

HOW TO STACK GRAIN.

Stacking grain is frequently alluded to by agricultural writers as a wasteful practice. So far as being "wasteful" there is frequently a great saving in stacking grain. The advantages of stacking are:—Less danger of fire, greater security from rats and mice, and immunity from barn weevil. When the crop is a long distance from the barn there is also a saving of time storing; the stacks can be hauled in when labor is cheaper. With the Mediterranean and Fultz varieties of wheat, the loss by shelling is scarcely worth notice.

Have your sheaves of even size and well bound. Badly bound and slobbery sheaves cannot be tolerated in stacking, and should not be tolerated at any time. Select high ground for your stacks, and begin by laying a foundation of rails. Some stackers omit this, but it is much better to have a foundation to cut off the moisture from below.

First lay down four large rails, spaced equal distance apart, and across these lay about a dozen rails, and you are ready to begin your stack. Throw two or three sheaves across the centre, and build the tops of your sheaves on these, "gee" round; that is, with your right hand towards the centre of the stack. Continue your widening circle until you have fully reached the corners of the foundation, letting the butts of the sheaves rest on the ground on the four sides. Now see that your base is round and level, and you have your foundation wide enough on which to build from sixty to eighty bushels of wheat. Lay another course or two of sheaves with their butts even with those of the last course on the rails, leaving the stack bottom in the form of a pie-dish. Place another course with their butts even with the band of the outside course, and the heads pointing to the centre, and another course inside of this, and so on until your middle is full. Continue on this way until your foundation is eight or nine feet high, or as high as you wish your "bulge." The bottom may be built perpendicular, or better still, a little out from plumb at the top. Begin now and raise the centre of the stack very high, making the slope nearly as steep as an ordinary house-roof, and extending well out on to the last course on the bottom. You have now come to the most important part of your job—laying the eave. Having your eave, so as to give your sheaves a good pitch, you begin by taking a sheaf and thrusting the butts downwards and outwards until they extend a short distance over the last course. You now get on your knees on this sheaf, and another is handed you, which you serve the same way, until you have completed the circle. Now put some filling in the centre, and lay another "bulge," with the butts as far out as the first "breaking joint," like a course of shingles. Be sure and keep the tops of the sheaves well back. They are liable to gain forward, and this will spoil the stack. They should all point to the centre, like spokes in a wheel, and should be closely crowded together. If there is a sheaf-hander, he should stand as nearly as possible in the middle so as not to move the outside courses. The third course is drawn in a little, and each succeeding course a little more rapidly until the job is finished. Having a few small sheaves for finishing, and have a stick five or six feet long, made very sharp at one end. Thrust this down the centre of the stack, taking care to have it perpendicular. Fix a hand or two around the tops of the last course, and your stack is topped out.

Next morning when the dew is on, is the best time to rake it off. Pull the butts where there are unsightly holes and beat down protruberances. Stacks built in this way will stand for months in the wettest season and sustain no injury.

Long stacks or racks are built on two more squares of rails placed together. Where there is a large quantity of grain to stack, racks are economical. The chief objection to this kind of stack is the long row of heads exposed to the weather on top, unless you thatch or cover with boards. Ricks should always be built with their lengths running east and west. The east sides of stacks and shocks are always more liable to be damaged by rain than any other parts.

The main points to be observed in stacking are: 1. Keep your centres full, thereby giving your outside courses a steep pitch. 2. Always have the tops of your sheaves point to the centre. 3. A symmetrical form of stack. Inexperienced stackers are apt to build to high, and run their stacks up to a spire-like point. This is unnecessary and unsightly, and the tops are liable to be blown off. It is the pitch of the sheaf and not the pitch of the top that makes it waterproof. An egg shape is the best form for a stack.

SIMPLY MADE BONE MANURE A Contributor to the Horticulturist buys bones of a butcher at a dollar a hundred pounds and considers them the cheapest fertilizer he can obtain. He transforms them into meal by the following process: "I have a large water tight hoghead standing out of doors, near the kitchen. In the spring I cover the bottom about six inches deep with dry soil. On this I put a layer of bones, then ashes. On these another layer of bones then ashes, and so on till the hoghead is full. I leave it then exposed to the sun and rain all summer and winter till the next spring. Then on removing the contents of the hoghead, I find nearly all the bones so soft that they will crumble to powder under a very slight pressure, and they give a nice little pile of most valuable manure, ready for immediate use. Any of the bones not sufficiently subdued I return to the hoghead again, for another twelve months' slumber.

Literary Miscellany.

TREATMENT OF CANARIES.

A pair of canaries I give to your care, Don't blind them with sunshine, or starve them with air, Or leave them out late in the cold and the damp, And then be surprised if they suffer from cramp; Or open the window in all kinds of weathers Quite near to their cage till they puff out their feathers, The birds that are free fly to bush and to grove, If the wind be too cold or the sun is too hot; But these pretty captives depend on your aid, In winter for warmth, and in summer for shade. When they chirrup, and ceaselessly hop to and fro, Some want or discomfort they're trying to show; When they scrape their bills sharply on perch or wire, They're asking for something they greatly desire; When they set every feather on end in a twinkling, With musical rattle like water asprinkling, In rain or in sunshine, with sharp call-like notes, They are begging for water to freshen their coats. Cage, perches, and vessels, keep all very clean, For fear of small insects—you know what I mean!— They breed in their feathers, and leave them no rest. In buying them see, choose the cleanest and best. I feed my canaries (excuse me the hint) On hemp and canary, rape, millet, and lint. I try them with all, till I find out their taste— The food they don't care for they scatter and waste. About their bright cages I hang a gay bower Of shepherd's-purse, chickweed, and groundsel in flower. At a root of ripe grass they will peck with much zest. For seeds and small pebbles their food to digest. But all should be ripe, well seeded, and brown. Few leaves on the groundsel, but plenty of daisy. In summer I hang them out high in the shade. About our hall door by a portico made; In spring, autumn, winter, a window they share. Where a blind is drawn down to the afternoon glare. This window, if open beneath them, we close. Lest the scamp should seize hold of their poor little toes. A bath about noontide on every mild day Will keep your small favorites healthy and gay. In hot summer sunshine, some calico green, As a roof to their cage makes a very good screen. On winter nights cover from lamplight, and cold. And they'll sing in all weathers, and live to be old.

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I am, hollow-eyed and pale, and with such a weariness and melancholy in her tones as would have touched most hearts—"Am I to ever find you and Walter quarrelling thus? Yes, I have heard it all, and think you both to blame; but nothing can excuse this violence. If I have any authority in this house at all, not another word I beg."

Sir Richard bit his lip, but resumed his seat; Walter went on quietly dissecting the *Illustrated London News*, with an air of interest; Miss Aynon very accurately traced the pattern of her plans with her fork; Lettie, the innocent cause of the outbreak, shed silent tears. Altogether, the family picture was gloomy, and the situation embarrassing. My Lady reaped this advantage, however, that nobody asked her a word about her trip to Dalwynch.

"Do not let me detain you at table, my dear Letty," said she breaking a solemn pause. "Miss Aynon was so good as to make my coffee this morning, and therefore it is only fair that she should perform the same kind office now."

Glad enough of this excuse to leave the room—a movement felt by all to be very difficult of imitation—all except Miss Aynon left the room. After a long pause in which, lost in gloomy depths of thought, she had entirely forgotten that she had invited Miss Rose to bear her company.

"I hope you are coming with us to the picnic, Lady Lisgard, now that that horrid man is gone?" said a cold quiet voice.

"Yes, Rose, I am going with you to Belcomb. It is a very favorite spot of mine—very. It was about that expedition, partly, that I wished to speak with you. I was about to ask you to be very careful in your conduct towards my sons this day. It is the last time they will be together for weeks, perhaps. Be kind to my poor Richard. Of course, Walter knew nothing of what has passed between you and his brother; but the bow that he drew at a venture sent home a barbed shot."

Miss Aynon bowed her head.

"You were sorry for that, Rose, I know. You cannot fail to see how irritable he has lately grown. The fact is, he has overestimated the strength of his own powers of self-restraint. Your presence, in a perpetual trial to him. Under these circumstances, dear Rose, do you think it would be better—I know how embarrassing it would be to you to propose it, and therefore although your hostess, I relieve you of the task—do you not think it would, on the whole, be wiser for you to leave us a little sooner than you had intended?"

"If I consulted my own feelings," returned Miss Aynon, "I should certainly have left Mirk before this, Lady Lisgard. But unless Sir Richard himself releases me from my promise to remain until after his birthday, I must, with your permission, madam, do so; otherwise, he might possibly imagine that his presence is too great a trial for me, and I should be loth indeed to have my departure so misconstrued."

There was bitterness in the tone in which she spoke, but determination too.

"I am to understand, then," returned My Lady flushing, "that contrary to my advice and wish—there is the break, at least you will shape your behavior this afternoon as I requested. There is no time now to discuss the matter." And the next moment the break was announced.

The little party, so strangely out of accord with one another, arrived at Belcomb in due time and took their lunch; but all those harmonious elements which are so absolutely necessary to the success of a picnic were wanting. After the lunch was disposed of each sauntered about as they saw fit. During the afternoon, Miss Letty came unobserved upon Master Walter and Miss Aynon, and caught the last words of something Miss Aynon was saying; those were: "Walter, dear." She marked the girl stretch forth her arms toward him, as though she would have clasped them round his neck; and then she saw him put her roughly by, shake himself free of her with a movement expressive almost of loathing, and turn on his heels with an oath.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE QUEEN'S DISCIPLINE. An anecdote illustrating Queen Victoria's good sense and strict domestic principle, writes Grace Greenwood, came to me directly from one who witnessed the occurrence.

One day the Queen was present in her carriage at a military review; the Princess Royal, then rather a wilful girl of about thirteen, sitting on the front seat, seemed to be rather familiar and coquetish with some young officers of the escort. Her Majesty gave several reproving looks, without avail, "winked at her but she wouldn't stay winked." At length, in flitting her handkerchief over the side of the carriage, she dropped it too evidently not accidentally. Instantly two or three young heroes sprang from their saddles to return it to her hand—but the awful tones of her majesty stayed them.

"Stop, gentlemen," exclaimed the Queen, "leave it just where it lies. Now, my daughter, get down from the carriage and pick up your handkerchief."

There was no help for it. The Royal coachman let down the steps for the little Royal lady, who proceeded to lift from the dust the pretty piece of cambric and lace. She blushed a good deal, though she tossed her head saucily, and she was doubtless angry enough, but the mortifying lesson nipped in the bud her first impulse towards coquetry. It was hard, but it was wholesome. How many American mothers would be equal to such a piece of Spartan discipline.

Special Notices. OXYGEN IS LIFE.—DR. BRIGHT'S PHOSPHODYNE.—MULTITUDES OF PEOPLE are hopelessly suffering from Debility, Nervous and Liver Complaints, Depression of Spirits, Hypochondria, Pains, Indigestion, Failure of Hearing, Sight and Memory, Lassitude, Want of Power, etc., whose cases admit of a permanent cure by the new remedy PHOSPHODYNE (Ozone Oxygen), which at once allays all irritations and excitation, imparts new energy and life to the enfeebled constitution, and rapidly cures every stage of these hitherto incurable and distressing maladies. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists throughout the Globe.

Pumps, RICHMOND HILL STEAM Pump Works,

IN reference to the above notice of Disinfection, the undersigned would announce that he is now fitting up New and Improved Machinery Driven by simple Steam Power, and intended to manufacture a SUPERIOR ARTICLE.

At prices and on terms hitherto unequalled. Parties wanting pumps will do well to consult me before purchasing. List of prices sent on application. H. MILLER, Richmond Hill, March 24 '75.

1st PRIZE Pump Works, Richmond Hill. The undersigned respectfully begs to announce to the inhabitants of Richmond Hill and vicinity that he has returned to this place and purchased the Excelsior Pump Works.

ON CHURCH STREET, Formerly carried on by Mr. John Hall, and hopes by strict attention to business, combined with the best material to merit a continuance of the patronage bestowed on his predecessor.

Well curbs constantly on hand. Wells sunk on the shortest notice. Address stating depth of well, REU. PHILLIPS, Richmond Hill.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH THE ADVERTISING AGENCIES. A LARGE STOCK OF TEAS, Ranging in price from 30 cents per lb. upward.

Also a fine assortment of Family Groceries. I. Crosby, Fire Proof Store, RICHMOND HILL.

COLORED POSTERS, (Printed by a Process peculiar to our Chromatic Printer) AT THE HERA JOB PRINTING OFFICE, RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO.

THE GREATEST WONDER OF MODERN TIMES. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. The Pills purify the Blood, correct all disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to Females.

The Ointment is the only reliable remedy for Bad Legs, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers of howsoever long standing. For Rheumatism, Diphtheria, Coughs, Colic, Gout, Rheumatism, and all Skin Diseases it has no equal.

BEWARE OF VILE AND ABOMINABLE COUNTERFEITS. I deem it my duty to state that my Pills and Ointment are neither manufactured nor sold in the United States.

Each Pot and Box bears the British Government Stamp, and the words "HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, LONDON," engraved thereon. On the label is the address, 533, Oxford Street, London.

Vile and spurious imitations of "Holloway's Pills and Ointment," are manufactured and sold under the name of "Holloway & Co. Druggists, 533, Oxford Street, London." Thus, in Canada, the principal Wholesale Dealers are—Lyman, Clark & Co., Northrup and Lyman, and Lyman Brothers & Co., who obtain them at very low prices, from J. F. Henry, Curran & Co. of New York, and this trash is supplied to unprincipled retail vendors, who sell the same as my genuine Pills and Ointment, which are manufactured only at 533, Oxford Street, London, and may be obtained from the following Firms, viz.:

Messrs. Evans, Mercer & Co., Montreal. Messrs. Avery, Brown & Co., Halifax, N. S. Messrs. T. E. Barker & Sons, St. John, N. B. Messrs. Elliott & Co., Toronto. Who import them direct from the following Firms, viz.:

THOMAS HOLLOWAY, 533, Oxford Street, W.C. London, April 1st, 1874.

JUST RECEIVED AT THE Herald book & fancy store, Warwick and other collars, card board, carbonic paper, Mucilage, etc. : also a few numbers of the Life of King William III. Price 50 cents.

"Edith Lyle," by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," etc. Price 75 cents. VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY AT THE HERALD BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE, whether for printing, advertising or subscriptions to the paper.

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J. K. FALCONBRIDGE. Richmond Hill, July 17, 1876.

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