## Poetry

### Farmer John's Journey

Home from his journey Farmer John
Arrived this morning at early dawn.
His black coat off, and his boots on second,
"Now I'm myself!" quoth Farmer John,
And he thinks, "I'll do a little work
Up kept the day." This done, you perceive,
Are you so glad you've returned into the
The old cow lowed at the sight of John,
"Ah, ha, old Cow!
Do you get good food when I am away?"

"You have seen, old" says Farmer John,
"The cities and towns I have long wished to
The cob is going to be a racer,
And a beauty too! Soon he will prance
We'll wear the ribbons and crack the whip
Over those dunces who laughed at my
To call you spavined, old Bay,
And watch you, and you alone, while you
Grind
In a quiet comfort than you think
And be petted all day,
And be shod old Grey!
Ah, this is the comfort of going away!"

"For after all," says Farmer John,
"The best of a journey is getting
home,
I've seen great sights, but none so good as
That spot, and the pleasure I have
For all their Paris and London
These hills for the city's smoke,
And big hotels all bustle and noise
Local all houses and streets all strange,
That dunce, your sons and better your
betters!
Would you, old Bay,
Would you, old Grey,
That's what one gets by going away?"

"There Money is king," says Farmer
John,
"And Fashion is queen; and the
mighty queer
To see, sometimes, while the man
Raking and scraping and hoarding
The wife spends every year
Enough you would think for a score of
wives,
To keep them in luxury all their lives!
The town is a perfect Babylon
To a quiet chap," says Farmer John
"You see, old Bay,
You see, old Grey,
I'm wiser than when I went away."

"I've found out this," says Farmer John,
"That happiness is not bought and
sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and
hurry,
In spite of pleasure and days of worry;
And wealth isn't all in gold,
Mortgages and stocks and ten per cent.
But in simple ways and sweet content.
Few cents, pure hopes, and noble ends,
Some land to till, and a few good friends.
Like you, old Bay,
And you, old Grey,
That's what I've learned by going
away."

And a happy man is Farmer John,
O, a rich and happy man is he;
He sows the peas and pumpkins, growing,
The corn in tassels, the buckwheat
blowing,
And fruit on vine and tree;
The large, kind eyes look their thanks
As he rubs their foreheads and strokes
their flanks;
The dove light round him, and strut
coo,
Says Farmer John, "I'll take you, too,
And you, old Bay,
And you, old Grey,
Next time I travel so far away!"

### ODDS AND ENDS.

Singular—to see a garden walk.

The wandering heiress—the wind-lass.

What holds all the snuff in the world? No one nose.

Maine has a new town named Skatchawatchkatchis.

What is it that a poor man hates and a rich man wants? Nothing.

"Oh, my dear wife," said John Henry as he paid the milliner's bill.

Moving is not pleasant. It breaks up old associations and the skin on your knuckles.

At a Quakertown, Bucks county, spelling bee, irreconcilable was spelled "earwreckonsilable."

We think it more than right that men should seize time by the forelock, for the rude old fellow scoops on latecomers, pulls all their hair out.

Warm weather helps one to be good. That is you don't care whether your neighbor has a big woodpile or a small one.

"What did Judas do?" asked a Detroit Sunday school teacher of her class of boys. "He licked the British!" promptly replied Johnny.

Mrs. Keen, declined to allow her children to take part in a spelling match because she heard somebody say that knotty words would be given out.

"This is not pain," said a witty Worcester girl who found a valuable silk hair not hanging to the fringe of her shawl upon her return home from an evening lecture.

This world would be a sandy desert of lonesomeness if women were not privileged to attend auction sales and pay more for an old bureau than a new chamber set would cost.

A little girl, hearing her teacher spoken of as a calculating woman, remarked that the scholars were the "calculating-cat," for they were generally whipped all round every day.

Fort Erie, once noted for drinking, gambling and rowdyism, is now quite as notable for the absence of these evils, it having become one of the quietest and most law-abiding towns in the Province.

"Dear me, how fluidly he talks," said Mrs. Partington recently, at a temperance meeting. "I am always afraid when he mounts the rostrum, for his eloquence wastes every cartridge in my body."

An enthusiastic New Yorker, on being requested by a rich and vulgar young fellow for permission to marry "one of his girls," gave this rather crushing reply: "Certainly, which would you prefer, the housemaid or the cook?"

"Well, neighbor Slamsidge, how much shall I put you down for to get a chandelier for the church?" Neighbor S——"Shoot what we want to git a chandelier for? The hain't nobody kin play on ter it when yo get it!"

One of our adopted citizens seeing a bunch of bananas the other day, stood in silent astonishment for about a minute, and then broke out: "Begorra, them Yanks beats the devil, and now they nail pickles to a shtick."

"What's your business?" asked the judge of a prisoner at the bar. "Well, I guess you might call me a bookmaker." "When did you last work at your trade?" "Last night when I heard a call for the police I made a bolt for the door."

Two colored men took refuge under a tree in a violent thunder storm. "Julius can you pray?" said one. "No Sam," was the reply. "nebber prayed in my life." "Well, can't you sing a hymn?" Just then the lightening struck a tree near by, shivering it, when the first speaker exclaimed: "Go heah, honey, sumfin' dis'on has got to be done, an' dat mighty sudden, too, s'pose you pass round de hat!"

The inconsistencies in our orthography are something fearful to contemplate. T-o-b-a-c-c-o spells 'tongue' and the man who first spelled it should have been hangee. A-c-h-e spells 'ache' and thats all you can make out of it. E-i-g-h-t spells 'eight' no matter how you depreciate the idea, and that e-i-e-i-e should spell 'aisle,' and f-e-i-g-n 'feign' is enough to make anybody emaisle, if the effort were not too painful.

The walnut tree is proverbially long lived, and an extraordinary instance is noted at Beauvillers, a village at the foot of the Vandois Jura. An old walnut tree, whose age is estimated at between three and fourhundred years, is there still in a flourishing condition. Its trunk measures ever twenty feet in circumference, and, notwithstanding its great age, it produced last year over fifty bushels of walnuts.

## Selected Recipes.

CHICKEN PIE.—Take nine soda crackers, break them and pour over them two cups of boiling milk; let them stand until reduced to a pulp, add one and one fourth cups of sugar, one of butter, four spoonfuls of vinegar or juice of lemon; add, flavor with lemon or cinnamon. This is sufficient for three pies.

ONE EGG CAKE.—One and one-half cups sugar, one or two eggs, butter the size of an egg; add especially, another cup sweet milk, two cups, two and one-half cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder.

A CURE FOR HOARSENESS.—Half a teacup of vinegar, the same of molasses, half a teacup of whisky, a lump of butter the size of a walnut, a tablespoonful of ginger and a teaspoonful of paregoric, set it on the stove till the mixture is half gone; if the hoarseness is not gone in the morning, take the rest of the stew the next night, just before going to bed.

HOT TEAS FOR WARM WEATHER.—Two quarts of water, twelve potatoes, a good handful of hops; peel the potatoes from the base of hops when the potatoes are done and mash them; add one teacupful of white sugar, a handful of salt, tablespoonful of ginger; strain through a colander and boil a few minutes; add yeast to raise when cool; no soda is required to make this bread. This yeast will keep in hot weather until it is used.

HOP YEAST.—Pare one dozen potatoes and three large coarsely-broken round crusts. Stew the apples half an hour and chop them coarsely, then place them in layers in a porcelain-lined stew kettle, alternating them with the bread crumbs and the mixed fruits. Add the juice in which the apples were stewed, and stew or steam the whole slowly four or five hours.

STEWED GREEN APPLE AND BEANS.—Cut the tender parts of young beans into quarter-inch lengths, boil in an equal quantity of water adding about an equal amount of washed Lima beans. Cook until the asparagus is tender, and serve warm. Instead of the beans the asparagus may be thickened with flour or with cracker crumbs.

### The "Mail" and Oddfellowship.

Dr. Wright, of Toronto, writes the following letter to the *Mail*:

SIR: Please to discontinue my subscription to your paper from the present date.

My reason for this step is the course of your paper relative to the recent demonstration under the auspices of the Oddfellows of this city. You have done everything in your power to make the enterprise a failure, and upon grounds which as reasonable man in this city or anywhere else would justify. Notwithstanding your malicious attack, I beg to remind you that prominent men of all political parties honored us with their presence both here and in Whitby; and that, therefore, you have signally failed in your endeavor to cast out a benevolent Society exhibiting some of the vital spirit of benevolent institutions in its interior economy than any other in existence.

"I shall be able, all being well, to demonstrate to you and those who sustain you in your contemptible course that, despite your malice, Oddfellowship will live and thrive when your name is blotted out, and that you will suffer much more by the transaction than you can possibly make us to suffer.

"Yours, &c.,
"GEORGE WRIGHT.

"Toronto, May, 28, 1875."

### Hints to Horse Fanciers.

If your horse is in the habit of kicking, use a low board and your horse will soon get over it.

Keep your horse fat; don't allow any one to get a lien on him.

When your horse refuses to take up an oat, consider him as having failed.

To make your horse very fast, tie him with halters.

Look carefully after the bits of your horse, or you may be soon looking after the bits of your wagon.

If you have a proper address you may receive a couple of lines from a horse, but on no account drop a line.

However well you may be attached to your horse, you must be certain that your horse is well attached to your carriage.

When you tell a horse to 'get up' look well to his 'get up.' Some horses get up within the buggy, but like deep sorrow "leave the traces behind."

Sir Walter Raleigh discovered the virtue of the potato by a mere accident. In turning over the soil of America, out of a natural curiosity to see what was underneath, Sir Walter found a dirty, grubby bulb with warts all over it. "What a horrid production of nature!" cried Raleigh, and pitched the ugly vegetable into the camp-fire. Presently a savory odor began to diffuse itself as the potato was cooking in its jacket. "That smells warm and nice," remarked Raleigh; "somebody pick it out." "Rather tasteless," observed Sir Walter. "Try salt, your highness," said his favorite page. "And butter, my lord," added the he-cook of the expedition. Raleigh took the advice, and found the potato excellent. The expedition grubbed up all the potatoes in that locality and in various districts roundabout, and sailed with a ton of them. Schoolboys have a ridiculous legend that the name is got by arithmetical progression thus: Put 1 o, put 2 o, put 3 o, put 4 o, put 5 o, put 6 o, put 7 o, put 8 o. But this is ridiculous, even to us.

M. d'Agrignac de Buch, the last descendant of the famous Capital de Buch, has just died in Paris in singular circumstances. In the family there was the prophecy:—

When a horse and mule are one
Then the last sire's race is run.

This was of course intended to mean the immortality of the race. But they have lately bred at the Paris Garden of Acclimation a mule that can scarcely be distinguished from a horse, and De Buch fell dead while looking at this animal.

The Premier and Mrs. Mackenzie left Montreal on Friday evening for Quebec to take passage for England, whence he will return in August.

A lad named Ecclestone, of Hamilton, was run over by a freight engine on the H. & L. E. Railway, on Friday, and instantly killed.

The Rev. John Scott, of London was presented with a cheque for $1,200 by the members of his congregation on the occasion of his leaving for North Bruce, and also with a silver water pitcher and goblet by the children of the Sabbath School.

At a largely attended mass meeting of the Reformers of North York, held at Newmarket, on June 1st, Mr. Dymond was unanimously nominated as the Ministerial candidate for the ensuing election of a member for the House of Commons.

Messrs. Alex. McNab (Reformer), and G. H. McGillivary (Conservative), are mentioned as probable candidates for the representation of Glengarry, made vacant by the appointment of the late Postmaster-General to the Governorship of Ontario.

A dreadful fire on Sunday swept away the chief business portion of Springfield Mass., destroying property to the amount of $1,000,000, and causing the death of several persons. The fire was got under control the same day, after having destroyed thirty-five buildings, principally tenement houses. It is supposed incendiaries caused the disaster, and some of them have been arrested.

On Wednesday evening a very destructive fire broke out in West Market square, Guelph. The fire originated in the workshop of Mr. Geo. Beattie's harness shop. In a short time the flames ignited the sourrounding wooden buildings. All the wooden buildings to the West in a short time were burnt to the ground, as were also all the wooden buildings on McDonnell street. There were no less than eight places of business destroyed.


Lovers of house plants will be sorry to learn that the oleander is a dangerous plant. But so it is. Children have been poisoned by eating the flower petal; cattle have been killed by browsing on the twigs; a single leaf is said, of the milky, acid juice that exudes when a twig or leaf is bitten off, is sufficient to produce the death of an infant. The odor exhaled from the blossom is also dangerous to the health.

HAVE YOU TAKEN IT.—If not, don't delay another moment, but get a bottle of the "Canadian Pain Destroyer." It is far ahead of any other medicine, and was never known to fail. All aches and pains are immediately and permanently removed by it, and the price places it within reach of all. Sold by all Medicine Dealers.

Physicians Horses.—Many persons physic their horses frequently—especially every spring. This is a great error and one which has caused the loss of many valuable horses, as physic as it is usually given, often produces inflammation of the bowels, which generally proves fatal; it also weakens the horse and thus renders him more liable to disease, or less liable to throw it off—what is required is a medicine which will operate gently upon the bowels, and act upon the liver and lungs, removing all obstructions; therefore, purifying the blood and enabling all the organs to do their work without overtaxing any, which is accomplished by the use of "Darley's Condition Powders and Arabian Heave Remedy"—it is always safe and certain. Remember the name, and see that the signature of Hurd & Co. is on each package.—Northrop & Lyman, Toronto Ont., proprietors for Canada. Sold by all medicine dealers.

### What They Say of It.

*Notices from the People.*

There are but few preparations of medicine which have obtained the popularity of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Read the following and be convinced of its merits. Burdock Corners, P. Q., writes, "I have been afflicted with rheumatism for the last six years, and have tried many remedies without any effect, until I tried Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and some then have had no attack of it. I would recommend it to all."—J. H. Hart, Hotel keeper, West Shefford, P. Q., writes, "I have been troubled with Bronchial Asthma for several years and have tried almost all medicines with little or no benefit until I tried Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which gave me immediate relief, and I would say that I have used it with the best effect. It is unequalled to withstand the effects of our cold climate." Mr. Hart is well known in the Province, and what he says is worth as much as any man's word. A Mother, Markham, Warwick County, writes, "I have used many bottles of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and it is pronounced by the children of the best medicine they have ever used; it has cured them of croup, and relieved them from pain; it is mild, and a wonderful relieve to a mother." Hundreds have used it for years, and some of them have written testimonials in favor of the Oil, as it has cured them of Rheumatism, Croup, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Lame Back, Sore Chest, Sore Feet, Sore Limbs, Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, Sore Nose, Sore Mouth, Sore Lungs, Sore Bones, Sore Flesh, Sore Sides, Sore Backs, Sore Joints, Sore Muscles, Sore Tissues, Sore Tubes, Sore Cords, Sore Tissues, Sore Tubes, Sore Cords, Sore Tissues, Sore Tubes, Sore Cords