

from their pasture, got amongst other stock, and been served there.

Neither can I say anything more favorable for his Sheep or Pigs; they did not mend the matter, as to either quality or condition. I was all the more surprised to find so miserable a display, after having read the speech of the President recently, in which Mr. Brown's method of feeding was highly lauded, and held up to other farmers to copy. And as a Farmer Mr. Brown does not appear to be much more successful, as he has had to cut down 30 acres of barley, worth nothing; and had then 10 acres of English beans in blossom, which could not be of any use.

And this is the farmer whom the country delights to honor, and whom his friends are constantly advising the agriculturists to copy. The thing would be sickening, were it not so absurd. The same views which I have here expressed were largely shared in by those present, of which there were between 100 and 200 Americans, and four or five times that number of Canadians. I am, yours truly,

W. A. AYERST.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

Substitutes for Tiles.

On receiving the Advocate for October the first thing I remarked was the sensible letter of Mr. Hammond on ditching. I read the letter to Mr. Falconer, an experienced farmer, who quite agreed with Mr. Hammond's suggestions, and added a few facts which I think worth communicating to your readers. Mr. Falconer stated that he piped some drains on his farm in Fullerton fifteen years ago by one of the plans recommended by Mr. Hammond, viz., by taking out the middle of the bottom four inches wide, leaving a shoulder on each side to hold the edge of the slab or board. He used inch hemlock boards, and when he left his farm, four years ago, the drains were still in good order and doing good service. Another plan he had found very cheap and successful was to cut the drain, say, twelve or fifteen inches wide on top, and gradually sloping the sides to two inches wide in the bottom, leaving the drain in the shape of a narrow V; when put in a pole of sufficient size to catch the sides, say, five or six inches from the bottom, thus leaving a clear course for the water under the pole.

I am, sir, your obdt. servt.,

WM. D. MITCHELL.

Elma, October, 1870.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

Rodney, Oct. 15, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—For the last three years I have been experimenting with the new varieties of potatoes, and for the benefit of my brother agriculturists, I wish to state my success as well as profit in so doing.—In 1868 I purchased of you half a bushel of Early Goodrich, and raised 51 bushels, part of which I sold for \$40. In 1869 I got of you three bushels of Harrisons, finished planting on the 12th of June, and harvested 200 bushels, sold \$150 worth, and used the remainder. In the spring of last year I sent for and received three and a-half pounds of Early Rose, gave away one potato, planted the rest, and dug 82 bushels, sold \$13 worth, and saved what was left for seed. Last spring I sent for and received two of Breese's Seedlings—one pound of each, King of the Earlies, or No. 4 and No. 6. The first, although planted in the same row, had not the same chance as the last, by a row of tomatoes growing along side the vines, which covered the hill and spoiled their growth.—Still, I had from the one pound a little over two bushels, and from the one pound of No. 6, I harvested five and a-half bushels.

For the truthfulness of the above statement I refer your readers to Messrs. D. A. Leitch and W. Pangburn, of this place.

Yours, &c.,

ISAAC FREEMAN,

Rodney,

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

Hay Fork Swindle.

Wisbeach, October 20, 1870.

SIR,—As I am one of the victims for a note of \$150, which must be paid by the 2nd Feb., 1871, I would gladly pay you for some reliable advice. Though I signed an agreement, I have never received any value. The note was sold to Mr. Mansom, broker, Strathroy, before I found out the swindle.

On the 2nd February, 1870, J. Morey and another man came and wanted to appoint me their sole agent for the Township of Warwick, to sell Morey's Patent Hay Fork. He promised to make me a present of one for a sample to sell by, with pulleys, tackle and grab hook complete, to be sent in a fortnight. He gave me an agreement, signed by the two—J. Morey, and J. Bailey, solicitor. When any were ordered, I was to write to him at his factory, at Windsor, or Spratt's, at Hamilton. He had a sample fork with him. The forks were to be furnished at \$2.50 each, the selling price to be \$12.50. In case a clear profit of \$300 was not made in the course of the year, due diligence having been exercised, he promised to alter his agreement, retaining one-half the profit on the number of forks actually sold. He allowed the seller \$5 on each fork sold. Should I fail to sell to the amount of \$300, the \$150 will not be exacted, but only for what I have sold. Morey required some security in return, and got me to sign his agreement in a book—not a note book—but a book headed "An Agreement," &c. When he left here he cut off the upper part, and sold the bottom for a note, after putting the stamps on. Please inform me how to act.

J. C. WILLIAMS.

Another farmer in the Township of Delaware, named Thomas Bignal, has been led into the erroneous step of signing a blank paper by one of the travelling hay fork swindlers, which paper has been followed up by a \$200 promissory note, on which he is threatened to be sued. We hope the judge and jury will throw out any technical quibbles that may arise, and make these note-shavers suffer. They no doubt often aid in ruining an honest man, by giving facilities to these unprincipled scoundrels of turning their notes to account, at such a discount as may well raise the query, which of the two are most to blame? It appears that were swindler No. 1 to remain in the country, and present his note for payment, that instead of he being the suer, the tables would turn, and he would be the sued. But No. 2 comes forward, having made a semi-purchase of the paper, and with impudent face pretends he bought the note in good faith. Can any man of common sense believe him? Instances are not rare where the purchaser of stolen goods has been found guilty of resetting, simply by the paltry sum he purchased them for. We should like to see the same test applied to some of our notorious shavers here. We do hope, now that companies of respectability are being established amongst us for lending money in a legitimate and principled manner, that those requiring it will for their own sake support them, until there shall not be footing in the Dominion for a single money-shaver. We do not think that any of those parties so swindled need pay the sums claimed, if properly defended.

To our readers we would say, that some of you may be called upon to sit on a jury on similar cases, and you have the power and judgment to act. Even suppose the judge may be inclined to favor the money-shaver, you need not act on it, but act on justice.

We are happy to inform the public that if these victims were subscribers to the FARMER'S ADVOCATE, they might have been guided by previous cautions given.

For the Farmer's Advocate.

My Race-course Experience.

The prettiest city in Canada is undoubtedly our own little London, generally called the "Forest City," from its being isolated from the lakes, and surrounded on all sides by a vast bush, which at one time formed the habitation of bears, wolves and the poor persecuted

red man. London is not the London of ten years ago by any means, as any residenter of that length of time can testify. It could not then boast, as at the present, of having over 15,000 of a population, two of the finest educational institutions in America, our renowned Sulphur Springs, a Lunatic Asylum, with numerous other public buildings of some account, and more than its share of manufactories. At the head of the latter may be classed the oil refineries, which, being confined pretty much to one section of the city, constitute almost a village of themselves—but not a pleasant locality in which to take up your residence. Of course use is everything, and those living in close proximity to the refineries—no doubt many against their will—soon become accustomed to the obnoxious smells.

But, as is always the case, "there is a black sheep in the flock," and London, like its sister cities and towns, is fully represented in this item. The biggest and most unproductive black sheep—productive of vagabonds only—is to be found about a mile east of the city limits, alongside the Great Western Railroad. This is (but I hate to be personal) the New-market Race Course.

Not being much of a sporting man myself, I had never once troubled my head about horse-racing; but having heard what glorious fun it was to see the horses running round the course at lightning speed, I determined to see "the elephant" for myself some day. Accordingly on Saturday, Oct. 1st, the second day of the last races, I resolved upon going, more especially as I had been complimented with a free ticket to the grounds. Making my way out on foot, as I had missed the train, I entered the enclosure and gazed somewhat curiously around me. The crowd was certainly a miscellaneous one in form and figure, but evenly matched in other respects. Here we find the nice young man, who parts his hair down the centre, wears a stove-pipe hat, gets his \$3 a week as clerk or copyist in a lawyer's office, wears cheap kid gloves and skin-tight pantaloons, and goes—just a little late—to church every Sunday. Of course he had his betting money as well as the next man.

Here we also have our merchants' sons, come out just to have a little sport and to lose a little money. There is also to be seen the scum of society, in the shape of rowdies of the worst type, blacklegs, pickpockets, and fellows who glory in black-eyes and variegated physiognomies. In fact, just before entering the grounds I met two charming countenances, so beautiful, indeed, as to be really attractive. They were the personal property of two "fight-ists," who had but a short time before been trying which of them was the best man, but how it was ultimately settled I did not find out. When I met them they seemed to be making quick time towards town, with the thought, perhaps, that they had seen enough of the "elephant" for one day, as their appearance indicated.

Among other specimens of race-course frequenters was one particularly worthy of note. It was an old man of about 65 years, wrinkled and emaciated, his toothless mouth filled with tobacco, his lips uttering more than their share of blasphemy, and worse than all—his eyes sightless! To see such an old creature as he, on the verge of the grave almost, bidding for the different horses at the pool-seller's stand, and betting with whom he could, a friend counting his money for him, is a sight that the most hardened cannot witness without a tinge of pity, mingled with disgust, for even they know that "there is a medium in everything," but this is going beyond it. Poor old sinner! little thinketh he, or even careth, of that world to come, that world without end, "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." Little does he know the moment when that never-failing messenger, Death, may lay its tight grip upon him, and bear him off to worlds unknown, "where the wicked cease from moaning, and the weary are at rest." But I am checked; I cannot say any more, for something whispers in mine ear, "Thou hypocrite, first cast the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye."

But to continue. Rolls of bills were in plenty; all had money, handfuls of it, ready to give it away, throw it away, or "bet" it away—anything to get rid of the stuff; at least, a person would judge so, from the careless manner in which the "tin" was handled. Some of course had pretty full pockets on their arrival at this scene of strife, and some when all was over went home or elsewhere with perhaps nothing in their pockets but a solitary hole! Poor fellows! were they not to be pitied?

The races, which were, unquestionably, exciting at times, I need not describe, as every-

body knows what a horse-race is, besides drawing unnecessarily on the space. It will suffice to say, however, that in the progress of a race, where the horses are gaining and losing by turns, and their riders laying on whip and spur to be first at the winning post, men will be so intent in gazing at the contest that they will forget everything else around them, and would not notice a hand being inserted into their pocket, and their purse or watch and chain quietly removed. Occurrences of this kind are frequent in these assemblies, and any man fool enough to run around exposing a roll of bills in his hand, and then thoughtlessly thrust them into an exposed pocket, with perhaps a pair of hungry eyes following his every movement, deserves to lose all. It is about as sensible as shutting a dog in a room with a piece of beef, and expecting to find the meat safe and sound an hour after.

But I should stop this criticism, as I made a bigger fool of myself, that day, than any one else on the grounds. In fact, I think I was shamefully bamboozled, right before my eyes, and I will endeavor to explain how.

A simple, quiet, and harmless little game, played with three cards, had attracted a group of its own. What this game is called, or whether it has a name or not, matters little—to me at least. I shall, however, do my best to describe, and make my readers understand how I and many others of the "uninitiated" had our eyes opened.

The game was simply this. The operator would lay three common playing cards on the table: for instance, a "diamond" and two "spades." In that case, two would be black, and the other red. He will then turn them face downwards, letting you first see the position of each, and lifting them backward and forward over each other, or shuffling them for a moment, he exclaims: "I bet \$5 to \$10 that no one can pick up the red card." The red was the winning card, thereby giving him two chances to your one; but they were displaced (or shuffled) so slowly that, once you knew the position of the red, which would be shown you before shuffling, you could nearly always follow it with your eye, and tell its position when they were left quiet.

This seemed very simple to me, as I found it no trouble to follow the red through half-a-dozen shuffles; and it also looked so simple to another "genius" (?) standing by, that he went so far as to lay a five-dollar bill on the table, and said that he was "just a-going to pick up the red card this time, for sartin!" He chose his card, and gave it a glance, expecting to find the red spots on it; but, mystery of mysteries, it was covered with black instead! He rubbed his eyes, and pinched himself, to see had he been dreaming. But no, he was wide awake, and—minus five dollars. He thought he had lost enough, I presume, and left the table, looking vexed and vicious enough to strike someone.

I stayed watching the proceedings, as it was an interesting game, when, in a few moments after his loss, our unlucky friend once more made his appearance. During his absence he had got another "V," and was back to either lose this too, or get what he had lost. The "card man" was perfectly willing that the poor hopeful should win back his lost money, and more, too, if he wanted it; and, after the cards being once more shuffled, he luckily did guess the red, thus realizing his fond hopes—like Pat when he had saved enough to buy a gridiron. Said I to him: "You did pretty well this time: you got your money back, and that was all you wanted." He made some remark, and walked off, seemingly well pleased.

But the whole thing looked so simple, and as I felt so sure that I could name the red card—especially as it had a little mark on the back—I staked a five-dollar bill that I could lay my finger on it. The cards were shuffled, I followed the lucky card in its peripatations, and chose it with as much confidence as if its face had been turned upward. But, unlucky fellow as I always am, the red card proved to be black this time, and my V was gone! You can imagine my astonishment; it would be impossible for me to depict it. I did not hesitate long as to what I should do, as I had just been witness of a case of money lost and won again, and why could I not do the same? Accordingly, I laid down another five, picked up the red card again, but—it was like the chameleon: it had once more changed its color, and left me minus ten dollars!

I have heard of double-faced cards, and all that sort of thing; yet, double-face or not, the trick was well done, and its unravelling perplexed me more than did the loss of my two good Canadian bank bills. But the best joke of all has to come, and when you hear it, try