

PRACTICAL FARMING.

Boiled Corn for Poultry.

In the breeding of poultry, as in all other pursuits, a little care and forethought invariably return an apparently disproportionate result. In the rearing of poultry, where the expenditure on each fowl is small and the material provided comparatively inexpensive, we are apt to overlook the small wastes which occur in the transformation of the different kinds of grain into poultry, but which aggregate quite a sum.

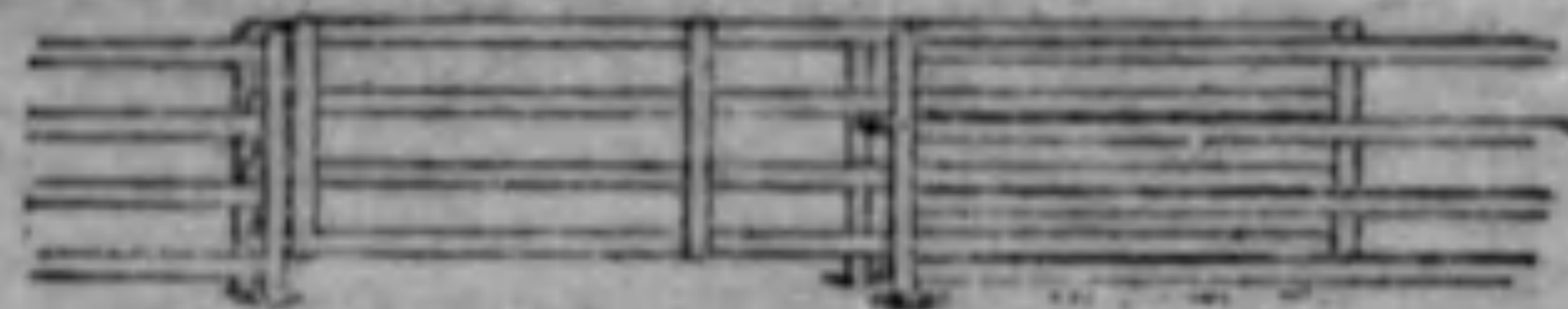
The opinion that corn is a very nourishing food for fowls is so universal that no further thought is given to the matter. If anyone should suggest that corn would be easier of digestion if soaked or boiled he would likely receive the answer that corn was not hard for birds to digest. Birds swallow stones and other hard substances without detriment. A moment's thought, however, will convince that the millstones and the grist are two different things, and feeding hard grain, although not exactly like feeding the millstone with pebbles, bears a certain likeness to it.

The trouble attendant on the preparation of food, if it is to be cooked, may indeed seem very disproportionate to the advantage to be derived from such treatment, but in reality little time need be spent, as before going the rounds of the nests, a little hot water may be poured over the grain, a sight cover put on the kettle, and the whole placed over the stove, when, by the time your rounds are completed, the corn will have become steamed and mellow and will have lost none of its good qualities.

Remember, each hen has a certain amount of animal force to be expended each day in some direction, and the less she has to give to digesting her food the more she will have to be expended in egg-producing. The advantages of the warm food in winter, when much food goes toward producing animal heat to withstand the cold, are twofold—from the direct action of the warmth and the slower action of the food itself, to say nothing of the fact that the content produced by nourishing food will result in more eggs, for a hen thoroughly at home will lay more eggs than a discontented one. We have performed the experiment ourselves, and know that feeding boiled corn does pay, and it is as the result of experience that we offer this plan to our friends.

Improved Farm Gate.

In making a gateway for a fourteen-foot roadway the gate should be twenty feet long. This allows for six feet to balance that part of the gate over the roadway, and in opening, a person merely takes a portion of the weight of the gate and slides the same a couple of feet, when it is balanced and can be opened as easily as if swung on hinges. This arrangement is shown in the illustration from a sketch by F. C. Farnham, of Washington. It is best to make a little roller with a three-fourth inch bolt, over which to run the gate. That part of the gate which slides on rollers should be made of double thickness of inch stuff. The gate should shut in between two posts set far apart to admit the end of the gate readily. This prevents the wind from moving the gate, which is as solid as any part of the fence. Make the rail of the gate, which



SECURE SLIDING GATE.

runs on the roller one foot longer than the others; and nail to the two posts last mentioned a cross-piece, so that when the gate is shut the latch end will hang clear of the ground on this supporting piece.

Clear the Fence Rows.

Many farms have belts of young trees and bushes from ten to fifteen feet wide along the road and line fences. They form a thick wall which encroaches yearly upon the field they border. It seems strange that any farmer should allow such a condition of things to exist, but many do from sheer carelessness. Sometimes they mean to cut the bushes, but the work is put off from time to time because other work seems more important. Such thickets about fields form lurking-places for animals and fowl weeds, from which much damage can be expected to growing crops, to say nothing of amount of soil given up to them. There is the not only great wastefulness in such farming, but it gives a farm an untidy, slovenly look which ought to be avoided. This is a good "cleaning-up time," and it would be a good plan to cut down the bushes about the fences now, and have the land they have injuriously occupied so long in a shape for use next spring.

The Jersey a Business Cow.

When we engage in the business of butter dairying we need cows that will make the most butter from a given amount of feed. We want these cows to be hearty feeders, to be easy milkers, giving very rich milk, to be gentle, not too large in size, early and regular breeders, and able to do good work in the dairy for many years. In short, we need a business cow, and in the Jersey we have just such a cow.

A Hearty Feeder—The Jersey cow is noted as being a hearty feeder, and a hearty feeder is one that can not only eat a large quantity of feed but a large quantity of rich feed. It is the feed that makes the milk and in order to make plenty of rich milk the cow must eat plenty of rich feed.

Gentleness—The disposition of the Jersey cow is about as near perfection as we can expect cow nature to be. Gentleness in a cow is worth money; it counts up in dollars every year; it saves milk; it keeps the richness of the milk from being wasted, for irritable cows are apt to begot irritation to those who milk them, and this, in turn, breeds ill treatment of the cows, which causes a loss of butter fat in the milk; it insures better care, for the gentle cow is the petted cow; and in other ways the gentle disposition of the Jersey is one of her valuable characteristics.

An Easy, Rich Milker—The business cow must be one that can be quickly milked, and the milk must be rich; these two qualifications will commend themselves to every business dairyman.

Size in the Dairy Cow—There has been a good deal of controversy about the proper size for a dairy cow. Some contend

that she should be big, so that when she has done her work in the dairy she can be fattened up for beef. Those men object to the Jersey because she is too small; she won't make beef enough. Ever since I began to study the matter, I have been a strong advocate of the special purpose cow. We want a certain kind of cow for a certain kind of work, and she must do that work better than any other kind of cow. She should be a cow for one kind of dairy business in order to be a good business dairy cow. It appears to me that the extra weight in a dairy cow, over and above what is necessary for her to do the best work, must be fed at a great loss, because it is fed for many years before it is sold. This proposition, it would seem, cannot be successfully controverted. The business cow must pay every year of her dairy life, and we can't afford to wait till we kill her to get any part of our profit; each year should show a good balance to her credit. And how much profit can we expect from cow beef fed from ten to fifteen years? It is absurd to expect any.

An Early and Regular Breeder—We don't want to wait till our business cow is three years old before we get any profit from her—we can't afford to waste a year's time; and our Jersey will not disappoint us in this respect, for she begins to return a profit when two years of age, sometimes earlier. This early breeding is so much time gained. When we make a business venture we endeavor to make it pay as soon as possible, and, in the dairy business, we want a cow who will commence her work early in life and begin to pay as soon as she begins her work. A dairy cow must also be a regular breeder. We want to arrange our calving periods to suit our business; and a cow that is a regular and sure breeder is worth much more than one that is unreliable in this respect.

A Cow That Works for Many Years—When we get a machine that does excellent work, our first thought is, "Will it be durable?" If it wears out after a few years of use it may be too expensive. Our business cow is a machine, by the use of which we expect to make money, and she must be a durable machine, for we cannot afford to milk her a few years and then replace her with another. The Jersey cow not only begins her work at an early age, but she continues to work—and work profitably—till she becomes very old.—[Prize Essay by A. L. Crosby.]

BUSIEST STREET IN THE WORLD.

Cheapside, London, a Short Thoroughfare, With Oddly Named Tributaries.

Cheapside is the busiest street in the world. It is not long; it is not beautiful; it is not the resort of the fashionable. It is a business thoroughfare from first to last, and it has more history crammed into its short stretch than other great thoroughfares have in their combined long ones. Cheapside not being at the side of anything in the present era, but at the heart of all things, being in the heart of London, has a very important place in civic affairs. It is what they call "an artery of traffic," asphalted into the bargain, and affording ingress and exit as between the city and the regions west. If it has a quarter of a mile to its length it has as much as it can legitimately claim, and even that includes a little slice at the eastern end called "the Poultry," a title which signifies a local purpose in

THE PICTURESQUE PART.

Cheapside has at one end the Poultry, but this need not be counted as a separate entity. And at the Poultry end is the Mansion House, where the lord mayor lives in gold-lace state. Cheapside bumps into Threadneedle street up to the steps of the Royal Exchange and against the walls of the Bank of England—institutions which are both useful and ornamental. At the other end of Cheapside there is a statue of Sir Robert Peel. But half the people who pass there every day do not know whose statue it is. Shops, shops, shops, insurance companies, great mercantile houses, restaurants, a church—Dick Whittington's, that is to say, Bow Church, where the bells still tinkle—these are the stationary ingredients of Cheapside. Omnibuses, human beings, cabs and carriers' vans are the movable ones. Cheapside is like the channel of a tidal river; at one time of the day the current sets in one direction and at another time it ebbs to the opposite course.

The street has many funny little tributaries, with funny little names, Broad street, Friday street, Ironmonger lane and the Old Jewry being some of these, narrow passages where, in days more primitive than our own, neighbors leaned out of the windows and

SHOOK HANDS ACROSS THE STREET,

while from the pavement they could scarcely have seen the sky, so closely did the overhanging stories approach to the roofs thereof. But there are no dwellings in Cheapside now, nor in the adjacent tributaries. The buildings are all for business purposes only; the old vague of overhang has been long dispensed with, and a brightly modern air is worn by the commercial architecture. One kind of commodity Cheapside has in more abundance than any other place on the whirling footstool—jewelry. It may not be the most sumptuous jewelry that ever was made; it may not compare with the golden filigree work of Zamara, but it is jewelry, nevertheless, and of a good sort for the moderate classes. And there is so much of it that it overflows the contracted emporiums and flows in cascades and Niagaras of watch-chains, necklaces, fantastic guards behind the plate-glass windows. It seems to be a trick of Cheapside's shops to display all their treasures to the preoccupied eyes of those who here march in legions along the pavement. They pour their wares into their windows

WITH RECKLESS PROFUSION.

Cheapside should enchant those western gentlemen who believe that silver is to be the savior of nations. For the jewelry of Cheapside is mainly silver jewelry, and the radiance of the windows is the white radiance which tarnishes with such hapless result in the London fog. They had a pleasant way, five or six centuries ago, of observing public festivals by opening wine in the streets. When a son was born to King Edward II. wine ran in Cheapside, and there was nothing else to drink. Tuna of it were distributed and all the passers-by were hailed to come and help themselves. Those cheerful practices could not be attempted in these prosaic times. Is it that our human nature has progressed so far that it cannot safely indulge itself in this style of holiday? If you opened a tun of

wine in Cheapside nowadays you would have to call the military within half an hour after removing the bung.

Cheapside is best seen between 8 and 10 in the morning or between 5 and 7 in the evening; either when everybody is coming to or going from his occupation. But all day long the street is crowded from end to end, so crowded that you cannot anywhere cross it in safety except at the points where constables are stationed to regulate the traffic.

MEDITERRANEAN FLEETS.

Sir George Baden Powell on England's Present Naval Strength in the Great Sea.

An English Admiral, in a recent magazine article, advocated an alliance between the English and American navies, and some of the newspapers on the other side of the line floated the proposal. There is nevertheless, excellent reason why the American people, and, in fact, all peoples, whose main employment is the raising of food for export, should be solicitous that the road to Britain across the high seas should be unobstructed. Her forty

MILLIONS OF MOUTHS,

crowded on an acreage altogether insufficient to raise a fraction of the food that is needed, keep the farmers of the United States and Canada, and of other lands that might be mentioned, busy. Their cereals, meats and dairy products are welcome there, and not a barrier exists against the flood of commodities that is constantly flowing through her ports.

In case the ocean highways which lead to her doors were obstructed it would be a serious affair for the eating millions of Britain, but it would also be of grave moment to the producing millions on this side of the Atlantic. The American farmer, therefore, both north and south of the 40th parallel, is warmly interested in the maintenance of the freedom of the channels that lead to his surest and best market, and the navy which the United States farmer's taxes have helped to build might be engaged in a much worse task than keeping those channels safe and open. What the prospects of keeping them open might be in case England were

BROUGHT INTO HOSTILITIES

with other strong naval powers is always an interesting question to her people, and it possesses scarcely less interest to us. A recent letter in the London Times, dealing with England's naval strength in the Mediterranean, the writer being Sir George Baden Powell, a name not unknown to Canadians, possesses more than usual importance at a time when the effectiveness of that right arm of Imperial power is being questioned. Sir George, who is a member of Parliament, believed he would be doing more to guard the interests of his Liverpool constituents by spending a winter among the Mediterranean naval stations than in the most zealous attendance to his duties at St. Stephen's. He accordingly carried out his ideas in that respect, and in a column letter he gives a first instalment of his observations.

Sir George begins by saying that the naval policy is the most critical question before the country, and follows that up by the statement that the Mediterranean is now of far more importance to England commercially than it ever was, and that her "foreign" trade is greater than that of any other nation in that sea. It is of the first consequence, then, that peace, freedom and prosperity should dwell there. These, however, have at times to be commanded, and for that purpose an effective and

OVERMASTERING FLEET

is necessary. Sir George does not think that England at present possesses a fleet of that character in the Mediterranean. He says that the best naval authorities agree that the true practical test of "relative naval strength" lies in the possession of battle ships, and, taking this as a test, he gives the following figures of the effective battle-ships of fifteen-knot speed possessed by the seven Mediterranean powers in that sea at present:—Greece, three; Turkey, three; Austria, three; Russia, four; Italy, ten; France, thirteen; Great Britain, eleven; Russia and France have also material additions on the stocks to their lists of battle ships.

Greece and Turkey are dismissed from the calculation. Italy has a fine fleet, and, in conjunction with Russia, for example, combined with her commanding geographical position, would play a leading part in Mediterranean affairs. Sir George found the Russian fleet established at Poros, a Greek port, with quite an appearance of permanence. The presence of Russian war vessels in this port has drawn the watchful attention of all the nations who suspect the designs of the northern power in the Mediterranean. The officers and men of the British fleet Sir George found to be all that could be desired, still maintaining an invincible superiority. The possession of Gibraltar, in the mouth of the intercontinental sea, is the true strength of the British position. It should be the base of a powerful fleet, guarding equally the Western Mediterranean and the eastern Atlantic and home seas.

During the last twenty years the area of land in England under the plough has diminished by nearly 2,000,000 acres, or over 14 per cent. The amount of arable land in Wales has diminished 21 per cent. in the same period. In Scotland, on the contrary it has increased by 78,000 acres.

It may not be known to the general reader that a rifleball deflected from its course immediately resumes its line of flight after rimming the object it is unable to pass directly through. This is to say, if ball turned from its course by a rib passes under the skin until it reaches a point mathematically opposite to the point where it entered the soldier's body, and then passes out, resuming its exact line of flight to enough of its initial velocity remains.

There is one place in the world, at any rate, where the streets are literally paved with gold. At Johannesburg it has been found that stone recently supplied by a mine on the main reef for paving the streets yields six dwts. to the ton over the plates.

It is quite an exceptional thing for a chapel to be brought under the auctioneer's hammer. Such, however, is to be the fate of one of the most historically interesting buildings in London—old Fetter-lane Chapel. Formerly the father of the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon used to be the pastor of it. The present chapel dates from the middle of the eighteenth century.

OLD FRENCH CANADA.

Things That Are Passing Away—The Manor-Houses—Relics in the Churches—The French of the People.

The manor houses in French Canada, says a writer in the New York Post, where the seigniors lived during the "ancient regime," are rapidly disappearing. Arrangements made in 1854 for the extinguishment of the seigniorial tenure by purchase, and since then the old estates have been parcelled out among the censitaires, who have in most cases become the owners. Here and there, however, one comes across a manor-house and an estate where the censitaires are still tenants, though no longer subject to feudal conditions. Perhaps the finest specimen of a manor-house is that on the Papineau estate at Montebello, a village on the Canadian Pacific Railroad between Montreal and Ottawa. The seignior, known as La Petite Nation, was granted in 1674 to Laval, the first bishop of Quebec, now undergoing the process of canonization at Rome. It was acquired in the early part of this century by Joseph Papineau, who distinguished himself by resisting in the Legislature the tyrannical acts of the British military governor. His son, Louis Joseph Papineau, who was still more famous as a popular leader, being identified with the insurrection of 1837 which brought about constitutional reform, built the manor-house which stands to-day. Louis Joseph's son, Mr. L. J. A. Papineau, who took part as a leader in the insurrection, is the present proprietor.

The house is built on the banks of the Ottawa, there a noble river. There is a good deal of the old French chateau about it. It is of stone and in the form of a parallelogram, with a firm, massive tower at each angle.

OVER THE MAIN ENTRANCE

is the coat-of-arms with the horns of a deer. The rooms are spacious and heated by wood-burning stoves; the furnishings are rich, and there is an extraordinary quantity of bric-a-brac from all parts of the world, with many old paintings and family portraits. A park of pine, maple and silver birch runs from the river to the village, and behind the village lie the Laurentian hills, covered with hemlock and fir. The estate extends to the adjoining village of Papineauville and beyond.

Montebello, with about 800 inhabitants, is, like all French Canadian villages, a collection of white frame houses, with double windows to keep out the cold, the church, with its glistening roof, towering above them as if asserting the supremacy of the spiritual power. Mr. Papineau spends his time in literary pursuits and in looking after the property and interests of his tenants. In old times the crier stood at the church door on the Sunday before the St. Martin, November 11, warning all and sundry to pay their "cens et rentes" on that day. The seignior received them in full dress, peruke and sword included, and there was much eating and drinking, especially if the harvest had been a good one. But that custom, with many others, has vanished, and the business is now transacted in a very matter-of-fact way. Nor do the tenants come any more to the seignior to erect a May-pole or to build a fire on the eve of St. John's day. They have ceased to sell at the church door their first catch of fish for the season for a mass in behalf of the souls in purgatory; and the seigniors on their part no longer supply the "pain-benit" on holy days or send their daughters "pour faire la collecte" at the feast of the patron saint of the parish. The old order of things is fast going out and the new order is coming in with the extension of railroads and the constantly growing intercourse with the outside world.

Here at Montebello the Papineau of today has abandoned the Roman Catholic church and become a Presbyterian. His father, the man of '37, was refused communion because of his rebellion against the British Governor, and his bones lie in

AN UNCONSECRATED MAUSOLEUM

within the park. This strained the relations between the present Papineau, now seventy years old, and the clergy, but they got along without any open breach until a few months ago, when the cure of Montebello began building a new church. New churches have to be paid for by the people, in virtue of the fabric law, each freholder being assessed pro rata, and the amount assessed becoming, like the tithe, a first lien on his property. Mr. Papineau took the ground that the cure had no business to build a new church, and one thing led to another, till finally Mr. Papineau went over to the Presbyterians.

Other manor-houses well worth seeing are those of the De Bellefontaines, at St. Eustache, and of the Deschambault family near Quebec, which has recently been purchased by a New Yorker. The manor of the Lotbiniere seignior, at Pointe Platon occupies a splendid site. The manor-house of Dautraye, near Berthier, is, or was, a sort of Elizabethan villa, surrounded by a hedge, and looking down a long avenue of pines. That of Lacolle on the De Beaujeu seignior, was built in 1825 by an Englishman named Hoyle, whose son became a New York politician. The first manor-house built in the colony was that on the Giffard seignior at Beauport, near Quebec, which was erected about 1635. In those days, and for long afterwards, the manor-houses of rich seigniors were

SURROUNDED WITH WALLS

or stockades. The barns, stables, sheep-folds and other attachments stood within the walls, which were flanked with towers. The seigniorial mill was built at the nearest waterpower, and close by was the church. The poorest seigniors built more modest dwellings, but always took care to have a supply of firearms, in case of an Indian attack. All the older manor-houses have long since disappeared. As they fell to ruins the stones were taken to build churches, rectories for priests, grist mills, and roads.

Many of the churches contain paintings brought from France during the French regime. The Basilica at Quebec contains originals by Blanchard, painter to the King of France between 1600 and 1630, Hale, Carlo Maretti, Fleuret, and Lebrun, with numerous copies by Flamondon and other local men. The Montreal churches and religious houses possess many originals by French painters. The parish church at St. Romuald, a village on the south shore of

the St. Lawrence near Pointe Levis, is a perfect storehouse of frescoes and paintings, some of which by Lamproch are valuable.

A number of relics have come down from the French regime. Besides the bones of St. Anne, an official list prepared in 1874 at the two hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the diocese of Quebec gives the following:—Portion of the true cross, of the table used at the Last Supper, of the house of the Holy Family, of the sepulchre of the Holy Virgin, of the mantle of St. Joseph, of the vestments of St. Peter, of the bones of St. Matthew, St. Thomas, St. Luke, and other apostolic persons; with an enormous collection of bones and garments belonging to minor saints. The Old Gallican ritual used in the churches has been set aside in most places for the Roman ritual. This is one of the changes wrought by the Ultramontanes during the last thirty years.

In digging for old remains in French Canada there is no better field than the ballads and common speech of the people, which carry us back to a period that may be described as remote. The ballads are all of European origin. Malbrouck is among them.

Malbrouck's s'en va-t-en guerre.
Mironton, Mironton, mirontaine,
Ma brouck s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra.

Others are mere jingles and read like nonsense verses. It is just possible that they may be corrupt forms of the songs of the "trouvers" who wandered up and down France five or six hundred years ago. "En roulant ma boule" is one of the most popular of these.

Many words in every day use among the habitants disappeared a long time ago from the standard vocabularies of France. Some of them are nautical terms employed, before Jacques Cartier was born, by the seafaring people of northern France. Thus a "habitant" does not get in or out of his sleigh, but embarks and disembarks; if you drop into his house for a friendly call, he does not ask you to take off your overcoat, but to unrig or dismantle yourself; the linen he buys or sends to the wash is not linen, but "butin," booty, a very old and suggestive Norman word for such articles. The reign of the seigniors with their stockades has also left its mark on his speech, as when on his way to the village he tells you he is going to "the fort." He has been obliged to coin words to describe surroundings and occupations, e. g., sleighing, maple-sugar making, working in the lumber shanties, driving logs, which are unknown in France. He has incorporated many English words used in trade and commerce and in parliamentary proceedings, while his abrupt pronunciation of many French words would gravel a member of the Academy. A few Indian words and expressions impressed themselves upon his language, and his accent and manner of articulating are peculiarly his own. Putting aside these features, he speaks French as she was spoken three centuries ago without any suspicions of a patois.

The people still cling to the laudable custom of having large families. According to the census of 1891, the average number of persons to a family throughout the Province of Quebec is 5½. This includes the average in the English-speaking districts. In purely French counties it exceeds six; in Kamouraska it is 6.1; in Gaspé and Témiscouata, 6.4; in Charlevoix, 6.7. In France the average appears to be under 4.3. The clergy say the fecundity of the French-Canadians is due to their good morals. No doubt there is something in that, but probably the best explanation is that the "habitants" live a simple life, marry early, enjoy a rude abundance and have plenty of room in which to expand, land being given away by the Government; whereas in France the small cultivator, with fifteen or twenty acres, has by law to divide it, on his death, among his children, and is thereby deterred from raising a large family.

EUROPEAN GAME.

Varieties of Wild Fowls and Animals thru Grace London Tables.

Hitherto the term Russian game, as used in the London markets, has applied more to birds than to venison of any sort although the latter, hailing from Russia, has been available here and there for the last few years. We should, however, like to see it become more easily procurable; it certainly would be of greater assistance to the housewife, for in spite of the many excellent things obtainable and within immediate reach, there are two things to be considered—the increasing desire for variety in food and the decided inclination toward a higher class of cookery, involving more skill on the part of the cook and a larger choice of materials. Of course we all know that with money everything is to be had in London; but we are speaking of such imports with a view to bringing delicacies which are now unapproachable within reach of ordinary incomes.

The North of Germany yields wild bear and abounds in deer and roebuck, which figure in German culinary works and menus under the names of reh and hirschbraten, etc., and which in French are called daim and chevreuil. From Russia comes the reindeer, which Urban Dubois praises when prepared with a sauce à l'orange. Elk or moose is also to be had in Paris, presumably from Canada, where they are procurable, but also hailing from some parts of Northern Europe.

Moreover, Russia sends us partridges and pheasants and her gelinottes (hazel hen) are delicious. German grouse are by no means to be despised, and the Scandinavian capercaillie and its varieties are becoming well known, the kind called by the French poule de neige being one of the most appreciated.

Another bird easily obtainable in France and coming under the heading of game is the outarde or bustard, which as far as the writer knows, is not eaten in England.

It is said that 32,000 varieties of goods are manufactured from wool.

Persia is about the only country where the telegraph is not yet at home.

The Australians have more churches in proportion to the population than any other people.

Many a man fights for his creed who never thinks of carrying an umbrella for his wife.

The money issued from the Royal Mint last year was:—Gold, £13,907,870; silver, £849,330; bronze, £51,556.