Continued from first page.

and Deaths," when my eyes were suddenly attracted by the sight of my own name figuring conspicuously amongst the second. I thought I must be dreaming, but another glance convinced me that there was no mistake about it; there, in plain letters, confronting me, was the following announcement:—

"On the 18th inst., at Nice, by the English Chaplain, assisted by the Rev. Henry Venner, Sir Hector James Ashburn, Bart., of Ashburn Park, in the county of Wilts, and Tresser Castle, Devon, to Edith, only daughter of the late Edward Cavendish, Esq.; and neice of the late Marmaduke Cavendish, of Steyne Park, Essex, Eng.

I was still holding the paper before me, trying in vain to solve the riddle of its extraordinary contents, when Charlie burst into the room, exclaiming:—

'Edith, Phipps has just been here, telling me the strangest story! One of the men he sent after Sarah Meekins has discovered a railway porter, who says that a 'lady' exactly answering to her description was seen a fortnight ago at the Charing Cross Station. The man remembers her perfectly, and took a ticket for her at Ostend. He has been in the hospital ever since through a severe attack of illness, and it was only to-day that Phipps got his information; but the strangest part of it all is that the porter says he noticed the lady's boxes minutely, and the name on them was 'Miss Edith Cavendish.' What can have been her object in assuming your name?'

I quietly handed Charlie the *Times*, and, pointing to the paragraph which had so much astonished me, said, "I think that will explain pretty well what her object has been, Charlie. I fear the hoax has succeeded only two well, and poor Hector and Lady Laura will find themselves terribly duped."

Charlie started that evening for Nice. The 'happy couple' had gone for a week to Mentone for their honeymoon, and he found Lady Laura more patronizing and haughty than ever, and full of praises for her charming daughter-in-law.'

It took a good deal to convince her that the tale Charlie had to reveal was true, and when at last she did believe it, her anger and rage against Lady Hector Ashburn, *alias* Sarah Meekins, was something terrible.'

Charlie had an interview with that wily damsel, in which he represented to her the advisability of quietly restoring the jewels and dresses which she had purloined; and, after some difficulty, she did so, and aunt Haliburton's heart was again rejoiced by the sight of the family diamonds. I wore them not long since on the occasion of my marriage with my cousin Charles Haliburton, the *bona fide* announcement of which duly appeared the next day in the papers.

Of my 'Aunt's Maid' I have little more to say. Recent researches into the Meekins pedigree have proved that she comes of a sufficiently respectable family. Endowed with a soul that soared far above her humble lot, her career had been unmarked by any particular event until she entered my aunt's service, where her resemblance to myself, I suppose, and the knowledge she obtained from Hector's letters anent my projected marriage, suggested to her the *ruse* which she contrived so successfully to carry out.

I am afraid her life as Lady Ashburn is not a very pleasant one. On the discovery of the fraud that had been practiced upon her son and herself, Lady Laura's wrath was so great that she declared her intention of bringing the whole affair into a court of justice; had she done this the marriage might have been declared null and void; for, as Charlie explained to me, in legal phrase, 'Fraud vitiates every contract.' But whether Hector found himself, after the first shock, as well satisfied with Miss Sarah Meekins for his wife as he would have been with his cousin Edith, and determined, philosophically, to make the best of his bargain, I cannot tell; the affair was, at any rate hushed up as much as possible, and the legal proceedings which had been instituted against Miss Meekins stopped.

Lady Laura's pride received a blow which she can never forget, and I believe she has never yet visited or recognised her daughter-in-law, who leads a dreary existence enough at Nice with her invalid husband. She was, I fear as much duped as those she managed to deceive, for in marrying Sir Hector Ashburn she became the wife of an almost penniless man. My eighty thousand pounds have long since gone to enrich the coffers of some of our great national charities, and I can sincerely say that, as Charlie Halibnrton's wife, I have never yet regretted their loss.

E. C. F.

☞ Ward, the noted American filibuster, who, after following Walker in Nicaragua, took command of a force of Chinese and foreign soldiers under the Chinese government in the Taiping rebellion, and was killed in battle in 1862, has recently been proclaimed a god and honored with a place in the Chinese pantheon. Two temples have been erected in his honor, and in March last they were dedicated with the most august ceremonies, United States Consul-General Myers being among the witnesses of this curious affair.

PUZZLES.

We intend giving a puzzle or two each week for our little readers, and shall be pleased to publish the names of those who send us answers to them. We also invite conundrums, puzzles, charades, &c, from old or young. Write plain, be sure you are correct, and send them along.

(No. 1.)

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 4 19 11 20 25 is thick.
My 17 18 2 3 12 is a bird.
My 8 5 22 9 26 is a comment.
My 14 15 23 13 21 16 1 19 6 24 7 is a sorrow.

(No. 2.)

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 17 21 7 1 is a ridge.
My 14 6 16 19 20 is a shrub.
My 2 13 7 10 19 is a servant.
My 13 3 12 5 7 5 is to hang loose.
My 7 15 9 5 is a sea-fish.
My 5 11 8 4 is to obtain.
Solve the above and you will find the titles of two popular poems.

(No. 3.)

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 17 12 21 5 3 18 15 is very old.
My 23 4 7 is an insect.
My 26 8 19 6 2 is a time-piece.
My 14 10 26 3 is that on which a wheel turns.
My 16 20 25 28 is a very beautiful flower.
My 13 11 22 1 is to fly rapidly.
My 27 24 9 are vowels.
My whole is now in course of construction.

W. P. D.

Answers to last week's puzzles received from K. Young, Brooklyn; W. P. D., Spa Springs.

DEATH OF THE AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

A few years ago there appeared in an American paper published in one of the Western States an equisite poem, entitled "Beautiful Snow." The beauty of the composition secured its republication in numerous journals, and at length it found its way to England, accompanied by the tale that the original had been discovered upon the person of a young woman who was frozen to death in the streets of St. Louis. For a long time the author perserved his *incognito*, and numerous claimants sought to establish their right to its authorship, and the honors appertaining thereto. Some one who knew the true history of the poem knew also the cause of its author's reticence in giving the name to the world. Some months since the secret was revealed, and Major Sigourney, nephew of the celebrated poetess of that name, became know as the writer. The April number of *Harper's Magazine* contains a companion poem, entitled, "Beautiful Child," which is marked by all the elegance of diction and deep religious feeling characteristic of its predecessor. Who could have thought that in a few weeks it gifted author would fill a suicide's grave? Yet such is the case. We learn from an American contemporary that, on the night of April 22nd, Major W. A. H. Sigourney was found dead in the outskirts of New York, under circumstances leading to the belief that he had shot himself. He had in early life married a Miss——, a lady of great personal attractions, and with her made a voyage to Europe. During their absence rumors unfavorable to her character reached the Sigourney family. Thereport seems to have been well founded, for shortly after her return to New York she showed that the curse of the nineteenth century—the demon drink—had added another name to the list of victims. She abandoned her husband, became an outcast, and was next heard of as an inmate of the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. Her husband's love was still sufficiently strong to induce him to make another effort to save her, and through his influence she was released, only again to desert her home. In the winter of 1863 the papers spoke of a young and beautiful woman having been found dead under the snow in a disreputable street in New York. Something seemed to tell Sigourney that the body was that of his wife. Upon making inquiries he found his surmises were but too true, and after claiming the remains he had them interred in that picturesque "silent city" which overlooks the busy harbor of New York. The story of that erring wife was told in the touching language of "Beautiful Snow." What wonder that he shunned the publicity that its authorship would have conferred! Henry J. Raymond, then editor of the New York "Times," was for years the friend of Major Sigourney, and obtained for him employment as a journalist, which failing health compelled him to abandon. The circumstances connected with his death remain a mystery. Not even his child, for whom he always displayed the tenderest affection, can throw any light upon it. The last effort of his genius is displayed in the poem already referred to.

BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

"Beautiful child by the mother's knee,
In the mystic future what will thou be?
A demon of sin or an angel sublime—
A poison Upas or innocent thyme—
A spirit of evil flashing *down*
With the lurid light of a fiery crown—
Or gliding up with a shining track,
Like the morning star that ne'er looks back.
Daintiest dreamer that ever smiled,
Which thou will be, my beautiful child?

Beautiful child in my garden bowers,
Friend of the butterflies, birds and flowers—
Pure as the sparkling crystalline stream,
Jewels of truth thy fairy eyes beam,
Was there ever a whiter soul than thine
Worshipped by love in a mortal shrine?
My heart thou has gladdened for two sweet years
With rainbows of hope through mists of tears—
Mis's beyond which the sunny smile
With its hale of glory beams all the while.

"Beautiful child, to thy look is given
A gleam serene, not of earth but heaven,
With thy tell-tale eyes and prattling tongue,
Would thou could'st ever thus be young.
Like the liquid strains of the mocking bird
From stair to hall thy voice is heard;
How oft in the garden nooks thou art found,
With flowers thy curly head around,
And kneeling beside me with figure so quaint
Oh! who would not doat on my infant saint!

"Beautiful child what thy fate shall be
Perchance is wisely hidden from me;
A fallen star thou may'st leave my side
And of sorrow and shame become the bride—
Shivering, quivering, through the cold street
With a curse behind and before thy feet,
Ashamed to live and afraid to die;
No home, no friend, and a pitiless sky.
Merciful Father—my brain grows wild—
Oh! keep from evil my beautiful child!

"Beautiful child, may'st thou soar above,
A warbling cherub of joy and love;
A drop on eternity's seas;
A blossom on life's immortal tree—
Floating, flowering evermore
In the blessed light of the golden shore,
And as I gaze on the sinless bloom
And thy radiant face, they dispel my gloom,
I feel He will keep thee undefiled,
And his love protect my beautiful child."

☞ How blessed is the truth which comes to us that we are not as the beasts that die: that we are as the gods that live! That for which we are made is immortality; and our journey is rough, straight, sharp, burdensome, with many tears. Our journey is not to the grave. I am not growing into old age to be blind, and to be deaf, and to be rheumatic, and to shrink a miserable cripple into the corner, shaking and tottering and forgetting all that I ever knew. The best part of me is untouched. The soul, the moral sense, the reason, the power to think, the power to will, the power to love, the power to admire purity, and to reach out after it, that is not touched by time, though its instrument and means of outer demonstration be corroded and failing. No physical weakness touches the soul. Only the body is touched by sickness. And shake that down! shake it down! Let it go! For, as the chrysalis bursts open and the covering which confines the perfected insect is dropped, that he may come out into brightness of form and and largeness of life, so this body is but a chrysalis, and when we break through it we rise on wings by the attraction of God, and by the propulsion of our own inevitable desire and necd, and are forever with the Lord.

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Bridgetown, July 19th, 1876. 6m n15 **HUGH FRASER.**

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The "Matchless" BURDETT ORGAN

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This Organ received the HIGHEST AWARD at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. ☞ Every instrument warranted for Five years.

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A Liniment for Man and Beast.

"Whether for use on man or beast, Merchant's Gargling Oil will be found an invaluable Liniment, and worthy of use by every resident in the land. We know of no proprietary medicine or article now used in the United States which shares the good will of the people to a greater degree than this. Yellow wrapper for animal and white for human flesh."—*N. Y. Independent.*

Extract from a letter from G. H. Simmonds, Unionville, Ia., July 24, 1873.—"I am selling more Gargling Oil than all the liniments put together, and I am keeping twelve different kinds. I think it is the best remedy for horseflesh in existence, and can say it without fear of successful contradiction."

Extract from a letter from Shoemaker & Co., Bloomington, Ind., Sept, 17th, 1873.—"It is the popular horse liniment in this country."

Extract from a letter from Geo. A. Snell, Braman's Corners, N. Y., Aug. 9th, 1873.—"I sell more of your Gargling Oil than of all other liniments combined, and have seen it used on horses and cattle with good effect when others have failed."

Extract from a letter from Pattee & Co., Derry, N. H., Aug. 26th, 1873.—"We think your Gargling Oil one of the best articles for what it is recommended that we have ever used or sold."

Extract from a letter from Snowden & Gibbs, Concordia, Kan., July 28th, 1873.—"We sell more of your Gargling Oil than of any liniment we keep."

Merchant's Gargling Oil as a Family Liniment.

We are now, and have been for some years, preparing the Oil free from stain, to be used as a common liniment for human flesh, extracting the coloring ingredient which has heretofore rendered it objectionable. This Oil possesses all the medicinal properties of that prepared with the dark tinge for horses and cattle, and will be found one of the best remedies for all purposes where a liniment is required that has ever been manufactured.

From J. K. Fisher, Uniontown, Pa., Jan. 31, 1857.—"Your Gargling Oil is doing much better here than formerly, since its virtues have become known; and the bottles put up for family use, without stain, are much sought for."

☞ The Gargling Oil called "Family Oil," although prepared intentionally for human flesh, answers as well for beasts; *vice versa*, the dark Oil answers as well for human flesh, only it will stain and discolor the skin, but not permanently. Yellow wrapper for animal and white for human flesh.

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Merchant's Gargling Oil is a diffusible stimulant and carminative. It can be taken internally when such a remedy is indicated, and is a good substitute for pain killers, cordials and anodynes. For Cramps or Spasms of the Stomach, Colic, Asthma, or Internal Pain, the dose may be from fifteen to twenty drops, on sugar, or mixed with syrup in any convenient form, and repeated at intervals of three to six hours. Yellow wrapper for animal and white for human flesh.

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL is the Standard Liniment of the United States. Established 1833. Large size, $1; medium, 50c.; small, 25c.; small size for family use, 25c. Manufactured at Lockport, N. Y., by M. G. O. Co., and sold by all druggists.

JOHN HODGE, Secretary.

LONDON HOUSE, RETAIL.

The following NEW GOODS opened to-day:

COLORED Hamburgs and Laces for Trimming, Grass Cloth Dress Materials, New Braids, Trimmings and Wool Fringes, New Umbrellas and Sunshades, New Frillings for the neck in enormous varieties, New Slipper Patterns and Working Canvas, New Regattas and Prints, and a large variety of other Goods, making the largest and most complete assortment in the city.

AT OUR USUAL LOW PRICES.

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New Goods! New Goods!!

MRS. L. C. WHEELOCK, has just opened a fresh assortment of-

DRESS GOODS,

Gloves, Hosiery, Haberdashery, Laces, Trimmings, Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Feathers, Grey and Bleached Cottons, Window Nets, &c., &c.

MILLINERY AT SHORTEST NOTICE.

BOOTS & SHOES

selling off at 20 per cent below usual prices.

Lawrencetown, June 13th, '76

BILL-HEADS, VISITING, WEDDING and BUSINESS CARDS, &c., &c., neatly and promptly printed at this office. Call and inspect samples of work.

IMPORTANT TO HORSE OWNERS!

Windgalls, Thorough Pin, &c, removd.

Within 24 hours, without causing pain, or leaving a trace of the operation. Also Sprains of all kinds, Rheumatic Pains, are instantly relieved by BELLAMY'S GREAT REMEDY for man or beast.—Preparation and pamphlet sent on receipt of $5.00.—Send stamp for Circular.—Address L. H. BELLAMY,
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AN OLD PHYSICIAN, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a Vegetable Remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, and all Throat and Lung affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a conscientious desire to relieve human suffering, he will send FREE OF CHARGE, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and successfully using. Sent by return mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper,
DR. C. STEVENS, Box 86, Brockville, Ont.

FARMERS LISTEN!

IF you wish to be happy and get good returns for your labor, get one of

JOHN HALL'S WOODEN PLOUGHS.

They are safe, prompt, and reliable. Ploughs made and repaired at short notice.
JOHN HALL.
Lawrencetown, April 25th, '77. 4i t5pd

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A Fresh Supply of

Oranges, Lemons

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DATES,

Also a large supply of

CONFECTIONERY,

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CLARK'S and RANKINE'S

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LYDIA C. WHEELOCK.

BRIDGETOWN, March 7th, '77

NEW GOODS.

READY-MADE CLOTH'G, BOOTS & SHOES, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, FLOUR, and CORNMEAL.

FRED LEAVITT.

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Produce Commission Merchant,

COLONIAL MARKET,

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Marbleized Slate Mantle Pieces,

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A large assortment of the above Goods always on hand, at the lowest possible prices. Catalogues on application.

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28 *and* 30 *St. Francis Xavier Street,*
sept20 1y] MONTREAL, QUE.

VISITING CARDS.

Neatly executed at the office of this paper.

Jokers' Corner.

Eloping women are said to belong to the hooking lady company.

A Vermonter, who had 4,874 fits, is a living proof of the survival of the fittest.

Why they call a sensational report a "canard" is because one canardly believes it.

"That point is not well taken," as the schoolmaster observed when he sat down on a pin.

At a recent masquerade out West all the girls unhitched their teeth to disguise their voice.

Why is a boy asking his father for small change for marbles like a wife seeking a divorce?—Because he wants alley-money.

"Ah, parson, I wish I could carry my gold with me," said a dying man to his pastor.

"It might melt," was the consoling answer.

A boy with a wart on the end of his nose was subjected to the blue glass bath, and at the end of twenty minutes the wart had entirely disappeared. P. S—So had the boy.

A sweet little boy, only eight years old, walked into a teachers' examination and bawled out:

"Annie, your fellow is down to the house."

When a man without cash or credit attempts to leave an hotel, and lowers his valise out of a back window by means of a rope, it makes charity seem cold to hear the voice of a landlord below, yelling,

"All right, I've got the valise; let go the rope."

Visitor—"Can I see Dr. Jones?"
Servant—"No, sir—he's not at home, sir."
Visitor—"Could I see his—er deputy?"
Servant—"Please, sir, you'd better wait till master comes home, as he don't like his things meddled with."

Lady (to shopman, after making him turn over all the stock)—"There, that's exactly the quality I want, but it is green, and I want plum color."

Insinuating shopman—"You can't do better than take this. Besides, ma'am, it is plum color.

Lady—"What? Plum color?"

Shopman—"Certainly. Only! the plums are not ripe."

Two barristers, of the names of Doyle and Yelverton, were constantly quarrelling before the bench. One day the dispute arose so high that the incensed Doyle knocked down his adversary, exclaiming, vehemently:

"You scoundrel, I'll make you behave like a gentleman!"

The other, smarting under the blow as he lay on the ground, energetically replied:

"No, never! I defy you! You cannot do it!"

"That bed is not long enough for me," said a very tall, gruff old Englishman, upon being ushered into his bedroom by an Irish waiter at one of our hotels.

"Faith an' you'll find it plenty long, sir, when you get into it, for then there'll be two feet more added to it."

Exit Pat, with a boot fetching up the rear.

There was a little boy last winter who watched with envious eyes his comrades slide down hill, while he, having no sled, was compelled to take up with an old chair or a barrel stave. His foster mother finally told him to pray for one. He took his mother's advice, and one evening prayed the following prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I want a sled; I pray the Lord my soul to keep I want a cutter."

The grandfather of the little fellow was informed of the prayer, and was so pleased that he bought a sled, and a few mornings after it was left by his bed, so that he could see it as soon as he awoke. As his eyes first rested upon it, the good lady behind the door was both surprised and shocked to hear him say:

"Well, now, where the devil did that come from?"

P. T. Barnum's band in its palmy days was celebrated for "doing" the worst playing heard. It was profitable however, as the following anecdote goes to show. One morning the papers contained an advertisement—"Wanted, a trombone player for Barnum's Balcony Band. Apply between ten and two at the office of the Museum." So about eleven o'clock the office door opened, and a trombone entered, and a man behind it. "You want a trombone player?" inquired the new comer. "Yes," replied Mr. Barnum. "What is the place worth?" asked the applicant. "Oh, about twenty-five dollars a week, I suppose," said Barnum. "Very well, I should like it." "All right," said Barnum; and all the week through, the trombone was at its post. Then came Saturday, and Mr. Green, the trombone player, presented himself for his salary. Mr. Barnum handed him a paper on which was written, "Mr. P. Green to Mr. P. T. Barnum—To playing trombone on his balcony one week, 25 dollars. Received payment, August 11, 1852." Mr. Green read the bill, smiled, and then looked at Barnum. "Well," said Mr. Barnum, "it's all right, isn't it?" "Why," returned Green, "the place is right, but you have made such a funny mistake—you have made me the debtor instead of you." "I see no mistake in that," said Barnum. "You are the one that has made a mistake. You see the case is this. There are a good many gentlemen in this city who are fond of practising on bass instruments, but they cannot do so at home on account of the neighbors' objections. So I furnish them room on my balcony during so many hours per day, where it does no harm, the street being so very noisy, and they pay me a sum per week for my trouble in keeping the organization full. You must have thought me green to hire and pay such an infernal poor lot of players. However, as you appear to have been honestly mistaken, you can pay me ten dollars this week; but hereafter I can make no reduction." Mr. Green did not play the second week.

Agricultural.

THINNING FRUIT.

Thinning Fruit is another important work of the month, and is especially needed upon young trees just coming into bearing. That it will pay in many cases, there is no doubt. Just which kinds of fruit may be profitably thinned can only be learned by experience. With choice pears and with peaches it will generally give good returns.

PRUNING.

If large limbs are to be removed from neglected trees, this month or next (according to locality—at any rate, when the spring growth is made and the leaves have attained full size and substance) is by many preferred for the work, as wounds now heal rapidly. Cut all large wounds smooth with a drawing knife, and cover with shellac varnish, melted grafting wax, or thick paint.

FIGHT WITH INSECTS.

If a chap offers to sell you something to put on the trees to kill borers in the tree, tell him to "git." If one wants you to buy a recipe for a "tree invigorator," you may pay $5 for directions to mix soft soap, sulphur, and copperas, to paint on trees—but you had better show him the front gate. If some friend tells you to bore an inch and a quarter hole in the tree (mind the size), put in a lump of sulpher, or a teaspoonful of calomel, and then put in a pine plug, (be sure and use pine, for a cork might spoil the job), and that you can thus so sulphurize or mercurialize the plums that the curculio won't hurt them—don't do it. If people only understood the ways of insects and more about "matters and things in general," they would throw away no money on useless applications, and waste no time in spoiling their trees with auger holes.

As to *Curculios*, there is but one way with them thus far known. After hundreds of experiments by careful men, with every proposed medication, application, and botheration, nothing but catching and killing is of the slightest use. Some of them may be caught by smoothing the ground around the trees and placing pieces of board here and there; those that hide under these boards may be caught and killed. Still many will go upon the trees, and these must be jarred off early in the morning, caught on a cloth and then killed.

Borers do not breed in the tree, as some suppose. Every borer in the tree went in. The parent, winged insect, laid the egg on the bark, the little borer hatched out, at once bored its way into the tree, and there it will stay until it comes out as a perfect insect, or is cut out or is punched to death in the hole. But please observe no patent stuff that is to be laid in the crotch of the tree, no stuff that you may paint on the trunk, no "invigorator," or any thing that you apply to the soil to be taken up by the roots and thus poison the borer, will be of any earthly use. While you are fussing with such treatment, the borer is quietly at work, perhaps stopping now and then, to laugh at the folly of the performance. Cut with knife and punch with wire.—*American Agriculturist.*

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