

partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another he is straightforward, open and manly. He cannot descend to scurrillity. Billingsgate does not lie on his track. Of woman, and to her, he speaks with decency and respect. In short, whatever he judges honorable he practices toward every one. He is not always dressed in broadcloth. 'Some people,' says a distinguished bishop, 'think a gentleman means a man of independent fortune—a man who fares sumptuously every day; a man who need not labor for his daily bread. None of these makes a gentleman—not one of them—not all of them together. I have known men of the roughest exterior who had been used all their lives to follow the plow and to look after horses, as thorough gentlemen in heart as any nobleman who ever wore a ducal coronet. I mean, I have known them as unselfish, I have known them as truthful, I have known them as sympathizing; and all these qualities go to make what I understand by the term 'a gentleman.'

"It is a noble privilege which has been sadly prostituted; and what I want to tell you is, that the humblest man who has the coarsest work to do, yet if his heart be tender, and pure, and true, can be, in the most emphatic sense of the word, 'a gentleman.'"—*The Christian Statesman.*

Ponto's Christ-mas.

BY LITTLE FLOY.

"I wis' evry body could have a Quismas, mamma."

Little Nan was counting her "white pennies." She always asked papa for silver money. "Cause, papa, white pennies buy more than red pennies do."

"Well," said mamma, "don't everybody?"

"I know one never did," said Nan. "And it's my Ponto. He never had a Quismas. He don't know Quismas from any day. He might dess as well be a heathen's dog."

"Well, dear, how would you make a Christmas for Ponto?"

"Why, dess as you do for folks—cook him a booful dinner, and give him a present. If Ponto had a woast of beef all hisself, and a wide blue ribbon on his neck, and pum cake, I know he'd know 'twas some day."

Mamma thought how good the dinner would be for a poor child; but she concluded to feed the child with her own "white pennies," and let Nan make the funny little feast for Ponto.

So Nan tried to make a Christmas for her doggie. She tied the blue ribbon on him Christmas morn, and it was so pretty in his shaggy black curls that she gave him a big hug.

"O, Ponto!" she cried, "you is folks to-day."

Nan saw to the "woast" herself. That is, she opened and shut the oven door forty times in two minutes; and she made a paper table-cloth, and put rose-buds all round the platter.

But Ponto stepped on the table-cloth, and he took big mouthfuls, and growled, and at last he dragged the roast off on the floor, and ran with it into the coal cellar.

"O, Ponto, you isn't folks!" said Nan, sadly.

Never dress in a cold room in the morning, even if you have to make some one else get up to build a fire.

Have you expended \$1 during the past year that has given you and your family more pleasure or profit than the dollar sent for the FARMERS' ADVOCATE?

Don't on any account sleep in a room that has not sunlight and air direct from out of doors. Half, nay, three-fourths of the modern flats are spoiled from this unsanitary defect. Better live in a shanty than in a darkened room. Light is life—and it is no wonder some nations worshipped it.

Too much care cannot be taken to close up all cracks, and see that windows and doors are tight, and do not admit the air too freely. This is the true way to save fuel. See that your bath-room windows are tight, and you will thus avoid having your water-pipes frozen.

Christmas.

BY MRS. L. C. WHITON.

"Mamma, what is Christmas?" How can I say?

I will try to answer you "true as true."

It is just the loveliest, lovely day,

That is steeped in rose-color all the way through!

When miniature toy-shops in stockings are found,

That are left in chambers without a sound;

And papa gives gifts with a tender cheer;

And brother "hurrahs for the top of the year;"

And sister looks on with her wistful eyes,

With a soft, sweet smile at every surprise;

And Christmas means this:

A little child's bliss,

And the love of the dear Christ felt like a kiss.

And a piled-up glory is hard to express;

And "What is Christmas?" is wonder for all.

It is when the earth puts on holiday dress,

Made spotlessly fair with snowflakes that fall;

When hearts are lavish with treasures of love,

And the pale, pure stars shine brighter above;

And the dancing firelight seems to play

In the most mysterious, haunting way;

And the house fairies wander from sweet to sweet,

With an unexplored kingdom laid at their feet;

And Christmas means this:

A little child's bliss,

And the love of the dear Christ felt like a kiss.

And still "What is Christmas?" Darling, come

here.

It is meant for the birthday, "true as true,"

Of a beautiful child that was born in Judea,

That His mother loved, as I love you;

That grew up to teach you how you should seek

To be in your spirit "lowly and meek,"

And onward higher and higher to go,

Till you changed to an angel, whiter than snow;

And offered freely (that all might take)

The gift of Himself for the whole world's sake!

And Christmas means this:

A little child's bliss,

And the love of the dear Christ felt like a kiss.

Decorating the Church on Christmas Eve.

The taste of our people, generally repressed in former times by strict theological views, tends now more and more to make the house of worship attractive by its architecture, and by the poetic touch of painter, sculptor and carver. A warmer, kindlier tone pervades all, and the great holidays of the year call out special decorations to warm the cold effect of architecture and art. Drapery and evergreens give such a cheerful look, so dispose man to be charitable to the erring and unfortunate, that even the most rigid and stern now tolerate, if they hesitate to approve.

In many parts the decoration of the church is a matter of debat and planing for days, and a labor of love when the moment comes. The appropriate texts, the festoons to hang from point to point, the arrangement of flowers by maidens who rival the flowers in beauty, all make the ceremony one of singularly beneficial influence.

There is, of course some flirting—some gayety that will bring a wrinkle to the brow of severe censors, some levity that will seem not in harmony with the place; but the cheerfulness of fresh young hearts, their vanities and love of pleasing must not be too sternly condemned, in doing a work which is done, after all, from a reverent impulse, if the reverence is sometimes lost sight of by poor human nature.

Commercial.

London Market.

FARMERS' ADVOCATE OFFICE,
London, Dec. 3, 1877.

Deild wheat.....	\$ 2 00	to	\$ 2 10
Treadwell.....	1 95	to	2 05
Red.....	1 95	to	2 05
Spring.....	1 50	to	1 80
Barley.....	90	to	1 10
Peas.....	90	to	1 05
Oats.....	90	to	92
Rye.....	1 00	to	1 00
Buckwheat.....	00	to	00
Corn.....	00	to	00
Beans.....	1 00	to	1 37
Sheepskins.....	50	to	1 25
Hides.....	7	to	8
Eggs, per dozen, fresh.....	18	to	20
" " " packed.....	13	to	15
Roll Butter, fresh.....	20	to	22
Tub Butter.....	15	to	18
Cheese, factory.....	8	to	8
Tomatoes, per bushel.....	10 00	to	11 00
Hay, per ton.....	2 00	to	4 00
Straw, per load.....	25	to	25
Turnips.....	25	to	30
Carrots.....	60	to	65
Potatoes.....	60	to	70
Onions, per bushel.....	3 50	to	3 75
Cordwood, dry.....	44	to	74
Tallow.....	12	to	13
" rough.....	12	to	13
Lard, per lb.....	30	to	31
Wool.....	3 50	to	3 75
Flour, XXX, per hundred.....	3 25	to	3 50
Fall Wheat Flour.....	3 00	to	3 25
Spring Wheat do.....	70	to	80
Coarse Shorts, per hundred.....	80	to	1 00
Flour.....	50	to	60
Bean, per hundred.....	3 50	to	5 00
Beef.....	6	to	7
Lamb, per lb.....	6	to	7
Mutton.....	4 50	to	5 00
Dressed Hogs.....	4 00	to	4 50
Hogs, live weight.....	60	to	1 12
Apples, per bushel.....			

Toronto Market.

Toronto, Ont., Dec. 3, 1877.

Superior Extra Flour.....	\$ 5 75	to	\$ 5 80
Extra.....	5 45	to	5 50
Fancy.....	5 20	to	5 25
Strong Bakers'.....	5 00		
Spring Wheat, Extra.....	11 00	to	11 50
Flour, per ton.....	15 00	to	16 00
Middlings, per ton.....	12 00		
Shorts.....	4 00	to	4 15
Oatmeal.....	3 00		
Cornmeal.....	1 30		
Fall Wheat, No. 1.....	1 25	to	1 26
" No. 2.....	1 14		
" No. 3.....	1 11		
Spring Wheat, No. 1.....	1 05		
" No. 2.....	1 05		
" No. 3.....	1 05	to	1 06
Red winter.....	1 18	to	1 25
Treadwell.....	1 20	to	1 21
Deild.....	33	to	34
Oats.....	63	to	70
Barley, No. 1.....	55	to	55
" No. 2.....	45		
" No. 3.....	66		
Peas, No. 1.....	60		
" No. 2.....	60		

English Grain Markets.

The tone of the foreign wheat trade has for some weeks been slightly firmer. This is attributed to the fact that the English yield is turning out bad in quality and condition, for the enormous shipments from America and the large quantity from other sources of supply would under other circumstances restrict the demand. The enquiry has been brisker, although with the large supplies pouring in it is not expected that prices will be much affected by the increased demand. The imports now arriving are much in excess of immediate requirements, but from the firmness in the trade for some time, it is evident that the active demand is not likely to fall off for some time. Much, however, depends on the solution of the question of the Turkish war, as a return of peace would set free the accumulation of grain in the ports of the Black Sea, and be the means of lowering prices in the English markets.

There is, however, greater demand for Canadian barley, with a slight improvement in prices. The best samples of it are more enquired for, and its maling qualities are more appreciated. With fair arrivals at port of call, the floating cargo of wheat has ruled steady at an improvement of about 6d per quarter. Maize has advanced to a similar extent. Barley is firm.

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