

(Continued from page 5.)

they may be left to the decision of the lawyer or veterinary surgeon according to circumstances. It is evident, however, that natural defects in the conformation, action, or temper of the animal must not be considered as unsoundness. To introduce this, that a natural defect is an unsoundness, would only increase the difference of opinion and strife which is already too common in horse dealing. I think the following definition, if accepted, would prove most generally useful: "A horse is sound when there is no disease about any part of him that renders, or is likely to render in future, him less useful than he would be without it, and, of course, a horse must be unsound when he has any disease about him that renders or is likely in future, to render him less useful than he would be without it."

*Journal of Agriculture.***Literary Notes.**

The November *Harper's* will complete Wm. Black's story of "Judith Shakespeare," with an illustration by Abbey, and bring E. P. Roe's "Nature's Serial Story," with Dickinson's and Gibson's illustrations, within one instalment of the confusion. Mr. Treadwell Walden's picturesque studies of "The Great Hall of William Rufus" also be completed in this number, and the illustrations will be especially rich, including three full page plates. One of them Van Dyck's "Charles the First and Henrietta Maria," engraved by Clouston from the original painting, will be the frontpiece to the Number. Some fine art work is promised in Reinbat's illustrations of "Norman Fisher folk" and in Alfred Parsons's studies of plant life in "A Day with Sir Joseph Hooker at Kew," the English botanical gardens, and Gibson's of "Chrysanthemums." A paper on Columbia College, richly illustrated, will continue its history from the reorganization of Kings College to its present remarkable development. Andrew Lang, who is the editor of the English edition of the magazine, is to have a paper on Sydney Smith, illustrated. Abbey will also contribute a full-page illustration of Burns's poem, "To Haggis." Mr. F. D. Millet writes on the recent art competitions, in which he was one of the judges, and the history Francis Parkman on "The Acadian Tragedy" in which was involved the episode of Evangeline. Among the stories of the Number will be one by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, "Three Quiet Ladies of the name of Luce."

**A \$20 Biblical Prize.**

The publishers of *Rutledge's Monthly* offer twelve valuable rewards in their *Monthly* for November, among which is the following:

We will give \$20.00 to the person telling us in how many languages the superscription was written on the cross over Jesus at the time he was crucified, by November 10th, 1884. Should two or more correct answers be received, the reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner November 15th, 1884. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cent in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the December *Monthly*, in which the name and the correct answer will be published, and in which several more valuable rewards will be offered. Address *RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY*, Easton, Penna.

**Patrons Rise Above Criticism.**

Let critics rage and fret, and vent their ire,  
And tave in fragments every dream of ours;  
Age! let them sneer at our ambitious hopes,  
And ridicule our half-matured powers.  
Let them storm on for ever,  
And waste their foolish breath,  
We'll laugh and never care,  
For our success, we know, will be their death.

Let us, like the fair moon, tread firmly on,  
And though dark clouds shall gather round  
our way,  
Though critics throw cold water in our face,  
We'll only whisper, "Each dog has his day,"  
And ever climbing higher  
To such far flights, we'll dare,  
To such high things aspire,  
That they will envy the bright crowns we wear.

Then, onward! upward! be our motto still:  
Let us improve the talents God has given,  
And with perfection for our constant aim.  
We'll win the laurel wreaths for which  
we've striven.  
And hark our feet we'll tread  
These poor fault-finding things,  
Who strive, with power all dead,  
To reach the heights we've gained on  
broken wings.

Love me not for comely grace,  
For my pleasing eye and face;  
No, nor for my constant heart,  
For these may change and turn to ill,  
And thus true love may sever:  
But love me on and know not why  
Thou hast the same reason still  
To do't upon me ever.

**Aplary Notes.**

Is the committee appointed to communicate with local associations regarding affiliation at work? The local associations hold many of their meetings this fall.

The poison from the bee king is used in homoeopathy with poison ivy for the cure of scurfs.

A story is going the round in German papers that bees utilize the poison in the kings in curing honey.

All enameled clothes should have been removed from the hives before September, clean clothes free from propolis allow the moisture to escape from the top and stores to ripen properly when the entrances are contracted. Any pleasant day upon removing the enamel moisture will be found condensed on it and moistening the combs, which would escape if a clean cotton cloth were placed upon it; a clean quilt (5c) may be the means of saving your bees.

The bees have consumed large quantities of stores since gathering the last honey. Be sure they have enough; let them have plenty of stores, and don't guess at the quantity. It seems sad upon examining your bees to learn how many have perished after almost wintering for want of two or three pounds of stores. A wiser man is he who brimstones them; he at least has their stores for himself.

Many bees in the box hives and owned by the careless and ignorant will perish this winter unless in the vicinity of buckwheat or some special flower. Bees have gathered little or nothing since basswood, (which did not average one good day over Canada). These bees have consumed an unusual amount of stores, and consequently will be short of stores.

**Big Wheat Farms.**

It is said that many owners of great wheat farms in the Northwest are forming the opinion that wheat raising on a gigantic scale is poor economy. By the present system the land is cropped to worthlessness and the market heaped up with grain for which there are no buyers. The soil is persistent

ly robbed with untiring industry. Every virtue is drawn from it year after year, and nothing is done to restore it, except leave on it the ashes of burned straw. This wholesale cropping is not tillage any more than indiscriminate pot-hunting slaughter is sportsmanship. The land yields but a light harvest even when it is virgin, and it only rational to conclude that the fate of the worn-out wheat lands of California must be the fate of the prairies of the northwest, if the monster farm system is persisted in. The fertile regions of the great West are needed for industrious emigrants who want homes, and with close tillage and the fertilizing matter of their barnyards will keep up the land instead of wearing it out. These great misers are said to be the most fatigued men on earth, and W. T. Hastings of Graceville, Minn., a very plain-spoken man, has been telling them lately that "they might be doing something better than raising wheat in competition with Russian peasants and the wretched ryots of India."

**Something Badly Needed Now-a-days.****THE MODEL GUEST.**

There comes to our homes sometimes a friend whom we might call the model guest. He always writes in advance, if possible, in time for us to reply. He comes on the day set in time for the regular tea or dinner hour. He enters at once into the life of the family, for the absent members of which he never fails to enquire. If the house mother has had a tired day he seems to know it, and knows how to toss the baby or help entertain two different sets of callers at once, or even if there is a hiatus in the kitchen, to lift a coal hod. He has a pleasant word neither patronizing nor familiar for the servants, whom he remembers if he has seen them before, and looks pleased when his coming is announced. His sympathy in the work and life of the family is so genuine and hearty that his visits are counted on as a part of the yearly cheer, like Thanksgiving and Christmas. In the morning when he leaves he does it deliberately, taking time for breakfast and prayers with the family. In short, as guest or host, he is full of the same thoughtful courtesy displayed by his kinsman in secretly blackening the boots of a distinguished English guest, who never imagined there was no servant in the house to perform that duty.

**TO CURE LOVE BLISTERS.**

As soon as the itching which indicates the disease is felt, put directly over the spot a fly blister, about the size of your thumb nail, and let it remain for six hours; at the end of that time, directly under the surface of the blister may be seen the felon, which can be instantly taken out with the point of a needle or a lancet. —*London Lancet.*

**POLISH FOR ZINC OR TIN.**

To three pints of water, add one ounce of nitric acid, two ounces of emery and eight ounces of pumice stone; shake well together. Any druggist will fill it for fifteen cents.

**TO REMOVE TAIL.**

Rub well with clean lard, afterwards wash with soap and warm water; apply to either hands or clothing.

**W. S. HAWKSHAW, Glenworth, P. O., Ont.**  
Breeder of Short Horn cattle and pure bred Shropshire sheep.

**I CURE FITS!**

When I say cure I mean cure, I mean a permanent cure, I mean a cure that will last for ever. I have made the discovery of a cure for FALLING SICKNESS, a life-long cure. I can cure any child to cure the worst case. Parents who have failed to cure their child for years, and who are now resorting to a cure, send at once for a bottle of my Fall's Cure. It is a life-long cure. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial and I will cure you. Address Dr. J. M. DODD, 125 East St., New York.

**HIGH CLASS****DARK BRAHMAS.**

I have succeeded in raising upwards of Fifty Chickens this year from my old stock of Prize Winners, over Fifty per cent of which will make

**GRAND EXHIBITION BIRDS.**

and will bring no discredit on their noble progenitors who have always

**Won Laurels Wherever Exhibited.**

As my stock is large, I will sell reasonable (quality of stock considered) in order to make room.

**REMEMBER**

**My Birds Have Never Been Beaten.**

**SQUARE DEALING MY SPECIALTY.****J. W. BARTLETT.**

LAMBETH, ONT.

**STARSEED WHEAT.**

THE UNDERSIGNED has a quantity of the celebrated Star Seed Wheat for sale. It stands the winter very much better than the Clawson or Scott wheats, and on same soil with similar cultivation will yield 49 bush. and 60 pounds per acre by an official test, weighing 65 lbs. per bush. Pronounced by millers and grain dealers, No. 1 for milling purposes. For further particulars send for circulars to

**WM. REHILL,**

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ONT.

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