



A NEW TARIFF.

New Arrival—How much will you charge to take me up to Bloor Street?

Cabby—A dollar fifty, missus.

New Arrival—Oh! that's too much!

Cabby—Well, see here; I'll carry you there for eight cents a pound. I call that cheap!

A LESSON ON POULTRY RAISING.

Why keep a lot of old hens and cocks any longer? Market them the first chance you get.—*American Poultry Record*.

SOUND, seasonable, inexpensive advice is what every person who is in want of a stock of counsel hankers for and is willing to pay large interest on when he has made up his mind to put it into use and realize handsomely on it. This fragment of lore from the able agricultural editor will be read with deep concern and almost universally acted on in this poultry-renowned country. The advice is given short—cut off in the midst of its wide usefulness, so to speak.

There is no gloss of technical verbiage or elegance of phraseological expression attempted. The plain spoken man simply says to the proud owner of oldest inhabitant fowls, "Sell them!" He is solemnly and sententiously right.

How painful not to say shocking, is the spectacle of a poor tottering rooster with one foot in the grave, as it were, and the other vainly endeavoring to scratch worms out of a geological formation in which no real worm was ever known to exist! Or, to place the proposition in another light, how saddening it is to observe this once eloquent and baritone bird attempting to convey information to its attendant hens in a coarse, cracked, tremulous voice that betrays not emotion, but simply asthma, and shows

that his brain-power is running on about three-quarter time.

Take the picture of this weary and wayward rooster, by the instantaneous process, and in death how much changed for the better his personal appearance would be. All that reckless abandon, which so ill became a bird with no tail and only one eye, is gone forever—like a vanished government surplus!

That offensively autocratic mien, by which authority was wont to be exercised over the younger male voters in the ward, has given place to the sober, pensive air of mortuary statistics.

The ruddy glow of visage, suggestive of the *bon vivant*, contrasts strangely beautifully with the plucked bosom, where not a pin-feather remains to tell the tale.

Mark the wings skewered up placidly, and say to yourself whether this is not an improvement on the generally pugnacious poise of them in active life!

Take the well-rounded crop, and extract the extra heavy ante-assassination feed of coarse oats; then say, if you conscientiously can, that your purchase weighs within two pounds of what it did when it spread its seductive glamor around you on the grocery counter, or that the last sad meal was thrown away on it!

And so with the pre-historic hen, who was the rooster's constant companion in your early childhood. Why let her linger out her last years in penury and exist by false pretences? Kill her, and she becomes uniquely lost to all her old-time self opinionativeness. No longer is she an egotist! All was ova with her—now all is over with her, if the poetic license be permitted. In life there was profit in her lay—in the cold embrace of decease there is profit in her lie, or rather in your lie—about her birth. In the poultry market all meet on a common plane, although there may be distinctions as to dress.

Give your old cocks and hens a proper dressing, therefore, and, as the practiced scientist above states, "Market them the first chance you get."

Let the chance, however, present itself in some neighborhood where you or the fowl are not known. Go to some market where the object is simply to buy poultry. Get your aged possessions mixed incoherently with the spring chickens, and pray that your sin, or the woman who runs the boarding house, may never find you out.

There is food for reflection in the terse text we have quoted, just as there will be food for mastication, and other words with similar termination, in the "lot of old cocks and hens" which you are so pointedly adjured to "market the first chance you get."

THE true scenter of the earth—a pig's nose!

ONTARIO lumbermen favor Commercial Union—as the bough bends the tree is inclined.

BISMARCK's last speech was calm and pacific. Calms on the Pacific usually precede storms.

AGES ago swords were made into ploughshares; but Italy now turns rifles into repeaters. Every one will watch for war.

THE half-breed Contorielle killed his wife because she bewitched him. If Toronto husbands followed his example what a slaughter of beauty would ensue!