

PRACTICAL FARMING.

What Is a Day's Plowing.

While cutting a furrow 9 inches wide the plowman walks just about eleven miles while he is turning over an acre—that is without reckoning the journey from the stable to the field and back again. It is one of the advantages of long fields that the time occupied in turning at the ends is so much less than on shorter stretches and smaller fields. In plowing an acre 352 yards long, cutting a 9-inch furrow, the man goes twenty-seven and a half times round, and turns on the headland fifty-five times. If we allow one minute for turning, the time thus occupied is equal to fifty-five minutes, or say an hour's work—the hardest of the day, too. This would be in a paddock of field of average length, being 16 chains long. When a field is 8 chains—179 yards—long, the number of turnings is doubled, and the amount of hard work and time absorbed is one hour and fifty minutes. In a field 5½ chains long (117 yards)—a not unusual length—the plowman turns 165 times in order to cut through an acre with a 9-inch furrow, and allowing a minute for each turning, two and three-quarter hours are occupied in that operation.

The plow space to do good, steady work varies from one and a half to two miles per hour. Applying these figures to the eleven miles walked in plowing an acre, at the rate of one and a half miles an hour, takes seven and one-eighth hours. With a 10-inch furrow there is one mile less of walking, which may be computed as half an hour to three-quarters, according to the estimate of travelling pace. With a 10-inch furrow on light land, where the furrows are 352 yards long, from six to seven hours are occupied per acre, at the ordinary pace of two miles per hour. Thus, in short fields a great amount of extra work becomes necessary and time is lost in turning. So an acre may require eight or nine hours. Plows cutting a double furrow or three or four or more furrows at the same time may be estimated on the same lines.

Symmetry in Live Stock.

A correspondent asks what is meant by the expression, "symmetry in live stock." The meaning is much the same as when the word is applied to other things; that is, the animals to which it is applied have an orderly, well proportioned arrangement of their parts. A cow with one horn much larger than the other is not symmetrical in that point. An animal may have a good point so largely developed as to mar the symmetry. We remember a cow of a beef breed, shown at a leading fair, with such a remarkable development of the loin as to seem almost deformed. She received the first prize. Some criticism was made. An excellent judge of cattle defended the award on the ground that the loin was one of the most important points in a beef animal and that even excessive development here was to be preferred to greater symmetry. Many animals are every way useful, but we speak of them as plain looking, or rough, or coarse. Again, we may fault an animal because, while each part may be good, we instinctively feel that some are not in proper proportion to others. We may say of a horse that it has a well formed head, but that this is too large for the body; that it has excellent legs, but they are too short in comparison with the body. Such an animal may be useful in a high degree, but it is not symmetrical.

Look to the Seeds.

Prof. Galloway says of the influence of size and weight of seed on the growth of the plant: The large seed germinates more quickly, with more certainty and produces marketable plants sooner than the small, while the more uniform growth gives a larger crop to be brought in together, thus practically clearing the land at once. With large and small seed sown together and maturing at different times, either the use of a portion of the land must be lost while waiting for a portion of the crop to become matured or that part of the crop must be sacrificed. By using large, selected seed 85 to 90 per cent. of the crop can be brought in together. When it is desirable that crops should mature in order, it is better to have a succession of sowings, using selected seeds for each. It is a waste of time and material to use other than the best of seeds.

Sheep for Mutton.

The mutton breeds of sheep grow so rapidly compared with scrubs as to almost surprise those who have not used them. Such breeds as the Oxford Downs, Shropshires and Hampshire Downs will gain some 12 ounces to a pound a day the first year, if forced by high feeding. It has been demonstrated by actual tests that lambs can be made to attain 100 pounds live weight when 100 days old, and individual rams, fed for the purpose of gaining as much as possible, have reached 370 pounds when 1 year old. A ram was exhibited at the Centennial Exposition that weighed 425 pounds.

No Two Farms Alike.

It is not always advisable to adopt the systems pursued by a neighbor, as there is a wide difference in soils, and farms are not alike. The independent farmer, who aims to branch out into something better cannot wait. He must lead, and thus learn by practical experience the methods best for his farm. Small plots for experimental purposes should be used every year as a portion of the routine work on every farm, and they will thus save time and labor.

Improving the Lawn.

The lawn may receive some attention for its renewal now. Mow it and scratch it over with a sharp rake. Then sow a mixture of 1 pound blue grass, 3 pounds white clover and 1 pound timothy seed on one-

fourth of an acre. It is best to use plenty of seed rather than too little. Sow the seed before the middle of September, and the rains will carry it down, as well as allow sufficient time for the young grass to make headway before winter.

The Weed Crop.

Weeds require closer watching now than at any other time, as they are producing seed. If one is seen anywhere pull it out—never let the seed mature. The mower can do good service in fields, but the hoe should be used to clean out the fence corners.

Notes.

None but a careful and level-headed person should break in a heifer to milk. A young cow is often spoiled by impatient or unintelligent handling.

Warmth, moisture and similar conditions always favor the activity of both the ripening and decaying forces in fruit; fruit left on the tree begins to decay immediately. The art of preserving is in separating from the tree and placing it under condition where these forces cease to act.

Get the butter away from the air as soon as possible after packing, and keep it as cool as can be until going to market. The small pails and parchment paper are so cheap that it can be packed solidly, and the consumer has a chance to get the butter fresh for the table as long as it lasts.

Cement and board floors are excellent, but they may serve as harboring places for rats. An excellent plan is to first excavate the place where the floor is to be and place half-inch wire netting underneath, fastening the sides also, and then return the earth, which will keep rats out.

Nervousness and viciousness are engendered in the ill-treated cow, and are transmitted to the offspring. The more docile the cow, the more are her energies likely to be devoted to the dairyman's interests. We can not be too watchful over irresponsible help, who hesitates not to beat, hurry or frighten the cows.

The bulky foods which can be grown successfully upon the farm have no superior as feed for the dairy—corn, oats, clover hay and plenty of silage. Results from the thought concentrated foods can not equal the results which do these more easily digested foods. "Forcing" a cow does injury to her digestive organs, and is decidedly not profitable in the long run.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

A Few Items About Some of the Noted People of the World.

Charles M. Foulke, a resident of Washington, is believed to have the finest collection of tapestry in the world.

James Doel, now the landlord of the Prince George hotel, Stonehouse, England, who is 92 years old, is said to be the oldest actor in the world.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt is said to have been converted to strict temperance views through the influence of his wife, a daughter of John Lathrop Motley, the American historian.

It is currently reported that Lady Gwen-dolen Cecil, a daughter of the Marquis of Salisbury, is the author of "The Curse of Intellect," a story that has excited more than ordinary interest.

Princess Pauline Metternich, niece of the famous Ambassador to Paris, and the more famous Princess Pauline, his wife, has just made her first appearance as a violinist at a charity concert at Marienbad. She is only 15 years old.

Signor Nicolini, the husband of Mme. Adelina Patti, has purchased the celebrated "Leduc" Guarnerio violin for the sum of \$7,750. The instrument, which he has christened "The Patti," accompanies him on all his journeys.

Mrs. Thomas Blizard, of McDonald's Point, N. B., has just celebrated her 104th birthday. Her oldest child, who was present at the gathering in honor of the event, is 81 years old; the next 78, the next 77, and the youngest 53.

W. S. Scratton, who owns the Independence mine of Cripple Creek, Col., is a carpenter by trade. Three years ago he walked from Colorado Springs to Cripple Creek, a distance of thirty miles, in order to save the fare, which amounted to \$4. Now he has an income of \$1,200,000 a year.

The late Rear-Admiral Lejeune, of the French navy, began his career at sea as a common seaman. He was one of the crew of the Dumont d'Urville's Astrolabe when it sailed around the world. On the return of the expedition he received a commission, and then the Crimean war afforded an opportunity for rapid promotion. At the time of his death, which occurred recently, Admiral Lejeune was 78 years old.

M. Chassepot, the inventor of the famous rifle used by the French in their war with Germany, has recently been discovered at Nice, where he is keeping a hotel. His name was formerly on every tongue, and Napoleon III., who had been warned of the numerical superiority of the German army, relied largely on the advantages of the Chassepot rifle as an element in his favour. The gun was long ago discarded for the Graff, and later for the Letel rifle.

M. Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire was 90 years old on August 20, and is still vigorous in mind and body. He remembers seeing Napoleon I. three times—first in March, 1814, just before the arrival of the allied armies; the second time in March, 1815, at a review, when a cavalry officer, perceiving the efforts of the boy of ten years old to get a glimpse of the Emperor, leaned down and lifted him on to his horse's neck; and the third time on the terrace of the Tuileries.

The French-Canadians are a hardy race and one is not surprised to learn that Mrs. Mary Ann Bush, who has just died in Novi Mich., is of that nationality. She was 112 years old, according to the figures, which are said to be accurate. She was the oldest person in Michigan. Mrs. Bush was born at Montreal on June 23, 1788. After going to the United States she married Francis Bush at Albany, N. Y., at the age of 18. Her late husband had become a Freemason at New Amsterdam a century ago. She was the oldest Mason's widow in the world. Five generations were present at the old woman's bedside when she died.

THE HOME.

System in Housekeeping.

One must confess to a fellow feeling for the little girl who did not like to visit where they always had times for things, and yet that it is very desirable to have system in the household, goes without saying. But no wise housekeeper will make system a Muloch to which the comfort and convenience of the whole family must be sacrificed.

An experienced housekeeper knows that it is impossible to regulate household affairs by a set of fixed rules without seriously interfering with the freedom and pleasure of home life. The unexpected is always sure to happen, and a wise housewife will make her system so flexible as to be able to conform without serious friction to the unlooked-for emergencies of social life, and be prepared for frequent interruptions; else all the pleasure and sweetness of the little surprises of home and social life are spoiled by our inability to adapt ourselves to the exigencies of daily life. The ability of the housekeeper to conform easily and cheerfully to any little change in her household plans goes far to make or mar the comfort of the household.

It is a hard lesson for a systematic housekeeper to learn, this setting aside of our own plans, and entering heartily and cheerfully into others that rise up and confront one; but it must of necessity be learned if we desire to make our home all that a true home should be, and our home life pleasant and comfortable.

Recipes.

Huckleberry Pudding.—Take one pint of molasses, one teaspoonful each of ginger cloves, and cinnamon; one teaspoonful of salt, and the same of soda dissolved in one cupful of water. Add one quart of huckleberries, and flour to make it the consistency of soft gingerbread. Turn into a well-buttered pudding dish, and bake a full hour.

Sauce.—One half cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar and one egg beaten together to a froth. Just before serving add a cupful of boiling milk, nutmeg to taste.

Huckleberry Cake.—Cream together half a cupful of butter and one cupful of sugar, add one large cupful of sweet milk, three cupfuls of flour, salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Last of all stir in one heaping cupful of huckleberries, spread in a shallow pan and bake in a moderate oven. Serve hot with butter for luncheon, or with a liquid sauce for dessert.

Huckleberry Tea Cake.—It is easily made and affords a pleasant variety for the summer tea-table. Take a piece of butter the size of an egg, one cupful of sugar, two eggs, two-thirds of a cupful of milk, and two scant cupfuls of flour, sifted with a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Add a cupful of berries, floured, and bake in a rather quick oven. Serve warm. It is best baked in muffin pans.

Huckleberry Fritters.—Sift together three cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar and one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Add two well-beaten eggs, one pint of sweet milk and half a pint of berries. In baking have the griddle very hot, turn quickly, and serve at once with liquid sauce.

Canned Huckleberries.—Put the berries over a slow fire, stir constantly, and merely bring the whole mass to the scalding point. Then pack in glass jars, taking care that each is perfectly full, seal tightly while hot, and put away in a dark place. They will keep perfectly until wanted. Of course, in using them, one adds sugar in discretion. In using them for the huckleberry pudding, the recipe for which is given above, they should be drained of all juice. Do not be alarmed if they turn the batter green. The color will be normal again when the pudding is baked.

Little Helps in the Kitchen.

There are many little things practised by different house-keepers that, in themselves, seem small and almost too insignificant to mention, yet in the aggregate they amount to a great deal, and for the benefit of our numerous readers we give a few helpful hints that have come to us from the experience of many a housewife.

In one kitchen the top and bottom was melted off from a tin can of the quart size and the hollow tin tube thus made was slipped over the churn dasher, resting upon the churn lid, thus most effectually preventing the cream from splashing out when being churned, and there was therefore no muss whatever to be cleaned up when the churning was done.

When smoothing flour into milk or water to be used in thickening, if it is briskly beaten with a fork, then smoothed with the back of a spoon to rub out any lumps that may remain, it can be got ready in less than one-half the time necessary when a spoon only is used. To rub flour into butter, set the butter near the fire until softened but not melted, then with a fork it can be easily and quickly smoothed. In using, only a little of the butter should be put in at a time, and all carefully stirred so that the flour does not become lumpy.

Many a housekeeper does not use an egg beater very often on account of the trouble it is to clean it, but if, just as soon as it has been used, is to set into a deep vessel containing plenty of water the egg on it will not harden, and when one is ready to clean all that is necessary is to whirl it a few times in the water, "dab" at it a little with a wiping cloth, and lay it on the back of the stove to dry and it is easily and quickly done.

A knife or section from a worn-out mowing machine sickle makes a most excellent scraper to use in the kitchen, its different points and angles fitting in and easily scraping where nothing else will reach. A clam shell is nice to use for scraping the rounded bottoms of pots and kettles.

When sheets are put to dry, if they are folded and both selvage edges pinned to

the line, the selvage will, when dry, be straight and unwrinkled.

If table cloths are folded and hung with two ends pinned to the line, they will be straight and ready to iron without first stretching them.

TOMBSTONE RHYMES.

Instances of Frankness Which Seem to Have Possessed the Village Poets.

It is common to say that makers of the gravestones have little regard for the truth: "monumental liars," they are sometimes called. But though the good side of the departed is generally—and properly—emphasized, there are many instances in which a spirit of frankness seems to have possessed the village poets, whose services are so much in demand on mortuary occasions.

In a Vermont cemetery, according to an exchange, one may read the following epitaph, which certainly does not err on the side of flattery:

Here lies in silent clay
Miss Arabella Young,
Who, on the 21st of May,
Began to hold her tongue.

And here is a quatrain, never before in print, of a curiously similar import:

Here lies the body of Hannah Thurber,
Once she talked and none could curb her;
Three husbands had she, all are dead,
They died of earache, so 'tis said.

In the same rural cemetery where this last outspoken epitaph is found, visitors sometimes pause to smile at the ingenuous grief of a widower whose change of mood in the concluding couplet was perhaps quite unintentional:

In memory of Susan Glover,
My wife most true and kind;
Though I should marry ten times over,
Her like I shall not find.

Grammatical corrections is perhaps too much to ask of the unprofessional muse. Metre and rhyme are hard taskmasters, and while a man is intent upon minding them, he is almost to be pardoned for using a little too much of that very convenient article known as poetic license. In a case like the following, therefore, we may praise the smoothness of the verse rather than laugh at the raggedness of the grammatical construction:

Pause, good friend, and drop a tear,
The body of John Pratt is here.
Think of the day when you will be
Under the sod as deep as me.

The amateur poet is troubled not only by the trammels of metre and rhyme, but by the narrow space in which he is obliged to work. It is impossible to say everything in four lines, and as a consequence much must be left to the understanding of the reader. So it was, no doubt, with the author of the following:

Beneath this stone lies William Bett,
In the river he was drowned;
A squall came up, his boat upset,
His body was never found.

A CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE.

A London Woman's Elaborate Defence of Her Home Against Pillage.

A correspondent writes to the New York Sun as follows:—My wife's mother lives in the outskirts of London, and is absolutely certain that all the unemployed of that great city mean to break in whenever they get the chance, and pillage her comfortable home. Her defences are elaborate. On each window of the ground floor and basement is a bell, the spring being wedged between the upper and lower sash. If you open the window the bells first ring and then fall to the ground with a hideous clatter. Against the back basement door stands the step-ladder, and balanced on that is a large tin fish boiler. Against the front basement door stands the ironing board, and ingeniously hung on this are the kitchen scales. The ladder or board would fall at a touch. On the extreme edge of the kitchen table stands a basket containing the kitchen spoons and knives and forks. On the newel post, as you reach the ground floor, is a large pot containing plants, and balanced across it is her late husband's cane, a ponderous affair of malacca, with an ivory crook handle; if it fell it would slide all down the kitchen stairs. When these things are fixed, and a chair with some china ornaments, once the property of her husband's first wife balanced against the front door, she puts on her night cap of the vintage of 1833, a most formidable affair, and placing two old-fashioned watchman's rattles, a brass candle stick snuffers and extinguishers, to throw down stairs at the first alarm, beside her bed, she says her prayers and turns in to sleep peacefully, at least so my wife says. There is an Old World thoroughness about all this carried out in all her methods, and the only thing left for me to do was to emigrate, which I did six months after I was made the happiest of men.

P. S.—I forgot to mention that last time she went to town a gentlemanly stranger, looking like a country parson, asked her the way to St. Paul's Cathedral and abstracted her purse from her handbag during the conversation.

Ready and Willing.

He—Will you marry me?
She—Certainly.
He—Thanks. I was afraid you were going to say it was too sudden.
She—It couldn't be.

Domestic Economy.

Brown—I understand your wife is a great saver, especially on little things?
Jones—You bet she is. Why if she can get a ten-cent article that will last her a lifetime, at three for a quarter, she always buys a quarter's worth in order to save the difference.

For twenty-five years

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

Every Bone

In my body ached with the dreadful Rheumatism which followed a severe cold. My sufferings were awful. I could not dress myself or comb my hair. My husband had to carry me up and down stairs. I was scarcely able to nurse my little one. Within two weeks after I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, I felt better. Shortly I was able to walk up and down stairs without help and finally I was cured. My friends thought I was going to be a cripple, but thanks to God for his blessing on Hood's Sarsaparilla, I now enjoy good health. Mrs. JOHN BLACKBURN, Lower Five Islands, Nova Scotia.



Hood's Pills should be in every household.

A WONDERFUL REMEDY.

A Young Lady in Elgin County Tells How it Saved Her Life.

The Case Baffled the Family Doctor and He Gave It Up—Relief Came When Hope Had Almost Gone—Health Again Restored.

From the Tilsonburg Observer.

Mr. J. W. Kennedy, who resides on the 8th concession of the township of Bayham, is one of the most respected farmers in the township. Recently an Observer representative visited his home for the purpose of learning the particulars of the recovery of his daughter, Miss Alice Kennedy, from a severe and trying illness, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, after medical assistance had failed. Miss Kennedy now presents the appearance of a healthy and active young woman of twenty, and bears no indication of having passed through an illness which baffled the doctors' skill. To the reporter Miss Kennedy said that in the autumn of 1893 she was taken ill and a physician was called in. Despite all the doctor did for her she continued to grow worse. She suffered from severe headaches, became very pale, rapidly lost flesh, and her limbs were cold and swollen. She suffered great pain and it was with much difficulty she could move about, and would sometimes lie for hours in a half stupor. At last the doctor could do nothing more for her, and the family asked his advice as to her using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He said he was of the opinion that they would not help her. In spite of this adverse opinion, however, she determined to give them a trial, and before the first box was finished the wisdom of the decision was made manifest. An improvement was noticed and with joy Miss Kennedy continued taking the Pink Pills until she had used fourteen boxes, when she felt that she was completely cured. She has not taken any since the early summer, and has not had any recurrence of her old trouble, and never felt better in her life. Indeed Miss Kennedy says that as a result of the Pink Pill treatment she has gained 25 pounds in weight. A short time after she began the use of the Pink Pills the doctor who had previously attended her called and was much surprised at the improvement in the young lady's appearance, and said that if Pink Pills had caused the transformation by all means to continue their use. Miss Kennedy's statements were corroborated by her father and sister, both of whom give all the credit for her marvelous recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and eradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, old and young, a burden. Dizziness, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. They are also a specific in cases of locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, the after effects of a gripe, etc. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from overwork, mental worry, or excesses of any nature. They are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Talent is a cistern; genius, a fountain—Whipple.
Striking manners are bad manners.—Robert Hall.

Hypocrites do the devil's drudgery.—Mathew Henry.
I love prudence very little if it is not moral.—Joubert.

Necessity reforms the poor, and satiety the rich.—Tacitus.
Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile.—Shakespeare.

No peace was ever won from fate by subtlety.—Ruskin.
Reckon any matter of trial to thee among thy gains.—T. Adam.

One of the poets—which is it?—speaks of an everlasting now.—Southey.
Music washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life.—Auerbach.

The unaffected of every country nearly resemble each other.—Goldsmith.
As the flower is before the fruit, so is faith before good works.—Whately.

What destiny sends, bear! Whoever perseveres will be crowned.—Herder.
We can do more good by being good than in any other way.—Rowland Hill.

An honest man is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not.—Shakespeare.

Give me health and a day, and I will make ridiculous the pomp of Emperors.—Emerson.

The best way to make our poverty respectable is to seem never to feel it as an evil.—Bovee.
Be not familiar with the idea of wrong, for sin in fancy mothers many an ugly act.—Theodore Parker.