

# THE FARM

## Attend Conventions.

BY JAS. W. ROBERTSON, DAIRY COMMISSIONER

From conventions of farmers I derive much assistance for the carrying on of the public work which has been committed to my care; and, as far as a speech or article of mine can be made a vehicle, a servant and a nourisher of thought, I will very willingly minister to my brother farmers. Let me specify a few of the aspects of real service that come to the dairy and agricultural interests from annual conventions. A store of information is provided for all who come and for all who will read the reports of proceedings. Every member who can, ought to contribute something to the general fund of knowledge. The fund of available information of a reliable and helpful quality is sometimes more scanty than the financial resources of the Association or Institute. The discussions which these meetings call forth define into clearness many questions and subjects of dispute, which before were visible only through the haziness and mist of imperfect knowledge. The qualities of enthusiasm which these conventions inspire in the breasts and evoke from the lips and hands of the farmers give greater confidence in the capabilities of their own business, and morhope in the future of their opportunities and country. The enjoyment of these are often the best part of a man's or a nation's capital. Among those who are actively engaged in promoting co-operative dairying, it is very important that confidence in each other should be created and maintained. Intelligence can grow into a full co-operation of dairymen in Ontario, by which their concerted action can enable them to better their circumstances in every respect. The condition of the farmers on this whole continent—more so, perhaps, in the United States than here—threatens the honor and peace of the nation. Such gatherings as here recommended will help to rescue farming from its rather discreditable condition. Farmers as a class, are easily discouraged; and they have been discouraged beyond reason during recent years, by being assiduously directed to view their competitors with alarm, and to contemplate their waning influence on the markets with rising anger towards somebody, or something, or someone, which is variously named "the other classes", "the other interests", "the trusts", "the combinations", "the governments" or "Providence". Now, the enlarged and improved carrying facilities of the world have made competitors out of producers who are far removed from each other by geographical location. The butter-maker in New Zealand has become next door neighbour in competition with the creamery butter maker in Ontario. This world-wide competition is an integral part of the developments of modern civilization. It was not brought about by the will or doing of any one mind; and the farmer, like all other men, had better adjust his practices to the new conditions than waste his time trying to bring the old regime back. However, while he has lost control at one end of his business—while the influence of the individual on the market end of the business has been decreased—he has gained control at the other end of his business in a more than compensating measure. Increased knowledge, new appliances and improved methods have brought the cost of production more and more under his control. Profit always arises from the difference between the cost of production and the market price that may be obtained. If the latter cannot now be raised or enlarged at will, the former can be lowered and reduced by intelligent labor and management; and the profit may still be as great, and may be made to depend on that safer and more controllable factor—the home-end of the business. The more time a farmer takes to attend farmers' conventions, called to discuss his own business, the more thoroughly will he be equipped to enlarge his profit in the manner which I have indicated. Many men voice their unwisdom in saying that they have no time to attend conventions. How would a farmer be rated who said he had no time to plough or cultivate his soil? For successful agriculture, the mind, as well as the field, needs to be stirred up to receive seed, in order that its harvest may be matured and reaped. If you will go back through all the materials, processes and products that are coming in excellent quality from any farm, you will find behind these things, as an essential to their economical production, somebody's clear thinking and somebody's good management. The agency whereby the farmer is enabled to exercise these functions—clear thinking and skillful and economical management—is his own mind. The harrowing up in a meeting with his fellows will kill multitudes of weeds and provide for the growth of remunerative crops. A workman who is thoughtful enough to labor with dull tools works at a great disadvantage. It pays a carpenter to take time to sharpen his chisels and to grind his axe.

## Keep the Buildings Painted.

The season for painting is again at hand, and if you have your house painted in modern colors you should change the shade of the foundation colors, at least at the next painting. It will cost no more, and you perhaps will be better pleased. One thing is certain, it will look different, and those who see it every day, or occasionally, will know that you have repainted the building. Yet, for the country and a common, plainly constructed house, there is nothing superior to white with green blinds. It is quite a durable color and looks neat and tasty, and during the winter season the green blinds offer a pleasing contrast to the beautiful snow.

If a house is painted two good coats of white it should last ten years at least, but in the meantime the green blinds will have badly faded and should receive a coat of paint every five years, and it will take a close observer to tell whether the whole building was painted or not, as the green gives the whole structure an appearance of newness pleasing to the eye. For common, plain work it is not necessary to employ an experienced painter, but you can do the work yourself or let the hired man do it, as most men can handle a paint brush with considerable skill and like to do it for a change.

The outbuildings should be painted with a red, drab or brown color. The greatest expense is for oil, as any of the mineral paints in dry form can be obtained at from two to three cents per pound. Raw linseed oil is cheaper than boiled, does not dry so quickly, leaves a better gloss

and is more lasting, but does not preserve the wood as well as does boiled oil, which penetrates deeper and acts as a preservative. When using any of the dry paints they should be thoroughly mixed, and stirred up frequently while applied. Add oil and color before the bottom of the paint bucket is reached, or the building will look streaked after six months if too much of the sediment is applied.

Many practice painting the wooden shingle roofs of buildings, but it is questionable about its being a paying investment. To our eyes it does not add to the ornamentation of the building, and unless applied very evenly soon looks streaked and cheap, and on high buildings with steep roofs the operation of painting is a dangerous one.

In practice it has been proven that if shingles are dipped in oil for half their length, and allowed to remain in it for half an hour, they will last longer than if painted every few years. Before dipping, the shingles should be thoroughly seasoned, and will then absorb nearly a gallon of boiled oil per thousand. Tin and iron roofs should be painted, unless previously galvanized, and even then in a few years painting will be necessary for preservation.

Many of our best and most experienced painters are not using the prepared paints as freely as a few years since, as they are not as durable as that you prepare yourself from lead and oil, adding any colored pigment you desire for color.

## Too Much Starch.

A colt or calf or working animal will eat more starch in corn or hay than it needs in order to get enough proteins to build up its muscles. The worst part of it is that this excess is all wasted as it is worth practically nothing in manure. It is carbon and the air is full of carbon.

If an excess of proteins, or muscle-forming food, were fed, it would be worth nearly as much in the manure as a fertilizer as it is for food. It contains the nitrogen that makes commercial fertilizers so costly. The by-products are helping us grow better animals stopping wasteful feeding and enriching the manure. If all of us cannot grow oats and other grains rich in proteins, we can purchase by-products of factories, and balance the rations for colts, calves and pigs. The demand for them will increase as we learn more of the profit to be gotten from feeding a little of them with corn and hay.

## Brains Versus Muscle.

We have known men to make and save money from farming, who were out of bed and ready to go to work as soon as they could see; who worked upon the jump until it was nearly time for breakfast, then milked the cows and turned them into the pasture, gave the hogs some swill, threw a little corn to the hens, and swallowed their breakfast as rapidly as possible to get back into the field to work at top speed until noon, when they took a hasty bite of such as was provided for them, that they might hurry back again to work until the hour appointed for supper, after which they worked until dark, and then had the cows to bring up and milk, unless the boy had done that, and the hogs to feed again (the hens were not thought of by him at night, though some other member of the family might have fed them), then tumble into bed to sleep the sleep of the thoroughly exhausted until another day began.

They had no more use for brains than their oxen, and not as much as their horses, yet by going without the luxuries, most of the comforts, and some of the necessities of life, they accumulated property enough to carry them from old age, which came at fifty or sooner, to the time when death relieved them from pain.

We have seen another who was ready to meet his hired men at the hour appointed for beginning the day's work, tell them what must be done; look over the stock and note the condition of each animal, and give directions for the feeding and care of each one; look over the fields, perhaps riding as he did so, to plan the work that must come next in order; put a little time into a visit to the market, or an examination of the market reports of his agricultural paper; see to the putting up of his products for market; look occasionally to see how the hired help were doing their work; see that the cows and other stock were brought to the barn at the right hour, and that their rations were of the proper character and given at the right time; and find plenty of time to take a ride now and then for pleasure or business.

His teams were always in working order. His cows gave more milk, and his sheep yielded more wool, and his fields larger crops than any other farmer's did, and he was "lucky." He never lost animals by disease or crops by insects or rust, and he always got the highest prices. He used his brains in all that he had to do, and his neighbor used his muscle. He made the most money, took the most comfort, and contributed most to the pleasure of his family and friends, and his sons are farmers to-day. Which is the best example to follow?

## Advantages of Walking.

No exercise equals walking as a health-giver and life-saver. I don't suppose St. Louis has a hundred citizens who can walk 20 miles a day. And yet every adult ought to be able to do so.

Pedestrianism renews every part of the body. Try it, not as a necessity, but as an exercise. Get out every morning and walk. Your feet should be shod with care. Wear old fashioned army brogans or good English walking shoes. Be sure and have room in the shoes for each toe to perform its functions, and see that the shoes do not slip at the heel.

Wear thick woollen stockings, and see that they do not crease or bind. The foot strikes the ground on an average 2000 times in every mile, and a fold in the stockings no thicker than a horsehair will cut into the skin during a long walk.

For a person unaccustomed let the first walk be three or four miles leisurely taken. Add a half mile every other day. Keep it up three weeks and you will be able to walk 20 miles a day easily and without fatigue. You will see the difference in the muscles of your limbs, will feel stronger in the back and neck, and your mind will do its best work.

These exercises are especially fitted for persons of sedentary habits of either sex—teachers, typewriters, printers, bookkeepers, ministers, bankers, physicians and all. Try it, but do not fail to have proper shoes and proper dress.

# STORIES OF TENNYSON.

## Incidents of the Laureate's Life at Farringford.

A correspondent on a visit to the Isle of Wight, writes as follows concerning the great poet who has just passed away:—

When the news of Lord Tennyson's death reached his home in the Isle of Wight I happened to be stopping at the village of Freshwater, in a house where the laureate had often called upon friends who might put up for a visit to a spot which he had made famous. The house overlooks the sea, which is literally not more than a stone's throw from the front door. In the room, which serves me temporarily as a study, there are hung several large and notable photographs, two of them being portraits of Lord Tennyson, and neither of them being very familiar to the public, although one has achieved celebrity among collectors.

The first of the pair was taken, I should say about 20 years ago, and it is quite unlike any other that I have seen of the sweet singer of Farringford. It represents the poet seated, and holding with both hands a half-opened book in his lap. What is singular about it is the obvious scrupulousness of the bard's attire. He wears a glossy black morning coat closely buttoned, and fashioned in the approved style of the time. Instead of the huge ruffling shirt collar which he usually affected, there is the rigid "dickie" of Piccadilly. The white cuffs, too, are in the mode, and over the front of the coat a single eyeglass dangles.

Very different is the second photograph, a bust in profile. When I tell you it has passed into repute as

### "THE DIRTY MONK"

you will readily imagine that it contrasts strongly with the other presentment, which might be that of a bank director in Lombard street. The latter is not characteristic but it would not be unkind to say that "The Dirty Monk" is characteristic especially as Tennyson has recorded his admiration of it. For he has affixed to it his autograph, inscribing, with a kind of defiant boldness, these words:

"I prefer 'The Dirty Monk' to the others of me."

A. TENNYSON.

Except one by Mayall.

These photographs were taken by a famous amateur, the late Mrs. Cameron of Freshwater. Mrs. Cameron made photography her hobby for something like 30 years, during which time she had as sitters most of the famous folks of England. It was about 1860 when she began to learn how to manipulate a camera. For a dark room she used the coal house, and for a studio the fowl house. In that little studio in Freshwater there sat the greatest men of the day. Tennyson himself lived almost next door, and was constantly being inveigled into the glass house. He never refused, but, good naturedly growing, would go in there and sit until told that he was wanted no longer. The profile which has become famous as "The Dirty Monk" was so named by Tennyson himself, I believe. One day, a great day in Mrs. Cameron's annals, the laureate brought Longfellow to be photographed, and he helped to pose the American poet. It was quite an historic event.

Freshwater, or rather Farringford, as the estate is called, which stands in about the centre of the village, was

### TENNYSON'S FAVORITE HOME.

He had lived here for 40 years. I think it was in 1852 that he came to the place. The now renowned house was then occupied by a clergyman named Seymour, one of whose daughters subsequently became the wife of the present Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. Tennyson did not build the house at Farringford, as is commonly supposed. He rented it from Mr. Seymour on a three years' agreement, with the option of purchase. The reverend gentleman, had probably the notion that usually prevails about the finances of such an unworshipful person as a poet, for I am told he did not really believe that Tennyson would ever buy the place. The cash balance in the poetic treasury was probably not large, but at the expiration of the three years Tennyson had either earned or raised the money; he held the clergyman to his agreement, and became the proprietor of Farringford. The estate at that time covered about 100 acres; it has been subsequently extended, and they say that for these additional purchases of land Tennyson has had to pay at the rate of £120 an acre. This statement, however, is probably an exaggeration.

At any rate, it is satisfactory to observe that a great poet can acquire riches by great work. Perhaps no poet was more fortunate than this one, for the highest honors came to him during life. He was rewarded with all the success, wealth, honors, dignities that a man of his calibre could care for.

Though Farringford, in Freshwater, was Tennyson's favorite home, Aldworth in Haslemere, became, by force of circumstances, his residence—meaning in this case tourists and Saturday-to-Monday cheap trippers. Tennyson used to say that he was literally driven from the Isle of Wight by the summer visitors. Not content with invading the demesne of Farringford, these enthusiastic but not considerate sightseers would dog the steps of the object of their admiration whenever he took his walks abroad. Twenty years ago he purchased the place at Aldworth and made it his summer retreat. The house was designed by James Knowles, who, beside acquiring celebrity as the editor of the Nineteenth Century Review, is a professional architect.

Every year, in May, since 1873, Tennyson has gone to Aldworth, returning to Freshwater in October, when the trippers cease from troubling and the 'Arry is at rest. Tennyson had acquired an aversion to summer-holiday mortals that was almost morbid in its intensity. Perhaps this grew by what it fed on, perhaps a part of it, a small part of it, was affection, for Tennyson was a hero-worshipper, and, as far as himself was concerned, was not indifferent to the world's applause.

He did not object to homage. Any form of it that was sincere gave him a real pleasure, but he decidedly objected to being stared at. He saw no reason why strangers should come trooping over his grounds, peering into his study windows or intercepting him in his daily walks. But if they chose to take off their hats as they passed him on the road, that was another matter. Sir Edwin Arnold says that Tennyson "had vanity."

### A NOBLE VANITY.

A proud pleasure in the very notoriety which brought strangers peeping and stealing about his gates to get a sight of him,

albeit you saw 'Private Road' painted on the first rod of his domain and 'Private Grounds' inscribed upon the first boundary fence. He did not like the country people to pass him on the road without recognizing him and now and then, when a visitor from afar came with genuine adoration, he could and would be immensely gracious and generous.

Once every year the park at Farringford was thrown open to all comers. The Freshwater flower show was held there in August, but Tennyson did not appear on these occasions; he left the management of the affair and the duties of host to his son Hallam, who for years has acted as his father's secretary and confidant.

There is a great deal to be said in support of the resentment Tennyson showed to intruders. Countless stories have been told of the audacity of strangers in Freshwater.

An intimate friend of Tennyson's in Freshwater said to me: "The laureate was a very patriotic man. He was English before everything. One recalls his words on the death of the great Duke of Wellington: 'The last great Englishman is dead.' Everything concerning the nation keenly interested him; he took, too, a great interest in the local volunteer movement at Freshwater. The Duke of Wellington was his hero. He was always eager and willing to talk of him, and was brimming over with anecdotes on this favorite subject. Prof. Jewett was once dining with him at Farringford, and after the port had circulated—that was in the days when Tennyson was allowed to take his port—Tennyson mounted the subject was he. He let no one else talk, but rode his hobby the whole evening, though he usually let the others present have their share in the conversation, and in story-telling, for he was by no means a conversational monopolist."

There were two themes on which Tennyson's conversation nearly always turned,

### SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

He was never tired of discussing them, and the subject of the next world and the life after this one had a peculiar and constant fascination for him. He used to grasp eagerly at any stories that might throw light on the matter, and had a tendency toward spiritualism. He was always anxious for evidence bearing on the possibility of spirit return, and communion with those still on this earth. He was a very religious-minded man, and though he personally could not attach himself to any particular creed, he appreciated creeds as being good for other people. He thought the world could not get on without churches and dogmas, but he very much discountenanced the perpetual striving for the mastery which went on between sects, their mutual uncharitableness and wrangling. He wanted them all to combine for the common good. He would call himself, I think, a devout theist.

Tennyson seemed more interested in science and the supernatural than in literature. What bored him was "poetry," i. e. ordinary modern verse, and he greatly disliked reading it. But he was always very willing to talk about his own poetry if he saw that you were really very interested in it, and he would answer any questions with pleasure. "Break, Break," by the way, generally supposed to have been composed by the seashore, was, as Tennyson himself said one day, written in a country lane, between two high hedges, about 5 o'clock in the morning.

The poet had extraordinary mesmeric powers. He went, as a young man, with his wife to some country inn, and soon after his arrival a doctor called, who, having introduced himself, said: "I am here with a lady who is suffering from severe physical ailments, and I want you to come and try your mesmeric passes on her, because I am quite convinced that you have strong mesmeric powers." Tennyson laughed at this, but he went with the doctor, who showed him how to make the passes, and he found that he had the power, and that it exercised a very beneficial influence on the suffering lady. Afterward, when he went into the room, the patient would fall into the mesmeric sleep almost before he began his passes on her. After the parties left the inn, they did not meet for some years, and Tennyson did not recognize the doctor until reminded of the circumstances by the latter, who further said: "Do you know you saved the lady's life, and she is now my wife."

### HOW TO KEEP A LOG.

#### Some Things of Interest for Ignorant Landmen.

How many landmen know how a log book is written up? It seems just as complicated as double entry bookkeeping when one does not know, but after a little careful attention and study it's as easy to keep a log book as to eat hot gingerbread. There is a list of letters arranged, and they look like so much Greek to the uneducated. The letter b, for instance, stands for blue sky, whether there be clear or hazy atmosphere; c indicates cloudy or detached opening clouds, d denotes drizzling rain, a small f fog, a capital F thick fog, g gloomy, dark weather, h hail, l lightning and m misty or hazy so as to interfere with the view.

The letter o represents overcast or when the whole sky is covered with one impenetrable cloud. Passing showers are noted by the letter p, and q indicates the weather to be squally. Continuous rain is indicated by an r, snow by an s and thunder by a t. An ugly, threatening appearance in the weather calls for the letter u, and visibility of distant objects, whether the sky be cloudy or not, is represented by the letter v. A small w is wet dew. A full point or dot under any letter denotes an extraordinary degree.

### A River that Flows Inland.

A remarkable instance of a river flowing inland is found in Africa. Near the shores of the Gulf of Aden is a small body of salt water, Lake Assal, occupying a basin whose floor is several hundred feet below sea level.

The surface of the lake itself is nearly 700 feet below mean tide, and it is fed by a river or stream some 20 or more miles in length flowing inland from the ocean. It is highly probable that the whole basin, which the lake partly fills, was once an arm of the sea, which became separated therefrom by the drifting sands. The inflowing river has a limited volume, and has filled the basin to the extent that the evaporation and supply exactly balance each other.

"Doctor, when do you think a man weighs most?" asked a patient who was undergoing a course of dietary treatment. "When he steps on my coals," answered the doctor.

# HOW I TAME MY LIONS.

## An Interview With a Tamer.

"What is the easiest trick to teach a lion?" was the question I put the other day to a lion-tamer who had performed in nearly every town in England. "After getting him to come to you at command," replied the tamer, "the easiest trick is to make him lie down. You can't throw a lion on his side in your hands as you would throw a dog when training it. After this, mounting a chair or pedestal is the easiest. But all this takes months of daily work—patient work. Never give up; that is the lion-tamer's motto."

"In making a lion mount a chair I generally put his meat on the seat and accustom him to eat it from there. Then by degrees I coax him to put one paw on the chair. When he has done this I put him."

"In the course of time I induce him to put both forepaws on the chair. Now comes the struggle. He does not want to put up his hind feet. I force him to do this by tapping them with my whip until he hopes up to avoid punishment. When he has once learned what I want him to do I have very little trouble with him. But all this takes time."

"I suppose the hardest trick," I said, "is putting your head in the lion's mouth?" "On the contrary," responded my informant, "it is one of the easiest and safest. I hold the mouth open with both hands, and I can feel the least attempt to bring the jaws together with my fingers. This gives me a chance to withdraw my head in time. It is well, however, to know your beast pretty thoroughly before trying it."

"After I have once taught a lion a trick he never forgets it, and each time he does it easier than before."

"The hardest trick is to drive a lion in a chariot. I have sometimes worked for years to teach that. After I have the harness adjusted, which takes months, I jump into the chariot and trust to Providence. The lion dashes away like the wind and never stops until he is winded. It's a lively race, I tell you, and must be repeated hundreds of times before I can rely on the steed to submit to a public exhibition."

"Another hard trick is the see-saw. I worked for a year before I taught my best performing lion (Gladstone I call him, because he picks up the tricks so easily) to crawl backward up the plank and allow himself to be jolted up and down."

"How about taming a lion by looking into his eyes?"

"You might as well tame him by fixing your eyes on his tail. I look in my lion's eyes to see what the expression may be. That is where I find the danger signal. If the signal says 'go ahead' then I can turn my back on Mr. Lion and go ahead safely. I never turn my back on him, however, within reach of his paws outside of the bars. Inside the cage I am master, but if I turn my back when I am outside and am within reach I court instant death."

"Tigers are more manageable than lions when once they are trained, but they are harder to train, and make less spirited performers."

"One of the most interesting tricks my lions do is to ride upon a tricycle which is made expressly for the purpose. After I have once trained a lion to stand on it in position to ride, he cannot help going forward very well. The tricycle is slowly pushed at first, and then one treadle goes up, while the other goes down. The lion instinctively pushes down on it, and that sends the other treadle up. He keeps on pushing on the uppermost one, and by thus doing keeps the wheels in motion."

"When a lion disobeys me I punish him, but I do it with judgment. There is a point beyond which it is dangerous to go. My left arm has no muscles from the elbow up. I whipped a lion one blow too many on an occasion when I was performing in London. If his teeth had not been worn with age I would not be alive today."

"When a lion crouches down, and his eyes turn green, and his tail stops waving from side to side, and merely wriggles at the end like the rattles of a snake, look out! I stop then, and give him a chance to quiet down. Sometimes I call assistance or do anything that I can do to distract his attention from me, and then I escape."

### CURIOUS EXPERIMENTS.

#### How to Boil Water in Paper—A Lead Melting Trick.

When we lay our hands upon a piece of metal on a table, we say it is "cold;" on a piece of flannel, that it is "warm." They are both at exactly the same temperature as everything else in the room.

We felt the metal "cold" because it is a good conductor and rapidly carries away the heat of our hands. The flannel does not, so we call it "warm;" it does not withdraw warmth from us.

Paper is a bad conductor; water is a better one. Or, to speak according to the card, water is not a good conductor, but, by a process which goes on in heated water known as convection, it acts in the experiment, we shall discover, as well as if it were good.

If we fold a piece of paper so that it will contain water, we may boil the water in the paper. The water greedily uses up all the heat; there is none left for the paper. The water can not get hotter than boiling point—nor will it let the paper get hotter—and this is not hot enough for combustion.

#### MELTING LEAD ON A PLAYING CARD.

This experiment has the same explanation as that of boiling water in a paper bag. The temperature required for melting lead is higher than that required for boiling water, but even that temperature is short of what is required to set fire to the card.

#### The Way She Worked Around to It.

"What a fortunate thing it is," she said, "that I do not have to earn my own living like some girls."

"I should hate to see those little hands soiled by labor," said he.

"I don't mind that so much," she said, as she looked dreamily at the fire. "But if I had to earn my own living I should be obliged to get up early in the morning."

"True," he said, shuddering. "Pray do not mention such a thing."

"And if I had to get up early in the morning," she continued with a glance at the clock, "I wouldn't get half of my natural sleep."

Then he arose and took his hat and went forth into the night and meandered slowly home under the silent stars.