

There were seven or eight great fairs or markets in Europe; the time for holding them was established by usage, or fixed by law. They were usually held in large plains seven or eight miles in extent; their management was entirely republican, and it furnished an example that was never lost sight of. Each fair had its president, twelve select men who were chosen from the body of merchants and formed a court for the settlement of all disputes, and for the punishment of all offenders; a body of police to preserve order. No lawyers were allowed in this commercial court, whose decrees were final, and whose sentences were carried into immediate execution. The court took cognizance of the misrepresentation or slander of another's merchandise; theft was one of the gravest crimes, and the thief was whipped and then fastened to an iron chain that he might be seen of all men. One singular feature of the law dispensed by this court was the ruling that the title to property bought in the fair was valid, whether the property was stolen or not. Buyers were strangers, who had no time or means of inquiring into ownership. No merchant could be arrested while on his way to or from the fair, or at the fair, except for an offence committed there. The fetters of the trade guilds were temporarily broken at the fairs, where there were no restrictions or exclusive privileges. The amount of transactions was immense.

The first fair in England was chartered by King John, and was held near Cambridge, the revenues going to a hospital. The second was the St. Audrey's fair, where the goods were so notoriously shoddy and bad that their characteristic qualities gave origin to the word tawdry. The greatest of these fairs was that at Winchester, the revenues from which were used by the Bishop of Winchester in the construction of the great cathedral that is second only to St. Peter's. These fairs came to be less and less for purposes of commercial intercourse, and more and more for amusement; they attracted the idle, the dissolute and profligate, and became such scenes of immorality as to render their suppression necessary. Thus it happened with St. Bartholomew's fair at Smithfield (now in the heart of London). This fair was held regularly for 700 years, and its history furnishes an ever-varying picture of the changes in public tastes and morals. It finally degenerated into a pleasure fair, where the immense attendance suffocated business. It was closed by the Government in 1855. The famous Donnybrook Fair, near Dublin, was begun for purposes of trade, and it also degenerated into a gathering for the pleasure of drinking and fighting. These fairs, or markets, differed very widely from the industrial exhibitions, which are of modern origin, and extend no further back than the close of the last century. The national industrial exhibition is a French idea, that has been made to bear fruit, not only in France, but in almost every country in Europe as well as in the United States. These modern exhibitions bring to a centre the industry of the country, and enable us to know its exact state; they create a mutual intercourse between the man of science, the manufacturer and the artisan; they arouse the spirit of emulation, and the desire to produce better objects more cheaply, and they dignify labour by giving it something to struggle for beside pecuniary compensation.

A FARMER'S SALARY.

A writer asks, "What salary does a farmer receive?" and thus answers his own question:

He receives the equivalent of a larger salary than ninety-nine out of a hundred of them are willing to admit. They underestimate their own profits, and over-estimate the profits of men living on a salary.

There is a great difference among those who live by farming. A great many work the soil because they cannot live by anything else. Many of this class hardly deserve to be classed as farmers. They lower the standard of farming as a business.

I believe there is no business by which a man can live so well with so much neglect as in agriculture. Still, nothing better repays good care and ability. It is rather slow to yield brilliant returns at the outset; so in any business.

The farmers' profits are concealed in the rise of lands, in improvements by ditching, clearing, and new buildings, more land, more tools, or better stock. Most farmers have no idea how much it costs them to live. They forget to figure in the pork, poultry, mutton, butter, flour, vegetables, etc.

The salary-man lives entirely by his individual efforts. In estimating a salary, we must do so by looking at the privileges enjoyed, the hard work of the brain and muscles, and the gain in property and improvements.

WHO GUIDES THE BIRDS?

Familiar as the migration of birds is to us, there is, perhaps, no question in zoology more obscure. The long flights they take, and the unerring certainty with which they wing their way between the most distant places, coming and going at the same period year after year, are points in the history of birds of passage as mysterious as they are interesting. We know that most migrants fly after sundown, though many of them select a moonlight night to cross the Mediterranean. But that their meteorological instinct is not unerring is proved by the fact that thousands are every year drowned in their flight over the Atlantic and other oceans. Northern Africa and western Asia are selected as winter quarters by most of them, and they may often be noticed, on their way thither, to hang over towns, at night, puzzled in spite of their experience by the shifting light of the streets and houses. The swallow or the nightingale may sometimes be delayed by unexpected circumstances. Yet it is rarely that they arrive or depart many days sooner or later, one year with another. Prof. Newton considered that were sea-fowl satellites revolving round the earth their arrival could hardly be more surely calculated by an astronomer. Foul weather or fair, heat or cold, the puffs repair to some of their stations punctually on given days, as if their movements were regulated by clock work; the swiftness of flight which characterizes most birds enables them to cover a vast space in a brief time. The com-

mon black swift can fly 276 miles an hour, a speed which if it could be maintained for less than a half day, would carry the bird from its winter to its summer quarters. The large purple swift of America is capable of even greater feats on the wing. The chimney-swallow is slower—ninety miles per hour being about the limits of its power; but the passenger pigeon of Canada and the United States can accomplish a journey of 1,000 miles between sunrise and sunset. It is also true, as the ingenious Herr Palmen has attempted to shew that migrants during their long flights may be directed by an experience partly acquired by the individual bird. They often follow the coast line of continents, and invariably take on their passage over the Mediterranean one of three routes. But this theory will not explain how they pilot themselves across broad oceans, and is invalidated by the fact, familiar to every ornithologist, that the old and young birds do not journey in company. Invariably, the young broods travel together; then come, after an interval, the parents; and finally, the rear is brought up by the weakly, infirm, moulting and broken winged. This is a rule in autumn. The return journey is accomplished in the reverse order. The distance travelled seems, moreover, to have no relation to the size of the traveller. The Swedish blue-throat performs its maternal functions among the Laps, and enjoys its winter holidays among the negroes of the Soudan, while the tiny ruby-throated humming-bird proceeds annually from Mexico to Newfoundland and back again, though one would imagine that so delicate a little fairy would be more at home among the cacti and agaves of the *Tierra Caliente* than among the firs and fogs of the north.—*London Standard*.

THE NOBLEMAN.

I deem the man a nobleman

Who acts a noble part,
Who shows alike by word and deed,
He hath a true man's heart,
Who lives not for himself alone,
Nor joins the selfish few;
But prizes more than all things else,
The good that he can do.

I deem the man a nobleman

Who stands up for the right,
And in the work of charity,
Finds pleasure and delight;
Who bears the stamp of manliness
Upon his open brow,
And never yet was known to do
An action mean and low.

I deem the man a nobleman

Who strives to aid the weak;
And sooner than revenge a wrong,
Would kind forgiveness speak;
Who sees a brother in all men,
From peasant unto king;
Yet would not crush the meanest worm,
Nor harm the weakest thing.

I deem the man a nobleman,

Yes! noblest of his kind,
Who shows by moral excellence,
His purity of mind;
Who lives alike though good and ill
The firm unflinching man,
Who loves the cause of brotherhood,
And aids it all he can.

MANAGEMENT OF BABIES.

In almost every newspaper we pick up we see something about the management of stock or poultry, but we seldom see in newspapers anything considering the management of children during their babyhood.

I do not pretend that my general knowledge is greater than that of any one else, but I do claim that I can take good care of babies and raise healthy children. And will not every one admit that good babies are a great source of comfort to parents, while cross babies and crying children are an annoyance and a source of anxiety to them?

I will therefore proceed to tell the readers of the household how I treat my babies. And I will say right here that I am not very healthy myself. I have had nine children, and have never had a cross or sick child. And this is the way I manage:

I try to keep them comfortable. From the middle of September till the middle of May I keep flannel skirts on my children, and from the time they are two weeks old I wash them all over every morning in clean luke-warm water, rubbing them as hard as they could bear with a good linen towel. Then I dress them immediately and give them their breakfast. When this is done I put them in a good warm cradle-bed, and go about my morning work, sometimes singing some familiar hymn. Being thus engaged with my work, baby will go to sleep, which it is sure to do, and very often it will sleep the greater portion of the forenoon. If a child is fretful it will generally be found that it is because it is uncomfortable. And what the mother needs is to keep their feet warm and their bodies clean. When this is constantly attended to, a baby will be almost sure to thrive and be contented, if it has proper nourishment, so as not to become hungry. A great many persons ask me why my children are so good. And when I tell them my mode of treating them, they say: "I can't take time to wash my baby every morning;" or "if I but wash my baby's head and face it gives it a cold." The trouble is she does not wash the baby often enough.

I love clean, sweet children; but I don't like to pick one up that smells as though it had never been washed, or never had on clean clothes. It does not take half as much time to take care of a baby properly as it does to take care of it by managing improperly. Just try my plan, you who have the care of little ones, and you will be rewarded.

HINTS FOR LADY READERS

One of the prettiest flowers a lady can have is Sweet Pea. It is fragrant also, and a constant bloomer.

A small quantity of food well masticated and digested will give more real nourishment, and less trouble, than any very large meal.

If a bee or wasp sting you, squeeze out the poison between finger and thumb, or press quite hard the end of a watch key upon the part.

No single plant can be made to add more to the brilliancy and attractiveness of one's grounds during the early autumn than the Scarlet Sage.

In lifting a fern root be sure to cut a good knot of the soil in which it grows along with it, and take care to disturb the root fibres as little as possible.

Get an afternoon nap, if you can, every day. Every housewife ought to do this. It will tend to ward off the advent of a second wife in the farm house.

We recently heard of a mother, whose child had pushed a button up its nose, giving the child some black pepper to inhale. The button was sneezed out.

Pimples on the face denote an improper diet, too much grease, particularly pork and lard, or too much sugar and salt, or too much pastry, and the like, and perhaps too little out-door exercise.

People should know that the more flowers are cut from rose bushes the more they bloom. They stop blooming when they have to mature seeds; and this is true of most flowering things.

A low priced steak by long and continued hammering, and then rolling in well-seasoned flour before frying, will be very tender, and retain its moisture quite unlike the proverbial fried leather of the Canadian cook.

Lemon juice alone will not take out iron rust, but lemon juice and salt and sunshine will. Saturate the stain and rub it well with salt, lay it in the hottest sunshine and repeat the application as often as necessary.

Never iron a calico dress on the right side; if ironed smoothly on the wrong side there will be no danger of white spots and gloss, which gives a new dress "done up" for the first time the appearance of a time-worn garment.

Do not iron a red tablecloth at all, wash it carefully in warm suds (not hot); rinse well, and when ready to hang on the line take great pains to pull it so that it will keep the proper shape. It will retain its color much longer than if ironed.

Prepare earth now for potting flowers in the fall, if so long delayed. Pieces of sods from an old pasture, piled in alternate layers, with cow-droppings, to rot. These, with some road sand, are the requisites, and a little "wood dirt" will do no harm.

Do not sprinkle flowers and plants frequently in a dry time, but give an occasional thorough soaking. Make a basin around them, pour in an abundance of water, then draw back the dry soil. No backing, and the plants will not know there is a drought.

Wax quiet cannot be secured, and baby is worried out and can't go to sleep, and nobody knows what is the matter, a soft napkin or fine towel wet in warmish water and folded over the top of its head, eyes and ears, will often act as a charm, and it will drop off into a refreshing sleep in a few minutes.

The best varieties of tomatoes for canning are those which have the most solid flesh. The canned tomatoes of commerce are not sufficiently "boiled down" to make a first-class article. When boiled to a thick and even consistency, they are of much finer flavour, and occupy less room in the bottles.

Ammonia, properly used, is very beneficial for washing the hair. The usual fault is that too large a quantity is taken. A piece the size of a walnut should be dissolved in a quart of warm water, beaten to a lather with the hand, and well rubbed into the hair. After a few minutes the hair should be well rinsed with tepid water and dried with a soft towel.

Seldom has there been such a rage for one colour as there is just now for pink. Blues and yellows are popular, it is true, but pink dresses for out-door wear are to be seen everywhere. Perhaps the reason is that satens and cambrics, of which such a large proportion of morning out door dresses are made, are so pretty in this colour, and look so well trimmed with ecru or white lace and embroidery.

It is exceedingly dangerous to the health to stew any kind of fruit in copper or brass kettles. It is a common occurrence when pickles become a little changed in the spring, to put pickles and vinegar into a copper kettle and boil them for a time and they come out much improved in appearance and handsomely greened. This bright color is acetate of copper, a virulent poison.

Grapes are well suited for canning, tender or thin-skinned varieties being the best, provided the flavour is good. Grapes should never be canned without first removing the seeds. It is perhaps a saving of time to leave the seeds in, but it is a waste of bottle-room, and makes a poor quality of fruit. When grapes can be had plentifully, and are as cheap as they have been of late years, they can be made, at small cost, into a very palatable beverage by simply pressing out the juice, clarifying and sweetening it, and bottling it in any tight receptacle.

Among the peaches the Morris White has long been highly-prized for canning. This is a pure white peach, the main point in which it differs from other sorts being that it is white next to the pit. Most kinds of peaches have a reddish tint next to the stone. For my own use, I would prefer to can yellow peaches, as they have a higher color and a richer flavour. Pit-fruits as peaches, plums, etc., when canned whole with the pits inside present a very beautiful appearance, but of course the pits and interstices between the fruit take up much room, and the flavour imparted to the fruit by the presence of the pits may not always be agreeable.