

Literary.

"Oh, He's Nothing But a Farmer."

BY W. D. L.

He's nothing but a farmer
All that is true enough,
His step is slow and steady
His hands are soiled and rough!

He's nothing but a farmer,
His frock is woven yarn,
And then for musk delightful
He's fragrant of the barn!

He's nothing but a farmer,
His boys are even so—
They're green, uncouth, unhandy,
How little do they know!

He's nothing but a farmer,
His girls are void of grace;
They're neither sweet, or pretty,
They hardly keep their place.

And daughters of a farmer
Be sure, can never know,
To thumb piano music,
Or make attractive show.

He's nothing but a farmer;
His wife is cook and waiter—
At home with pots and kettles—
How can his girls be greater?

He's but a menial farmer
With nothing like ambition;
Content with plow and harrow,
Content with his condition!

The bread that feeds the Monarch—
The bread of every state;
The purple robes of Princes—
The costumes of the great—

From whence these daily rations,
From whence such fabrics rare?
Who sheared the snowy fleeces,
Who raised the cotton fair?

Oh, 'twas the patient farmer
So soiled with dust and day,
Though he be shunned and slighted
Be sure his work "will pay."

He's sure a toiling farmer—
Admit that if you will,
He's proof against all cavil—
He's great and noble still.

He's nothing but a farmer;
And yet the fields have known him
From days of father Adam,
Nor will refuse to own him!

He's nothing but a farmer,
And yet when Rome's Dictator
Resigned the power he wielded,
He was a "ploughman"—greater.

He's nothing but a farmer—
Ha-ha, ye gents of leisure,
While you with life are burdened
His toiling hours give pleasure!

New Ipswich, N. H., May 5th, 1876.

Tom Sawyer.

The minister gave out his text, droned along monotonously through an argument which was so prosy that many a head by and by began to nod—and yet it was an argument that dealt in limitless fire and brimstone, and thinned the predestined elect down to a company so small as to be hardly worth the saving. Tom counted the pages of the sermon; after church he always knew how many pages there had been, but he seldom knew anything else about the discourse. However, this time he was really interested for a little while.

The minister made a grand and moving picture of the assembling together of the world's hosts at the Millennium, when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together and a little child should lead them. But the pathos, the lesson, the moral of the great spectacle were lost upon the boy; he only thought of the conspicuousness of the principal character before the on-looking nations; his face lit up with the thought, and he said to himself that he wished he could be that child, if it was a tame lion.

Now he lapsed into suffering again as the dry argument was resumed. Presently he bethought himself of a treasure he had, and got it out. It was a large black beetle with formidable laws—a "pinch-bug" he called it. It was in a percussion cap box. The first thing the beetle did was to take him by the finger. A natural filip followed, the beetle went floundering into the aisle, and lit on its back, and the hurt finger went into the boy's mouth. The beetle lay there working its helpless legs, unable to turn over. Tom eyed it, and longed for it, but was safe out of its reach. Other people, uninterested in the sermon, found relief in the beetle, and they eyed it too.

Presently a vagrant poodle dog came idling along, sad at heart, lazy with the summer softness and the quiet, weary of captivity, sighing for change. He spied the beetle; the drooping tail lifted and wagged. He surveyed the prize; walked around it; smelt of it from a safe distance; walked around it again; grew bolder, and took a closer smell; then lifted his lip and made a gingerly snatch at it, just missing it; made another and another; subsided to his stomach with the beetle between his paws, and continued his experiments; grew weary at last, and then indifferent and absent-minded.

His head nodded, and little by little his chin descended and touched the enemy, who seized it. There was a sharp yelp, a flit of the poodle's head and the beetle fell a couple of yards away, and lit on its back once more. The neighboring spectators shook with a gentle inward joy, several faces went behind fans and handkerchiefs, and Tom was entirely happy.

The dog looked foolish, and probably felt so; but there was resentment in his heart, too, and a craving for revenge. So he went to the beetle and began a wary attack on it again, jumping at it from every point of a circle, lighting with his forepaws within an inch of the creature, making even closer snatches at it with his teeth, and jerking his head till his ears flapped again. But he grew tired once more, after a while; tried to amuse himself with a

fly, but found no relief; followed an ant around, with his nose close to the floor, and quickly wearied of that; yawned, sighed, forgot the beetle entirely and sat down on it!

Then there was a wild yelp of agony, and the poodle went sailing up the aisle; the yelps continued, and so did the dog; he crossed the house in front of the altar; he flew down the other aisle; he crossed before the doors; he clamored up the home-stretch; his anguish grew with his progress, till presently he was a woolly comet, moving in its orbit with the gleam and speed of light. At last the frantic sufferer sheered from its course and sprang into its master's lap; he flung it out of the window, and the voice of distress quickly thinned away and died in the distance. Tom Sawyer went home quite cheerful, thinking to himself that there was some satisfaction about divine service when there was a bit of variety in it. He had but one marring thought; he was willing that the dog should play with his pinch-bug, but he did not think it was upright to carry it off.—Mark Twain.

Miscellaneous.

Life.

Dr. Hall, in his excellent Journal of Health, gave the following rules:

1. Cultivate an equable temper; many have fallen dead in a fit of passion.
2. Eat regularly, not over thrice a day, and nothing between meals.
3. Go to bed at regular hours. Get up as soon as you wake of yourself, and do not sleep in the day time—at least not longer than ten minutes before noon.
4. Work always by the day, and not by the job.
5. Stop working before you are very much tired—before you are "fagged out."
6. Cultivate a generous and accommodating temper.
7. Never cross a bridge before you come to it; this will save you half the troubles of life.
8. Never eat when you are not hungry, nor drink when you are not thirsty.
9. Let your appetite always come uninvited.
10. Cool off in a place greatly warmer than the one in which you have been exercising. This simple rule would prevent incalculable sickness and save millions of lives every year.
11. Never resist a call of nature for a single moment.
12. Never allow yourself to be chilled through and through; it is this which destroys so many every year, in a few days' sickness, from pneumonia—called by some lung fever—or inflammation of the lungs.
13. Whoever drinks no liquids at meals will add years of pleasurable existence to his life. Of cold or warm drinks, the former are the most pernicious. Drinking at meals induces persons to eat more than they otherwise would, and it is excess in eating which devastates the land with sickness, suffering and death.

Millionaires' Maxims.

The world renowned Rothschilds ascribe their success to the following rules:—Be an off-handed man; make a bargain at once. Never have anything to do with an unlucky man or plain. Be cautious and bold.

John Jacob Astor, when requested to furnish incidents of his life, replied:—"My actions must make my life."

Stephen Girard's fundamental maxim was:—Take good care of the cents; the dollars will take care of themselves.

Robert Bonner, who made a fortune in four years out of the New York Ledger, attributed his success entirely to his persistent, repeated and generous advertising.

Nicholas Longworth, the Cincinnati millionaire, says:—I have always had these two things before me: Do what you undertake thoroughly. Be faithful in all accepted trusts.

A. T. Stewart, merchant prince, of New York, says:—No abilities, however splendid, can command with success, without intense labor, and persevering application.

GARDEN PESTS IN NOVA SCOTIA.—By a late issue of the Monitor, I was sorry to learn that the caterpillars have committed great depredations on the orchards in Annapolis County, this season. In the city of Boston a few years ago, caterpillars made sad havoc among the trees, particularly among the public parks, gardens and on the common. The City Council, or some public spirited citizen (I do not remember which), imported a number of sparrows from England and placed them on the common; they increased in number immensely, and are now the means of keeping the trees completely clear of destructive insects. I think it would be impossible now to find a caterpillar or grub in or near any of the beautiful parks in Boston. The citizens take great delight in feeding the pretty and useful little birds; they are about as tame as chickens. Now, sir, I would suggest, as a remedy for the caterpillar pest in Annapolis County, that a small sum of money be raised by subscription among the farmers—say \$100; the amount would be sufficient to pay for and import a large number. They are perfectly hardy and will stand our winters like snow-birds, and they multiply so rapidly that, in a year or two, from a commencement of a couple of hundreds, their number would be so great that a caterpillar or cabbage worm would be a curiosity in the country; each sparrow is certain death to many thousands of insects in a season. I am not now a resident of the county, but I take, and have always taken, a great interest in its welfare, and if my suggestion should be carried out, I hope I may be allowed to become a subscriber to the fund.

TRADE WITH FRANCE.—The shipment to France from Prince Edward Island, during the past twelve months, are valued at \$166,623. The principal export to that country was oats. Of these were sent 386,584 bushels, worth here \$164,690. Besides oats, they sent to France preserved lobsters, bacon and hams, and undressed furs.

The Dominion Grange will meet in Toronto, Tuesday, Oct. 3rd. Open to all fourth degree members. Arrangements have been made with the American Hotel to accommodate those who attend.

Commercial.

LONDON MARKET.

London, September 12.

Deihl Wheat, \$1.86 to \$1.86; Treadwell, \$1.70 to \$1.82; Red Winter, \$1.65 to \$1.75; Spring, \$1.68 to \$1.78; Barley, \$1.00 to \$1.10; Peas, \$1.08 to \$1.11; Oats, 90c to 97c; Corn, \$1.00 to \$1.10; Rye, 80c to \$1.00; Buckwheat, 80c to \$1.00. Lamb, per lb., 9c to 10c; Beef, per 100 lbs., \$6.50 to \$7.00; Mutton, per lb., 7c to 8c; Veal, 4c to 6c.

TORONTO MARKET.

Toronto, September 12.

Wheat, fall, per bush., \$1.00 to \$1.09; wheat, spring, \$1.04; Barley, 65c to 68c; Oats, 34c to 36c; Peas, 72c to 73c; Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs., \$7.50 to \$8.50; Ducks, per brace, 40c to 60; Geese, each, \$60 to 90c; Turkeys, 75c to \$1.60; Butter, lb. rolls, 24c to 27c; Butter, large rolls, 20c to 21c; Butter, tub dairy, 20c to 22c; Butter, store packed, 16c to 18c; Eggs, fresh, per doz., 13c to 16c; Eggs, packed, 12c to 13c; Apples, per bbl., \$1.75 to \$2.25; Potatoes, per bush., 45c to 90c; Onions, 95c to \$1.00; Tomatoes, 75c to \$1.00; Turnips, 25c to 35c; Carrots, 35c to 50c; Cabbage, per doz., 50c to 76c; Hay, \$9.00 to \$12.00.

LIVERPOOL MARKET.

Liverpool, September 12, 2 p. m.

Breadstuffs firm; Wheat 9s 6d to 9s 9d per cental for average California white; 8s to 9s 4d for red western spring; 9s 9d to 10s 1d for club; Cheese, 52s 6d per cwt. for best grades of American; Pork, 82s per bbl. for prime mess; Bacon 48s per cwt. for short clear middles; Tallow 43s per cwt.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

New York, September 12.

Flour is a shade firmer and in moderate demand; receipts, 16,000 bbls.; sales, 14,000 bbls. Rye flour steady, at \$4.65 to \$5.10 for superfine. Wheat—The market is 2c to 3c higher to-day; receipts, 6,000 bush.; sales 52,000 bush. at \$1.05 to \$1.15 for No. 3 Chicago; \$1.12 for No. 2 Chicago; \$1.28 to \$1.30 for amber winter western; \$1.25 amber state; \$1.30 for white Michigan. Rye firm; receipts, 4,000 bush.; sales none. Corn is a shade firmer; receipts, 166,00 bush.; sales, 34,000 bush. at 54c to 57c for western mixed. Barley quiet and firm. Oats—The market was firm to-day; receipts, 48,000 bush.; sales, 26,000 bush. at 37c to 46c for mixed western and State; 42c to 50c for white do. Pork heavy, at \$17.50. Lard heavy, at \$11.25. Butter, 20c to 32c for State and Pennsylvania.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

Chicago, September 12.

Flour quiet and unchanged. Wheat irregular, opened strong and higher; closed inside prices, No. 2 Chicago spring, \$1.02½ bid cash; \$1.00 to \$1.00½ Oct.; \$1.02 Nov.; No. 3 Chicago spring 91 to 92c; rejected 72c. Corn unsettled and lower; No. 2, 44½c cash, 44½c Sept., 43½c Oct., 43c Nov., rejected 42½c. Oats fair demand and lower; No. 2 33½c cash; 33c Oct.; 33c to 33½c Nov.; rejected at 28½c. Rye strong and higher, at 64c to 65c. Barley unsettled and lower at 72c to 74½c cash, 74½c Oct. Pork dull, weak and lower at \$16.65. Lard dull, weak and lower at \$10.60. Bulk meats steady and unchanged. Whiskey steady and unchanged.

CHEESE MARKETS.

Montreal, September 12.

Dispatches were received to-day to the effect that cheese had advanced 1c per pound in Little Falls, and about ¾c in Ingersoll, in sympathy with advance in Liverpool. The price here is now from 11 to 11c, and the market is active. A large business is being done in the country at 11c.

Ingersoll, September 13.

In sympathy with Little Falls, the cheese market here to-day displays considerable activity. Factorymen feel better than at any time during this season, and once more prices bounced to 12½c per pound, at which rate about 3,000 September, October and November cheese were sold, some few medium August which went at 10c to 11c, and the remainder of the offerings were snapped at 11½ to 12c; about 8,000 boxes changes bond cable at 52s. Weather cool and dry.

At the close of a concert, while a young gentleman was struggling with his hat, cane, overcoat, opera glass and his young lady's fan, all of which he was trying to retain on his lap, a suspicious-looking black bottle fell on the floor with a thud. "There," he exclaimed to his companion, "I shall lose my cough medicine." That was presence of mind for you.

Sale and Purchase Column.

Any of our subscribers having stock, seeds or other produce, to sell, or who want to purchase such, will please write to us, giving full particulars. Regular advertisers will be noticed here free—to others, 50 cents.

Alexander Leslie, Petersville Nursery, has for sale all new varieties of seed potatoes, including Snowflake, Extra Early Vermont, Brownell Beauty, Compton's Surprise, and Late Rose, grown on sandy loam.

Thomas Guy, Sydenham Farm, Oshawa, Ont., breeder and importer of Ayrshire Cattle, has three young bulls for sale.

D. Mackenzie, Hyde Park, young thoroughbred bulls and Berkshire swine, both sexes, eight months old.

J. McMechan, London, several choice tricos of white Leghorn fowls.

Geo. Jarvis, Byron, all the leading and latest varieties of potatoes.

W. L. Brown, Hyde Park, eggs for hatching from choice brown Leghorns, imported this spring from the leading yards in America.

S. G. Jarvis, London, all the leading varieties of fowls. Eggs for hatching securely packed.

T. Thompson, Box 88, London, Ontario, a few Lincoln sheep, both sexes in prime condition.

Joseph Lamb, London, imported Berkshire pigs, different ages, for sale.

WESTERN FAIR, 1876

COMPETITION OPEN TO ALL.

\$12,000 { Offered in Prizes. } \$12,000

Will be held in the
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Sept. 26, 27, 28 and 29

Prize Lists and Entry Papers may be had at the Secretary's office. All entries are requested to be made on or before 16th SEPTEMBER.

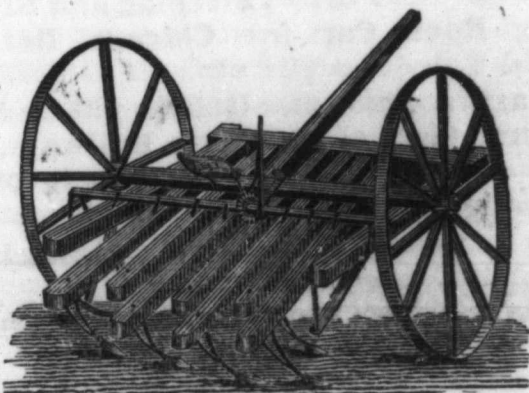
Railway arrangements have been made for ONE FARE to London and return.

WM. McBRIDE,

Secretary.

Western Fair Office, }
London, Sept., 1876. } sept-11

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John Wade, Hyde Park, Ont.

This invention meets a demand long wanted in this class of agricultural implements; namely, uniformity of depth on any ground, no matter at what angle it is placed; lightness of draught, and convenience in driving—a seat being attached for the driver, the same as in a Reaper. The lever for elevation can be adjusted without the driver leaving his seat. The teeth are wrought iron, laid with steel. A trial of this Cultivator, it was found it did more work in a given time than any other. The proprietor is prepared to offer favorable terms to manufacturers for making this Cultivator. The price is less than the ordinary machines in use.

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