

**PAGES
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EDITORIAL

FITTING STOCK FOR SHOW.

The preparation of animals for competition in the show-ring, in order to bring out the best that is in them, and to show them to greatest advantage, requires, in most cases, more than a few days' or weeks' work, and special feeding and training. An animal normally of superior individual merit in conformation, quality and type, may fail, in close competition, owing to lack of fitting, to receive from the judge the place in the rating which, with proper preparation, it might reach. And this statement does not necessarily imply unfitness of the judge for his work. Two animals in the same class may be so nearly equal in general characteristics that the better condition and bloom of the one will turn the scale in its favor. Indeed, it often requires more courage than the average judge possesses, in the presence of a crowd of spectators, to place a superior animal, shown in inferior condition, above one that his best judgment assures him is less valuable, though making a better appearance for the time being, owing to extra care in conditioning and fitting for the contest. Some classes of stock, such as beef breeds of cattle and heavy horses, to show to best advantage, require to carry more flesh than animals of the dairy breeds or light-horse classes, but excess of flesh, and especially of fat, may handicap a contestant in the heavier classes if it unbalances his proportions or injuriously affects his limbs and action. And a dairy-bred animal, if shown carrying a surplus of flesh, would probably be discounted as lacking in the ideal qualities and propensities of a typical representative of that class. Swine in preparation for showing may, in these times of predilection for the bacon type, be easily overfed and overfitted for success in the judging ring; and overfat sheep, with too little exercise, are apt to show defective underpinning, which may account for their being turned down by the judge.

Good judgment and careful management in feeding and fitting are essential requisites in the showman. But much, also, depends upon the judgment displayed in the selection of the animals to be fitted for showing. Size is of less importance than approved type and quality. As a rule, an extra large animal is less likely to be well-proportioned and evenly-balanced than a medium-sized one, and less likely to prove a uniformly good breeder. The evidences of a strong constitution, such as full heart-girth and wide chest floor, are important considerations, as also are wide nostrils, a broad forehead, a bright eye, a strong neck, smoothly-fitting shoulderblades, a short, strong back, level quarters, full hams, strong limbs well placed, and with a good quality of bone, and sound feet. In beef cattle smoothness and evenness of flesh, and level lines, count for much; while in dairy breeds, the more wedge-like form, wide and heavy hind quarters and narrower shoulders and withers are preferred, while depth and spring of ribs, and wide, strong loins, and soft-handling skin and hair, are requisites in both classes; while fineness and evenness of fleece are essential in sheep, length and depth of sides and fleshiness of back are important in swine, as are oblique pasterns and true action in horses.

Much may be done towards improving the general appearance of animals by judicious feeding, exercise, trimming and grooming, but the special feeding should commence several months before the show season, and the animals should be brought

into the required condition by a gradual course, care being taken to avoid overfeeding, which may cause indigestion and illness, and render it impossible to bring them up to the desired condition. The food should be of a nutritious yet safe kind, of which oats and bran should form a considerable proportion, while a little oil-cake meal added, especially for cattle and sheep, aids digestion, adds flesh, and tends to maintain healthfulness. Exercise is essential to health and soundness of legs and feet in animals that are being liberally fed, and they should have daily exercise either in a field or paddock, or by being led out for a walk. Housing in hot days for protection from sun and flies is essential to their thriving and to the best condition of skin and hair or fleece, but exercise may be had in the evenings, or the animals, if quiet, may go out on pasture by night to good advantage. Attention should be given to trimming the hoofs occasionally to keep them level and of proper shape, in order that the beast may walk well. Training to lead by the halter, and stand in desirable position, should be practiced months before the shows, and the necessary grooming, washing, and, if need be, blanketing, to secure the desired quality of handling of skin and hair, which counts for so much with the judge, should be attended to in the last weeks. However full-fleshed and however correct in conformation an animal may be, it is liable to suffer in the comparison and placing if from exposure to the sun and flies and drafts the hair or fleece is dry and harsh to the touch, while one less correct in essential points, presented in the pink of condition and fitting may win, and for this reason care in presenting animals in the best possible condition and showing them to the best advantage may make all the difference between winning and losing in the competition.

THE COLLEGE AND THE FARM.

John Corbin, in a recently-published American book, seeks to answer the question, "Which College for the Boy?" He reviews the salient characteristics of half a dozen great universities, but devotes one chapter especially to what he calls "The Farmer's Awakening." He connects the marked improvements in practical farming with the advances made in college agricultural courses. The chief conclusion that can be drawn from this section of his work is that, in the application of scientific methods in farm operations lies the most hopeful field in the whole area of educational work on this continent. Mr. Corbin is optimistic enough to forecast the coming of a time when the realization of the ambition to own a farm will be all but impossible, because the farm will become the most attractive place for the application of the highest grade of intelligence. In Canada we have four outstanding institutions of research and instruction bending their energies in this direction—the Ontario Agricultural College, at Guelph; the Macdonald College, at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec; the Nova Scotia Agricultural College, at Truro; and the Manitoba Agricultural College, at Winnipeg. These seats of learning work from the top, permeating the mass downward. What is needed to complete our scheme of education is a gradual but fundamental readjustment of the public-school work of the country in the directions that have been very fully indicated through these columns in the past.

That Canada should have imported, during the fiscal year 1908, 621,150 pounds of honey, valued at \$35,405, is not at all creditable to "a land flowing with milk and honey," as Ontario was fain to describe herself after the Chicago World's Fair.

THE AMERICAN SHEEP-IMPORT REGULATIONS.

A new regulation of the United States Department of Agriculture, in regard to the importation of sheep from Canada, came into effect on June 15th, imposing a quarantine of 30 days for all sheep imported from Canada for grazing and breeding purposes, and requiring very exacting and onerous precautions, with a view to preventing the importation of scab-infested ovines into the Republic. One of these conditions is that sheep may not be imported into the United States from a district in which scab has existed within six months preceding the date of importation, unless upon inspection at the port of entry by the U. S. Official they show no signs of infection with scabies or other diseases, and are, moreover, accompanied by a certificate signed by a Canadian official veterinarian stating that they have been twice carefully dipped under his personal supervision, or under the personal supervision of another Canadian official veterinarian, in one of the dips approved by the U. S. Secretary for Agriculture, as described in Regulation 33 of B. A. I., Order 143. That is to say, if a neighbor's flock has scab, a breeder will be compelled to dip twice under Canadian official supervision before his stock are eligible for import into the United States. A breeder residing in a district free from scab, must, on selling to American buyers, be able to produce a certificate from a Canadian official veterinarian stating that the sheep have been inspected and found free from scab, and that no contagious disease affecting sheep has existed in the district in which the animals have been kept for six months preceding the date of importation. At that, they must endure the quarantine and run the gauntlet of American inspection at the port of entry. In brief, the conditions are thirty days' quarantine, two inspections (one Canadian and one American), and, in the case of stock from an infested district, two dippings. In addition to the lime-and-sulphur and tobacco-and-sulphur dips heretofore authorized, the amendment allows the use of approved coal-tar, creosote and cresol dips.

The quarantine will undoubtedly be a blow to Canadian breeders of pure-bred sheep, especially in the Province of Ontario, who have come to look to the United States for a market for their annual crop of breeding stock, particularly rams. To those in close touch with the trade, the action of the American Government is not surprising, as it is to be feared that a number of extensive dealers have played a very loose game in connection with the exporting business. The Branch of the Dominion Veterinary Director-General has been strenuously endeavoring, as far as possible, to search out and stamp out sheep scab throughout Canada. A large majority of the breeders have been thoroughly in sympathy with the regulations of the Department in this regard, and have co-operated with its officers to preserve the health and reputation of Canadian sheep. We believe some of the foremost men are anxious to have compulsory dipping once or twice a year in order to safeguard the American markets for the Canadian breeder, being aware of the carelessness of others who have been apparently doing business for the hour alone, without regard for the consequences certain to arise from diseased stock going over the line.

It is to be hoped the new regulations will serve as an effectual object-lesson, and that, with the more hearty and widespread co-operation of flockmasters, the Health of Animals Branch may be able to adopt such thoroughgoing measures as will cleanse the country of this scourge, and, by demonstrating the healthfulness of our flocks, secure, presently, the rescindment of the onerous conditions which are bound to prove detrimental to a

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trade that has been advantageous alike to Canadian breeders and the American sheep industry. Meanwhile, there will be a silver lining in the cloud if it means the more thorough exploitation of our local markets for rams by Canadian breeders, and the founding or reinforcing of farm flocks, to reap the advantage of the prevailing high prices for mutton and lamb, owing to the scarcity of sheep in the country.

INDEX TO ISSUES JANUARY 2ND TO JUNE 25TH, 1908.

By dint of no small expense and effort we compiled and published in last week's number of "The Farmer's Advocate" a complete alphabetical index of the articles and illustrations occurring in the first volume of 1908, comprising issues January 2nd to June 25th, inclusive. A new feature that will be much appreciated is the index to the chief features of the Home Magazine Department. The pages containing the index have been placed in the back of the paper, and may be readily removed by those who wish to have their volumes bound, and the index inserted in the front of the book. The encyclopedic character of the contents of the first twenty-six issues of the year are attested by the fact that the index includes seven and a half pages of compactly-arranged headings, and numbers over two thousand titles of articles on all subjects, from the Apiary Department to the Quiet Hour. Subscribers who preserve indexed files of "The Farmer's Advocate" from year to year have a better assortment of ready reference information on Canadian agriculture than can be obtained in a bookstore.

A GOOD DICTIONARY.

I thank you so promptly for the dictionary that you have so promptly sent. It is very good.
Bruce Co., Ont. F. McBALDWIN

HORSES.

HOW MANY COLTS?

How many colts will a stallion get in the natural lifetime of the average horse? is a question asked an exchange, and the answer given is: "The trotting stallion Sweepstakes, a son of Hambletonian X., sired 665 foals, beginning in 1869 as a two-year-old, and continuing through twenty-three seasons. The largest number of foals credited to him in a single season was fifty, in 1876, and the lowest twelve, that number resulting from his first season, and also in 1895. Eleven pairs of twins were born to him, and all died. Hambletonian X. in twenty-four seasons sired more than twice as many foals as Sweepstakes did. In one year he served 218 mares and brought 217 foals, a record that has never been equalled by any horse in the world, so far as history goes."

The author of the Horse Book, a recent publication, says of the famous Clydesdale stallion MacQueen (imp.) [462] (5206), (foaled in 1884, imported in 1886 by Graham Bros., Claremont, sired by MacGregor, by Darnley, and winner of the championship at the World's Fair, Chicago, in 1893): "In eight seasons he served 1,717 mares, and begot 1,078 foals. As he stood at \$15 to insure in 1899, he covered 182 mares and got 94 colts, earning in that season \$1,410; and in the seven years following he begot 984 foals, at \$20 each, amounting to \$19,680—a grand total of \$21,090 for his eight seasons' work. The highest number of foals sired by him in one season was 172, from 261 mares served, and his smallest quota of foals in one season in seven years was 123." The author, in closing the reference to this great horse, says: "Verily he merits the title I bestowed upon him, 'The Matchless MacQueen.'" These figures are of much value as showing that an old horse may be capable of doing extensive and excellent work in the stud, and that a really good getter is a gold mine.

THE WINNIPEG HORSE SHOW.

The Fourth Annual Horse Show at Winnipeg met with cold, wet weather, and, as a consequence, the attendance was somewhat interfered with. The show of horses, however, was a revelation to everyone. The acme of perfection in all classes was represented. Heavy harness horses that have carried off premier honors in New York and Toronto are now owned in Winnipeg. What is considered one of the very best Kentucky saddle horses seen at any of the American shows headed her class; roadsters which for style and speed are capable of taking a place in any show-ring were on exhibition; heavy-drafters such as Winnipeg people had never seen before came before the judges, and the pony classes were full to overflowing. In the three years since the horse show was first inaugurated, nothing in the City of Winnipeg or the West has shown so much improvement as the horseflesh. The show is serving a distinct function. To give the winnings in the seventy-odd classes is out of the question. The keenest interest was taken in heavy-harness horses suitable only for going short distances, with extreme style and action.

The Galt Horse Show, an annual event of interest to a large section of Western Ontario, was held on June 18th and 19th, and was quite the most successful of the series, the entries being more numerous than at any of the former shows, and the horses of a superior class, being largely from Toronto and the district around Galt. Among the largest exhibitors were Messrs. Crow & Murray, Geo. Pepper, and H. C. Cox, Toronto; A. Yeager, of Simcoe; E. Langdon Wilks, Galt; E. F. Seagram, Waterloo; and numerous local horsemen with smaller entries. This show is well supported by the people of the district, and has had a potent influence in the improvement of horse stock of the adjacent counties.

Never before in the experience of horsemen have so many blanks for lien notes been carried by stallion men in the Canadian West, says "The Farmer's Advocate," of Winnipeg. Loss in previous years has made the lien note a necessity. Reliable men should not object to giving a lien if it is asked for, for, after all, it is to protect the honest man from having to pay the debts of the never-pays.

To those who have not visited the range country for some years, the extent of the change from cattle to horses is said to be almost incredible. The promise of a large market by the settling up of so much new territory is more enticing than cattle markets have been for some years.

CHANGING STALLIONS.

Occasionally we receive inquiries like this: If A breeds his mare to B's stallion, and then takes her to C's before the end of the season, can B collect? This is one of the forms of looseness in connection with the business of horse-breeding. Practically all route bills stipulate that mares must be returned regularly to the horse, and if not the owners will be charged insurance fee. Very few stallion-owners enforce this regulation if a man changes his mind and decides that he does not want to raise a colt; but that does not alter the validity of the claim. When a man takes a mare to a stallion, he practically enters into a contract to do a certain amount of work toward getting his mare with foal, and unless he does it the stallion-owner may collect. The only defence the owner of a mare would have in patronizing the second horse in the season would be that the first horse was proved useless or dangerous, or otherwise unfit by not being as well-bred as his pedigree represented him.

LIVE STOCK.

THE MILKING-SHORTHORN MOVEMENT IN BRITAIN.

It is none to the credit of the Dominion Short-horn Breeders' Association that it should be so tardily lagging behind in the matter of establishing a Record of Dairy Performance in connection with its herdbook. The English breeders have taken up this matter in earnest, and the following letter, in the Irish Agricultural Gazette, by A. T. Matthews, who writes, if we mistake not, from across the Channel, shows that the Old Country breeders are away ahead of ours in comprehending the economics of milk and beef production. After paying a gracious compliment to the Jersey breed, Mr. Matthews says that the Shorthorn must in the main be the (British) milk-seller's cow, and then proceeds:

"One of the best of recent movements has been, in my view, that which commenced about seven years ago, for the restoration of the Shorthorn to its old pre-eminence as a yielder of milk. The success of the dairy farmer depends on whether his cows are really good at the pail, and during much of last century Shorthorns, as a breed, were losing ground in this respect. The fault lay, as usual, with the leaders of the Shorthorn interest, i. e., the pedigree breeders, who bred persistently for beef points, the result of which policy was so evident in the loss of milking capacity that farmers became afraid to buy a pedigree bull in case he should ruin the dairy. Yet few will deny the value of purity of descent in a sire, provided that the line of that descent leads directly to whatever characteristic is desired. In other words, the dairy farmer or milk-seller wants his bulls bred, on both sides, from stallions of abundant milkers, and the more of these crosses a sire possesses, the more certain he will be to produce profitable dairy cows. A good milking pedigree is just as desirable for the breeder of first-class dairy stock as one which registers descent from animals of symmetrical shape is for the would-be winner of prizes in the show-ring.

"Now, ten years ago there were no such bulls to be had. Show-yard judges had shown such preference for beef points for so many years that the ancient renown of the Shorthorn as a milking breed was becoming only a memory. Happily, the magnitude of the loss thereby incurred was seen before it was too late, and a few well-known breeders agitated the Councils of the 'Royal' and other big societies for special prizes, to be given for pedigree milking Shorthorns. They succeeded in this, and a good deal more. They founded the Dairy Shorthorn Society, which has since given a wonderful impetus to the cultivation of the deep-milking properties. In the very few years which have since passed, a number of owners of valuable pedigree herds have resolutely made an abundant milk yield their chief study, and already a marked success is attending their efforts.

"The consumption of fresh milk in this country, vast as it is, is still rapidly increasing, and likely to do so. There is, therefore, a future for its production worth providing for, and I submit that the best way of doing this is for the dairy farmer to rear his own stock, to use no sires but such as can show a milking ancestry for at least two or three generations on both male and female side, and to weigh and register every drop of milk given by each cow. In selecting a sire, it is the worst possible form of economy to miss the right animal for the sake of a few pounds, and the proper weeding out of poor milkers can only be done by aid of a well-kept register. Finally, I make bold to say that there is no reason whatever why any farmer's herd should not, in the course of time, be brought up by skillful management, to an average of 800 gallons per annum. There are many pedigree cows on record which have given over 1,000 gallons."

MR. BOLLERT'S EXTRAVAGANT CLAIMS.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":
 Were it not so important to our stockmen to have our different industries given their proper consideration, it would be easy to pass over Mr. Bollert's wonderful statements regarding his ideal "fifteen miles square" in Oxford County, his extraordinary returns from his Holsteins, and other statements, which he cannot possibly verify—statements which, when explained by Mr. Bollert, fizzle out in sound only; or, when compared with some of his bygone years' remarkable claims for his and other Holsteins, provoke a smile.

I wish, Mr. Editor, you could afford space to give us an article which appeared in your May, 1891, issue, under the title, "Are the Holstein-Friesians a General-purpose Breed?" by H. Bollert, Cassel. As that is too much to ask, kindly allow me to quote some from it:

"The cow which to the highest degree combines the qualities of producing milk, butter and beef, is the most profitable. The breeding of superior dairy stock is much more difficult than the breeding of beef cattle. No matter how skillful a breeder is, and how well-laid his plans, and selected his foundation stock, he will yet find that he will occasionally produce animals which are not up to the standard as profitable dairy cows. He will have to feed her three years before he definitely knows what she is."

In that Mr. Bollert admits the breeding of beef cattle a more certain business than the rearing of dairy cattle.

Carefully and wonderingly, let us note this extract from the same article: "A large book could be filled with records from individual cows and entire herds, ranging from 12,000 to 30,000 lbs. of milk in a year. These figures must seem incredible to the dairyman who keeps the ordinary cow, which yields from 3,000 to 4,000 pounds per year, but they are, nevertheless, true and undeniable facts."

Need we wonder that Mr. Bollert's mind appeared troubled about how "The Farmer's Advocate" readers would swallow such strong doses. With his seventeen years' added experience, does he himself believe that a single Holstein herd exists, or ever existed, with a genuine record of 30,000 lbs., or even down to 20,000 lbs. When a single cow at the O. A. C. produced 20,000 lbs. last year, it was considered—and rightly so—a great performance, the greatest ever heard of as made in our Province. But in my hearing, last winter, a dairyman, on several occasions, stated that another cow under test at the same time, giving half the quantity, proved the more profitable cow of the two, cost of feed considered.

The largest record for a cow on the American side for years, as reported by the press, has been 27,000 lbs. Will Mr. Bollert tell us what is the matter with the breeders of Holsteins, when the record annual milk yield of the Holsteins is falling so rapidly. Will he kindly give us out of that large book the names and addresses of a few owners of genuine record 30,000 lbs. per year of single cows and herds. If that fails, let us have the herds making 20,000 lbs. annually, as proved by official tests.

Allow me to ask, Mr. Editor, if it is true, as reported in some newspapers last winter, that the butter-fat percentage of the milk of the Holstein herd which won the Ryrie Bros. medal last season in Oxford County, was only 2.3?

Again, we note: "Yes, the Holstein-Friesian is truly a general-purpose cow." We also read, "Again, for the buttermaker she is a special-purpose cow, for the better strains of Holsteins have no superiors, if equals, as butter-producers of the finest quality and texture."

What have the breeders of Jerseys and Guernseys to say to that?

But the end is not yet: "Only the other day I was in my neighbor's barn. He is feeding some grade Holsteins and grade Shorthorns; they were raised together, were of the same age, and had the same care and food to the present day. While there, a drover came along and tried to purchase the cattle. He offered \$5 more per head for the Holsteins than the Shorthorns."

Nowadays, cattle-feeders would prefer a stag in their bunch of bullocks to a Holstein. In fact, it is only at a largely-reduced price that grade Holstein steers will be handled by feeders or drovers. It is universally admitted that Jerseys these years furnish the best butter of all breeds, in quality and texture. What, then, is wrong with the Holstein breeders in doings, or undoings, rather? According to Mr. Bollert's testimony of many years ago, the record Holstein's annual milk yield is largely decreased, taking present-day reports for comparison. According to feeders' and dealers' reports, the Holstein steer has sadly depreciated in market qualities, when compared with Mr. Bollert's stated quality of the long ago. And I am quite sure the butter consumers of the present day are with me when I remark that no Holstein butter these years will favorably compare with that made from Guernsey and Jersey cream.

Then, from the Holstein's doings seventeen years ago we have depreciation all along the line.

Annual milk yields are less, the quality of Holstein beef is left away behind in the race, and either the quality of Holstein butter has deteriorated, or the quality of other makes of butter has so greatly improved that comparisons are needless.

From all that, it is easily seen how Mr. Bollert sees through spectacles which magnify Holsteins into mountains, and thereby warp his better judgment. It is time, apparently, for Mr. Bollert to aim at regaining lost ground; otherwise, he and his fellow-breeders will be in the same class as the owners of the average 3,000-pounds cow, instead of advancement and progress, making way for lower levels of usefulness.

I might go on to review some more statements in "The Farmer's Advocate" of Feb. 15th, 1904, but think my object in opening this discussion is fully accomplished, and no further demands on your valuable space need be made. The seed sown is bearing fruit, and our people are awakening to the fact that one-sided justice only has been done by governments the past twenty years to the different stock interests in our great Province. Victoria Co., Ont. JOHN CAMPBELL.

[Note.—According to the statement of the owner of the winning herd in the competition referred to, the butter-fat average was 3.5 per cent.—Editor.]

BABY BEEVES FROM DUAL-PURPOSE HERDS.

When a champion of the beef industry, as a judicious line of breeding for a mixed-farming district to pursue, dilates exclusively on the profit of finishing cattle, he weaves an imperfect argument. That there is money in buying 4½-cent feeders, to be afterwards sold as 5½ or 6-cent beeves, no sane man will dispute. The profit comes from the increased value per pound of the original carcass. But what about the farmer who raised the

is a saving of 138 pounds of cornmeal per 100 pounds of pork produced, that the breaking strength of the thigh bones of ash-fed hogs was nearly twice as great as that of corn-fed, and that the average ash in the bones was 40 per cent. greater than where ashes were not fed.

There is still another advantage in feeding charcoal and ashes to pigs. The animals are less subject to attack by worms, and disorders of the digestive system are less likely to occur. There is less chance of epidemics of one kind or another going through the herd, causing a loss of hogs or necessitating that more high-priced feed must be fed per hog to produce a pound of gain.

WHAT STOCK PAYS BEST?

In any part of the world where land is of any considerable value, the farmer's cow, to be profitable, must be a milker. If she combines with liberal milking capacity a conformation and tendency that will make her male calves profitable to raise for beef, well and good—in fact, all the better—because then the arduous nature of specialized dairying may be relieved by devoting a portion of the farm produce to the feeding of beef cattle, but, as the returns for feed thus devoted are liable to be somewhat less than for the feed fed into a good dairy cow, it is manifestly unwise and unprofitable to sacrifice milking quality to any great extent in the dams in order to secure feeding steers. In short, a farmer on high-priced land had better leave beef-raising severely alone unless he can prosecute it with a strain of cows possessing liberal milking capacity. The cows of a special-purpose beef breed (except a pure-bred herd, kept to produce seed stock, to be sold at fancy prices) will have small place in the calculations of a shrewd commercial farmer in a district where land is relatively valuable in comparison with labor. A qualified exception might be made in the case of the corn belt, corn being a more suitable feed for beef-raising than for dairying. Generally speaking, however, the profitable farmer's cow must be either a dairy cow or a dual-purpose cow in which milk is the primary and beef the secondary consideration.

In this connection, let us quote briefly from an article which appeared serially in a couple of numbers of the Irish Farmers' Gazette, reproducing the two parts of a lecture delivered by Prof. Campbell, of the Irish Department of Agriculture, before a Co. Fermanagh agricultural and dairy society. The article was headed, "What Stock Pays Best?" and in the course of it the author discussed the returns from the rearing of store cattle under



The Autocrat (7294).
 Champion Hackney Stallion of Scottish Shows. Brown; foaled 1897; sire Garton Duke of Connaught.

steers. Any system of beef-raising that can be conscientiously recommended to an agricultural community must take account not only of the finishing stage, but of the whole process, from the breeding of the stock to the growing and fattening of the bullocks. When we get down to such a comprehensive study of the problem, we are forced to the conclusion that the economical production of first-class beef calls for the marketing of baby-beef produced by steers or heifers out of dual-purpose cows.

CHARCOAL FOR HOGS.

It is surprising the quantity of ashes a bunch of hogs will consume, provided they are penned up where they can have no access to the soil, and are fed entirely on a grain ration. Pigs fed purely on grain do not make a normal growth. Their feed does not contain a sufficiency of the mineral ingredients to supply the bones with material for growth. Calcium, generally, is the element that is lacking, and this the ashes supply in the lime which they contain.

Professor Henry, of the Wisconsin Experiment Station, was the first to demonstrate by actual feeding test the value of ashes and charcoal in hog-feeding. His investigations show that where hard-wood ashes are fed ad libitum to pigs there

Irish conditions: "Let us assume," he says, "a calf born in March, reared for a short period on new milk, and for the rest of the summer on separated milk and a suitable meal. Let us assume that during winter it is housed and receives a moderate supply of roots, hay, cake or corn. Our calculations might be as follows:

	s.	d.
Cost of calf at birth	20	0
30 gallons new milk, at 5d.	12	6
180 gallons separated milk, at 1d.	15	0
60 lbs. calf meal	6	0
430 lbs. of meal and cake	30	6
6 months' hay, at 2s. per cwt.	26	6
20 cwt. roots	10	0
Grazing for summer	10	0
Labor and risk	10	0
	£7	0 6

"What would be the value of a beast so reared at twelve months old? Would you get as much as six guineas? If you get this for the best, what would you get for the worst? As a result of this and similar calculations, and of some experiments we have made, we have come to the conclusion that it is not very profitable to rear store calves, except those that are born early, preferably

fall calves, or are heifer calves from good milch cows."

Prof. Campbell then referred to conditions in Denmark and the south-west of Scotland, in both of which districts special-purpose dairy cattle are kept, butter being made in the former, and cheese in the latter. In Denmark, the skim milk is fed to hogs, while in south-western Scotland the whey is similarly utilized. Prof. Campbell advises Irish farmers to do likewise, undertaking to develop the milking quality of their herds to a much higher average than at present, instead of pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp delusion by importing Scotch beef-bred bulls, with a view to benefiting the stocker trade. Summed up, his advice is to concentrate attention on the milking qualities, to cease raising stockers, and to utilize the feed now devoted to them in keeping an increased number of a more useful class of special-purpose dairy cows, raising the heifer calves and a few bull calves, and using the balance of the dairy by-product in feeding bacon hogs, thereby reaping a better return from it than could be secured by the raising of stores. To allay the fears of those who regard the store-cattle trade as essential to Irish prosperity, his auditors were reminded that the value of Ireland's exports of butter, bacon and eggs is now greater than her total export of cattle. Prices for imported beef have declined 30 per cent. in the past 20 years, while the prices of butter, bacon and eggs have risen. Other countries, notably the Argentine, are producing more and better beef than ever before, competition in this branch having become keen, with prospects of becoming keener still.

Prof. Campbell's advice is unquestionably sound. He does not recommend the keeping of dual-purpose stock, because he considers that, while such strains exist, the maximum degree of milking quality is not likely to be attained in this class of cattle, and he evidently considers that, under Irish conditions, they cannot afford to sacrifice a single unit of dairy quality for the sake of beefing merit. Had he been considering Canadian conditions, doubtless he would have reserved a large place of usefulness for the dual-purpose cow, as permitting not necessarily a more profitable, but a more congenial line of farm husbandry than is possible where the whole force of farm help is tied to the daily milk stool. Land is relatively cheaper and labor relatively dearer in Canada than in Ireland. Moreover, economic conditions are not so close, consequently we can af-

ford, if necessary, to yield a point or so in profit for the sake of being engaged in a less exacting and more congenial employment than specialized dairying. But here, as in Ireland, the special-purpose beef-bred grade cow is a luxury, to be afforded only by the rich farmer who does not require to make money out of his herd. It is either the special-purpose dairy or else the dual-purpose cow, for profit.

THE FARM.

THE PROPER STAGE TO DRAG ROADS.

D. Ward King says: "Drag the road when the soil is moist, but not sticky."

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Very slight changes in the wording of phrases or statements are sometimes responsible for impressions widely at variance with the intent of the original.

The phrase "moist, but not wet," used by several correspondents in your journal, and the phrase, "moist, but not sticky," which is the form used by the undersigned in both writing and speaking, are almost identical, but not quite. "Not wet" fails to define the condition of the soil closely and accurately. "Not sticky" touches the vital points, which are, first, "The drag must not clog," and, second, "The surface of the road should be left as smooth as possible."

There are two desirable conditions of the soil when the drag will not clog, and the surface of the road will be left approximately smooth, namely, "sloppy-muddy," and, "moist, but not sticky." When the soil is sloppy, the mud spreads in a wave, like thin mortar before the trowel of the mason. And when the soil is moist but not sticky, the rims of the ruts and the edges of the hoof-marks break off and move over, or else are crushed. But when the soil is between these two extremes of workable condition the drag will clog, will jump the wads of mud that gather in front of it, and will roll great balls into the wheel-way, to become sun-baked aggravations to the traveling public.

There are two serious objections to the general use of the King drag in the mud. One is that double power is required; the other is that the travel cuts the surface, instead of packing it.

This matter of dragging in the mud causes me

more trouble than any other one thing connected with the King-drag system of roadwork.

In my opinion, dragging in the sloppy mud is unwise, unless a stretch of highway has been seriously neglected for months, and is full of bad chuckholes and deep ruts. Under these circumstances, a man may, with profit, catch the road in the sloppy, loblolly state and drag it.

For this purpose he should use a four-horse evener and two teams. Hitch quite close to the ditch-end of the drag, and put the driver on that end. Considerable weight is needed at the ditch-end of the drag, if we are to get the proper effect. And the drag should be correctly built, with the slabs at least thirty inches apart.

Give me the reins. Picture to yourself the road as we drive onto it: Flat; covered with mud of the consistency of soft soap; the ruts and chucks filled to the brim with water; it certainly seems a hopeless undertaking. But we drive slowly down on one side. Before we travel a rod we have a wide, deep wave of slimy mud and water pushing over toward the center of the road.

Ten rods we drive, and then we stop to look about us.

Immediately behind us, the muddy water is flowing in a broad, thin sheet towards the fence. Farther back, little rivulets drain in the same direction. And more distant still, near where we made our beginning, the smooth, water-soaked surface is changing to a lighter hue, as the drying process goes on.

The mud-holes are not in sight. The ruts are gone. All the water has vanished. It is a marvellous change, and a valuable one.

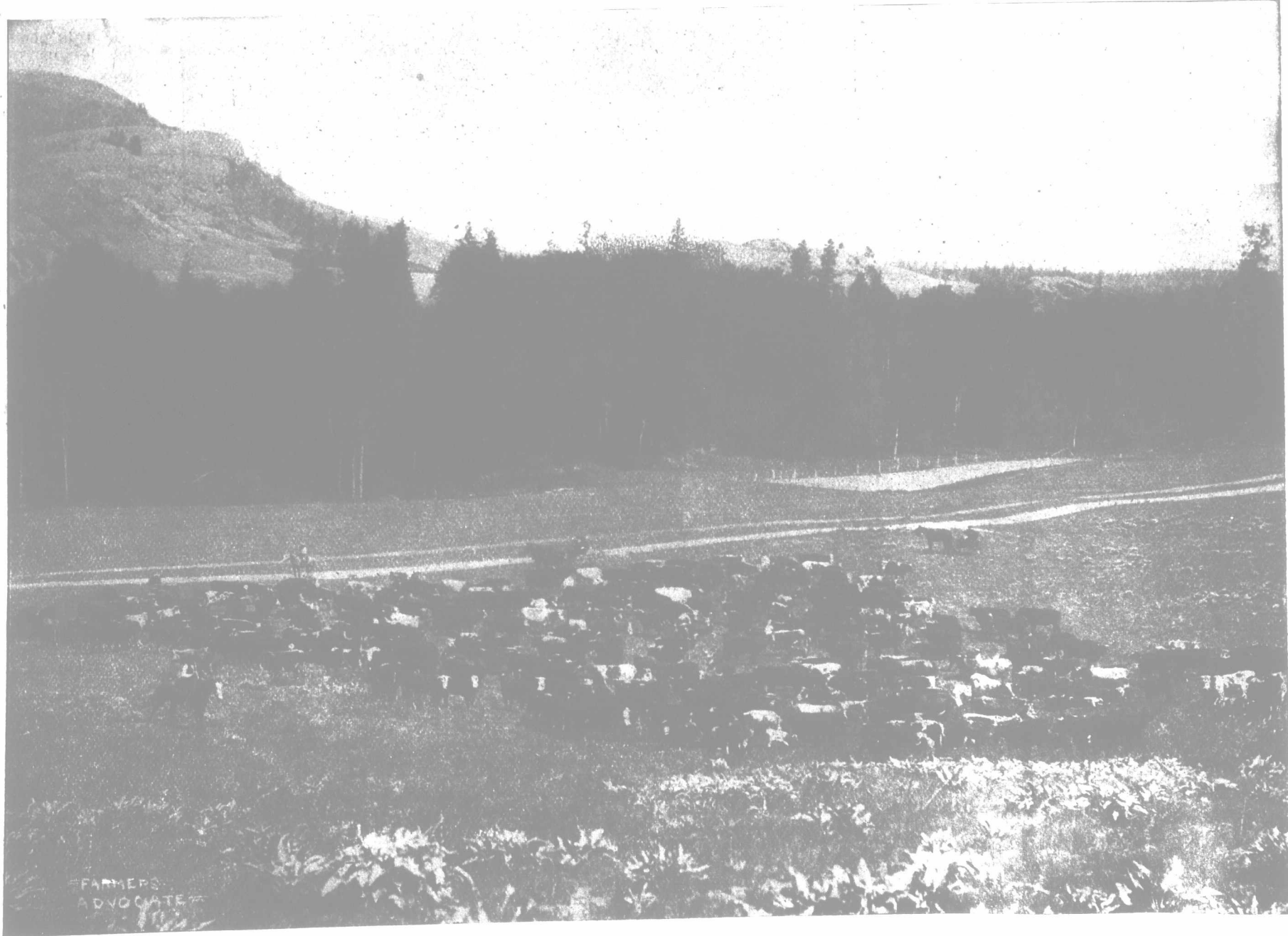
How is it done? What brings it to pass? Simply the law of gravity, and the law which makes it difficult for two substances to fill the same space at the same moment. The heavy, sloppy mud sinks into the bottoms of the mud-holes, and searches for the lowermost cranies of the deepest ruts and wheel tracks. The water—accommodating substance that it is—is crowded out and finds a smooth, moist slope, ready to bid it godspeed on its journey to the fence.

Travellers will take a middle course (not the middle of the highway), by driving with one pair of wheels in the water, and the other pair in the edge of the thin slush. Let it rain if it will, the rain-water must all run off: let it rain all night, no puddles can be found in the morning.

So we have the foundation for a perfect earth road.

Maitland, Mo.

D. WARD KING.



A Ranch in the Foothills, Alberta.

SULPHUR TREATMENT OF SEED FOR WIRE-WORMS.

The following personal letter from A. Creasy, of Great Bentley, Colchester, Eng., is given prominence by a professional contributor to an English exchange:

"The subject of wireworms has been a great worry to the farmers as long as I can remember, and I should like to give my experience of the last five years.

"In February, 1902, I bought some Page's Chevalier barley to plant eleven acres. I sowed a seven-acre field, and four acres of a fourteen acres, both being badly infested with worm. When I received the seed, I noticed it had been sweated in a kiln, and, having been connected with malting myself, was glad it had, as it produces a more uniform growth. Now, the ten acres of the fourteen were sown with ordinary Archer's barley, not sweated. The plant came up well all over the field, but I soon found the ten acres going off fast, but, to my surprise, the four acres sown with the sweated barley did not show a sign—neither did the seven acres. Well, I thought, what can be the cause, and I came to the conclusion that gas coke, which was used in the kiln, containing a certain amount of sulphur, must have accounted for it. I at once had a machine constructed, with a fan and stove attached, and drove it with my fixed oil engine, and fumigated all my seed grain (wheat included) with sulphur, and have done so for five years, and have never seen a sign of the worm or of smut since. I may say I had, previous to this, to plow up the fourteen acres and fill up the seven acres twice to get a crop; also, that I sold the produce of the eleven acres (above mentioned) at 33s., and the ten acres not treated at 26s."

Mr. Creasy, in a subsequent letter, suggests kiln-drying with the aid of sulphur as a substitute for his fan, but explains that the latter was erected at a moderate cost.

This treatment is at least novel, and may possibly prove of value. The experience cited seems to support the theory, though, but for this, it would scarcely be entertained by professional entomologists. Mr. John Dearnness points out that as the wireworm attacks not the seed, but the portion of the plant immediately below and above the seed, any treatment of the seed would not be expected to ward off the wireworm. "However," he adds, "if experience proves, theory remains to be readjusted."

Dr. Fletcher, of Ottawa, writes in similar vein as follows: "The idea is entirely new to me, but as the writer has tried the method for five years, and as the trouble and expense are very small, it certainly should be tested. Wireworms are among the few insect pests which so far have defied the efforts of students of Economic Entomology in finding a remedy."

Comment, especially that based on experience, is invited.

MAKING ALFALFA, RED CLOVER AND TIMOTHY HAY.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

The acreage of meadow this year will probably be larger than in 1907, and a larger percent of it will be clover than last year. The acreage of alfalfa is increasing every year, as people are only commencing to realize the real value of it. From present prospects, the hay crop will be rather light in this locality, owing to the dry weather of late.

We generally commence cutting alfalfa not later than the 20th of June, or as soon as it is in blossom. The red clover need not be cut so early, as it is harder to cure, if cut very green, than the alfalfa.

We aim to do the cutting after the dew is all off the grass, and if it is a good curing day we would run the tedder over the swath toward night, so as to have as much of the green side to the dew as possible; and, as we use a loader, we rake into windrows fairly green the next day, as it will cure a good deal in the windrow. Of course, if we were not using a loader, we would probably rake the same day it was cut, and out in coils, to stand a day or two, and then open with a fork stand a few hours before drawing. But this to dry a great deal more labor, and a greater length of time exposed to the vagaries of the weather.

The horse hay fork is probably the best and quickest way of unloading, although a great many are using the slings; but the slings cannot be used when a loader is used.

Probably the most important controllable factor in the curing of hay is to get it cured as quickly as possible without exposing to the dew after being cured any more than is necessary, as there is a large percentage of the leaves lost in this way, which are certainly the most valuable part of clover hay.

As to the average cost of making clover, timothy and alfalfa hay, that would be a pretty hard question to answer, as conditions in different lo-

calities differ, but I would say on the basis of \$5 a ton for clover; timothy would be \$7, and alfalfa probably \$8. THOS. MCCREDIE. Welland Co., Ont.

EARLY HARVESTING.

The hay harvest this year will, in many parts of the country, be earlier than usual; clover, under the favorable weather conditions, having grown rapidly and reached the blooming period before the end of June. There is wisdom and profit in cutting clover early if the weather is favorable, as, by so doing, more palatable and nutritious fodder is secured; the growth of the aftermath, if used for pasture, is more bountiful, and if the second crop is cut for seed, the yield of both feed and seed will be greater. While timothy, if allowed to grow nearly to maturity, may yield a heavier crop than if harvested at an earlier stage, yet the earlier cut will make better feed, and the after-growth will also be more vigorous, and the better pasture may quite make up for the somewhat lighter yield of hay.

As a rule, there is also economy and profit in harvesting the grain crops before they are dead ripe, as the straw, when cut early, is less woody, and more digestible and nutritious, if used for fodder, and the grain is better in color, weight and quality, while there is less danger of loss from shelling in the handling of the crop. It has, however, been claimed—and, we believe, proven by experimentation—that the germinating power of fully-ripened grain is greater than of that harvested at an earlier stage, and it may be well to plan to secure seed from the portions of the crop most matured. It is good policy, where practicable, to be well forward with the work of the farm, so as to be in a position to do everything as nearly as possible at the most advantageous time to save labor and insure the best returns. Of course, one has to be governed by the conditions and prospects of the weather, and other circumstances, but it may be well, if these are favor-

able, to commence the harvest a few days earlier than regulation time, if the crop is sufficiently advanced, and secure as much of it as one can, for weather of the weeks ahead is always uncertain, and a crop which might, by "taking time by the forelock," have been safely secured, may, by an unfavorable turn of the weather, suffer considerable loss in quantity and quality, besides requiring much more time and labor in the handling. The satisfaction of having a crop safely housed when an unexpected rainy season materializes is well worth a good deal of extra effort expended at the propitious period.

Have never used hay caps, but think they are almost a necessity, especially for alfalfa, from the fact that it must be cut at a certain stage, wet or dry. If caps could be got at a reasonable price, they would pay well. Use the sun and wind sufficiently to dry the juices and any exterior moisture, without drying too much, trusting something to the sweating process.

Mowing evenly and firmly are among the essentials for successful haymaking.

To make a ton of clover or alfalfa hay of first quality, requires more labor than timothy, and will cost from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per ton, according to condition of crop and weather.

Perth Co., Ont. JOS. MOUNTAIN.

KEEP CLOSE UP TO THE MOWER.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

The present prospect of an abundant crop of hay in this locality is very promising. The acreage is about the same as 1907. The condition and proportion of clover is much better than in the past two years. Alfalfa has not been introduced in this locality, except on a small scale, for experiment, this year.

We generally aim to cut clover when about two-thirds in bloom, after the dew is off; ted, and coil it before the dew falls in the evening, and, if the weather is fine, open it up next day before noon, and draw in the afternoon and tramp it tight in the mow. Old and weedy meadows ought to be cut before the weeds seed; otherwise there is danger of spreading the weeds over the farm with the manure. This class of hay may be treated in the same manner as clover, but should be left a day or two longer in coil to sweat before drawing in, as this class of hay is more liable to heat in the mow than either clover or timothy.

The customary practice in haymaking in this locality, when the weather is fine, is mowing in the forenoon; in afternoon, tending, raking, coil-

ing, loading with pitchfork, and unloading with hay fork. Side-delivery rakes and hay loaders are not much used in this locality at present, nor hay caps. I think the latter would be very useful in bad weather, in curing clover.

I consider the most important controllable factor in the curing of good hay is to keep up as close to the mower as possible. The average cost per ton of making and storing clover and poorer quality of hay costs more than timothy slightly.

mixed with clover; but, with the conveniences we have for storing hay, our average is about 75 cents per ton. Wishing "The Farmer's Advocate" every success. W. L. DAVIDSON. Shefford Co., Que.

WHAT WEEDS DO.

Weeds injure the farmer chiefly in two ways. First, by offending his idea of the beautiful. This injury is an important factor in the value of the land; and, furthermore, it is one that is felt by the whole community. A farm with weeds is not only less valuable itself, but it makes every other farm in the community less valuable. Second, by the crop loss. This is the loss that receives the more common estimate. The farm's profits are lessened in a number of ways, the most important of which are the following:

(1) Weeds rob the soil of moisture. The amount of water that must be taken up by the roots of any plant and exhaled out into the air through the leaves is enormous. Experiments have shown that for most of the cultivated grasses from three to five hundred pounds of water must actually pass through the plants to produce a single pound of dry matter. In seasons of drouth, when there is scarcely enough moisture to supply the cultivated crops, it is easy to understand the injury done by the presence of a large number of additional weedy plants. This is doubtless the most important of the weed injuries, for it must not be forgotten that the moisture in the soil is the all-important thing. Ask the average farmer why he cultivates his corn and he will say "to kill the weeds," when, as a matter of fact, it is, or should be, for the purpose of conserving the moisture in the soil. The weeds are killed purely as an incidental matter. A perfectly clean cornfield needs cultivation as well as a weedy one.

(2) Weeds crowd the cultivated plants, depriving them of light and space in both soil and air. If corn



Stretching His Limbs.

or wheat are planted too thickly they cannot develop properly, because the plants do not get enough sunlight, and the roots do not have sufficient feeding space. Similar results will be apparent if the extra plants are weeds.

(3) Weeds rob the soil of food elements required by other plants. While there is usually more than enough plant food for all plants in almost every soil, the amount in a readily available form is limited, and the greater the number of plants among which it is divided the slower and less vigorous will be the growth of all.

(4) Weeds harbor injurious insects and diseases. The overgrown fence rows and ditches furnish most ideal places for many of these troublesome enemies to live through the winter.

(5) Weeds sometimes injure by killing farm stock or by rendering their products unsalable. Mountain laurel, wild parsnip, and a few other plants found as weeds in certain localities sometimes kill stock outright. Wild onion, a very serious weed in some places, often renders milk and its products unsalable.

(6) Weeds render certain products of the farm unsalable. Weeds in hay reduce its value, and the presence of weed seeds in commercial farm and garden seed not only reduces its value, but opens the way for introduction of a weed pest into a new locality, from which it can, perhaps, never be eradicated.

Other injuries will suggest themselves, but these are, perhaps, the most important.—Vernon H. Davis, Assistant Professor of Horticulture, Ohio College.

THE DAIRY.

HOW AVERAGE DIFFERENCES MULTIPLY OUT.

In the Pine Grove, Ont., cow-testing association, for the thirty days ending 17th of May, 40 cows had a total production of 28,502 pounds of milk. During the same period, 46 cows in the North Oxford, Ont., association gave a total yield of 40,385 pounds of milk. The difference between the average per cow was not so very striking, being in the one case 712 pounds milk, and 878 pounds milk in the other. But it is the totals that tell the story, and count up when the returns are figured. If the Pine Grove cows had produced as well as the North Oxford cows, they would have given an additional 6,618 pounds milk, equivalent to an extra 8 cheese each weighing 80 pounds.

Similarly at Sheffield, Ont., during the same 30 days, 54 cows gave 24,541 pounds milk, or an average of only 639 pounds per cow. If they had yielded in the same proportion as the North Oxford cows, they would have given 12,870 pounds milk more than they did, or an additional sum of one hundred and fifteen dollars to their owners in the 30 days.

Ottawa.

C. F. W.

THE JERSEY MAY SHOW.

Mr. F. S. Peer, well known to Canadians as a competent judge of dairy-bred cattle, and who makes frequent trips to Great Britain and the Island of Jersey for the selection and importation of this class of stock, in a report to the Jersey Bulletin, of the show-ring awards and butter test, or milking trials, at the May Show, held at St. Helier, on the Island, on May 21st, says:

"The milk or butter records of a cow are not taken into consideration in the show-ring. This is just as it should be. I have always maintained that to be the only consistent way to judge. It is most absurd to expect any man to go into a show-ring and attempt to judge by the combined standard. The show-ring is for picking out and awarding prizes to the animals coming nearest in conformation to the ideal animal of the breed, and there a judge's duty in the show-ring begins and ends. For him to enter at all into the question of which cow gives the most milk or makes the most butter, is absurd. It's all guesswork. Those who think they can tell by milk wells, milk veins, escutcheons, or any other so-called dairy sign, only deceive themselves. Their decisions are purely guesswork. The scales, the Babcock, the churn, are the only judges, and no man going into a ring of show cattle should attempt it.

"I should like to see the man living who could have picked the best butter cow, the winner of the gold medal for highest per cent. of butter-fat at this show. She is a 'meaty' cow—so much so that no man, however expert, would have selected her; thick, short neck, and a fleshy-looking udder. In what is termed 'beefy-looking,' there was not another cow among the 126 animals entered for the tests to compare with the winner. Still, she made 2 pounds 11½ ounces butter in 24 hours, and received the gold medal for producing the most butter.

"As to size of udder, there were at least a dozen cows in the stable that looked to be bigger milkers; still, she gave 48 pounds 10 ounces of milk in the one-day test. She would have fooled the judges who think they can tell by milk veins. There were probably 40 cows in the show that by the so-called signs would have won over her. In saying this, I do not in the least wish it to be understood that she is a misfit of a cow. She

is a very high-class animal, indeed, and, aside from her meaty appearance, is perfect enough in conformation to win high honors in the show-ring as well. I sent an offer of £100 for her, but before I could get a reply she was sold for double that figure. All I mean to say is that I, at least, don't pretend to say by the looks of a toad how far he can jump."

BOVINE AND HUMAN TUBERCULOSIS.

The following discourse on tuberculosis as affecting the dairy-cattle business are extracted from the recent presidential address delivered by O. W. Kellogg before the Holstein-Friesian Association of America, in convention at Syracuse, N. Y.:

NOT A NEW DISEASE.

"It is asserted that the cattle of this country are now affected with a dangerous and infectious disease that threatens not only to destroy this great industry, but also that the use of meat and the milk from these animals is a menace to the public health. The agitation of the subject by experts, veterinarians, boards of health, exhibits before public assemblages, and publications in the public press magnifying the extent and nature of the disease, and the danger therefrom, has excited and alarmed the public, and created an apparent demand for State and Federal legislation upon the subject, and led many to believe that a new disease had broken out, or been discovered in the cattle of the country. But history tells us it is not a new disease, it is not a new discovery; it is simply the renewal of the agitation of an old subject. Statistics show that the disease is prevalent in all the civilized countries of the world, and that it has existed for centuries, and that legislation in reference to it dates back into the middle ages.

"In the 16th century stringent laws were passed making the destruction of tuberculous cattle compulsory. It was later ascertained that this law was based on an erroneous conception of the nature of the disease, and it was abandoned. In the 18th century all restrictions against the use of meat were removed. In 1882 new discoveries in reference to the disease were made, and since that time the tide of opinion has again turned against the disease. Opinions regarding the disease have varied much in different periods, and have influenced the laws and regulations in reference to it.

TUBERCULOSIS AN ANCIENT MALADY.

"Human tuberculosis is as old as civilization. It was known and described by Hippocrates over four hundred years before the Christian era.

"The disease is mentioned in the Bible, and considered a punishment inflicted on account of sin, either personal or ancestral. It is not important to consider whether this belief is correct or not. It is simply referred to for the purpose of showing the early history, and the antiquity of the disease. Much has been learned about it in recent years. The mystery regarding it has been revealed, science has disproved the theory of hereditary transmission, and experience has proved it is a preventable and curable disease, especially in its earlier stages. A specific cure has not been discovered, but recent advances of favorable results from the use of medicine, and its triumphs over many deadly diseases, encourage confidence in the report that an important discovery has been made in the treatment of the disease.

HUMAN TUBERCULOSIS DECREASING IN SOME CITIES.

"Notwithstanding the rapid growth of our population, and that the use of milk is daily and yearly increasing in all our great cities, physicians tell us that for the last fifty years the death rate from this disease has been steadily declining in most American cities, while cancer and other deadly diseases, for which the cow cannot be held responsible, have more than doubled in the same time.

"If bovine tuberculosis is increasing, and the disease is communicated through the cow to mankind, we would naturally expect to find that the disease was increasing instead of decreasing, yet the death rate in New York city from this disease has fallen from 42 per 10,000 people from 1851 to 1860, to 26.6 in 1905. Boston and other cities show similar declines.

ENLIGHTENMENT, SANITATION, SEGREGATION, SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT.

"What is the cause of this great decline? Is it the apparently healthy cows that have responded to the tuberculin test that have been slaughtered? No!—because this test was not discovered, or at least announced, until 1882. We, therefore, look for some other cause, and we find that a campaign for the enlightenment of the general public has been carried on by strong, energetic and distinguished men, and noble and philanthropic women, who have cheerfully given time, energy and money to the cause. National, state, and local associations for the study and prevention of tuberculosis have been organized. It is said that there are seventy-four Anti-tuberculosis Societies and State Commissions in existence in this country, not including the National Association for the study and prevention of tuberculosis, and 150 institutions in the United States and Canada devoted to the treatment of tuberculous patients, including hospitals that maintain separate buildings, wards and tents exclusively for tuberculous patients.

"Up to 1905 there were 132 free dispensaries and clinics for the exclusive treatment of the disease estab-

lished in the different cities of this country, not including the provisions made in insane and penal institutions, and since that time many new ones have been opened and others projected. The results accomplished are most encouraging, and compare favorably with those of other countries.

"The State Charities Aid Association in the State of New York is now attempting to establish a Tuberculosis Relief Station in every county of the State, where free examinations, reliable literature and information will be furnished, and suitable relief administered free to those unable to employ a physician.

"The New York State Hospital at Ray Brook, in the Adirondacks, discharges eighty-three per cent. of its patients as apparently cured, and thirteen per cent. in whom the disease is arrested. This great work and the magnificent results accomplished demonstrate its inestimable value to the inhabitants of this country. Its continuance is a duty that ought to be promptly assured by the nation, state and municipalities, for in its continuance lies the nation's hope for the protection of its people from a disease that for all time has been active in depopulating the earth.

"Holstein cattle, with their vigorous constitutions and robust frames, are better able to resist the disease than animals of other breeds; still, they are not immune.

FAVOR RATIONAL METHODS TO COMBAT BOVINE TUBERCULOSIS.

"It is confidently believed that if a method for the treatment of bovine tuberculosis is adopted, based upon substantially the same theory as that which has been so successfully employed in decreasing the death rate from human tuberculosis, supplemented by a vigorous campaign for the education of the farmer, dairyman and breeders in the rudiments of the Bang or Danish system of segregation, and the safeguarding of calves from infection, the problem of staying the progress of this destructive disease will be more effectually solved than it can be in any other way.

"This association, and the breeders of the country, will co-operate with the authorities, State and National, in carrying out any reasonable method, based on scientific principles, for eradicating the disease, which does not involve the wanton slaughter of their animals. New Hampshire, and some of the other States, have already adopted a somewhat similar method with very satisfactory results.

"Differences of opinion exist as to the propriety of applying the tuberculin test to healthy animals. Yet, as the Government, foreign countries and the different States approve of the test, and as it is recognized by high authority to be the best and most available agent, if properly administered by competent men, it is differentiating sound from the diseased animals, it is apparent that we must submit our cattle to its application, in transferring them from one State to another, or to foreign countries; but what we ought to have, and what we are entitled to, and what we should insist upon, is that we have competent men, appointed by the Government, in every State to apply the test, and a law making their certificate of the result of such a test for a reasonable period of time conclusive, and binding upon the authorities in any other State to which the animal is sent."

GARDEN & ORCHARD.

THE FRUIT CROP AT THE PACIFIC COAST.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

The prospects for fruit on Vancouver Island are better than they have been for a number of years, and there has always been a pretty good crop. This year, however, the bloom was better than ever has been seen here before. There has also been a very large increase in the acreage under crop, so that the whole country around the Victoria district has been one mass of bloom.

Strawberries are just beginning to come in, and before this letter reaches its readers the marketing will be just at its height. The crop is bound to be a bumper one—bigger than has been known for the past three years. Last season the growers sold something like three hundred dollars' worth of berries from each acre, but they will, at the very least, double these figures this season. Twenty thousand crates, each containing twenty-four pound boxes each, have been sent out already to the growers in the immediate neighborhood of Victoria by the local Fruit-growers' Association, and it is estimated by the secretary that at least ten thousand more will be required.

It is not reasonable to expect that all the fruit raised around Victoria can be marketed in the city. Large quantities of the best of it will be sent to the prairies. In order to see that a proper distribution is made, the local growers have affiliated with the British Columbia Fruit and Produce Exchange, with head office at Ashcroft, who have men travelling through the prairie towns taking orders for the fruit. These orders are distributed to the different parts of the country where the fruit is raised.

In Victoria, the sale of merchantable fruit is much restricted by the fact that so many of the residents have patches of berries in their gardens, as well as apple, pear and plum trees, and raspberry bushes. If the berries are picked when in proper condition, however, there is not the slight-

est difficulty about the market. The prairies and the north country can take five times as many berries as can be raised here for a long time to come.

Before the local fruit-growers were able to affiliate with the central exchange, it was necessary for them to reorganize their association here. That has been done recently. A warehouse has been secured, and a permanent paid secretary, in the person of James Drummond, who seems to understand his business thoroughly. Packing-houses will also be erected at several central points throughout the district, including one at Salt Spring Island. These arrangements have been found necessary, owing to the immense strides the industry has made during the past year or two. Last year there was an unusually large pear crop in the district. There were no facilities for proper distribution, and the result was that the local market was glutted. The prices went away down to as low as fifty cents a box, and the lesson was learned.

Vancouver Island has every facility for fruit-growing and for mixed farming. All kinds of fruit, such as apples, pears, cherries, plums and prunes, as well as berries and small fruits, grow to perfection. There is a good market for all these. The climate is the best in the world. On the other hand, the fact that the land has to be cleared of heavy timber before being brought under cultivation makes the land dearer than it is in an open country, where there are no trees.

It is possible to start with a small amount of capital, but the settler must have some cash in order to plant the first lot of strawberries from which the first return will be received. The larger fruits will be planted among the berries, so that the trees are growing while crops are being taken from the land.

HENRY F. PULLEN.

A NEW ASPARAGUS PEST.

A correspondent, Mr. Webb, of London, Ont., has submitted for identification a red-spotted beetle found on asparagus. The name of the insect is *Crioceris 12-punctatus*, a European pest, which was first reported at Baltimore about 1890. Since then it has spread throughout the Eastern

States. Dr. Fletcher reported it in Niagara District about 1898. This insect is said to be less destructive than the striped asparagus beetle—*Crioceris asparagi*. The confinement of poultry on the asparagus bed has been tried and commended by some growers.

BLACKBERRY RUST.

The leaves of my blackberry bushes are covered with something like rust. I noticed one or two bushes two years ago, but this year nearly half of the row is like it. The bushes are well cultivated and cared for—no weeds among them. Is there anything I can do for it, or will they have to be dug up?

M. J. F.

Ans.—The disease on the blackberry bushes is what is commonly known as "orange rust." This is a disease for which there is no remedy other than cutting out and burning the infested bushes. It should be done as soon as the disease makes its appearance, for the mycelium of the fungus is perennial in the blackberry canes, and when a bush is once affected it never recovers, but the disease spreads by means of the orange-colored dust or spores, which are the fruiting form of the fungus.

H. L. HUTT.

O. A. C.

SPRAYING TO PREVENT POTATO BLIGHT AND ROT.

Under the head of "Potato-growing Suggestions," published in the Massachusetts Crop Report, Chas. D. Woods, Director Maine Agricultural Experiment Station, summarizes his advice as follows:

To successfully grow potatoes: Select highly fertile land, so situated that it will suffer as little as possible from excessive rain or drouths.

Thoroughly prepare the soil, and fertilize liberally.

Spray for insects and blight early and often.

Keep the crop free from weeds, and the surface of the soil loose during the whole season.

Do not let anything prevent the potato field from receiving constant care.

Under the head of condensed directions for combating insect and fungous pests, the author says:

For insects, spray with a poison alone, the approved formula being Paris green $\frac{1}{2}$ pound, lime (unslacked) 3 pounds, water 50 (American) gallons. The lime is added to prevent the Paris green from burning the foliage. Slack the lime in a little water, and make a thin paste and strain; wet up the Paris green with a little water into a thin paste, then mix the lime and Paris green, and add the remainder of the water. If flea-beetles are numerous, or there is danger of blight, use poisoned Bordeaux mixture.

For blights, begin to spray when the tops are six or eight inches high, and spray thoroughly every ten days—every week, if necessary. If insects are plentiful, use the poisoned Bordeaux mixture (Bordeaux and Paris green) formula, 5 pounds copper sulphate, 5 pounds fresh lime (unslacked), and 50 (American) gallons of water, to which is added $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of Paris green, in the form of a paste, prepared as described above. After danger of insects is past, use the Bordeaux mixture alone, omitting the Paris green. Usually six but sometimes four sprayings are sufficient to protect against late blight, but the leaves should show a coating of Bordeaux from the time spraying commences until the crop is harvested or the tops are killed by frost. One thorough spraying in muggy weather, before the blight has gained a foothold, may be the most effective application of the season. If early blight is prevalent, five or six very thorough sprayings, beginning early in the season, are necessary to insure protection.

A CANADIAN FORMULA.

The above directions call for rather more frequent sprayings than Canadian authorities usually deem necessary. In this connection, we quote from an article prepared by H. B. Smith, who investigated the potato industry for the Ontario Department of Agriculture in 1906. He says: "Late blight and early blight are the two commonest potato diseases (the spores of the latter also cause rot). Both may be controlled by the Bordeaux-mixture formula, 6 pounds bluestone, 4 pounds lime, 50 gallons water. For the late blight, commence spraying July 15th; for the early blight, about the middle of June. The early blight is rarely very prevalent. Spraying with Bordeaux costs from five to eight dollars per acre.



Again the Call for Harvest Hands.

The actual cash gains from such spraying at Geneva, N. Y., for the past three years averaged \$76 per acre per year."

Mr. Smith's formula is slightly different from Mr. Woods', in that he recommends a slightly larger proportion of copper sulphate or bluestone, and slightly less lime. The exact proportion is a matter of opinion; either will give good results. The important point is to keep the vines covered with the Bordeaux mixture from July 15th; or, if early blight threatens, from June 15th until the potatoes are dug or the vines are all dead. Spraying to prevent blight should be as much a matter of course as spraying to kill bugs.

WHITE GRUB IN STRAWBERRY PLANTATION.

What would you advise as a means of defence against white grub in strawberries? W. A. H.

Ans.—White grubs are very difficult to combat in a strawberry plantation, as they cannot be destroyed except by digging them out wherever they show by their work they are present. The best way is to avoid planting strawberries on land which is likely to be infested with the grub. I suppose you are aware the mature insect is the May beetle, or June bug, as it is sometimes called, which lays its eggs about the roots of grass, usually upon sod ground. The larva, which hatch from the eggs, take two or three years to reach full development before they transform into beetles, hence it is best to avoid planting strawberries upon ground which has not been under cultivation for at least a couple of years.

O. A. C. H. L. HUTT.

POULTRY.

DISTINGUISHING SEXES IN GUINEA FOWL.

Interrogated as to how the sexes of Pearl Guineas might be differentiated, Fram Poultry, admitting that the case is difficult, proceeds to explain that the male has quite a stately gait and somewhat the air of a lord, but the most distinguishing trait is the "come back" or "co clack" note of the hen. Those who observe closely and discriminate finely, see a difference in the mincing, tiptoe gait of the male and plain businesslike walk of the female. The color of the wattles are seen differently in male and female by those who scrutinize closely, the cock having a more brilliant red color, while those of the hen are more of the blue hue, or a darker and duller red color than the cocks.

UNDERSIZED POULTRY.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

If a farmer were to look up the standard weight of the breed of fowls he is handling, and weigh all his birds and take the average weight, he would be an exception to the rule if his fowls averaged within two or three pounds of the weight required by the standard. Most farmers complain of the lack of size in their poultry and are trying to remedy it by various means. They usually try to increase the size by purchasing large male birds. This, of course, helps the matter somewhat, but it cannot produce the desired result, as the hen has more influence over the size of the chick than the sire, while the sire's greatest influence is in color. Standard weight fowls can be produced only by standard weight birds on both sides, male and female.

When a person breeds fowls, as most farmers do, without knowing which hens lay the eggs that are set, using eggs from pullets hatched all the way from April to August, he must expect undersized poultry. The only way that the size can be kept up to standard is to select a vigorous, well-built male of standard size and mate him with from eight to twelve strong, well-developed females of standard size. Late-hatched, undersized males or females should not be used. This method of breeding would be much more satisfactory, and in the end less expensive.

Suppose one man has one hundred hens and buys pure-bred cockerels enough to breed them all, and sets eggs from any female that happens to lay a nice-looking good-sized egg, though she may be the smallest bird in the flock, and his neighbor buys one good pure-bred male bird, lumber enough to make a small colony house six by eight feet, and chicken wire enough to make a pen twenty-five feet square, and puts his one good male in the pen with his twelve best hens, and keeps them there till they get used to roosting in the colony house, and then lets them out after laying time each day, at and then from two to four o'clock in the evening, the man who buys the one good male, lumber and chicken wire, spends little, if any, more than the man who buys several pure-bred males in the first year, and after that he has decidedly the best of it, as he has only one male to buy each year, while his neighbor must buy several. The man with the pen will be much ahead in the weight of poultry to sell in the fall.

W. I. THOMAS.
Alta.

APIARY.

THE BEEKEEPING INDUSTRY.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Since writing the article which appeared in the June 4th number, on page 974 of "The Farmer's Advocate," I have information at hand which shows a much more serious condition of affairs than even I anticipated. For some time I have been viewing with alarm the various special tariff arrangements with other countries. We have had, during the past ten years, a British Preferential treaty; then a treaty with the British West Indies; then a maximum, intermediate, and minimum tariff, and I understand there is at present a flirtation going on with San Domingo, one of the best honey-producing countries in the world, although the grade of their product is inferior.

Knowing in what direction the beekeeping industry was going, and that in all probability a treaty with San Domingo would be a further blow to the industry, I wrote a letter to a Member of Parliament who is personally known to me, asking him to secure a return of honey imports for the last ten years. By doing this, the facts would be brought before Parliament and before the country. From these it appears, according to Hansard, that the quantity and value of honey imported into Canada during the fiscal years from 1888 to date, by countries, has been as follows. For the last ten years we give the amounts received from the various sources:

Fiscal years.	Pounds.	Value.
1888—Total	18,666	2,312
1889—Total	46,184	4,941
1890—Total	89,585	4,650
1891—Total	25,999	3,563
1892—Total	28,699	3,751
1893—Total	15,812	2,207
1894—Total	25,339	2,468
1895—Total	11,984	1,404
1896—Total	32,052	3,504
1897—Total	26,149	3,003
1898—Total	43,232	3,920

Countries.	Pounds.	Value.
1899—Great Britain	84	13
China	163	5
Greece	60	15
United States	83,581	8,546
Total	83,888	8,579

1900—Great Britain	75	14
British West Indies	200	13
Austria	5,92	278
Porto Rico	40	3
United States	136,736	13,326
Total	142,973	13,634

1901—Great Britain	148	21
British West Indies	2,565	277
Austria	13,049	574
China	220	4
Germany	2,800	124
Turkey	13,574	326
United States	97,412	9,927
Total	129,768	10,951

1902—Great Britain	31,856	1,124
British West Indies	18,754	674
Austria	6,571	278
China	320	8
Germany	3,559	153
United States	74,895	6,775
Total	135,955	9,019

1903—Great Britain	5,201	177
British West Indies	55,227	2,278
Hong Kong	207	5
China	391	9
United States	60,214	5,417
Total	121,240	7,886

1904—Great Britain	16,251	688
British West Indies	33,785	1,408
Hong Kong	600	11
Austria	2,063	121
China	580	10
United States	65,815	7,805
Total	119,124	10,016

1905—Great Britain	26,046	769
Australia	2,126	129
British West Indies	29,168	1,224
Hong Kong	838	15
China	282	5
United States	57,275	7,008
Total	115,735	9,141

1906—Great Britain	4,699	131
Australia	2,368	113
British West Indies	17,579	459
Hong Kong	1,759	49
China	491	12
Greece	144	40
United States	56,594	6,752
Total	83,634	7,556

(9 months)		
1907—Great Britain	8,031	290
British West Indies	131,370	4,147
Hong Kong	248	5
China	738	18
Hawaii	1,200	70
United States	182,066	15,700
Total	323,653	20,270

1908—Great Britain	20,510	1,172
Australia	2,895	186
British West Indies	325,645	10,034
Hong Kong	866	25
China	502	15
Hawaii	4,080	210
Japan	60	2
United States	266,572	23,731
Total	621,150	35,405

Since the above has been made public, I have been at several beekeepers' conventions, and, when giving these figures, surprise has been expressed on every occasion. That Canada, with a Province such as Ontario, so well able to produce large quantities of first-class honey, should be increasingly importing of this commodity, is entirely unexpected. I, therefore, take this opportunity of giving the facts a very wide circulation. We find, from the above figures, that, from 1888 to 1895, inclusive, the average annual honey imports into Canada were 26,533 pounds. During one fiscal year (nine months) they were 323,653 pounds, and for 1908, 621,150.

For the same years (1888 to 1895, inclusive), the average imports from the British West Indies were 172 pounds per year. In 1907 (9 months) the imports were 131,370 pounds; and for 1908, 325,645 pounds; and, no doubt, the preference taking off one cent per pound, and ignorance as to the conditions under which much of this honey is produced, has led to the importation of so large and growing a quantity.

Taking the average imports from Great Britain for the years 1888 to 1901, inclusive, we have an average annual import of 237 pounds. We have now a preference with Great Britain taking one cent per pound off the duty, and we find that during 1908 we imported from Great Britain over 20,000 pounds of honey, the average value of which was 5.7 cents per pound. Anyone conversant with affairs will know full well that the value of genuine British honey is about four times this, and no doubt it is a cheap grade of honey from tropical countries that comes to us. The Customs Department, in happy ignorance of these matters, has evidently allowed the entry of this as British, and the success of the venture may result in a much-increased import under this head, unless someone succeeds in stopping the scheme.

All the above would appear to injure beekeeping in Canada. It means we import what we should export, and the value of the bee to the fruit-grower, the clover-seed-grower and buck-wheat-grower is lost, to say nothing of supplying the country with a poor grade of honey which does not tend to develop our markets for honey to the same extent as our best Ontario honey would. This injury should be enough, but when we look to Ottawa we find that the duty on hives and wood implements used in connection with the beekeeping industry has been raised from 20 to 25 per cent. In other words, the duty has been reduced on honey and raised on the goods the apiarist uses.

R. F. HOLTERMANN.
Brant Co., Ont.

THE FARM BULLETIN

REPLY TO MR. ANNETT'S INQUIRY RE SLINGS.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

As an explanation in reply to Mr. G. A. Annett's inquiry, on page 1034 of your June 18th issue, I beg to say that the "Sure-grip" car which I use is constructed with an automatic pressure on draft rope, which is raised whenever car is locked in stop-block or gate, and lowered the instant the car leaves the stop-block or gate; in other words, the pressure is removed the instant the car is locked on the stop-block or gate and lowered the instant the bumper pulleys unlock the car from stop-block or gate. In this way the bundle is held up close to the car, and can be carried along the track into the first, second or third mow, either way from the drive floor desired.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

WHO IS TO BE MASTER OF THE FARM?

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

The annual general convention of the Bruce County Farmers' Institute was held at Walkerton last month, on the farm of Mr. Abr. Rowand, who has always taken an active interest in Institute work, and whose two sisters take a very active part in the Women's Institute. Mr. Rowand's farm is always kept in good order, he evidently believing that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." A nice little grove of maples near the house is only one of the attractions that beautifies this farm. He also has a fine herd of Holstein cattle, of which he is very proud.

The assemblage consisted of a joint meeting of the Women's and the Farmers' Institutes, there being about 200 present in all. The cynosure of interest was Mr. W. S. Fraser, of Brantford, who was billed to deliver a lecture on "Seeds and Weeds." Some of the members wished to hear something on stock, but Mr. Fraser explained that he "could not talk astronomy, because he hadn't his telescope with him." He made good, however, in his talk on weeds.

The management of weeds is a branch of farming that we farmers do not interest ourselves enough in. The time is coming, and not far distant, when it will be a question of who is master of the farm, the farmer or the weeds? On many farms weeds are getting so bossy that the farmer is compelled by their presence to summer-fallow one or more fields, thus losing a year's crop in order to be able to get another crop. Isn't that enough to waken some of us to the point of seeing? "Ye have eyes, yet ye see not." Will you allow weeds like the daisy, mustard, sow-thistle, bindweed, and last, but by no means least, wild oats, to be your master? Many a farmer loses a large percentage of his crops through the accumulation of these taskmasters, and then loses a whole crop in exterminating them. Nothing is done to prevent their multiplying until they take the overhand. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. It takes a little extra work, but aren't clean grain and clean fields, and the satisfaction of knowing that they are so, worth a little extra work? In whatever we do we should form in our mind an ideal of how things should be, and then work up to that ideal, and do not be afraid of putting the ideal too high. That is the secret of true success on all lines. See in your mind's eye your fields free of weeds, and you will soon want to see it that way with your physical eye.

Mr. Fraser's method of ridding a field of perennials is to choke them off whenever and as often as they show signs of life. That is, don't let any green show above ground. When a field is comparatively free of weeds, go through it and pull the straggling ones to prevent further seeding, as every plant ripened means hundreds of plants next year. By pulling one plant this year you pull 100 plants for next year. When the sow-thistle or bindweed has found a lodging in a field of grain, better cut the grain off the spot and cut off the green sprouts just as they show their heads above

ground. Bindweed requires two years of cultivation. Tackle these weeds when the patches are small. Wild oats can be kept in check by pulling the isolated plants, but summer-fallowing and roots the following year is the only method for fields full of it. Mustard may be killed by spraying with bluestone, but pulling the plants is the most expedient where it is practicable.

The idea that Mr. Fraser wished to impress upon his hearers was that weeds should be kept in check by nabbing them as they appear, rather than being allowed to multiply until they take the mastery. A. E. W.

CROP PROSPECTS IN SIMCOE CO.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

We are pleased to report excellent prospects for a good harvest in this locality. The abundant rain (nearly 2 inches) which fell on June 22nd and 23rd came when it was sorely needed, and has added thousands of dollars to the value of the coming harvest in this section. If this rain has been general, prosperity will again be restored, and calls for the deepest gratitude to Him who rules the forces of nature. Another bad harvest would have been calamitous, as there are short stocks of produce in farmers' hands, and improvements have been brought almost to a standstill.

Fall wheat is a little thin on the ground, but has headed out well, and from present appearances will average 25 bushels per acre. Barley was generally sown late, but is looking well. Oats promise to be a heavy crop. Timothy is short, but has a thick bottom. Clover, what little there is, is thin on the ground. Roots and corn have grown well, and this rain will send them along in fine style. Potatoes need to be watched and attended to, as the bugs are very numerous. It is a mistake to delay using Paris green until the young bugs appear. By applying it early, while yet the tops are small, the work can be done more expeditiously and effectually. We use a bellows for putting on the powder. We apply it, mixed with equal quantity of air-slaked lime, early in the morning, when the dew is on and the wind down. We think the lime is a great improvement, as it keeps the Paris green from burning the leaves, besides helping to keep off the blight. We only grow sufficient potatoes for home use. We have never used the Bordeaux mixture for the blight, nor have we ever needed to since using the air-slaked lime with the Paris green. Those who apply the green mixed with water would do well to add lime sufficient to make it milky. This is no extra trouble, and will prevent the burning of the foliage.

We have found the wheel hoe a great labor-saver in cleaning roots. By beginning in time you can do double the work of a hand hoe, and do it better than it is generally done; besides, it is more attractive to the average farmer's boy, who generally has no liking for either a hand hoe or a bucksaw. Fred Foyston. Simcoe Co., Ont.

IMPROVEMENT IN CHEESE.

Reports received at the Ontario Provincial Department of Agriculture indicate a gradual improvement in the conditions surrounding the manufacture of cheese throughout the Province, with the result that the general quality of the goods exported, as well as those consumed locally, are of a higher standard than heretofore. It is most gratifying to learn that the factory-men do not hesitate to undertake a little additional expense or extra work, if it means a betterment of the quality.

A number of factories, especially in Western Ontario, have this year installed the necessary equipment for pasteurizing whey, as soon as it is drawn from the vats. It is thus kept sweet and returned to the farmers in a condition which makes it more valuable for feeding purposes, and at the same time renders it a much easier matter to wash the cans.

In those districts where the pasteurization of whey has been adopted, the raw material furnished the factories is of a better quality than in former years. With the patrons and the factory-men co-operating in carrying out the recommendations and instructions given by the department, from time to time, we can look for a still further improvement in the quality of Canadian cheese.

Reports from Montreal indicate that the quality so far this season is in advance of that of previous years. G. A. PUTNAM, Director of Dairy Instruction.

A. P. Ketchen, B.S.A., a native of Brucefield, Huron Co., Ont., died suddenly at Creelman, Sask., on the night of June 26th, from the effects of apoplexy, brought on by sunstroke, which attacked him while judging a plowing match. Mr. Ketchen was a comparatively young man, of rare ability. Prominent throughout Ontario in Farmers' Institute work, after graduating from the Ontario Agricultural College in 1902 he joined the staff of the Dominion Live-stock Commissioner at Ottawa, which he subsequently left to accept the editorship of the Nor'-West Farmer, of Winnipeg. Later he went to Saskatchewan, to fill the Deputy Commissionership of Agriculture, in the Saskatchewan Government, under Hon. W. Motherwell, in which position he served faithfully and capably until his untimely demise. His death will be a severe shock to a large circle of acquaintances throughout Canada.

There is no method by which greater benefit can be derived by farmers than through the establishing of local clubs for the study of those problems in which they are vitally interested, and applying underlying principles to local conditions. These clubs will be a means of not only increasing their agricultural knowledge, but will be a means of training them in public speaking, and thus fitting them to take a more prominent part in local and Provincial affairs. GEO. A. PUTNAM.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

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

Miscellaneous.

CELERY—LEVEL CULTURE—BLANCHING.

- 1. Will you kindly describe treatment for celery grown on level ground? Have heard of its being planted about six inches apart each way, and not hilled up with earth.
2. When celery is planted in trenches is there any way of blanching without putting earth next it?
3. How high should celery be before blanching is started?

GARDEN LOVER.

Ans.—1. Level culture is now generally practiced by commercial celery-growers, the plants being set from six inches to a foot apart in the rows, and the rows from 2 1/2 to 3 1/2 feet apart. Early and late varieties are often set in alternate rows. Boards are used to blanch the plants that mature first, and when these are out of the way there is room to bank up the remaining rows with earth. Of course very thorough and frequent stirring of the soil is necessary to conserve moisture, destroy weeds and aerate the soil. Celery plants are also set 7 or 8 inches apart each way in beds. This method requires intensive culture. The plants must be frequently fertilized and copiously watered during growth. In this case the crowding of the leaves is sufficient to blanch the stalks of the

Paris Golden variety, and boards are used only around the outside of the beds.

2. Hemlock boards an inch thick, a foot wide and 12 to 16 feet long are largely used for blanching summer celery when grown under the level-culture method, and should answer also for the trench system. The boards are placed on edge beside the rows and drawn nearly together at the top, where they are held by small wooden cleats. When thus placed the boards enclose the entire plants, except the ends of scattering leaves which project above them. Care should be taken to exclude the light. Sometimes it is necessary to draw a little earth about the base of the boards. In American market gardens, according to Bailey, these boards are moved about from field to field as the crops mature, and kept in use from mid June until late in November. Late celery is blanched mainly with earth, which is thrown up about the plants at two or three different times. Celery is sometimes blanched by wrapping the plants (all but a tuft of leaves at the top) in thick paper, or by placing large pieces of drain tile over them.

3. That depends on the variety. It is desirable in the case of the summer celery to have good stocky plants at least a foot high. When the weather is warm in summer celery often blanches in two weeks after boards are set up beside the rows, but later in the fall it takes three or four weeks, and the winter varieties are often banked with earth considerably longer than this, and then placed in celery pits where the blanching process continues.

COST OF STALLION ACCOMMODATION.

Can you inform me about the fee charged for boarding man and horse for the season, from Saturday evening until Monday morning of each week? YOUNG FARMER.

Ans.—It depends on circumstances and

localities. In the stallion-enrollment discussion in this paper during the winter of 1906-'07 one correspondent estimated the cost of a night stand at \$1.50 per time, and a noon stand at 75c. Another contended that \$10 a season would pay for a night stand and \$5 for a noon accommodation. The actual experience of stallioners in representative districts would be in order.

GOSSIP.

The auction sales of Shorthorns on June 23rd and 24th, from the herds of Messrs. R. Gibson and F. R. Shore, at Delaware, and White Oak, Ont., attracted a comparatively small attendance, owing, doubtless, to pressure of farm work, many having commenced hay-making, the bidding being slow, and not more than one-half the cattle were sold, though some excellent bargains were secured by those fortunate enough to be present. The company was, in each case, hospitably entertained, and enjoyed a pleasurable outing, and the hosts accepted the result of the sale in a philosophic frame of mind, hoping for better next time.

Customer.—What on earth is this broth made of, waiter? Surely it isn't chicken broth?

Waiter.—Well, sir, it's chicken broth in its infancy. It's made out of the water that the heggs are boiled in.

"If yoh husban' beats you, mebbe you kin hab him sent to de whippin' pos", said Mrs. Potomac Jackson.

"If my husban' ever beats me," said Mrs. Oliver Grapevine, "dey kin send him to the whippin' pos' if dey want to. But dey'll have to wait till he gets out'n de hospital.—Washington Star.

"Did your husband ketch chills an' fever?" asked the woman who was standing in front of the cabin. "No," answered the woman, who was driving a spring wagon. "He wouldn't have that much git-up-an'-git. He jes' sot around an' let 'em overtake him."

Teacher—How long had Washington been dead when Roosevelt was inaugurated? Scholar—I dunno, but it hasn't been very dead since Teddy has been there!

MARKETS.

BUFFALO.

Buffalo.—Cattle—Prime steers, \$7.15 to \$7.65. Veals—\$5.00 to \$7.00. Hogs—Heavy and mixed, \$6.50 to \$6.60; Yorkers, \$6.25 to \$6.55; pigs, \$4.75 to \$6.00; roughs, \$5.00 to \$5.25; dairies, \$6.00 to \$6.40. Sheep and Lambs—Lambs, \$5.50 to \$7.50; yearlings, \$5.75 to \$6.00; wethers, \$4.85 to \$5.00; ewes, \$4.25 to \$4.50.

CHEESE BOARD PRICES.

Toronto, 12 1/2c. for large and 12 1/4c. for twins. Kemptville, 11 1/2c. bid; no sales. Huntingdon, Q., white, 11 1/2c. to 11 15-16c.; colored, 11 15-16c. Alexandria, 12 1-16c. Ottawa, all sold at 12 1-16c. Napanee, 12c. Brantford, 11 1/2c. Perth, all sold at 12c. London, Ont., 11 1/2c. to 11 11-16c. offered; no sales. St. Hyacinthe, Que., butter, 23 1/2c.; cheese, 12c. to 12 1-16c. Canton, N. Y., 23 1/2c. for butter; 11 1/2c. for cheese. Watertown, N. Y., cheese, 11c. Belleville, Ont., 11 13-16c., 11 1/2c. and 12c. Cowansville, Que., butter, 23 1/2c. to 23 1/4c.; cheese, 11c. to 12c. Chicago creamery butter, 19c. to 22c.; dairies, 17c. to 21c.; cheese, 11c. to 12c.

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TORONTO.

LIVE STOCK.

The total receipts of live stock at the City and Junction markets last week were 217 carloads, composed of 3,201 cattle, 3,888 hogs, 2,667 sheep, 704 calves, and 91 horses.

The quality of fat cattle generally was not nearly as good. The number of stalled animals is becoming less each market, although there were a few loads of these, that have not been excelled either in quality or price obtained this season.

Trade in exporters was good, with prices higher than at any time this year. The quotations given are for stable-fed cattle, grassers, as a rule, selling from 75c. to \$1.50 per cwt. less.

Exporters.—Export steers sold last week at \$6 to \$6.75; bulls at \$4.75 to \$5.75 per cwt.

Butchers.—Prime picked lots of butchers, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs., \$5.75 to \$6, and in one or two instances as high as \$6.30 was paid for some prime cattle, less than 1,200 lbs. each; loads of good \$5.60 to \$5.80; medium \$5.25 to \$5.50; common \$4.75 to \$5.15; cows \$3.75 to \$4.75.

Feeders and Stockers.—Not many on sale. Feeders, 800 to 1,000 lbs. each, sold at \$4.00 to \$4.75; stockers, 500 to 700 lbs. each, sold at \$3.25 to \$3.75.

Milkers and Springers.—The number of milk cows was not as large as usual, nor the quality as good. Prices ranged from \$30 to \$57 each.

Veal Calves.—There was a fair demand for veal calves at steady quotations. Prices ranged from \$3.50 to \$5.50 per cwt. for the bulk, but an odd new milk-fed calf brought as high as \$6 per cwt.

Sheep and Lambs.—Receipts of sheep and lambs were larger last week, with prices easier for sheep. Ewes sold at

\$4 to \$4.60; yearlings \$5 per cwt.; spring lambs \$3.50 to \$5.75 each.

Hogs.—Competition being keen amongst the packers, prices advanced to \$6.40 per cwt. for selects, fed and watered, and \$6 to \$6.15 f. o. b. cars at country points.

Horses.—J. Herbert Smith, manager at the Union Horse Exchange, West Toronto, reports a fairly good trade for the past week. Ninety horses were sold at about the same prices as last week. Mr. Smith stated that more horses could have been disposed of at the same prices, but dealers are finding much difficulty in purchasing good horses at prices that would allow them a fair remuneration for handling them. Farmers seem indifferent about selling, as they have plenty of grass and a promise of abundant crops of hay and oats. Prices ranged as follows: Drivers \$140 to \$175; general-purpose horses \$160 to \$200, and one exceptionally fine horse brought \$257.50; expressers \$150 to \$210.

BREADSTUFFS.

Wheat.—White winter No. 2, 81c.; No. 2 red, 80c.; Manitoba No. 1 northern, \$1.06; No. 2 northern, \$1.03; No. 3 northern, \$1.01.

Rye.—No. 2, 87c. to 88c.
Peas.—No. 2, nominal, at 92c.
Oats.—No. 2 white, 45c. to 46c. outside; No. 2 mixed, 44c.

Corn.—No. 3 yellow, 80c. to 80½c.
Barley.—No. 2, 53c. to 55c.
Buckwheat.—No. 2, nominal, 65c. and 68c.

Flour.—Manitoba patent, special brands, \$6; second patents, \$5.40; strong bakers, \$5.30; Ontario 90 per cent. patents, \$3.25, bid for export.

Bran.—Car lots, on track at Toronto, about \$20.

Shorts.—Car lots, on track at Toronto, \$21.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—Market strong and prices firmer. Creamery pound rolls, 23c. to 24c.; separator dairy, 20c. to 21c.; store lots, 18c. to 19c.

Eggs.—Prices firmer, at 18c. to 19c. Honey.—Market easy. Prices unchanged, 11c. to 13c. for extracted; combs, \$2.50 to \$3 per dozen.

Cheese.—Market firmer. New sold at 12½c. to 12½c. for large; twins, 12½c.

Potatoes.—Car lots of Ontarios, on track at Toronto, 75c. to 85c.

Poultry.—Spring chickens, alive, are quoted at 25c. to 30c. per lb.; ducks, alive, 25c. to 30c. per lb.

Hay.—Car lots of baled, \$8 to \$10, on track at Toronto. Market dull.

Straw.—Car lots of baled, easy, at about \$7.

Beans.—Prices still remain firm. Primes, \$2 to \$2.10; hand picked, \$2.10 to \$2.15.

HIDES AND SKINS.

E. T. Carter & Co., 85 Front street east, Toronto, were paying the following prices: Inspected hides, No. 1 cows and steers, 74c.; inspected hides, No. 2 cows and steers, 64c.; country hides, cured, 54c. to 6c.; calf skins, city, 11c.; calf skins, country, 10c.; horse hides, No. 1, \$2.50; horse hair, per lb., 26c.; tallow, per lb., 4½c. to 5½c.; sheep skins, 80c. to 90c. Wool, unwashed, 7c. to 8c.; wool, washed, 13c. to 14c.

BACON MARKET.

The bacon market was a little firmer on the Toronto market. Breakfast bacon, 14c.; backs, 16½c.; long clear, 10½c.; hams, 13c.; shoulders, 10½c. The Kincardine bacon, which is one of the best brands on the market, sells as follows: Breakfast bacon, 18c. to 19c.; backs, 20c.; hams, 14c. to 15c.; shoulders, 12½c.

TORONTO FRUIT MARKET.

Receipts of Canadian berries at the close of the week were very liberal. Strawberries, 8c. to 12c. per quart; cherries, per basket, \$1.25 to \$1.50; gooseberries, \$1 to \$1.25 per basket; apples, \$3.50 to \$5 per barrel.

VEGETABLES.

Cabbage, per crate, \$1.75 to \$2; tomatoes, per crate, 90c. to \$1; spinach, per hamper, 40c.; peas, per hamper, \$1.50 to \$2.

MARKET NOTE

On Monday of last week at the Union Stock-yards, West Toronto, J. B. Shields, farmer and live-stock dealer, of Mount Albert in North York, sold 40 export steers, 1,300 lbs. each, at \$6.75 per cwt., which is the highest price quoted on the Toronto and Union Stock-yards this season. These cattle were fed by Mr. Shields, who farms 200 acres of land, and annually feeds a large number of cattle. This is the second time Mr. Shields has topped the market, having done so last year at \$6.50 per cwt.

MONTREAL.

Live Stock.—Cables from Great Britain indicate that the cattle markets on the other side of the Atlantic are stronger this week. Liverpool reports hot weather and a firm trade at ½c. to 1¼c. a lb. higher than a week ago. Canadian steers being 13½c. to 14½c. a lb., ranchers, 13c. to 13½c., cows, 12c. to 13c., and bulls, 11c. to 12c., American steers being 14½c. to 15c. London reports Canadian cattle ½c. up, with sales at 14½c. At Glasgow, prime steers were ½c. to ¾c. a lb. dearer than a week ago, at 13½c., secondary and inferior stock being 12½c. to 12½c., and prime bulls ½c. up at 10½c. to 11c.

American exporters have already commenced buying Ontario grass cattle and have paid 6½c. to 6¼c. on the pastures, while it is claimed that New York dealers have been purchasing cattle on the Toronto market, paying the duty and laying them down for less money than the home stock can be purchased. This naturally strengthens the market greatly, although it is expected that prices will decline as soon as the grass cattle begin to move freely. Prices here for export stock were about 6½c. to 7c. a lb.

The offerings of cattle on the local market continue light, and the tendency of the market is upwards. Best butchers' stock is selling at 6½c. to 6¼c., good at 6c. to 6¼c., medium at 5½c. to 5¼c., cows 5c. to 5½c., common stock 4c. to 4½c., inferior around 3½c. and 3¼c., and canners 2½c. to 3c. a lb. While cattle are advancing, sheep, fortunately for consumers, are declining, prices having fallen ½c. to ¾c. per lb. during the week, in spite of the fact that supplies have shown a reduction. Sales of choice sheep were made at 4½c., culls being 4c., while yearling lambs brought 4½c. to 5c. The price of spring lambs also showed a decline, and demand was fairly good at \$3 to \$5 each. The undertone to the market for calves is strong and prices advanced, good stock selling at \$8 to \$10 each and lower grades at \$3 to \$6. The market for hogs was strong this week, supplies being light and cable advices encouraging. The market advanced ½c. to ¾c. a lb., selected lots changing hands at 6½c. to 6¼c. for western hogs, and 6½c. for eastern, weighed off cars.

Horses.—The market for horses was, if possible, duller this week than hitherto. The fire at Three Rivers is apt to occasion considerable activity in rebuilding, which may result in a more active demand. Prices are: Heavy draft, weighing 1,500 to 1,700 lbs., \$250 to \$300 each; light draft, weighing 1,400 to 1,500 lbs., \$225 to \$275 each; good blocks, 1,300 to 1,400 lbs., \$200 to \$225; express, \$150 to \$225; common plugs, \$50 to \$75, and choice saddle and carriage animals, \$300 to \$350 each.

Dressed Hogs and Provisions.—Fresh killed, abattoir-dressed hogs are in more active demand this week and prices have advanced ½c. a lb., in sympathy with a similar movement for live hogs. Sales of choice stock are taking place at 9½c. to 9¼c. There is a fair demand for bacon, hams and provisions of different kinds, and prices continue unchanged. Hams weighing 25 pounds and upwards are selling at 12½c. a lb., those weighing 18 to 25 lbs. being 13c. a lb.; 12 to 18 lbs., 13c.; 8 to 12 lbs., 13½c.; rolled, 14½c. to 15½c. Bacon is 12c. to 16c. a lb. for smoked, and 11c. for green flanks and long clear heavy, while light is 11½c. and boneless 12c. a lb. Pure lard is 12c. to 12½c., compound being 9½c. to 10c. Barrelled pork is \$21 to \$22.50.

Potatoes.—The demand for potatoes seems to have fallen off slightly of late, and the offerings are fully equal to requirements. The market is perhaps even a shade lower. Green Mountains stock

being offered at 1c. a lb., car loads, on track. For broken cars, in the same position, 95c to \$1 is being paid, while grocers lots, bagged and delivered into stores, are worth \$1.05 to \$1.10 per 90 lbs. The market is dull.

Eggs.—In accordance with predictions, the market for eggs shows a slight decline this week, straight receipts being obtainable at about 16½c., while selects sell at 18c. to 21c., according to selection, in a few cases at a time. Prices in the country have declined considerably, and dealers now claim that they are able to purchase at 15c., country points. Pickling is practically over, but eggs are still being put away in cold store.

Butter.—Exports last week showed a considerable increase in volume, being about 8,000 packages, as against only 2,000 for the corresponding week of 1907. The competition between merchants resulted in a sharp advance at last Saturday's boards, prices ranging from 23½c. to 23½c. for finest Townships. Although some merchants quote the same figures here, some giving an outside limit of 24c., it is easy to see that, with costs added, this butter cannot be turned over at less than 24½c., although some good quality may be had at 23½c. It is generally admitted that these figures are above an export basis, but it would seem that they will have to be paid. The butter arriving by boat sold on the wharf at 23½c. to 23½c., the quality being, however, inferior to that specified above.

Cheese.—The price of cheese also was boosted on the country boards last Saturday, and as a result dealers are now quoting eastern here at 11½c. to 11½c., western being 11½c. to 12c., very few packages being available, apparently, at 11½c. Quebec cheese sold at the boat at 11½c. to 11½c. A sale of 500 eastern was made at 11½c. There are very few Townships being made, and these are sold at prices for westerns or easterns, according to their quality. The export demand would appear to be very fair, as 80,000 packages were shipped during the week ending May 20, or only 1,000 packages less than a year ago.

Grain.—There is some demand in the local market for Manitoba feed wheat at steady prices, being 71c. to 72c. for No. 1, 67c. to 67½c. for No. 2, in store. There is some export demand for oats, besides which the local demand is fair. Eastern Canada No. 2 white oats are quoted at 49c. to 50c. a bushel, car loads, in store; No. 3 being 47½c. to 48c.; No. 4 being 46c. to 46½c.; rejected 45c. to 45½c., and Manitoba rejected 46c. to 47c. per bus.

Hay.—There has been a renewal of the weak feeling in the market for hay, and prices have scored further declines, largely as a result of lower cables from the other side of the Atlantic. No. 1 timothy is quoted here at \$10.50 to \$11 a ton, car loads, on track, No. 2 being \$9 to \$9.50, and No. 2 ordinary, \$8.50 to \$9; clover, \$7.50, and clover mixed, \$7 a ton.

Wool.—Prices of wool have declined probably one-third, since a year ago. Some Canada pulled, unbrushed, which has been held at 26c. since last season, has been carried over, and to-day it is doubtful if holders could get more than 17c. for it. Canada pulled, brushed, is quoted at 19c. to 21c. Practically nothing has been done in Northwest wools yet, and probably none will be handled for a month to come. Canadian fleece, washed, is quoted at 15c. to 18c., f. o. b., country points, and Canadian fleece, in the grease, is quoted at 12c.

CHICAGO.

Chicago Cattle.—Steers, \$6 to \$8.40; cows, \$3.60 to \$7.25; heifers \$4 to \$7; bulls, \$3.50 to \$5.30; stockers and feeders, \$3 to \$5.15.

Hoes.—Choice heavy shipping, \$6.15 to \$6.25; butchers', \$6.15 to \$6.25; light, mixed, \$5.80 to \$6; choice, light, \$6.05 to \$6.20; packing, \$5.50 to \$6.10; bulk of sales at \$6 to \$6.15.

Sheep and Lambs.—Sheep, \$4 to \$4.50; lambs, \$5 to \$7; yearlings, \$4.50 to \$5.25.

BRITISH CATTLE MARKET.

London. London cables for cattle 13c. to 14c. per pound, dressed weight; refrigerator beef, 10½c. to 10½c. per pound.



**Life, Literature
and Education.**

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

A garden is a fairly interesting thing; but the cultivation of a garden is as dull as cold mutton, compared to the cultivation of a brain, and wet weather won't interfere with digging, planting and pruning in the box.—[Arnold Bennett, in T. P.'s Weekly.]

PEOPLE, BOOKS AND DOINGS.

It is reported that, on the occasion of his jubilee, the Pope will be presented with a Marconi wireless apparatus, which will be installed on the cupola of St. Peter's.

The Rev. Anna Shaw, of the U. S. Suffrage Association, was announced to preach in Amsterdam last Sunday. The Suffragists found it difficult to get a church, as a woman minister had been unknown in Holland previously.

Eight thousand members, lay and clerical, of the Anglican Church are taking part in the present Pan-Anglican Conference. This is without doubt the most notable gathering that has ever taken place in connection with the Church of England.

Bishop Brent, of the Philippines, has accepted the call to the bishopric of Washington, D. C. He refused the call on the first election, but the Synod would not accept his refusal and re-elected him. President Roosevelt also sent him a personal message urging him to come.

The sum of over \$100,000 is still wanting to make up the necessary half-million required for the purchase of the Plains of Abraham as a national park. It is to be hoped that this amount will be made up by July 19th, the opening of the Quebec Tercentenary celebration.

ON READING.

Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body.—[Steele.]

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.—[Bacon.]

Reading without thinking may indeed make a rich commonplace, but 'twill never make a clear head.—[Rev. J. Norris.]

A man may have a passion for the most thoughtful literature, but may show no leaning towards tough intellectual exercise.—[Herridge.]

You might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough) and remain an utterly illiterate, uneducated person; but if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter—that is to say, with

real accuracy—you are for evermore in some sense an educated man. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it) consists in this accuracy.—[Ruskin.]

WHAT CHILDREN READ.

An interesting example of the views of children on literature comes to hand from Chicago, where Professor Thurber, while connected with the University of Chicago, investigated the subject. Out of a variety of facts, carefully tabulated, he elicited a list of what were, in the opinion of three thousand school children, the hundred best books. The ages of the children ranged from nine to fifteen, and the total of books read was 16,739. The first ten of the books are as follows: Little Women, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Robinson Crusoe, Boys of '76, Life of Washington, Black Beauty, Grimm's Fairy Tales, Little Men, Little Red Riding Hood, and Under the Lilacs. In these ten, as in the rest of the list, it will be seen that the old favorites hold their own fairly well. Dickens is represented by six of his books; Scott by one alone, "Ivanhoe." Hans Ander-

disposing of all the products of the late nineteenth and this twentieth century with an explosive "Trash!" It is not clear on what basis they make the classification, for, on their own proud confession, they never read any of it.

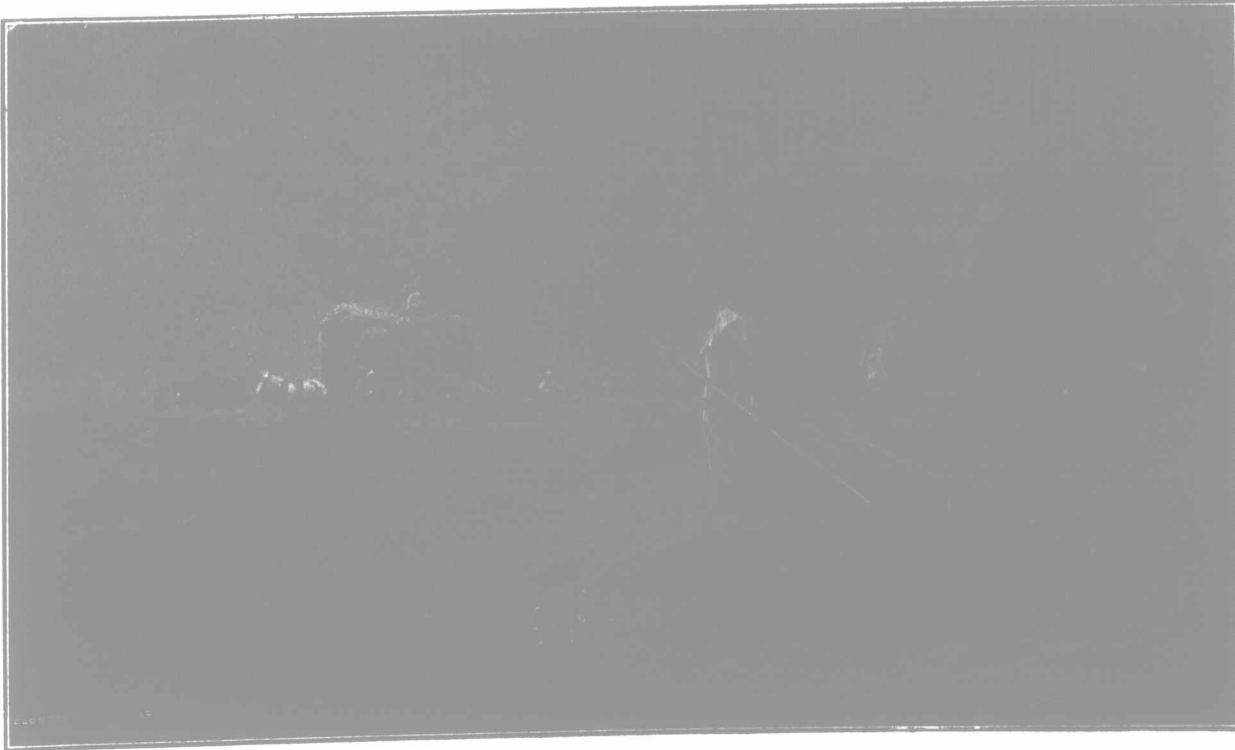
Undoubtedly, owing to increased facilities in the printing art, and to the growth in population, there is a tremendous amount of stuff written, and a great deal of it is worthless; but the percentage of poor stuff is no higher than it was in the days of Carlyle or Macaulay or Bacon. And the captious critics of those periods called it all "trash," and pinned their literary faith to Chaucer or Plato, or somebody else whose work had survived in spite of the scorners among Chaucer's early English contemporaries or Plato's fellow-citizens. Some writings of every century have lived; some of this century will live. We don't know what, and it doesn't make any particular difference to us, for whatever in literature lives or doesn't live, the fact remains that we won't, anyway, and the attitude of coming generations to the product of the twentieth century is no concern of ours. They will pick out what they want and leave the rest, and we

lived have been cast, but it does not follow that no other form can survive. Fiction is the literary body of this age, and it has this advantage over the essay, that it puts the writer in the background rather than in the foreground of the picture. In it the reader gets all that he got in the essay—religion, science, philosophy, humanity—and he gets more mental exercise in procuring it. It is better for his mental digestion to have to scratch for his food. Besides, the objectors could afford to be more tolerant, in the face of some fiction that has survived the ages. "The Prodigal Son" is literature in the best sense of the word, yet it is pure fiction—a short story, in fact; Spencer's "Fairy Queen" is fiction; so are Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" and More's "Utopia." Shakespeare's plays are fiction, even the historical ones. None of these were as popular in their own day as they have been since, the loss being not to the writer of his work, but to the people who failed to appreciate it while they were alive.—[Winnipeg "Farmer's Advocate."]

PERSISTENCE.

How does meeting with an obstacle in any path which you are pursuing affect you? Do you simply wilt and give up all endeavor before it?—or does it inspire you with a determination to set your teeth and go on with a patience which may call for years of waiting? Such determination, such patience, have been at the back of nearly every man who has accomplished anything in this world, or for it. Possibly there has never been a genius who has not had his first efforts derided by some of the know-alls, to whom the timid groping of the far-seeing one is but foolishness, yet who fail utterly in seeing the gleam that shows the distant opening to broader things. To surmount difficulty, to go steadily onward in the face of ridicule and contumely, to prove that one's battle has been for a worthy cause, this is indeed victory. Let it only appear to one's self, after long pondering and careful examination from every side, that the cause is good and reasonable. Otherwise, persistence is but bullheadedness or madness.

"What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the
unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did
I drivel
—Being—who?
One who never turned his back but
marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would
break,
Never dreamed, though right were worst-
ed, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
better,
Sleep to wake." —[Browning.]



"The summer sun shone hot, On the new-mown hay in the meadow-lot."

sen comes 52nd on the list, and Aesop's Fables 87th. The Pilgrim's Progress and Innocents Abroad are both included; so are Adam Bede and Jack and the Beanstalk. At the bottom of the list is Peck's Bad Boy. It is the best place for it, but, even there, is an outrage on most of its rivals, which, on the whole, show excellent literary judgment on the part of the Chicago youth.—[Ex.]

ARE PRESENT-DAY BOOKS WORTH READING.

There is a class of educated people to whom the mere mention of modern literature is as a red rag to a bull. They snort violently at the very idea of there being anything worth calling literature in this decadent age,

might be content to do the same, rather than to utterly condemn. If we pick and choose with some discretion, we shall surely chance upon some of the things that are going to live when we are dead, and so we shall not miss our only opportunity of reading them. These books picture the life and feeling of our own time; they are at once a product of this generation and an influence upon it. They belong to us as no other books can do.

The chief obstacle in the way of giving honor to the books of our own time seems to be because they are largely fiction—and when the carper says "fiction," it is as if he said "small-pox" or "leprosy." Essay or biography is the form in which most of the works that have

The Quiet Hour.

PLEASEING THE KING.

So shall the King have pleasure in thy beauty: for He is thy Lord God, and worship thou Him.—Ps. 45, 12.

"The twilight falls, the night is near;
I fold my work away
And kneel to One who bends to hear
The story of the day.

"The old, old story, yet I kneel
To tell it at Thy call,
And cares grow lighter as I feel
That Jesus knows them all.

"Yes, all!—the morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The roughened path, the sunbeam bright,
The hourly thorn and cross.

"Thou knowest all; I lean my head,
My weary eyelids close,
Content and glad a while to tread
This path, since Jesus knows!

"And He has loved me! All my heart
With answering love is stirred,
And every anguish, pain and smart
Finds healing in the word.

"So here I lay me down to rest
As nightly shadows fall,
And lean confiding on His breast
Who knows and pities all!

What a good thing it is for us that the wonderful revelation of God in Christ is not only grand enough to fill the whole heart and mind of men like St. Paul, but is also fitted perfectly to supply all the needs of the simplest, most ignorant soul that ever breathed. It is like the glorious sun, which whirls around itself the earth and all the other great bodies in our solar system by its mighty influence; while, all the time, it is pouring life and health into each tiny insect and little flower, that seems of little or no consequence because there are millions more almost exactly like it.

It is wonderful to know that the Good Shepherd is not only the Central Sun of Our Universe, the One to whom all eyes naturally turn; but that He gives full and complete attention to every life, all the time. I think the simple verses given above will touch the hearts of many of our readers. There are many women, working away in quiet patience in lonely country homes, who must be glad to know that the King Himself is taking note of all their faithful work and is rejoicing in the beauty of the worker—a beauty that is growing more and more radiant under His watchful care, as a flower puts on fair colors as it feels the caress of the glorious sun.

Women have a natural desire to be beautiful. A young Jewish girl came in to see me yesterday, and I took no trouble to resist the impulse to tell her how sweet she looked with her fair hair and pink cheeks, white shirt-waist and blue linen skirt. I took pleasure in her beauty—for it was sweet, modest, maidenly beauty—because I love her. So, also, the King takes pleasure in the beauty of those who are consecrating their years in quiet, fragrant sweetness; because He loves them with a wonderful, individual tenderness, and cannot help rejoicing as their souls develop in ever fairer beauty.

Miller says: "We ought not to be content to live otherwise than beautifully. We can live our lives only once. We cannot go over it again to correct its mistakes or amend its faults. We ought, therefore, to live it well. And to do this we must begin at the beginning, and make every day radiant as it passes. Lost days must always remain blanks in the records, and stained days must carry their stains. Beautiful days make beautiful years, and beautiful years make a beautiful life at its close."

That is true, and it is a wonderful inspiration to those who have tried and are still trying to make their whole lives beautiful by consecrated service. But Christianity is not only a joy and inspiration to those whose lives have been comparatively unstained, it comes with its glorious message of a "Saviour for Sinners" to those whose baptismal robes are terribly stained with many sins. Christ came not to call the

righteous, but "sinners." He is a Physician whose business is to heal the "sick." He is a Shepherd seeking "lost" sheep—for they also are His. The doctrine of the "Atonement" is one of the great mysteries of our faith. It is not within our comprehension how we can be justified because another has borne the punishment for our sins. But what we cannot understand we must believe, or else our only hope is taken away. We have all sinned and come short of the glory of God. If forgiveness is possible for one small sin, it must be possible also for blacker sins. If forgiveness cannot be granted to great criminals, then what ground have we for thinking it is possible at all? Where could the line be drawn? But we know that our dear Lord, when He walked on earth, was always ready to forgive and give a fresh start to any penitent soul. It is not conceivable that He would turn sternly away from any sinner who longed with all his heart for the beauty of holiness. Thank God for it! The stains of the past can be washed away and we can make a fresh beginning, can at once begin to delight the heart of the King with our beauty. This beauty may be only in the germ. As yet, no other eyes but His may be able to see it; but He can wait patiently for the slow development of a flower, because its beauty is visible to Him when the seed is just sending out feeble shoots, out of sight in the earth.

And how he is rejoicing to-day in the beauty that is not hidden out of sight, but has been quietly growing for years, and is daily giving pleasure to all around. Two days ago, my dear little blind friend, Mrs. Koppell, called to see me. Her face was full of sunshine—as it always is—so that one might have thought she had received some new and wonderful gift. But she was so delighted because she—totally blind though she was—had washed and ironed five white skirts that day. They were beautifully "done up," too, if we might judge by the one she was wearing. She feels it a continual source of gladness to know that her blindness does not make her a burden to her friends, but that she does her full share—or more—of the world's work. She washes and irons, scrubs and cooks, never forgetting to thank God because He allows her to work, instead of lamenting her blindness or grumbling because she is forced to do hard work. Surely Faber is right when he says that a humble man is a joyous man. He says: "There is no worship where there is no joy. For worship is something more than either the fear of God or the love of Him. It is delight in him." How disappointed we always are when we do a great deal to make a child happy, and he looks cross and sulks in a corner instead of playing with his toys. Just think how Christmas would be spoiled if the children were not interested in their stockings and there were no smiles and shouts of delight. Do you think our Heavenly Father is not often disappointed when His children not only forget to thank Him for His gifts, but even refuse to be made happy by them? How rich we are in the love of dear friends, in the sweet air and sunshine, in the flowers and birds and books, most of all in the never-failing love of our Father Himself!

The most beautiful face will be unpleasing if it wears a cross expression, and the plainest face is beautiful if it reflects a joyous spirit. And joy is one of God's great gifts. The fruit of the spirit is "love, joy, peace," etc. Reach out in real love to God and to your neighbors, and joy will make your heart sing, even though, like Mrs. Koppell, the common gift of daylight has been denied you. We are told to "adorn" the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things, and we are bringing dishonor on Him when we fail to do this. Those who profess and call themselves Christians are bound to present to the world a personality that is made more attractive by Christianity. Because they are stamped with the King's own seal they are bound to show themselves—as far as possible—approved unto men. This extends to outward things as well as to inward. The body is God's holy temple, therefore it must be bathed and fittingly dressed—dressed as attractively as is just and right—and it must be kept healthy by regular food, rest and exercise. Christ is the honored guest of the

home, therefore it should be a real home, bright and dainty and hospitable.

But when a King's daughter seeks, like Queen Esther, to obtain the King's favor, it is not enough for her to see that "her clothing is of wrought gold," as the Psalmist expresses it, she must also be "all glorious within." A woman's greatest ornament, one that is of great price in the sight of God and man, is a "meek and quiet spirit." True meekness is one of the most beautiful and most rare of all the graces. It is a grace we have to fight our very hardest to win. Even our Leader had to fight His hardest battle before He succeeded in laying His own will in complete submission before the throne of the Father. And yet He had been practicing that absolute submission all through His life on earth. If it was so hard for Him to be meek, is it any wonder that we fail so continually to submit willingly to all God's orderings? We have great need to practice meekness, and therefore God gives us plenty of opportunities. Every day we may fret and chafe, or we may say with trustful, childlike confidence, that our Father knows far better than we do. "Not my will, but Thine be done."

God is cutting and polishing His jewels so that they may be fit to build into His glorious Temple, the church. But, as we are "living" stones, we have the power to resist, we cannot become beautiful unless we are willing to accept His will. And He not only makes His Temple out of beautiful souls, but each soul should herself be a temple of beauty, each life should be beautiful from childhood to old age—for every age has a beauty peculiar to itself. God's promise to those who are afflicted and tempest-tossed is: "I will set thy stones in fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy pinnacles of rubies, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy border of pleasant stones." No matter where we live, no matter what work God has given us to do, we may make the hours bright and shining, so that the King will gather them up as they fall from our hands and treasure them as sparkling jewels. Not one of them is lost. Those hours when you do your ordinary work joyously, taking it from His hands and returning it to Him when done; or those sadder times when you fought the battle bravely and said, "Thy will be done," though it took all your courage to say it. These are not lost, you will find them again one day, and will wonder and rejoice at their marvellous beauty. Don't you think it is worth while being alive when you have opportunities like these always within your reach. HOPE.

The Ingle Nook.

Dear Dame Durden and Chatterers.—Now the spring is here, and sweet-singing birds. May I call again for a little while in the cosy corner? As most everyone is busy housecleaning, the Nook will not be crowded, and it is quite a while since I intruded, for it has been such a long, lonely winter, and so very cold; but the air is full of gladness, and sweet springtime is here. How glorious to hear the birds again, and listen to their cheery song.

We still take the good old friend, "The Farmer's Advocate," and how the Nook helps us. Every week I look for the splendid ideas that the corner gives.

It is surprising what a lot of good ones there are for all of us, and Dame Durden, too, has so many useful ones. She is so patient with us all, and cheers us so much. I have not been able to read or write much of late, but read the "Quiet Hour." I am often lonely, and alone a lot, but these lonely times I think are good to bring us nearer to Jesus. We trust and rest more on Jesus, whether in bed or up and around. It is so good to feel Jesus so close, and know all is for our good, after all.

Ab, yes, having Jesus is a great help on the way! And makes our load seem lighter when we have Him as our stay. But after all our trials here, rest will seem so sweet. To be with Jesus always, and resting at His feet.

While I was lying in my bedroom, I thought of the idea someone wanted of a bedroom downstairs; they suggested having none downstairs, but to have one upstairs, and in sickness to have a nurse. May I suggest, dear Dame? You know all cannot have a nurse, so, I think, by experience, a bedroom downstairs, off the dining-room, is convenient and pleasant. Then, while others can eat and be jolly, the sick one can hear a little to break the stillness, and help pass the time; it goes slowly when alone. Another help I find is having a linoleum on the bedroom floor; there are lovely floral designs, so clean and sanitary, easily wiped up, and save dust. Then, have nice mats on the floor, and window open top and bottom (they are easily fixed to let down from top, I fixed ours myself long ago), the air is purer, and no danger of draft, as there is when open at the bottom. Did you ever get good cheesecloth for long curtains at window? Made with a nice frill, 2½ inches wide, on both ends, and one side nicely draped on curtain pole, and tied back with pink or blue ribbon, as suits color of room; they are so clean and pretty-looking for a bedroom; inexpensive and easily laundered. Hope I made it plain to you. It is so hard for me to write; it takes me a very long time to write to the Nook, but all have been so kind, and helped me so many ways I felt I must write again so you would know I appreciate all kindness and cheering tokens. Perhaps I better tell you if you have corns on your feet, and they are more painful in spring, take a lemon, cut a piece off its rind, pulp and all, and tie it well on the corn, a fresh piece every night for three nights, and it takes all soreness out, and gives comfort, and is so easily done. Give it a trial; it has helped many.

Just one more idea; hope you are not tired of me. When you boil prunes, or dried apples, or dried fruit, let them boil a long time before adding any sugar, and you will find them so juicy and soft, and much nicer than if you add sugar when first started to boil. Try it next time. Add sugar near the last, just once, and you will always, I'm sure. Now, I will have to close this already long letter; hope it is not too long. I still have much comfort with my jolly kind son; he is such a help to me. Wishing the Nook and all continued success. Your shut-in friend,

A LANKSHIRE LASS.

P. S.—Will someone kindly give me a good recipe for rhubarb wine?

May we be forgiven for not getting down to your letter before? We hope it will not be too late for some of our notable housekeepers to give you the recipe for rhubarb wine. Thank you for your hints and suggestions, they will be sure to prove helpful to some members of the Ingle Nook circle.

"C. L." sends the following cure for sore mouth in answer to "Subscriber," in our issue of May 21st:

"Seeing a request in your valuable paper for a recipe to cure sore mouth, I send the following, copied from a book by the late Professor Kirk, of Edinburgh: 'A cupful of cool water, with just enough good white vinegar in it to make it comfortably smart, not any more; wash the mouth out well with it, holding each mouthful as long as convenient. Repeat this two or three times a day until cured. If a little is swallowed, it is all the better.' Three applications completely cured me, though I had been suffering for some time, and my mouth was very sore."

Dear Dame Durden,—I have obtained so many useful hints and recipes from the Ingle Nook that I am coming for a little more. Would the lady that sent the letter regarding cheesemaking, kindly tell us, through the Ingle Nook, where she got the rennet and coloring, also particulars about making the cheese, as I want to make some this summer? If so, I would be very grateful.

The Stones.—Rub a tablespoon butter in four cups flour; add half a cup granulated sugar, handful of raisins, one teaspoonful soda, and sour milk to make a soft dough, or two teaspoons cream of tartar. Rub over with egg; cut out, and bake. A FARMER'S WIFE.

Will "Brant Farmer's Wife" kindly give the information asked for? The article on cheesemaking appeared in the Ingle Nook

for April 16th. In the Nook for March 19th, also, there appeared an article on cheesemaking, giving information concerning rennet and coloring matter.

Dear Dame Durden,—I am another silent and interested reader of "The Farmer's Advocate," and I hope I am not taking up too much space in your valuable paper. Could you give me a good recipe for freckles and sunburn that would not injure the skin?

MORNING GLORY.

If your freckles are merely sun-freckles, Morning Glory, that is, if they only appear after exposure to the sun, they will probably disappear again in a few days; but if they are "natural" freckles, we fear there is no permanent remedy for them, but time; you may out-grow them. However, don't worry about them. If your skin is clear and healthy-looking, a few freckles will not spoil it. We give you a treatment, claimed to be infallible, and it has, at least, the virtue of being harmless, which is more than can be said for many so-called "beautifiers." The treatment is simply "soap and water" used as follows: Take water, as hot as your hand will comfortably bear, make a lather with a good soap, and scrub gently with a camel's hair brush for at least five minutes. (If you do not time yourself, you will be sure to stop at the end of one or two minutes.) After the scrubbing, rinse off the soap with hot water, using plenty of it. Then rinse with cold water till the skin feels cool. To obtain the best results, the face should be scrubbed both night and morning for several weeks.

Oil of sassafras will drive insects from shelves, and its order is very distasteful to flies.

"We are learning more and more the danger of houses. Live out of doors is the rule for health and long life. For my part, I like hammocks and wide verandas, and a plenty of balconies, so that not more than one-third of the house shall be inside doors. Then there should be living arbors all about us, and hammocks swung under the pines and spruces and beeches and linden trees, where the shade is good and the air is sweet. The veranda, I am glad to see, is growing in width, and the sun-bath window in popularity."—E. P. Powell, in New York Independent.

"The call of approaching summer draws the house-mother with speculative eyes to the four-by-ten veranda. Couldn't something be done to make it more inviting. One woman who will stay in town most of the summer is in despair, because she has not even the four-by-ten."

"If I were going to build a home," she said, yesterday, with exaggerated enthusiasm, "I should have first a lawn and veranda. And if there were any room left, I should build the house."

Most people begin the other way and spread out. But as evidence of the very high esteem in which porches are held, even among the conventional house-wedded, one needs only to notice how many modern verandas are in summer fitted up as nearly adequate to living purposes as possible. Less and less do we live in houses.

One of the most effective and enjoyable verandas I have seen east or west has built at one end a long, low and broad seat, piled high with large sofa cushions, covered with yellow, brown and green denim. The furniture is wicker, painted green, comfortable chairs of all descriptions, and a piece or two of unpainted wicker and a chair of natural rough wood, toned in with the denim-covered pillows.

On the tables are great jars of wild flowers or shrubs, always with the vases in the color harmony of yellow and green. Large, potted palms are placed in every available corner, and, as you enter the door to the living-room, two crystal bowls are seen placed on either side, filled with gold fish, which, aside from their decorative quality, have a pretty romance given them by the Japanese, as emblems of good fortune and success.

At the far end of the piazza, a long settee is made of rough wood, with the bark left on, and this is piled high with brown and red denim pillows. Red earthen jars hold the plants and flowers at this end. The Canadian summer may not be long, but it is sometimes scorch-

ing while it is here, and such a veranda as this is a place to spend as much of a summer day as good fortune permits."

How many of the Ingle Nook circle live out-of-doors every possible moment? We may not all have verandas such as described above, but we all, or most of us, have, at least, a small piazza or porch which can be utilized to its fullest extent. A good plan is to tack dark-green mosquito netting to the posts, and have a bracket lamp, then have a couple of bracket lamps screwed to wall or posts, and there is a delightful out-door living-room, which can be enjoyed at any hour, morning, noon or night, without being disturbed by undesirable visitors in the shape of mosquitoes, moths, etc. For porch furniture, green and yellow are the best colors, being cool and pretty; red is too warm. Cushions may be in green, brown, and grey, woodland colors, and should be washable. A table is necessary for work-baskets and books; but, if space is limited, this can be fastened to the wall by hinges and let down when not in use. A book-shelf, or a couple of wall-pockets, could be fastened to the wall or posts, for holding books, papers, and odds and ends. If space will allow, and it is conveniently placed, the table might also be laid there, and all meals taken "in the open." If you have never tried it before, try it this summer, and you will be sorry when the cool weather comes to shut you in again.

Dear Dame Durden,—I have been keeping silence, and resisting my desire to "speak in meetin'," because I was sure to find someone else asking my questions if I waited a week or two. For instance, we are planning to build a

least warning that it was returning, he went back to his "morning draught." My gudeman had no faith in it, but took it to please me, but in a very few days he found the soreness wearing away. Now, he says he does not know whether it was faith—my faith—or the salts that cured him. The ginger is merely to kill the taste of the salts. Whenever we find it returning, we mix up another bottle, and he continues taking it, even after the rheumatism is gone, until he has finished the quart, a month and more. I hope these will be found as effective as we have proved them, and that the friends will report results.

SUNGLINT.

P. S.—It is four years since we first tried this, and he is now on only his second mixture.

If this is a sure cure for rheumatism, Sunlint, numbers will rise up and call you blessed. Glad the talks on house-planning and furnishing have helped you. If there is anything more we can do in the way of hints and suggestions, we will be glad to be of use. We wouldn't quite advise you to "build the veranda first, and if you have anything left over, build a house behind it," but be sure to have plenty of out-of-door accommodation, and plan to have your most-used windows overlooking your prettiest view. And have "lots" of closets; a comparatively small house, with plenty of closet-room, is more convenient than a larger house with little or none.

A subscriber kindly sends us the following as his experience in clearing out fern-roots and weeds:

Seeing an inquiry from a subscriber in "The Farmer's Advocate" for information concerning eradication of ferns, would suggest that if practicable under



Friends.

house, and I felt like asking for experience and advice from the "Nookers." However, I did not need to, for hasn't our part of "The Farmer's Advocate" simply run to house talk all this spring? But now, I believe I can supply a bit of information that is asked for in the May 21st number. "A Subscriber" asks for a remedy for sore mouth. If she will get from the druggist an ounce of fluid extract of hydrastis (which is merely an "educated" name for the sore-mouth remedy of our grandmothers—gold-thread), put a half teaspoonful in a half cup of cold water, and gargle her mouth, three, four or five times a day, the oftener the better, she will soon find it is a cure. It is very bitter, but very effective. Also, it is a quick cure for ulcerated sore throat. The doctor from whom I got the remedy said that it would not hurt to swallow a very little, as the sore mouth and throat were usually an indication of a similar condition of the stomach.

"Mrs. S. D. W." asks for a cure for rheumatism. Here is one that has helped my husband very much. Put a quarter pound of Epsom salts in a quart bottle; add two tablespoons of ginger (ground), and fill up the bottle with water. Shake well, and take a table-spoonful every morning as soon as you rise. It is simple enough, and costs but a few cents. An old gentleman gave us this remedy, saying he had been a martyr to rheumatism for years; but since he had taken the first bottle he had not been troubled, for, as soon as he had the

circumstances that fern patch be enclosed for pig pasture. That pigs like fern-roots is well known to most farmers, and no doubt suggested the following:—The Cat—"See me run up this column." The Pig—"Ungh! That's nothing—watch me extract this square root."

Let him put some able-bodied rooters on fern patch, after enclosing same, supplementing pasture feed with enough other feed to keep hogs from becoming too poor, as fat hogs do not root well, and pigs' time is not usually at a premium.

This plan will work equally well with couch grass and bindweed, and the most mellow and cleanest part of the writer's garden was a few years ago a forbidding mat of those weeds. Wire fence is generally cheapest and best. Trusting above may help someone.

Parry Sound, Ont. P. SHANNON.

Dear Dame Durden,—Pardon me for addressing you as Dame Durden, although I think it very suitable, as so many send their burdens to you. I wonder if Brant Farmer's Wife would send me full information as how to make cheese. I have wished to know how to make it for a long time. I wrote some time ago asking you how to make a cream cheese. It looks like Maclaren's imperial cream when made. It is made with cream and good cheese, and it may have something else in it. Do not know proportions. Perhaps some of the Chatterers may. I would be very pleased to know.

"AUNTIE."

Will Brant Farmer's Wife be good enough to give her recipe for making cheese? Thanks, in advance.

Dear Dame Durden,—I have devoured with interest for some time past the many helpful hints you give other readers of "The Farmer's Advocate," and as I am in need of a little information I beg admittance to your cozy corner.

I purpose having a garden party some time during July or August, and could you suggest any helpful hints in the line of luncheon; how to decorate the lawn, etc.?

Now, dear Dame Durden, I will close, as I do not wish to take any more space than is necessary in your precious columns.

"MYRTLE."

After the pretty speech at the beginning of your letter, Myrtle, we will have to do the best we can for you. To begin with the subject of decorations: The first thing to see to is that the lawn is newly mown, and all flower-beds, walks, drives, etc., in good order and tidy; then if any games are to be provided, such as tennis or croquet, have the courts freshly marked out, and the croquet hoops properly placed. If your garden party is to last till evening, you might have strings of Chinese lanterns hung from tree to tree, and around the veranda, to be lit at dusk, and any bunting or flags you happen to have would help to make it look pretty and gay. Be sure to have plenty of chairs and seats scattered about in groups in shady places. If you have or could get a pretty marquee or tent it would be nice to have the refreshments served in it, otherwise have either one long table or several smaller ones, according to your own convenience, or the number of guests you expect. Have these tables covered with snowy cloths and decorated with bowls and vases of flowers, either from your garden or whatever wild flowers happen to be in season; if a sufficient quantity of one flower can be obtained the effect will be better than if a conglomeration of different varieties is used. If your party comes off in August, wouldn't the early golden-rod be out in time? It would be beautiful. Above all things, be prepared for emergencies, and have things so arranged that if the day should not be fair, or a sudden shower should come up, your guests can adjourn to the house and be entertained there. As for refreshments, have plenty of bread and butter cut very thin, and either rolled into little rolls or folded over to form sandwiches; they are easier to manage this way, and not so apt to "muss" one's fingers. Then have sandwiches, two or three kinds; some of cold beef or ham for those who like the "old reliable," and some of lettuce, olive, or brown bread and peanuts. Nice or three varieties of cake would be two: chocolate cake, which is a general favorite; nut cake, which everybody likes, and some macaroons or angel-cake, to take with ice cream. Have the ice cream flavored with whatever fruit is in season—peach ice cream is delicious, or raspberry ice cream with whole fruit in it. For drinks, if it is very hot weather, have them all iced—iced lemonade, iced tea, which is very refreshing, and iced coffee. If the day should be cooler, you might also have hot tea for any older guests who are fond of the cup that cheers. Be sure to have all your preparations made well in advance, and all plates, cups and saucers, and whatever spoons, knives and forks will be needed in piles on the tables, with plenty of Japanese paper table napkins; and you yourself dressed and ready to receive your guests with that serenity and calm which comes of a good conscience and a knowledge that everything, down to the smallest detail, has been attended to and provided for. Hope you will have an "awfully jolly" time, as our English cousins say, and if there is anything more we can do for you, just let us know.

Rhubarb Wine.

Since answering "Lankshire Lass" last week, we have come across the following recipe for making rhubarb wine, which is said to resemble champagne in both looks and flavor—Cut in bits and crush five pounds of rhubarb; add the thin yellow rind of a lemon and one gallon of water, and let stand covered two days; strain off the liquid and add four pounds of sugar; put this into a small cask with

the bung-hole covered with muslin, and let it work two or three days, then put in the bung and let stand four months, when it is ready to draw off and bottle.

LESSONS.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn to attend strictly to your own business—a very important point.

Learn the art of saying kind and encouraging things, especially to the young.

Learn to avoid all ill-natured remarks and everything calculated to create friction.

Learn to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick-room.

Learn to stop grumbling. If you can not see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have an earache, headache or rheumatism.

The man who works all day in the hot sun, with perspiration streaming from every pore, will, at night, be covered from head to foot with a thin coating of effete matter, which, if not removed, the absorbents will take right back again and carry back into the body, clogging its delicate machinery and acting as old gummy oil does on a mowing machine. If he sleeps at night in the same clothes worn during the day, still more of it will be absorbed. When a man comes in tired from the field, it is a temptation to sit down in the nearest chair, or lie on the nearest lounge, until he learns by experience that this is not the best way to rest. If a room cannot be spared for this purpose, a shed or lean-to near the kitchen door would make a good summer bath-room, where basins, tubs, towels and soap could always be handy; and a quick bath and rubbing, and clean evening clothes, will make a man much more agreeable to himself and others. Here the soiled working clothes can hang and air through the night, and the evening clothes through the daytime.—[Philadelphia Farm Journal.]

"For my part," said one, "I think Fred is very bright and capable. I am confident he will succeed." "Yes," replied the other, "he is certainly a worthy young man, but I doubt whether he had head enough to fill his father's shoes."—Exchange quoted in The Christian Register.

Children's Corner.

[All letters intended for the Children's Corner must be addressed to Cousin Dorothy, 52 Victor Ave., Toronto.]

ALWAYS PUT ON A TWO-CENT STAMP.

My Dear Little Cousins,—You know you can never send a letter so far as Toronto without a two-cent stamp, even if it is only half a page long. The post-office people won't look in to see whether the letter is only worth one cent; they just notice the green stamp instead of the pink one, and they say to the postman, who takes the letters round: "You must make that Cousin Dorothy pay you two cents more before you give her that letter." And that uses up all my coppers so that I can never go down and get two all-day suckers for a cent. Of course, you may not think your letter is worth two cents, but that shows you must try and make it more interesting before you send it. There are lots of nice things to write about nowadays—new lambs and little calves and chickens and picnics and fishing and gardens and heaps of things. So that anyone can write a letter worth quite two cents.

Your LOVING
COUSIN DOROTHY.

IN THE ZOO.

There was a hippopotamus
Once walking in the zoo,
And there he met an elephant,
And said, "Sir, how-de-do?"

The elephant, he raised his trunk,
And lifted up one leg;
He shook his head and crossly said,
"Don't speak to me, I beg."

Then grunted hippopotamus,
And with his little eyes
Looked at the cross old elephant
In anger and surprise.

"What fun, what fun!" the monkeys
said,
"These two are going to fight."

They climbed the trees that they might
have
Good places for the sight.

The camels shambled slowly up,
The polar bears came too;
And jumping in a hurry came
The oldest kangaroo.

Giraffe was in no hurry, for
His neck was nice and long,
And he could see above the heads
Of that much-varied throng.

The lion and the lioness
Lay still, and did not care,
The armadillo came to see
That everything was fair.

The tigers and the crocodiles,
Two wolves, and one gray fox
Came up together, pleased to think
That they should see some knocks.

The elephant then made a bow
To hippopotamus;
He said, "I really think these beasts
Have come to look at us;

"I'm sorry, sir, that I was rude,
And I apologize;
I have neuralgia in my trunk,
Which makes my temper rise."

Then off they sauntered, arm in arm,
As friendly as could be;
The beasts were disappointed, since
There was no fight to see.

REX AND RAGS.

Rex Crouse, he lives across the street;
He's rich as rich can be,
We're awful common, an' that's why
He dasset play with me.
His father is a millionaire,
Pa drives for Mister Crouse.
They call their place a residence,
But ours is just a house.

He's got a game of indoor golf,
A prmin' press for boys,
A steam engine, a phoneygraft—
I never seen such toys!

But he is tired of 'em all;
He'd rather come an' play
"I spy," or swing on our back gate,
When his ma goes away.

An' when she leaves him with his nurse,
He slips across the street,
An' takes his shoes and stockings off,
'Cause I'm in my bare feet.
An' asks for 'lasses on his bread
To eat the same as we,
His ma don't know what's good to eat,
That's what he says to me.

He likes my hat; so when we play
I always trade with him,
Though his is new an' mine is just
A crown an' half a brim.
He says he doesn't like his name,
He wishes he had one
Like me. That's Rags. An' so I call
Him "Peanuts," just for fun.

He says that I'm the very best
Of all the friends he knows,
An' that our house is lots more fun
Than anywhere he goes.
An' when we play "Pretend," an' each
Can choose what one we'd be,
I always play that I am him,
He always plays he's me.

Then when his nurse or mother calls,
He says to us, "Oh, dear!"
An' always waits a little while,
An' tends he didn't hear.
An' then he puts his shoes back on
To fix up like he was.
Because he dasset play with us,
He dasset, but he does.
—Youth's Companion.

A YOUNG DETECTIVE.

Bobby's mother had taken him to church to hear the evening sermon, and they occupied seats in the gallery, where there was more room than on the main floor. Bobby tried not to allow his attention to wander from the preacher, but it did. He seemed to be particularly interested in a family who sat in front of him, and when the sermon was about half over, he whispered to his mother:

"Mamma, I never saw these people before, but I know their name."

"Hush, dear."

"But I do," persisted Bobby. "Their name's Hill."

"How do you know?"

"Every time the preacher says his text, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,' those two big girls look at each other and smile."

Subsequent inquiry proved that Bobby was right in his guess.—[Youth's Companion.]

THE LETTER BOX.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my second letter to the Children's Corner. I am eleven years old, and go to school every day. I am in the Fourth Book, and expect to try for the Entrance in a year. I like everything but history and grammar. At school, we play baseball, and have lots of fun. We live on a farm, and have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" about five years. I hope this letter will close with the waste-basket. I do not go with a few riddles:

1. Two white horses went into a barn, but when they came out they were brown. Ans.—Bread.

2. If a mule is slow, how can you make him fast? Ans.—Tie him to a post.

3. Long legs, crooked thighs, little head, and no eyes. Ans.—A pair of tongs. BEATRICE CLARE.

Norwich, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is the first time I have ever written to your Corner. We have only taken "The Farmer's Advocate" since Christmas, and we all think it splendid. I always look for the Children's Corner first. Is the debate still going on, "Which is the Nicest Season, Summer or Winter?" If so, I will join it. Well, I prefer summer, because then it is always nice and warm, and you don't have to bundle up; besides, everything is so beautiful in the summer when you see the green grass growing and all kinds of flowers blooming. Besides, every summer the band comes out on the street in Frankford and plays, and that is what they can't do in the winter, and then we don't have to stay in nearly all the time for fear of catching cold. EMMA HAWKINS.

Frankford, Ont.

P. S.—I would like some correspondents of my own age (13).

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to the Children's Corner. I am in the Second Reader, and like to go to school. I live on a farm, five miles from Napanee. We keep fourteen good Holstein cows. We grind our own grain for them with a windmill on our barn, and it pumps water for them and for the house. I have a lot of little tiny chickens to feed often, and I love to watch them eat. RAYMOND FRETTIS (age 8).

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am a little girl, six years old, and live on a farm. I have no sisters or brothers, but have two dogs and a cat; I call my dogs Frisk and Fido, and my cat, Polly. I do not go to school, but learn my lessons at home. I am at the thirty-eighth page in the First Book. BIRNBOURNE FLORENCE SMITH.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to "The Farmer's Advocate." I read the Children's Corner, and like it very much. I live on a farm north of Beachville, and go to the Beachville School. In the summer, the boys go swimming at the river at noon hour. We eat our dinners, and then run for the river. When we get in, we have lots of fun on the wire that reaches across. After a time, we get ready for school, and if we are late, we have to stay in. VIVIAN THOMAS.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I wrote a letter before, but it was not posted, so I

thought I would try it again. I like to read books. I will tell you some of the names of the books I have read: "The Black Lady of Range Castle," "The Babes in the Basket," "The Stolen Princess," "Carry's Rose," "The Seaside Story," and others. I would like some of the girls, my own age, to write to me. LIZZIE SHANTZ (age 9). Waterloo, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have never written to the Children's Corner before, so I will write a letter this afternoon. I live on a farm, and like it very much. There are ninety-five acres on this farm. My father and brother are working back in the clearing, and sometimes when I come home from school I go back and they give me a ride on one of the horses. We have three horses and two little colts; we call one of them O'Brino, the other Pet. I have one tiny kitten and two old cats. I have a fine little playhouse this spring; it is canvas on a wooden frame. MYRTLE G. SIDER (age 8).

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—As the Corner is so very interesting, I cannot stay out any longer. We have been getting "The Farmer's Advocate" after our uncle read it for over three years. I will tell you about some of our pets we have. We have a yellow dog, and call her Floss. If you throw sticks in the water she will swim in and fetch them for you. We have some very tame pigeons. If you hold food in your hand, they will come down and eat it all off. The tamest one of all we call Hattie, because she has a little bunch of feathers on the top of her head. Well, as this is my first attempt, I will close. A COUNTRY GIRL. Oxford Centre.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my second letter to the Children's Corner. I read the letters every week, and enjoy it very much. The other time, I guess my letter fell into that dreadful waste-paper basket, which always stands nearby. To-day I saw the debate, "Which is the Nicest Place to Live in, a City or Country?" I prefer the country, because in the country there is more places to play, and we can raise our fruit and grain ourselves, and can keep hens, cows and horses. We can also have fresh eggs whenever we like, and make our own butter, so we needn't eat such bad stuff as some of the city people must. ELVINA R. MARTIN.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to the Corner, and if it don't reach the waste-basket, I may write another. I have a dog I call Collie, and am going to get a kitten very soon. I go to school, and I am in the Senior Second class. I have two dolls, one I call Edith and one Ethel. I have about two miles to go to school. I will close with a riddle: What goes round the kitchen, around the kitchen, and goes in every corner? Ans.—A broom. GREETA WILSON (age 10). Hannon, Ontario.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I go to school, and am in the Senior Third class. I have no brothers or sisters, but I play with a neighbor girl, who lives just across the road, and with my dolls, of which I have a whole family—big and little. I have a little red coasting sleigh, with my name on it. MABEL L. PARTRIDGE (age 9).

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I thought I would write a short letter to the Children's Corner. I go to school every day. I am in the Second Book. I am a little girl, six years old. I have a sister, four years old, that sucks her thumb, and a brother, two years old, with pretty curls. I hope my letter will not stray into the W.-P. B. TROY, Ont. JESSIE ROBB.

"What town is that a few miles to the north?" shouted the aeronaut, leaning over the edge of the basket. "Goshosh!" yelled the agriculturist, ever whose farm the balloon was passing. "What?" "Goshosh!" "What did he say?" asked the aeronaut's companion. "He didn't say anything. He swore at me!"



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Send for Calendar.
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Miss Charlotte Thrall, Vice-Principal.
A. S. Vogt, Mus. Doc., Musical Director.

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A little girl was overheard talking to her doll, whose arm had come off, exposing the sawdust stuffing: "You dear, good, obedient dolly! I knew I had told you to chew your food fine, but I don't think you would chew it so fine as that."

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6006 Glimpe with Mousquetaire Sleeves. 32 to 42 bust.



6021 Girl's Over Dress, to be worn with any Glimpe, 8 to 14 years.



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

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

A BRAWLER IN CHURCH.

The Rev. Dr. — had no sooner finished the third sentence of his sermon than an old gentleman beneath the pulpit growled, "That's Sherlock!" A little later in the discourse he growled, "That's Tillotson!" Later still he growled, yet more emphatically, "That's Blair!" The plagiarist preacher, unable to stand this detection any longer, leaned over the pulpit and cried, "Fellow! If you do not hold your impertinent tongue I shall have you turned out of the church for brawling!" "That's his own!" commented the old gentleman imperturbably.—[T. P.'s Weekly.

POWER LOT
A Story of "Down East."

BY SARAH McLEAN GREENE.

[Rights of publication secured by The Wm. Weld Co., Limited, London, Ont.]

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"It has reached her heart! She has gone. Mother—mother dear!" She took the lifeless form in her arms.

Rob slept almost as soundly as the dead.

"Robert," cried Mary, "she has gone!"

"Why, yes—yes, Mary," said the bewildered Rob, rubbing his eyes, "I saw her go." And his languid head drooped again to slumber.

"Robert, the disease has reached her heart—so suddenly, and stilled it. She has gone! Mother!"

"Why, yes," said Rob, still stupidly. "I saw her go."

"What do you mean? Mother is dead!"

Rob, his blue eyes vacuous to earth and still enamored of his living dream, pointed down the way of the apple blossoms, and beyond, to the swelling tide. "She went over that way, honor bright. I saw her. The tide did not seem rough to her. She did not mind the passage through."

Rob came to his senses. He saw only Mary's eyes, the tears on her white cheeks. She regarded him strangely for a moment; then she spoke quietly, with quivering lips:

"I am glad that you saw her when she went, Robert. I am glad that the tide did not seem rough to her—that she did not mind the passage through."

CHAPTER XI.

Another Hill.

Rob told it over to small interested groups in Power Lot, afterward.

"Strange that she should go—so nice—just as I sat down with her, or, rather, soon as we got to sleep. I was tired as a dog. I slept like doom. But I saw her go. Just the time she died, too. Honor bright, saw her just as plain as I see you."

Rob assented entirely, in a matter-of-fact way, to the proposition that he "had dreamed." But his intellectual processes were not complex, and there was in him an incipient idealism, buried in the past sensual submergence of his existence, which now shot up a little bud of promise, able to stand by itself, and as literal, to his sense, as the common daylight.

Always, to his own consciousness, in his first thought of Mrs. Stingaree's passing, he believed that he had seen her go; and it was a demonstration of Mary's faith in such matters. Mary was a marvellous woman—a conviction that grew within him more and more as, with the time she had for normal sleep since her mother's death, and the time, too, to improve herself and her surroundings, the old barracks in which they lived began to wear an atmosphere attractive and even pitifully elegant.

Rob, with an added awe of manner, exchanged his boots for his slippers at the house door. Bending over on a doorstep on one occasion unlacing his boots—his face red with the sacred urgency of his cause—Bate, who frequently marched in mud-shod, accosted him:

"Do'n' that 'cause ye're afraid o' a woman's tongue, Daisy?"

"No, Smartweed," retorted Rob, "I'm doing it because I'm a gentleman."

"Then, if you're one, I don't never want to be one," said Bate, with such deep emphasis that the remark stuck, and in due time Rob fell a-thinking.

(Continued on page 1117.)

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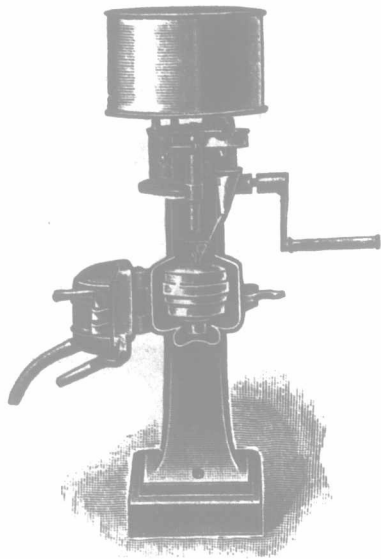
SASKATOON, SASK. has proven its splendid opportunities for mixed farming. All our mixed farmers are making big money. There is room for a lot more, and a market for everything they can raise. They can raise anything on this soil. Tomatoes have ripened outside for last four years. Send this advertisement again please. For information write The Commissioner, Board of Trade, Saskatoon, Sask., Western Canada.

WANTED—Persons to grow mushrooms for us at home. Waste space in cellar, garden or farm can be made to yield fifteen to twenty-five dollars per week. Send stamp for illustrated booklet and full particulars. Montreal Supply Co., Montreal.

"Tommy," said mamma (who had noticed severe bruises on his face), "you've been fighting again." "Yes, mamma." "And didn't you promise me that when you wanted to hit anyone you would always stand still and count a hundred?" "So I did, mamma, and this is what Jacky Jones did while I was counting."

"I have had a size 2 Melotte for almost two years, and I make fully one-third more butter now than I did with the old way of setting the milk. This is not guesswork, for I take it from figures"

(Signed)
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Current Events.

Sir Wm. Whiteway, former Premier of Newfoundland, died at St. John, Newfoundland, on the 24th ult.

The C. P. R. has officially declared its opposition to the liquor traffic, and hereafter will not have bars at any of its stations.

Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, 1884-1888, and 1892-1896, died at his home in Princeton, New Jersey, on the 24th ult.

The great thankoffering of the people of the Anglican Church, presented at the closing service of the Pan-Anglican Conference on Thursday, the 25th ult., amounted to over \$1,600,000.

The town of Three Rivers, P. Q., has been devastated by fire. Over one thousand people have been rendered homeless, and many churches, schools and public buildings destroyed. The monetary loss is estimated at nearly two millions.

During the present disturbances in Teheran, the Shah of Persia has ordered the houses of his opponents to be bombarded, one each day. The high-class Persians are kept in continual terror that their houses may be destroyed at any moment.

The Ottawa-New York Ry. Bridge on the Cornwall Canal was completely wrecked by a wash-out recently, and navigation will be suspended till repairs can be made. This accident cuts Montreal off from any water communication with the upper lakes, and will cause a serious delay to the shipping at that port.

THE MAPLE.

O maple, tall and slender,
Filled with the sun's rich wine:
Whether on open hillside,
Or on the forest line,
You brim with your glad splendor
The June world's cup divine.

With warm light overflowing,
O, strong and stately tree,
You spread your bounteous branches
To all glad airs that be:
O, tree of all trees growing,
The dearest one to me.

All through the golden summer
Your leafy tents you spread,
When out by field and highway
The moon lies parched and red:
And out in the fields the cattle
Doze by the brook's dried bed.

When late in ripe September
Earth's fruits are gathered in,
And wealth of glowing plenty
O'erflows each brimming bin:
You, with your flaming splendor,
The Autumn's triumphs win.

And when in late October
The frosty nuts do rain:
And earth, more grave and sober,
Hath wrapt her pall again,
Through your great boughs the storm-
wind
Goes roaring like the main.

O, tree of mine own country,
I love your stately green:
Old memories of my childhood
Blow your warm leaves between,
And past your leafy radiance,
Haunts each familiar scene.

Like you upon your hillside,
Filled with earth's golden glow
Strong, towering, proud to heaven
When happy June winds blow,
O, tree, may my young country
In days to come, outgrow.

Like you, amid the forest,
May she 'mid nations tower,
A Titan proud and mighty,
Filled with earth's gladdest dower:
While 'neath her widening branches
A people's hope embower.
—Wilfred Campbell, in The Canadian
Magazine.

With the Flowers. About the House.

Although June is par excellence the "month of roses," there are still enough blooming in July to make the following, by S. K. Underwood, in the July issue of the "Garden Magazine," seasonable. Roses are so short-lived that it is a pity not to utilize in some way the beautiful petals, and the recipes here given are so simple that everyone can have some of the summer's fragrance stored away in tangible form for winter use:

"First of all, every morning gather the petals of all the roses which are ready to fall, also snip off the seed-pod; this insures more blooms. Dry the petals carefully in an unused room, where they can have air but no sun. They must be spread out on papers, and if the weather should be damp they must be shaken occasionally or they may mold. Dried rose petals make delicious sachets for dresser drawers, and a thick layer of them may be quilted in a cheese-cloth cover and laid in the bottom of a drawer. A pillow of dried rose petals covered with rose-flowered cotton or silk stuff is a charming addition to the couch. Pot-pourri is perhaps the most popular use for rose-petals, and every home should have a jar of it. Here is an old-fashioned recipe which has come down in a southern family from an English ancestress, and was copied from her quaint 'Book of Worthy Recipes':—Measure out a liberal half-peck of sweet rose-petals. Pack them in a bowl in layers, with salt between each layer, using a small handful of salt to three of rose-petals. Let them stand for five days, stirring them twice daily; then add to them three ounces of powdered allspice, and one ounce of stick cinnamon. Let this mixture stand a week, stirring it once daily. Now put the preparation in the permanent jar, mixing with the rose-leaves one ounce allspice, half a pound dried lavender blossoms, one ounce bruised cloves, one ounce stick cinnamon, one nutmeg coarsely grated, half a cup of ginger-root thinly sliced, half an ounce of aniseed, ten grains of Canton musk, and two ounces of orris root. Stir all these ingredients together. Add at any time a few drops of attar of roses, or a few drops of any essential oil or extract of flowers. The addition of a little ambergris gives a lasting quality to the scent, but if the potpourri is made fresh every summer the ambergris will not be needed. Another use of rose-petals has all the charm of tradition to commend it. This is the making of rose-beads, with which the earliest rosaries were made, and from whence comes their name. You should have at least half a peck of rose-petals. Pound these in a mortar till they are mashed to a pulp. (One ingenious woman puts them through her food chopper a couple of times, and says the effect is the same.) After they are quite pulpy, let the mass stand in the mortar, and on the second day pound again, and stir several times during the day. Repeat this the third day, when it should be a soft black mass and quite smooth. Have ready a sheet of thick cardboard, or a wide thin piece of soft wood. Form the mass into beads, rolling in the hands into balls of any desired size, but being careful to keep them very round. Stick a heavy pin through each bead, and stick the pin into the cardboard so that the bead is held free to dry. Let them remain till thoroughly dried and hardened. Candied rose-petals, a luxury if bought at a confectioner's, are both inexpensive and good if made at home. Have the petals perfectly fresh and dry. Melt in a saucepan one cupful of granulated sugar with one-half cupful boiling water. Let it boil a little until it is crisp and brittle when dropped into cold water. Add quickly enough red coloring matter to make it a pretty pink shade, and one drop attar of roses. Drop in the petals, press them under the surface of the syrup for an instant, then separate and stir with a silver fork until the syrup sugars. Lift out and shake the petals. This will not be easy at first, because it requires a deft and light touch, but it is worth while to try. The red coloring matter may be bought at any reliable drug store. Be sure to tell the druggist what you want it for."

The prospects so far are for a bountiful supply of fruit, and I suppose we will all want to take advantage of it by putting up a quantity for winter use. This is hot work, and it has to be done in the hottest weather of the year, so that everything possible should be done to minimize the labor and reduce it to its lowest terms. To begin with, all supplies should be on hand in time. Sugar, vinegar, spices, etc., should be ordered some time before, so that there will be no delay occasioned by finding that one is "just out of" some essential when everything else is ready and waiting. Have plenty of self-sealers ready, and, unless putting up for a very large family, the pint size is the most convenient, as it can generally all be used at once, while with a larger size there are sure to be odds and ends left which it is sometimes difficult to dispose of. Even if they have been put away clean, the jars, etc., should all be sterilized again before using; if possible have new rubber rings, or else see that every ring is in good condition and that all rings and covers fit perfectly. The sterilizing may be done by putting all jars, covers, etc., in a large kettle or boiler of cold water, heating gradually to a boil, then boiling fifteen minutes. Leave the jars in this hot water till ready to use, then take out, one at a time, and fill with the hot syrup or preserve. Among the utensils needed for preserving are one or two preserving kettles—porcelain or good enamel are the best—strainer, scales, measuring glass, a couple of long-handled spoons, a sharp knife for peeling the fruit, a good wide-mouthed funnel, etc., etc. Be sure to have everything immaculately clean, as cleanliness is an important factor in insuring success. Use good granulated sugar, and select only the best and most perfect fruit. Using cheap or second-grade fruit is false economy, as the flavor will not be so good, and fruit which is "going" is much more apt to ferment. There are several methods of canning and preserving fruit: Cooking the fruit in jars set in boiling water; cooking in jars in the oven; cooking the fruit before bottling; cooking in the sun; and for some fruits, simply packing in cold water. Fruit packed in the jars before cooking keeps its shape better, and is more attractive looking than that which is cooked first. The cold-water method, which is only available for cranberries, green gooseberries and rhubarb, is the simplest. Wash the fruit thoroughly, "top and tail" the gooseberries, and cut rhubarb into small pieces; pack into freshly-sterilized jars, and fill with freshly-drawn water; put on the covers and let stand over night. In the morning drain off the water and fill again, being careful that all air is driven out and the bottles full to overflowing, then screw down covers tight and put away for winter. To cook in boiling water, first pack the jars with fruit nicely arranged, pour over them a syrup, previously made, of the necessary sweetness, and place the jars on a rack in an ordinary wash-boiler of warm water, the water coming about half-way up the bottles; put cloths, paper, etc., between the bottles to keep them from touching. Let them boil ten minutes, then set back on the stove; take out the jars one at a time, fill them with boiling syrup, and screw down tightly. Cooking in the oven is practically the same, except that when the fruit is packed in jars and covered with syrup the jars should be put in the oven, standing on a pan or tray containing two or three inches of water. Cook the fruit in a moderately hot oven for ten or fifteen minutes, then take out and fill with hot syrup as before. Cooking the fruit before bottling is simply stewing it in an ordinary large preserving kettle, allowing much or little sugar, as desired. The old rule was pound for pound, though with very sweet fruits less may be used. For jellies use a pound of sugar to a pint of juice, and for marmalades from three-quarters of a pound to a pound of sugar for a pound of fruit.

Among the questions in the geography paper was, "Name the zones." One promising youth of 11 years wrote: "There are two zones—masculine and feminine. The masculine is either temperate or intemperate; the feminine is either torrid or frigid."



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Send \$1—Receive 5 wool remnants suitable for Boys' Knee Pants up to 11 years. Give age, and we will cut out pants free. Add 25c. for postage. N. Southcott & Co., 8 Coote Block, London, Canada.

SUBSCRIBE FOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE."

POWER LOT

(Continued from page 1115.)

How much was known of his past history, he had never asked. To be sure, he had come to Power Lot, God Help Us, drunk and sodden. To be sure, he was compromised, in Cuby's sense of the term, by certain light and reckless professions of love made to her; but that was within the bounds of gentlemanly conduct, he considered. To be sure, his heart was turning to Mary with love and adoration combined. No one knew it, he believed. The growing realization was a joy and an inspiration to his own consciousness; it flattered his faint moral sense. To love such a woman surely indicated the man of honor. And, some time, he might win her?—that trembling hope shed its far-reaching glow over his sordid labors—his secret.

But the divining instincts of humanity are keen. Bate knew, and bitterly advised Cuby Tee-bo to have an eye on her lover. And Mary knew, to her sorrow. This personal equation was what she determined, particularly, to eliminate from the problem. Rob's mounting blushes when near her, his avid eagerness to anticipate all her small wishes, and the blue eyes falling before hers; these things touched her with shame and indignation. She addressed him seldom, and more shortly, her eyes meeting his frankly with a confirmed indifference—and only so much the more poor Rob adored her.

Then, one morning, as he was hoeing his own potatoes very early, Gar' Tee-bo made a detour across the fields on his way to the woods, and accosted him over the fence.

"I weesh you come down and make play our gemm wiz the gloves again. You too tam stupeed." He smiled fatherly on Rob, with a pleasant duplicity. "Say, you come to-night; we make play our leetle gemm togeezzer, eh?"

"Yes, I will come," said Rob. He went that evening. The wiry Frenchman gave him so clear an insight into some new features of the "gemm" that Rob, sitting on the kitchen floor with his back against the wall, trying to collect his scattered breath, felt that he could have dispensed with such telling proficiency on the part of the doughty Frenchman.

But Cuby laughed. "You naughty man, to make hurt my pretty Daisy," she said. Rob was up in a twinkling, springing at Tee-bo with savage fury. Gar' met him. "You t'ink you spill me lak you spill tam fool, Bet' Sting'ree, eh? You t'ink you fall over an' squish me, eh? Feeder-Bed you, take dat."

But Rob, whom excessive passion seemed to imbue with skill, caught the Frenchman's trick, and Gar' went over as the result of a stinging blow in turn; and Cuby, whose hope was secretly with her lover, rushed in between them.

"Do you quit, father. Rob—he play' fair. Let him alone. Quit you both. Hear to me."

The combatants, after surveying each other like two panting dogs, submitted to be led to chairs, each by the hand of Cuby. She, with sparkling eyes, innocent enough in her simple jealousy and folly, by all means to win back her lover, produced a jug of rum and shook it gladly in the faces of the two. "Where you t'ink I got heem, eh?" said Gar', taking the jug and now beaming cordially on Rob.

Rob saw a vision of green worlds of exceeding brightness and heights of exceeding valor fleeting past him out of his reach; and in their place was a miserable, low room and a dirty eat-table, and on that table had been placed a jug of rum.

"Where you t'ink I got heem, eh?" repeated the Frenchman, pointing to the jug. "I tell you how I got heem. No—I nevaire tell you. You riform. You keep str'et. You riform an' marry my Cuby an' keep yourself stiddy. I don want no

tam lezzy d'un kard 'roun' here. But, to-night, eh?—because you play good gemm, tam good gemm—you get yourself treat, frien'ly togeezzer, eh?"

Gar' filled a glass and handed it to Rob with beaming confidence, and Cuby's questioning, delighted eyes were on him, too. He drank it eagerly and received another.

Now poor little Cuby's benighted work was all cut out for her, by herself and her less-intelligent father.

While Rob sat up, hilarious and extremely voluble, on the house-bench, Gar', who had not imbibed so freely, went out and sought the local justice of the peace for the purpose of having Rob and Cuby married.

But the same smuggled invoice of rum, a jug of which adorned Gar's table, had laid low the justice of the peace, and his wife, with a cheerful and exulting wink, pointed him out, lying half-dressed on his bed, devoting himself to the business of snoring with a vigor which precluded the possibility of his adapting himself to any other pursuit.

Captain Belcher, however, though elated, was in so active a case as to be willing to stick at nothing—not even the hitherto unattempted performance on his part of uniting two people in marriage. With great impressiveness of manner he now conducted this rite, kissed the bride with effusion, and gave Rob a jocose congratulatory push, which, with another glass from the jug confirmed the latter in the intention which he had been for some time cherishing of disposing himself on the floor for a season of undiverted slumber. This cherished desire he now put into execution. It was morning when he opened his heavy eyelids.

Ah, those hills of conquest, those fair fields of achievement, which had gone fleeting past him in his vision,—past him, out of sight. He lay on Gar' Tee-bo's floor, and through the open door he saw the gully of the river at low tide. The flats lay cavernous and bare. Despair swept over him; he wished no single thing except that he were dead.

Cuby rose equal to the occasion. She was up early, fresh as the morn, resplendent in a starched pink frock. Steaming hot coffee awaited Rob and her father, and a pan of fried trout, besides some muffins made by her own skillful little hands.

"See what a stupid old man I have," she cried, gayly cuffing Rob on the ear; "he make me ashem', lak we was married to a funeral."

"Married!" exclaimed Rob dully, from his end of the breakfast table. Gar' laughed boisterously.

"He forgit how he mek you to marry heem, Cuby. He have such tam good time to that weddeen-party, he forgit all what he done. Ha. ha!"

Rob looked at Cuby. She nodded her pretty head at him in confirmation, her bright eyes tender and at the same time challenging him to show a becoming joy. The glory of beauty and health was upon her, and Rob was again, for the time being, mentally and physically a waste. He put his hands up to his head and groaned, very simply.

"I have been a fool—a fool! Oh, why did I touch it?"

Neither Cuby nor her father seemed to resent this unflattering attitude and speech. They applied kindly and soothing words. They affirmed it as their desire that Cuby should remain at present with her father to keep his house, while Rob should continue living at the Stingarees' for convenience to his farm. Later, he might come into the interrupted wealth that was rumored still to be his; or, at least, when his potato crop was sold in the fall, they might rent a barracks of their own.

Gar' even knew of several desirable places of this sort, and indicated their direction through the window with his dirty forefinger. Rob's soul went sick.

"I want to be on the hill," he said, fretfully; "there are places enough up there."

"You use' to that hill, you lak' that hill," replied the Frenchman

genially; "you git use' to the River, you lak' the River—see?"

"No," cried Rob, belligerently. "I tell you I'm going to live on the hill."

"Why, of course," said Cuby soothingly; "me—I wan' to live on the hill, too. We shall live where we make to please ourselves, father."

But there was a little spark of malice in her eye; it was so evident that her presence did not make hills and vales a matter of indifference to Rob. She had caught her handsome man, and lost him—she, the beauty of the River, to whom Rob had made in times past such valorous protestations of love. It was incomprehensible. Sombre, dark "old Mary Stingaree" had bewitched him. But she and her father had outwitted Mary Stingaree, and she could win Rob back; anyway, she had him fast, she could afford to be forbearing and patient.

"See, father," she exclaimed laughingly, "my old man is so stiddy already he weeshes to make up on the hill to work so we shall buy ourselves a home. I knew he was one good man, or I should not marry to him—no." Her teeth shone merrily, and the deep rose glowed in her cheeks.

Rob smiled faint appreciation, perforce—wintry sunshine on the pallid remorse of his features.

"Sure. He is one good stiddy man," said the Frenchman. "He shall have a leetle—jest a leetle—for ze long stip hill, eh?" And he produced the jug, which had been replenished through some dark and mysterious avenue of supply.

"Come, son," he began.

A frenzy of repugnance seized Rob. The familiar mode of address, the sight of the vehicle whose contents had wrought his ruin, as the Frenchman held it out, his low, grimy features condescendingly leering, caused Rob to snatch the jug and hurl it through the open door, out over the ledges, crashing on the bare rocks of the river-bed below.

"Curse the stuff!" he cried. "Curse the infernal stuff, forever and forever, amen." So help me God!

Now I'm going to get out of here."

"You t'rowed heem too fur to smell heem, son—son," repeated Tee-bo hatefully, trembling with anger. But he did not attack Rob, whose fury he had learned to dread. The pupil had proven powerful as well as apt, and had the natural advantage of being twice the size of his antagonist.

Cuby clapped her hands. "He is gran', father. See you how good he is. A girl lak' me knows how to be glad that her husband is riform'. Me—I think it is good—good."

"Vair' good. He is riform'," muttered the Frenchman dryly, going out to harness his team for a day of log-hauling.

Cuby lifted her bright face for Rob to kiss. "Good-bye," she said, but added no endearing epithet.

"Good-bye, little girl," said Rob, manfully.

Words pressed to Cuby's lips, but she did not utter them.

"I shall be awfully busy to-day, Cuby," said Rob. "I am to work some for Mrs. Byjo, too. But I shall come down to-morrow to see you, if I have the strength to drag down."

Cuby's brown eyes darkened—with loving tenderness, the soul-sick Rob feared. But she spoke lightly.

"All right, Rober'. You shall not come if you are tired. To come down the hill is easy, but to climb back that is hard: is it not so?"

"Yes, that's the hard part," said Rob grimly, utter woe in his eyes.

Out of sight, he drew a long breath, and, lifting his hat, let the wind blow through his hair.

(To be continued.)

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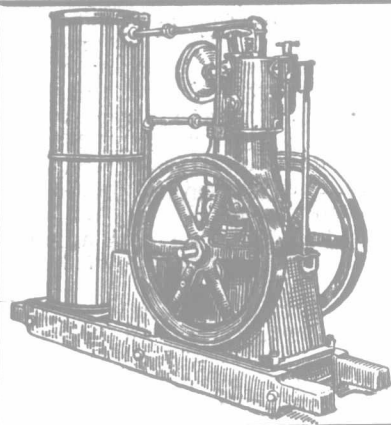
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TRADE TOPICS.

"GUNS AND GUNNING."—"Guns and Gunning" is the title of an interesting new book prepared by Bellmore H. Brown, but edited and supervised in publication by the noted Dan Beard, artist-hunter and out-door authority. Breathing as it does the spirit of "all out-doors," vivid with illustration and pen-sketch, and replete with practical information on all phases of camping, the haunts and habits of game, and the history and use of firearms, it is bound to appeal to the boy or man with sportsmanlike instincts. It is handsomely printed on heavy paper and published in two editions, one bound in green cloth boards, with a hunting scene stamped on the cover and the title in gold letters, for 30 cents; the other bound in paper with a hunting scene in three colors, for 30 cents. It is published by J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass., although it is in no sense an advertising publication, the name of the firm being scarcely mentioned in the pages of the contents. If interested, write the J. Stevens & Co., mentioning this paper.

She is a wise woman who, before leaving for her summer's outing, is thoughtful enough to take with her something that is good to protect the sensitive skin from the evil effects on it of sun and wind. What is good for one may be very unsatisfactory for another, proving quite irritable. An extra expenditure for advice is quite unnecessary, and any woman desirous of obtaining it may go to the Hiscott Dermatological Institute, 61 College Street, Toronto, and learn exactly what will best suit her skin. A soothing cream to be applied at night or after a day in the sun and wind is about all the "bud" requires, but for her matronly sister, whose skin is not as plump and firm as it once was, a stronger preparation, found in the Skin Food, is needed to prevent the inevitable lines and wrinkles. The lotion for freckles and other skin discolorations is a valuable preparation to have to remove those little brown pests that make a nice complexion rusty and dirty looking. For over sixteen years this establishment (formerly The Graham Institute) has been located in Toronto. Their preparations (the Princess Toilet Remedies) are favorably known among ladies who appreciate the value of good grooming, and would never use anything but the best means in obtaining it. Treatments are given at the Institute to improve and make woman's "Crown of Glory" healthier and more abundant, to remove superfluous hairs, moles and warts permanently by antiseptic electrolysis, a practically painless method, and to relieve or remove without discomfort the painful corn or bunion.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

At Atlantic City a woman bather had gotten beyond her reach and was struggling helplessly in the water. A boat was soon put out, and just as the man was reaching over to grasp the lady, a sassy wave separated her from her wig, whereupon she instantly cried, "O, save my hair! Save my hair!" "Madam," responded the guard with dignity, "I may be a life saver, but I am not a hair restorer."

Little Paul had had economy drilled into him since he was old enough to "take notice." He had been taught never to throw away anything that was good or whole. One afternoon his mother and her afternoon callers were startled by the appearance of Paul at the door, triumphantly holding a dead cat aloft by its tail. "Look, mamma, see what I found in the alley—a perfectly good cat that someone has thrown away."

A gentleman bought at the post office a large quantity of stamped envelopes, newspaper wrappers, etc. Finding them difficult to carry, he asked one of the clerks if he could supply him with a piece of string. "We are not permitted by the department to supply string," was the reply. "Then give me a bit of red tape," was the sarcastic retort. The string was supplied.

THE BLACK FOX OF ST. VOLTAIRE

By S. A. White.

Naxelle, king of black foxes, within his barred cage in the town park, lies by the sunlit space on the floor and coaxes warmth into his feeble bones. No longer can he see the trading-post, the mission beside, or even the deep pine forest through which once filtered the blue smoke of the Algonquin camp-fires, invisible against the blue of the sky. Nor can he see the narrow trail of the snowshoe worn by the weary trapper, bending under a burden of pelts, as he came winding upward towards St. Voltaire at white dusk of a winter's day.

Instead of all that, he sees a town sprawling wide where the fort stood, and shining steeples, windowed towers and red-black chimneys looming skyward where the palings stood of old. Clanging forge and trip-hammer's clash fill the valley that long ago knew no sound but the trapper's forest call, wild night warnings from the prowling wolf or the sudden war cry of raiding Iroquois. Down where the regal pines gave back the blue lake light in summer and checked the sweep of the ice-blast in winter, angular sawmills mar the sheen of the waters, and the bare, lumber-bordered yards but eddy the wintry gusts into greater fierceness. Naxelle knows that were the patched wigwags here now, they would frighten him as of yore, flapping from their pegs in the rushing gale; that were the mongrel curs about, the biting wind would send them whimpering for cover. But these things have changed. The tribes have vanished with the forest; the trading-post has been swallowed up in the jaws of commerce, and the thrilling, barbaric pageant of the savages, fraught with danger and episode, has faded to the material present. The post is gone with those it knew. The picturesque weirdness is a dim tradition, a sort of legendary lore for the fireside and the wine. The leading actors in this wild-wood drama of years ago perished with the place in the Iroquois attack on the mission. Not one of the striking historical figures who wove their personal courage and magnetism into the web of the ever-changing years remains as a link to connect the visible with the vanished—not one, save Naxelle. Naxelle was young once. That was in the days of St. Voltaire; the St. Voltaire that dragged the reach of civilization and Christianity upon its heels, while its hands stretched into the wilderness ahead.

Among the hunters and traders of St. Voltaire none could match Ramon Gabrielle. His was the quickest hand, the surest eye, the most untiring frame. His tale of furs ran much farther than any two of the others at the moon's end. There was no inhabitant of valley, ridge or wood who could outwit him. The slinking sable, the timid beaver, the wily otter could not escape him. In the animal world there were none to match this man in cunning—not until he met Naxelle.

One evening in the quiet winter twilight Ramon was nearing the post after a day of rounds. As he ascended the slope that hid the mission from the wind, there showed, silhouetted sharply against the snow, the biggest and blackest of black foxes, the animal that carried the coveted fur upon his deceptive body. Ramon's heart swelled, for he thought of the tremendous proportions of this month's tale of pelts when this rich skin should be added to it. For, of course, it would be added. Was he not Ramon, king, the never-failing?

Ah, yes! But this was Naxelle, king of black foxes.

One was the Monarch Man, the other the Monarch Beast, and the beast was the equal of the man.

Ramon's bullet spat the snow into a powdery smoke. But Naxelle had leaped—he was not where he had stood when the trigger snapped. Instead, he was four feet to the right, a sardonic grin on his foxy features, if only Ramon could have seen it in the waning light.

The powder horn was tipped in a flash, the bullet rammed home, and again hurtled on its mission of death. Again its resting place was in the bank of white, a snowy, upward cloud the sign. This time Naxelle was four feet to the left. He opened his jaws as if in derision; then his black brush flipped over the ridge of a snow gully and he was gone.

Ramon breathed a white-shrouded oath.

into the frosty air. The shame of it—he, king of huntmen, beaten!

It was with a sense of guilt that Ramon sat among his companions that night while the stories went in turn. He did not mention the black fox, and later as he lay awake in his blankets he pondered on how it had happened, how an untutored fox of the wild could have baffled him.

There he was wrong, for this was not an untutored fox. Necessity had tutored him, and although he was a stranger in the vicinity of St. Voltaire, his forest craft was not forgotten with the change of residence. Moreover, he was a named fox, and when a fox is characterized with a special name one may look with doubtful eyes upon him. Leagues away at the mission of St. Camille he had been named "Naxelle" by the trappers. He was the king. They had at many times poured leaden missiles after him; they had trapped for him in their wily ways; they had invoked the aid of the priests' prayers in the enterprise and set poison daintily disguised in his haunts. All to no purpose—he lived to leap from their rifle-balls, to shun every trap and snare, to scorn the poisoned dainties and to scurry from view, a living derision of their prowess as craftsmen of the woods. They suffered it till their pride could suffer it no longer; then they burnt and ravaged the rabbit pastures where Naxelle found his chief source of food, and, driven almost to starvation through the bleak months, he skirted the timber for long leagues down to St. Voltaire. There he found plenty to eat; there he stayed, and thus it was that he crept as a nightmare into Ramon's dreams, whether waking or sleeping. Like Naxelle's former enemies, Ramon hunted and trapped for him to no avail. The year ran out, and the sable shadow was still conqueror. The next twelve months slipped by, and Ramon was no nearer his aim. Then a wondrous thing happened, fearful as well as wonderful.

In November, the Freezing Moon of the Indians, little Pierre, Ramon's son, strayed from the post early one Sabbath morning. At noon he was missed, and they scoured the woods for him. All the long afternoon they searched and searched in fruitless endeavor, and when the dark set in with the cruel, merciless frost, a sinking horror gripped their souls, for they knew what they would find when their search would end, if it ever would. By torchlight they trod the trails of forest and slope, and well on towards morning the anguish-stricken father, in company with the good priest Leblanc, stumbled on the tiny form in a nook in the rocks. The little legs were frozen stiff, but, behold! the arms encircled the neck of Naxelle, the black fox, and his tender face was buried in the deep fur, while the wonderful brush, the brush that had flipped derisively at the father, was round the child's throat, covering the baby form from the sting of the elements. It was the warmth of Naxelle's body and peerless fur that had kept the spark of life glowing. The arms would not unloose, and with eyes of mute wonder the fox felt himself lifted with the child to Ramon's strong breast and borne down the path into the fire-bright cabin.

The doctor from the next mission was brought in haste, but the legs had to come off. While little Pierre lay in bed there were two who never left his side, Ramon at his pillow, and Naxelle, all the roving spirit quenched, with the light of pity in his wide eyes, crouched among the blankets, where the chubby arms of his master could find their way round his neck, even as they did that night of the frost.

When the boy cripple could hobble around on his crutches, no dog would have attended him more faithfully than did Naxelle. He was half the sunshine of the little future-darkened life, a life that was soon to be in peril, for ere the spring had begun to stir in the woodland glades came the blood-thirsty destroyers—the Iroquois.

In one short hour the post was no more. Only one person escaped. His most vivid recollection is that of a great, goat-like creature brandishing a weapon above him, and then a leap at the intruder's throat by the king of black foxes. Everything vanishes thereafter, until the awakening at St. Camille. There they told little Pierre that they had found him near the ruins, well

guarded by a big black fox. But they would not believe the little fellow when he told, as best he could, of how the fox had come to St. Voltaire. Nevertheless, they kept Naxelle, and built a large den for him, just as if he were a public charge. And as time went on the people became accustomed to the story about the fox, and now it pleases them to tell it. None, however, except the little folk, really believe it—none but me.

After all, perhaps I am a little too credulous. But I might be pardoned for that weakness, because—well, you see, I was little Pierre.—S. A. White, in Canadian Magazine.

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

"I see a man intends to let a rattlesnake bite him and depend on prayer for a cure. I call that faith."

"I call it cruelty to animals, unless somebody's going to pray for the snake after it's bitten such a fool as that."

The lettering on the plate-glass window of a store recently acquired at the site for a new saloon read "ALBUM MANUFACTURER." A painter was sent for to change it at as reasonable a price as possible, when he informed the successful license applicant that the cheapest and quickest method would be to obliterate the first two letters.—The Catholic Abstainer.

"Sorry, sir," telephoned the butcher, "but we are out of sirloin. Why don't your wife order you a round?"

"What's that?" exploded Harker at the other end of the line.

"I say, why don't your wife order you a round?"

"Why don't my wife order me around? Man, that is all she does from morning until night! If you were nearer I'd—" But the startled butcher had hung up the receiver.

The Retort Courteous.—The Veracious Verger—"In the far corner lies William the Conqueror; behind the organ, where you can't see 'em, are the tooms o' Guy Fox, Robin 'Ood, and Cardinal Wolsey. Now does that guide-book, as I see you 'ave in your 'and, tell you who is lyin' 'ere, sir?" The Skeptical Tourist.—"No, but I can guess."

"Ah, Mr. Depew, you're the very man I am looking for!" exultantly cried a feminine member of the Kankakee Tourist Association. "You must introduce me to the President."

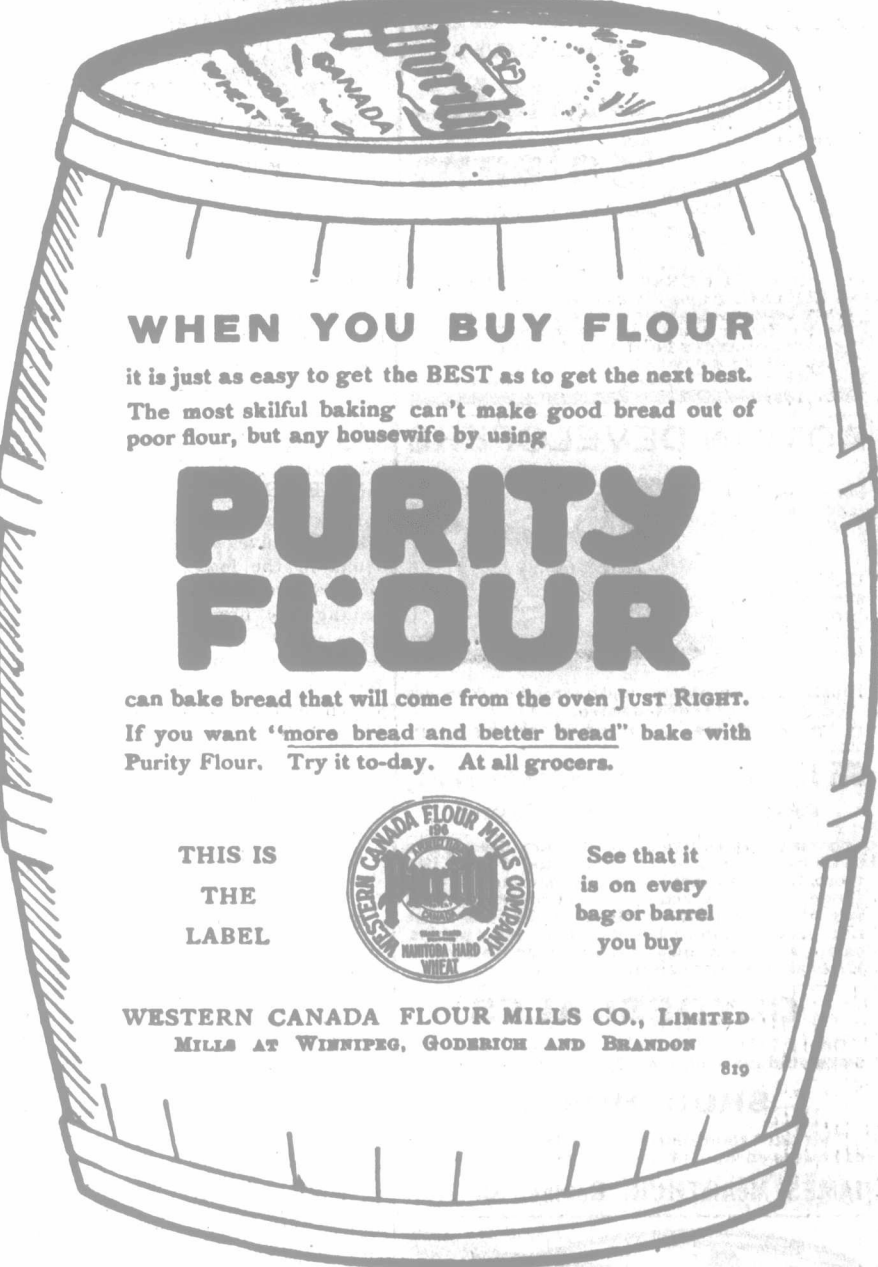
"But I don't remember ever having met you, madam," protested the Senator, with hand uplifted in a deprecatory gesture.

"Don't remember me, Senator Depew!" exclaimed the lady. "Why, I met you when you spoke at Amsterdam, New York."

"Ah!" mused Mr. Depew. "Amsterdam-m-m. Let me see, now. That was 48 years ago. Impossible; you were not born then."

And with a courtly bow Chauncey disappeared behind one of his broadest smiles.

A woodpecker sat on a knotty limb; his head was red and his temper grim; for the world was out of whack with him. He had hammered the stumps till his head did swim; he had looked for worms till his eyes were dim; he had punched each tree and knot and limb, and never a hug there was for him. Not a song he sung, not a woodland hymn, for how can a bird with hunger slim, and gaunt starvation gruesome grim, looking right into the eyes of him, get up a voice like a cherubim, and with melody make the welkin swim? His crop was vacant, and only a whim was in the stomach of him. Then he flew to the river and drowned him, and never made an effort to swim. His last words were "Oh birdie trim, why did you vote for that hawk so prim, who got to work on each woodland limb, and placed a trust on the bugs of him? I'm like the farmer, gaunt and grim, who gets surrounded by a rim of trusts that fill him to the brim with wind till there's naught in the stomach of him." The woodpecker then was out of breath, and the fish that ate him starved to death.



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In Shorthorns we have a number of choice young bulls, three of them show animals; also an excellent lot of females—all ages.

John Gardhouse & Sons, Highfield, Ont.
Toronto, 14 miles. Weston, 24 miles.



Long-distance phone.

CLYDESDALES AND FRENCH COACHERS, IMP.

Scottish and Canadian winners, stallions, mares and fillies. The Clydes represent the blood of such noted sires as Baron's Pride, Up-to-Time, Royal Favorite, Ethlopius and Aome. They combine size, quality and action. The French Coachers are a big, flashy, high-stepping lot, and are winners in both France and Canada. Our prices are right, and our horses as good as the best. Long-distance telephones.


ROBT. NESS & SON, HOWICK, QUEBEC.



IMPORTED CLYDESDALE FILLIES


Young imp. mares in foal or foal by side. One Clyde and one Hackney stallion. They are the best that can be purchased. Write or come and see them. Terms reasonable.

G. A. Brodie, Bethesda, Ont.
Gornley, C. N. B.



IMPORTED CLYDESDALES Up to over a ton in weight, with the very richest of breeding and the best of quality. I think no better shipment of stallions ever left Scotland. I have also nine fillies, without doubt the best lot in Canada. All will be sold cheap and on terms to suit. Long-distance phone.

GEO. G. STEWART, HOWICK, QUE.



HAVE YOU SECURED ONE OF "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE" PREMIUMS

Horse Owners! Use
GOMBAULT'S
Caustic Balsam
A Safe, Speedy, and Positive Cure
The safest, Best BLISTER ever used. Takes the place of all liniments for mild or severe action. Removes all Bunches or Blemishes from Horses and Cattle, SUPPRESSES ALL CAUTERY OR FIRING. Impossible to produce scar or Blemish. Every bottle sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars. The Lawrence-Williams Co., Toronto, Ont.

ACTION DEVELOPERS

For Producing and Improving Action in Horses.

Used by all successful exhibitors and dealers in England.



Illustrated pamphlets, testimonials and prices of patent.

G. H. GIBSON, OAKHAM, ENGLAND.

MR. A. I. HICKMAN,
Court Lodge, Egerton, Kent, England,

exports pedigreed live stock of every description to all parts of the world. Exported during 1909 more Shetland ponies, more Romney Marsh sheep, and more champion Oxford Downs than any other breeder or exporter, besides large numbers of other breeds of horses, ponies, cattle, sheep and pigs. Correspondence invited. Highest references given.

CLYDESDALES

One 1,750-lb. 8-year-old mare in foal. One 5-year-old mare and one 3-year-old mare.

SHORTHORNS

Two right good yearling bulls left yet, and a lot of heifers cheap. Write, or come and see them.

JAMES McARTHUR, Gobles, Ontario.



ARTIFICIAL MARE IMPREGNATORS

For getting in foal from 1 to 6 mares from one service of a stallion or jack, \$3.50 to \$6.00. Safety Impregnating Unit, especially adapted for getting in foal so-called barren and irregular breeders, \$7.50. All goods prepaid and guaranteed. Write for Stallion Goods Catalog. CRITTENDEN & CO., Dept. 38, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

Shannonbank Clydesdales, Ayrshires, Yorkshires One stallion rising three years, by imported Hopewell. Two young bulls ten months, and some heifers from six months to two years. Yorkshires of both sexes. W. H. TRAM, Cedar Grove Ont., Locust Hill Sta., C.P.R.

Clydesdales, Shorthorns and Cotswolds—For viduals of above breeds, write me. My new Cotswold and Clydesdale importation will arrive early in the season.

J. O. ROSS, Jarvis, Ont., P. O. and Sta.

Dr. Bell's Veterinary Medical Wonder cures inflammation of lungs, bowels and kidneys. The 90th-century wonder. Agents wanted in every county. Write for terms. **DR. BELL, V. S., KINGSTON, ONT.**

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

In ten minutes the battle would begin. The enemy outnumbered them five to one. "Boys," said the captain, solemnly, "we have hard work before us. See that you are all armed to the teeth." Far down the line little O'Flarity nervously held up his hand. "Please, captain!" "Well, O'Flarity?" "I—I haven't any tathe."—[Chicago News.

A father, whose looks are not such as to warrant the breaking up of all existing statues of Apollo, tells this on himself:—

"My little girl was sitting on my lap facing a mirror. After gazing intently at her reflection for some minutes she said: 'Papa, did God make you?' " 'Certainly, my dear,' I told her. " 'And did He make me, too?'—taking another look in the mirror. " 'Certainly, dear. What makes you ask?' " 'Oh, I don't know. Seems to me He's doin' better work lately.'"

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Veterinary.

BURSAL ENLARGEMENTS.

Foal, three weeks old, has soft puffy swellings the size of hen's eggs, just below and a little to the outside of the knees. L. A. R.
Ans.—Bursal enlargements in this location are not uncommon in foals, and they usually disappear spontaneously. Leave them alone until the cold weather comes, and if they have not disappeared by that time blister every four or five weeks until they do. V.

Miscellaneous.

RESTORING A FENCE.

I have a farm rented under a written lease for five years. One of the conditions in the lease is that I shall do the repairs, reasonable wear and tear and damage by fire and tempest only excepted. This is the only mention in my lease as to repairs. There is an old fence running across one of my fields which has fallen down through age and snow last winter. Would you kindly let me know whether the landlord or I have to rebuild this fence.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Ontario.

Ans.—The landlord.

ECZEMA.

Mare has a number of small hard lumps on back and shoulders, about the size of top of one's finger. I have tried to squeeze them out, but they do not appear to contain any foreign matter. They do not seem to hurt her, though she bites at them at times. She is well fed and looked after. Please say what the trouble is, and what can be done for her? SUBSCRIBER M.

Ans.—This appears to be eczema, treatment for which is to wash the parts well with warm soapsuds, then dress twice daily with corrosive sublimate, twenty grains to a quart of water. Give internally one ounce Fowler's solution of arsenic in food, or in a pint of water as a drench, night and morning, every alternate week as long as necessary.

James J. Hill as a Farmer.

James J. Hill, the great railroad builder and manager, owns a 5,000-acre farm near St. Paul. He calls it North Oaks. Like everything else in which Mr. Hill engages, this farm makes money. It is not a play farm—not at all. He goes in for profit, and every detail of the place is looked after as carefully as the details of the big railroad.

There is a herd of 260 pure-bred cows on the place. Of these about 100 are pure-bred Ayrshires. This, however, is beyond all question the largest and most select herd of Ayrshires west of the Wisconsin border, if not, indeed, in the whole United States. At the present time 150 cows are being milked and output of butter is about 120 pounds a day. These cows are kept under what might be termed strictly farm conditions. During 1905 they produced 603 gallons per cow. The cash realized for the product per cow during that year was over \$60. Fourteen cows produced at the rate of 908 gallons per cow.

At present there are between 900 and 1,000 swine of all ages on the farm. As previously indicated, these are fed largely on skim milk from the dairy, especially when they are young. To this food is added shorts and a little grain and corn. The swine are kept pushing right along from birth until ready for market, so that in growing them as small an amount of feed as possible is consumed for maintenance.

North Oaks has also a flock of 200 head of Shropshire breeding ewes. From 180 ewes in 1904, 225 lambs were reared. Quite recently 100 old ewes were culled out from the flock and sold at \$4 per head.

Five hundred acres of oats were grown in the past season, which produced 24,500 bushels, or an average of 49 bushels per acre. This is certainly a very good yield for land so light as is found on this farm. Of course, the wet season was favorable for producing on such land the past summer.

A large herd of deer is kept within

inclosure on this farm; also a herd of buffaloes, the increase of which during the past year has been about 30 per cent. Some of these are the outgrowth of a cross between the Galloway and the buffalo.

Notwithstanding the enormous amount of business which rests upon Mr. Hill's shoulders, he still finds time quite frequently to drive out to North Oaks farm, and he takes an active interest in every phase of the work.

"Why is a pancake like the sun?" "Because," said the Swede, "it rises out of der yeast and sets behind der vest."

"TWO WHOLE COWSFUL."

Little Mabel was visiting her aunt in the country and developed great fondness for milk. One day, having drank as much milk as her aunt thought good for her, she was told that she could have no more. "I don't see why," said she. "There's two whole cowsful out in the corral."

Appropos of the appointment of the Indianapolis "Milk Commission," the Indianapolis News accompanied an appropriate cartoon recently with the following verses:

Sing a song of chubbiness,
Babies full of glee;
Soon they will be full of milk
Full of purity.

Children's Milk Commission
Has devised a plan
To down the undertaker
And unclean dairyman.

The Man with the Plow.

"With nine children and a plow, John Davidson arrived at this port last Monday, on the steamer Caledonia."—[Daily Paper.

John Davidson he said farewell
To Europe's shores one day,
And took a ship at Greenock's dock
And westward sailed away.
Nine children trotted at his heels,
He held the horse and cow,
The pig, and all the chickens too,
But brought along the plow.

"It always drew both deep and true
My furrows," he explained,
"And years when every venture failed
This good old friend remained,
These sturdy youngsters, stout and strong,
That gather round me now,
I raised them with it, every one—
I could not leave the plow."

Fling wide the gates of Freedom's land,
Her broad and sunny fields,
Her gardens, where a hundred-fold
Each fertile acre yields.
Her orchard trees, that low beneath
Their golden burdens bow,
Are waiting for the man who brings
Nine children and a plow.

—Minna Irving, in Leslie's Weekly.

HE WAS FOLLOWED.

A nervous commuter, on his dark, lonely way home from the railroad station, heard footsteps behind him. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he was being followed. He increased his speed. The footsteps quickened accordingly. The commuter darted down a lane. The footsteps still pursued him. In desperation he vaulted over a fence, and, rushing into a churchyard, threw himself, panting, on one of the graves.

"If he follows me here," he thought, tearfully, "there can be no doubt as to his intentions."

The man behind was following. He could hear him scrambling over the fence. Visions of highwaymen, maniacs, garrulous and the like flashed through his brain. Quivering with fear, the nervous one arose and faced his pursuer.

"What do you want?" he demanded. "Wh-Why are you following me?"

"Say," asked the stranger, mopping his brow, "do you always go home like this, or are you giving yourself a special treat to-night? I'm going up to Mr. Brown's, and the man at the station told me to follow you, as you lived next door. Excuse my asking you, but is there much more to do before we get there?"

Fistula and Poll Evil
Any person, however inexperienced, can readily cure either disease with **Fleming's Fistula and Poll Evil Cure**—even had all cases that skilled doctors have abandoned. Easy and simple; no cutting; just a little attention every fifth day—and your money refunded if it ever fails. Cures most cases within thirty days, leaving the horse sound and smooth. All particulars given in Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser. Write us for a free copy. Ninety-six pages, covering more than a hundred veterinary subjects. Durably bound, indexed and illustrated. **FLEMING BROS., Chemists, 75 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario.**

Dr. Page's English Spavin Cure.
For the cure of Spavins, Ringbone, Curbs, Splints, Windgalls, Capped Hock, Strains or Bruises, Thick Neck from Distemper, Ringworm on Cattle, and to remove all un-lureal enlargements. This preparation (unlike others) acts by absorbing rather than blistering. This is the only preparation in the world guaranteed to kill a Ringbone or any Spavin, or money refunded, and will not kill the hair. Manufactured by **Dr. Fredrick A. Page & Son, 7 and 9 Yorkshire Road, London, E. C.** Mailed to any address upon receipt of price, \$1.00. Canadian agents: **J. A. JOHNSTON & CO., Druggists, 171 King St., E., Toronto, Ont.**

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS
that make a horse Wheeze, have Thick Wind, or Choke-down, can be removed with **ABSORBINE**
or any Bunch or Swelling caused by strain or inflammation. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. \$2.00 per bottle, delivered. Book 3-C free. **ABSORBINE, J.E.,** for manking, \$1.00, delivered. Cures Gout, Tumors, Varicose Veins, Hydrocele, Varicocele. Book free. Made only by **H. JOUNG, P.D.F., 73 Monmouth St., Springfield, Mass.** Canadian Agents: **LYMAN BROS. & CO., Montreal.**

RIVER VALLEY CLYDESDALES AND SHORTHORNS.
For Sale—Two stallions, one imp., the other imp. in dam; 1 imp. mare 3 and 4 yrs. of age; a grand pair, with size and quality; 1 filly foal imp. in dam. Shorthorns all ages, of both sexes; straight milking strain. **A. V. Carefoot, Thornbury Sta., Redwing P.O.**

Glengore Aberdeen Angus. 40 head of the Mayflower and Fair Lady tribes. For sale: 7 bulls, 1 one 5 mos. to 2 years of age; heifers, from 1 to 3 years. A choice lot and sold right. **Geo. Davis & Sons, Alton, Ont. Station, C. P. E.**

ABERDEEN - ANGUS
For sale, 50 head to pick from, males or females by imported sire. Drumbo station. **WALTER HALL, Washington, Ontario.**

Am offering at the present time **3 Very Fine Imp. Young Bulls.**
Good colors, and of the best breeding; also some extra good Canadian-bred bulls ready for service. Also cows and heifers imported and Canadian-bred. Prices reasonable.
H. J. DAVIS, Importer and Breeder, Woodstock, Ont.

SHORTHORNS AND LEICESTERS.
For sale: One extra good young bull, 11 months old, from imp sire and dam; also a few good young Leicester ewes in lamb. At easy prices for quick sale.
W. A. Douglas, Tuscorora, Ont. Caledonia station.
PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

Women's Ailments

There is no need whatever for so many women to suffer from pains and weakness, nervousness and sleeplessness, angina, hysteria and melancholia, faint and dizzy spells, and the hundred other troubles which render the life of too many women a round of sickness and suffering.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS
Have Restored Thousands of Canadian Women to Health and Strength

Young girls budding into womanhood who suffer with pains and headaches, and whose face is pale and blood water, or women at the change of life who are nervous, subject to hot flushes, feeling of pins and needles, etc., are tided over these trying times by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

They have a wonderful effect on a woman's system, making pains and aches vanish, bring color to the pale cheek and sparkle to the eye. The old worn out, tired out, languid feelings give place to strength and vitality, and life seems worth living.

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all druggists, or mailed direct on receipt of price by

THE T. MILBURN CO., LTD., Toronto, Ont.

J. Watt & Son SALEM ONT.,

Offer 12 or 15 high-class young cows and heifers in calf, or calves at foot, to (imp.) Pride of Scotland. Show stuff of different ages always on hand.

ELORA STA., G.T.R. and C.P.R.

Shorthorns, Cotswolds, Berkshires



For sale: Bull, 33 months; bull 11 months; 20 calves, 1 to 5 months; cow and heifers. In Cotswolds, a few shearing ewes and about 25 lambs for fall orders. In Berkshires, will book orders for May and June delivery.

CHAS. E. BONNYCASTLE Station and P.O. Campbellford, Ontario.

Glen Gow Shorthorns



Our present offering is 8 bulls, from 6 to 14 months of age, sired by Imp. Ben Loman and Imp. Joy of Morning, and out of Imp. and Canadian-bred cows. Also a number of very choice heifers. No fancy prices asked. Long-distance phone.

WM. SMITH, Columba, Ont.

Choice Shorthorns for Sale!



Some fine young stock, either sex, including some extra heifers from imp. dams, and all got by the Cruickshank (Duthie-bred) bull, Sittytown Victor, Imp., =50093 = (87397). Also young Yorkshires, either sex. Address JOHN BRYDNE, Milverton, Ont., C. P. R. & G. T. R.

Willow Bank Stock Farm



Herd Established 1855
The great Duthie-bred bull, Imported Joy of Morning =32070=, and Scottish Banner =61023=, at head of herd. Young cows bred to the above sires; also bulls and young heifers for sale. Very choice.

James Douglas, Caedonia, Ont.

TWO IMPORTED BULLS

Direct from Aberdeenshire, Scotland, of excellent quality, color and breeding, two from imp. sire and dam, and others sired by Joy of Morning (Imp.) =32070=. Prices in Shorthorns and Yorkshires will interest intending purchasers.

GEO. D. FLEISCHER, Binkham P.O., Ont. Erin Sta., C. P. R.

For Sale: 10 Shorthorn Bulls

from 10 to 12 months old, sired by Imp. Lord Roseberry, and most of them out of imp. cows. Prices right.

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

Shorthorn Bulls—Ready for service.

One will make a show bull. Also young things from Matchless, Crimson Flower, Miss Ramden, Rosemary, Diamond and Lady Fanny dams, the get of Chancellor's Model. Prices to suit times. Come and see. ISRAEL GROFF Elmira, Ont.

High-class Shorthorns

Royal Chief, a son of Mildred's Royal, at head of herd. We are offering a few choice heifers of show-ring form. Pure Scotch. Terms reasonable. A. DUNCAN & SONS, Carleton, Ont.

For Sale: 2 Shorthorn Bulls

Priced right. Do you want one? Write or visit A. M. SHAVER, ANCASTER, ONTARIO, Station 13, Hamilton and Brantford Elec. Ry. three minutes' walk from the barns.

GOSSIP.

On Monday of last week, says the Live-stock Report, Clay, Robinson & Co. handled at Chicago for the Billings Sugar Co., Billings, Mont., twelve loads of their beet-pulp and alfalfa-meal-fed cattle, which made excellent prices, 73 head averaging 1,428 lbs., bringing \$7.95, with 141 head weighing 1,364 lbs., at \$7.60. These are the highest prices any cattle fed in above manner have ever realized on the Chicago or any other market; the previous top point, so far as reported, being \$7.00. It is worthy of especial note that these cattle, like the eleven cars sold by the same firm for the above company on May 18th at \$6.50 to \$6.80, were fattened on beet-pulp and alfalfa meal, which method of feeding is coming to attract a great deal of interest and attention from the cattlemen of that and other sections of the West, where sugar beets are, or may be, produced. The fact that beet pulp can be advantageously utilized for fattening cattle is a comparatively recent development, and one which should tend to greatly increase the number and size of beet-growing areas.

GREAT MILK AND BUTTER RECORDS

The Superintendent of Advanced Registry of the American Holstein-Friesian Association, in his report to the annual meeting of the Association recently held at Syracuse, said:—

"During the past official year our breeders have had 2,055 cows under test for periods of not less than seven days. Of these 2,055 cows whose records were reported, 47 began their records not less than eight months after calving; while 14 of them made semi-official yearly records. Of the 1,994 ordinary records reported, 72 were extended to 14 days, and 173 to 30 days. The average of the seven-day records by ages were as follows:—

583 full aged cows averaged: Age, 7 years; days from calving, 23; milk, 463.5 lbs.; per cent. fat, 3.50; fat, 16,226 lbs.

136 senior four-year-olds averaged: Age, 4 years 10 months 15 days; days from calving, 25; milk, 455.2 lbs.; per cent. fat, 3.46; fat, 15,746 lbs.

165 junior four-year-olds averaged: Age, 4 years 8 months 28 days; days from calving, 24; milk, 428.3 lbs.; per cent. fat, 3.48; fat, 14,884 lbs.

180 senior three-year-olds averaged: Age, 3 years 9 months 4 days; days from calving, 25; milk, 397.1 lbs.; per cent. fat, 3.46; fat, 13,736 lbs.

211 junior three-year-olds averaged: Age, 3 years 2 months 18 days; days from calving, 30; milk, 383.2 lbs.; per cent. fat, 3.42; fat, 13,067 lbs.

228 senior two-year-olds averaged: Age, 2 years 9 months 18 days; days from calving, 28; milk, 344.5 lbs.; per cent. fat, 3.26; fat, 11,243 lbs.

491 junior two-year-olds averaged: Age, 2 years 1 month 19 days; days from calving, 29; milk, 306.7 lbs.; per cent. fat, 3.43; fat, 10,516 lbs.

"Considered as a single herd, these 1,994 animals of all ages, of which nearly one-half were heifers with first or second calves, produced in seven consecutive days 784,393.2 lbs. of milk, containing 27,131,428 lbs. of butter-fat; thus showing an average of 3.46 per cent. fat. Each animal produced an average of 393.3 lbs. of milk, containing 13,607 lbs. of butter-fat; equivalent to 56.2 lbs. or 27 quarts of milk per day, and 15 1/4 lbs. of the best commercial butter per week. Figures are sometimes tiresome, but the Advanced Registry office deals wholly in figures, and in no other way can we so effectually set forth the wonderful merits of our magnificent breed of dairy cattle."

On leaving his study, which is in the rear of the church, the pastor of a church in Brooklyn saw a little boy, a friend of his, talking to a stranger.

"What was he saying to you, Dick?" asked the divine, as he came up to the youngster.

"He just wanted to know whether Dr. Blank was the preacher of this church."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him," responded the lad, with dignity, "that you were the present incumbent."—[June Lippincott's.

"Are you superstitious?"

"Not a bit," replied the man who is ashamed of his little weaknesses. "I have nothing to do with superstition. In fact, I have observed that whenever I begin to take notice of signs I always have had luck."

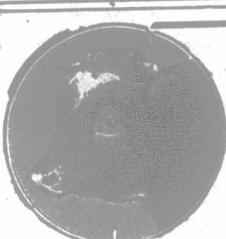
SHORTHORN BULLS For Sale.

At the dispersion of the "Thistle Ha" herd in Jan., 1905, I purchased a few of the best breeding cows. From these cows I now have 6 extra good young bulls for sale. For pedigrees and other particulars apply to

JOHN MILLER, Brougham, Ont. Claremont Sta., C. P. R.

The Salem Stock Farm

SHORTHORNS
A SPECIALTY. WRITE FOR ANY INFORMATION.
J. A. Watt, Elora, Ont.
G. T. R. AND C. P. R.



We are offering a very superior lot of **SHORTHORN Home-bred Bulls** of the best breeding and quality at attractive prices for the buyer. One of them out of an extra milker. Females of all ages for sale. Inspection solicited. Always have on hand some good Lincoln sheep for sale. Long-distance phone.

JNO. CLANCY, Manager. H. CARGILL & SON, Cargill, Ont.

SCOTCH SHORTHORNS

I have for sale a number of good heifers of such families as Nonpareil, Duchess of Gloster, Claret, Jilt, Bracelet, Gwynne, Lovely, and Ury. Mostly from imp. sire and dam, and safe in calf to imp. Redstart, or imp. Lord-Roseberry.

J. F. Mitchell, Burlington, Ont., P. O. & Telegraph Farm 1/2 mile from Burlington Junction Station.

TWO RED BULLS
12 Months' Old.

A Clipper and a Martha. Priced low for quick sale. One of them out of an extra milker. Females of all ages for sale. Inspection solicited. Always have on hand some good Lincoln sheep for sale. Long-distance phone.

J. T. Gibson, Denfield, Ont.

Shorthorns For Sale

One red, 18 months' old bull, sire Golden Abel (imp.) and from a Lavinia dam. One roan, 17 months' old bull, sire Butterfly King (imp.), and from an imported Nonpareil dam. Also several younger bulls of good breeding. The above are strictly first-class, and will be priced right. R. J. DOYLE, Owen Sound, Ont.

Pleasant Valley Shorthorns

Herd headed by Imp. Ben Lomond =45160 = (80469) and consisting of females of the leading Scotch families. High-class young stock a specialty. Correspondence solicited. Inspection invited.

GEO. AMOS & SON, Moffat, Ont., Stn. & P. O. Farm is 11 miles east of Guelph on C.P.R., half mile from station.

Queenston Heights Shorthorns

Young bulls from imported and home-bred Scotch cows, and got by such sired bulls as Derby (imp.), Spicy Broadhocks (imp.), and Whitehall Ramsden. Priced for quick sale. HUDSON USHER, Queenston, Ont. Farm three miles north of Niagara Falls.

Farmers and Cattlemen Read This

When you cannot sell your export cattle at satisfactory prices at home, and wish to ship them to the Old Country markets, write or wire for steamer space, market and shipping information to Donald Munro, Live-stock Forwarding Agent and Commission Salesman, 43 St. Sacramento St., Montreal.

1854 Maple Lodge Stock Farm 1908

One handsome roan SHORTHORN BULL for sale, and several choice heifers. LEICESTERS of the best kind, bred from champion prizewinners. Several in good show fit.

A. W. Smith, Maple Lodge, Ont. Lucan Crossing Station, G. T. Ry.

Valley Home Shorthorns AND BERKSHIRES.

For sale: Young bulls from eight to twelve months old. Young cows and heifers safe in calf, and young yearling heifers not bred yet. Also young Berkshire pairs supplied not skin.

S. J. PEARSON, SON & CO., MEADOWVALE, ONT. Stations: Meadowvale, C. P. R., and Brampton, G. T. R.

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 Girl, imp. Ferigold Saller, Nonpareil Estigma. Females. Imported and from imported stock in calf to these bulls. An unsurpassed lot of yearling heifers.

SPRING VALLEY SHORTHORNS

We still have three choice young bulls that will be sold very reasonable, as we do not care to run them over; also a choice lot of cows and heifers, bred to the champion, Clipper Chief, imp.

KYLE BROS., AYR, ONTARIO.

R. H. REID.

Glover Lea Stock Farm, PINE RIVER, ONT., BREEDER OF SHORTHORN CATTLE Golden Cross (imp.) at head of herd.

5 IMPORTED Shorthorn Bulls HOME-BRED 10

Herd headed by the grand champion, Prime Favorite, imp. You cannot afford to buy without seeing these bulls. We will appreciate a visit. Females of all ages and most popular lines of breeding. Bell telephone on each farm.

Burlington Jct. Sta., G. T. R. W. G. Pettit & Sons, Freeman, Ont.

A. Edward Meyer, Guelph, Ont.

Breeds Scotch Shorthorns exclusively. Twelve of the most noted Scotch tribes have representatives in my herd. Herd bulls: Scottish Hero (imp.) =55042 = (90065) 295765 A. H. B.; Gloster King =68703 = 283804 A. H. B. Young stock for sale. Long distance phone in house. Advocate Advertisers Reap Results.

MAPLE GROVE SHORTHORNS

Scotch and dairy bred; up to date in type; prizewinners at the local shows. A number of 1 and 2 year old heifers, 1 year old bull, and one 5 months old—the last will make a show bull. Flora bred—will be sold easy. L. B. POWELL, Wallenstein Ont., P.O. and Stn., C.P.R. FOR SALE: 4 Shorthorn Bulls fit for service. Dairy type. Some of them from imp. cows, and all got by Broadhocks Prince (imp.) 55003. Prices the lowest. Also cows or heifers. 60 head to select from. DAVID MILNE, ETHEL, ONT.

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 sound. Money refunded if it does not. Easy to use and one to three 45-minute applications cure. Works just as well on Sidebone and Bone Spavin. Before ordering or trying any kind of a remedy for any kind of a lameness, write for a free copy of Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser. Fifty-six pages of veterinary information, with special attention to the treatment of lameness. Durable bound, indexed and illustrated. Make a right beginning by reading for this book.

FLEMING BROS., Chemists,
75 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario



The Golden Lad Bull.

Golden Fox of Dentonia. First-prize yearling and junior champion at Toronto, 1907, Exhibition. His calves coming from my pure St. Lambert cows proves this cross a wonderful success. Correspondence invited.
T. PORTER, Weston Road, Toronto Junction.

DON JERSEYS

We are now offering a number of heifers of all ages, out of producing show stock and by champion sires, and in calf to Fontaine's Boyie. Also several yearling bulls out of high-record cows, and by same sires as the heifers. The best lot of young things we ever had for sale.
D. DUNCAN, DON, ONT.
Duncan Station, C. N. R.

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 herd, buy only the best. Our public record proves that we have them. E. H. BULL & SON, Brampton, Ont.

Jerseys 2 Extra Choice Young Bulls For Sale, 8 and 9 months old, grandsons of the great Financier King, out of large, heavy-milking dams. Inquiries solicited. ARTHUR H. TUFTS, Box 111, Tweed, Ont.

Lyndale Holsteins! Bull calves out of cows with records of from 18 to 20 lbs., also 3 heifers coming 2, and a number of young cows in Record of Merit, bred to a grandson of Pieterije Hengerveld's Count De Kol. BROWN BROS., LYN, ONT.

Homestead Holsteins Bull calves for sale 3 months old, out of cows with large A. R. O. records, and sired by Count Mercens Posch, whose dam and sire's dam average 254 pounds butter in seven days. G. & F. Griffin, Box 43, Burgessville, Ont.

A commercial traveller is on friendly terms with the porter of a sleeping car that he uses frequently.
"Well, George," announced the salesman one morning gleefully, "I have good news for you. We've had a birth in our family—twins."
"Dat am no berth, sir," said George. "Dat's a section."

Qunah Parker, the millionaire chief of the Comanches, was discussing in the Legislature a new Indian bill.
"The bill is no good," said the chief. "It would not have any effect. It reminds me of a young French lady in Washington."
"I was dining in Washington at an Ambassador's house, and this young lady was the only female guest. An Italian Duke wanted to tell an anecdote, but he hesitated.
"My story," he said, "is a very good one, but it is rather low in the neck, and before the young lady."
"But I don't mind me," she said, "I'll shut my eyes. Go on."—[Philadelphia Bulletin.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Miscellaneous.

LINE FENCE.

A and B own adjoining farms. A owns 150 acres and B owns 100 acres, the line fence between being kept up by each building his own half. Five years ago A dies, leaving his farm to his son and daughter—north of the road to the son and south of the road to the daughter. The son has not informed B of any change. The son works the whole place.
1. Where is B's part of the fence?
2. How should B proceed to claim his part of the fence? SUBSCRIBER. Ontario.

Ans.—1. It is the part which was built and maintained by him during A's lifetime.

2. He should simply continue to treat it as his portion. We do not see that A's death has necessitated any other course on B's part.

EFFECTIVENESS OF IRREGULAR LEASE.

A leases to B (description of lot) for the term of three years for the sum of \$95, clear of all demands, payable at the end of each and every year, beginning the 1st of January, 1909, and running yearly until lease expires. The same (A) agrees to keep fences in good repair and reserves dwelling on said lot, also lots enclosed. Signed by landlord and us, also witnessed.
1. Does this lease have to be registered?
2. Or can tenant hold lot by lease for the three years' term? X. Y. Z. Ontario.

Ans.—1. No. 2. Yes; assuming, of course, that he complies with and performs all that the lease requires to be attended to and done on his part throughout the term.

ADJOINING LAND-OWNERS.

We live in a village; an outbuilding stands on corner of neighbor's lot, fifteen inches her side of line fence. By the building are three plum trees, six inches her side of line fence. Nearly all the branches extend over our lot, some of them six feet. She can get to the plums only from our lot. Trees were planted before building was placed there and fence removed. The building and trees shade our lot, and the trees get their nourishment from our land.
1. Can we cut off all limbs shading us?
2. Have we right to any fruit?
3. Can neighbor claim any or all fruit?
4. Can she come on our garden for the fruit? CONSTANT READER. Ontario.

Ans.—1. Yes, to the extent to which they overhang your land.
2. Not unless same have been abandoned by your neighbor.
3. Yes.
4. Yes.

BLACKLEG.

A calf about six months old was lame in the morning, otherwise all right. At about 6 in the evening I found it unable to get up, with left hind leg swollen about the hip joint. In a few days another about the same age went the same way. Both died in about twelve hours. In examining second calf, found hip joint quite black, with offensive smell. What do you think was wrong, what the cause, and could anything have been done for them when first noticed lame? J. H. C.

Ans.—This is evidently blackleg, also known as black quarter, a disease which affects principally young animals and is infectious and incurable. It is caused by a micro-organism which resides in the soil and invades the system through the medium of food, and through wounds of the skin and mucous membrane. Prevention consists in keeping young cattle off low-lying or damp pasture. The bodies should be burned or buried deeply and covered with quicklime. Do not drag them over grass or ground where other cattle or sheep lie or graze. Immunity can be given by inoculating young cattle with anti-blackleg serum, which may be had by applying to Health of Animals Division, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. The cost is trifling, and instructions and apparatus for its application are furnished.

Stationary and Portable GASOLINE ENGINES

Saw Outfits, Mandrels and Machinery to Order.
Our 8 and 10 h.-p. engines are the simplest and most economical on the market. Write, or call and see us before buying.
SCOTT MACHINE COMPANY, LIMITED,
Engineers and Machinists.
290 and 292 York St., London, Ont.

Maple Hill Holstein-Friesians

Special offering: Two bull calves eleven months old; well bred; in fine condition; now fit for service.
G. W. Clemons, St. George, Ont.

The Maples Holstein Herd!

RECORD OF MERIT COWS.
Headed by Lord Wayne Meethilde Calamity, also in the Record of Merit. Nothing for sale but choice bull calves.
WALBURN RIVERS, FOLDEN'S, ONT.

HOLSTEINS

We must sell at least 25 cows and heifers at once in order to make room for the increase of our large herd. This is a chance of a lifetime to buy good cattle at bargain prices. The best way: arrange to come and look the herd over. If you cannot, we will do our best for you by correspondence. Also a few young bulls: 100 head to select from. Imported Pentime Hermes, son of Hengerveld De Kol, world's greatest sire, head of herd. All leading breeds represented. H. E. GEORGE, Cranpton, Ont. Putnam station, near Ingersoll.



To Head Your Herd

Why not buy Korndyke Lily De Kol. Born January, 1904. Sire Korndyke Queen's Butter Boy. Dam Miss Lily. This is a handsome young bull, and has proved himself a getter of good stock. Write for particulars. We also have a few cows and calves for sale.

Centre and Hillview Holsteins!

195 head to select from. 35 in the E. O. M. Stock bulls: Bonheur Statesman, high official backing, and is closely related to Olantha 4th's Johanna; Breckbank Butter Boy. All nearest dams over 80 lbs. From these sires, out of E. O. M. dams, are several young bulls and a few heifers. Prices right. F. D. EDE, Oxford Centre, Ont Woodstock Station.

E. & F. Mallory, Frankford, Ont.

Holsteins & Yorkshires
R. Honey, Brickley, Ont.

All surplus stock in Holsteins sold except this crop of calves. Ready to book orders for them. Best bacon type Yorkshires, one to six months, both sexes, at moderate prices.

Maple Glen Holsteins

For sale: Service bull, brother to Guelph dairy test champion, 1907; three bull calves, one from 224-lb. cow, one from 17.80 lb. 4-yr.-old, a Top Notcher from 19.48-lb. 3-yr.-old. Come and inspect herd.
G. A. Gilroy, Glen Buell, Ont.

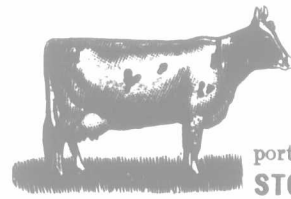
Only Bull Calves

FOR SALE, HOLSTEIN and AYRSHIRE, Of the best performing strains.
GEO. RICE, Annandale Stock Farm, Tillsonburg, Ont

SPRING BROOK HOLSTEINS AND TAMWORTHS.—Holsteins of richest breeding and highest production. Tamworths of best British blood and ideal bacon type. Herd headed by prize-winning Imp. Knowle King David. Stock of all ages and both sexes for sale. Young sows bred to imp. boar. Write, or come and see: A. C. HALLMAN, Breslau, Waterloo Co., Ont.

HILTON STOCK FARM—Holsteins, Cotswolds and Tamworths—Present offering: Some young cows; a nice lot of young pigs; few boars six months old, and sows in pig. R. O. MORROW & SON, Hilton, Ont. Brighton Tel. and Stn.

FAIRVIEW HERD is the place to buy your next bull. I can furnish you with a bull sired by our great herd bull, FONTIA KORNDYKE, who has 19 daughters in the last year's report that made official records from 18 pounds at less than two years old to over 314 pounds at four years, and the whole number averaged over 4.1% fat. No other bull in the world has ever made such a showing in one year. I have just tested another of his daughters that made 86.40 pounds butter in seven days with second calf. I have over 50 cows and heifers in calf to him. Come and look my herd over before making your selections elsewhere. E. N. Bellar, Nevelton, St. Law. Co., N. Y., near Prescott



Stoneycroft Ayrshires

Choice young bulls and heifers of the very best breeding, combining show and dairy quality.
Large Improved Yorkshire Pigs from imported sires and dams, now ready to ship.
STONEYCROFT STOCK FARM, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que.

SPRINGBURN STOCK FARM.—Ayrshire Cattle, Oxford Down Sheep, Berkshire Pigs. Young stock for sale. Buff Orpington poultry, eggs \$1 per 13, \$4 per hundred; orders now being booked. H. J. WHITEKER & SONS, Williamsburg P. O.

D. M. Watt, St. Louis Station, Quebec, breeder of HIGH-CLASS AYRSHIRES Canadian and Scotch-bred: All of deep milking qualities.

Howglen Ayrshires!

For sale: 75 pure-bred registered Ayrshires, all ages; prizewinners; many imported. Apply to ALLAN P. BLUE, EUSTIS, QUEBEC.

AYRSHIRES!

Bull and heifer calves from producing dams. Right good ones. N. DYMENT, Hickory Hill Stock Farm, Clappison, Ont. Dundas station and telegraph.



AYRSHIRES and YORKSHIRES

Our 1908 importation has landed, consisting: in females, or 3-year olds, 2-year-olds, yearlings and calves; in bulls, yearlings, calves; dams' records up to 1,100 gals. of milk in Scotland. Write J. Retsen, South Quebec. We can furnish full show herds of choice ones. All ages on hand, either imported or home-bred. Milk records of all milkers. Pigs from 3 wks. to 4 mos. Phone in residence. See Stock Notes.
Alex. Hume & Co., Menie P. O., Ont.

Hillview Herd of Prizewinning AYRSHIRE CATTLE.

All animals bred and carefully selected for use, constitution, long teats and deep-milking qualities. Select animals of both sexes for sale at reasonable prices. For further information and prices write

A. KENNEDY & SON, Hillview Stock Farm, Vernon, Ont. Winchester Station, C. P. R.

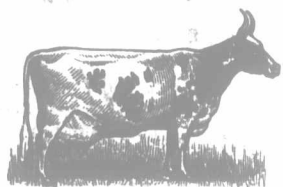
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Choice bulls, heifers and cows, imported or Canadian-bred, for immediate sale. Prices very low considering quality. Good teats. Heavy milkers. For particulars write: William Thorn, Trout Run Stock Farm, Lynedoch, Ont., Norfolk Co.

Ayrshires from a Prizewinning Herd

Have some nice bull and heifer calves for sale at reasonable prices. For particulars, etc., write to W. M. STEWART & SON, Campbellford Elm. o Menie P.O., Ont.



Protect your horses and cattle by spraying with **DR. WILLIAMS' Fly and Insect Destroyer.**

Destroys all fly pests. Gives animals perfect comfort. The cows give more milk. The best disinfectant for the stables, hog pens and poultry houses.

DR. WILLIAMS' FLY AND INSECT DESTROYER is put up in liquid form. Easy of application, effective in results, and harmless to handle. Sold in one-quarter, one-half, and five gallon tins.

LOOK FOR THE RED LABEL. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. Send for printed matter, or \$1 for 1/2-gal. tin and sprayer.

Mr. Robert Merkley, a prominent farmer near North Williamsburg, Ont., says:

"At this time last season I had the same quantity of stock I now have, and I am now getting 100 lbs. of milk more than I did last season. This I attribute to the use of DR. WILLIAMS' FLY AND INSECT DESTROYER, to say nothing about the comfort to ourselves and the animals."

THE F. WILLIAMS CO.
Morrissburg, Ont. Madrid, N. Y.

Ask your dealer for it.
Agents Wanted.

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CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.
E. T. CARTER & CO. 83-85 Front St. E., TORONTO.
WRITE FOR OUR PRICES.

HIDES, ETC.

Hampshire Down Sheep

Splendid Mutton, Good Wool, Great Weight.

This highly valuable **ENGLISH BREED OF SHEEP** is unrivalled in its rapid and **WONDERFULLY EARLY MATURITY**, hardness of constitution, adapted to all climates, and in quality of **MUTTON AND LARGE PROPORTION OF LEAN MEAT IS UNSURPASSED.**

Full information of **SECRETARY,**
Hampshire Down Sheep Breeders' Association
SALISBURY, ENGLAND.

SHROPSHIRE FLOCK FOR SALE.
Flock of 15 registered Shropshire sheep, with crop of lambs at side, bred by R. Gibson, Jno. Campbell, and J. G. Clark. Also a Percheron stallion, rising three years old. **GEO. A. GARRUTHERS, Delaware, Ont.**

PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

GOSSIP.

THE 1908 DERBY WINNER.

Signorinetta, the Thoroughbred filly which won the Derby and two days later was victorious in the Oaks, has brought her owner, the queer, picturesque Italian, Chevalier Ginistrelli, fame, and — what was more needful — fortune.

The stakes of the two classic races in which Signorinetta claimed victory were alone worth over \$60,000, and the prospects of that amount being tripled before this season is ended are bright.

Signorinetta has, like some beautiful fairy tale, repaid the kindness of her master to herself and to her mother, the equally-famed Signorina, by ensuring his old age against penury and want, that were loudly knocking at the doors of his little racing stable at Newmarket.

The winning came just at the opportune moment. The day of the Derby an advertisement appeared in the English papers offering Signorina Villa, the home of Ginistrelli, for sale. Broken-hearted by many disappointments, unable to further stand the expenses of running even his small racing outfit, he was on the point of selling out, returning to his native Italy, and passing his remaining days on the very little that remained to him.

Signorinetta changed all that. Ginistrelli will now remain in England, of which country he is a naturalized citizen. He will keep his little Signorina Villa and his few beloved horses and dogs, and his advancing age will not be darkened by the pressing of creditors.

Ginistrelli was good to Signorinetta. He was good and kind to her mother, the famous Signorina. His love for his horses knows no price, and when, years ago, Signorina was in the apogee of her fame some one offered the chevalier \$100,000 for her, he simply scorned the offer, although at the time he needed money badly.

Now Signorinetta, like some beneficent fairy in equine form, has repaid the care and kindness of her master. Search carefully the pages of turf history and no more romantic story will be found.

Believers in superstition have a few choice morsels to crunch in Signorinetta's case. In the Derby and the Oaks she drew the hoodoo number, thirteen. In the Derby, when Norman III., belonging to August Belmont, had the race well in hand some other horse interfered and cut his fetlock, thereby, in her owner's opinion, costing Norman the race. In the Oaks Rhodora, the pride of Richard Croker, was counted a certain winner; yet half a mile from the start a gipsy's pony jumped the railing, causing French Partridge to fall, bringing down with him Rhodora, the favorite, and leaving victory to fall easily to Signorinetta.

The chevalier thinks Signorinetta won simply because she was the best horse.

The chevalier is one of the most picturesque characters on the English turf. Born in Italy, he has lived most of his life in France and England. His life has been given up to an ideal — to win the Derby with a horse of his own breeding.

A distinguishing characteristic of the chevalier is his disregard of appearances. He defied all conventions, by appearing on Derby day wearing a large Panama hat of a shape long passed out of fashion. Most owners of race-horses affect a black morning coat on Derby day, but the chevalier had on a blue-grey tweed suit, and it was in this suit and Panama hat that he led Signorinetta before the King, and was received by His Majesty after the Oaks.

Gov. Vardaman, of Mississippi, tells an amusing instance of the negro's attitude toward matrimony.

A darky clergyman in the State named had married two negroes, and after the ceremony the bridegroom asked, "How much yo' charge fo' dis?"

"I usually leave that to the bridegroom," was the reply. "Sometimes I am paid \$5, sometimes \$10, sometimes less."

"Five dollars is a lot o' money, pahson," said the bridegroom. "Ah'll give yo' \$2, an' den ef ah finds ah ain't got cheated, ah'll give yo' mo' in a mont."

In the stipulated time the bridegroom returned. "Pahson," said he, "dis here arrangement's a kind o' speclashun, an' ah reckon youse got de worst of it. Ah figgers that yo' owes me a dollah an' seventy-five cents." — Harper's Weekly.

I CAN FURNISH JUST NOW A LARGE NUMBER OF EXTRA GOOD

Shropshire & Gotswold Rams

A large number of extra good Shropshire and Gotswold ewes, twelve months old. And a few very high-class Shorthorn bulls and heifers. Any of which will be sold at moderate prices.
ROBERT MILLER, STOUFFVILLE, ONT.

FAIRVIEW SHROPSHIRE

We are now ready to book orders for Show rams and ram lambs, Show ewes and ewe lambs. Also field sheep of each sex. Our flock is in fine shape and we are sure they will suit customers. Come to see them or write for quotations. I. & D. J. Campbell, Fairview Farm Woodville, Ont. Advocate Advertisers Reap Results.

SOUTHDOWNS AND COLLIES!

Imported winning collie at stud. HOLYROOD PROFESSOR.

Breeding ewes, imported and home-bred; 15 shearing rams; 30 shearing ewes. Ewe and ram lambs of the same sire as the grand champion wether, over all breeds, at Chicago Inter. national, 1907. **ROBT. McEWEN, BYRON, ONT.** Long-distance telephone. Ry. Station, London, Ontario.

Sheep Breeders' Associations.

American Shropshire Registry Association, the largest live-stock organization in the world. Richard Gibson, President, Delaware, Canada. Address correspondence to MORTIMER LEV-ERING, Secretary, Lafayette Indiana.

SHROPSHIRE SHEARLING EWES

for sale, bred to high-class imported Butter ram.

GEO. HINDMARSH, AILSA CRAIG, ONTARIO

LARGE ENGLISH YORKSHIRES.

Pigs of the most approved type of both sexes, all ages, for sale at all times.

We have more imported animals in our herd than all other breeders in Canada combined. We won more first prizes at the large shows this year than all other breeders combined. We won every first but one and all silver medals and Bacon prizes at Toronto and London and at St. Louis we furnished all the first-prize hogs in the breeding classes except two; also supplied both champions and grand champions. Prices reasonable. **D. O. FLATT & SON, Millgrove, Ont.**

OHIO IMPROVED CHESTER WHITES. Largest strains. Oldest established registered herd in Canada. Young sows in farrow. Choice pigs 6 weeks to 6 months old. Pairs furnished, not akin. Express charges prepaid. Pedigrees and safe delivery guaranteed. **E. D. GEORGE, Putnam, Ont.**

MAPLE GROVE YORKSHIRES.

A choice lot of boars fit for service. A few sows bred and ready to breed. Young pigs of both sexes and all ages. We have one type and that the most approved. We sell on the purchaser's approval. Satisfaction guaranteed. **M. S. McDIARMID, Fingal P. O., Ont. Shedden Station.**

Shorthorns & Berkshires

For sale: Red yearling bull; also calves of both sexes. Boars ready for use. **JOHN RACEY, Lennoxville, Que.**

PINE GROVE BERKSHIRES!

Bred from imp. and Canadian-bred sires and dams, which are of choicest breeding. Stock, all ages, for sale. Some imp in dam. Guaranteed as represented. **W. W. BROWNIDGE, Milton, C.P.R. Ashgrove, Ont. Georgetown, G.T.R.**

Morrison Tamworths, Shorthorns & Clydesdales Tamworths from Toronto winners. Either sex. Any age. Sows bred and ready to breed. Pairs not akin. **Chas. Currie, Schaw Sta., C.P.R. Morrison, Ont.**

Maple Leaf Berkshires. Large English breed. Castle sows, and Polgate Doctor sows, bred to British Duke (imp.) Also young boars and sows for sale, 10 and 12 weeks old. **BRITISH DUKE (IMP.)**

Joshua Lawrence, Oxford Centre, Ont. Woodstock Station.

Duroc-Jerseys Boars fit for service. Sows ready to breed. Several sows in pig, also younger ones. Imported Canadian Boy 1907 heads our herd. **MAG CAMPBELL & SONS, HARRIS, ONT.**

Elmfield Yorkshires 50 pigs, 4 to 10 weeks old; pairs not akin. Bred from imp. and Canadian-bred sows. Also young sows due to farrow in June and July. Young stock never better. **G. B. MUMA, Ayr, U. P. E.; Paris, G. T. R. Ayr, Ont.**

MONKLAND YORKSHIRES are the easily fed, quick maturing kind. The sort the farmers want. All ages for sale. 100 sows bred now. **JAMES WILSON & SONS, FERGUS, ONTARIO.**

Newcastle Tamworths and Shorthorns For sale: 30 spring pigs, both sexes; boars fit for service; sows ready to breed and sows bred to imp. Cholderton Golden Secret descendants of Colwill's Choice and Newcastle Warrior, both Toronto champions. Also several Shorthorns; females of high class. Prices right, quality considered. **A. A. Colwill, Newcastle, Ont.**

Glenburn Hord of Yorkshires Winner of gold medal three years in succession. 6 young boars from 6 to 8 months; also 75 young sows, from 6 to 12 weeks old. **David Barr, Jr., Box 3, Renfrew, Ont.**

YORKSHIRES Of the Choicest Type of Breeding!

Our herd stands second to none in Canada to-day. We invite inspection. Any stock shipped can be returned at our expense if not satisfactory on receipt. Prices not the lowest, but for value received we guarantee them as good as the best. Good stock on hand now. **J. W. BOYLE, P. O. Box 563, Woodstock, Ont.**

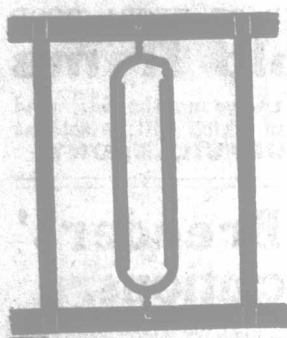
Yorkshires A choice lot of boars and sows just farrowed and weaned. Boars ready for service, and sows ready to breed and bred. Bred from imp. and prizewinning stock. **GEO. M. SMITH, Hayville, Ont.**

Meadowbrook Yorkshires. Young stock of both sexes. A number of sows old enough to breed, all sired by imp. Dalmazy Topman. Everything guaranteed as represented. **J. H. SNELL, Hagersville, Ont., P. O. & Station.**

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, Dalmazy Joe 1897 and Broomhouse Beau 14514. 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.**

SUNNYMOUNT BERKSHIRES Boar fit for service, sows safely in pig, young sows 4 months old, young sows and boars 3 months old, imported in dam. **JOHN McLEOD, Milton, Ont., P. O. and Sta., C. P. R. & G. T. R.**

Willowdale Berkshires are unsurpassed for quality and breeding. Young stock, all ages, for sale reasonable. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long distance telephone in residence. **J. J. WILSON, Importer and Breeder, Milton, Ont., P. O. & Sta., G. T. R. and C. P. R.**



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MADE OF ANGLE STEEL—WOOD LINED.

The Strongest, Most Convenient and Cleanest Cattle Tie Made.

The necessity of using modern stanchions in a cow stable is recognized by every up-to-date cattleman.

With its great strength and durability, its ease of operation and the comfort it affords the cattle, "The Ideal Steel Stanchion" stands without a rival. Can be easily installed in any byre.

Write now for prices.

The Mississippi Iron Works, Almonte, Ontario.

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These tools are tempered by the same process used in the tempering of the famous Maple Leaf Saws. They are the best goods of the kind ever offered to the Canadian public. Every tool is warranted. Handles made of best second-growth white ash. It pays to use the best. If your merchant has not got them, send to the

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who are the manufacturers. None genuine that do not have the Gold Sheaf on the label.

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O. J. SHURLY, Vice-president.

F. D. PALMER, Treasurer.
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Pumps Vim Into Worn-Out Men



Take This Belt for What it is Worth. Wear It Until You Are Cured. Then Pay Me.

If you feel tired and stupid, with no ambition to get out and hustle; if you have spells of despondency and a desire to give up the fight, you need new energy. The race is to the strong. Show me a failure and I'll show you a weakling, lacking in courage, strength and ambition, three essentials to the make-up of a successful man.

I can take a man like that and pump new energy into his body while he sleeps, and in a few weeks' time transform him into a giant in strength and courage. It is proven that energy and electricity are one and the same thing. If you lack this energy you can get it only by filling your nerves with electricity. Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt does this. Wear it while you sleep. Feel its invigorating stream of electric life in your nerves, its vitalizing spark in your blood. You wake up in the morning full of new life, new energy, and courage enough to tackle anything.

My Belt sends a steady current of electricity into the nerves and vitals, building up vitality and strength and removing the cause of disease. No pain can exist in a body charged with electric life. You can have no rheumatism, no weakness, no inactive parts, for the life generated by

this appliance gives health and strength to every organ.

Dr. McLaughlin:

Dear Sir,—I am pleased with your treatment. I feel like a new man. I have gained over twenty pounds. I would not be without it for any money. — DAVID CRAWFORD, Oso Station, Ont.

If you are skeptical, all I ask is reasonable security for the price of the Belt, and you can

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FREE TO YOU.**

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ADDRESS

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When writing advertisers kindly mention "The Farmer's Advocate."

GOSSIP.

At an auction sale of imported and Colonial-bred Clydesdales in Australia last month, the stallion Lord Dundonald (11094), by Royal Carrick, brought 750 guineas, and the 8-year-old mare Lady White, by Hiawatha, went at 245 guineas, and her foal at 45 guineas. A 9-year-old mare by Macgregor, sold for 180 guineas.

The superior 2-year-old Clydesdale stallion St. Clair, (14847), by Sir Humphry (11942), dam by Baron's Pride, has been hired for 1909 by the Central Ayrshire Society, at the highest terms ever paid by the breeders there. St. Clair was second at last year's Highland Society Show, and this year first and reserve for the Cawdor Challenge Cup, at the Glasgow Stallion Show.

Mr. J. W. Burt, Coningsby, Ont., breeder of Aberdeen-Angus cattle, whose advertisement runs in "The Farmer's Advocate," writes: "It is about 20 years since our herd was founded. We started with one of the best imported cows we could get and have since added some imported ones and have always used the best sires. Our stock traces back to the foundation of the best families of the breed, having in the line of ancestry such noted sires as Black Judge, Young Hero, Young Viscount, said by Mr. McGavock to be the greatest bull that the breed ever produced, and also Emelyn, the second-prize bull at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893."

Mr. A. I. Hickman, Court Lodge, Egerton, Kent, England, who advertises in this paper, writes: "On May 20 I shipped from Hull to the Russian Government 5 Clydesdale stallions, two being by Baron's Pride and one by Silver Cup; five Clydesdale mares, one Cleveland Bay stallion, three Ayrshire bulls, including Ardgowan Commander, winner in 1904 of first prize at Kilmarnock, Ayr, Galston, Glasgow, East Kilbride, the Royal at Lincoln and the Highland Show. This year he has won first prize at Ayr, Kilmarnock and Glasgow, also at the latter place the Ayrshire Society's champion cup. Two Ayrshire cows were in the shipment, six Kent or Romney Marsh rams and 18 ewes, 2 Shropshire rams and 9 ewes, one Oxford ram and 3 ewes, two Lincoln rams and 6 ewes, five Berkshire and 25 Large White pigs. This is generally considered to be not only the largest, but quite the best lot of stock ever sent to Russia. At the same time I sent 4 Shire mares to E. G. Mitchell, Erie County, Pa.; this is the second lot Mr. Mitchell has had from me."

INTERNATIONAL SHOW CHANGES.

The Directors of the International Live-stock Exposition at a recent meeting decided to extend the time of the show this year, making the dates now November 28th to December 10th. The classification, with a few minor changes, will be the same as for the 1907 Exposition. A separate classification was adopted for the live animals entered in the carcass classes, the latter to be judged on hoof as well as on the block. Additional special inducements will be offered to exhibitors in these classes. The Hampshire-Down, Dorset and Lincoln sheep were given increased appropriations. Hereafter all sales of pure-bred sheep will be conducted under the auspices of the different Registry Associations, consignments to be accepted only from "International" exhibitors. In the future, the number of entries will be limited to three head in any one of the ram, and to four in any one of the ewe classes; animals brought in excess of this number will be placed in such pens as the Superintendent of the Sheep Department may designate. It was decided to have but one team from each agricultural college take part and go through the entire work of judging instead of two, one for horses, and another for cattle, hogs and sheep, as in the past.

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CHICAGO



The editor attended a Jersey cattle sale recently. It was his intention to buy a bull or two, a few cows, and a lot of heifers.

He saw an aged bull sell for \$5,000, and a yearling for \$1,500. He didn't purchase a bull.

He saw a cow sell for \$2,600. He decided not to buy a cow.

He saw one heifer sell for \$1,650, and weanlings change hands at \$400. He concluded not to invest in heifers.

He is now in the market for a kind, gentle, unpedigreed milk goat.

SLOW TRAINS.

General F. D. Grant, at a recent dinner, said of a slow railway in the South:

"This line was so slow that the people took to lampooning it in the press. Thus, one Decoration Day, a planter wrote to the Rapier, the leading paper of his district.

"The Editor of the Rapier: Dear Sir,—Is there no way to put a stop to begging along the line of the railroad? For instance, yesterday an aged veteran, with a wooden leg, kept pace with the afternoon express all the way from Paint Rock to Nola Chucky, and annoyed the passengers exceedingly, going from one open window to another with his importunate solicitations."

Senator Johnston, of Alabama, owns a beautiful home, surrounded by several acres in Birmingham, and takes great delight in donning a pair of overalls and a split hickory hat, and working in the garden. One day a fashionably-dressed woman, who had resided in Birmingham only a short time, and had never seen Johnston, called on his wife. No one answered the bell, so she walked out among the flower beds, where the ex-Governor was hoeing some garden. He bowed, and she asked him if he had worked for the Johnstons. "A good many years, madam," he replied. "Do they pay you well?" "About all I get out of them is my clothes and keep." "Why, come and work for me," she said. "I'll do that, and pay you so much a month besides." "I thank you, madam," he replied, bowing very low, "but I signed up with Mrs. Johnston for life." "Why, no such contract is binding. That is peonage." "Some may call it that, but I have always called it marriage."

