

HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

CHEAP MEAT.

Up to this day the majority of farmers live principally on pork for their staple meat. This is very natural, as pig meat is the handiest, easiest to cure and keep. The meat of domestic fowls enters somewhat into the bill of fare, but not as often as it might, and it is a pretty expensive luxury with the most of farmers. Some of them have reduced their system of keeping fowls to one requiring almost no labor on their part. Grain is turned into a hopper or large feed trough once a week, enough to last them that length of time. It is a very simple system, one I would imitate, but the fowls thus raised come pretty high, and the egg basket remains empty a large share of the year. Fowls managed that way are always ready for the kettle, but are also dear meat. Some years ago I commenced growing Belgian hares to supply our table with a greater variety of meat, and I found the meat of them not only to be very fine if cooked properly, but also very cheap. I am safe in saying that the cost of the production of hares is not half that of the average farm poultry. The feed utilized costs often almost nothing, except the labor of gathering it, and the children will often do that with pleasure. Hares will also endure neglect and mismanagement much better than poultry. They will transform all sorts of weeds, such as catnip, peppermint, horsemint, plantain, dandelions, thistles, tag alder leaves and twigs and bark, fruit tree trimmings and surplus vegetables of any kind into the choicest meat. In fact, the more herbs are fed the sweeter the meat will be. The hares will not refuse nice clover and alfalfa, neither green or dry. During the winter time I feed mostly clover, and also orchard trimmings. Quite a number of these animals may be turned loose in the barnyard during winter. They will pick their living from the stack and from the hay and other stock waste.

While hares will thrive tolerably well under maltreatment and neglect I want to say whatever pays to do at all pays best when done well. I give my hares just as good treatment as my fowls. They do not require very much room and may be crowded much more than poultry. However, there are points that must be watched. Breeding does should be kept in separate little rooms and should have the best of care, especially while suckling young. I give them grain, oats and wheat, night and morning; and also sweet, skimmed, milk and fresh water every day.

They may be bred every seven or eight weeks and the young should be separated from their mothers when from six to seven weeks old. After weaning the food of the little hares should consist partially in chopped feed stirred with milk if it can be had. They soon learn, to eat any kind of whole grain, enjoy roots, apples, weeds, clover, etc. At four and not more than five months the sexes must be separated to prevent their breeding too young and inbreeding at the same time. It does not work well to put hares of different ages together in close quarters; sometimes losses occur from such a practice. I therefore try to have my breeding does all have their young at the same time, then the young of all the mothers may be weaned together and placed in one pen. The time to fatten and to dispose of surplus stock is when from four to six months old, providing you have a market for them at the time; otherwise they may be held till fall or winter, but the males must in that case be castrated. In neighborhoods where there is a scarcity of useless dogs, quite a number of the animals may be left to roam at large during the summer around barn and buildings. I have not known them to do me any harm. They will pick up their living and become fat without any grain and care whatever. Cats sometimes learn to eat and kill young hares, so it does not answer to turn them out under three or four months of age. Troublesome cats must be disposed of. I use the shotgun. Like poultry, so hares can be marked, not between their toes, but on their long ears, which give the very best of opportunity to punch holes or cut little slits. Thus marked, one can easily keep track of the different ages, sexes, castrated animals, new stock bought, etc. A record will have to be kept in that case.

UTILIZING HEN POWER.

A farmer writes that he utilizes the natural tendency of his hens to scratch by letting them do the work

in his garden. He makes long, narrow cages, just wide enough to fit between his garden rows of vegetables, etc.; has slat sides, board tops and open bottoms. In these cages he puts his best dirt throwers and lets them hoe out the patch. When the ground is well torn up he moves the cage along and in this way keeps the earth mellow and the garden free from insects.

THE CREAM.

Churning too rapidly makes oily butter.

Cream ripened too soon will not give all of the butter.

Butter color will not cover up defects in grain or flavor.

It is the percentage of fat in milk that determines.

The cow that gives a good return for the food consumed is the one for profit.

Milking should always be done with as little disturbance of the cow as possible.

Sometimes butter will be streaked on account of not being properly washed or worked.

The natural flavor of butter cannot be removed by washing in cold water.

Careful manipulation with the cream and everything else put right will make good butter without washing.

There is no profit in poor butter, no matter how cheaply it may be produced.

Three fourths of the cow's food goes to body maintenance and one fourth to profit making.

Above the food of production that goes to milk a cow demands food of support in proportion to her size.

If milk is to be used for butter or cream deep setting and speedy separation will give the best results.

It is less work to force buttermilk out of the butter when in granular form and it can be done more effectively.

The better milk development secured with the first calf the better results it is possible to secure.

It is nearly impossible to get things sweet and clean if they are left for hours or over night with sour cream or buttermilk in them. All vessels should be cleansed as soon as emptied.

DISEASE OF DUCKS.

The duck is afflicted with but few diseases, the most prominent being vertigo and convulsions. The first comes from overfeeding, and can be cured or prevented generally by keeping them on a grass diet exclusively. Convulsions are caused by dampness, poor food and filthy coops. The best remedy is to clean out the coops, make them dry and feed on nourishing food. Ducks should always have dry quarters at night.

ODD THOUSAND VILLAGES

Scattered Through Great Britain—Residences in Old Railway Carriages.

Scattered throughout the area of Great Britain are numerous towns and villages of a curious character. One large village actually consists of old railway carriages, even the little mission chapel being built out of four large horse trucks. Another village, with a population of 1,100 and a ratable value of £8,000, has neither church, chapel nor school, the only public edifice being a pillar letter-box.

Villages with a single inhabitant are not unknown. At Skiddaw, in Cumberland, there is a solitary householder, who cannot vote because there is no overseer to prepare a voters' list, and no church or other public building on which to publish one; while the only ratepayer in a certain Northumberland parish has recently declined to bear the expense of repairing a road because he considers it quite good enough for himself.

In the Isle of Ely there is a little parish which has been somewhat contemptuously described as "a portion of land, with three or four houses and perhaps twelve inhabitants." This place has no roads at all, and is, consequently, put to no expense at keeping them in repair. As a matter of fact, there are no expenses of any kind and no rates.

One of the most remarkable villages in England, is Kempston, near Bedford, which is seven miles long and extremely straggling. To walk from one end of the village to the other occupies two hours.

Sometimes whole villages will practically disappear. A little Shropshire village has gradually sunk, until now it is almost out of sight. It is built on a disused coal-pit, and the sinking goes on steadily every year. Now and then a tottering house is propped up to keep it standing, but in spite of all precautions, buildings are constantly falling to the ground, and in course of time doubtless nothing will be left but a few bricks to mark the spot where a village once stood.

KRUGER AT SEVENTY-FIVE

BOER PRESIDENT NOW BUT A FIGURE IN HISTORY.

A Dream and a Temptation That Came Hand in Hand to Oom Paul—Great Burghers Who Voted for Peace.

The South African war began twelve months ago. Paul Kruger was born seventy-five years ago. All of that three-quarters of a century has been for him and his people a period of strife, of struggle, of vain wrestling with the irresistible forces of evolution and development. Now, in his old age, he stands an exile from his country, a fugitive from the champion of progress. The fittest has survived, and President Kruger is now but a figure in history. But his is a notable figure. All the coarseness of his peasantism, all the meanness of his actions, all the corruption of his Government cannot remove from him the grandeur of a great personality, writes Douglas Story in the London Daily Mail.

Absolutely illiterate, unable to read a letter, writing only that curious serawl S. J. P. Kruger, he has invented and fought for a policy that needed the largest army Great Britain has ever dispatched from her shores to crush and annihilate it. Krugerism is something actual and practical, the definite aspiration of a statesman, the life's longing of a man who at one time was a patriot.

A DREAM AND A TEMPTATION.

Until gold came to tempt the old man's senile greed, Paul Kruger's dream of independence was as pure and praiseworthy as that of William Wallace or of Werner Stauffacher. He yearned to keep in its pastoral simplicity the little sanctuary he had formed away from the restraints and the vices of civilization.

To him the State was but an expansion of the huis-houding, with all its cares and worries, augmented, indeed, yet calling for the same justice and the same morality as did the little homestead on the veldt. He could not imagine any national problem too complex to be settled over a cup of coffee upon his house-step. With his mis-read Bible for political handbook, and his memory for constitutional history, he dared rule a nation and conduct diplomatic affairs.

With the advent of revenues came the need for a steward, and in his blindness he invoked the aid of the Hollander. Therein lies the whole explanation of Kruger's fall.

At no time were the Hollanders affected by the sentiment that made the Boer a gallant foe, a worthy enemy. They merely exploited the Transvaal for what of advantage it might hold for them. They hated the Uitlander because he was mentally and in education their equal, in probity their superior. They sucked the blood of the Boer indiscriminately with that of the Briton, and they intrigued against the Transvaaler as they did against the Englishman and Scotchman.

A DESPOT'S REASONS.

Years ago I asked Paul Kruger why he employed so many Hollanders in Government offices when there was so fine a crop of youthful, educated Afrianders ripe to his hand. He said: "Africanders I cannot use. They would not be true to me. Englishmen I cannot use. They are honest, but they bluntly tell me they are my enemies. The Hollanders fear me. If I growl at them, they tremble. I can use them."

And so to maintain his personal power, Paul Kruger surrounded himself with an entourage of Hollanders, a cordon of corruption. Meanly servile when seeking work, the Transvaal Hollander is a tyrant wherever he is possessed of a little brief authority. From end to end of the Republic he was hated, and, when the war came, the old takhaar shouldered his Mauser, muttering, "Whichever way the war goes, now we shall get rid of the Hollander."

There was throughout the campaign a Hollander commando, until feeling became so strong between its members and the Boers it had to be disbanded. The Hollanders, when matters had sufficiently developed, met in conference in Pretoria, and despatched a cable to their Queen, begging for a battleship to carry them safely away from the country they had battered upon so long.

Those were the men who made the war, and who had repaid Paul Kruger's generosity by selling his Presidency and his country's independence.

THE POLICY OF THE HOLLANDER.

The engineering of the debacle was easy and congenial work to the Hollander intriguants. Four or five years

ago they realized that Paul Kruger was nearing his end, and that with his death would come the loss of all their power in the land. The Jameson raid afforded them a text from which to preach British covetousness and British treachery.

When President Steyn, the vainest and most short-sighted politician in South Africa, defeated Mr. Fraser at the polls, he was approached and offered the dual Presidency if he would cast in his lot with the Transvaal in a war with Great Britain. As he himself assured me at Kroonstadt, he felt the independence of his Republic was menaced by Great Britain, and the struggle must come now or he would be submerged.

The Hollanders fancied there was a chance, by purchased sympathy on the continent, by judicious titillation of international jealousies, by careful pondering to the prejudices of the peace party in England, to make war without suffering permanent loss. In any event, Transvaal Hollanders have always fished successfully in troubled waters, and the subsequent loss would be to the Boers, not to them. Those of us who watched things in the Transvaal in the month preceding Lord Roberts' occupation of Pretoria know best what skilled anglers they proved themselves to be.

And so the intrigue developed to become a national policy. Paul Kruger was blind, and Sir Alfred Milner stayed his hand at the beginning. Later, no man might stay the war.

BOERS WHO VOTED FOR PEACE.

It is well to remember, however that the last secret session of the Volksraad—the session that authorized, twelve months ago, the despatch of its insolent ultimatum to Great Britain—the best of the Boers voted for peace. Those who voted against the issue of the ultimatum included Commandant-General Joubert, General Louis Botha, General De la Rey, General Lukas Meyer, General and Vice-President Schalk Burger, and Mr. Barnard, who was killed at Derdepoort.

Those were the patriots among the Boers—the men who were never under the Hollanders' influence, the men who fought the hardest for peace and have since fought the stoutest for their country in the field. Paul Kruger was not of that number. He had determined on war.

I ascribe his willingness to meet Great Britain in battle to religious rather than to political sentiments. A healthy belief has become with him a morbid fanaticism. To this moment he believes God will yet grant him the victory even if it require the scattering of all Lord Roberts' transports on their homeward journey. His faith is as the faith of the Cromperts on their homeward journey. His religion does not effect himself or his conduct, but is strictly binding upon his inferiors and his opponents.

GRAMMATICAL WITH A VENGEANCE.

A certain Liverpool man who represented one of the oldest families in the north of England had many peculiarities. Among these was a remarkably fastidious care for forms of speech and pronunciation.

One day when he was standing on the Prince's landing-stage he slipped in some manner and went into the water with a resounding splash. There were a number of people about, and amongst them an old lady, who shrieked as the gentleman disappeared.

He'll be drown-ded, she wailed; he'll be drown-ded.

Just then the waters parted and the head of the victim of the accident appeared above the surface. Coughing and spluttering, he looked towards the agitated old lady.

Drown-ded, you old idiot, he roared, drown-ded!

And then they fished him out.

SETTLING THE SPELLING.

When Police-sergeant McShane was going into a barber's shop he noticed a sign painted on the window, which read: Laundry agency.

Where did you learn to spell? he asked the barber.

Why, what's wroog? he asked in reply.

Look at that sign, replied McShane. Who told you to spell agency that way?

It doesn't look right, admitted the barber. We had a big argument about it, me and the painter. I said I thought it was a-g-e-n-c-y, but he said it was a-g-e-n-c-e-y. He wouldn't give in to me and I wouldn't give in to him and we left it to a man that's president of the School Board. He spelt it the way it's on the window and we couldn't dispute it, could we?

NEWS SUMMARY.

CANADA.

Seven new post-offices have been opened in Ontario.

Deputy Chief Elmer, is now chief of the Kingston fire brigade.

The first mail to reach Dawson this winter arrived there Nov. 13.

On Nov. 13 Dawson had been free from new cases of smallpox for ten days.

Rev. Mr. McLeod, principal of the Indian Industrial School at Regina, is dead.

James Slorah is charged at Dawson with the murder of Pearl Mitchell, a variety actress.

The 22nd annual meeting of the Ontario Experimental Union will be held at Guelph, December 10.

The Hamilton Board of Trade favours a Dominion exhibit at the Pan American Exhibition at Buffalo.

Capt. Searth, of the N. W. M. P. recorder for Stewart River district, had a narrow escape from drowning en route to Dawson.

Venerable Archdeacon Dixon, of Guelph, who has retired, will receive a present of \$500 and a yearly allowance of \$700 from his congregation.

Pilot Joseph La Rochelle, who ran the steamship Turret Bay ashore near Quebec, has been suspended for nine months. This is his first mishap in 20 years.

Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann, at Winnipeg state that 2,000 men will be engaged in the spring to build the remaining 140 miles of the South-eastern Railway.

A. H. Selling, of New York, and H. C. Smith, of Mexico, are at Ottawa in connection with a scheme for utilizing the water power on the Ottawa near Tetreauville.

The tenant and owner of a house in Hull, Que., are suing the city for, in all, \$495 damage caused by fire. The alarm could not be sounded, and the city, they say, is responsible.

UNITED STATES.

John R. Beart is dead at Chicago from the effects of the bite of a bulldog.

Chicago, in an effort to suppress crime, has appointed 121 more policemen.

Alfred E. Hearne was killed by a train at Coneseraga, N. Y. His wife has become insane.

Two women were murdered and robbed and their bodies burned near Charlotte, N. C. They lived alone.

A Chicago court has given Miss Frances Cunningham \$3,000 for injuries received in falling from an Illinois Central train.

Eight men dynamited the Bank of Ashley, at Ashley, Ohio, then fired a fusillade at the citizens who gathered and decamped, securing nothing.

The German National Bank at Newport, Ky., robbed of \$190,000, sent the rest of its money to Cincinnati to avoid a "run" by angry depositors.

President Dewey, of the Worcester Street Railway Company, has been fined \$25 at the Police Court there for not heating the cars to the temperature required by law.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Liverpool and Glasgow are free of the plague.

The London County Council has voted to establish an electric service throughout the city.

The United Irish League requests the Irish members not to attend Parliament next month.

U. S. Ambassador Choate has made representations to the British Foreign Office on the subject of the Filipino Junta at Hong Kong.

Fannie Ward, the American actress, advertises in London a reward of \$1,000 for the return of \$5,000 worth of jewellery lost by her.

GENERAL.

Turkey owes its officials \$500,000.

A prisoner in an Italian jail has just been tortured to death.

The Italian Government offers \$40,000 for the capture of the brigand Mussolino.

The Parhena gold fields in Amur, Russia, will be exploited by an English syndicate.

It is believed that the emigration from Germany to the United States will be very heavy next spring.

Lester, dear, said Mrs. Giddings, anxiously to her husband, I don't like that cough of yours.

I'm sorry, replied Giddings, but it is the best I have.

May—What's that for, Charlie?
Charlie—That's a trap to catch the wretched little birds that watch and whisper to mamma everything that I do.