

On the Farm.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

In many cases where a farmer or mechanic keeps one or two pigs and they die suddenly, or the best one, the heartiest feeder and most rapid grower dies and the other gets well, the disease is pronounced to be hog cholera, when more frequently it is a case of poisoning and nothing else. Similar cases of cholera among fowl may be traced to the same cause. Both pigs and fowl like salt, and we have no doubt they need a little every day, or occasionally, as much as cattle, sheep and horses. But it is easy to give a poisonous dose of salt to the hog or the hen where they do not have it regularly. The appetite for it becomes such a craving that they eat it greedily, and to an injurious extent. We do not feed the scraps from the table to cattle or sheep, but to hogs and hens. The water in which salt meats or fish is cooked and the waste pieces are saved to put into the swill barrel or to scald a mash for the fowl. The salt from the bottom of the beef or pork barrel or the pickle tub are turned into the manure heap, which would be a most excellent use for it if the hogs and hens were kept away. But if they are not, and they chance to have a craving for salt, they will eat enough to cause diarrhea, cholera and often death. We know a man who always salted his morning mash for his hens about as he would have salted food for himself, and we saw him empty a half bushel or more of coarse salt on the manure heap where the hens were scratching. After picking about one grain each they wanted no more. His neighbor, who never salted hens' food, tried to dispose of the salt from his pork barrel in the same way, but before night a large part of his flock were dead. Therefore be cautious in leaving salt where hens and hogs can get to it unless they have it regularly, and do not save salt liquor from the boiled meats or fish to feed out.

CHANGE THE HORSE FEED.

On the average farm the hog and the horse are the two animals that are fed with the least change in their rations says a writer. The work horse gets hay and corn, or oats, month after month without variation, until it is not a matter to wonder at if he gets off his feed occasionally. Bread and meat are both good for a working man but he eats with a better appetite and his food does him more good if he has chicken and fruits to go with them. So it is with the working horse. He must work very hard during the growing season, and will appreciate a change of feed occasionally. I usually give my work team some dainties every few days. It keeps them on good terms with me and makes them feel better.

For a week our teams have been doing very heavy work and have been fed an extra allowance of oats or corn and corn ground together. A day or two ago one of them refused to eat at night, merely sniffing at the chops in her manger. I tried sprinkling the feed with salt, and then tried dampening it, but she would not eat. Then I went into the garden and got three ears of evergreen sweet corn, which was just in the roasting ear stage, and gave them to the mare a piece at a time, and she ate them greedily. This showed that she was not sick, and I went out of the stable for a few minutes. When I came back the mare was eating the ground feed with a good appetite. My horses get green corn, corn stalks cut green, bits of melons, cabbages, carrots and other good things, always in small quantities at a time, and they keep in good condition without resorting to condition powders or other medicines. Variety in feed is as good for horses as it is for men.

THE CREAM.

Remove the cream before the milk is sour. A good cow is always an economical feeder. It is the excess over the maintenance that pays the dairyman. The best butter is made from cream, ripened uniformly. In marketing butter it pays to put up in neat packages. The quality of the product counts for more in the dairy than in any other industry. The ripeness of the cream has much to do with the loss of fat in churning. The buttermilk should be washed out when the butter is in small grains. Nervousness and viciousness are engendered in the ill-treated cow and are transmitted to her offspring. The more docile the cow, the more

are her energies likely to be devoted to the dairyman's interest.

As a dairy animal the value of a cow depends as much upon the quality of her milk as the quantity.

With proper management dairying keeps nearly or quite all of the fertility on the farm.

If butter lacks color add a little color to secure the desired change, as it will add to the value.

Foaming of cream in the churn may be due to a too high or too low temperature or too long keeping.

There is no management or apparatus that can get more butter fats out of the milk than the cows puts into it.

When the cream is perfectly ripened before churning, the churn gets more of the fats and the buttermilk less.

The producing of fat varies greatly in milk, but it varies more with the poor milk of poorly fed scrub cows than with any other class.

GIVE THE HOGS ROOM.

Repeated experiments have proved that hogs fatten better when they have the run of an acre lot than when confined in a close pen. Moreover, a hog pen is an unmitigated nuisance. It is reasonable to suppose that cholera and other diseases are introduced into the swine herds by their being compelled to eat and breathe filth while eating so much during the dry season, also by being deprived of plenty of good drinking water.

Cattle will proclaim their thirst by constant bawling, but the pigs will endure it with a much greater degree of silence, and for this reason they should have more watching in this direction. Do you feed your hogs in the dust in dry times and in the mud when it is wet?

Put in a feeding floor. It is one of the best investments you can make. Do not say that you can't afford it, for would better sell part of the feed and get some plank to make it with. The balance of the feed will make better and healthier hogs than if you continue to feed in either dust or mud.

SCALDING A LARGE HOG.

It often happens that where a farmer does his own butchering he has not at his command a caldron large enough in which to dip the animal for scalding. Where this is the case he is forced to resort to one of several ineffectual means. The best method is to thoroughly saturate old, fine hay and cover the dead animal with it, packing it closely. Then pour the boiling water over it, leaving it until sufficiently scalded for the hair to slip easily. This method is much better than using blankets. While it may not be quite as effectual as dipping into the water, it has the advantage of saving much heavy lifting.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

No sword bites so fiercely as an evil tongue.

The greatest of all faults is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

Better a little chiding than a great deal of heartbreak.—Shakespeare.

Self-respect is the corner stone of all virtue.—Sir John Herschel.

The more we study the more we discover our ignorance.—Shelley.

Repentance is the golden key that opens the palace of eternity.—Milton.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbling.—Steele.

Reserve is the truest expression of respect toward those who are its objects.—De Quincy.

A man who cannot command his temper should not think of being a man of business.—Chesterfield.

He who forgets his own friends meanly to follow after those of a higher degree is a snob.—Thackeray.

Riches without charity are nothing worth. They are blessings only to him who makes them a blessing to others.—Fielding.

Rogues are always found out in some way. Whoever is a wolf will act as a wolf; that is the most certain of all things.—Fontaine.

AN IMPROVED VERSION OF AN OLD TALE.

He had refused to throw away his cigar when she requested him to dispose of it. It was on the hotel piazza and the cigar was an unusually good one.

Do you know what I'd do, she snapped, if I were your wife?

Something atrocious, of course, he answered. What would you do?

I'd give you slow poison.

The man smiled.

If you were my wife, he said, I'd ask you to change that slow poison for the fastest kind known to the drug profession.

And he went on smoking.

CANADIAN CONTINGENTS.

HISTORY OF OUR SOLDIERS IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

General Statement of the Brilliant and Heroic Deeds Done by Soldiers of the Dominion—8 months to be Proud of.

Reviewing the history of the Canadian contingents in South Africa, the Times, London, publishes it as follows:

The Canadians have always been eager to help bear the burden of the mother country's military difficulties. In the Crimea a Canadian contingent joined in the operations, while in the earlier Nile campaign a detachment of boatmen was furnished to aid Lord Wolseley in the navigation of the cataracts.

As soon as it was evident that a peaceful issue to the South African trouble was impossible, an organization was set on foot in Canada with the object of offering a contingent of volunteers for service in South Africa. Volunteers came forward in such numbers that the raising of the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry became a matter of selection. The regiment was composed of territorial companies. A Company, Manitoba and the North-West; B Company, London, Ontario; C Company, Toronto; D Company, Ottawa and Kingston; E Company, Montreal; F Company, Quebec; G Company, Fredericton and Prince Edward Island; and H Company, Halifax. The command was vested in Lieutenant-Colonel W. D. Otter, Canadian Staff, A.D.C. to the Governor-General, and the regiment sailed from Quebec in the steamship Sardinian on October 30 last year.

SECOND CONTINGENT.

Almost immediately the offer of a second contingent was made. This was accepted and consisted of artillery and 1st and 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles (Royal Canadian Dragoons and 2nd Battalion C.M.R.) about 1,000 men in all.

Later Lord Strathcona, raised, equipped, and despatched a corps of special volunteers, 540 strong, known as "Strathcona's Horse." This brought the whole strength of the Canadian Contingent up to about 2,000 men. The various units arrived in South Africa on the following dates: 1st Canadian Contingent, Cape Town, November 29; 2nd Contingent, Cape Town, March 24; "C," "D" and "E" Batteries Field Artillery, Cape Town, February 18; "G" Battery, Beira, April 23; and Strathcona's Horse, Cape Town, April 12.

WORK OF THE FIRST.

The work of the first contingent is perhaps the best known; it is certainly the easiest to trace, as the regiment was brigaded with the Gordon Highlanders, Shropshire and Cornwall Light Infantry under Brigadier-General Smith-Dorrien, and formed part of the now famous 19th Brigade. On arrival in South Africa it joined Lord Methuen's command, and took part in the battling before Kimberley against Cronje. One hundred men of the Toronto company accompanied Colonel Picher in his expedition to Douglas and Sunnyside, and it will be remembered that it was to the Canadians that the rebels surrendered. But it was on the banks of the Modder River that the Canadians earned their great distinction.

They took part in the terrible march from Ramdam in the pursuit of Cronje, and crossed to the north bank of the river in the futile attempt to reduce the Boer laager by direct attack on February 18. It was a heavy day for Canada. They lost in casualties 80 men, and stood only just below the Seaforth Highlanders, Yorkshire Regiment, and Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in the ghastly list which records the tenacity of a particular unit in fighting of this nature. But those who witnessed the Canadians and Cornwall Light Infantry snatching position after position from under the very muzzles of magazine rifles speak of the incident with bated breath.

CREDITABLE TO CANADA.

Nor was the final act in the Cronje drama less creditable to Canada. The picture of the night of February 26, when "G" and "H" Companies advanced to cover the Royal Engineers in their attempt to throw a parallel almost within a stone's throw of the enemy's trenches, forms one of the most dramatic situations of the war. There is no more stirring incident recorded than the digging of this sap under fire, when the enterprise was discovered, and the retreat of part of the force, only to be received upon the bayonets of their friends. Such an enterprise in war is generally only given to the oldest, most staunch, and experienced troops. It was given to Canada. And then the climax at dawn, the surrender of Cronje when he found the Canadians entrenched within a few yards of his outer line!

After the halt at Bloemfontein the Canadians still in Smith-Dorrien's brigade accompanied General Ian Hamilton throughout his flank marches from Thabanchu to Pretoria. They were present at all Hamilton's engagements, and at Israel's Poort their gallant commandant, Colonel Otter, was wounded. They marched through the capital with fixed bayonets after the official occupation, but they did not take part in the engagement at Diamond Hill. Smith-Dorrien's Brigade was relegated to duty on the line of communications, and the Canadians behaved most gallantly when their position was attacked at Springs.

CANADIAN CAVALRY.

The Mounted Rifles and Strathcona's Horse formed part of Colonel Alderson's Corps of Mounted Infantry. Now that the question of farm razing has been brought into prominence, it is interesting to notice that the first reprisal of this kind, after the tide of war had changed, was made in connection with the Canadian Mounted Rifles.

At Leeuwkop, where General Pole-Carew was operating, with the view of relieving the pressure on Dewetsdorp, the enemy made use of a farm at the foot of Leeuwkop to attack the Canadians. The farm was flying the flag of neutrality at the time, and was therefore destroyed.

CANADIAN BATTERIES.

"C" Battery went to Beira and joined the Rhodesian Field Force, and entered Mafeking with Colonel Plumer's column. The mounted men have followed General Hutton through the many intricate movements after Dewet. When Botha, on July 16, closed in upon Pretoria, the Canadians behaved with signal gallantry and lost two brave and promising officers in Borden and Birch. On the line of communications a detachment under Lieutenant W. M. Inglis gallantly warded off an attack by the commando which had failed to reduce the Honingspruit post under Colonel Bullock.

During Sir O. Warren's operations against the rebels in Griqua and the Canadian batteries confirmed the high opinion in which the troops from the Dominion were now held.

Throughout the campaign the Canadians, whether gunners, troopers or infantrymen, have proved themselves brave and trustworthy soldiers. While in the face of the enemy they have never lacked any of those qualities which have marked the contingents from other colonies, one misses in them the impatient recklessness of the Australian and the uncertain temper of the African-bred colonial. Canada may well be proud of their behaviour, alike in field and camp.

IMPROVING THE OPPORTUNITY.

My small nephew was ready to start on a long-promised week's visit to his grandfather's in the country. There was an exasperating delay in the appearance of the carriage to take us to the station. The young man worked off his impatience in various annoying ways for half an hour; then suddenly he was seen to kneel beside a chair in the corner and bury his face in his hands. After a few minutes his mother said:

Well, Kenneth, what are you doing? Just getting my prayers said up for while I'm going to be out at grandpa's. There's nothing to do here, and I spect to be pretty busy while I'm there.

AS TOLD.

Alice, I do hope you are not getting to be too fond of that young man who lives next door.

But, mamma, you know we are told to love our neighbors. And I do.

A SCIENTIST'S PRECISION.

Does the climate agree with you? Yes, answered the weather prophet. It agrees with me, but not with my predictions.

WELL ENOUGH.

Didn't I tell you to let well enough alone? said the doctor to the convalescent who had disobeyed and was suffering a relapse.

Yes, doctor whined the patient, but I wasn't well enough.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Mother—But, my dear, it isn't always the prettiest girl who gets the best husband.

Homely Daughter—Perhaps not; but she has the most chances to.

MISAPPLIED CENSURE.

Pastor severely—You brought nothing into this world and can take nothing out of it.

Miser—Well, don't blame me; it isn't my fault, I'm sure.

SAVED BY AN EYEGLASS.

How an Englishman Miraculously Escaped the Ashanti Slit.

There has just arrived in London from the Gold Coast Mr. Walter L. Bennett, a gentleman who had an experience during the Ashanti rising which recalls Mr. Rider Haggard's story of "King Solomon's Mines" and the magic eyeglass of Captain Good. Mr. Bennett is a land surveyor by profession, and in May of this year was at Bibianiha, a place on the boundary, between Sefwi and Ashanti, two and a half days to the west of Kumasi.

The only white man near him was a young mining prospector at Akrokkerri, a mining camp.

These two Englishmen, far apart and yet feeling themselves to be neighbours, learned of the Ashanti rising by the wholesale desertion of their black men. The mining prospector went to Eheahin for protection. It was promised him by the chief of the village, who gave him a bountiful meal of chicken. When dinner was over the villagers rushed in and battered the Englishman into unconsciousness. Then they cut off his head.

Mr. Bennett heard this terrible story as he was about to move. He was powerless for reprisals and expectant of a similar fate.

On the advice of an educated native, he went to the head village of the chief of the Dunkoto, and made a dash for the chief's hut. He was well received and fed, and promised protection. But so was the other Englishman at Eheahin.

While the situation was still critical, Mr. Bennett, who is inseparable from his eyeglass even on the Gold Coast, put in his eye to think matters over. The "glass eye" highly amused a shiny little black boy, one of the chief's sons. He roared with laughter. Mr. Bennett grinned at him, and let the monocle drop.

The effect was great. The Dunkotos made a circle round the Englishman, greatly mystified by and delighted with his extra eye. "I had to do some monkey-tricks with that eyeglass," says Mr. Bennett, rather shamefacedly, "and I completed the conquest by managing to screw it in the eye of one of the chief's wives, who, strutted round proud of her distinction."

Mr. Bennett was saved by his eyeglass. It became a sort of fetish. The chief entertained him as an honored guest, and helped in the search for the assassinated prospector. Mr. Bennett was given an escort, and, after many days of privation, arrived safely at the coast, where he gave information to the officials which led to a punitive expedition to Eheahin.

THE DOLLAR'S POWER

I may go to mah Malindy when de huskin work am done
Wit a song of honey lub to cheer her hyart,
I may tell her of de pumpkins lollin yaller in de sun

An de golden ears of corn upon de eyart,
But she neber smile so sweetly,
An she neber dance so neatly,
An her eyes dey neber twinkle in dere glee,
Lak dey do when I've got money,
An I tell her she's mah honey;
Den de shadders frum de cabin up an ffeel

Twill be frosty in de mawwin, an de rabbit track
his track;
'Twill be possum time, an, swingin down de hill,

may bring de fattest feller hangin heavy on mah back
An call her fer to 'xamine of mah kill,
But she'll tu'n her back away,
An she won't have much to say,
An she fussy, an she grumpy, an she queer,
But when I rattle money,
Den she shorly am mah honey,
An her smile jest fill de cabin wif its cheer

Went an won a turkey gobbie at de raffie down de road,
An I tuk him home in triumf jest to see
How dem eyes of mah Malindy wid dere raptur would 'xplode,

But she only gabe a cuy'ons glance at me;
Neber chuckled at de honaf
Dat my luck had brought upon huh;
Ain't nothin fer Malindy I can do
'At will set her eyes to flashin
An her lips in laughin fashion
Lak de dollah wif de sunlight drittin through

It's de sunlight of de dollah dat can turn de cabin walls
Into Jasper like de castle of a king
An can wake Malindy's laughter; it's de sperrit,
sah, dat calls

Her hyart upon her honey lips to sing!
It can scare de gloom completely,
It can set her dancin neatly,
It can mak' her black eyes twinkle wif dere glee,
An it's when I bring her money
An I tell her she's mah honey
Dat de shadders dey jest rise right up an ffeel

Preposterous.

He—Did you tell that other fellow you were engaged to that you loved me more?

She—Yes, and the horrid thing, he wanted me to return the ring!

IT MADE A DIFFERENCE.

No, he said. I will not pay you for that quart of milk. My wife thought it was chalk mixture and gave it to the children for medicine.

Then, replied the honest milkman, the bill will be \$1.25. I used to be a druggist, and prescription work costs money.