takes them off, looks at the heel, toe, the bottom, and the inside, puts the toe, the bottom, and the inside, puts them on again, walks up and down the room once or twice, remarks to her better-half that she twice, remarks to her better-half that she won't have them at any price, tilts down the mirror so she can see how they look, turns in every possible direction, and nearly dislocates her neck trying to see how they look from that way, backs off, steps up again, takes thirty or forty farewell looks, says they make her feet look awful big and will never do in the world, puts them off and on three or four times more, asks her husband what he thinks about it and pays no attention to what he says, goes through it all again, and finally says she will take them. It is a very simple matter, indeed, matter, indeed.

SAME OLD STORY.

The frightful scream of a woman was heard in a York street house yesterday afternoon. Several men who were passing along rushed pell-mell into the house, thinking the woman was being murdered.
"What's the matter?" asked the man who

entered first.
"Oh, oh!" sighed the woman. "Where is he? Where did be go?" asked, another, as he rushed here and there.

"Oh!—in—oh!—that hole in the corner, I

It was a mouse.

SHE DOTED, BUT HER FATHER DIDN'T. Miss Saffronhue is an æsthete, and when some one quoted one of Oscar Wilde's imbecile verses the other night she raised her hands in admiration and murmured :—
"Continue, on, do continue. I just dote

"Continue, on, uo consider on Wilde."

"My child," said her father, who overheard the remark, "when I was your age I had sown my Wilde dotes."

It required five smelling bottles to restore Miss Saffronhue's equilibrium.

SHE TOLD HIM WHAT SHE THOUGHT. A dude who called on a young lady the other night for the first time showed not the alightest intention of leaving, although the young lady threw out various hints about the approach of midnight.
"Are not tight pants extremely uncon-

omfortable?" she asked, for want of some more entertaining expression.
"Not at all," he said; "I can sit down 'Yes, so I perceive; but I thought it was

Tes, so I perceive; but I thought it was impossible for you to get up."

Then the dude jumped to his feet with such suddenness that he sawed his ears off on his collar and ruined the seat of his pants. He will be more wise in the future. -

# THE U. E. LOYALISTS.

BY WM. KIRBY, F.R.S.C. The war was over. Seven red years of blood Had scourged the land from mountain-top to

sea (So long it took to rend the mighty frame Of England's empire in the western world). Rebellion won at last; and they who loved The cause that had been lost, and kept their To England's crown, and scorned an alien

name, Passed into exile; leaving all behind Except their honour, and the conscious pride of duty done to country and to king. Broad lands, ancestral homes, the gathered wealth

Of patient toil and self-denying years
Were confiscate and lost; for they had been The sait and savor of the land; trained up The wine upon the lees, decanted when They left their native soil, with sword-belts

drawn The tighter; while the women only, wept At thought of old firesides no longer theirs; At household treasures reit, and all the land Upset, and ruled by rebels to the King.

Not drooping like poor fugitives, they came
In exodus to our Canadian wilds;
But full of heart and hope, with heads erect
And fearless eyes, victorious in defeat,—
With thousand toils they forced their devious

way
Through the great wilderness of silent woods That gloomed o'er lake and stream; til higher rose The northern star above the broad domain

Of half a continent, still theirs to hold, Defend, and keep forever as their own; Their own and England's, to the end

The virgin forests, carpeted with leaves Of many autumns fallen, crisp and sear, Put on their woodland state; while overhead Green seas of foliage roared a welcome home To the proud exiles, who for empire fought, And kept, though losing much, this norther

A refuge and defence for all who love The broader freedom of a commonwealth, Which wears upon its head a kingly crown.

Our great Canadian woods of mighty trees, Proud oaks and pines, that grew for cen-King's gifts upon the exiles were bestowed.
Ten thousand homes were planted; and each

With axe, and fire, and mutual help, made Against the wilderness, and smote it down. Into the open glades, unlit before, Since forests grew or rivers ran, there leaped The sun's bright rays, creative heat light, Waking to life the buried seeds that slept

Since Time's beginning, in the earth's dark womb. The world goes rushing by The ancient landmarks of a nobler ti When men bore deep the imprint of the law Of duty, truth, and loyalty unstained.

Amid the quaking of a continent, Torn by the passions of an evil time, They counted neither cost nor danger, spurned
Defections, treasons, spoils; but feared God,
Nor shamed of their allegiance to the King.

To keep the empire one in unity And brotnerhood of its imperial race-For that they nobly fought and bravely lost, Where losing was to win a higher fame! In building up our northern land to be A vast dominion stretched from sea to sea— A land of labour, but of sure reward— A land of lacour, but of sure reward—
A land of corn to feed the world withal—
A land of life's rich treasures, plenty, peace;
Content and freedom both to speak and do,
A land of men to rule with sober law
This part of Britain's empire, next the heart,
Loyal as were their fathers and as free!

Niagara, Ont. From "The Hungry Year." A tale of the U. E. Loyalists. By William Kirby.



SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

For the Immediate Relief and Permanent Cure of every form of Catarrh, from a Simple Head Cold or Influenza to the Loss of Smell, Taste, and Hearing, Cough, Bronchitis, and Incipient Consumption. Relief in five minutes in any and every case. Nothing like it. Grateful, fragrant, wholesome. Cure begins from first application, and is rapid, radical, permanent, and never failing. failing.

One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, all in one package, forming a complete treatment, of all druggists for \$1. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure, POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.



AGRICULTURAL.

WANTS AN INCUBATOR. Sours.—Would you please inform me where I could procure an incubator of small size, capable of hatching between 200 and 300 eggs. Let me hear through your paper as soon as convenient.

Address F. J. Grenny, Brantford, Ont., whose incubators have been awarded medals at our exhibitions. By consulting our advertising columns you could have obtained this information.

### GARGET.

Vandecare—Will you please give me through your paper a remedy for a cow whose bag after she calved is so that neither the califact I can get any milk, the milk duesn't appear to come down. The cow is young and her bag was never so before. She has been kept well, and has a large bag. At first when she calved we got a sort of watery substance from one teat.

f watery substance from one teat.

Bathe the bag morning and night with moderately hot water, then dry well and apply a liniment of tineture of camphor. Continue this treatment for one week, and if no relief apply iodine ointment twice a week, for three or four weeks.

### LICE ON CATTLE.

STROMNESS.—Will you give in your next issue the best remedy for blue lice, as there are some of them in my stock. If the animals are badly effected take soft soap I lb., and blue ointment 4 ounces; mix thoroughly, rubbing well into the affected parts. After it has been on a few days wash off with warm water and a brush. Mercurial cintments should be used with care. If the trouble is not strongly developed, almost any oil will afford relief. In our issue of March 13th was given a recipe by a practical stockman, who claims to have never met with failure.

### BONE SPAVIN.

STONEWALL.—I have a horse with a bone pavin. He has had it for a about one year. Is here acure, and if so, what? If it remains for wo years is it likely to die out without injury? Ordinary treatment, consists in rest, cold applications, continued two or three days. applications, continued two or three days, and succeeded by blistering or the insertion of a seton, or by firing. If firing is resorted to a blister may be applied immediately thereafter. Subsequently liberty on pasturage is beneficial. The longer the disease remains the worse it becomes, as the bones become more ossified.

### SWOLLEN HOCK.

RUSTICUS.—I have a horse which became badly swollen in one of his hocks some five or six weeks ago. It was very paintil and he could not bear any of his weight on it. Immediately behind the hollow of the outside of the joint a lump formed, which appeared to be full of matter. I opened it, but there was only a very slight discharge of a thin yellowish coloured matter. Previously I had used warm fomentations, but after opening it I applied three cantharidine blisters at intervals of a week. The blisters always gave temporary relief, but in a day or two the lameness would be as bad as ever. The swelling has now almost all left the joint, excepting around the point of the hock, both inside and outside of the joint, and there is no pain in any other part of it, but the lameness is no better. A considerable callous has formed in the past where the lump had previously been. The horse inclines to stand for the most part with the lame leg a good distance behind the sound one. When he does put the sore leg forward he invariably knuckles on the pastern. Will you kindly tell me what course of treatment I should pursue.

keep the horse perfectly quiet. He will likely get over his lameness, but it will take a considerable time.

### LIVE STOCK.

Pigs may be stopped from rooting by out-ting out the gristly part of the angus with' which they do the digging. It should be out-whelly out, so that it will not grow again. If it is only slit it will grow again.

A writer in an exchange gives the following cure for lameness occasioned by inflammatory fever in the foot of the horse, with the assurance that it is a periect cure—Clean out the bottom of the foot thoroughly—hold up the leg so as to bring the bottom of the hoof upward, holding it firmly in a horizontal position, and pour in, say a table spoonful of spirits of turpentine, if the cavity of the hoof will hold that much—if not, pour in what it will hold without danger of running over; touch the turpentine with a red-hot iron; this will set it on fire; hold the hoof firmly in position until all burns, sout. Great care must be taken that none runs over on the hair of the hoof, lest the skin be burned. If all the feet are affected, burn turpentine in each of them. Relief will apeedily follow and the animal be ready for service in a short time.

It is affirmed that animals treated in this manner have been promptly relieved. In one case, although suffering for use, and taravelled some distance, all lameness disappearing.

manner have been promptly relieved. In one case, although suffering for more than 24 hours when applied, in less than an hour afterwards the animal was fit for use, and travelled some distance, all lameness dis-

## Profits of Sheep.

There is no other farm stock that may be made so profitable as a small flock of sheep. The complaint of dogs and their destructive ravages in the flocks is no doubt true; but if ravages in the flocks is no doubt true; but if more abeep were kept there would be fewer dogs. It is something like the weeds on a farm. If there were no crops there would be nothing but weeds; but we raise crops, and the weeds are kept in subjection. Just so the dogs would be kept in subjection if every farm had its flock. It is worth while coasidering if it would not be better to displace some of the pigs for twice as many sheep; for two sheep can be kept where one pig is. There would be a tender lamb for the farmer's table, a luxury now unknown; a good, sweet, wholesome mutlamb for the farmer's table, a luxury now unknown; a good, sweet. wholesome mutton; lambs, too, to sell at a good price, and a score of fleeces bringing in twice as many dollars. A neighbour has a flock of sheep on his farm, but it belongs to his daughter, who cares for them and looks after the lambs, and has quite a fund accumulated from the prefits; but what is better mulated from the profits; but what is better still, as the farmer says, "the girl is farmer all over," and if she has no better fortune will be able to run a farm and manage flock of sheep as well as any other farmer. — New York Tribune.

Hay and Heaves. It is a prevalent and well-founded belief that clover hay is not a desirable food for horses, and that it provokes the common disease known as "heaves." It has been supposed that it is the dust in the hay which produces the disease by irritating the sensitive lining membrane of the bronchial tubes. This supposition is doubtless a mistake. Clover hay is not necessarily dusty, not nearly so much so as timothy cut before it is ripe, in which the immature blossom exists in the form of fine dust, which, being partly pollen, has a very irritating effect upon the membranes. And yet we are recommended to feed only timothy hay to horses and keep the clover hay for cows. Now, heaves is a nervous disorder, and does not arise from irritation of the bronchial membranes. This condition of the membranes, with the resulting thickening of them and consequent obstruction of the air passages, produces the disorder known as rostring, or wheezy, noisy respiration, but not the heaving of the flanks, which is the effect of the spasmodic action of the diaphram, produced by disordered nervous action, and which is known as heaves. It is more probable that the nitrogenous, quality of the clover hay It is a prevalent and well-founded belief

is the real cause of the disorder, as food rich in nitrogen stimulates the nervons system, while food rich in starch, as potatoes, for instance, has a very favourable effect upon a horse that is troubled with heaves. Cotton-seed-meal and peas are also highly nitrogenous foods, and these, if their use is persisted in, will cause heaves in a horse in a short time. It is a valuable thing to know wherein and how foods differ in respect to their nitrogenous and carbonaceous character, for much of their value in feeding depends upon this difference.—N. Y. Times.

## THE FARM.

The rapid growth and dense shade which buck wheat makes give it great value as a weed destroyer. Even thistles can be kept down by it if the land is sown as soon after ploughing as possible, and the first thistles that appear are pulled or cut out with a hoe. Latest reports from India are to the effect that low prices have checked wheat production in India. Unless prices advance materially, there will be little or none to export. In fact, the increased home demand for wheat is likely to take all that can or will be grown.

to promote their growth.—American Cultivator.

Where crows or blackbirds are numerous tarring the seed is a good method of saving it from their depredations. But the seed should be well soaked before the tar is applied, else it may delay germination and in a dry time prevent it altogether. Usually soaking corn is not so beneficial as is supposed, for the swelling of the seed in the ground is necessary to compact the earth around it so that the roots will take hold of the soil as soon as they push forth. If the seed soaks very long the water is apt to become chilled and the vitality of the seed is impaired.

Shrunken grain will germinate and often produce a good crop, but it will not produce as

THE DAIRY.

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The roots will sake hold of the soil as soon as they push forth. If the seed soaks very long the water is apt to become chilled and the vitality of the seed is impaired.

Shrunken grain will germinate and often produce a good crop, but it will not produce as a sarge a yield as plump seed, and if continued a few years in succession the variety is sure to degenerate. The Clauson wheat originated in a single plant found growing by a stump in the State of New York. Darwin says that the Fenton wheat was found growing on a pile of robbish in a quarry in England. The Chicham wheat was found growing on a pile of robbish in a quarry in England. The Chicham wheat conginated from an ear found growing in a bedge in England. It is well known that many varieties of grain have originated in some single plant differing from its fellows found growing in some exceptional place.

\*\*Clover After Spring Grain.\*\*

\*\*It is generally found by farmers that the clover after spring grain is not so good the following session as it is after winter wheat. Surprise is often expressed at this result, as the ground for spring grain is apparently got in much finer and desper tilth than it can be on soil that has been packed and hardened by winter's rains and snows. In fact, the clover after barley and outs often appears quite as good at handened by winter's rains and snows. In fact, the clover after barley and outs often appears quite as good at handened by winter's rains and snows. In fact, the clover after barley and outs often appears quite as good at hunch more the following winter. The soft surface on apring cultivated land allows a greater absorption of water, and the results is that the clover is heaved out by frost. It is probable that the save doubt the plant of reading the cover is nearly supported by burning siphur up

Even skim milk is often too valuable in certain localities to be fed in unlimited quantities to calves intended to be reared. But if the milk ration is diminished some grain or justly turn attention to beans as a substitute tities to calves intended to be reared. But if the milk ration is diminished some grain or meal should take its place. The calf should at no time be stinted, or a valuable animal need not be expected.

\*\*Cure for Founder:\*\*

A writer in an exchange gives the following cure for lameness occasioned by inflammatory fever in the foot of the horse, with the assurance that it is a perfect cure:

Introduction of numerous new varieties might justly turn attention to beans as a substitute for it. Beans cost much less than potatoes for seed and cultivation, they are more easily harvested, and realize about an equal return, considering the higher price as a set-off against the smaller number of bushels to the acre. Potatoes are not a high order of food. Indeed, they are quite the reverse, and a large consumption of them has always been associated with a low order of civilization and general poverty of condition.

## ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

A gardener recommends tying newspapers about celery to bleach it. He finds that in this manner he can bleach celery better, easier, and cheaper than by earthing up.

this manner he can bleach celery better, easier, and cheaper than by earthing up.

Soot sprinkled over cabbages is said to be an excellent remedy for the cabbage worm. Ashes are also good. If cabbages are got out early, and are pushed, the early sorts at least will mostly escape the worm.

Vick's Magazine gives the experience of a gardener who always succeeds in growing radishes free from worms by using constantly for radish-growing a particular piece of sandy ground in the corner of his garden, and by spading in thoroughly every spring two inches of leached ashes.

George W. Walz writes to the Fruit Recorder that he has boiled leaves and stems of tomato plants until the juice is all extracted, and finds the liquor deadly to caterpillars, lice, and many other enemies of vegetation. It does not injure the growth of plants, and its odour remains for a long time to disgust insect marauders.

An excellent remedy for the lice which infest cabbage and cauliflower is Scotch snuff or tobacco water. Sulphur dusted upon them is also a good remedy for these pests. If they are not destroyed they apread very fast, as one insect without pairing is able to produce several millions in the course of two or three weeks, there being several generations in that time.

three weeks, there being several generations

in that time.

Practical fruit growers have found by experimenting that an application of ground gypsum or land plaster, as it is commonly called, will destroy large numbers of insects which infest apple blossoms and cause them to blight. The gypsum should be thrown over the tree and among the blossoms when they are in full bloom. It is a cheap remedy and worthy of trial.

An expert in strawberry culture asserts that an transplanting the assawberry the run-

An expert in strawberry culture asserts that in transplanting the sarawberry the runners should be left on to the length of eix inches. The ends of the runners are then to be bent down and buried with the roots, and act as suckers to draw nourishment to the plant until new roots are formed. In this way, he contends, plants will thrive under conditions which would otherwise prove fatal.

The American Cultivator says that white-washing trees is a practice which has little to commend it. It does the trees no good except to destroy a few insects, which a wash of soap and water will accomplish much better. The idea that whitewashing repovates and strengthens the tree is false. A wash of

scap and lye and water in June, and again in September, is one of the best treatments apple and pear trees can receive.

Farmer says that a New York farmer observed that some of his apple trees, that had been dressed with unleached wood ashes, bore apples which kept all winter without rotting, while the rest of the fruit rotted badly. His trees were infested with apple tree blight. He finally applied wood ashes at the rate of 200 bushels to the acre, to his orchard, and washed the bodies of the trees with lye. The orchard recovered from the blight, and the apples would then keep well in an ordinary cellar all winter.

By timely rubbing off needless shoots from young fruit trees and grapevines, says the Country Gentleman, the necessity for heavy pruning may be entirely obviated, and there will be none of the loss of wood which has already grown, and no check be given to large amputations. Examine grapevines as soon as the new growth has pushed an inch or two, and select and retain those shoots which give an evenly distributed growth with aufficient space between them. The same care with young fruit trees, as soon as they have fairly started, will give handsome and symmetrical heads.

Cultivating Orchards.

In fact, the increased home demand for wheat is likely to take all that can or will be grown.

The feeding roots of potatoes go deeper than those of corn, and for this reason it is advisable in potato culture to plough and put in the manuse motel deepby. Amother advisable in potato culture to plough and put in the manuse motel deepby. Amother advisable in potato culture to plough and put in the manuse motel deepby. Amother advisable in potato culture to plough and put in the manuse motel deepby. Amother advisable in potato culture to plough and put in the manuse motel deepby. Amother advisable in seed grown and ground is that this deeper ploughing furnishes a mellow seed bed to good depth, and encourages a deeper planting than would otherwise be practicable.

It is seldom good policy to sow cats, or, in fact, any small grain, on newly-turned sod. In its decay the sod falls to pieces, thus loosening the hold the roots of the crop have in the soil. Besides, in a wet assaon there is a greater danger that the sod may take to growing upward, and thus injure any grain crop. Corn or potatoes can be cultivated, and the friable condition of the soil which decaying sod makes is exactly what is needed to promote their growth.—American Cultivated, and the friable condition of the soil which decaying sod makes is exactly what is needed to promote their growth.—American Cultivated, and the friable condition of the soil which he will soaked before the tar is applied, else trees. It the colour of the leaves is good, and they grow well and bear fine fruit, they they are allored the matter, and they are suffering from a want of cultivation or manure, or both. Prof. Beal says that "to judge of the condition of an apple is like judging of the condition of an apple is like judging of the condition of an apple is like judging of the condition of an apple is like judging of the condition of an apple is like judging of the condition of an apple is like judging of the condition of an apple is like judging of the condition of an apple i

### THE DAIRY.

The Dairyman says:—There are but few practices in the dairy upon which writers on the milject seem sable to agree, but they come about as near it in their advice on the subject of keeping the teats dry while milking as they do on any one point with which we are familiar. As a rule we believe they are right, for the average milker is too careless about keeping his hands clean for it to be safe advice to counsel him to wet the teats with milk, and yet the best milkers we have seen followed this practice. It makes the teats soft and pliable, creating less friction, and consequently less injury, to the skin of the teat. It certainly is the custom of the calf to wet it, which shows what nature intended. If the udder was well washed and the hands kept reasonably clean it would seem to be the best practice.

Marbled Butter,

A correspondent of the Dairyman writes:

"If the butter is drained dry before the salt is added, this marbled appearance will be noticed to some extent, but if the granulated butter when put upon the worker is full of the brine used in washing it out to free from buttermike, it will so dissolve the salt during the working that when ready to pack the objection raised will not exist. The packing would have something to do with it, I suppose, if put into 56-pound tubs. My butter is put in well-glazed one-gallon crocks. About a pound of butter is put in each time, and most thoroughly crowded in with a wooden potato-masher, and it comes out of the crock of as solid colour as one could wish. The whole trouble of marbled butter is, I opine, one of salting it too 'dry' and putting too much in the package at a time when packing."

The Ayrshire.

This breed is a great favourite with many. It is small, scarcely larger than the Guernesy, and is remarkably nimble and hardy, thriving on scant feed and in rough pastures where some of the other breeds would starve. They are bright red or bright red and white, and give a large flow of milk, rich in caseine and fairly rich in butter. The breed has its phenomeral cows, both as milkers and as butter makers. The cream globules of the milk are quite irregular in size, and hence do not readily separate from the milk by ordinary methods of cream raising. But this fact makes the milk all the better for family use, for marketing, and for the cheese this fact makes the milk all the better for family use, for marketing, and for the cheese from the same milk. The Avrshire, like the Dutch-Friesian, may be called a good general purpose cow. The greatest objectious to this breed have been its nervousness and its small teats; but both of these may be overcome by gentle treatment and careful breeding—indeed have been overcome in many cases. For rough hilly pastures, there is no better cow than the Ayrshire. But although she can stand some hard fare, she responds quickly to gentle and generous usage. Well selected and well-bred Ayrshires make a splendid dairy herd. dairy herd.
Sutherland's Rheumatine is a sure cure for

Sutheriand's Rheumatine is a sure cure for Sciatica, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatic Gout, and all Kidney Complaints.

Mr. S. D. Waddy, Q.C., London, has presented the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, through Bishop Simpson, with a Bible which belonged to Rev. John Wesley.

Wesley.

Mr. E. Mitchell, Manager Bank of Commerce, Hamilton, says:—I have no hesitation in pronouncing your great/immedy, Sutherland's Rheumatine, a success in my case, and in heartily recommending it to all suffering from rheumatism.

ONTARIO'S CROPS.

Report of the Bureau of Industries for May-THE GENERAL OUTLOOK ENCOURAGING

Following is a summary of the report of the Ontario Bureau of Industries for May, to which is added reports from all parts of the province by telegraph on Monday last on the extent of injury caused by last week's frosts:

EFFECTS OF THE PROSTS.

The affects of last weeks frosts on field, orchard, and garden crops are much less serious than was feared. Barley has been injured on low land, and in some localities the clover has been nipped; but the localities of the province no permanent injury has been done, and the prospect continues encouraging for a few of the inland districts, but in the vicinity of the lakes these as well as other fruits are safe. The chief exception to this general account refers to portions of Essex and the neighbourhood of Chatham, in Kent, where great damage was done by the localities of the province; and the neighbourhood of Chatham, in Kent, where great damage was done by the localities of the province; and the neighbourhood of Chatham, in Kent, where great damage was done by the localities of the province; and the neighbourhood of Chatham, in Kent, where great damage was done by the localities of the province; and the localities of th

tion in pronouncing your great/nemedy, Sutherland's Rheumatine, a success in my case, and in heartily recommending is to all suffering from rheumatism.

Carter's Little Liver Pills have no equal as a prompt and positive curs for sick headache, biliousness, constipation, pain in the side, and all liver troubles. Try them.

Jake Gaudaur, not having been taken up by Peterson, of California, has put up \$100 with the St, Louis Globe Democrat and challenges the winner of the Teemer-Conley race to row two miles for from \$250 to \$500 a side.

we done little or no damage to the grain, fruit, ne, or clover crops in this locality.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT John Albery, Meaford, Grey-No damage om late trysts within a radius of twelve miles

not materially hurt by frost, but is hadly cut by cutworms in some localities. Clover is coroched, but not permanently injured. Applies and peasare considerably injured, but enough have escaped to make a fair crop. Grapee are almost destroyed, but they will realize a quarter crop. Strawberries are partly destroyed, but enough have escaped to average a fair crop. Raspberries are not injured.

G. R. Patulio, Woodstock—Grain and clover are very little injured. Small fruits and garden stuff have suffered considerably.

C. W. Young. Stratford—Wheat has not been injured to any extent, but barley is hurt in low spots. Peas are badly frosted, especially tender varieties in gardens. More than hall of the strawberry crop is ruined. Grapes are almost totally killed; apples, pears, and small fruit not to bad; potatoes, corn, and tender vegetables are killed off where exposed.

Marion Crawford's "A Roman Singer," and continues that interesting story "In War Time." Rev. J. G. Wood writes of "The Trail of the Sea Serpent," showing what it is and where it has been seen. Two political articles of timely interest are "The New Party," by J. Laurence Laughlin, and a letter from "An Old War Horse to a Young Politician," by William H. McElroy. D. O. Kellog discusses "Penury not Pauperism:" Olive Thorne Miller writes of the thrush, "The Bird of Solitude;" the short story, "Wentworth's Crime," is by Frank Parks; an anonymous writer describes "Paris Classi-"Wentworth's Crime," is by Frank Parks; an anonymous writer describes "Paris Classical Concerts;" there are poems by Dr. T. W. Parsons and Mrs. Piatt; and reviews of important new books, with a good Contributors' Club, conclude an excellent number. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

The June number of the Canadian Metho-

The June number of the Canadian Methodist Magazine fittingly celebrates the hundredth year of the settlement of Upper Canada by a number of patriotic and U. E. Loyalist poems and prose articles. A striking article, by Dr. Dorchester, shows by the aid of six engraved diagrams the remarkable progress of Methodism and of missions during the last century; Dr. Stewart writes on the "Obligation of the Great Communications of writes on the "Obligation of the Great Com-mission"; and Helen Campbell tells the touching story of "Jack, the Gaol Bird." There are also finely illustrated articles on English cathedrais, and on Lady Brassey's yacht voyage around the world.

## MURDER IN RAMA.

MURDEK IN RAMA.

Tragic Result of a Wife's Infidelity — Her Faramour Kicked to Death by the Hashadd.

Special to The Mail.

DALKYMPIR, June 2.—A horrible tragedy took place near Fenton's tever, on the Monch of the Committee of Friday last. There is a the month of the Committee of Friday last. There is a the place are two caused by the alleged too intumster reisting to feel Edward Story, better known as Edward Steel. Higgins, the murdered man, was a widower with one grown-up son, and was about 55 years old. He had about six weeks ago induced Story's wife to go and live with bim, and kept her for a week. Story after some difficulty induced his wife to refuse to see for the future, and requested Story's premises whenever he liked. Mrs. Story some on have tired of Higgins, and on Friday morning told her husband that she expected a visit from Higgins, whom she would refuse to see for the future, and requested Story is answer his call and dismiss him. Story instructed one of his little children, of whom has four, to say, in case Higgins called, her parents were from home, and then his has four, to say, in case Higgins called, her parents were from home, and then his has four, to say, in case Higgins account the story instructed one of his little children, of whom has four, to say, in case Higgins account the story instructed one of his little children, of whom has four, to say, in case Higgins account the story instructed one of his little children, of whom has four, to say, in case Higgins account the story instructed one of his little children, of whom has four, to say, in case Higgins account the story instructed one of his little children, of whom has four, to say, in case Higgins account the story instructed one of his little children, of which was one of the story instructed one of his little children, of whom his has four, to say, in case Higgins account the story instructed one of his little children, of which was one of the story instructed one of his little children, of which was one of the story instructed Tragic Result of a Wife's Infidelity — Her Paramour Kicked to Death by the Hus-band. Special to The Mail.

Hi! my baby! and ho! my baby!
And hew do you do to-day?
Come! papa has just an hour to spare,
And help his little one to play.
What, indeed!
Must I get on my knees,
And be a "big bear"
Your highness to please?

I wonder what next I shall have to do, To satisfy such a young tyrant as you? But high, my baby, and ho, my baby, Whatever you wish to play, I'll give you an hour of froic and fun, Before taking myself away.

Hi, my baby, and ho, my baby,
I'm tired of being a "bear."
Come sit on my foot, and I'll give you aride,
But—tumble off, if you dare!

And you, you rogue, would shirk all the blame.
For bables are all the world over the same,
But hi, my baby, and ho, my baby,
I've no more time for play.
So give me a kiss, and say good-bye,
And—I wish you a very good day.

# MAXY'S PARTY.

Max was to have a birthday party—"a real, truly party"—she told her best friend as they talked together through the garden "Just like a grown-up party, Dolly Mayo. There'li be cake and ice-cream and flowers

There'll be cake and ice-cream and flowers and everything.

"Who'll you sak?"

"Oh, lots of boys and girls—you, of course. Mamma 'n' me have to 'range that between us, and I must go back this minute to talk it over with mamma. I'll have to do that lots, and you mustn't care, Dolly, if I can't play with you much, You'll come to the party, and it'll be just gl-lorious!"

And Maxy ran away in high glee, while Dollie took an opposite direction with equal speed to tell the news at home.

The days came and went as they always do whether we wish them to or not, and at last

whether we wish them to or not, and at last the birthday dawned. It was the loveliest morning, the very brightest of her life, Maxy thought, as she locked at her presents and thought of the pleasures in store for her.

her.

"Oh, I do hope," she said to Dolly, as she and that little maiden, in company with Brosie Miller, watched the setting of the long table, "oh, I do hope that nothing will have to spail my party." ong tanie, on, 1 do nope saat nothing will happen to spoil my party."

"Something always does," said Brosie.
"Somebody gets hurt, or some girl loses something and cries. What does a party mount to, anyway?"

"Why, Bro Miller, parties are awful it."

"Why, Bro Miller, parties are awful nice.
You have a good time. Mamma says it's
worth something just to have a good time."
"I say," persisted Bro, "that they don't
do no good. Some of you girls are stuck up
because you got nice clothes on, and the rest
are mad about it, and they eat up enough to
last a week, and everybody's tired out, and
the house all mussed up. Oh, I know how
'tis."

the house all mussed up. Oh, I know how 'tis."

"My sakes!" began Maxy, her bright face clouded a little. "If you don't like—"

But just here mamma came to the rescue.

"Children." she said, pleasantly, "I think a party once in a while is a very good thing, if it is given in in the right spirit. All you say might be true of one that was given just to make a display. But this is a different thing. It is simply to make my little girl and her friends happy. We will try to do do that, and only that, If any litte girl is dressed 'plainly, we will treat them a little more kindly to make up for that, and the other children will be pretty sure to do as Maxy does. We won't think about ourselves; we will try to make others happy: that's the way to have a good time. Now, Maxy, bring me that basket of flowers."

Maxy's face had brightened before mamma will be haid to find a happier group of children than the one that gathered that afternoon in Mrs. Monroe's pleasunt parlours. Every little face was running over with smiles, and Maxy was here, there, and everywhere, with a bright word and look for each one, helping her little friends to begin the afternoon in the right way. But the day was too fine to be spent in the house, and soon the

noon in the right way. But the day was too noon in the right way. But the day was too
fine to be spent in the house, and scon the
whole laughing, chattering crowd was out on
the lawn, forming a great circle, and then the
fun began.

As Mrs. Monroe stood looking on and
thinking what a pretty picture it under the

fun began.

As Mrs. Monroe stood looking on and thinking what a pretty picture it made—the little girls in their dainty dresses, the manly looking boys in their brief but longedfor knickerbockers, she saw something that gave her pain and pleasure at once. Little Susie Lee stood next to a little girl whose mamma had evidently bestowed much time and attention upon her dress. It was a mass of embroidery and lace. From the crown of her frizzy head to the tips of her dainty slippers she was conscious of being better dressed than any of her playmates. Timid little Sushad not chosen to stand there. Mrs. Monroe felt sure of that. It was only after much coaxing that she had joined the game at all. Poor little Sue! She knew her dress was plain and not new, but it was white as snow and beautifully ironed, and she had hoped that her new slippers that mamma had hardly dared to buy, might partly atone for it. She had not thought they would all be so different from the schoolmates she met every day. A tiny lump came in her throat; it grew and grew until now, as she stood beside Allie Carroll and felt the unwilling touch of her fingers and felt through her downcast eyelids the ill-concealed look of scorn bestowed on her plain raiment, it threatened to choke her. Mrs. Monroe saw it all and longed to help her.

Just at this moment Maxy saw, too. Her bright eyes were just in time to catch the uplifting of Miss Allie's nose and the drooping of Susie's long eyelashes. In a moment she had left the place she was taking beside Dolly, and, was standing between Allie and Susie, and with her sweetest smile was

body seemed happier than ever, and all went home saying:
"I never had such a good time in my life."
As for Allie and Sue, you would have thought they had been bosom friends from badyhood.

badyhood.

And that was not all. When Allie had told her story at home, Mrs. Carroll suddenly remembered that Mrs. Lee was an old friend and had been shamefully neglected.

"I must call on her now," she said, "and thank her little girl for finding my precious chain."

She did call, and as she had a kind heart under all her faults, she could not help feeling sad as she saw the changes in her old schoolmate, and felt how very different her life was now from what it once had been, True, she had known it all these years, but she had scarcely given it a thought. Now it was brought home to her, and as she sat talking to Mrs. Lee she felt ashamed of her long neglect.

"Oh, it is nothing," said Susie's mother, when she spoke of the chain. "Someone else would have found it."
"I don't know; it was nearly dark—the

"I don't know; it was nearly dark—the bush right against the fence. It might have hung there till morning, and been picked up by some one who would have kept it. It might have been gone forever. I shall remember you, little Sue."

How do you suppose she remembered her? Did she give her a new dress, a handsome chain, a gold ring? No, none of these things, though she thought of them all. It occurred to her that Many might know of something that Sue very much wanted, so she laid the case before her.

"Oh, yes, indeed I do," she began, and then stopped and grew red in the face.

"Well, go on," said Mrs. Carroll, with a smile.

"Well, go on," said Mrs. Carroll, with a smile.

"It might cost more than you mean,—and it wouldn't be a present, either."

"Tell me, anyway," insisted the lady.

"Well, I know that Sne wants to take music lessons dreadfully. She cries because he can't."

"And Allie cries because she must," laughed Mrs. Carroll. "Thank you, Maxy, she shall have one term, anyway; but how thoughtless I am; she hasn't any piano."

"But we have," said Maxy. "Mamma will let her practise here."

"Very will, I will see Mrs. Lee about it."
It took some pleading too win Mrs. Lee's consent, for pride rose up very strong; but when she saw how Susie's heart was set on it she could not refuse. Susie's delight knew no bounds.

"If I once begin may be there'll be some way to go on," she said to Maxy. "And it's all because of your party, and because you remembered what I wanted most."

TALKS WITH TODDLERS. WHY JOHNNY STRUCK.

hear pap say last night that every labourer has a right to strike when he don't git no WHY ADAM NEVER LAUGHED

made."

"Then he never didn't have any boy fun, did he?"

"No."

"And right away got married?"

"Yes."

"No wonder he never laughed none."

. HE SPOKE FROM EXPERIENCE. "What is this, now?" asked the kinder-garten teacher, as she held up a common din-

garren teacher, as she held up a common dining plate.

None of the scholars ventured an answer.

What do you eat out of at dinner when you are at fome?" persisted the teacher, putting the question more directly.

Still no answer.

Again the question was put in the same words, and one scholar, more bold than the rest, ventured to make reply.

"How many drachms make a pint?" ask-

takes 128."
"Well, it don't take but four at our house, 'cause I often heard ma say that when she wanted to make a pint with the old man, she gave him about four drams, and then she was solid."
Such reasoning broke the teacher down.

HOW FAR AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD HAS GOT IN GEOGRAPHY.

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"Johnny, why didn't you bring me the bucket of coal I told you to bring before you went to school this afternoon?"
"'Cause I struck; that's why."
"You struck, eh? And why did you strike?"
"'Cause I had a right to; fur didn't you

"Pap, how big was Adam when he was borned?"
"He was a man and as large as a man when

rest, ventured to make reply. He said:
"Please, 'm, a tin pan!"

ed a school teacher.

"Four," yelled a little boy springing up.
"How do you make that?" asked the astonished instructor; "the table says it takes 128."

GEOGRAPHY.

Elizabeth is a girl about eight years old.
When asked how far she had got in geography
lesson the little woman said:

"We are in the Alps now. And what do
you think? The girls there wear short red
skirts and a sort of green jacket laced in front
and behind, with puffed sleeves. I don't
just remember what kind of stockings they
wear, but I think they are blue."

"Well," exclaimed the paralyzed parent
when she could recover breath, "but where
are the Alps. child?"

"I don't know," was the artless response,

