

150—ENIGMA.

It's seen in stones, and dwells in the wood;
It shuns the bad, but loves the good;
It's often used when John is hurt;
It shuns not gold, though it does dirt;
It's seen in you, but not in me;
And now its name you'll clearly see.

W. P. R.

151.

Whole I am a herdsman; behead and I am a
wanderer; behead again and I am on the other
side; transpose the remainder and I am a minister
of the gospel.

J. E. L.

Answers to September Puzzles.

140—Word Square:

B A T H
A R E A
T E A R
H A R E

141—Geographical Acrostic:

M onc K
O b I
N air N
T emiscamin G
R hode S
E astpor T
A rn O
L ondo N

142—Malta.

- 143—1. Opposition is the life of trade.
2. Begin nothing without considering what the end may be.
3. Learn to labor and to wait.
4. Money is a good servant, but a bad master.
5. Knowledge makes humble; ignorance makes proud.
144—He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day.

Names of Those who have Sent Correct Answers to Sept. Puzzles.

Minnie Gibson, Wm. Howell, T. H. Sawyer, Jessie McFarlane, Alice Stewart, Frank Munro, Lena Shore, Rosie Gillett, Geo. McKillop, Frank Arthurs, Rockliffe Lyons, Collin Johnson, Bessie Gordon, Frank Sexton, Dora Robinson, Gus Green, Bob Skirving, Alice Sullivan, Bessie Hague, Ella Wadsworth, Daisy McLean, Tom Bennett, Frank Green, Ella Jones, J. S. Myles, Minnie Parsons, Tom Ferguson, Harriet Brethour, Samuel Paul.

Humorous.

"How do you pronounce t-i-n-g-y?" Professor Stearns asked the young gentleman nearest the foot of the class. And a smart, bad boy stood up and said it depended a good deal whether the word applied to a man or a bee. Go to the head young fellow.

A darkey who was stopping to wash his hands in a creek, didn't notice the peculiar actions of a goat just behind him; so, when he scrambled out of the water and was asked how it happened, he answered: "I dunno 'zactl; but 'peared as if the shore kinder h'isted and frowned me."—American Punch.

This notice was once fixed upon a church door in Hertfordshire, and read in the church: "This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in this churchyard but those living in the parish; and those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to me. Ephraim Grubb, Parish Clerk."

An Irishman who had never slept on a feather pillow once got hold of a feather, and placed it on a rock, lay down with his head on it.

"Be jabers," he growled, "if wan feather is as has hard as that I wouldn't like to sleep on a bagful!"

"Just keep your bottle of whisky in your closet and when the girls bring you your hot shaving water in the morning, you can mix your toddy quickly, and not a soul will know a thing about it," said the M. D. The plan worked well until the old man's daughter thought he must be going insane because he wanted to shave five or six times every day.

A DESIRABLE SPOT.—This seems to be a very health spot of the country.—1st Inhabitant. Healthy! Their ain't a single livin' person dead sinst I bin 'ere.—2d I.: No; an' the vilage is neat an' handsome, considerin' it's so plain, Miss.—1st I.: An' their ain't a small vilage in England as kin beat it for size.—2d I.: Ah! what more kin only one want 'cept the price o'summat to drink?

A Shrewd Reply.

Sir Walter Scott says all the alleged origin of of the invention of cards produced one of the shrewdest replies he had ever heard given in evidence. It was made by the late Dr. Gregory, at Edinburgh, to a council at the Scottish bar. The doctor's testimony went to prove the insanity of the party whose mental capacity was the point at issue. On a cross interrogation he admitted that the person in question played admirably at whist. "And do you seriously say, doctor," said the learned council, "that a person having a superior for a game so difficult, and which requires in a pre-eminent degree memory, judgement and combination, can be at the same time deranged in his understanding?" "I am no card player," said the doctor, with great address, "but I have read in history that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane king." (Charles VI. of France). The consequences of this reply were decisive.

Parson B—lived a few miles "out" on the road running from a certain elm-bowered city of Maine to a small manufacturing village just beyond. The parson was known as the embodiment of oddities and quiddities, and also as a very convenient resort when one of the city pulpits needed a "short-notice" supply, and the village of Sacarappa had a reputation, equally well established for manners and morality for which ungodliness, was a gentle term.

One Sunday morning the parson was suddenly summoned to fill the "crack" pulpit of the city, its own divine being unexpectedly detained away from home. Hastily snatching a sermon from the pile, he put it in his pocket, mounted his high-hipped nag, and was off.

It was a bright October morning, and the keen air had put life into the parson's veins and oratory into his soul. Warming at every sentence of his discourse, he poured forth a rising flood of rebuke, exposure, warning, and condemnation such as might well stir the souls of any company of sinners to their depths.

But as the climax was reached and the conclusion drew near, the parson began to recollect himself. This was no company of sinners. These were the "first circles" of P—, aristocrats in velvet and silk; their church had the tallest steeple and the handsomest front in town, and their minister commanded a higher salary than any other church in Maine could raise.

The parson felt a blush stealing to his cheek. He hurried through his sermon, closed it, and reached uncomfortably for the hymn-book; then, with a quick little movement, he wheeled about, and cocking his wizened face to one side, piped out, in his queer, high-pitched voice: "I hope no one in the audience will take offense at any remarks offered in my address this morning. I was sent for in great haste, had no time to make a selection, and the truth is, this sermon never was written to come here in; it was written for Scarap' folks."

The following story is told by an American correspondent. A Yankee tourist recently went to Chatsworth, the Duke of Devonshire's English estate. There is a little village on it, where an inn is built for the accommodation of visitors; and when Mr. A. reached there, after having been through Chatsworth, he was naturally much impressed with its beauty, and he couldn't refrain from saying so to a quiet-looking man, the landlord, who was sitting on the inn piazza with him after tea. "Quite a place isn't it?" said the American. "Yes, a pleasant place enough," returned the Englishman. "The fellow who owns it must be worth a mint of money," said No. 1 through his cigar-smoke. "Yes, he is comfortably off," agreed No. 2, quietly. "I wonder if I could get a look at the old chap," said the American, after a short silence. "I should like to see what sort of a bird he is." Puff, puff, went the English cigar, and then said the English voice, trying hard to control itself: "If you"—puff—"look hard"—puff puff—"in this direction, you"—puff, puff—"can tell in a minute." "You—you!" faltered Mr. A., getting up. "Why, I thought you were the landlord!" "Well, so I am," said the Duke, "though I don't perform the duties. I stay here," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "to be looked at."

Our subscribers are invited to send for extra copies of our October or Exhibition number, for to hand intending subscribers.

Commercial.

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE OFFICE,
London, Ont., Sept 30, 1881.

Another month of hot weather with occasional showers has given vegetation a fresh start, and pastures have improved very much. Seeding has progressed favorably, but unless we get warm weather through October the plants will be small and delicate.

WHEAT.

Nothing comparable to the extraordinary advance in prices, accompanied by excitement of the wildest description, has been witnessed in the grain trade for a number of years. The British markets continue to follow with apparent forced regularity the repeated bounds in value on this side. If this be the result of an actual deficiency in the world's breadstuffs supply, it certainly must be prospective. The visible supply of wheat on this continent is about 5,000,000 bushels in excess of this time last year, and there is an increase of 6,800,000 bushels on passage to the United Kingdom, over same time last year. We do not think there is much danger of a famine, and farmers will do well to sell now and not wait for wheat to go to \$1.50 per bushel.

BARRLEY.

There has been very little done in this as yet, and it is hard to say how prices are going to range. But, if the prices of other grains are any guide, it is likely prices will be above the average.

PEAS.

What few have come to market have found a ready sale at 65 cents to 68 cents. This is a high price, and farmers will do well to move what they do not need for home use.

POTATOES.

are attracting a good deal of attention just now. American buyers are scouring the country in some sections, picking up all they can lay their hands on. The reason for this is the almost total failure of the potato crop in some States and a general short crop all over this continent. Farmers will do well not to sell themselves short.

APPLES.

Montreal reports a weak market for apples, caused by unfavorable reports from England, sales of Canadian apples this week having been made at 8 shillings per barrel. There has been considerable speculative buying, one dealer being reported to have bought some 8,000 barrels, and another 4,000. Also some Montreal dealers are said to have secured 20,000 barrels of choice winter fruit, at about \$2 per barrel.

CLOVER SEED.

It is rather early in the season to say much about this article. However, this much may be said, that we think farmers will do well to market their seed early, and not hold back for fancy prices and allow the American dealers and shippers to supply the English and Continental demand. The yield in some sections is said to be good and in others not so good, while others complain of a midge that has destroyed a good deal of seed.

CATTLE.

The cattle market is somewhat unsettled from the effects of the cattle combination. The object of the combination was to control the export cattle trade by controlling all the freight room, and thus force the outside shippers out of the trade or compel them to pay long prices for the freight room.

HOGS.

Reports from the West so far as gathered are to the effect that the supply of hogs for the regular winter packing season will run a little short of 1880-81, and there is reason to believe such will be the case. Whether prices will be higher or lower than at present is, of course, a matter of conjecture only. But the general notion seems to be that higher prices will rule during the coming season. That fact alone will tend to increase the number