



Autumn.

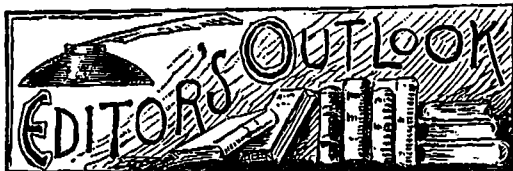
THERE came a warm, sweet sigh, that stirred the air
Where Autumn leaned; and still she did not speak,
Though quickly rose and fell her bosom fair,
And the ripe color deepened on her cheek,
While the rich tendrils of her curling hair
Clung to her full round throat, and nestled there.
And as upon a golden sheaf she leant,
Her dark eyes, and the blush that came and went,
Was more than any language eloquent.
And still that men might see and understand

The full, free measure
Of harvest treasure,

She lifted up one large and shapely hand
And waved it toward the overflowing land,
And spoke these words, in accents strong yet bland

And soft with pleasure:

"Ah! what so luscious as my languid days
When Indian Summer smiles upon the earth,
Circling all nature with a golden haze,
A quiet bliss, too deep for fickle mirth?
Then the monotonous green forsakes the woods,
And at my touch the trees in splendor shine.
The golden-rod adorns the solitudes,
The air is warm and balmy, spiced like wine.
Then comes the royal bounty of my hand—
The harvest, and the fruitage of the land,
Of all rich colors and all lovely shapes,
From the brown nuts to the translucent grapes,
Showing more wealth than language could command.
The other seasons but prepare the way
For me, the crown and blessing of the year.
The poor of earth for my kind coming pray,
And unto all the Autumn gives good cheer!"



Our Guess Offer.

WE beg to call the attention of our readers to the middle column on page sixteen where a change in regard to our guess offer will be found. It was our original intention to have the guess made on the number of s's on page six of this issue but as a large number seem to misunderstand what is wanted, some having sent in their guesses at 6, 15, 19, and so on, and others have been writing for an explanation, we have, therefore, decided to change it to the sixth page of the January issue. Besides, many of the subscribers at the Fairs wanted the time changed on the ground that they would not be able to send in their guesses by October 1st. The guess is to be estimated on the number of S's on page six (the first editorial page), and by counting the S's on that page of any previous number, a fair estimate can be arrived at of the probable number on page six of the January issue.

The guesses of those already sent in will stand in the order in which they were received and they will have precisely the same chance in the one case as in the other. To those who have not yet sent in their subscriptions and guesses we would say, do so without delay, as in case two or more persons guess the correct number the one whose guess was received first will be entitled to the mower and the rake will go to the one whose guess was received second and so on for the third and fourth prizes. The thousands who saw and admired the prize mower at the Toronto Exhibition were of one opinion that it was one of the most liberal offers ever made by any journal on the continent. It will be a handsome New Year's gift to some one. Now then let us have as many new subscribers as possible before January 1st. If you are already a subscriber send in the names of some of your friends to whom you would like the paper sent. This is the time when our canvassers should be able to get up large lists. Get to work energetically and you will be surprised at the result. We want ten thousand

new subscribers before the end of the year and if you would only go to work in the right way we would not be disappointed. Everyone praises the paper and the more they see of it the better they like it. Remember the subscription price is only fifty cents a year.

THE new standard for buying wheat, adopted by the Millers' Associations of Ontario, is now in operation. The millers claim that under the new system justice will be done to all parties, and every man paid according to quality and merit of his sample. The following table shows the scale adopted:—

For 64 lb. pay 4c. more than standard price.

" 63	" 3c.	" "	" "
" 62	" 2c.	" "	" "
" 61	" 1c.	" "	" "
" 60	" standard price.	" "	" "
" 59	" 1c. less than standard price.	" "	" "
" 58	" 2c.	" "	" "
" 57	" 5c.	" "	" "
" 56	" 8c.	" "	" "
" 55	" 12c.	" "	" "
" 54	" 16c.	" "	" "
" 53	" 20c.	" "	" "

Democrat wheat is classed as red.

The standard price of white wheat may be one or two cents more or less than red, according to relative values of white and red wheat.

How to pass the time during the long winter months most pleasantly and profitably in our rural homes is a question often asked. We do not intend to give advice to the older members of the family but will content ourselves by suggesting something to the younger members. And it is this: to plan some system of study for the leisure hours which winter brings. Such a course would be most helpful to the boys and girls who are impatient to cast off the restraints of parents and guardians and be free to follow their own way. In the companionship of good books there is help and counsel and good entertainment, much better than can be found in ordinary society. But in marking out a course of reading care should be taken not to do too much for that is the rock on which many undertakings of the sort are wrecked. These readings are very enjoyable when several can read together, not as a real reading club, but a mere informal matter. The discontent and vague longings for the outer world which creep into the idle hours of young people in quiet homes during the long winter evenings find no room in the minds which are intent on some favorite study. Books and magazines are cheap nowadays and parents would find it to their own and their children's future happiness if they would provide a supply of good reading matter for the winter.

For several months Vermont papers have been inviting settlers from Canada and they are now endeavoring to obtain settlers from the north of Europe. These northmen are offered farms, averaging two hundred acres each, and supplied with buildings, orchards, sugar groves, wells, and fences for \$5 per acre. At this price the owners would not get half the cost of the improvements. New Hampshire and New Jersey are also actively moving in the matter of obtaining settlers from Canada and Europe. Referring to this movement a leading Chicago daily says: "It is admitted that farming in the eastern states has seen its best days. In many places the fertility of the soil has been exhausted. Its principal use is to hold commercial fertilizers, which become more expensive every year. The price of farm products decreases as the difficulty of obtaining them increases. Land in grass pays better than that devoted to cultivated crops. Vermont butter competes with that made in Iowa in the markets of Boston and Providence. Hens in Connecticut are fed on grain brought from Illinois, and the fat, red oxen that are taken from Mexico to Brighton market have eaten many times their

weight in corn raised in Kansas. Farmers in most of the eastern states have worked their land for all there was in it and they now want to sell out. These thrifty sons of toil find they can make more money raising mortgages on western farms than in clearing ground of stones in order to plant a crop of beans." In view of this forcible expression of opinion it would be well for settlers in our fair Dominion to think twice before allowing their minds to be led astray by the fallacious arguments put forth on behalf of Vermont, New Hampshire, New Jersey and other states. And it might also save them from bitter reflections in the future if they did not accept as Gospel truth everything they heard of the so-called advantages to be found in settling in the Western States. Far better "bear the ills we have than fly to those we know not of."

A correspondent asks us what would be the prospect of success for a poultry farm near one of our large cities. It seems reasonable to suppose that the prospect would be good as the demand for chickens and eggs is constant and exhaustless. To raise chickens seems not only to be a sort of ideal business, but also one in which large fortunes ought to be made. It looks easier and more profitable than raising cattle, and one can sit down with a slate and pencil and figure up the most fascinating, as well as the most satisfactory, results. Given so many chickens and so many eggs at the market price it does not take much of a mathematician to arrive at very pleasing conclusions. Why then should not people embark in this remunerative business? Many have done so, but very often the actual facts did not correspond with the pleasing forecasts of them. With them it was a clear case of counting the chickens before they were hatched. Others have been more or less successful but the less successful ones, so far as we know, are in the majority. Chickens cannot be raised on an extensive scale without hard labor and great expense. They do not thrive well except in small flocks on wide ranges, as they sicken and die when too much crowded. This has been proved by many experiments, and unless a man is peculiarly fitted for the business and is willing to work both late and early he will fail. There is no reason, however, why poultry raising should not be a profitable source of revenue for the farmers. Chickens and eggs are current coin at the village grocery, and many a farmer's wife can easily earn sufficient money for household purposes out of her poultry and even save something for a "rainy day."

WE hear a great deal said at times of the dignity of farming and the independent life of the happy farmer. To some farmers this sounds like the severest irony. Again we hear a great deal at election times of the wrongs and oppressions of the poor, down-trodden farmer, which, on the other hand, provokes an expression of contempt. The fact is, that whether farm life is dignified and independent or a grievous burden depends mainly on two things—whether his business is profitable and whether the social surroundings are pleasant. No man can feel much pride in a profession that is not fairly profitable, nor can he conduct even a profitable business with pleasure unless his social surroundings are congenial. The first thing, therefore, is for every farmer to make his business fairly profitable, so that he will feel from year to year he is getting something, however little, ahead, and laying by for old age. We have the opinion of Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, that the shortage in the Manitoba crops this year is attributable to bad farming. He says he saw farms side by side, one yielding twenty five bushels to the acre and the other five or six. This proves that the success or non-success of the farmer depends greatly upon himself. Farmers who carry on their operations with the best judgment and skill will do it at a profit, and, as a consequence, be contented and feel the dignity of labor, whilst the farmers who do it at a loss will naturally be discontented and unhappy. Eternal vigilance and unceasing diligence are as necessary to success on the farm as in any other business. After all it is the man that dignifies the business, and not the business the man.