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Horses.	175
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November 1.

Oct. 3 to 8.

Oct. 4 and 5.

Oct. 4 and 5.

Oct. 5 to 7.



### Home-Coming.

A row of towering hollyhocks,  
A flash of color from clustered phlox,  
A whiff of fragrance from beds of pinks,  
A golden rose where a brown bee drinks,  
A flash and flutter of sweet pea wings,  
A gay confusion of growing things—  
No dearer flowers were ever known  
Than these in grandmother's garden grown.

A gentle stir in the summer air;  
The morning-glories still tremble where  
The sun's hot rays cannot reach to scorch;  
And there, in the cool of the painted porch,  
With lights and shadows from vines that lace  
Sketching their fancies upon her face,  
Grandmother stands with her eyes aglow,  
Her arms outreaching—she loves us so.

Another summer has come and passed,  
The morning-glories have all shut fast  
Their filmy trumpets of white and blue,  
The pinks lived sadly their season through.  
They need no longer toss and sway,  
Since grandmother's eyes are so far away.

We hush our voices, and go no more  
A happy troupe to the farm-house door,  
For she has passed, with her work all done,  
Up to a City that needs no sun.  
I know her home must be fair to see,  
And love to fancy her paths may be  
Bordered with flowers like those that grew  
Within the garden her children knew.

By and by when their work is done,  
Grandmother's children will, one by one,  
Slip from their places and go to her,  
And warned, perhaps, by the leaves astir,  
She'll be at the door with her eyes aglow,  
Her arms outreaching—she loves us so!

### Farmers' Daughters.

We hear much nowadays about the good-for-nothing girls of the period. To read some of the papers, you might think all the girl of to-day is good for is to swing in the hammock, drum on a piano, and ride a bicycle, while her mother is hard at work in the kitchen.

But we are thankful to say that we meet a better class of girls than that every day.

Upon visiting an old friend recently, one we had not seen since girlhood, we were struck with the perfect order and neatness that reigned everywhere. My friend sat at some crocheting, while two pretty girls in pink and white were engaged in embroidering.

"You keep help, of course?" I said.

One of the young ladies, looking up with an arch smile, replied: "Mamma has two girls—a cook and a chambermaid."

"Yes, my own darlings," replied my friend fondly, and then, to my look of puzzled inquiry, she answered:

"Oh! yes; we are abundantly able to hire all the help we need, but, really, our own girls prefer to do it, and we all find it much nicer not to be bothered by servants, who, ten to one, feel no interest save in the wages they receive."

"Papa says we save him \$500 a year," spoke up the younger.

"Yes, all of that," said my friend. "Do you wonder that we are growing rich?"

"Every one is not blessed with two such girls," I answered, admiringly, but, indeed, there are more such girls than one really thinks. I have in mind a farmer with twin girls. As soon as they were grown up they took entire charge of the work in the house, while their mother had nothing to do but raise chickens. The girls thrive and prospered physically, socially and morally. No one dressed with such taste, no one entertained company so royally, no one was sweeter away from home.

Their father often said he could not run the farm without his girls, and, true enough, when they were both married, he sold out and retired with his wife to a pretty cottage, where, owing to the substantial help given by his two girls, he will have enough to live on all his life, and leave a comfortable margin behind.

I know one farmer who had seven daughters, and every one flitted about as busy as bees, one taking charge of the milk and butter, another of the poultry, one of the baking, another of the sewing, clear down to the youngest, a mere child, who made it her duty every day to see that all the rooms and tables were decorated with flowers. How I used to like to visit that farm! It was as good as a tonic.

Oh! yes; there are trueblue, good, noble girls yet, and because there are a few butterflies flitting by on bicycles and a few lolling away their time in hammocks does not prove the useful girl of the past is no more. If you want to find helpful, earnest girls, go into the sanctity of their homes, and don't judge all the girls by those you find outside. Farmers' daughters, as a rule, are just as good and faithful as their mothers, in the same place, were before them, and will make as lovely women.—Mrs. A. E. C. Maskell.

### In Memoriam.

Doubtless many of our readers are already aware of the death, on Sept. 19th, of the widow of the late William Weld, founder of the FARMER'S ADVOCATE. We have lost one whom to know was to respect and love—a truly noble and Christian woman. A devoted wife, ever at her husband's side to cheer and aid him on his life's journey, the FARMER'S ADVOCATE owes much to Mrs. Weld's able assistance in her husband's work in former years; she was, in fact, a true helpmeet. The deep love of her children is sufficient evidence of what she was as a mother. Almost ever since her husband's lamented death, Mrs. Weld has been an invalid, tenderly cared for by her devoted sons and daughters. Her sweetness and patience all these years have been a grand and solemn lesson to all who knew her. Although bodily helpless, her mind was peculiarly active, and she took the keenest interest in all the little things of everyday life, as well as in the leading topics of the world's affairs.

The present writer, having the honor and privilege of being called "friend" by her, has had every opportunity of witnessing the daily life of this good and gentle woman. Never a murmur—never even a look of weariness—but always a smile of welcome and a cheery interest in what was being talked about, although latterly she could not herself converse.

Mrs. Weld's last hours were in accord with her life. She knew all her dear ones—knew she was leaving them, and in answer to loving questions, her smile and faint pressure of one hand sought to tell them of her love and that she was content to go. A beautiful death! Fit close to a beautiful life!

We should not, in this case, use the oft-repeated phrase, "Mourn her loss," for it would seem selfish in face of the years of patient suffering borne by her, but in the hearts of her two daughters and eight sons dwells an undying and reverent love, able to rise above the natural grief of parting, and they feel that the one they loved so dearly "is not dead" but has simply awakened to a new and vigorous life, and

"Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore—  
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more!"

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away."

### "They Are Waiting."

(ALL SAINTS' DAY.)

BY THE REV. CANON TWELLS, M.A.

Author of "At Even ere the Sun was set."

They are waiting, they are waiting on the other side the stream;

To-day we see their forms as in the pageant of a dream;

And their looks are calm and happy, and they seem to whisper thus,—

"We cannot come to you, but oh! strive to come to us!"

There are Moses and his brother amidst the shining throng,

And Gideon of the Sword, and King David of the song;

Bold Peter, gentle Mary, saintly John, and holy Paul;—

We have never known them yet as we soon shall know them all!

And yet 'tis not by these that our spirits most are moved;

We have loved and we have lost. Have we lost what we have loved?

Lo! they walk amidst the bright ones, and our God will not condemn,

If, in the fulness of our hearts, we chiefly think of them!

Oh! the comrades of our childhood! oh! the friends of later years!

Oh! the memories only sweeter because they stir our tears!

We shall meet them by-and-by of no loving trace bereft,

All the earthly dross removed, but the faithful spirits left!

But look again and worship; for behold! the Lamb is there.

The chief among Ten Thousand and the Altogether Fair;

Though in thinking of our loved ones our yearning eyes are dim,

God teach us now and ever to have "none in Heaven" like him!

They are waiting, they are waiting: what room for doubt or fear?

For the stream is only narrow, and the Rod and Staff are near,

And our loved are gone before, and they seem to whisper thus,—

"Cling closer to the Saviour, and so draw near to us."

### AN OLD ARITHMETICIAN.

A strong, soft south wind had been blowing the day before, and the trees had dropped nearly all their leaves. There were left only a few brownish-golden ones dangling on the limbs, and hardly any at all on the maples. There were many trees on the street, and the fallen leaves were heaped high. Mrs. Wilson Torry's little door yard was ankle-deep with them. The air was full of their odor, which could affect the spirit like a song, and mingled with it was the scent of grapes.

The minister had been calling on Mrs. Torry that afternoon, and now he stood facing her on the porch, taking leave. He was very young, and this was his first parish. He was small and light and mild-looking; still he had considerable nervous volubility. The simple village women never found him hard to entertain.

Now, all at once, he made an exclamation, and fumbled in his pocket for a folded paper. "There," said he, "I nearly forgot this. Mr. Plainfield requested me to hand this to you, Mrs. Torry. It is a problem which he has been working over; he gave it to me to try, and wanted me to propose, when I called, that you should see what you could do with it."

She seized it eagerly. "Well, I'll see what I can do; but you ain't he mustn't make no great calculations on me. You know I don't know anything about the 'rithmetic books an' the rules they hev nowadays; but I'm willin' to try."

"Oh, you'll have it done while Mr. Plainfield and I are thinking of it, Mrs. Torry."

"You ain't neither of you done it, then?"

"He had not at last accounts, and—I have not," replied the young man, laughing, but coloring a little.

The old lady's eyes gleamed as she looked at him, then at the paper. "I don't say I can't make head nor tail of it," said she, "but I'll see what I can do by an' by."

She had something of a childish air as she stood there. She was slender, and so short that she was almost dwarfed; her shoulders were curved a little by spinal disease. She had a small, round face, and a mouth which widened out innocently into smiles as she talked. Her eyes looked out directly at one, like a child's; over them loomed a high forehead with bulging temples covered with deep wrinkles.

"You have always been very fond of mathematics, haven't you, Mrs. Torry?" said the minister, in his slow retreat.

"Lor, yes. I can't remember the time when I wasn't crazy to cipher."

"Arithmetic is a very fascinating study, I think," remarked the minister, trying to slide easily off the subject and down the porch steps.

"Tis to me. An' there's somethin' I was thinkin' about this very forenoon—seem all them leaves on the ground made me, I s'pose. It's always been a sight of comfort to me to count. When I was a little girl I'd 'most rather count than play. I used to sit down and count by the hour together. I remember a little pewter porringer I had, that I used to fill up with beans an' count 'em. Well, it come into my head this forenoon what a blessed privilege it would be to count up all the beautiful things in this creation. Just think of countin' all them red an' gold-colored leaves, an' all the grapes an' apples in the fall; an' when it come to the winter, all the flakes of snow, an' the sparkles of frost; an' when it come to the spring, all the flowers, an' blades of grass, an' the little, new light green leaves. I don't know but you'll think it ain't exactly reverent, but it does seem to me that I'd rather do that than live in the other world. Maybe somebody else have to do the countin'; maybe it's singin' for some."

She stared up into the warm, blue air, in which the bare branches of the trees glistened, with a sweet solemn wonder in her old face.

The minister, in a bewildered way, pondered all the old woman had said, as he rustled down the street. Later, Mr. Plainfield (the young high-school teacher) and he would have a discussion over it. They often talked over Mrs. Wilson Torry.

After her caller had gone, the old woman entered the house. On the left of the little entry was the best room, where she had been entertaining the minister; on the right, the kitchen. A young girl was in there eating an apple. She looked up when Mrs. Torry stood in the door.

"He's gone, ain't he?" said she.

"Why, Letty, when did you come?"

"A few minutes ago. School's just out. I came in the back door, and heard him talking, so I kept still."

"Why didn't you come in and see him?"

"Oh, I didn't want to see him. What you got there, grandma?"

"Noshin' but a sum the minister brought me to do. He an' Mr. Plainfield have been workin' over it."

"Couldn't they do it?"

"Well, he said they hadn't neither of 'em done it yet."

"Is it awful hard?"

"I don't know. I ain't looked at it yet."

"Let me see. He didn't get it out of any of our books, I know. We never had anything like this."

"I s'pose it's one he come across somewhere. I guess I'll sit down an' look at it two or three minutes."

An old bureau stood against the wall; on it were arranged four religious newspapers in the exact order of their issues, the latest on top. Farmers' almanacs for the last four years filed in the same way, and a slate surmounted by an old arithmetic. The pile of newspapers was in the middle; the slate and almanacs were on either end.

Letty, soberly eating her apple, watched her grandmother getting out the arithmetic and slate. She was a pretty young girl; her small, innocent face, in spite of its youthful roundness and fairness, reminded people of Mrs. Torry.

"I don't think much of Mr. Plainfield anyhow," said she, as the click of her grandmother's pencil on the slate began; "and he knows I don't. He overheard me telling Linde Bascom so to-day. He came right up behind us on the street, and I know he heard. You ought to have seen his face."

"I don't see what you've got agin him," remarked Mrs. Torry absently, as she dotted down figures.

I haven't much of anything that I know of agin him, only I don't think he's much of a teacher. He can't do examples as quickly as you, I know, and I don't think a man has any business to be school-teaching if he can't do examples as quickly as an old lady."

Mrs. Torry stopped her work, and fixed her round unwinking eyes full on the girl's face.

Letty Torry, there's some things you don't understand. You never will understand 'em, if you live to be as old as Methuselah, as far as that's concerned. But you'll get as you know the things air. Sometimes it don't make any difference if anybody's ignorant, an' ain't got any book-learnin'; air old, an' had a hard-workin' life. There'll be somethin' in 'em that everybody else 'ain't got; somethin' that grewed, an' didn't have to be learned. I've got this faculty; I can cipher. It ain't nothin' agin Mr. Plainfield if he 'ain't got it; it's a gift."

Her voice took on a solemn tone and trembled.

Letty looked at her with childish wonder. "Well," said she, with a subdued manner, "he has no right to teach, anyhow, without it. I guess I'll have another apple. I was real hungry."

So Letty ate another apple silently, while her grandmother worked at the problem again.

She did not solve it as easily as usual. She worked till midnight, her little lamp drawn close to her on the kitchen table; then she went to bed, with the answer still in doubt.

"It ain't goin' to do for me to get up any longer," said she forlornly, as she replaced the slate on the bureau. "I shall be sick if I do. But I declare I don't see what's got into me. I hope I ain't losin' my faculty."

She could not sleep much. The next morning, as soon as their simple breakfast was eaten and Letty had gone to school, she seated herself with her slate and pencil.

When Letty came home at noon she found her grandmother still at work, and no dinner ready.