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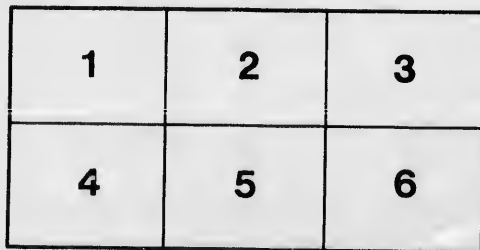
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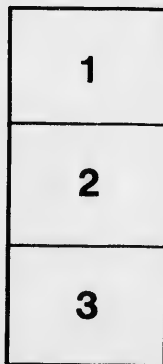
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 P 44

Prospectus for the "Witness" Publications FOR 1879.

We have to note little progress during the past year, as will appear from the following figures:—

	Sept., 1878.	Sept., 1877.
DAILY WITNESS.....	14,580	15,000
WEEKLY WITNESS....	26,300	23,500
NORTHERN MESSENGER	46,400	47,500
L'AUREO.....	850	800
	30,130	83,800

Better times are, however, dawning for the country, and we look for growth in proportion. We ask for the help of all lovers of wholesome literature in bringing about such growth. The WEEKLY WITNESS has now been at work for thirty-two years, through good report and through evil report. The DAILY WITNESS has been in operation eighteen years; and the NORTHERN MESSENGER thirteen years; the AUREO thirteen years, although only one under the present publishers.

The advertising business has not grown with rapid strides as in former years, and the year has been one of necessary economy and quiet. The year has been uneventful. The principal matter of note in connection with the history of our publications has been the receipt from the Committee of the WITNESS TESTIMONIAL FUND of a considerable sum of money towards the purchase of our great eight-cylinder press, which is being duly inscribed in memory of so important and interesting an event. The most important announcement we have to make for the coming season is to be found below.

WITNESS LECTURES ON AGRICULTURE.

The publishers of the WITNESS have of late been strongly impressed with the idea that Canada has reached that stage in her agricultural development when the country is ripe for very considerable improvements in her farming customs. Our best farmers have come to realize that the culture which has served in the past will not serve in the future. Agricultural science—the application of mind to matter—is what is needed. Agricultural colleges are abundant in many parts of Europe, and in countries of which we know almost nothing a large proportion of the farmers have had thorough scientific training, and expensive works and journals are found in nearly every farm-house. The next generation of Canadian farmers must be of this class.

Those who cannot attain to education will fall behind in the race. The great majority may easily be educated farmers if they choose. There is already one agricultural college in each province. If they were properly appreciated there would be one in each county.

The publishers of the WITNESS have during the past few weeks been made the recipients of a munificent donation from the people of Canada, and have conceived the plan of making some return to the country by the establishment of a winter course of

"WITNESS" FREE LECTURES ON AGRICULTURE, with the object of enlisting the zeal of intelligent farmers in the diffusion of agricultural knowledge among their fellow-agriculturists. To that end they are fortunate in having secured the services of the most popular and best known agricultural writer and speaker in Canada,

MR. W. F. CLARKE, OF LINDENBANK, GUELPH, formerly editor of the *Canada Farmer* and of the *Ontario Farmer*, who will lecture beginning about October first, in such parts of the country as may offer him the best openings. We should be glad if it were possible to cover the whole country with such a course, but as concentration is necessary to efficiency, he will probably work out from two or three centres in Quebec and Ontario, trying to leave behind him wherever he goes some permanent result in the shape of organization for mutual improvement among the farmers in the various localities he may visit. All who would like to have such lectures delivered in their neighborhoods are requested to write at once to the undersigned, when the possibility of fulfilling the request will be immediately considered.

We would not have it thought that this plan is intended to be a diversion of the generous gift of the subscribers to the Testimonial Fund from its original intent of establishing the WITNESS enterprise, as we are in the hope that Mr. Clarke's tour will not in the long run prove a loss to the WITNESS, but that on the contrary it will do much to establish the paper as the farmer's paper throughout the Dominion.

We shall expect our friends who invite the visit of the WITNESS lecturer to make the necessary local arrangements in the way of hall or other public building, fire and lights, which we are quite sure they will do very cheerfully.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
 Montreal.



MY FARM OF LINDENBANK.

A WITNESS LECTURE DELIVERED BY THE REV. W. F. CLARKE IN THE ORIENT HALL, WELLAND.

On Monday evening, November 18th, the Rev. W. F. Clarke delivered a lecture on agriculture, giving it the above title. There was a good attendance, Mr. Clarke's well-known ability as a lecturer being appreciated in this locality.

The chair was occupied by J. H. Price, Esq. Among the audience were Sheriff Hobson, I. P. Willson, Esq., J. M. Dunn, Esq., L. D. Raymond, Esq., Fred VanNorman, Esq., D. McEwing, Esq., Revs. Morton and McEwen, R. Morwood, Esq., J. G. Currie, Esq., of St. Catharines, and other prominent gentlemen resident in this vicinity.

This lecture is one of a series which are being given by the rev. lecturer under the auspices of the Montreal WITNESS, they in the interest of agriculture obtaining Mr. Clarke's services for a course of lecturing over the whole country. The rev. gentleman has given three lectures in this neighborhood already. One we have already reported, and he has given two others, one at Pelham and the other at Crowland. These lectures have all been well attended, considering the difficulties in the shape of bad roads and weather, and the one last Monday was fittingly termed the crowning of the lecturing edifice. We very heartily accord our meed of praise to the rev. lecturer for his interesting course of lectures in this locality, and are sure that the benefit the farming community will receive from them will be very considerable.

The lecturer on Monday evening was listened to with marked attention throughout, and received well-merited applause.

On motion of I. P. Willson, Esq., it was resolved that a vote of thanks be tendered to the proprietors of the WITNESS for their enterprise in inaugurating this course of lectures.

At the conclusion of the lecture, it was

Moved by Rev. Mr. Morton, seconded by F. Van Norman, Esq., that a vote of thanks be given to the lecturer for his very interesting and able lecture.

A vote of thanks to the chairman closed the proceedings.

Mr. Clarke, on coming forward, was received with cheers, and said:

A state of health requiring avoidance of hard study and mental excitement, also rendering an out-door life necessary, led to my purchasing a farm. This had long been a cherished purpose, but its fulfillment was dated in the far future, and it was a disappointment in one sense to be compelled to carry it out so soon. There were unfulfilled ambitions, unrealized ideals, unblossomed hopes, and unaccomplished plans, all of which were brushed aside like so many cobwebs, by this unlooked-for sweep of fate's resistless besom. "Man proposes, but God disposes." Our part is to accept the inevitable and meekly say: "It is well!"

BUYING A FARM.

The intending purchaser of a farm should make up his mind what he wants, and then look out until he finds it. He should aim not only at making a living but a home. To make a home, he must have what accords with his tastes and preferences. These differ, and it is well they do. "Many men, many minds." The world is large and varied enough to suit all. Now, while I know well enough that a clay farm is the strongest, the best adapted to wheat culture, and possessed of many great advantages, I have an unconquerable dislike of such a farm. There is no difficulty in mustering logic and facts to prove the superiority of "strong clay" over every other description of soil. But it would be a ceaseless annoyance to be obliged to argufy daily in opposition to taste and preference. I like a nice loam. Spite of all its advantages clay is provoking. In moist weather you cannot step outside the house without sticking fast in the tenacious mud. You can only work such a soil when it is in the right humor. Drought bakes it into solid brick, and cracks it into yawning fissures.

A light loam never gets muddy except at the breaking up of winter. You can go out upon it comfortably all the year beside. You can work it whenever you please, if the frost is out of it. I am not blind to its weaknesses and defects. Theoretically, I believe in clay; practically, I believe in loam.

A high and dry location for the dwelling-house and farm buildings, a bit of bush, some good pasture land, a nice trout creek, pleasant stretches of landscape, a fine smooth public road in front, and proximity to a town, were other prime conditions I sought to fulfill in my farm.

I found all this within two miles of Guelph, in one of the best agricultural districts of Ontario, noted for first-class stock, and a superior style of farming. "Such a place must have been costly," some one is moved to remark. Not very. And hereon hangs a tale with a moral to it. Through sheer neglect and a "penny wise, pound foolish" policy on the part of the former owners, it was bought for much less than its intrinsic value. There are ninety-four acres of land, worth, without "improvements," as we are accustomed to call buildings, fences and orchard, fifty dollars per acre, which went a-begging for a purchaser several years at \$5,000. The price was reduced to \$4,700, and still the place would not sell. I got the offer of it for \$4,000, and was not long in deciding to accept. It was no sheriff's or forced sale. The last owner was a man in comfortable circumstances, by no means pressed to make disposal of the property, but the place had been rented for several years, and was growing no better very fast.

A CHEAP PURCHASE.

Now for the explanation of its cheapness. What should have been "improvements" to the property were, in reality, detriments. The dwelling-house, an old weather-beaten, two-story, barn-looking structure; barns, out-buildings, front fence, and lane out of order, neglected, and forlorn-looking; an orchard next the public road bearing signs of premature age and decay; a gravel-pit yawning conspicuously at the front, and an old mill-pond full of stumps, not far from the gravel-pit. The average farmer professes to care nothing about "looks," but the unsightliness of this place depreciated its value and killed its sale.

The old house is a far better frame than is ever put up in these days of scarce timber and high-priced lumber. It stands on massive sills built into a stone foundation, and though it was erected forty years ago, is as firm and sound as ever. A new roof projecting two feet all round; new windows throughout, one of them a capacious bay; the outside felted and re-sided; a new kitchen 13 x 18 in the rear, made this dwelling, exteriorly, neat, handsome, and as good as new. Five hundred dollars did all this, including painting the outside, and both painting and papering such of the rooms as needed these improvements.

Then there was a better dwelling than could be built even in these cheap times for \$1,500. There was a large old-style barn to match the house, also on stone foundation, all sound but a single post, which had sunk down a few inches, giving a dilapidated look to the whole structure. Adjoining the barn is a stone basement cattle stable, with room for fourteen head; over it is a hay-loft the whole extent, and at one end a large turnip cellar of stone. There is also a frost-proof potato cellar, roomy enough to contain 2,000 bushels, with an implement house above. A stable with stalls for four horses, sheep-shed, pig-pens, waggon-house, etc., make up the complement of out-buildings. One hundred dollars spent about the barn-yard made a great revolution in its appearance and comfort; it is a low estimate to say that \$3,000 would not furnish the amount of accommodation to be found in these buildings. If the \$600 above mentioned had been spent on the place three or four years ago, and some neatness and taste exercised in laying out and planting the front grounds, there can be little doubt that it would have brought \$6,000 more easily than it brought \$4,000. The late owner has the reputation of being a careful, thrifty man, by no means blind to the value of money, and is, moreover, a person of superior education, such as few farmers can lay claim to. Now, why did he not lay out \$600 three years ago and sell for \$6,000 instead of \$4,000? For the same reason that so many farmers all over the country cheat themselves by a mistaken economy and short-sighted niggardiness about spending money to improve the "looks" of their places. They think more of the useful than the beautiful, and even plume themselves upon this as a meritorious thing. They pinch every cent of interest they can collect, and are afraid to spend capital, though in the end it would increase both principal and interest.

Furthermore, on this place there was an old saw-mill in full-working order, but both logs and water had become scarce, and so the mill was like a certain church concerning which a traveller enquired of a native what church that was. The reply was, "She was built for a Baptist, but they don't run her." The pond that supplied water-power to this old mill covered about three acres of land, and there was another acre, besides a wide lane from the public road appropriated to logs and the passage of teams. The land covered by the mill-pond would make a splendid meadow, with the water run off, and the log-yard a valuable addition to the adjacent field. Here were, say, four acres of the best land on the farm not only wasted, and the pond, almost useless for its original purpose, was a source of annoyance and malaria in the summer, when the water became low. The mill on a stone foundation, 20 x 40 could be transformed into a dairy or some other useful farm institution, and the dell in which it stands made a very pretty piece of pleasure ground. The stream runs through the centre of the farm, supplying nearly every field with water. It is one of

the original trout brooks, that once teemed with speckled beauties, and might easily be re-stocked with a finny population. A natural grazing farm, there is no reason why it should not yield "fish, flesh and fowl," together with a modicum of the "staff of life," as well as a supply of some of its luxuries.

There are many neglected places in various parts of the country that may be bought for "an old song," and converted into productive farms and pleasant homes, under the guidance of a little taste and common sense. Many look upon architecture and decoration very much as they do upon the forms of fashionable and court life. They are well enough for the rich and great, but unsuited to the common people. Yet, as true politeness is a thing of the heart, and a part of the character, it is to a certain extent independent of particular forms. So in architecture there is a sense of beauty and of fitness quite apart from the mere display of what wealth can do. The cheapest, humblest structure can be built either in defiance of good taste or in conformity with it. In other words, it can be made either ugly or pretty at will. If ugliness be its characteristic, it will repel and cause painful sensations. If it be pretty, it will excite pleasurable feelings, for "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

TASTEFUL COUNTRY HOMES.

How the entire face of the country would be improved if, instead of unsightly structures, beautiful ones were erected in every case! The ready objection is the cost of adornment. But often this does not apply. There is beauty of outline that does not involve extra cost over and above plainness or ugliness of outline. And if it should cost a little more to make a place look beautiful, it is worth the outlay for two reasons.

1. The pleasure it yields. Every survey of it awakens a feeling of gratification. Nor is this a mere passing emotion. It enters largely into the creation of that love of home which is very desirable should take a deep, strong hold of every human heart. We spend freely for pleasure in other ways—for pleasure that is brief and transient—why not spend in this direction for a lasting pleasure, and one that tells on love of home.

2. The value thus added to property. A beautiful place will sell for more than an unsightly one, even though the accommodation be the same. It is worth more. There is a felt, acknowledged value about this kind of thing. It has an appreciable, solid element of worth in it—an actual marketable value. Therefore the cost of it is money invested, not money thrown away.

Much may be done by way of improving unsightly buildings. A little alteration, rearrangement of fences, painting or whitewashing, tree-planting and, what is very easily done, covering ill-looking structures with climbing plants, are methods of doing this. Some of these methods cost very little. A root of clematis transplanted from the

woods, a climbing rose, kindly bestowed by a friend, a grape vine, price twenty-five cents, are examples of cheap and easy ornamentation. A porch, or verandah, a bit of trellis work, a rustic arbor, a neat fence, a pretty gate, are also examples of another class. It is a mistake to suppose that nothing can be done without great outlay; and it is also a mistake to grudge all expenditure for the beautiful. I counsel no extravagant ornamentation, but greatly desire to see a love of the beautiful more generally cultivated. It will stir up the spirit of improvement, and lead to constant endeavor in the way of multiplying the conveniences and comforts of life.

Country houses especially need the hand of taste about them. They are not hidden and protected from view as are many buildings none too good-looking in closely-built towns and cities. They are exposed to the full view of all passers-by. This is a strong reason why they should be made pleasing to the eye. There is also this consideration, that dwellers in the country cannot turn away from their own unattractive-looking structures to those of a more gratifying character, as people who live in towns and cities can do. They largely make their own world, and are left in the main to their own resources. Hence the importance of devising ways and means to render their surroundings cheerful and lovely, so that life in the midst of them shall not be devoid of charms.

NAMING FARMS.

I am in favor of naming farms. It connects pleasant associations with them. There is likely to be more of the home feeling on the part of the family if the place has a nice name, instead of being simply known as lot number—, in concession—. If the farm becomes noted for a particular product, or breed of animals, a distinctive reputation is more easily established. There is a grander sense of proprietorship when a place is named. Before, it was only a lot; now, it is a domain. From being a mere farm, it rises to the rank of an estate. My farm was originally called "Forest Hill." But this name was "filched away from it some time during its period of tenancy, and given to the adjacent farm. I am not sorry for this. "Forest Hill" may have been appropriate once, but it would be a misnomer now. The hill is covered with an orchard in a state of decay, and in the hands of its proprietor will be crowned into lawn, shrubbery and gravel drives. Having no name, the question early arose what to call it. Now this was perplexing. Grand names presented themselves, but modesty should have some voice even in the naming of a farm. Names redolent of "high farming" were also rejected, lest the outcome should be less brilliant than the inception. Sentimental names might grow distasteful when the fit of feeling that dictated them had passed away. At last I settled down on

"LINDENBANK."

The following reasons decided my choice: 1. The place is a bank, or series of banks, a beautiful brook meandering through it, and the river Speed skirting the rear. 2. The linden is a predominating tree on the place. There are some lovely clumps on the front forming quite a feature. Moreover, this is next to the maple, perhaps the finest of the native shade-trees. It is a favorite of mine. Finally, it has the merit of use, as well as beauty. Its blossoms are, next to the white clover, the best honey blossoms we have. 3. A third reason has a dash of sentiment in it, perhaps. The well-known line of poetry,

"On Linden, when the sun was low,"

suggests the period at which my proprietorship commenced, the sun of life being on the descent in the western heavens. I recommend my brother farmers to name their places, and to do so on some principle that admits of being explained and justified. Then the name will wear and continue to be satisfactory.

When an agricultural editor botakes himself to practical farming, he becomes a "shining mark" for the shafts of criticism. It is one thing to farm on paper, and quite another thing to farm on the land itself. He is pretty sure to be well watched to see if his preaching and practice harmonize.

Fully aware of this, I was not surprised when a Scotch farmer, driving by as I was surveying the front of my domain with an eye to fence improvement, pulled up his horses, and entered into the following colloquy: "You've bote oot this place, I hear?" "Yes." "Gan to farm it yersel'?" "Yes." "Ye're aue o' ther scientefic men?" "With a sort of sneer; "ye eedived the *Canadian Farmer lang syne*?" "Yes." "Weel, we'll see what ye mak o't," evidently with the idea that I should not make much of it. In like manner, a thorough farmer of the old English school stopped and enquired, "Will this be a model or an experimental farm, now you've got it?" "It will certainly be an experimental farm," I replied, "and I shall try hard to make it a model one." "I give you two yeats to be sick of it," exclaimed a third, who belongs to the class of "ne'er-do-well," slipshod farmers, who are always complaining of their business.

My farm having been rented for a number of years, was and is yet, in a somewhat impoverished condition. It was not reduced so low as many in like circumstances; owing to the vigilance of the landlord, who bound his tenants to sell no straw off the place, and to grow each year ten acres of roots. He reserved a room in the house, and having leisure, owing to his retirement from practical farming, devoted considerable time to the oversight of the place, in order to secure fulfilment of the conditions of the lease. Nevertheless, it was in such a state as to force an earnest consideration of the question,

HOW TO ENRICH POOR LAND.

The most effectual way of doing this, no

doubt, is to put plenty of manure into it. But this is very much like replying to the question, "how to enrich a poor man," by saying "give him plenty of money." Where the manure is to come from in the one case, and the cash in the other, is the very pith of the difficulty. If there was a mountain of manure close to every poor farm, so that you could haul it on at the rate of fifty loads to the acre, as market gardeners do on small plots of ground, the case would be greatly simplified. But there are few 100-acre farms that yield more than a load of manure to the acre annually. The farmer who can dress a ten-acre field every year with ten loads of manure to the acre is doing pretty well, according to the current ideas. It will take some stock and no little care to do this year in and year out. No doubt with extreme economy of all fertilizing material, more than this might be done on every hundred-acre farm. But we have no facilities for making and saving manure to advantage. Probably fifty per cent. of it goes to waste in one way or another. This great leakage ought to be stopped. Everything that can be converted into plant food should be scraped up and hoarded with rigorous care. But supposing this to be done, it will only go a short way toward enriching a poor farm. A system of tillage must be pursued that will have an upward and improving tendency.

The first point to be aimed at is to get a large area of land into grass and clover. Less grain must be raised and more grass. If land will grow clover there is a direct road to enrichment, for clover will both yield a crop and furnish manure. The aftermath of clover plowed under the second year is equal in manurial value to ten loads of manure per acre. This great agricultural fact has been demonstrated by chemistry, and ought to be proclaimed on every hill-top, and throughout every valley of the land. Grass land pastured by stock, and especially by sheep, is in a way of growing better. A farm cannot but improve with ten acres manured and ten acres of pasture, or clover aftermath turned under every year. Next to more grass-farming I should be inclined to rank more sheep-farming. It is proverbial that the foot of sheep brings wealth. The fleece, the carcase, and the droppings are three sources of profit to the farmer from sheep-keeping. Root growing is another mode of enriching poor land. Carrots, mangels and turnips are valuable winter food for stock, enabling the farmer to keep more animals, and to make more and better manure. To stop waste is another important matter. I have referred to manurial waste, but this is only one of many directions in which economy is needed. Weed extermination is a most important remedial measure. How much fertility is annually thrown away in the maintenance of weeds! What will support a weed will support a useful plant. There is also great waste in the fence corners. If they are in grass how seldom is the trouble taken to mow and save

the hay; if they are full of weeds and stones, much valuable land is lost that might yield some sort of crop. Digging and spreading swamp muck, of which there is more or less on every farm, is an effective means of enrichment. The great thing is to farm so that the soil will be gaining rather than losing. Enriching a poor farm is a work of time and practice, but it can be done, and it will pay to do it. There is no worse agricultural policy than that of allowing a farm to keep running down.

I have only two prescriptions for enriching an impoverished farm. 1st, manure; 2nd, clover. These are the farmer's right and left bowers. In regard to manure, John Wesley's three rules how to make money are appropriate: 1st, make all you can by honest industry; 2nd, save all you can by rigid economy; 3rd, give all you can. One would hardly think manure was the scarce commodity it is, in view of the manner in which it is wasted. It lies in reeking heaps in the barn-yard, exposed to the sun which exhales the volatile portions of it, and to the rains that wash away its richness in black streams destined to settle beneath the farm buildings, or flow into the adjoining creek.

A WASTEFUL ODOR.

Many farmers have an affectionate liking for the stench emitted by a pile of manure. They regard it as a sure sign of strength and goodness in the manure, and in fact they estimate its value very much by the sense of smell. "Ike Marvel" hits off this idea very well in his entertaining book, "My Farm at Edgewood," where he makes "Nathan," one of his characters, get off the following opinions in conversation with a scientific gentleman: "Guess it's all right; smells pooty good, don't it?" "Yes; but don't you lose something in the smell?" "Wall, d'n know; kinder hard to bottle much of a smell, ain't it?" "But why don't you composite it; pack up your long manure with turf and muck, so that they will absorb the ammonia?" "The what?" "Ammonia, precisely what makes guano act so quickly." "Aminony, is it? Well, guanner has a pooty good smell tew: my opinion is that manure ought to have a pooty strong smell, or 'tain't good for nothing!"

The stench which arises from a manure heap is caused by the escape either of carbonate of ammonia or sulphuretted hydrogen, or both. These gases are valuable for their fertilizing qualities, and they are at the same time injurious and poisonous to animal health and life, particularly sulphuretted hydrogen. The odor is not only disagreeable, but, as if Nature meant thus to give warning, it is pernicious to human health, and has often been the cause not of disease only, but of death.

A "pooty good smell" is an expensive affair. Who shall reckon the cost to a farmer of the stink which at once wastes valuable manure and injures the health of the cattle and human beings that are forced to inhale it?

It would, perhaps, be practicable to make an approximate estimate of the money value of the ammonia that escapes from a reeking manure heap. An ounce of carbonate of ammonia may be bought of a druggist for a few cents. Placed on a plate before a fire it will, if pure, evaporate in ten or fifteen minutes. This may give a distant idea of what is being lost, hour after hour, as the sun lets down his rays on the manure heap, stables and sheds, in the warm weather of spring and summer. Even in winter the loss is very great. An English writer, advertent to this matter, observes; "If a farmer will take one half of the food, the loss of his cattle, the amount of his farrier's bill, and to these add the cost of 'medicine and attendance,' rendered necessary by the sickness of himself, his wife and his family, and divide the gross amount by two, after adding about 25 per cent. for loss of time and labor, he will arrive at something like the cost of this waste."

The stench of a manure pile is a sure sign that what ought to go into the soil is dissipated in thin air. It is a "wilful waste" that makes "woful want." There is no excuse for this extravagance, because it can be so easily prevented. The free use of gypsum, muck, and other absorbents—even common earth—will "fix" the escaping ammonia, and hold it in reserve to be applied to the soil. There it will be of real value, producing fertility making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, and so helping to increase the food supply for man and beast. A "pooty good smell" is therefore a bad thing, and should be effectually stopped.

THE WASHING OF MANURE.

But the waste of manure that is detected by the olfactories is the smallest part of it. The rain washes away a large proportion of its most valuable elements. In various ways, by evaporation, washage and shrinkage, there can be little doubt that 50 per cent. of it is lost. One may well ask, "To what purpose is all this waste?" Meantime our barnyards in wet weather are a disgrace to civilization. To what annoyance and discomfort do we subject ourselves, our families, and our stock, in the way of wading through the nasty conglomeration of mud, straw, and excrement that represents the manure supply! All this is easily prevented. A hollow place made in the barnyard adjacent to the stables, and covered with a roof of some kind, no matter how rough, will constitute "a manure-court," as it is called in Britain, where the precious material can be hoarded up until it is wanted in the fields. Lindenbank boasts of a court of this description, and it is the *omnium gatherum*, into which everything capable of being converted into manure is thrown. Such an appendage to every farm in Canada, simple though it is, would add hundreds of thousands annually to the productive resources of the country.

CLOVERING.

I can only touch upon clovering very briefly. By it I mean the sowing of red clover without the admixture of other grass seed with a view primarily to a crop of hay, but secondarily and principally, to the enrichment of the soil. Two mistakes are usually made in seeding down with clover. One is to sow it half and half with timothy, and the other is to grow it under a green umbrella; in other words, under the shadow of a grain crop. If, in order to have two strings to his bow, a farmer must sow some sort of grass along with clover, let him take orchard grass, or some other variety that blooms and ripens simultaneously with it. But if you have an eye to future soil enrichment, by all means sow clover by itself. And if you would get a catch "certain sure," sow it alone in another sense. Dispense with the green umbrella. What other plant do we expect to grow shaded over by a dense growth of something else? On this plan the young clover is not only cheated of the sun by day, but of the dew by night, and the old Scotch proverb contradicted,

"Ilka blade of grass has its ain drap o' dew."

No wonder it is hard to get a "catch" on such a system. Lindenbank rejoices in 25 acres of pure clover, and as its proprietor paces to and fro upon the thick, velvety green carpet of nature's finest tapestry, he can hardly repress the homely refrain,

"There's a good time coming, boys,
Wait a little longer."

FARM STOCK.

A farm requires to be stocked. I will speak only of cattle and pigs just now. What about cows? "Of course," exclaimed a shorthorn acquaintance, just after I had bought my farm, "an agricultural editor turned farmer will go into shorthorns." And forthwith by way of encouraging a venture in that line, he kindly offered to sell me a pure-bred cow for \$500, well worth \$800. I replied that I expected to get my entire herd for less than that sum, and that if I had a cow that cost me \$500, I could not sleep o' nights for fear of harm befalling her. It is reported that one of our most successful shorthorn men sleeps with his herd in order to take care of it.

The extravagant prices at which high-class shorthorns are held, is a great hindrance to the diffusion of that noble breed throughout the country. Sooner or later, these aristocratic bovines must come down from their golden stils, and descend to the standard of meat and milk. My farm being a natural dairy farm, I decided to start a dairy herd, and feeling in duty bound to keep some pure-bred cows, went into the Ayrshires. Beginning with three cows, duly entered in the Ontario Ayrshire herd book, and a young bull bred by Hon. M. H. Cochrane, from an imported sire and dam, I have now ten thorough-breds, no mean herd already.

WHAT ABOUT THE MILK AND BUTTER?

Well, in the first place, we use milk *ad libitum* in the family, and that, to erst-while town-imprisoned folk, is a great luxury. The traditional rule of action among farmers is, "Sell all you can, use what you can't sell, and when you get a dollar keep it." I took to farming with a view to living well, not proposing to put myself or my family on a skim-milk diet.

Notwithstanding this free use of the "lacteal secretion" in its best state of richness, we have marketed about \$50 worth of butter, each of the two seasons, after supplying our own table bountifully. There is so much poor butter in the market, and churning is generally supposed to be such a freaky, uncertain process, that we had come to regard butter-making with a degree of fear and trembling. Still it must be attempted, for of all burlesques on farming, it is assuredly one of the most ridiculous to be on a farm and to buy your butter. I have read of two retired merchants, who bought farms near the town where they formerly carried on business, and though good friends before, they quarrelled on turning farmers, because the outermost one used to intercept the best butter on its way to market and buy it before his neighbor could get at it. Well, we shall have no such quarrels with our neighbors. Madame has conquered the butter-making difficulty. By a careful perusal of the best English and American books on dairying, and an equally careful perusal of the rules laid down therein, she has succeeded in having A 1 butter enough and to spare, so that instead of being forced to buy, we usually have it to sell. Already "Lindenbank butter" has a name among a select circle of customers. The fact is, there is no inscrutable mystery about butter-making. It is neglect of little things, on which the success of the process depends, that makes all the trouble. Our butter has usually "come" with about fifteen minutes churning in the old-fashioned dasher churn. But then we use a thermometer and ice, two indispensables to first-class butter-making. I never had much sympathy for farmers' wives who can not make good butter, and now I have less than ever. There is a philosophy of butter-making, but it is not hard to master. Talk of book-farming with a sneer, forsooth! We have learned how to make first-class butter by its aid, and so can anybody who is able to read.

PIGS

must be procured of course. The common long-snouted, shingle-backed land pikes, were out of the question. For use in my own family, I prefer the Essex. But they are a trifle small, and what is worse, unpopular as a market-breed. The Berkshires are in the ascendant just now, and they are a noble race, if indeed, as many doubt, there is any nobility of swine. "Betsey," and "Dora," duly entered in the Canada Berkshire Register, were the nucleus of my pig stock. They both littered in due time, and as the days rolled on, and the little squealers grew and flourished, I

counted them confidently at \$10 a head. But the course of pig-breeding, like that of true love, never did run smooth. One day a little pig was missing. Had it got out of the pen and strayed away to parts unknown, or been gobbled up by beasts of prey? The disappearance of that small grunter was an inexplicable mystery for about three days, when one of the children came running breathless and horrified with the tidings that "Betsy" was "eating one of her babies;" it was even so. On reaching her pen, I found her in the act of devouring "a dear little piggy," crunching its bones as an alligator might do. I have known sows do this kind of thing soon after littering, but never dreamt of pigs more than three weeks old being devoured by a blood-thirsty mother. "What is it makes mamma pigs do such a cruel thing?" is a question which a child may ask, as did one of my children, but, like many juvenile questions, it puzzles a full-grown man to find an answer to it. How to cure the evil is another troublesome query. I adopted the plan of separating mother and "babies," letting her in to her young ones three or four times a day to suckle them, and watching her, horse-whip in hand, meantime coaxing the little ones to eat food from a trough. If it had been the right time of the year for fattening, I should have sentenced "Betsy," to be converted into pork in the briefest time possible. But warm weather was at hand, so I resolved to try her with another litter, and if the cannibalistic disposition appeared again to cure it effectually with the butcher knife.

PIGS AS FARM STOCK.

I suppose that pigs must be kept on a farm, and that the market must be supplied with hams, bacon, and lard for human consumption; also with hogskin for saddle covers, etc. But in many respects, pigs are very disagreeable. Their filthy habits are usually attributable to neglect on the part of their owners, but when kept clean and respectable, they are troublesome "critters." Shortly after the tragedy just referred to, I read with high appreciation the following paragraphs in the *Rural New Yorker's* correspondence department:

"Of all the animals on the farm whose lofty aspirations carry them beyond the limits of all restraint the swine go so far ahead that all others sink into utter insignificance. There are not attainable boards enough to make a pen sufficiently high and strong to keep them in it. Like some radical politicians, it is impossible to keep them within bounds. They will go out through an aperture hardly large enough to admit of an arm; but in order to get them back, the pen must be levelled to the ground, and three or four bushels of corn thrown temptingly within. And the trouble increases in proportion to the number. There is some satisfaction in driving one pig, for he will go in some direction, although it may be directly between your legs—but two pigs always separate and go in several directions at once. Most emphatically is this true of the

swine of the masculine gender. He perambulates slowly but firmly through the garden with his nose and feet below the surface of the asparagus and lettuce beds. Stones and clubs are showered on him till at last he rushes through the choice grape vines with the dog clinging to his ear.

"If it were not for sausages (which we like), and the lard, (we are fond of pie), and cold shoulder (very good at times), and several other parts of the awful animal, we would abolish him entirely from our premises. True, we might buy all we want for about half what it costs to raise it, but there is nothing like growing one's own food. We once saw a Chinese hog exhibited in a menagerie. I wish they had ours in China on exhibition. The boy sings one or two verses about "Johnny stole a ham," and "Root hog or die," but aside from these, I know of no poetry about that fiendish beast."

In addition to the purchase of Betsy and Dora already mentioned, I was seduced in an unlucky hour to buy "Lady Maud," a high figure. Her ladyship suddenly died of inflammation the day after pigging, leaving an orphan litter of eleven little pigs. Oh the sorrows of trying to rear that bereaved family! One by one they all departed this life, after an immense deal of wasted attention, and wasted milk. A caricature appeared in an American agricultural journal some years since, entitled, "How to raise little pigs by hand." An editorial was appended, as follows: "A correspondent asks 'how to raise little pigs by hand.' For the best method see above." The engraving exhibited a laughing farmer, holding up a little pig high in the air, by the tail. From my experience, I am inclined to think that is the only way of raising little pigs by hand. Unless I can hear of some other and better method, I shall henceforth practise the one suggested by the caricature. It is much less troublesome and costly. Moreover, by this method you can raise them, while by the other way you can't.

In due time Betsy and Dora had other litters, but no cannibalistic tendencies were betrayed, owing, as I think, to the fact that they had full liberty to roam about with their little ones.

AN AGED ORCHARD.

I have already stated that my farm of Lindenbank had an old orchard on it that was fast going to decay. Many advised me to root all the old trees, and plant anew. This I declined doing, believing that the prescription of the Great Husbandman was worthy of trial, and if successful, would bring fruit sooner, and more of it than a young orchard could possibly yield. Already the wisdom of this policy is evident, for we have had this season at least 100 bushels of apples. The aged trees have responded to kind and generous treatment; they are, in fact, renewing their youth.

The present age is prone to treat with a degree of contempt whatever is old, and this

is true in regard to old orchards as well as other old things. There are many orchards that resemble old horses turned out to die; they are neglected and left to take their chance. Meantime the intention is to plant a new orchard, but this, like many other good intentions, often fails of being carried out.

It may be doubted whether in most of these cases it would not pay better and bring returns quicker to give attention to the old orchard and rejuvenate it, instead of going to the expense and trouble of planting another. At any rate it is good policy to do what can be done for the old orchard, even if a new one should be planted. With proper cultivation, the old trees will bear fruit enough to repay all the trouble taken with them, and they will thus afford a supply while the young trees are getting ready to bear.

It is often the case that it is not age which checks the productiveness of old orchards. They are, in many instances, the victims of starvation and neglect. The soil in which they stand has been left without manure until it is too barren to nourish a crop of fruit. Perhaps it has been sown to grain and then to grass in the unreasonable attempt to make it produce two crops at once. Then the trees have been left unpruned. The dead limbs have not been removed, and remain an encumbrance to the trees, and a dead weight on its productive energies. It is a case of trying to live and bear fruit under difficulties. A few blossoms appear in the spring, and are succeeded by fewer apples, which try to grow but cannot for want of sustenance. The shrivelled specimens that hang on the tree in autumn proclaim the starved condition of the tree. So also do the stunted and weakly twigs. Many owners of such old orchards have little idea how conspicuously their neglect and bad management are advertised to experienced eyes by the mute, suffering trees.

The rejuvenation of an old orchard is to be accomplished by judicious culture, feeding and pruning. Carefully break up the tough, hard sod; coat the surface with well-rotted manure; cut away the dead limbs; encourage the growth of what smooth vigorous branches there may be; give the old trees generous treatment, and they will quickly repay it.

All this must be done gradually, and as I have said, judiciously. A starved tree, like a starved man, must be fed a little at a time. All the functions are weak in such a condition, and must be strengthened by exercise. By degrees the old wood should be replaced with new growth. Large limbs must not be removed until there is a return of vigor. It is like amputating a human limb, and can only be done safely when there is physical strength enough to bear the shock. It will take several seasons to bring about the process of renewal, but meantime the old trees will bear more fruit, until they will astonish the owner with the crops they yield. Long before a new orchard can become remunerative, an old one may be made to renew its youth and pay handsomely for the outlay of time and trouble expended on

it. A person who has never tried this process can hardly believe how effectually and successfully it can be accomplished. Trees of fifty or sixty years standing may be thoroughly rejuvenated by proper treatment, and however aged it may be, a tree will seldom fail to respond to careful attention.

What a melancholy sight many of these old orchards are to the intelligent horticulturist! The trees in them remind one of the ragged and emaciated beggar who confronted a gentleman on the street of a city one day, but spoke never a word. "If you wish to beg something," said the gentleman, "why don't you say so?" "Sure," said the mendicant, "isn't it begging I am from the crown of me head to the sole of me foot." Even so these pauper trees, to the view of knowledge and experience, are begging from the topmost twig to the very roots, begging for nourishment, care, and culture. Give them these, and they will become young and fruitful again.

Lindenbank, like most other farms, has had its share of annoyances arising out of the visits of

TRAMPS, TREE PEDDLERS, AND LIGHTNING-ROD MEN.

A trio of farm nuisances. What dweller in the country has not been pestered out of his wits by all three of them? More troublesome than the tent caterpillar, borer, or curculio, is there no way of ridding our premises of their persistent assaults? When you have conspicuously failed in any given direction, it is at least interesting to read or hear of the success achieved by somebody else. What man has done, man may do. If another has gained immunity from annoyance, there is hope for you. So I read with no small gratification an account in *Scribner's Monthly* for July, of the mode in which a farm was quickly and effectually cleared at one fell swoop of tramps, tree peddlers, and lightning rod men.

A ferocious dog did the whole business. It was not plotted and planned, but fell out rather by accident. The dog was kept for the protection of the household, with an eye to night marauders, rather than day trespassers, but he developed unexpected qualities of usefulness. The story is told in most entertaining style, and I should transfer it bodily to this lecture, but it is too long. Abbreviation will damage but not utterly spoil it. I shall do my best to tell it in a few words, for it is too good to keep.

The narrator is a city merchant who lives on a country place, easily accessible by rail from town, and farms it as an amateur. He keeps a fine watch dog known by the aristocratic name of "Lord Edward." One day when the master and mistress were out for an afternoon drive, and the maid-of-all-work, a sharp-witted damsel, who figures in the story as "Pomona," was left in charge, a tramp suddenly poked his head in at the window, and demanded something to eat. Pomona essayed to feed him, when he fixed a covetous glance on some newly baked pies, and told her

to give him a piece of one of them. "No, sir," said she, "I'm not goin' to cut one of them pies for you, or any one like you." "All right," said he, "I'll come in and help myself." But while the tramp was making for the kitchen door, Pomona shot out another way and unchained Lord Edward. Mr. Tramp saw the animal making big leaps towards him and quickly changing his mind, started for the garden gate instead of the kitchen door. But there wasn't time to reach the gate, and it was all he could do to hurry up into the crotch of an apple tree. The tramp was hardly ensconced in his welcome refuge when the dog perceived another stranger making his way up the walk from the public road, and following his canine instincts, "went for" him. He, too, was glad to climb a friendly tree in hot haste. Lord Edward divided his attentions pretty equally between the two men, so that neither dared to come down, and they remained in the pleasant position of "treed coons" until the master and mistress came home. Pomona explained the state of affairs, and the master proceeded to deal with the luckless prisoners.

"This one," said Pomona, "is a tree man."
 "I should think so," said I, as I caught sight of a person in grey trousers standing among the branches of a cherry tree not very far from the kitchen door.

"This is a very unpleasant position, sir," said he when I reached the tree. "I simply came into your yard on a matter of business, and finding that raging beast attacking a person in a tree, I had barely time to get into this tree myself before he dashed at me. Luckily I was out of his reach; but I very much fear I have lost some of my property."

"No he hasn't," said Pomona. "It was a big book he dropped; I picked it up and took it into the house. It's full of pictures of peaches and pears and flowers. I've been looking at it—that's how I knew what he was; and there was no call for his gittin' up a tree. Lord Edward would never have gone after him if he hadn't run as if he had guilt on his soul."

"I suppose then," said I, addressing the individual in the cherry tree, "that you came here to sell me some trees."

"Yes, sir," and with all the volubility of his species he proceeded to descant from his cherry tree perch on the wonderful things he had for sale. He was politely invited to descend. "Thank you," said he, "but not while that dog is loose. If you will kindly chain him up I will get my book and show you specimens of some of the finest small fruit in the world, all imported from the first nurseries in Europe. The red, gold, amber, muscat grape, the—"

"Oh, please let him down," said Euphemia, (the lady of the house), her eyes beginning to sparkle.

Finding he had made an impression, the tree peddler began to descant most eloquently to Euphemia, so that *pater familias* perceives he will soon have the combined persuasions of both tree peddler and spouse to contend with. So he sends for the dog-chain, hooks one end

of it to Lord Edward's collar, retains a firm hold of the other, tells Pomona to hand the "tree man" his book, declines to give any order, and advises the gentleman to depart without delay. "You had better hurry, sir," I called out, "I can't hold this dog very long." There is an amusing account of the "tree man's" reluctant retreat; his earnest request to have the dog fastened up that he may show his fruit pictures; his references to "the Melting-pot pear;" trees to bear next year; "the Royal Sparkling Ruby Grape;" sweet scented balsam fir, and other nursery prodigies; the rushes of Lord Edward; the pleadings of Euphemia; the final breaking loose of the dog just as the "tree man" lays his hand hesitatingly on the gate. He quickly puts himself on the safe side of the gate, and even from the road pours out a torrent of eloquence about his extraordinary trees. But there is escape from him now. The dog is at large, and he dare not re-enter the enclosure. So he winds his way to the next plantation.

Meantime the tramp is clamoring for deliverance. "Now, look-a here," he cried in the tone of a very ill-used person, "ain't you goin' to fasten up that dog, and let me git down?"

"No," said I, "I am not. When a man comes to my place, bullies a young girl who was about to relieve his hunger, and then boldly determines to enter my house and help himself to my property, I don't propose to fasten up any dog that may happen to be after him. If I had another dog I'd let him loose, and give this faithful beast a rest. You can do as you please. You can come down and have it out with the dog, or you can stay up there until I get my dinner. Then I will drive down to the village, bring up the constable, and deliver you into his hands. We want no such fellows as you about." So he is kept a prisoner until the shades of evening begin to gather. At last he is liberated, and the following proposition is made by him, "I'll tell you what I'll do, if you'll chain up that dog and let me go, I'll fix things so that you'll not be troubled no more by no tramps." "How will you do that?" I asked. "Oh, never you mind," he said, "I'll give you my word of honor I'll do it. There's a reg'lar understandin' among us fellers, you know." Next day a curious mark was noticed on the trunk of a large tree which stood at the corner of the lane and road. It was a rude device, cut deeply into the tree, and somewhat resembled a square, a circle, a triangle and a cross. There could be little doubt it was the handiwork of the tramp, and was understood by the fraternity, for not another tramp visited the premises the whole season. Late in the fall the narrator of these incidents observed a tramp looking up at the mark on the tree, which was still quite distinct. "What does that mean?" I asked. "How do I know," said the man, "and what do you want to know fur?" "Just out of curiosity," I said; "I have often noticed it. I think you can tell me what it means, and if you'll do so I'll give

you a dollar." "And keep mum about it?" said the man. "Yes," I replied, taking out the dollar. "All right," said the tramp; "that sign means that the man that lives up this lane is a mean, stingy cuss, with a wicked dog, and it's no use to go there." I handed him the dollar and went away, perfectly satisfied with my reputation.

I have hardly time to tell the tale of the lightning-rod man. It is very similar to those of the tramp and the "tree man." Folks away, Pomona in charge. Gates locked and dog loose. Lightning-rod man calls Pomona, to let him in. That worthy guardian of the estate refuses. He says the rods were ordered. Pomona doubts it. She has heard of lightning-rods being put on houses in their owner's absence, and paid for rather than injure the house by tearing them down. So she is resolute. "No, sir, no lightning-rods on this house whilst I stand here." But "the vile intriguer of a lightning-rodder," as Pomona styles him, had a "base boy" with him, whom he set to attract Lord Edward's attention by poking a stick through the fence at him while he slipped around to the back of the house with ladder and rods. This in Pomona's temporary absence from the scene of parley. To her amazement she hears loud hammering on the roof, and "there was that wretch on top of the house a fixin' his old rods and hammerin' away for dear life." But a canine guard at the ladder foot brings the "lightning-rodder" to a surrender. He is glad to compromise matters, take away his rods, tools and ladder, and reconnoitre for a field of operations where his enterprise will not be thwarted by unappreciative creatures whether biped or quadruped.

After all, it is only a few fragmentary sketches that can be given in a lecture like this. The story of my garden, mostly cultivated with the plough and scuffler; of my small fruit plantation, from which a great yield is looked for next season; of my poultry yard with its feathered tenantry; of the prospective water-cresses, white lily beds, fish-ponds, and fountains, for which the creek is to be utilized; of the grand, old-fashioned open wood-fires, with their interesting "back log studies;" and the quiet, literary indoor-life among books and papers;—these, and much beside, must remain untold. Suffice it to say, in conclusion, that my farm of Lindenbank may boast, I think, one rare feature, and that is,

A CONTENTED OWNER.

A pretty extensive acquaintance and observation among dwellers in the country incline me to the opinion that a contented farmer is well nigh as rare as a white crow, or a black fox. Discontent, indeed, seems to be a chronic ailment of humanity everywhere. Hardly any one is satisfied with his condition, or free from envy of others. Possibly farmers are not as a class more discontented than other people, but considering the many advantages of their lot, they ought to excel in this virtue, and it must be confessed they do not.

A farmer is free from uncertainty as to his daily bread. He is sure of a living. It may not be a sumptuous or luxuriant living, but it is at any rate sufficient, and as the proverb says, "Enough is as good as a feast." When it is borne in mind how many there are who are not sure of a living, and with whom it is a constant fight to "keep the wolf from the door," we may surely find in the farmer's freedom from care and anxiety, in this respect, one mighty motive to a thankful content.

Perhaps the chief cause of complaint among farmers is the hard, incessant work they have to perform. But it is not harder than that of many others, and it can scarcely be called incessant, seeing that there are slack times, and seasons of leisure, unknown in many other avocations. The farmer's toil is work in the open air and under conditions favorable to his health while multitudes are condemned to close work-shops, underground places, and forms of labor prejudicial to health. The heat and burden of the day must sometimes be endured in the scorching sun, and there are times when bleak winds and severe storms must be faced. But these are exceptional, and use gives power of endurance. A wise arrangement of duties may be made, so as to lessen inconvenience and suffering.

From the way some talk, it would seem as though farmers were the only workers in the human hive, and the rest mere drones. The blacksmith toiling and sweating all the summer day beside the glaring forge, the baker kneading dough in the hot oven room, the overtaxed factory hand, the operative in the rolling mill, and many others, might be named, who would gladly change places with the farmer, and gain by so doing. The farmer boy envies the dapper clerk or genteel-looking apprentice to the dry goods. I have seen these with swollen feet and inflamed calves through constant standing and walking, presenting a more pitiable sight at the close of a day's business than I ever saw among farmers' boys, however hardly driven. The latter are fatigued, the former, injured by their toil. It is the difference between the horse that has ploughed all day walking in the soft fresh earth, and the horse that has travelled all day on a hard plank road. The clerk works early and late, usually far later than the farmer. He cannot boast of his pay, for that is barely sufficient to maintain him. Handling goods and waiting on tiresome customers all the live-long day, do not make a paradise. A store is a kind of prison, and felt to be such in all that weather, of which we have so much, that naturally tempts people out of doors. Is it not far better to be out in the free open air, surrounded by the pleasing varieties of nature, than to be immured in a dungeon of a shop?

There is no work on a farm as fatiguing and exhaustive as that to which thousands of over-taxed brain-workers are condemned every day of their lives. I have tried both kinds of labor and I know that mental effort is far harder than physical. But many have used their

minds to so limited an extent that they hardly know what hard head-work means.

It is great folly to be always hankering after a condition of freedom from work. The fact is that the Creator has imposed upon us a necessity of labor with muscle or brain or both, as the unchangeable condition of our lives in this world. "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread," is the law under which we live, move, and have our being. There is a moist sweat of physical toil and a dry sweat of mental toil—the one bringing health, and the other marking the face with furrows. One or other, or both, must be our portion. It is the common lot of humanity. Nor is this inevitable necessity to be complained of. It is best as it is. Work is beneficial, and it is far better to cultivate a love of it, than to be always planning to shirk and get rid of it. There is such a thing as a love of work, and whoever acquires it, will find great benefit therefrom.

Content and discontent are in a great degree matters of habit and culture. We may dwell mainly on the blessings of our lot and so acquire a contented disposition, or we may brood over our hardships and discomforts, until we grow sour with discontent. Surely it is the part of wisdom to look on the bright side of things and so become ourselves bright with habitual cheerfulness.

That earthly elysium which so many are evermore seeking in vain is not to be found on a farm, but there are as many elements of it there as in any other place that can be named. Elysiums are not to be had ready-made; they have to be constructed out of such material as may be available for the purpose. Let us learn a lesson from the birds. They do not find nests ready made, but gather twigs, wool, feathers, hair, down, and with them construct their nests. Perseverance, exquisite skill, and wonderful adaptation do our little feathered friends display. But they are chiefly examples to us in their capacity for nest-building. They manifest this often under difficulties. Resolved to have a nest, they search for the material, and never fail to accomplish their purpose. There is no lack of material for nests on a farm, if there be only the talent and determination for nest-building.

The patriarch Job was a contented farmer, and I know now the full meaning of that passage in his autobiography:—"Then, said I, I shall die in my nest." So sayeth this deponent, in humble submission to the will of that all-wise Providence, to whose reversal and reversal all our schemes of life are subject.—*From the Canadian Farmer and Grange Record, Nov. 20th.*



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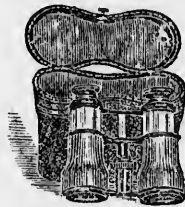
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