

THE FARM.

Feeding Lambs.

"One of the hardest things to do just now is to get the lambs on a grain diet. It is quite essential that they should be fed grain by the time cold weather comes, and it takes considerable good management to put them on the grain diet successfully," says E. P. Smith. "New grain is generally injurious to them because they are not used to it. New corn undigested may kill a lamb, or make half a flock sick and bring on inflammation of the bowels. A young lamb knows no more how to eat grain than a baby understands how to chew meat. In either case the habit of using food properly must be taught. If the child should swallow the meat without masticating it he would suffer as a consequence, and so with the lambs. A great many think that moist bran is the best grain diet to give to the lambs at first, but soft, mushy food is apt to cause trouble in the stomach as hard, lump grain. Oats and bran mixed together cause the least trouble. Corn is not a good grain to begin with, unless it is ground into meal. A few oats with moist bran sprinkled in them will tempt the lambs as much as any grain, and they will suffer the least from such a diet. A little bran should be scattered around the feeding trough to tempt them to try the grain. After licking up this they will begin to eat the oats and bran mixed together. Lambs should be fed a grain diet very carefully. Give them at first just enough to tempt them to come again. Do not overfeed them with grain. One false step in this direction may cost you the lives of several of the choicest animals. When they come readily to the feeding trough when called the diet should be increased a trifle each day, but they should not be placed upon a full diet of all that they will eat up clean inside of a month. If they are fed all they can eat in two weeks after first tempted with grain they are apt to have some bowel trouble that will make them weak all through the winter. The time of feeding should be at regular stated intervals. Irregularity in the time and quantity of the food are sources of a great deal of trouble with the winter lambs. Oats and bran should be fed the first week or two, and then wheat or rye can be mixed in and after a month corn can be fed. The latter grain is the hardest for the lambs to digest, and it should not be made a part of their grain diet until their stomachs have become accustomed to coarse food."

Money in Mutton.

The best time to buy sheep is in late summer or fall. It will soon be in order to couple sheep, and as early lambs add largely to the profit the management of sheep in the fall is as important as during any other season. The ram should be pure bred and procured from a flock where the sheep are thrifty. All ewes that are not robust, or which show the least evidence of unsoundness, should be discarded. By careful selection and bringing the ewes into the winter in good condition they will have no difficulty in withstanding the cold, and their lambs will be strong and thrifty in the early portion of the year. Dogs can be kept from sheep by judicious use of barbed wire, the lower strand being on the ground or buried two inches beneath the surface, and the next strand four inches above the lower one. Sheep do not often receive injury from barbed wire, the wool being a protection. If dogs can be kept from sheep they can be raised with but little labor, and will partially support themselves while plants are growing, both weeds and grass being consumed by them, and they will enrich the soil with their droppings, which are evenly distributed and trodden in.

When farmers recognize that wool is not the only product of sheep they will improve their flocks and make larger profits. While there are individual sheep with good records as producers of heavy fleeces, yet the average clipping of wool is not over four pounds per sheep, due to breeding sheep that can thrive on scanty pastures and ignoring size. The present flock can be almost entirely changed in two seasons, and at less expense than with any other class of stock. In England the farmers have ceased to attach importance to wool, breeding for mutton and lamb, with wool as a secondary product, and the long experience of the English farmers should be a guide to farmers in this country. In England the farmer pays a high rent and uses roots as a special food for sheep, the object being to produce a mutton of choice quality. In our large markets choice mutton sells readily, but it must be admitted that the large number of inferior sheep that reach the markets assist in keeping down prices to a certain extent, yet those farmers who have sent good ones to market have not been disappointed in profits.

Only Good Treatment Necessary.

Good food and good care are essential to successful poultry raising, but this does not by any means imply that it is necessary to be constantly fussing with them. It is possible to go to an extreme either way—to put in too much time adding and working with them, or neglecting them almost entirely, simply allowing them to take care of themselves. Good feed and good water with shade are almost all that are needed from spring until fall, if the fowls can be given a good range with healthy stock to begin with, and then good treatment is given them, they will need no artificial preparations to keep them healthy, and the feeding of cod liver oil feeds is an injury rather than a benefit. No lotion is sufficient to make up the daily wastes of the system. Material to make a steady growth is what is required, and the more completely this is supplied, the better will be the results in every way,

and this should be supplied at as low cost as possible in order to be able to realize the largest profit.

Maxims of an Old Teamster.

Bad-tempered driver—bad tempered team.
There are more balky drivers than balky horses.
Big loads, little profits.
Whips are like emetics, to be used very seldom.
Noisy drivers are like noisy wagons—both empty.
Axle grease modifies the grain bill.
A horse's power is proportionate to his food.
Regular and plentiful feeding is good economy.
Five cents' worth of sugar is better than a dollar in whips.
Blinders are worth more on the driver than on the horse.
He who cannot govern himself cannot govern horses.
The blacksmith is father to much lameness.
Few farm horses need shoes.
Horses need food and water whenever their driver does.
The golden rule applies to horses the same as to men.
The more whip the less horsemanship.

REMARKABLE GROUP OF PINES.

A Thousand to be Seen in a Cemetery in New Brunswick.

It is seldom that the mutilation of trees adds to their impressiveness, but a cemetery in St. Stephen, N. B., contains some hundreds of white pines, of unusual size and singular beauty, which shows the curious spectacle of branching, some three feet from the ground, into numerous great limbs, sometimes as much as seven feet in circumference. A hundred or so of these trees have attained large size, the most massive of them being 75 feet high and 11 feet and more in circumference, and the aspect of the huge horizontal or perpendicular branches, laden with heavy foliage, and the rugged, knotty boles from which they spring, is striking in character, while they have a certain dignity and solemnity especially befitting a cemetery.

As the ground on which they stand is supposed to have been burned over in 1801, when the adjacent country was laid waste by fire, the trees are all of

SECOND GROWTH.

Such of them as have been cut show 89 to 91 concentric rings, so that their age is less than 100 years, and they are still full of health and vigour, and promise to endure for years to come. Around them have sprung up hundreds of other stately trees, often six or seven feet in girth three feet from the ground, and the forest cemetery has the unusual charm from the solemnizing effect of these noble pines, through which the wind ever murmurs a gentle requiem for the departed.

Impressive as is the spectacle of the lofty unbranched trunks, which now and then indicate the site of a primeval forest in Maine or New Brunswick, there is something in the character of these distorted giants more imposing still, so that every visitor to this woodland burial place wanders through its shades, over the soft brown needles which carpet its undulating surface with a sentiment akin to awe. The checking of the upward growth in their youth has caused some of the trees to send up as many as fourteen branches—each one of the size and proportions of a leader, and some of them five or six feet in girth. One of the trees shows a sort of Siamese twin connecting link between two mighty trunks which rise almost perpendicularly to a considerable height.

The keeper estimates that there are

ONE THOUSAND

good-sized pines in the enclosure, several hundred of which are between five and ten feet in circumference. Of the curious branching trees of great size there are over one hundred, the largest of which is 11 feet eight inches in girth, with fourteen limbs forty to sixty feet long, some of them seven feet in circumference. Its height is seventy feet. Another, which is seventy-five feet high, has a girth of ten feet. Adjacent pines, less remarkable in growth, measure from seven and a half to nine and a half feet round.

Fine, well-kept gravel roads wind among these giants, and from certain open spaces of rising ground there are noble views of the St. Croix river, with chains of wooded hills marking its course. From the river the ground on the British side rises in a series of ridges, on one of which the cemetery is situated, at some distance from the busy little town of St. Stephen, which connects by a bridge with Calais, Maine. The whole river is remarkable for its fine landscape effects, enhanced by the rich coloring of its red granite shores and beaches. Its great tides, coming from the Bay of Fundy, rise at St. Stephen to the height of twenty-five feet, and recede, leaving but a thread of a stream to indicate its course, though it is a quarter of a mile in width at its headwaters, broadening at its mouth into Passamaquoddy Bay, with 600 islands breaking its imposing surface.

Youngest Medalist.

France, as well as England, has her decorations for those who save human lives. The other day at Trocadero, the Sauveteurs awarded their medal to Eugene Poirat, a baby 3 years old. A few months ago when the boy was playing with his younger brother in the yard of his home at Marly-la-Ville, the latter, aged 2, fell head foremost into a tub of water. Eugene, "a big fellow of 3," rushed to the rescue, but succeeded only in holding his brother by his clothes. His loud cries for "mamma" were not heard, and the little fists could hardly hold their heavy burden any longer. Then he fell upon the idea of calling "Julie," the name by which his father called his mother. This brought the mother upon the scene; in another moment she had her two children in her arms, and a few hours afterward the little ones had forgotten their adventure.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Trick With Fire.

A clever boy can do some mystifying conjuring and have no end of fun if he will only keep his wits about him and make each move at the proper time. The main thing is to keep the attention of the audience away from the pivotal point of the trick till the climax.

We heard about an easy one the other day, the preparation for which may all be done beforehand.

Did you ever see a conjurer hold up a bit of white paper, touch a match to it, and have a tiny flame start in the center of the paper and wind around until it had drawn the outlines of an animal or spelled somebody's name, and then die out, leaving the lines burned in the paper as though they had been cut out? It probably seemed very wonderful to you, but it is easily done.

Take some saltpeter and dissolve in water until the water will take up no more. Then with a wooden point, such as the sharpened end of a match, use this solution as ink and write your name or draw a pattern on paper. Any paper will do, but unsized paper will not show the mark when the liquid dries, which it will very soon do.

How are you to know where to start from? Make a pencil mark at the spot. When you are ready apply to the mark a tiny coal or glowing stick that is not actually aflame. You will see the burning spread until it has run all along the line you made, and it will mystify as well as amuse everybody who watches it.

After you have learned to do it successfully you can prepare a lot of papers with queer patterns and funny animals and have them tacked up on little frames, and perhaps give a little "show" all your own.

The Chinese Way.

Somebody has been observing Chinese methods and says that they do everything backward. Their compass points to the south instead of the north. The men wear skirts and the women trousers; while the men wear their hair long, the women coil their's in a knot. The dressmakers are men; the women carry burdens. The spoken language is not written, and the written language is not spoken. Books are read backwards, and any notes are inserted at the top. White is used for mourning, and the bridesmaids wear black—instead of being maidens, their functionaries are old women. The Chinese surname comes first, and they shake their own hands instead of one whom they would greet. Vessels are launched sideways, and horses are mounted from the off side. They commence their dinner with dessert, and end up with soup and fish. In shaving, the barber operates on the head, cutting the hair upward, then downward, and then polishes it off with a small knife, which is passed over the eyebrows and into the nose to remove any superfluous hairs; and the performance is completed by removing the wax from the ears with a piece of cotton wool on a wire.

What Puzzled Margery.

This is Margery's first year in school, and she is greatly interested in everything that occurs. One morning recently she came home greatly excited. "Oh, mamma," she said, "what do you think? Our teacher stopped right in the middle of a music lesson, and asked us how many turnips there are in a bushel. We just couldn't understand what that had to do with our music."

Mamma couldn't understand it, either, and the more positive Margery grew about this matter, the more her mamma felt she must be mistaken. Finally, to satisfy her own mind, one morning when she met the teacher Margery's mamma asked her what she meant by asking the children how many turnips there were in a bushel during a music lesson.

The teacher, too, was just as puzzled as Margery had been.

"Why, surely, I didn't ask such a question as that," she said. Then, after thinking a moment, she said, laughingly: "Why, I asked the children how many beats there were in a measure!" Margery's bright mind had done the rest.

A Trick With a Needle.

Although steel is harder than copper or silver, it would be a difficult feat to penetrate a coin with a needle in the ordinary way; but if it is thrust into a cork of just the same length as a needle, and given a quick, heavy blow with the hammer, the needle will be driven completely through it.

To insure the success of the experiment, the needle should be exactly covered by the cork, and must be placed so that it stands directly vertical to the face of the coin; but several trials may be necessary before this is accomplished. The coin may rest upon a piece of soft wood.

This trick is due to the principle of inertia, the quick blow driving the steel needle supported by the cork through the soft metal before it has had time to bend or break.

Magnetism in Man.

Every watchmaker knows that the human frame is an excellent magnet. A man will carry a watch for years, and be proud of its accuracy; then he will sicken, the watch will lie on the mantelpiece or on the chest of drawers, and will develop great inaccuracy and unreliability. The only explanation given is that the absence of magnetism upsets the time-announcer, and the best proof of this is that when the man recovers and takes his watch it soon gets right again. No two men appear to have the same magnetism in their frames, and it is seldom two can use the same watch satisfactorily.

SEEN IN NEW GUINEA.

Strange Life, Human and Other, in the Interior of the Island.

The only white man known to have crossed the island of New Guinea from shore to shore, to have actually traversed the vast unknown interior and seen the aboriginal Papuans face to face in their native forests, is Van Gestel.

"I started in 1874 from the mouth of the Fly river, in the Gulf of Papua, on the South coast of New Guinea, to run the frontier line. There was talk at that time of the annexation of New Guinea by the Government of Queensland, Australia, and so the Dutch Government resolved to define its possessions. I entered Papua with a detachment of a hundred Dutch soldiers, in their tidy uniforms of light blue linen, and a band of as many coolies to carry supplies.

"The interior of New Guinea is one vast mass of upheaved granite, without traces of minerals or metal ores, the strata tilted and piled topsy-turvy. Everywhere the work of volcanic eruptions is to be seen. Such a thinly populated region, considering the fact that it was an absolutely new country and that fruits and small game were so plentiful, I did not suppose could exist. The natives we saw from time to time, at a distance mostly; they never molested us. Their heads were flat on top, with long, curly, black hair; they went entirely naked. Their buttocks extended out eight and even ten inches, this repulsive deformity constituting a fleshy support amply capable of sustaining a child in

A SITTING POSITION.

Nor was this their most marked peculiarity. Some of the nursing mothers threw their breasts back over their shoulders or under their arms, as will, to feed the infant carried in a sling between their shoulders.

"The Papuans are a very unattractive race to look upon. In arms they were primitive to a degree that was astounding. They had neither bows nor spears that I saw, their only weapons being stone hatchets. Of the use of metals they seemed to be entirely ignorant. In the dry season they made their homes in caves, which they found or excavated for themselves. Some of these cave dwellings I visited, discovering fragments of their repasts and occasionally a broken stone axe. In the rainy season they live high in the trees, where they build rude houses of sticks laid around and intertwined with the branches, thatched with dried along-along, and reached by shaky-looking stick ladders.

"Most startling was the solitude, the destitution of life and motion, in the great central plateaus which we reached in our gradual ascent from the river level. There were plenty of small creatures of the squirrel tribe, some of the peculiar pig-headed deer we have in Java, and an occasional little tiger cat, rather handsome than hurtful looking. That was all. I saw in my whole journey, from the mouth of the Fly river on the southeast coast to Geelvink Bay on the northwest, not a single beast of prey, unless those pretty little spotted tree cats could be dignified by that name. Not a kangaroo of either the tree-climbing or grass-jumping variety was seen, nor any of the dingoes or wild dogs elsewhere reported. I did see a number of specimens of

THE GREAT BAT.

called by the natives kalong or 'flying dog,' with its curious coat of light brown hair and its wing expanse of six feet—truly a formidable looking creature, but not hurtful as I found it.

"But of birds there is, I verily believe, a vaster profusion of more beautiful tints and delicate plumage in New Guinea than anywhere else in the world. They fairly flamed through those sombre forests, which but for their bright hues and sharp cries would have been funereally suggestive. What a paradise the interior of New Guinea would be for a naturalist! From the great cebu, which devours stones, and the cassowary, through all the species of peafowl and the bird of paradise, down to the cochatos and the wood pigeons, there were birds of beauty in never ceasing variety and numbers.

"At suitable stations along the route I had the soldiers nail up on trees the Dutch flag and iron charts of the Dutch coast of arms, on most of which no white man's eyes have since fallen. When I reached Geelvink Bay, and realized that our task was finished, and that Holland's part of New Guinea was so definitely determined then and thenceforth that no other nation could lay claim to it, we gave a rousing cheer, and it must have been music in the ears of the solitary post holder whom the Government had even then for some years maintained on the coast. The poor fellow probably didn't see a friendly face more than half a dozen times a year. He lived in a block house, watching the coaling station for the Dutch war vessels in those waters."

Undoubtedly.

The people of Holland are commonly as matter-of-fact as the Scotch, and a figurative phrase bothers them sorely. Not long ago a traveller found in a cafe at Amsterdam a Dutchman who had travelled much, and who spoke English perfectly well.

"The Dutchman was smoking a china pipe of remarkable size and beauty, and the traveller, as an admirer and collector of such bric-a-brac, took the liberty to comment upon it.

"You could not stumble upon a pipe like that every day, said the traveller. The Dutchman took three or four whiffs at the pipe, and then slowly removed it from his mouth.

"Certainly not without breaking it, he said, gravely.

Well Named.

Why do you refer to the trees as acrobats?

Because their limbs are always in the air.

The Scorerer May be Scorchered.

Have you a bicycle suit, Larkin? I have. Does it fit? My lawyer fears it will when it comes to trial.

PURELY CANADIAN NEWS

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Gathered from Various Points from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Ottawa wants a curfew bell. Kingston's population is 17,950. The fall wheat plant is looking well. Safe blowers are at work in Stratford. Belle River recently held its first fair. At Wingham bread is four cents a loaf.

There are 10,000 Icelanders in Manitoba. New oil territory is being opened at Bothwell.

Fifty houses will be built in Picton next season.

An athletic association is to be formed at Hespeler.

The Woodstock hospital is trying to get out of debt.

Gravenhurst's tax rate is \$1-2 cents on the dollar.

The buildings put up in Berlin this year cost \$117,385.

A London boy has just harvested a good crop of peanuts.

Work on the Y. M. C. A.'s new building, London, has begun.

Recently a 30-pound porcupine was shot near Alliston.

The North Bay Public Library has been opened to the public.

Rev. John Curry, of the Orillia Baptist church, has resigned.

Three companies are competing for the Tottenham water works.

The new St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, has been formally opened.

McKutcheon's mill, Alton, has been burned at a loss of \$4,000.

Rev. F. Whelan, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, will resign.

Hunter and Crossley are holding revival meetings in New Brunswick.

Cattle roam over the streets of Owen Sound at their own sweet will.

Shipment of Canadian fruit to England by cold storage is not a success.

Goderich will soon have a checker tournament for young men under 19.

Interesting relics have been dug up in an old cemetery at Amherstburg.

Last year Stratford spent \$85,425 in improvements and new buildings.

The new curling and skating rink at Goderich has been formally opened.

Rev. W. H. Bradley, Alvington, is to be called to Knox Church, Mitchell.

A Sombra farmer raised a potato weighing three pounds 7-1/2 ounces.

The Longford Lumber Company will take out 9,000,000 feet this winter.

Two skeletons of Indians were dug up from an Orillia street the other day.

Last year Manitoba's cattle shipments were 22,000; this year they are 30,000.

The old Baptist church building and lot, Stratford, have been sold by auction.

In Hamilton church property is exempt from taxation to the value of \$1,086,470.

The G. T. R. will probably make Georgetown the terminus of one of its divisions.

About 265,000,000 feet of lumber have been cut this season by the Ottawa mills.

Dr. Jennie Hill, Bond Head, is appointed superintendent of a hospital in China.

Waterloo is talking of raising \$50,000 to buy its share of the water works plant.

Every night at Kingston young men gamble away hundreds of dollars playing poker.

A West Zorra farmer grew a cucumber 18 inches long and a foot in circumference.

Next season a tally-ho coach will run between Port Cockburn and the Parry Sound railway.

A Port Dover man shows a table made of 200 different kinds of wood, and containing 19,000 pieces.

David Broughton, of Stamford, has fallen heir to a big fortune in the States by the death of a grand uncle.

The Livingstons, of Waterloo county, are arranging to buy 1,000,000 bushels of flax-seed in the North-west.

The Assize Court grand jury at Stratford was so pleased with the city hospital that it contributed \$13 to it.

London has two men who sit in adjoining pews in the same church, and yet never recognize each other on the street.

Wm. Curtis, mail carrier, between Muirkirk and Palmyra, asserts that his hair has not been cut since 1834, almost sixty-one years ago. He is ninety years old.

Jos. Forder, son of Bandmaster Forder of the 25th Battalion band, Berlin, died recently in the 18th year of his age. When fourteen he composed the Aberdeen Waltz, and was a promising musician.

A shark recently washed ashore at Midian, British Columbia, had two distinct tails, three perfect eyes, and what appeared to be the rudiment of a fin or flapper hanging to the under jaw.

A discovery of a new deposit of placer gold bearing gravel has been discovered near Vernon, B.C., in a rather remarkable manner. The wife of a rancher named Smith, on killing a fowl, found in the bird's crop several nuggets of gold, evidently picked up in the gravel pile to which the hen daily resorted.

The ground in the vicinity has been staked out and will be worked.

A Difficult Requirement.

The curious effect that may be produced by a very small transposition of words and ideas is illustrated by this slightly "mixed" construction, recently given by an officer at drill to a company of men:

When I give the command, 'Halt' you will bring the foot which is on the ground to the side of the one which is in the air, and remain motionless!

The Rivals.

Mr. Richello—"Miss De Slum is evidently a woman of many fine points."

Rival Belle—"I should say so. Did you see her elbows?"