

Premier Balfour to see if he had any plan for their relief. When he could suggest nothing but public charity, they met in a mass meeting, and resolved to fight for the employment of the unemployed. The meeting broke up in confusion, and the singing of the "Marseillaise."

In the recent American municipal elections, the desire for reform has been clearly shown in many cities. In New York the Tammany leader, McClellan, won out by a small majority, but the election is to be contested by Hearst, the reform candidate. Wm. T. Jerome, who ran for District Attorney independently of either party, was re-elected by a majority of 8,000. His victory was entirely a personal one, and goes to prove that a successful appeal may be made to the voters on the strength of personal honesty. The Philadelphia vote for Weaver also shows a desire on the part of the citizens for a more reputable kind of civic government.

Doings Among the Nations.

RUSSIA.

Matters in Russia are still in a terrible condition of disorder. The massacres in and around Odessa have resulted in more than five thousand killed, mostly Jews, even their women and children not escaping injury and death. In the Caucasus the Russians and Tartars are at one another's throats, and the Armenians are now joining in the pillage and destruction of the country. At Moscow the troops attacked a procession of school children who were carrying a red flag. To prevent the escape of any, the police made a ring around the children, and then a speedy end was made of them. At Tomsk, in Siberia, 600 men, women and children were burned in a theatre, while the military stood by. It is believed that the autocracy of the country, enraged at the granting of a democratic form of government, yet comparatively helpless, have had their revenge by inciting the factions against one another. The only quiet spot in the Empire is Finland, to whom the Czar has given a promise to abolish the Dictatorship, and remove the hated Governor-General of the Province. The strikers have promised to go back to work, and so far, owing to the efforts of the strike committee guard, not a shot has been fired, not a drop of blood shed, not a window-pane broken. Later news from Russia adds still more distressing details to the story. Cronstadt, the Portsmouth of Russia, the strong fortress built on an island in the Gulf of Finland, and only thirteen miles from St. Petersburg, fell into the hands of mutinous sailors, who have killed their officers, and now are firing from the vessels upon the Cossacks on shore.

CHINA AND UNITED STATES.

The unpleasant reception given to the Chinese in the United States is having results far-reaching and unexpected. The boycott of American goods in China by dealers and laborers was only the beginning. Some of these boycotters were put under arrest when complaints came from United States, and so the hard feeling spread still further. Then word came that at Lienchow five American missionaries, three women, a man and a child, had been massacred. The excuse given of interference by one of the missionaries is looked upon as a pretext, and the sore feeling against United States as the real reason of the attack, for missionaries of other nationalities have not been molested. In Canton an American lady has been insulted in the street, and the U. S. Consul has received an anonymous letter, threatening his life if the boycotters are not released.

THE FARM BULLETIN

It is estimated that there are 150,000 acres of waste lands in Ireland which are capable of reclamation for agriculture.

Thirty-five steamers loaded with grain at Amsterdam, Holland, are unable to discharge their cargoes, in consequence of a strike of the grain measurers and weighers. The strike was caused by the introduction of grain elevators leading to a reduction in wages.

The directors of Grey County Exhibition have passed a resolution, instructing the secretary-treasurer to have prizewinners in live-stock classes make affidavit before a justice of the peace, that they were the sole owners of all stock exhibited by them at the fair, before any payment of prizes will be made.

A Californian, writing in the American Nut Journal, estimates that the California walnut crop has increased from 6,670,000 pounds in 1895, to 15,000,000 pounds in 1904. The year 1902 records the largest yield, the crop that year amounting to 17,140,000 pounds. These amounts do not include the nuts raised by very many small growers, who found ready sale in their local market at a good price.

The recent book, Canadian Life in Town and Country, has the statement that "there are somewhere in the neighborhood of 15,000 women farmers in the Dominion, some of whom raise wheat and other cereals, and others follow mixed farming, butter and cheese making, poultry, horticulture, beekeeping, market gardening, hop-growing, etc. One family of girls did the packing of 2,200 barrels of apples in an orchard near Montreal. In Queen's County, New Brunswick, a family of women have successfully conducted their own farm of 350 acres for the last twenty-five years."

A Day in Institute Work in New Brunswick

While we have had some eventful days, and have seen some fine scenery, yet no more eventful day was passed, nor did we see any more beautiful or grander scenery than that seen on the 30th October. The day was bright and clear, preceded by a frosty night. Just a beautiful autumn day, with a bracing air from the Atlantic, peculiar to this part of the Province.

My colleague, C. F. Alward, and I had spent the Sunday in Campbelltown, a thriving town on the line of the I. C. R., fronting on the upper end of the Bay of Chaleur, with a range of very high hills in the background, the principal of which is Sugar Loaf, a conical peak, about 1,000 ft. high, up which nearly every visitor ascends ere he leaves the town. The ascent is rather steep and difficult, through winding paths, amid shrubs, trees, and rocks; here and there a shrub or tree has to be pressed into service to aid the climber to get over some difficult spot. Nearly an hour is required in making the ascent, but one is well rewarded for his pains, for truly a beautiful landscape is seen on all sides. To the north is the town, nestling almost at the foot, with the bay, about one mile in width, like a sheet of crystal, by its side. On the opposite side is Bonaventure County, Quebec Province, with the well-cultivated farms of the settlers along the shore, behind which are the rugged peaks of the mountains extending along the coast, behind which is some fertile land. To the west the bay gradually recedes, until its waters mingle with those of the Restigouche River; winding its way inward among the hills and forest until lost to sight, but down whose waters comes each year millions of spruce, pine and cedar logs, to be cut into lumber by the many large mills along the bay. To the south is seen a very fertile valley, dotted here and there with neat farm homes; a winding spring brook runs through the center. At a favorable spot a dam and reservoir is built, from which the town is supplied with splendid water. Beyond this, hills and forest stretch as far as the eye can reach. To the east is seen the bay, its shores dotted here and there with the hamlets of the fishermen, or a village centered about a large lumber mill. From these mills the lumber is shipped in sailing vessels to American and European ports. The bay grows wider as it stretches out to the broad Atlantic. Although the leaves had fallen from some of the trees, yet enough were left; their brown, yellow and red colors mingling with the deep green of the spruce, pine and cedar, adding a variety of color to the landscape. A short time is spent on the summit. We make the descent more rapidly than the ascent, but care has to be exercised, even more so in descending, as a misstep might be rather disastrous. We wend our way to the hotel, where we enjoy a good dinner after the morning's exercise. Dinner over, a team is ready to convey us to our next meeting place, Robinsonville, 25 miles distant.

Our genial-faced secretary is to be our driver, a merchant of the town accompanies us to enjoy the drive, and at 1.40 sharp we start out at ten-miles-an-hour speed, over the best of gravel roads, going parallel for a number of miles with the I. C. R. We notice several large sawmills, and soon come to the head of tidewater, and strike the Restigouche river. We see occasionally some nice farm homes, and wonder where the farm lands are, but are informed that there is much fine farm lands on top of the hills. The first thing of interest that takes our eye is a lofty peak to our left, the top of which resembles an extinct volcano; there being quite a hole in it, the side opposite us is almost perpendicular, and apparently of rock formation, and several hundred feet high. We next come to Morresey Rock, on our right, through which a tunnel has been cut several hundred feet long, and through this tunnel the I. C. R. trains pass. The original plan was to blast the rock away from the top, but it was found the undertaking was going to be too expensive, so it was abandoned, and the tunnel cut instead. We make a brief stop to examine this peculiar rock, which must have seemed like an impregnable barrier to the building of a railroad over that point, but engineering skill has done even more wonderful things. A little further on we come to a large, nicely-painted building, and are informed this is the Government fish hatchery at Flat Lands, where the salmon spawn are hatched and sent out to the different pools and rivers where the salmon are not so plentiful. The manager was away at the pools getting the spawn, so as there was nothing special to be seen, we press on, and soon come to a deep ravine, at the bottom of which flows a good-sized spring brook, called Christopher Creek. We see the remains of an old dam and mill, where in bygone days the lumber was cut by water power. The I. C. R. bridge across here is a splendid structure. A few miles further we ascend quite a height, several hundred feet above the river below. In looking down we notice a long length of snowshed covering the railway track. Emerging from this snowshed the railway turns and crosses the river on a splendid new steel bridge. It is said a bridge for traffic is to be built along one side of this, on the same piers, as there is an extension built out on the west side. From this point we see some interesting sights. "The meeting of the waters," where the Metapedia river enters the Restigouche by several branches, forming numerous islands. On one of the largest is situated the Restigouche Salmon Club House, a large, well-kept building, surrounded with nicely-kept grounds, and owned by a number of American sports, who have bought out from the land owners their interest in the river on either side, and have, therefore, the full control of the salmon fishing. They

pay good prices to the landowners, for we heard of one length of about six miles, for which \$40,000 was paid, and one pool alone, for which \$600 is paid annually. The salmon fishing is nearly all controlled by Americans, who spend many weeks here in the summer season. Salmon fishing is considered fine sport; to hook and land a salmon of 25 or 30 pounds weight means a little strategy and work, as they will run and fight until exhausted. They are then reeled in and landed with a gaff hook. The salmon come up the rivers in the month of June and July to spawn, and return the latter part of the winter and spring to the ocean. Here also the railway enters the Metapedia Valley, one of the finest pieces of scenery on the road. As we go further up the river the hills become heavier, at one time we are travelling almost at the water's edge, again we are hundreds of feet above, travelling along the steep mountain side on a narrow roadway cut out of the gravel or rock, with no protection except an occasional tree or shrub, or a weak railing, to keep the traveller from going over and rolling down the steep incline to the waters below. We look up and see the mountain towering many feet above us; sometimes they are well covered with spruce and poplar, with here and there a mountain ash, whose red berries resemble some luscious fruit. We see occasionally a large white birch, which brings to our minds that portion of Longfellow's Hiawatha, "Give me of your bark O Birch-Tree." This bark is put to many uses here, from the building of canoes to the roofing of outbuildings and covering the hay stacks.

In descending these steep hills we must confess to feeling a slight touch of nervousness. What if a pole-strap or our neckyoke should break! We shudder to think of the result, especially as we round some sharp curve, and look down to the river, several hundred feet below. At times we think our Jehu a little reckless, and feel as if we would like to handle the reins ourselves, but he has been over the road many times before, and although we feel at times as if we were flying through space, our carriage swaying violently from side to side, yet we always land at the bottom right side up, and safe and sound. Only occasionally do we see a good farm home. On the Quebec side the conditions are somewhat similar, only the hillsides are more rugged, and we see here and there a deep ravine between the hills. About three or four miles from our destination we turn up the Upsalquitch River, and notice on the opposite shore a large area of beautiful farm land, called Runny Mead, composed of a number of natural terraces, each a few feet higher than the other, and varying in width from a few rods to several acres. We notice here some fine farm homes, and an air of thrift and prosperity is noticed on every hand. We were informed that it was originally settled by people from Scotland.

We soon enter on a more level stretch of country, much of the land lately taken from the forest, and newly settled. We pass on, cross the river by a long covered wooden bridge, reach the settlement where our meeting is to be held, and put up at a comfortable farm home, making the journey of 25 miles in 8 hours and 20 minutes. We see some good houses and barns, and some fine farm lands extending for several miles up the river. We see also some good dairy cattle, mostly Ayrshire and Holstein grades. There is an air of thriftiness about the settlement which we like to see. We are informed that most of the men have gone to the woods, and may only expect the women and boys at our meeting. After such a drive in such bracing air we have the best of appetites, and we do justice to the baked beans and other good viands prepared by our hospitable hostess, who is no amateur at the culinary art. A few have gathered in at the house of our host, and we have a pleasant conversation about things in general—the woods, and, especially, their farm operations. Our meeting is held in the schoolhouse a few rods distant, and we are pleasantly disappointed, for we find a number of the men have returned from the woods, to attend our meeting. This is encouraging to us, and we preach the gospel of soil cultivation, clover growing and dairying to a most appreciative audience. Isolated as they are here, they are eagerly seeking for information to assist them in their farm operations.

At present they are at a loss here for transportation facilities, having to haul all their produce across the hills to Metapedia, 12 miles, or take it down the river in scows, drawn by horses, over the shoals or up the river; on the return journey, where deep water is met, the horses are taken on board the scow. Nearly all the supplies for the lumber camps are taken up the river by this means; four and five tons may be taken up stream by a good pair of horses when the current is not too strong. This fall the water is very much lower in all the rivers here than usual, owing to the small snowfall here last winter and the unusually dry season.

Our meeting over, we say good-bye to our host and hostess, and start at 9.40 p.m. on our return journey, as we must leave on the early morning train to reach our next meeting place in time. The night is all that could be desired, beautiful, starry and clear, with some frost in the air. Our team start out as fresh as ever, but now we have these hills and dangerous places to make in the dark. As we pass over them we occasionally feel as if we were going down some steep precipice. These sensations, along with the occasional hoot of an owl, or as may be seen here and there, the camp fires of some of the boatmen on their way up or down the river, or the train rushing past far below us, melting out as fire and smoke, these break the monot-