

## AGRICULTURAL.

### Theory and Practice of Butter Making.

For beef producing purposes it is best to raise the breeds best adapted to beef, but for the dairy it is not easy to decide just how far to go in the direction of milk at the expense of the carcass. A writer in the Practical Farmer says: Keep good cows. I began with grade Short-horns and common cows. They averaged about 200 pounds of butter a year per cow. And in winter the butter was not yellow. I became convinced that I ought to keep better cows. I got a thoroughbred Jersey bull. His daughters made better cows than their dams. Next, I bought three registered Jersey cows and bull. From them I have a herd of cows that made last year 2,141 pounds of butter, 306 pounds to the cow, and nice yellow butter in winter, without any artificial coloring. Yet I have not reached the point at which improvement ceases. My next bull was a son of Exile of St. Lambert, 13,657, sire of forty cows with records from fourteen to thirty-six pounds of butter in seven days. If his daughters do not make better cows than I now have, I will be not a little disappointed.

Care for the cows so that they will do their best the year around, and produce clean, rich milk. Just how much credit should be given to the Jersey cows that I now have, for producing more butter than the common cows that I began with, is impossible to tell. Because, as the value of the cows increased, I took better care of them. I began feeding grain every day in the year. The stable was made warmer, and the cows are in it every day, when they are the most comfortable there, which in winter is most of the time. Keeping them up so much of the time necessitated giving them more freedom in the stalls, therefore I took out the stanchions, and put in chain cow ties. Then they did not keep themselves clean. I remedied that by putting a moveable mat floor under the hind feet, with a tight floor six inches below the slats. By grooming them with a currycomb and rice root brush before milking, cleanliness is secured. Since adopting that plan there has been no sediment in the bottom of the cream jar. The milk is clean and consequently the butter is clean and of a good flavor. The winter ration consists of corn, oats and barley chop, wheat, bran, middlings, linseed meal, silage and hay. On an average, one pound of milk makes one ounce of butter.

Set the milk so as to obtain the greatest possible amount of cream. The milk is strained through a wire and cloth strainer into Cooley cans, which are submerged in running spring water. We find that by putting about a gallon of water in each can and then filling with milk, the cream will rise quicker and more completely. The effect is most noticeable when the cows are advanced in lactation, or on dry feed. Night's milk stands thirty-six hours, and morning's milk twenty-four hours. We skim once a day, every morning. The cream is always sweet, and is put through a regular process of ripening, consequently the butter is uniform in flavor and color. We ripen the cream so as to produce the best flavored butter. "We," means wife and I. Thus far the work comes under my supervision. But the ripening and churning is superintended by her, and she will tell just how it is done. The cream is put into a five-gallon stone jar. Pour into this one teacupful of buttermilk, saved from the previous churning. I then put the jar in the ripener, which is an old dash churn, large enough to admit the cream jar with one inch of water space around the jar. The churn is sawed off low enough down to allow good hand-hold of the jar. The upper part is fixed for a lid. At the bottom is a small faucet for drawing the water off. Fill the ripener with hot water. The temperature of the water depends upon the weather. The colder the weather the hotter the water, the warmer the weather the colder the water. If the water is too hot and the cream is raised much above seventy degrees and becomes too sour, the butter will be white and contain specks of casing and not be of a good flavor. Put the lid on the ripener, and let it stand until the water is cool; then test the cream with the thermometer. If it is not at seventy degrees renew with warm water. It must be at seventy degrees in the evening and stand in the water till morning; it should then be thick and sour. Then stir thoroughly and test it again; if it is sixty-two or sixty-four degrees it is ready to churn, if colder must have the warm water renewed to make it that temperature. We use a barrel churn revolved by a crank. It usually takes half an hour to churn. When the butter has separated from the buttermilk and is the size of small shot, we stop churning. Pour in half a gallon of water at sixty-two degrees, shake the churn a little to mix it. In three minutes the butter will have raised to the top, then draw off the buttermilk through a strainer, to catch the particles of butter. Pour on two gallons of water at sixty-two degrees, revolve the churn three or four times, then draw off the water. Wash in another water. When the water is off, let drip till the water only drops from the spout, then salt with good dairy salt. Common salt will not do. We have lost customers by using it. Put one ounce of salt to the pound. Sprinkle in a little at a time stirring gently till it is thoroughly mixed with the granules of butter, then work in the churn. If there are streaks in the butter the salt has not been thoroughly worked through it. The butter is made in one and two pound bricks and wrapped in parchment butter paper.

Sell the butter direct to the consumer at a special price the year round. Only the best grade of private dairy butter is and can be sold in that way. The fact that the best grade of dairy butter is not on the market in competition with creamery butter, explains why it is that the latter is

always quoted higher than dairy butter. Of all the theories, the fifth one I found to be the most difficult one to put into practice. When I wanted to improve my cows, I did not have to ask the consent of anybody. When I decided to change the manipulation of the cream so as to improve the grain, flavor and color of the butter, I did not have to ask the consent of anybody. But having done that and being conscious that my butter is superior to the common run of butter, and feeling that I ought to be rewarded by receiving a few cents a pound more than the market price, I cannot get it without the consent of the purchaser. My price is twenty-five cents a pound the year round, which is four cents above the average market price, for our town. I began seven years ago with one customer. It was a new departure and people were afraid that when butter went up above my price my cows would go dry. In a few weeks I got another customer. Now, I keep twenty-one families in butter which is far beyond my expectations when I began. I always make more butter in winter than I have engaged. I pay certain grocerymen two cents a pound for selling the surplus for not less than twenty-five cents a pound. Some of the families eventually become regular customers and take the place of old customers who have moved away. To get customers the year round at a set price, one has to emphasize the fact that they will be sure of their butter every week, and when butter is scarce and high-priced, your cows will not go dry. I find that the nearer I carry out my theories, the greater are the net profits. Besides the sale of butter, there is a demand for cottage cheese, buttermilk, poultry, eggs, fruit and vegetables in a small way, which would go to waste if I shipped my butter to a larger market. Taking everything into consideration, I find the home market most profitable.

### A LESSON OF THE COAL STRIKE.

Numbers of Workmen are Being Painfully Taught the Folly of Strikes.

The coal strike in the States has, including outsiders, caused hundreds of thousands to be thrown out of work. Even in Canada many thousands are idle through its mischievous and far-reaching influence. Many employers are also great sufferers. Numbers of workmen, in no way connected with the quarrel, are being painfully taught the folly of these wars waged against capital, which, while they provide profitable employment for those who engineer strikes, do so at the cost of untold misery to innocent sufferers. The old saying ran that if nations were wise kings would not play at war. This might be modernized thus: If workmen were wise, strike leaders would cease from troubling. Mr. Powderly, the former Grand Workman of the Knights of Labor, stated some years ago that nine out of every ten strikes were quite unnecessary.

The coal strike in England last year, entailed loss to the public directly and indirectly of \$75,000, of which the greater part fell upon

#### THE WORKING CLASSES.

Those who got up the strike alone benefited. It has been shown that taken altogether the average net profit to the English coal owners, on a series of years, was about fifteen cents per English ton, and that the average return upon their capital invested was only 6 1/4 per cent. per annum; a poor dividend in a risky business, made more so by strike-bosses. There are no thoroughly reliable facts to enable us to correctly estimate the return upon the capital invested in the American bituminous coal mines; but just preceding the strike it must have been very trifling, if it existed at all, owing to the lessened demand for coal caused by the slackness of trade arising from the prolonged uncertainty respecting the proposed alterations in the United States tariff. The public loss through the dispute has been enormous. Even when the strike is ended it will be a long time before business thoroughly recovers from the shock it has received.

It would be a valuable object-lesson for those who have been the dupes of designing men, and for the purpose of enabling intelligent workmen to combat the loose assertions of the getters-up of strikes, if

#### RELIABLE STATISTICS

were got together showing (1) the number of men thrown out of work by the coal strike, both generally and locally; (2) the amount of wages thus lost; and (3) the losses to employers and others. In Toronto alone the losses will ultimately amount to a very large sum. Take Canada all through, the total losses, direct and indirect, will probably amount to a million dollars. When it can be shown that in a given locality in Canada hundreds of men have lost between them in actual wages thousands of dollars through a strike hundreds of miles away, it will open the eyes of intelligent workmen to the fact that strikes are often far-reaching in their effect, and to the folly of suffering strike-leaders to adapt from Falstaff and say, "The workingman is our oyster." There is great suffering from the slackness of trade, and it is really too bad to have this additional and unnecessary trouble piled on the top of it. When once the exact figures are matters of record, for use when future strikes are in the air, and it can be shown the exact number of men who have lost from 20 to 50 dollars each through a strike many hundreds of miles away, it would be the means of fending off many unnecessary strikes.

### Undecided—Naturally!

At an auction sale in the North much amusement was caused by an old man who persisted in running the price up seemingly against himself. At the end of the sale a cabinet was put up for disposal, and he continued his bids as usual, and the auctioneer spoke to him about it, and, after a little parley, said:

"But I tell you there is no one else bidding for this ancient cabinet. You are raising the price against yourself."

To which the old fellow replied:

"Well, you see, I'll tell you how it is. I have got two commissions from two different people to bid for the cabinet, and I am still undecided as to which of them to have it. I get a commission from both."

## THAT RASCAL BARNEY.

AN IRISH STORY.

Among the passengers by the forenoon train which steamed out of Dublin for the South of Ireland one day last summer was Mr. John Sharpe, who was spending his holidays for the first time in the Emerald Isle. Some time before, his friend Tom Murray and he had arranged to "do" the country in the fortnight at their disposal. Murray had spent his holidays in Ireland before, and on one of his visits had made the acquaintance of a bluff and jovial Mr. Kelly (every one knows how easy it is to strike up acquaintances in Ireland), at whose house he was staying until his friend Sharpe should join him, for he had left for Ireland two days before the latter.

"I hope I haven't forgotten Murray's letter," said the traveler fumbling in his pockets for it, "for I can't remember the name of the place he said he's staying at. It's with a small farmer named Kelly, a some Bally or another, but I can't recall the right name of it."

A careful search revealed the fact that he had forgotten the letter.

"However," said he, "it doesn't matter a great deal, for the car-driver at the station will, of course, know the place"—for his friend had in his letter directed him to take a car from the small wayside station of Kilbog to this forgotten "Bally," a distance of over five miles. Having, therefore, consoled himself with this reflection, he dismissed the subject from his mind.

Arriving in due time at Kilbog, Sharpe observed a solitary jaunting car standing outside the station. He immediately hurried forward to engage it, lest he should be forestalled by some of the other passengers of whom two or three had alighted.

"Here, Pat," said he to the driver, "drive me down to Bally—Bally—Bally—something; it's a village about five miles from here; you'll know it, of course."

"It's all right, your honor," replied the jarvey; "jump in and I'll drive you there."

His little luggage having been bundled on, the traveler took his seat, and a start was made.

The tourist didn't fancy that the jarvey was, from his appearance, a particularly intelligent man. There was an air of stolidity, of dullness even, about him which made him quite different from the bright, witty, lively, blarney-loving fellow the Irish jarvey is said to be.

Sharpe addressed him somewhat familiarly as "Pat" because, like other strangers, he had a vague idea that every Irishman rejoiced in this distinctive national name.

On the way along Pat exerted himself a little and pointed out a few places of interest in the locality, such as the spot where a famous Irish king of olden times—Brian Boru, perhaps—at the head of a small army defeated a hundred thousand Spaniards, or Frenchmen, or Englishmen, or some other kind of foreigner—Pat wasn't very sure which; also the spot where the same redoubtable king slew single-handed about five hundred of these foreigners; and two or three other spots renowned for events equally astonishing and authentic. His listener was not so much impressed by the recital of these events as might be supposed.

"Excuse me, my friend," said he, rather contemptuously, "but I'm too old a bird to swallow chaff of that sort. Perhaps you think that I'm one of the green kind, but I believe I know as much as an Irish jarvey," and he added under his breath, "especially one so dull witted as you seem to be."

"Ooh, sure," replied the jarvey with a touch of meekness in his tone, "it isn't for the likes of me to larn your honor."

They had joggled along for about twenty minutes when the driver, with a puzzled expression on his face, said—

"By-the-bye, your honor, what's the name of the place you're going to? I forgot what you called it."

"What name I called it!" said he somewhat blankly; "it's called Bally—Bally— isn't that desperate? I can't remember the name. But you ought to know the name of it, Pat; I rely upon you. What's the good of you putting yourself out as a car-driver if you don't know the names of the places round about?" And he inwardly reproached fate with having placed him under the guidance of such an incompetent, stupid jarvey—for Sharpe's temper was of the brittle, irascible kind.

"That's quite true, your honor," replied the driver, "but you see, there's more than one Bally round about here, like; there's Ballymurky, for instance, that we passed on our way along; it lies a little off the road."

"Ballymurky!" exclaimed Sharpe confidently. "Why, that's the very place; I'm certain of it. We'd better go back."

"But there's Ballymoran about three miles further on; perhaps that's the place?"

"Ballymoran!" said the tourist a little more cautiously; "perhaps that is the place. In fact, now that I come to think of it, I believe that's the very name Murray gave in his letter."

"Or is your honor sure it isn't Ballykiernan; it lies about two miles to the east there beyond?" said the jarvey, pointing with his whip in the direction indicated.

"Ballykiernan!" said the other rather timidly. "Well it's possible that may be the place, but—"

"Or maybe after all it's Ballyrooney, that lies away in the opposite direction, about two and a half miles to the west there!" again indicating the direction with his whip.

"Ballyrooney!" repeated the tourist mechanically, for he was beginning to get muddled. "I don't know whether it will be Ballyrooney or not."

"Won't it be Ballyfornan, that lies away in that direction?" said the jarvey pointing across the country in what seemed to be a north-east direction; and then, turning

round and pointing to the south-west, he added, "Or won't it be Ballymartin across there?"

"Why, how in the name of all that's holy am I to know which of all these it is?" exclaimed Sharpe. "There all so atrociously like one another that it's utterly impossible for a stranger to tell which is which. I never was more bewildered in my life."

The car had by this time stood still and the driver sat quite contentedly with a far-away look in his eyes—as our female novelists say—gazing, no doubt, upon the beauty of some distant "Bally."

Our traveler pondered ruefully over his perplexing situation, trying to gain a means of extricating himself from the maze of Ballys surrounding him.

Suddenly he exclaimed, "Ah! Pat, I've got it now; I'm going to a Mr. Kelly who has a small farm at this eternal Bally; a friend of mine is staying there, and I'm going to join him; that'll get us out of the difficulty"; and he added a few expressive remarks about himself for not remembering this point before.

"Well that's always one step further forward, your honor," replied the driver, "and the question is now to find out what Kelly it'll be. Will it be Paddy Kelly of Ballymurky—?"

"Of course it'll be Paddy Kelly of Ballymurky," broke in Sharpe, for he was determined to have no more obstacles placed in the way. "Who else could it be but Paddy Kelly?—Isn't every Kelly in Ireland a Paddy? Hurry up and drive to Paddy Kelly's as hard as you're able."

"Och begor, your honor's the joky man entirely," said the jarvey, apparently much amused. "But then you see, there's Mikey Kelly of Ballymoran, that's number two; and Larry Kelly of Ballykiernan, number three; Rory Kelly of Ballyrooney, number four; Terry Kelly of Ballyfornan, number five; and Danny Kelly of Ballymartin, number—"

"Stop! stop! for Heaven's sake, stop!" cried Sharpe, quite aghast at this interminable string of illustrious Kellys. "This is enough to drive a man distracted; it's even worse than the Ballys—it is, upon my honor, even worse."

"Well, your honor, every one of them's a Kelly, and every one has a small farm," said the jarvey.

"You don't mean to tell me," cried the other, "that all these names you've mentioned are really the Christian names of people?"

"Every one of them, your honor," was the grave reply; "they're all called after the Saints."

The tourist made a grim remark about "the Saints" which, if it had been heard by these individuals, would assuredly not have secured for him their intercession in celestial regions.

"We have a great deal nowadays," he continued in bitterness of spirit, "of reforms being needed in Ireland. We are told that certain things in Ireland should be swept away. I go in with that; let us sweep away the Ballys, drive them out of the country, give them no rest or peace until the last of them is exterminated, for I'm sure nobody can say that Bally is such a pretty term that it should be prefixed to almost every village and hamlet in the country."

These forcible comments did not, however, bring him any nearer his destination.

"What's to be done, Pat?" he asked of the jarvey, almost peevishly. "How are we to get out of this dilemma? Have you got nothing to suggest?"

"Well, if your honor loves it to me," replied Pat, "I'd say, try the whole of the Ballys round about, and then we'll be sure to find the right one."

"Will it be necessary to take them all?"

"The very one you'd miss might be the very one your honor wants."

This was unanswerable; so, in a tone of resignation, the bewildered tourist replied—

"Well, go ahead then, Pat, go ahead; I give the whole thing up."

They did go ahead, and they kept going ahead for nearly four dreary hours. There wasn't a Bally in the whole county that they didn't call at nor a Kelly at whose house they didn't make inquiries. Mr. Sharpe was to have reached his destination at three o'clock, but it was nearer seven when, weary and worn, they joggled into Ballymartin, and found that it was the long-wished for Bally, and that Mr. Daniel Kelly was the much-sought-for man. It was unfortunate that Ballymartin had been put last on the list, but these little innocent-looking circumstances generally are unfortunate.

The journey having been extended to four times the length, the jarvey very naturally asked four times the fare. The unlucky tourist paid him a sovereign, and as the latter pocketed it he looked at the visitor with something between a leer and a grin on his face, as he remarked—"The next time your honor's traveling on a car in Ireland, be sure to ask for Bally-Something, and I'll warrant you'll see a good bit of the country."

But what were his feelings next day when, on their way further south, his friend Murray told him, amid the most uproarious merriment, that the jarvey had all the time been humbugging him.

"He was asked specially by Kelly to be sure to take no other engagement but yourself, so that he knew all the time where he was going to," said his friend. "Oh! he's a cute one, Barney. Although he looks dull and stupid, he's really one of the sharpest and most wide-awake jarveys in all Ireland. When I think upon the way he hoaxed you, taking you round a circuit of nearly twenty miles for a journey of five, and charging a sovereign for his fare, when 4s. was the right thing!"—and he again burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter from which his companion devoutly hoped he would never come out.

What Sharpe said at this humiliating discovery need not be put on record, but among other things he registered a vow that if any man found him in the future engaging an Irish jarvey to drive him to Bally-Something, he would give that man full liberty to transport him.

## LIFE ON A RAILWAY.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A GRAND TRUNK EMPLOYEE.

Fell ill From Exposure—Pronounced Incurable and Paid the Total Disability Insurance Allowed by the Company—Once More on the road to Health—He Tells How It Came About.

From the Deseronto Tribune. During the past few weeks a fruitful subject of conversation among the people

at Deseronto Junction has been the wonderful recovery of Mr. William Henry Wager, who has been looked upon as a hopeless invalid. A representative of this paper was sent to interview Mr. Wager and gain all information possible in order to satisfy the public concerning the truth of the wonderful cure. Making his way to Deseronto Junction the reporter informed Mr. Ravis, the station master, of the object of his mission. That courteous official having assured the reporter that he would find the case one of more than ordinary interest kindly pointed out the nearest route to Mr. Wager's residence. The Wager family is one of the oldest in the Bay district, and Mr. Wager and his people are well known throughout a wide radius of country. Arrived at the house the reporter knocked at the door and was quickly admitted by Mr. Wager himself, who it may be remarked, is in his thirty-fifth year, and was formerly employed as a section man on the Grand Trunk Railway, his section extending east and west of Deseronto Junction. He was a good workman and faithful servant of the company. On the 23rd of April, 1893, he was compelled, on account of ill-health to give up work completely. The doctor pronounced his trouble to be nervous palpitation of the heart. The district surgeon of the Grand Trunk Railway attended him and did all that medical skill could suggest in order to give him relief, but at the same time frankly told him that he could prescribe nothing that would effect a permanent cure. Mr. Wager was a member of the Grand Trunk Insurance and Provident Society and during his illness received the usual pecuniary allowance given for a certain number of weeks to sick members. The society also paid his way to Montreal that he might consult an eminent medical man who acts as referee in such cases. This specialist at once pronounced his case hopeless; cure was impossible. He returned home greatly dejected, and the Insurance Society paid him the whole amount granted to its members in case of total disability. Mr. Wager has since that time resided at his home on the Gravel Road, unable to work, seldom going from home except to make an occasional trip to Deseronto and Napanee. About three months ago Mr. John Kitchen, the well-known section master on the Grand Trunk, who resides at Deseronto Junction, told Mr. Wager of the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and recommended him to give them a trial. He accordingly procured a quantity of the famous pills in order to give them a trial. Now mark the result. He soon felt the good effects of this great medicine. His appetites improved. The fluttering sensations about his heart appeared to be less pronounced. He continued taking the pills and his health steadily improved. The change became apparent to friends and neighbors and a matter of public interest. He gained in weight. As he remarked last summer he was little more than a walking ghost; now, as the reporter could easily see, he was a substantial specimen of humanity. Mr. Wager informed the reporter that before he commenced taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills his heart used to beat rapidly and continue palpitating violently for some time if he attempted to cut even one stick of wood; now he can cut the daily supply of wood for the house without any such disagreeable sensations. He feels himself a different man and his neighbors are all congratulating him upon the great change so plainly manifest. He expects as soon as navigation opens to commence work again. Mr. Wager was present during the interview and corroborated her husband's narrative. They consider it a duty to publish abroad the virtues of this famous medicine which has brought such hope and comfort to their household. Mr. Wager also told of a leading farmer in the neighborhood who had been troubled with a chronic headache, who, at his suggestion, had also tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and had experienced relief in a very short time. Other cases in Deseronto and vicinity are known to the Tribune in which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been productive of much good. These pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, all nervous troubles, palpitation of the heart, the after effects of a gripe, diseases depending on humors of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50c. a box, or six for \$2.50. See that the company's registered trade mark is on the wrapper of every box offered you, and positively refuse all imitations or substitutes alleged to be "just as good." Remember no other remedy has been discovered that can successfully do the work of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

### Constant as the Polar Star.

Mrs. Muldoon—"Th' trouble wid my husband is that he never sticks to any was thing more'n a week."

Mr. McGroggin—"Yes do him injustice Mrs. Muldoon. Oi never saw a firmer man than your husband phwin it comes to a strike."

## A Veteran's Story

Mr. Joseph Hemmerich, an old soldier, 529 E. 148th St., N. Y. City, writes us voluntarily. In 1862, at the battle of Fair Oaks, he was stricken with typhoid fever, and after a long struggle in hospitals, lasting several years, was discharged as incurable with Consumption.

Doctors said both lungs were affected and he could not live long, but a comrade urged him to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before he had finished one bottle his cough began to get lost, the choking sensation left, and night sweats grew less and less. He is now in good health and cordially recommends

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

as a general blood purifier and tonic medicine, especially in his comrades in the G. A. E.

HOOD'S PILLS are had made, and are perfect in composition, prescription and appearance.