

LAMENESS IN FOWLS.—In the March number of last year I enquired through the *ADVOCATE* regarding lameness in fowls. I read a response, but still found my fowls dying after trying remedies commended. I noticed a black gummy substance ooze out of the openings between the scales on the legs. I tried an experiment on a hen that I gave up as lost: I took a sharp knife and cut all the scales off the legs, wrapped the legs in cotton-batten and moistened the batten with coal oil. The hen got well, and that is the only hen that recovered. Perhaps some of the many professional poultry men, or some of the secretaries of poultry exhibitions would give us farmers a little information on this subject; they might do good. I send this, if you think the information is worth publishing print it, if not burn it. JAMES SHERLOCK, Thamesford.

PEKIN DUCKS.—If you can give me a little information in your next issue about the Pekin ducks, their qualities, price, &c., and where obtained, you will confer a favor on W. A. Moore.

[We do not know any who have the Pekin ducks in Western Ontario, but if any of our subscribers have them we would be obliged if they would give Mr. W. A. M. full particulars of these ducks.]

The Depression in Trade.

This has been for some time the topic of conversation, the leading question in newspapers, the subject of anxious enquiry and keen debate in the houses of Parliament. Of the existence of the depression there can be no doubt, but of the cause of this depression there are diverse opinions.

It is held by some that depressions in financial affairs must occur in the course of years; that there is no available precaution that can prevent their recurrence, for that, after a few years of prosperity, a year or years of adversity are sure to come, guard against it as we may. But, in reply, we ask—Why should this be the case in the affairs of nations more than of individuals. As timely precaution and the exercise of common sense carry individuals unscathed through trials and difficulties, may not a like prudence guard against the evils of extreme depression in the affairs of a community? Have we not councillors? Have we not skilful helmsmen to guide the State.

Another of the causes assigned for the depression is an over-abundance of money. Specie, they say, has become too plentiful, too easily acquired, and hence the hard times. But has the complaint not been heard from every part of the Dominion, and been general among all classes, that money has been so scarce that it is not to be procured for the ordinary purposes of trade—that debts long overdue have not been paid; that people have been discharged from every branch of manufacturing and mercantile industry, and are standing at the corners of the streets idle, because employers cannot command money to pay wages?

Another cause has been assigned for the depression in trade in Canada. The business that her merchants and manufacturers expected, and were prepared to transact in their own markets, has been done by the people of another country, and the moneys that it was hoped would circulate among the people of Canada was carried off by the U. S. traders, who supplied those commodities that would, if produced and sold by Canadians, have prevented, or at least have mitigated, the depression.

And the depression was intensified by itself, as the frigid atmosphere receives additional frigidity from the cold it has communicated to the earth. Such a state of affairs has too often the effect of increasing our love of self. Each for himself, and none for the common-weal is the rule too much acted upon at such a time. The general cry of hard times, caused many, who might, by a judicious expenditure, have done much in ameliorating the circumstances of the times, to hoard their money, or deposit it for safe keeping in banks, and by so doing, they added greatly to the general depression. Millions have been lodged in bank vaults, and the banks have tightened the screws.

The extreme rigor of some of our winters are beyond our control; we cannot prevent them; so also is it with the tempests that rage with terrible fury, and strew our shores with the wreck of many a noble vessel. But it is not so with depressions in trade. They are not always beyond the control of man. They can be guarded against, and if they do come upon a people, their evils may be mitigated, and, in a very short time, wholly removed.

Mutual confidence and a determination to overcome whatever has conduced to the evil, are the true remedies. Let all resist whatever has been a means whereby the financial depression has been originated or promoted, and Canadians can again repeat the oft-heard sound, "All's well."—AN OBSERVER OF THE TIMES.

NOTES ON THE GARDEN AND FARM.

AN Alabama Society has appointed a committee to visit the farm of each member of that Society, and to report in writing the state of the growing crops; condition of farm and fences; quality and condition of stock; methods of cultivation; rotation of crops; kinds of crops raised, and the varieties of each; varieties of fruits raised, and the condition of farm buildings. These reports are not for publication, unless the owner desires, but are to form the subjects for discussion at future meetings. Such good work cannot but be profitable to the community in which it is situated, and could be imitated by other Societies with much benefit.

A NEW TURNIP LIFTER.—On the 7th of January a turnip lifter invented by Mr. Thomas Hunter, Maypole, England, was tried on a field of turnips on the farm of Dowhill near Girvan in the presence of some of the most practical and experienced farmers in the district. The land operated upon was sloping ground, and stiff soil, and, in addition, there was a slight crust of frost, yet the machine was of light draught, and went on smoothly and steadily. The cutting of the tops and the roots of the turnips was as near perfection as possible, and elicited the approbation of all present. The machine leaves the turnips, after being operated on, standing on the drill, an advantage when carting them off the ground. It can easily lift five acres per day. The great benefit derived from this machine is at once recognized when we take into consideration the scarcity and expense of out-door workers.—*Farmer, E.*

THERE is an enormous, and, it is reasonable to suppose, highly remunerative, trade to be done with England, and perhaps with France too. There is no prejudice here against Canadian cattle, nor will there be against the beef when it reaches us in joints. But there is a very strong and just prejudice against the Australian "canned" meats, which, to use a homely if vulgar phrase, are "done to rags" before they leave the antipodes, and have no flavor of "fish, flesh, fowl, or good red herring" left in them when "knifed" in England. Talking of a Canadian milk trade with France as a possibility of the future, food and the commodities of life are so dear there now that even masses have gone up fifty per cent. The *Avenir de la Vendee* says that in consequence of high prices the Bishop of Lucon has decided on raising the price of masses in his diocese from a franc to a franc and a half. The new tariff began with this year.—*London Cor. Globe.*

The Story.

Ruth's Stepfather.

"No," he says hotly. "I hadn't the heart to take it."

"Then that money you paid was yours, Luke?"

"Yes, mother," he says simply; and those two stopped looking one at the other, till the wife bent down and kissed him, holding his head afterwards, for a few moments, between her hands; for she always did worship that chap, our only one; and then I closed my eyes tight, and went on breathing heavy and thinking.

For something like a new revelation had come upon me. I knew Luke was five-and-twenty, and that I was fifty-four, but he always seemed like a boy to me, and here was I waking up to the fact that he was a grown man, and that he was thinking and feeling as I first thought and felt when I saw his mother, high upon eight-and-twenty years ago.

I lay back, thinking and telling myself I was very savage with him for deceiving me, and that I wouldn't have him and his mother laying plots together against me, and that I wouldn't stand by and see him make a fool of himself with the first pretty girl he set eyes on, when he might marry Maria Turner, the engineer's daughter, and have a nice bit of money with her, to put into the business, and then be my partner.

"No," I says; "if you plot together, I'll plot all alone," and then I pretended to wake up, took no notice, and had my supper.

I kept rather gruff the next morning and made my self very busy about the place, and I dare say I spoke more sharply than usual, but the wife and Luke were as quiet as could be; and about twelve I went out, with a little oil-can and two or three tools in my pocket.

It was not far to Bennett's Place, and on getting to the right house I asked for Mrs. Murray, and was directed to the second floor, where, as I reached the door, I could hear the clinking of my sewing machine, and whoever was there was so busy over it that she did not hear me knock; so I opened the door softly, and looked in-upon as safe a scene as I shall ever, I dare say, see.

There in the bare room sat, asleep in her chair, the widow lady who came about the machine, and I could see that in her face which told plainly enough that the pain and suffering she must have been going through for years would soon be over; and, situated as she was, it gave me a kind of turn.

"It's no business of yours," I said to myself roughly; and I turned then to look at who it was bending over my machine. I could see no face, only a slight figure in rusty black; and a pair of busy white hands were trying very hard to govern the thing, and to learn how to use it well.

"So that's the gal, is it?" I said to myself. "Ah! Luke, my boy, you've got to the silly calf age, and I dare say—"

I got no farther, for at that moment the girl started, turned round, and turned upon me a timid, wondering face, that made my heart give a queer throb, and I couldn't take my eyes off her.

"Hush!" she said softly, holding up her hand; and I saw it was as thin and transparent as if she had been ill.

"My name's Smith," I said, taking out a screw-driver.

"My machine; how does it go? Thought I'd come and see."

Her face lit up in a moment, and she came forward eagerly.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said, "I can't quite manage this."

She pointed to the thread regulator, and the next minute I was showing her that it was too tight, and somehow, in a gentle timid way, the little witch quite got over me, and I stopped there two hours helping her, till her eyes sparkled with delight, as she found out how easily she could now make the needle dart in and out of hard material.

"Do you think you can do it now?" I said.

"Oh, yes, I think so; I am so glad you came."

"So am I," says I, gruffly; "it will make it all the easier for you to earn the money, and pay for it."

"And I will work so hard," she said, earnestly.

"That you will, my dear," I says, in spite of myself, for I felt sure it wasn't me speaking, but something in me. "She been ill long?" I said, nodding towards her mother.

"Months," she said, with the tears starting in her pretty eyes; "but" she added, brightly, "I shall have enough with this to get her good medicines and things she can fancy;" and as I looked at her something in me said—

"God bless you, my dear. I hope you will," and the next minute I was going down stairs, calling myself a fool.

They thought I didn't know at home, but I did; there was the wife going over and over again to Bennett's Place; and all sorts of little nice things were made and taken there. I often used to see them talking about it, but I took no notice; and that artful scoundrel, my boy Luke, used to pay the half-crown every week out of his own pocket, after going to fetch it from the widow's.

And all the time I told myself I didn't like it, for I could see that Luke was changed, and always thinking of that girl—a girl not half good enough for him. I remembered being poor myself, and hated poverty, and I used to speak harshly to Luke and the wife, and feel very bitter.

At last came an afternoon when I knew there was something wrong. The wife had gone out directly after dinner, saying she was going to see a sick woman—I knew who it was, bless you!—and Luke was fidgeting about, not himself; and at last he took his hat and went out.

"They might have confided in me," I said, bitterly, but all the time I knew that I wouldn't let them. "They'll be spending money—throwing it away. I know they've spent pounds on them already."

At last I got in such a way that I called down our foreman left him in charge, and took my hat and went after them.

Everything was very quiet in Bennett's Place, for a couple of dirty, dejected-looking women, one of whom was in arrears to me, had sent the children that played in the court right away, because of the noise, and were keeping guard so that they should not come back.

I went up the stairs softly, and all was very still, only as I got nearer to the room I could hear a bitter, wailing cry, and then I opened the door gently and went in.

Luke was there, standing with his head bent by the sewing machine; the wife sat in a chair; and on her knees, with her face buried in the wife's lap, was the poor girl, crying as if her little heart would break; while on the bed, with all the look of pain gone out of her face, lay the widow—gone to meet her husband, where pain and sorrow are no more.

I couldn't see very plainly, for there was a mist like before my eyes, but I knew Luke flushed up as he took a step forward, as if to protect the girl, and the wife looked at me in a frightened way.

But there was no need, for something that wasn't me spoke, and that in a very gentle way, as I stepped forward, raised the girl up, and kissed her pretty face before laying her little helpless head upon my shoulder, and smoothing her soft brown hair.

"Mother," says that something from within me, "I think there's room in the nest at home for this poor, forsaken little bird—Luke, my boy, will you go and fetch a cab? Mother will see to what wants doing here."

My boy gave a sob as he caught my hand in his, and the next moment he did what he had not done for years—kissed me on the cheek—before running out of the room, leaving me with my darling nestling in my breast.

I said "my darling," for she has been the sunshine of our home ever since—a pale, wintry sunshine while the sorrow was fresh, but spring and summer now.

Why, bless her! look at her. I've felt ashamed sometimes to think that she, a lady by birth, should come down to such a life, making me—well, no, it's us now, for Luke's partner—no end of money by her clever ways. But she's happy, thinking her husband that is to be the finest fellow under the sun; and let me tell you there's many a gentleman not so well off as my boy will be, even if the money has all come out of a queer trade.

GEO. MANVILLE FENN,

CONCLUDED.

April, 1

Un

To o

A great m
puzzles, rebu
they are no
who have
acknowledg
we have no
them, thoug
there are su
our little n
answers, th
those which
Please rem
Hoping to l

My fir
My nex
My fou
My fift
My six
My sev
My wh

My f
My
My
My
My
My
My
My whol
composed t

Arw
Raw
Wra
Rwa

My fir
My sec
My th
My fou
My fift
My six
My sev
My eig
My nin
My ten
My ele
My tw

33.—WV
34.—A
ne was, an
things. F

What sho
With all t
Fire, wat
And every
36.—H
to go to a
corn in it,

37.—Cu
A wel

I am co
My 10,
ne was, an
My 1, 2
My 1, 9
My 7, 8
My 7, 8
ing.
My wh
explorer.