## THORNS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS

feel in my heart they are not; I feel as though I could appeal to him against you." "Yet what wrong have I done to you?" he

CHAPTER XXXVI.—contrarge.

"Way, Moniss lows you," in oriel—in original to the contract of the CHAPTER XXXVI.-CONTINUED.

what to do. I want my mother to like her;
but I am beginning to bear she never will.
dies on both sides are too strong. The onlything you can do is to keep them apart."
"I fear so; but that seems hard on my
mother, who has been mistress here all her
"It is take so; but that seems hard on my
mother, who has been mistress here all her
in the seems of the past, "sail.
Lord Lester. "It was a quivoite business'
from first loat. Forgive my anying so, but
you ought to have married in your own
spiker. These quivoite love affairs never
self from your mother by your marriesy or
first care now must be your year.

The words haunted Lord Ryvers. With
all his passionate worship of Yolet, was it
possible that he had committed a blunder in
tigety make them friends.

He went in sarrot of her when Lord Lester
sentered away to rejoin its Countess, who
was growing tired of family battles and quarfirst or your face the feotomian.

Lord Eywer face the fountain.

Lo

words like hers; they were white and stiff.

"Will your ladyship," she went on, "read this infamous letter, and tell me if it be some miserable jest, or if it be true?"

For a few minutes the elder woman lost her presence of mind. She saw in a moment what the letter was, and understood with her quick instinct, all that happened. Her face flushed, her proud eyes fell, the jewelled hands trembled. The girl standing before her with set, scornful face, looked like an injured queen. The dowager felt almost like a criminal.

"Read it, and tell me if it be true," repeated Violet. And for a few seconds the two women looked at each other in silence that was more terrible than words.

Slowly enough her ladyship took the letter and read it. Violet stood still and erect before her. When she had finished, the dowager looked up.

"Well, what do you wish to know?" she asked, coolly.

bring me to this place with surroundings that are utterly abhorrent to me, I would not have married him. I have thought lately more than once that perhaps I mistook the glamour of a girl's fancy for love. I will trouble neither you nor him again. A marriage founded on deceit is no marriage. I married the handsome, simple young artist, one of my own-class; I did not marry Lord Ryvers of Ryvers dale. You need not employ lawyers on my account. I will annul a marriage that is hateful to myself."

"That is nonsense," rejoined the dowager. "You cannot do anything of the kind; you have not the power."

"I will find the power, the way, and the means," said Violet, calmiy.

The dowager began to feel just a little bit nervous. It was possible that she was going too far, that her son would be terribly angry. There was no telling what a creature like this, without any of the restraints of class, might do.

"Lady Ryvers," Violet went on, "you

There was no telling what a creature like this, without any of the restraints of class, might do.

"Lady Ryvers," Violet went on, "you have hated me from the moment I entered your house; you have heaped ridicule and insult on me; now you have crowned all by seeking to rob me of that which is as dear to the poorest peasant as to the highest in the land—my good name. Let me assure you of one thing—you are looking at my face for the last time on earth."

She seemed to hold the elder woman's eyes by the force of her own for some minutes; then slowly, with a gesture of grace, dignity, and sorrow, she left the room.

The dowager tried to laugh.

"Quite a tragedy-queen!" she said. "What heroies! One would think that she had been on the boards. She seemed to consider that I had committed a crime in trying to rescue my son from a thraidom that will ruin him."

In her heart she knew that it was a crime, for her son was married to this girl in the sight of Heaven, even though some legal quibble might part them according to the laws of men.

It was a crime, and a horrible one. In the depths of her heart she knew that. She felt a little anxious. Not that she feared anything Violet might do or say. It was her son she feared. Had she said too much, had she gone too far? What did the girl mean by saying that she should never see her face again? She knew that she had given Violet a false impression when she said that her husband knew of the letter. In their angry conversation with regard to the marriage, she had told him that she should write and make inquiries as to whether his marriage, she had told him that she should write and make inquiries as to whether his marriage, she had she could do so if the libral and make inquiries as to whether his marriage was perfectly valid or not. He had answered that she could do so if the libral she and answered that she could do so if the libral she and and the should write and make inquiries as to whether his marriage.

conversation with regard to the marriage, she had told him that she should write and make inquiries as to whether his marriage was perfectly valid or not. He had answered that she could do so, if she liked, knowing that any inquiries made must be answered favourably and must amply satisfy the inquirer. They had not mentioned the subject since. But the dowager had spoken as if her son had approved of her writing to make shose inquiries, and her conscience reproached her for it.

She rang the bell, and asked for Lord Ryvers. He had gone out with the Earl of Lester, and they were not expected back until evening. Randolph had left a message for his mother with Lady Lester. The dowager shrunged her shoulders, and took up her newspaper again. After all, if the girl chose to take what she said in that melodramatic fashion, it was no fault of hers. If the worst happened—if she chose to go and drown herself in the river, or in the mere where the great water-lilies grew—so much the better. They could hush the matter up, and her son would be free.

Two hours afterward, when Monica came to the boudoir to ask if Violet were there, her ladyship answered in the most unconcerned fashion. She had been there some time before, but the dowager knew nothing of her movements since.

"She must have gone out," said Monica; "I cannot find her in the house. Yet she genearlly tells me when she goes."

But the dowager made no reply. If her cruel words had driven the girl to madness or death she gave no sign.

"My dear Monica," he said, languidly,

CHAPTER XXXIX.

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Lord Ryvers returned home that evening light of heart, for he had found, as he thought, a solution of his difficulties. His wife must be his first consideration, her happiness his first care; and if his mother could not like her, they must dwell apart; he would not have her vexed and annoyed. There was no fear but that Violet was equal to any position in the world. He did not see that association with his mother and sisters was at all needful. To his thinking Violet was more graceful than they were, and quite as elegant, as refined and well-bred.

Lord Lester had given him a most cordial invitation to Draynham, and Lord Ryvers had accepted it. He was to take his wife and spend some weeks there; By that time the dowager Lady Ryvers would have left Ryversdale, and all would be well.

"Marguerite will like the idea, I hope," said Lord Ryvers.

"If she does not, she will not, say so," laughed Lord Lester. "Even in that case she will acquiesce with a graceful, gentle smile; but I am sure she will like it. We will have a nice circle of visitors, and your beautiful young wife will take her place at once. You will find in a very short time that she has the world at her teet."

Lord Ryvers was delighted. As his mother was determined not to take Violet by the hand, or help her in say, way, the next best thing was for the Countess of Lester to do so. He had not thought of that; but now he saw it was the best thing to be de. There would be no complications, no unpleasantness with his mother. He saw smooth seas and bright skies before him; the clouds had all disappeared. He was lighter of heart than

bright skies before him; the clouds had all its appeared. He was lighter of heart than he had been for some time. He sprung up the steps of the great staircase three at a time so impatient was he to see Violet, and to tell her that the clouds had broken, and that the brightest of futures lay before them.

But no answer came to his impatient summons. When he stood outside her dressing room door and called "Violet!" there was no response. When he opened the door and went in there was no one to be seen.

His heart warmed within him as he saw the traces of her graceful presence, the flowers and gloves she had worn, the fan she had used, the book she had been reading. A torn envelope upon the floor. There was no Violet.

He rang the bell. Her maid answered it. He asked where her mistress was, and she replied that her ladyship had gone out at moon and had not returned,

noon and had not returned.

At first he felt no fear, not knowing what had passed during his absence. Still it was strange that she should go out for so long; but then Violet liked walking.

He went to his dressing-room. His perplexities were soon ended. On his toilet table, so placed that it must at once catch his eye, was a letter directed to himself in his wife's handwriting.

"Why did she write to me?" he thought.

"How strange when I shall see her at dinger that the strange when I shall see her at dinger that the strange when I shall see her at dinger that the strange when I shall see her at dinger that the strange when I shall see her at dinger that the strange when I shall see her at dinger that the strange when I shall see her at dinger that the strange when I shall see her at dinger that the strange when I shall see her at dinger that the strange when I shall see her at dinger that the strange when I shall see her at dinger that the stranger than the stranger t

"How strange when I shall see her at din ner! Perhaps her note is to tell me when she has gone."

she has gone."

/ He felt no uneasiness as he opened it; but it was evidently no note, but a closely written letter. What could that mean? Then there came to him the conviction that there was some terrible sorrow in store for him. He read eagerly, despairingly. Great drops of moisture gathered on bis forchead. As he read a terrible pallor came into his face, a terrible shadow deepened in his eyes. The letter seemed to be half hidden beneath a blood-redmist, and the words at first told ne plain story to him.

I find it perfectly unbearable, and I have renounced it. Neither my education, my training, my character, nor temperament fit me for it. I am fot at home in the midst of the splendour and luxury of Ryversdale, less at home than a wild ferest bird would be in a gilded cage. My dislike to the life, the scorn and insults of these near to you, the unkindness with which I have been treated, the perfect unhappiness of my life, the sense that I have of having been deceived—I would have borne all for your sake; but that has happened which I cannot and will not bear. Your mother has written to an eminent firm of lawyers in London, instructing them to find out whether there is any flaw or informality in our marriage. So great is her desire to part us that she has taken counsel's opinion as to whether the fact of your being married under age is not sufficient to annul our marriage. By mistake the letter written by the firm in reply to hers fell into my hands. I took it to her. She made no disguise at all of the part she had played in the matter. She told me that she would give half her fortune to see the marriage annuiled. They were hard and pitiless words to hear; but I felt they were true; my place is not here. That was the crowning insult, which I cannot bear; and the crowning sorrow is this—that you knew your mother intended writing and acquiesced in it.

"That fact parts us. Never willingly will I look upon your face again, never will bear your name, never will I live under your root. I will never see your mother, never speak to her, never enter the same house with her. She is dead to me in this life, as I am dead to her. She has sought to annul our marriage; I annui it myself; I leave you forever. If, when I am gone, you find the law can help you legally to free yourself and legally to marry another, my prayer is that you may speedily do so.

"Do not make any attempt at searching for me; I shall never return. If there were any power to pompel me, I would rather die than yield to that power. Remember that death in an

lost."

That was all. There was no loving word to soften the blow, no regret, no sorrow at leaving him, no word of the love that had once been between them—nothing but offended pride, wounded dignity, outraged prejudices—no love.

For a few minutes he was haunted by a vision of Violet as he had first seen her on the morning when "June's palace was paved with gold;" then by one of Violet when she stood with the love-light on her face and the scarlet flowers on her breast. The terrible present died for a time; it seemed to clude him, he could neither grasp nor realize it. He was in St. Byno's woods, with the girl he worshipped by his side, and they were talking of love that would never die; he was in the old church as St. Byno's, and Violet, with a small soft hand in his, was saying, "Till death us do part." he was with her on the Rhine, where she was giving him pretty wise lectures about not spending so much money; he was with her again when she had upbraided and denounced him, then kissed him with tears, and promised to try to live the life that pleased him. And now it was all ended. She was gone, and, according to her own words, she had bidden him an eternal farewell.

dend.

Gone! What uonsense! It was all evil dream that he must shake off. Here was the waning yellow light of a November evening—just the time for a terrible dream, for horrible fancies: he must shake them off. Surely in the distance he could hear his darling's voice?

olce?
"An eternal farewell!" Good Heave:

"An eternal farewell!" Good Heaven what horrible words! They seemed to coms from the depths of some dark abyss. She was his on earth, and she should be his in Heaven. Love—above all, love sanctified by marriage—could never die.

"She annulled the marriage herself, poor child!" he murmured. Yet had he not heard her repeatedly denounce the present law of divorce? "And she thinks that by this one act of ners she can free herself from me. She is mine in this world and the next!"

But where was she? No beautiful face shone in the empty rooms; no sweet and gracious presence brought happiness to him. Where was she? And, when he asked himself the question, a terrible sense of desolation came over him.

These dreadful words could not be true.

came over him.

These dreadful words could not be true. If they were he must have been mistaken; she could not have loved him as he loved her. He remembered that he had a foreboding of this many times. Love bears with anything, love never complains. If she had loved him with all her heart, she would have borne with his mother's pride and temper; but she did not, she could not, and the November shadows fell around him, leaving him despairing and heartbroken.

At first it seemed to him that he should never move from the chair on which he was seated, that he should never quit his room, that life was all ended, that the darkness and coldness of death were gathering around him.

Strong men do not often weep. A swee

ger says:
"Talk not of tears till thou hast seen. Anyone seeing the young lord's head bent low and the tears that rained down his handsome face would have had some idea of what he suffered, would have had some idea of how he loved his wife.

(To be Continued).

## THE LUNCH BASKET.

Chocolate-Creams. She stands with dimpled elbows bare, Her eye with merry mischief gleams, And I sit here and worship her. While she makes chocolate-creams,

The chocolate brown she scrapes and stire as soft and dark her brown nair seems;
No hands as fair and white as hers as she makes chocolate-creams.

She stirs my foolish heart as well;
I see her in my deepest dreams.
I wonder if shell marry me
And make my chocolate-creams?

One of the easiest things to make a broil in private families now is a spring chicken.

Spring lamb, of the tenderness for which the original Mary's was celebrated, is quite scarce, but mint sauce is plentiful.

An inquisitive correspondent asks how queen's pudding is made. We don't know, but she might write to her and find out.

out she might write to her and find out.

Cabbage soaked in sherry wine is now put forth under a French name as something new, but it is merely genteel sauerkraut.

An advertisement in a contemporary reads:

—"Wanted—A girl to cook." A fried girl wouldn't be bad, if she were young and tender. The average girl, however, is only fit to boil.

Table microscopes are coming into use.

They are very convenient to families consuming a good deal of pie. By carefully parting the crusts a practised eye, with the aid of this microscope, can easily detect the presence of any fruit that may happen to get in between tham.

any fruit that may happen to get in between them.

Fipps, who has been lunching with a friend upon frogs' legs—"Everything you see is of some use in this world, even the frog." Friend, who is disputatious—"I don't agree with you. Of what use is the mosquito to us?" Fipps—"Ah! my dear fellow, you take a wrong view of things. Just think how useful we are to the mosquito."

At a recent dinner of one of the most fash-ionable clubs in town, one of the dishes was of chicken hearts and new mushrooms; an-other of cocks' combe in a sauce of cream and parsley, and a third of breast of chicken stowed in champagne, or what was alleged to be that wine.

be that wine.

Apropos of cooks, a London magazine says:—"History has preserved the account of the famous French cook who required fifty hams to 'garnish his dishes,' and when remonstrated with by his master declared that he could concentrate them all into a bottle the size of his thumb."

the size of his thumb."

The more moderate length of dinners in what are called "good houses" is a matter of general congratulation. The six or four entries have dwindled to two or three, and those dreadful inventions formerly known as sweets, rarely touched by man, have also decreased, little savories taking the place of some of the coloured jellies and creams that formerly appeared in monotonous rotation,—Boston Courier.

MUSTARD FOR DESSERT. A merchant traveller took his place at a table in a Western hotel, where the landlord was the only waiter; and after finishing a very scanty meal, he said; persuasively:

"I should like some dessert."

"Dessert? What's that? We sin't got none."

"Well, give me some pie."

"Pie! thonder! We ain't got no pie!

Help yourself to the mustard!"

BANANAS MADE HER FAT.

BANANAS MADE HER FAT.

"Bernaners is healthy," said a banana stand woman the other day. "I've tended stand fur nigh on to twenty years. When I begun I was as thin as er rail. Look at me now."

The reporter looked at her, or rather at the section of her that was visible from a front view. He then girded his loins for a journey, and started to go around to the other side to see whether the mountain of flesh had any limit.

"Yes," continued the huge mass of animal existence. "I used ter sat bernaners when I was hungry and I got fat. I never ests anything else durin' the day, and if yer wants ter git fat—yer lookin' kinder thin an' hungry-like—jist eat lots er bernaners."

## WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

nfolded in a fond embrace,
A little babe reposes;
dreamy sweetness lights its face,
As sleep its eyelids closes.

Oh, sweetly rest thee, baby mine, For shadows bring the even; The sleep of peace be ever thine— Thy dreaming be of heaven.

At last the drooping eyelids close; In snowy robes reclining, Dear baby rests, in calm repose, Its mother's arms enshrining. To crib she goes with lightest tread, To precious burden clinging, And lays it gently in its bed, Erewhile so softly singing, Oh. sweetly rest, etc.

Oh! baby, rest thee sweetly now,
And may no shade of sorrow
O'creast the beauty on thy brow,
O'r dim a single morrow.
I watch thee in thy peaceful sleep,
With jealousy of lover,
And nray that angels vigil keep,
And ever o'er thee hover. Oh. sweetly rest, etc.

The day of large hats is waning. Lace toilets are the rage in Paris. Scarlet bonnets are popular in New York. India tissues of all kinds are in high favour. Pongees, either plain or embroidered, wash

Among other lovely shades of yellowish creamy pink comes apricot.

Black lace capotes are worn as much by young ladies as by matrons.

Flounces, when narrow and not too full, cometimes cover the entire skirt. Dove, steel, and mouse grey are the fash-ionable shades of this popular colour.

Velvet and velveteen skirts are the correct wear under lace dresses and lace polonaises.

In materials, first and foremost comes gold. Gold has taken the place of jet in general

The general shape is the close-fitting capote, with one large bunch of trimming on the left

Japanese paper and silk and satin fans are not entirely out of vogue, but feather fans are the favourites.

not entirely out of vogue, but feather fans are the favourites.

Fashionable and dressy parasols are very gay, very large, and very much trimmed with lace and flowers.

Canvas of all colours is a great novelty. Coarse textured stuffs are mixed with the old fashioned glossy silk.

The jacket or casaque opening over the waistcoat or gathered or pleated plastron is a feature in early summer suits.

A new colour decidedly in vogue is the manilla. It is a shade lighter than ecru, and is tastefully mixed with all other colours.

Brocaded and embroidered silks, cashmered 'Inde, and other fine wools and velvets, are combined with taffets glace, shot or plain.

Shot bison cloths, changeable in colour and wiry is texture, canvas woven and very durable, are made up for serviceable seaside suits.

Straw capotes are made to match in colour Straw capotes are made to match in colour with the costume. Transparent, knotted, small willow reeds interlaced are among the

pretriest.
Fashionable parasols come in the bright, fashionable colours—champignon, flamingo, and crab red, pheasant blue, and chaudron,

The widow of the famous Mexican General, Santa Auna, is now living quietly in her native State, and seldom intrudes into the outer world. Mrs. Santa Anna is but forty-eight years old, though it is a wonder she does not look a hundred. Santa Anna was President of Mexico three years before she was born. She was plighted to him in her gradle, and married him when she was thiry teen. He was then a military diotator, sleep.

which cost \$60. The first was crushed under which cost took. The first was crushed under her carriage wheels in coming from a party one night, and its gold top with her initials on it alone escaped destruction. Another young lady carries one at least a foot in length, and being of very thick cut glass it is particularly ponderous. A bottle of this kind, even of moderate size, costs \$40.

A Baby With a Wardrobe. The other day a cheque was sent in to the "special order" department of a large Broadway house, which it was explained was the payment for a outfit provided for an infant which had been left motherless and taken charge of by a rich and doting maternal grandmother. Only two years before the same house had furnished the trousseau for the lovely young bride. Now the grief of the mother at the loss of the daughter she loved found consolation in a lavish outpouring of rich gifts upon the head of the unconscious baby she had left. It was five months old now and to be short coated. This was the occasion for the outfit, which included nineteen real lace dresses; a coat of white corded silk, hand embroidered and trimmed with fine wide Duchesse lace; a white cloth coat, lined with silk and trimmed with Florentine lace, and a lace cap, a marvel of soft waves of lace and narrow satin ribbon and marabout feathers.

A girl too modest to marry has been found at Madison, Georgia. Her name is Miss S. A. Lochlin, and her accepted lover was Mr. J. L. Christian. All the arrangements for the marriage had been made, and the wedding day appointed. The local historian says:—"That morning Mr. Christian received a letter from the lady stating that she had fled the country before daylight; that as the dreaded moment of the marriage approached her dread of the developments of the married state drove her into such a state of cowardice that she could not meet it. She enclosed \$5 to pay for Christian's trouble in getting a license. He immediately went in pursuit of her, and found her yesterday in Ocones county. She fell upon his neck, kissed him wildly, and declared that she would never be parted from him. A second attempt at marriage was made last night, but in the last moment she swooped away at the thought, and the ceremony was again postponed. It is believed that modesty in this excessive form is not general."

Held With a Golden Chain.

"The custom of a lady wearing a ring as a token of engagement is fast dying out in this country," said a jeweller to a reporter for the New York Mail and Express.

"How do you account for this?"

"Well, one reason is the ever-changing fashion, and another the capriciousness of the young lady, who probably thinks she will get much less attention if it is known."

"Is nothing worn at all, then?"

"Yes, the admirers of these ladies must give some remembrancer of that all eventful occasion. It was the custom to give a padlock bracelet, which after placing it on his fair ideal's arm the gentleman locks and wears the key somewhere about his person, generally on the watch chain. That custom has been changed, however, now, and a simple chain has superseded the padlock. The plainer this is the better it is liked. After being once placed on the wrist it cannot be taken off without opening a link. These are made of gold and cost according to the weight of that metal used, a very fine one being made for \$20. This custom will probably change in a few months.

wall use costume. Transparent, hooted, pretises. Pathionable parasols come in the bright, fashionable parasols come in the bright, fashionable parasols come in the bright, fashionable oloura—changingon, fashingon, and erab red, phesasat blue, and chaudron, or copper.

It is not correct to make the entire continued to be composed of two kinds of staff.

The about mantledes with long fronts and daiman sleeves of pleated lace, reaching to the above only, are the most graceful wraps, and daiman sleeves of pleated lace, reaching to the above only, are the most graceful wraps, like gills described the continued of th





AGRICUL

ENGLISH

PORT HANEY.-Would let me knew through The apple trees grow best it think they would do as wis mild and damp like En is mild and damp like kin

English apples would
country, as there is n
climates of Canada and
imagine. The rainfall h
England, but aridity of
renders evaporation rap
the result.

QUER J. K.. Warren, Ohio.-I J. G., Huron.—Where coplough?

HOLSTEIN.—Could you get fireproof paint for roo

Those of our readers the sale of the above sh advertising columns. bers can make any reabove querists they are WILD T

Mr. Miles Langstaff, burg, says:—"I see an of last week (Meaford), found in his seed whe season we have noticed season we have noticed are increasing to an great deal of winter w damaged last year by ways found in our m with the wild grass. Tl doubt encouraged their will have to be exercised that such as the season when the season we have the season we have the season when the season we have the season when the season we have the season which we have the season we have the season which we have the season when the season we have the season which we have the season we have the season which we have the season whic they are hard to banish. \* SORGHUM

PAKENHAM.—Please in MAIL what is the best kin sow, how it is sown or pla will sow or plant an acre, time to cut or harvest it? Early Amber, a compa is well adapted and succe northern climate. It m as June 15, and will be facture in September. generally conceded to rows being about 40 should not be sown unt feetly warm, ten to required to the acre.

WILD OAKWOOD.—Can you gi stroying wild oats? I ha farm which grow nothi have summer fallowed ar them. A receipt throu oblige. When not very bad f best mode of destructionsown on second light pl of the wild oats that w

for harvesting the weed seed. This, however, i only prevents the incre renders continuous field sity. Another, and cultivate or harrow immediately after harv weeds into growth, w stroyed by fall plong and watching is abs eradicate this noxions ANALYZIN

Sr. Giles.—Could you Sr. Giles.—Could you means of analyzing soils average farmers?

A knowledge of ag would be made. The varies largely, according is dependent chiefly upo formation. The chemic can be, in a general w knowledge of the charwhose disintegration from the physical conf from the physical co

jacent country, as well of the soil itself. Sandy loam is comp which does not enter in does not, except in rare growth of vegetation. In rich loams alumin account of its consiste tions of organic matters stead of permitting the does silica. It rarely e 60 or 70 per cent. Clay soils contain per cent. of alumina,

per cent, of alumina, wiruns from one to five recontain about forty, per Soils which contain the contain the most potash. There are some good a lished bearing on the s Johnston's Catechism of istry and Geology, whi from Toronto bookstore

a LIVE S A recent autopsy upo Bridgeport, Ct., reveal been caused by pieces of chewed from the lining swallowed. The flesh of hogs fat

The flesh of hogs fattains a larger proporticause barley and peas a duce it. These are nit starchy foods, and hogs are less liable to diseas exclusively on corn.—A Prof. E. M. Shelton, Kansas Agricultural (
three or four distinct
studied them carefully
When asked which is to he would be "sorely points a weaknesses.

Jersey The sale of horses a Grand's Repository in 28th, and 29th May is i largest held this year. also been entered. Mr. Mr. Rathbun, Deseron Hamilton, Mr. John St others have made ent. Messrs. Grand & Walsh to popularize Jersey ca their endeavours will do ed by the Jersey breeder beginning to see the des this strain, and the resu trade in the future in Toronto is a capital cer kind, and the enterp bring it to a successfu

Profit in sheep husbar generous and judicious ried out in every part of this is done, so far from able upon our higher-per ful if any other animal pland, it has been said \$300 to \$500 per acre, profitably kept up with stock. Dairy stock, it much more in the milk ways, besides taking a bones and grow their phosphates is much m than sheep husbandry, be fed to profit in Engla per acre, we should no sheep feeding on lands acre. England is con beet eating country; be brings a higher price in cities and manufacturin ly increasing their deme Profit in sheep husb