

principle of action. \* \* \* As the flax is moved forward between the cylinders, it is rubbed and twisted, or angled, between the slats with considerable pressure, and thus the pith or woody parts of the flax are broken and separated from the fibrous parts without tearing the fibres. The flax is carried from the first pair of cylinders between the central pair of feed rollers, and then carried between the other pair of cylinders and acted on in the same manner, and is then discharged on the back table or endless apron. It makes very little tow, and produces beautiful broken flax. It can be operated either by hand, horse, water, or steam power. We cannot say how much flax in an hour or a day: that depends a great deal upon the way in which a machine is attended, and the power applied to operate it; it can at least break one ton per day. We have seen the machine operate, and it produced very excellent work."

#### HINTS ON PAPER-HANGING.

Many a fever has been caused by the horrible nuisance of corrupt size used in paper-hanging in bed rooms. The nausea which the sleeper is aware of on waking in the morning, in such a case, should be a warning needing no repetition. Down should come the whole paper at any cost or inconvenience; for it is an evil which allows of no tampering. The careless decorator will say that time will set all right—that the smell will go off—that airing the room well in the day, and burning some pungent thing or other at night, in the meantime, will do very well. It will not do very well, for health, and even life, may be lost in the interval. It is not worth while to have one's stomach impaired for life, or one's nerves shattered, for the sake of the cost and trouble of papering a room, or a whole house, if necessary. The smell is not the grievance, but the token of the grievance. The grievance is animal putridity, with which we are shut up, when this smell is perceptible in our chambers. Down should come the paper; and the wall behind should be scraped clear of every particle of its last covering. It is astonishing that so lazy a practice as that of putting a new paper over an old one should exist to the extent it does. Now and then an incident occurs which shows the effect of such absurd carelessness. Not long ago a handsome house in London became intolerable to a succession of residents, who could not endure a mysterious bad smell which prevailed it when shut up from the outer air. Consultations were held about drains and all the particulars that could be thought of, and all in vain. At last a clever young man, who examined the house from top to bottom, fixed his suspicions on a certain room, where he inserted a small slip of glass in the wall. It was presently covered, and that repeatedly, with a sort of putrid dew. The paper was torn down, and behind it was found a mass of old papers, an inch thick, stuck together with their layers of

size, and exhibiting a spectacle which we will not sicken our readers by describing.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

**LOSS ON STOCK DRIVEN TO MARKET.**—Several days used formerly to be occupied in driving to the London market from the county of Norfolk only, and it was found that on an average, a sheep lost 7lbs weight, and 3lbs. inside fat, and a bullock 28lb. These weights were ascertained by a series of trials, average animals being killed and weighed on the farm, and compared with the weights of similar animals when slaughtered in London. This difference of weight was waste, entirely lost to everybody. On the quantity of stock annually sent out by Mr. Hudson, of Castle Acre, a distinguished Norfolk farmer, this loss was equivalent in value to upwards of £600 a year, nearly the whole amount of which now finds its way to the market, as the stock are put into the trucks in the morning, and reach London in the afternoon without fatigue.—*Caird's Agriculture.*

#### A HEALTH TO GREEN ERIN, OR THE EMIGRANTS.

[The following, from the *Courant*, is from the pen of the variously accomplished sheriff of Ayrshire.]

TUNE—*Coolin.*

A health to green Erin we shout to her shore.  
A health to the Land we shall never see more;  
The Land of the cordial, the bright, and the brave.  
The Land of our Cradle—we hop'd of our Grave.  
But Fate closes round as her gathering gloom,  
And Sickness and Famine have uttered our doom;  
No promise of Hope through the long-coming years,  
No future but waid'rings, and sorrows, and tears.  
To far distant countries and climates we roam;  
Our dust will not sleep with our fathers at home;  
The ear of the stranger will hear our last sigh,  
No heart of lov'd Erin will mourn when we die.  
O green do the hills of sweet Erin arise;  
O bright are her waters, and soft are her skies:  
We seek the wild forest so tangled and don,  
The boundless Savannah—the brain-scorching sun.  
The last hope is blighted—the struggle is o'er;  
For ever we part from our dear native shore;  
While tears—gushing tears—our deep agony tell.  
O Land of our Fathers!—sweet Erin farewell.

#### DISTRICT AGRICULTURAL SHOW FOR THE DISTRICTS OF ST. FRANCIS AND THREE RIVERS.

**NOTICE** is hereby given that the days appointed for holding the District Show at Melbourne, are changed from the 6th and 7th October next, to the 13th and 14th days of the same month, the Show for the District of Montreal falling on the former days.

The Ploughing Match will be held on the second day, 14th.

There will be an ordinary at 5 p. m., of the 13th at Hardy's Hotel, in Richmond, of whom, or of the Committee, tickets may be had.