

FARM.

THE FALL WHEAT CROP

The acreage of the new crop of fall wheat in the province is about the same as that given to the crop of this year. The early harvest gave ample opportunity for cultivation of the soil, and but for the continued drouth at the sowing period, which deterred many from sowing their seed wheat in the parbed ground, a wider area would have been devoted to the crop. The appearance of wheat sown on summer fallows is favorable, but on clay land, owing to the baking effects of the drouth, the soil was hard and uninviting, and a portion of the seed perished in the ground from lack of moisture. There was not much growth in October, and the beard is rather short, but taken on the whole the appearance and general condition of the crop at the end of the month may be ranked as fair. In the Lake Erie and Lake Huron counties the Hessian fly and the wire-worm, the latter especially, are said to have done harm to the young plants, but elsewhere little or no injury is reported by insects.

NORTHWEST PRAIRIE CATTLE.

The second train load of beef steers from the rancho of the Northwest Cattle Company arrived on Thursday at the Canadian Pacific stock yards at Hochelaga. A large number of buyers were present, including a number of city butchers. The exporters were anxious to gobble up the whole lot for shipment, but the rancho company were determined, if possible, that the people here should have an opportunity of trying the qualities of our prairie beef. Brown Bros. & Nicholson purchased one pen, containing fifty head, at \$56 each. The cattle were then weighed on the Canadian Pacific railway scales, and averaged over 1,370 lbs per head all round, the first batch weighing exactly 1,403 lbs each. The lot realized about \$56 per head.

MILK QUICKLY.

When I milk in seven minutes a cow giving nine quarts at one milking, she never varies. When I change cows, lest in my occasional absence the cow might resent the presence of a stranger, and the man takes 15 minutes to milk her, the cow gives a quart or two less. The same happened when because of a badly bruised thumb I milked the cow more slowly than usual. A cow with short teats is milked by using the bent thumb and the first two fingers, and is thus milked as quickly as another cow with the whole hand. When another milker strips the cow with the forefinger the milk always falls off. If, as is most probable, a good deal of milk is secreted during the milking, the quicker milking should get the most milk, and the quantity should keep regularly up to the standard yield so long as the same quick method is practised.

POINTS OF A GOOD COW.

A great deal has been said and written in regard to the appearance of good milk cows, and a multitude of irrelevant and nonsensical signs have been laid before the public which have tended rather to confuse and mislead than to guide and enlighten the inexperienced. A sign which has no connection with the thing it claims to signify is always worse than useless, and it is just as likely to lead wrong as right, and detracts from more intelligent indications. What important connection is there between a large flow of milk and a "Roman nose," or a "hollow head," a long head or a short one, a crumpled horn or a straight one, or one that tapers evenly, or unevenly, or a slim tail, or a peculiarly shaped ear or dewlap? Yet these, and a score of other signs equally irrelevant, are ever and anon circulating through the press to guide, or rather mislead, the inexperienced purchaser.

BRAN ON THE FARM.

Professor Brown, of the Ontario Agricultural college at Guelph, Can., recently summed up the usefulness of bran to farmers, after having carefully considered its chemical composition:

1. Bran is a concentrated food, which, though variable in composition, possesses high nutritive value.
2. Roller process bran is, on the average, richer than old process bran.
3. Its excess of ash or mineral matters eminently fits it for bone building in growing animals, and for supplementing the lack of mineral matters in roots.
4. Its chemical composition points to the conclusion that it is somewhat better adapted to the information of fat and production of heat than to the formation of muscle or of milk.
5. Both its chemical composition and its physical form adapt it admirably as a supplementary food to be used in connection with poor and bulky fodder, such as straw and roots.

NOTES

Don't keep over many hens, unless it be a few extra good breeders, as they are not likely to lay enough during the winter months to pay for their keep. Sell them off at some price.

As the days shorten and "fall work" crowds, the lantern must needs be taken to the barn nights and mornings. Be sure to have a safe place to hang it, even if a large lantern is paid up in advance.

Don't let your chickens go into winter quarters with scaly legs. Treat them to a couple of applications of sulphur and lard, and coal oil the roosts frequently. Scaly legs are not only unsightly, but fowls cannot do the work they ought to thus encumbered.

Sunflowers are used in Wyoming territory for fuel. The stalks when dry are as hard as maple wood and make a hot fire, and the seed heads with the seeds in are said to burn better than the best hard coal. An acre of sun-flowers will furnish fuel for one stove for a year.

Onions can be kept through the winter easily, though there is much trouble in it if not kept right. The requirements are ripe onions, sound when put away, and a cool, dry place. There is a large percentage of water in them, and if put in large heaps they will sweat and sprout.

The greatest yield of grain reported this season is by Capt. Geo. Wood who has brought into town a single set of wheat containing fifty-one stems, about forty of these are fully matured large heads well filled, the others are scarcely ripe but of good size. Mr. J. H. Wood claims that he can't do even this; he has in his garden a single

stool of oats containing seventy-eight straws well headed.

One of the best arrangements for providing feed for fowls on the farm is to have a sheet iron barrel made and placed on a furnace in the back yard, and into this let all the kitchen slops, refuse vegetables and a little grain find lodgment, together with heads and scraps from the butcher shop. If one is near at hand. About every other day kindle a fire under your tank and let it boil for an hour or so, and you will have most excellent soft food that never gets stale or unpalatable for the chicks. And you will be surprised at the amount of cheap food you can provide in this manner.

Push along the pullets that you intend to keep for winter layers. If you can get them to begin laying before freezing weather they will keep it up all winter if properly cared for.

THE SHOP GIRL'S LIFE.

Experience of an Amateur Saleslady—Aggravated shopping.

Fannie B. Merrill, who has recently "written up" her experiences as an amateur shoplifter, saleslady, etc., lately devoted an entire day to getting at the truth of the statement, so often heard, that nearly every salesgirl is impertinent. She made the test in New York and she writes to The New York World:—Shopping pure and simple is bad enough and wearying enough, but aggravated shopping is an invention of the being supposed to look out for idle hands. From 10.30 o'clock until 6 at night, and only a short respite for refreshment, I devoted myself to the task of being as aggravating as possible. Into every good shop in the neighborhood of Twenty-third street I went, and asked anywhere from one to five hundred questions. Everything I saw I asked about, and about a good many things I did not see and never expected in this life to see. Not only this, but of every conceivable thing that was sold by the yard I begged samples.

"How much is this; 25 cents, did you say? That's a good deal, is it not? Will it wash? Haven't you any finer? Do you expect to have any? Will it be the same color? These aren't the same shades, are they?" and so on, and at the end of the old familiar, "Will you give me a sample, please, of these four?"

This was the test: Seven hours of solid interrogation points. The result was not one single, solitary, impertinent answer.

The girls looked wearied some times, and the salesmen at times assumed an air of over-powering courtesy and reverence, which the humble person might well think exaggerated—but saucy or careless, never.

Of her experience as an amateur saleslady Miss Merrill writes at length, giving numerous incidents to illustrate the trials of the salesgirl's life, and concludes as follows:—As observers of casual human nature these girls behind the counter are keen and sharp. They are what we call "nice girls," and the majority of them know very well the signs and ear-marks of higher civilization. They recognise a gentleman at a glance, and their manner in waiting upon such is equally well bred, while the fact that they do often become careless or quick of speech is a something which surely deserves especial credit.

How cross it makes almost any one to be jostled in a crowd, especially when one is footsore and weary. What do you think, then, it must be like to be jostled and bumped all day, as these girls of necessity are jostled by each other. The space behind the counter is narrow and the heavy part of the body comes just between the counter and shelves. Two big girls or even two ordinary girls, each in a hurry to wait on her own customer, meet and find it impossible to be each in the same place at once. Bruised and tired hips are a necessity, and these, added to burning feet and, very likely, an aching head and invariably a dusty throat, are almost enough in the eyes of nature to demand respect.

There is certainly much in getting used to anything, and girls who have been accustomed to standing hour in and hour out do not feel the strain and misery so much as long as they are well. All the same, if my experience is worth anything, I can say honestly I was never so absolutely tired out in my life as I was after six hours of that standing and letting the world rush by. The firm provides stools for such times as a girl is not needed, but professional enthusiasm kept me from accepting the tacit invitation. As a result, when five minutes of six came, as everybody knew it had by the appearance of one customer who invariably comes in at that time, and who is consequently known as Mrs. Five-Minutes-of-Six. When she appeared I must say I could distinctly feel my shoe heels in the hollows of my knees. Weak, tired and aching in every bone of my body, I was glad enough to drag myself to the door, take a hansom and get home and have a good three-hours rest before I even touched my dinner.

Then it was, dear friends, that I registered a solemn vow with my own sense of Christianity never again to be impatient with a girl who shall be slow or even impatient. There is still war to the knife between me and the girl who chews gum on one side of her rosy mouth, while the other discourses of the way "he threw a kiss to us all when he came down this morning," and then, seeing me patiently waiting, asks Miss O'Snakes to "see what that woman wants anyway." There is still many a pretty bout left for us, but, please Heaven, I will go three-quarters of the way to be decent to the patient, delicate girls who do their best, be that best good or bad.

A Peculiar Escort.

There is a dog at one of the hotels in the White Mountains which seems to possess in a rare degree the instincts of a guide. For eight years past he has piloted almost daily during the season visitors and pleasure seekers to the glen not far from the house. Whenever a guest of the house says to the dog, "Gibson, I want to go to the glen," he at once assumes his duties of escort, and performs them as graciously and as satisfactorily as could be wished. As he conducts his charge through the glen, he will pause every little while as if to call attention to the beauties of the scenery; and should the tourist get off on a side path, Gibson drops behind and refuses to take the lead again until the way is retraced. However long the pleasure seeker wishes to remain in the glen, the dog always waits patiently, and then leads the way back, carrying his head erect, as if proud of the duty accomplished. He is very fond of women and children, and shows them marked attention.

HOUSEHOLD.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

CARAMEL CAKE.—Beat together two cups of sugar and one of butter, add the yolks of five eggs, and one cup of milk, stirring in the whites alternately with the flour, (three and a half cups sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.) Bake in thin layers. For the filling, boil together two cups of molasses, one and a half cups of brown sugar, and one-half cup of milk with a tablespoonful of butter. Boil for ten minutes, and add half a cake of Baker's chocolate, grated, and two tablespoonfuls of corn starch dissolved in cold water. Boil until it is of the consistency of a rich custard, drop in a tiny pinch of soda and remove from the fire. Flavor it with vanilla when cold, and spread thickly between the layers, covering the top with the same.

ROAST TURKEY.—After drawing the turkey, rinse out with several waters, and in the next to the last mix a teaspoonful of soda. Fill the body with this water, shake well, and rinse with clear water. Prepare dressing by taking pieces of dry bread, pour a very little boiling water on them, cover tightly, let stand until soft. Add lumps of butter, three finely mashed potatoes, pepper, salt, sage, and two well beaten eggs. Mix thoroughly. Rub inside of turkey with pepper and salt. Stuff the craw and tie a string tightly about the neck. Fill body and sew it up with a strong thread. Tie the legs down firmly, press the wings close to the sides and secure with a cord around the body. Steam from one to three hours, or until easily pierced with a fork. Remove to pan; place on the breast very thin slices of pickled pork, sprinkle with pepper and salt and dredge with flour. Keep plenty of water in the pan and baste frequently. Cook until a nice brown and perfectly tender. Serve with cranberry sauce and giblet gravy. To make the gravy—After the turkey is dressed, place the pan on top of stove, remove most of the fat. Chop the giblets which have been previously boiled for two hours, add the gravy with the water in which they were cooked, season to taste, thicken and stir constantly until the flour is well cooked.

Potatoes should be peeled as thin as possible, the mealy part lays just under the skin begin to peel at one end of the potato, holding it in your left hand, a small sharp knife in the right, turn the potato as you peel it and break the peel as little as possible. Take out every eye and speck. When boiled, pour off at once, shake the potatoes in the saucepan and put them on the stove with the cover half off to steam dry. If they have more than three minutes to wait before being served lay a clean cloth over them.

How to Make a Good Wife.

- Be attentive and courteous to her.
- Be cheerful when you enter your house.
- Don't be afraid to praise her neat room and bright fire.
- Don't be afraid to praise her mending, and her skill in fashioning and making.
- Don't fail to give her words of approbation when you can conscientiously approve.
- Never deceive her. Be ever true to her.
- Let your conduct be such that she will be proud of you.
- Be so upright that she will be happy in teaching your children to honor you.
- Do not sit silent all the evening absorbed in reading your book or newspaper.
- Give your family some of your attention. Tell them the amusing things that have brightened your day's labor.
- Speak kindly to the children.
- Play and talk with them a few minutes after supper.
- Interest yourself in your wife's employment.
- Encourage her when she is down hearted.
- Be glad with her when she is happy.
- Let her know by words and actions that she is appreciated and you make her happier as she walks by your side.
- Don't wait to tell the world upon marble that which will be so grateful to her loving heart to hear from your lips.
- Share with her your good fortune as unselfishly as you do your ill.
- Let her walk by your side your honored companion, your strong hand helping her over the rough places, and sustaining her when wearied, lest she faint.

Trials of Young Woman Employees.

New York Letter to the Albany Journal:—There has been created in New York City a class of young ladies who work for a living as telegraphers, typewriters, secretaries and other intellectual occupations. Because several scandals have become notorious among them, careless tongues wag recklessly, but as a rule they are just about the nicest, loveliest girls in town. A philanthropic matron of millions said to me:—"Half the stories these girls tell are of the tests their characters are put to, and the approaches they forever must guard against. One young lady I know of secured a place as secretary to a lawyer on one day, and the next day he flung his arms around her and kissed her. Another had to carry manuscript to an office every now and then, and one day the white-haired head of the place vowed he loved her. He said he was unhappily married, but he hoped that would provoke her sympathy and not her dislike. An employee of the Customs service, not so far from here as to be out of this State, was sent to search a suspected woman smuggler, and when she undertook her task the smuggler proved to be a man—a very keen-witted practical humorist. One concern in town, which employs hundreds of girls, put detectives on the sidewalk to prevent them from being insulted out of doors by persons waiting for them to come out. The detectives would be more useful inside the building. But the subject makes me wax warm as I ponder over it, and as the things which I know about woman's work beside man pour in on my intellect like a young Niagara. You would also be indignant could you know the sum of torture girls put up with to keep floorwalkers and superintendents from falsely reporting them and getting them discharged, the armor they have to wear to keep employers in their places, the things they have to hear and see in silence, knowing there is no redress but to throw up their livings."

STORIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.

STORY OF A SWALLOW.

People have swallowed unpleasant creatures while incautiously drinking from brooks and springs, and it is said a mouse once ran down a dog's throat; but we never heard of a boy swallowing a bird. The Boston Record tells of one who narrowly escaped doing so.

"I've heard of strange accidents befalling people," remarked a surgeon the other evening, "but the one I was called upon to attend the other afternoon beats anything for novelty that ever came under my notice."

"A little boy was flying a kite on the house-top. Another lad two or three houses away was engaged in the same diversion. One opened his mouth to call to the other, and just then a flock of swallows came flying by."

"One of the swallows, evidently confused flew against the boy's face, driving his bill clean through his cheek. In his agony the lad closed his teeth hard and held the bird fast. The swallow was partly stunned by the shock, and with the bird sticking out from his cheek, the lad ran downstairs to his mother."

"She removed the bird and summoned me to attend the lad. That bird now occupies a handsome cage in the house, and its owners wouldn't part with it under any consideration."

KILLED BY AN ELEPHANT.

Novices are not always contented to be treated as such. The boy who goes into a gymnasium for the first time is too likely to think that he must attempt whatever he sees others doing. Reckless of consequences, he tries the heavy weights and parallel bars, and pretty certainly gets well lamed, if not permanently injured. Courage and emulation are good in their way, but can never take the place of discretion and experience. The following tragical story of South African life enforces this lesson, and illustrates at the same time the folly of "old hands" in chaffing a new comer before they have tried his spirit.

A young Englishman who sailed in the same ship with me, was up country with a number of experienced hunters, under whom he was to serve a sort of apprenticeship to the elephant business. One of them chaffed him sorely about his inexperience, telling him he would be afraid to face the game, and otherwise irritating him.

Next morning when the camp awoke, they found he had taken his horse and gun and gone alone into the bush, leaving a message that he would kill an elephant by himself or never return.

Knowing well the danger to which the young fellow would almost certainly be exposed, the older hunters, now sorry for the chaff, but still hoping all would be well, rode off on his trail. After about four miles they picked up, from the trampled ground, evidence that their friend was tracking a herd of five or six elephants. Still pursuing their course, they shortly heard the report of a rifle, and coming on a clear space, were just in time to witness the death of the unfortunate youth.

When they caught sight of him, he was standing, away from his horse, in the cover of a small bush, which would not have sufficed to stop the charge of a goat, and was aiming at a furious bull, trumpeting and charging, already within twenty or thirty paces of his ill-judged place of concealment. The new arrival at once fired, trying to stop the great brute in his charge, but it was too late; he had seen and probably smelt his enemy, who in a moment more was lying dead, his skull fractured, while the angry animal kneaded his body into the sand.

DOCILE MULE.

A mule is generally taken for the very type of ignorance and obstinacy; but here is an account of one that learned wisdom in a single lesson—which is doing better than some who think themselves very good scholars. The teller of the story, Mr. Robert Crawford, was travelling in South America, and had come to a hard place in the Andes.

My companion, whose mule was old and very steady, tried it first, while I with excited interest looked on. He gradually got the mule to the base of the rock, round which there was just room to creep. The patient brute, glancing down into the chasm below, seemed to realize the position in a moment. Leaning inwards with its side against the face of the rock, it worked inch by inch, round the projecting point, till the secure ground beyond was safely reached.

Then came my turn to advance, and, leading my mule, a young one, cautiously round to the upper side for the purpose of taking off the saddle; but with the proverbial stubbornness of its race or the confidence of inexperienced youth, the moment I had left its head, on went the mule, and no threats or brandishments of mine could prevail on it to stop.

Arrived at the difficult point, and following the example of the one before it, or, more probably, the teaching of instinct, it lay up against the face of the rock, and proceeded to pass the obstacle in a much more rapid and vigorous manner than that already described.

A projecting point caught the saddle, impatient of the hindrance, struggled to get past, and, losing its balance, was precipitated down the slope.

I looked, expecting to see my mule's body roll over into the chasm below; but, with the activity of a goat, it gained its legs, after a fall of some twenty feet, and climbed cautiously up to where I stood.

If ever there was a penitent mule, that was one. Shame for its impatient behavior, that had caused the catastrophe, was expressed in its eyes as clearly as if it had the power to utter its contrition verbally. It was a reformed mule from that moment, and followed me for the remainder of our route with the patient sagacious trust of a dog.

Wonderful.

"Yes, sir," went on Professor X. to a gentleman to whom he had recently been introduced, "I have given some attention to the study of human nature, and I rarely fail to read a face correctly. Now, there is a lady," he continued, pointing across the room, "the lines of whose countenance are as clear to me as type. The chin shows firmness of disposition, amounting to obstinacy, the sharp, pointed nose a vicious temperament, the large mouth volubility, the eyes a dryness of soul, the—" "Wonderful, Professor, wonderful." "You know something of the lady, then?" said the Professor complacently. "Yes, a little, she's my wife."

Bill Nye and His Servant Girl.

Personal—Will the young woman who edited the gray department and corrected proof at our pie foundry for two days and then jumped the game on the evening that we were to have our clergyman to dine with us, please come back, or write to 32 Park Row, saying where she left the crackers and cheese?

Come back, Wilhelmina, and be our little sunbeam once more. Come back and cluster around our hearthstone at so much per cluster.

If you think best we will quit having company at the house, especially people who do not belong to your set.

We will also strive, O so hard, to make it pleasant for you in every way. If we had known four or five years ago that children were offensive to you, it would have been different. But it is too late now. All we can do is to shut them up in a barn and feed them through a knot-hole. If they shriek loud enough to give pain to your throbbing brow, let no one know, and we will overcome any false sentiment we may feel towards them and send them to the Tombs.

Since you went away we can see how wicked and selfish we were and how little we considered your comfort. We miss your glad smile, also your Tennessee marble cake and your salt pie. We have learned a valuable lesson since you went away, and it is that the blame should not have rested on one alone. It should have been divided equally, leaving me to bear half of it and my wife the other half.

Where we erred was in dividing up the blame on the basis of tenderloin steak or peach cobbler, compelling you to bear half of it yourself. That will not work, Wilhelmina. Blame and preserves do not divide on the same basis. We are now in favor of what may be called a sliding scale. We think you will like this better.

We also made a grave mistake in the matter of nights out. While young I formed the wicked and pernicious habit of having nights out myself. I panted for the night air and would go a long distance and stay out a long time to get enough of it for a mess and then bring it home in a paper bag, but I can see now that it is time for me to remain indoors and give young people like yourself a chance, Wilhelmina.

So if I can do anything evenings while you are out that will assist you, such as stoning raisins or neighbouring windows, command me. I am no cook, of course, but I can peel apples or grind coffee, or hold your head for you when you need sympathy. I could also soon learn to do the plain cooking, I think, and friends that come to see us after this have agreed to bring their dinners.

There is no reason why harmony should not be restored among us and the old sunlight come back to our roof-tree.

Another thing I wish to write before I close this humiliating personal. I wish to take back my harsh and bitter words about your singing. I said that you sang like a sawmill, but I was mad when I said it, and I wronged you. I was maddened by hunger, and you told me that mush and milk was the proper thing for a brain-worker and you refused to give me any dope on my dumping. Goaded to madness by this, I said that you sang like a shingle mill, but it was not my better, higher nature that spoke. It was my grosser and more gastric nature that asserted itself, and I now desire to take it back. You do not sing like a shingle mill—at least so much as to mislead a practised ear.

Your voice has more volume, and when your upper register is closed is mellow than any shingle mill I ever heard.

Come back, Wilhelmina. We need you every hour.

After you went away we tried to set the bread as we had seen you do it, but it was not a success. The next day it came off the nest with a litter of small, scallow rolls which would easily resist the action of acids. If you cannot come back, will you please write and tell me how you are getting along and how you contrive to insert air holes in home-made bread?—[Bill Nye in New York World.]

Presence of Mind.

"The wedding which we announced last week would take place at the residence of Judge Plunkett," says an Idaho paper in its society column, "came very near being marred by an awkward occurrence. It happened thus:—The bride, Miss Duckie Plunkett, and her intended, Mr. Frank R. Ellsworth, the enterprising young rancher of Pizen Point, had just taken their places under a large floral six-shooter, and the Rev. Pendersmott was beginning the simple but impressive ceremony when the proceedings were suddenly interrupted by the unexpected arrival of the efficient Pizen Point Vigilance Committee, which promptly lynched the groom to a large tree in front of the house on the judge's well-kept lawn for being implicated in some horse-stealing operation at the Point. Everyone, of course, supposed that this would break up the wedding, and regrets were being expressed on all sides when Miss Duckie, with rare presence of mind and commendable courage, stepped forward and announced her intention of marrying the Rev. Pendersmott himself. This was received with shouts of enthusiasm by the assembled friends, and the ceremony was performed by Justice Woolly, who happened to be present. Thus it will be seen that the decision and promptness of the young lady avoided a very unpleasant termination of the leading social event of the week."—[Chicago Tribune.]

New Russian Wheat.

A very fine sample of the Russian wheat has been raised by Mr. Keith, on his farm at Touchwood Hills reserve. It was sown on the 12th of May and harvested on the 22nd of August. Mr. Keith is certain that the Russian wheat would ripen two weeks earlier than the red Fife. Another sample grown by Mr. Grant on the Assiniboine reserve, was sown on the 24th of May and harvested on the 24th of August. The yield in neither instance could be obtained as only a small quantity had been threshed. From a number of other reports obtained from farmers who had each received a three-pound bag, the yield showed from one bushel to three bushels and 53 pounds, which are the largest yields yet heard of. Three hundred and thirty-seven three-pound bags were distributed in Manitoba and the Northwest, and a large number of these have yet to be heard from; and as soon as all the information is available, a full report will be published in a bulletin from the experimental farm at Ottawa.

Before a century it is estimated that London will have a population of 7,000,000.