as it looks. He might grow to like the work, for it is cool down in the brown earth, and the work looks harder than it really is. This same man will wander along the water front, and watch the men handling pig-iron, and stone, and gravel, and sand, and lumber, and merchandise of all kinds; and the look of the thing frightens him.

If he only knew it, each of those shoveling gangs is a club. Not quite so exclusive as the National or the Albany, and not so particular as the Toronto Club, but a fine body of men. They rarely drink Club or Imperial, or case goods of any kind. A John Collins, or a Scotch highball, is unknown to them, while a mint julep or a fizz is out of the question. No, they drink the plebian, but refreshing lager, bought by the pailful, or better still, they quench their thirst out of a big bucket of oatmeal water with a nice chunk of the hay in it. It's one of the finest drinks ever concocted. It is meat and drink, and it's cheap.

A farmer will pick up the man I'm talking about and peddle him home to the country. But the rows of potatoes to be hoed, the mangel-wurzels to be thinned, the cows to be milked, night and morning—the look of it all scares him away. He would like the job if he once got started at it.

There are plenty of nice things going to waste that we don't eat—just for the look of the thing. People miss lots of good things in this world just for the look of the thing.

There are hundreds of marriages that fell through this June—just on account of the look of the thing.

Jack and Susie didn't get married because Jack insisted that the ceremony be performed in his church. It was the look of it that paralyzed Susie. All preachers look alike to me.

Hopkins was afraid to marry the pretty dining-room girl, who is quite good enough for him. It was the look of it that frightened him off.

You think this is a free country. Well, it isn't. There is a tyrant who rules this land with a rod of steel.

It is Old Lookavit!—[The Khan, in the Toronto Star.

A Quaker riding in a carriage with a fashionable woman decked with a profusion of jewelry, as a substitute, perhaps, for her scantiness of clothes, heard her complaining of the cold. Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl, she exclaimed, "What shall I do to get warm?"

"I really don't know," replied the Quaker, solemnly, "unless thou put on another brasspin."

**NEWCASTLE 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 medals at Toronto, 1901-04-05. 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.**

**Mount Pleasant Tamworths and Holsteins.**  
 For Sale: Pigs of either sexes, from 6 weeks to 1 month; pairs not akin; also bull and heifer calves under 5 months. Phone in residence.  
**BERTRAM HOBKIN, The Gully P. O.**

**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 not akin.  
**Sam Dolson, Alloo P. O., Norval Stn. COUNTY PERL.**

**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, Dalmoney Joe 1877 and Broomhouse Beau 1454. 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. Manotick Sta., C.P.R.**

**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 Sta., 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, brood animals. Young stock of both sexes. Some sows bred to imp. boars.  
**HENRY MASON, SOARBORO P. O. Street cars 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.**

**ELMFIELD YORKSHIRES**  
 Have 40 young pigs from 2 to 5 mos. Some young boars ready for service; also young sows bred and ready to breed. Pairs supplied not akin. Prices right.  
**G. B. MUMA, Avr. Ont.**

**IMPROVED LARGE YORKSHIRES**—Herd headed by the famous Summer Hill Gladiator 9th and Dalmoney Topman 2nd (imp.), and some imported sows of good breeding and quality. Stock for sale at all times. **GEO. M. SMITH, Haysville, Ont. New Hamburg, G.T.R. or Bright 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; pedigree and safe delivery guaranteed. Address  
**R. 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, Morriston P.O. Schaw Sta., C.P.R.**

**OUR BEAU.**

By James Raymond Perry.

"I'm eight and Marian is seventeen. She says she's eighteen, but she isn't; her birthday is in January, and it's only June now. Marian is my sister. She wears her hair up, but I remember when she wore it braided down her back. Sometimes she wears it down now—mornings, but afternoons she puts it up; and then she thinks she's a young lady."

"She's got an awfully pretty hat this summer. When she gets her hair up and that hat on she looks like a young lady; though I wouldn't tell her so. It's coarse straw and got lots of flowers on—white and pink."

"The way she treats me you'd think she thought she'd always been a young lady. But the first doll I ever had she wanted herself, and kept dressing and undressing it, pretending she was showing me how. I told her about it the other day, and she said 'twas no such thing. But 'twas."

"She's got a new dress, white, trimmed with pink, and it's got short sleeves, so you can see her arms up to her elbows. It's all fluffy. I don't remember what they call it, but it's real pretty."

"Her hair's yellow. Sometimes it looks real shiny, as if the sun was shining on it, when it isn't. I don't know what makes it look that way. Mine don't. My teacher says I ought to say 'doesn't' instead of 'don't,' but I'm not going to. I don't want to be different from everybody else. She's got blue eyes; but she was telling mama that Mr. Darcy thought they were black. That's funny, because they're blue, plain enough. Mr. Darcy's sweet on her. But she don't care anything about him, and never did. He's got a wart on his cheek. Besides, his hair's kind of a light red, and he don't let it get more than a quarter of an inch long before he has it cut again. I heard him say so."

"She's got some of the prettiest stockings; open-work, with— But you'd think 'twas Marian I'm telling about, when 'tisn't at all. It's Mr. Kensington. He's got black eyes and brown hair, and his lots nicer looking than Mr. Darcy; Mr. Darcy's eyes are kind of a light drab. He's taller than Mr. Darcy, too, and talks deeper. Mr. Darcy laughs every time he says anything. Mr. Kensington's name's Kenneth. You'd think 'twas a name out of a book, but 'tisn't. He and I got acquainted before the others knew him at all."

"I was swinging down in the yard one morning when he came along, and he said 'Your name's Wadsworth, isn't it?' Then he wanted to know my first name, and said he'd swing me. He jumped the fence and swung me 'way up till my feet almost touched the branch, and he said he knew us if he hadn't ever seen us, because he was Kenneth Kensington, and his folks lived in the next house. He'd lived somewhere else ever since he was a boy, but his folks had told him about us. He's got a sister older than Marian. She's been to the house lots. She isn't as pretty as he is. Her nose turns up. He said he'd only just come, and he was hurrying up and getting acquainted. He said didn't I think he was hurrying up when he introduced himself to young ladies the way he did to me. 'Twould have made Marian mad to hear him call me a young lady. But that's what he said. He gave me a longer swing than anybody ever did, and wanted to know if Marian ever swung. I wonder how he knew her name. I didn't tell him."

"When he jumped back over the fence, he said: 'Good-bye, Josephine; I'm coming again pretty soon, and I'll swing you again if you want me to.'"

"Marian was on the piazza when I went up, and I told her I'd got a beau. She said I wasn't old enough, and I said I was, and I'd got one and she couldn't guess who. I said his name began with 'K,' and his other name began with 'K,' and she said she knew who 'twas, and I said 'who?' and she said 'I and I said 'who?' and she said 'I know,' and I said 'who?' and she said, 'Oh, I know,' and she wouldn't tell who. Then I said, 'Has he got blue eyes?' and she shook her head, and I said, 'Has he got light hair?' and she shook her head, and I said, 'Is he short?' and she shook her head, and I said, 'Is it Mr.

Darcy?' and she shook her head. So I guess she knew, if she hadn't ever seen him."

"I went down to the swing in the afternoon, and pretty soon he came and took off his hat, just as Mr. Darcy does to Marian, but never to me. And he jumped the fence and said he'd swing me, and he hadn't swung me more than a minute when Marian came down. She had on her new hat and gown and open-work stockings, and looked terribly fine, and she called 'Josephine!' and pretended she thought I was alone, and then she said, 'Oh, I beg your pardon,' and he took off his hat and laughed—he's real handsome when he laughs—and said: 'Miss Josephine has been good enough to let me swing her, and we feel quite well acquainted now.' Then he said: 'Won't you please introduce us, Miss Josephine?' and I said: 'Marian, this is Mr. Kenneth Kensington. He's my beau that you couldn't guess.' Then they both laughed, and he said he wanted to know her, because his sister had written so much about her. And Marian said she'd wanted to know him, because Kate had told her so much about him. Then Marian said she'd missed Kate so much since she went away, and she was glad she was coming back next week. And he said he was, too. I didn't know she was his twin; I thought twins always looked just alike and dressed just alike; but they don't."

"He didn't swing me while he was talking, and I stood up and swung myself. You can, if you keep bending out and in; only you can't swing up high that way. But after a while he began, and I sat down, and he swung me up real high. Then he said: 'Let's let the old cat die.' That means just swing till you stop. And when the old cat was dead he asked Marian if she didn't want to swing. She hasn't swung since summer before last, because young ladies don't, she says. But she laughed and got in, and he began swinging her, and she said: 'Don't swing me high; and he kept swinging her higher, till she began to scream, and say: 'Oh, stop me, I'm dizzy;' and then he took hold of her and stopped her, and she got out, and her face was red."

"He walked up to the house and sat on the piazza for more'n an hour, and she said he must come again real soon, because we were such near neighbors we ought to be neighborly; and he said he would."

"The next morning I went down and was swinging myself that way when Marian came down and said didn't I want her to swing me? She hasn't swung me since summer before last. I said I didn't care, and she swung me about a minute, and then said she'd got to sit down and rest. She kept looking toward the next house, and I know what for, but didn't tell. He didn't come; but in the afternoon when I got back from Winnie Drake's he was on the piazza. He staid till 'most supper time, and when he went he said he hoped that the next time I'd stay at home. He said it looked as if I didn't care much for my beau, going off that way. But I'd like to know how I could know he was coming."

"He came over and swung me lots, and one morning Marian came down, and he asked her if he shouldn't swing her, but she said No, it made her dizzy, and, besides, she was too old to be swung. But she staid, and they talked, and I swung myself that way till I got kind of tired of it, and I said: 'I don't think much of a beau that lets his girl swing herself while he talks to other girls.' Then he said: 'I beg your pardon, Miss Josephine; I didn't mean to.' Then he swung me real high, and the last time he run clear under me, and my feet almost touched the branch, and then he let the old cat die."

"The next day, or next to the next—I don't just remember—we went blue-berrying. I was going over to get Winnie, but I met him, and he wanted to know why couldn't he go. He said: 'Wouldn't Marian like to go, too?' and I said she'd gone down to the village to buy some things. The berries were awful thick, and he picked into my pail because he hadn't any. He can pick awful fast. There was a cow there that shook her horns; but he said if I just stood and looked she wouldn't hurt me, and I just stood and looked, and she walked away. It didn't take any time at

(Continued on next page.)

**GOOD BLOOD WILL SHOW ITS QUALITY, SO WILL BAD BLOOD.**

The one in a healthy body and ruddy complexion, the other in ill-health, blotches, pimples, boils and sores, and frequently in intenser forms as ulcers, abscesses, erysipelas, salt rheum, etc.

Every organ of the body depends on the blood for force and vitality, and is but scantily served when the blood is impure. No remedy is so potent as a blood purifier or more rapidly produces new and healthy blood than

**BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS**

which neutralizes the various poisons and restores the vitalizing power of this all important fluid.

For sale by all druggists and dealers.

**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 skin. 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. Can supply pairs and trios not akin. Quality and type unsurpassed. Prices right.

**JAS. WILSON & SONS, FERGUS, ONT. G. T. E. and C. P. R. Long-distance Phone.**

**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.**

**Willowdale Berkshires**

Young boars and sows, 8 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 Sta.**

**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, Myrtle Station, Ont. Lorne Foster, Mgr.**

**Maple Grove Yorkshires**

are among the leading Canadian herds for size, quality and fitness to type, and are prizewinners all around. For sale are both sexes. Bred from imp. and home-bred stock. There are none better.

**H. S. McDIARMID, Fingal P. O., Shedden Station Breeder and Importer.**

**Fairview Berkshires**

Are second to none. My herd has won high honors wherever shown. Am now offering sows bred and ready to breed and younger ones of both sexes, the get of Masterpiece and Just the Thing. An exceptionally choice lot.

**JOHN S. COWAN, Donegal 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, Harwich, Ont.**

# "A LIFE SAVER FOR WEAK MEN"



Give me a man broken down from dissipation, hard work, or worry from any cause which has sapped his vitality. Let him follow my advice for three months, and I will make him as vigorous in every respect as any man of his age. I will not promise to make a Hercules of a man who was never intended by Nature to be strong and sturdy. Even

that man I can make better than he is; but the man who has been strong and has lost his strength, I can make as good as ever he was.

I can give back to any man what he has lost by abuse of the laws of Nature.

A man who is nervous, whose brain and body are weak, who sleeps badly, awakes more tired than when he went to bed, who is easily discouraged, inclined to brood over imaginary troubles, who has lost ambition and energy to tackle hard problems, lacks the animal electricity which the Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt supplies.

The whole force of vitality in your body is dependent upon your animal electricity. When you lose that in any manner my Belt will replace it and will cure you.

Fred. J. Cutterbuck, Brockville, Ont., says After 30 days' use of your Belt I feel fine—the best I have in years—stomach all right and appetite good. In short, I feel like a new man.

Letters like that tell a story which means a good deal to a sufferer. They are a beacon light to a man who has become discouraged from useless doctoring. I get such letters every day.

My Belt has a wonderful influence upon tired, weak nerves. It braces and invigorates them, and stores up a great force of energy in a man.

I make the best electrical body appliance in the world, having devoted twenty years to perfecting it. I know my trade. My cures after everything else has failed are my best arguments.

O. Johnston, North Bay, writes: Have used your Belt now for three months, and must say that I feel like a new man. It is far ahead of dosing yourself with drugs, and I strongly recommend it. I thank you from my heart for your wonderful remedy.

They come every day from everywhere. There is not a town or hamlet in the country which has not cures by Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt.

## NOT A CENT UNTIL YOU ARE CURED

That is my offer. You take my latest improved appliance and use it in my way for three months, and if it does not cure, you need not pay me. My only condition is that you secure me, so that I will get my money when you are cured.

It's as good for women as for men. Worn while you sleep, it causes no trouble. You feel the gentle, glowing heat from it constantly, but no sting, no burning, as in the old style belts.

Call to-day or send for my beautiful book, full of things a man likes to read if he wants to be a strong man. I send it, sealed, free. Cut out this ad.

**DR. M. S. McLAUGHLIN, 112 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.**

Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday till 8.30 p.m.

### 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.



### 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.



### ROSEBANK BERKSHIRES

Present offering: Boars fit for service. Sows ready to breed. Choice young stock ready to wean, sired by Maple Lodge Doctor and Sallie's Sambo (Imp.), a Toronto winner.

Lefroy, G.T.R. JOHN BOYES, JR., Churchill, Ont. Long distance 'phone



**OAKDALE 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.

### Elmhurst Berkshires

Motto: "Goods as Represented."

With our recent importation, personally selected from the best herds in England (some of them prizewinners), we have the most select herd of Berkshires in Canada. A grand group of breeding and show mixtures. Our new imported boar, Stall Pitts Midy won 1st under 1 year at Oxford, 1907, also Compton Duke, Imp., and Compton Swell, Imp., head the herd. Mail orders receive careful attention. Brantford shipping station. H. M. VANDERLIP, Cainsville P.O., Brant Co., Ont.

all to get the pail full, and when we were telling Marian afterward she said she'd like to have gone, too. She hasn't been since summer before last. I've asked her, and she said she didn't want to. He said: 'Let's go to-morrow morning,' and she said 'All right.'

"He picked into my pail awhile, and then he said he must help Marian, and I went off and found a bed where the berries were awful thick, and I said: 'Come here; they're awful thick here!' but they staid where they were, and when I looked they were sitting on a log and weren't picking.

"Pretty soon I heard a noise, and looked round, and there was the cow; and she shook her horns, and Marian screamed and caught hold of his arm, and he laughed and said the cow wouldn't hurt her; but she was scared and wouldn't stay. Her pail wasn't more'n half full, and mine was almost heaping.

"He came and sat on the piazza lots, and got so we knew him real well, and I'd sit on his lap because he was my beau. He took Marian to ride one evening, and I was sitting on the piazza, pretending I was reading, and he didn't speak to me; and the next morning I was swinging that way and he jumped the fence and said 'I'll swing you,' and I said 'I don't want you to,' and he said 'Why?' and I said 'I don't like you,' and he said 'Why?' and I said 'I don't think much of a beau that won't speak to his girl,' and he said 'When wouldn't I speak to you?' and I said 'Last night,' and he said 'You were reading,' and I said 'That don't make any difference; you ought to speak to me if I am reading,' and he said 'If you'd stopped reading and spoken to me I'd spoken to you,' and I said 'I don't think much of a beau that takes another girl riding,' and he said 'Well, next time I'll take you,' and I let him swing me.

"Mr. Darcy didn't come much. Then he got to coming again, and Marian was nicer to him than she was, though his hair was just as short and reddish as ever. And Mr. Kensington, he didn't like him very well, and when she'd talk to Mr. Darcy he'd talk to me, and wouldn't talk to them.

"One night he came and said, 'Where's Marian?' and I said 'She and Mr. Darcy went to ride,' and he didn't laugh. He didn't come nights after that; but Mr. Darcy did, and they went riding, and he kept coming; and Marian wasn't nice to him after a while, and they didn't either of them come. And Marian was cross to me, and didn't laugh, 'cept when she had to.

"One time I was down swinging that way when he went by, and I thought he'd jump the fence and swing me, but he didn't, and he didn't look; and I didn't say anything. If he didn't want to look he needn't. The next time I didn't look, but just swung awful hard to show him he needn't swing me. Marian was down there once; but she wasn't swinging me; and he didn't look, and I didn't look, and she didn't. And when he'd gone, I said: 'He ain't my beau; I've jolted him.' And she said 'Jolted him?' and I said 'Yes, jolted him,' and I swung myself real hard, and she kind of laughed a little, but not much.

"Once I saw her crying, but not so you could hear her, and ma said kind of cross, but not real cross: 'Well, it's your own fault,' and she didn't say anything, but went upstairs.

"His sister didn't come when they thought she would. Somebody was sick and she had to stay.

"I saw him riding one time with Mattie Ames, and he didn't look, but Mattie said 'Hallo, Josie,' and I didn't say hullo. Mattie Ames used to go to school with Marian, and they were together lots, but she don't come to the house now, and Marian don't. I mean she don't go to her house. And the other day I heard her tell Blanche Howe that she hated Mattie Ames. She said she was a hypocrite. I asked ma what one was, and she said 'twas someone who pretended to be your friend and wasn't.

"We were down to the beach two weeks in August, and when we came home I was down swinging that way when he came by. I didn't look, but he jumped the fence and said shouldn't he swing me. But I jumped out and sat

on the bench, and he sat down and said 'Wasn't he my beau any more, and I said 'No, I'd jolted him. And he said what had I jolted him for, and I said 'I don't think much of a beau that don't look when he goes by,' and he said 'I don't think much of a girl that don't look when her beau goes by.' Then he said 'Is your sister at home?' and I said 'Why?' and he said he wanted to see her, and I said 'She don't like you,' and he said 'Why?' and I said 'I shouldn't want to go riding with a hypocrite,' and he said 'Who has been riding with one?' and I said 'You have,' and he said 'Who was it?' and I said 'I guess you know,' and he said 'No, he didn't know; who was it?' and I said 'Her last name begins with A, and her first name begins with M, and that's all I'm going to tell.'

"He said 'I didn't go riding with her till someone else went riding with someone,' and I said 'Who?' and he said 'I guess someone thinks Mr. Darcy is pretty nice,' and I said 'No, they don't; she don't care the tip of her little finger for him,' and he said 'How did I know?' and I said 'She said so,' and he said 'Folks didn't always mean what they said,' and I said 'I guessed he'd come if she thought he was pretty nice,' and he said 'Didn't he come?' and I said 'No, she wouldn't let him.'

"We were sitting there and someone called 'Josephine!' and I said 'What?' and 'twas Marian. And she said 'Oh, good afternoon, Mr. Kensington,' and he said 'Did you have a nice time at the beach?' and she said 'Yes, it was lovely there,' and he said 'I suppose you were sorry to come back,' and she said 'Yes, we hated to leave dreadfully.' She sat down in the swing, but didn't swing, 'cept to teeter it with her feet. And he said 'It seems an age since I've seen you,' and she didn't say anything, but just teetered, and he said 'It seemed as if there wasn't anybody left in town,' and she said 'Why, I didn't know Mattie had been away,' and he said 'She hasn't, that I know of.'

"They talked a lot, and she laughed some, and he did; and that evening he came up on the piazza, and he said 'Wouldn't I let him be my beau again?' and I said 'I don't care,' and I sat on his lap. And he said 'You won't ever jar me again, will you?' and I said 'What?' and he said 'You won't ever jolt me again, will you?' and Marian laughed.

"He came the next night, too, and I sat on his lap till Winnie came, and then we went over to her house to have some ice cream they'd had for supper, and when I came back 'twas dark, and I walked on the grass, and they didn't hear me, and I said 'Boo!' and she jumped off his lap.

"The next morning when I was swinging that way he jumped the fence, and she came down just then and she said 'Kenneth isn't your beau now; he's mine,' and he said 'Won't it do just as well, Josephine, if I'll be your brother?' and I said 'I don't care'; and he swung me real high, and my foot just touched the branch.—[N. Y. Independent.

### "THE WHAUPS."

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are lying—  
Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,  
Where about the graves of martyrs the Whaups are crying,  
My heart remembers how!

Gray, recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,  
Standing stones on the vacant, red-wine moor,  
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished races,  
And winds, austere and pure!

Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,  
Hills of home! and I hear again the call—  
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the pee-wees crying,  
And hear no more at all.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

"Aunt—I think you say your prayers very nicely, Reggie.  
Young Hopeful—Ah, but you should hear me gangle!