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Patrons answering or in any way corresponding with those advertising in these columns will oblige us by saying they saw the advertisement in these columns.

THE GRANGE.

Brother Patrons are requested to contribute for this column, and to send their communications direct to the office of publication, Welland, Ont.

There are 101 granges in Mississippi in good condition.

Through the influence of the Grange in Mississippi the legislature has passed a law forbidding members of the legislature from accepting free passes.

If members of the Grange will all remember that none are infallible, and that to be in error is not a disgrace provided we are ready to correct the error, there never would be any ill feeling awakened in Grange discussions.

A LETTER FROM A BROTHER

EDITOR CANADIAN FARMER.—Some time since, as one of your correspondents, I was proud of the Grange columns; they were filled with matters of interest, relating to agriculturists generally. I suppose the hurry and labor, caused by an abundant harvest, has occupied the time of many of your correspondents and caused them to feel weary. The hurrying season will soon pass away and I trust they will again supply you with more correspondence than ever. I wish, Mr. Editor, to suggest that our brethren and sisters give us little historical accounts of the inception, formation and successful working of their Granges. Tell us through the columns of the FARMER what discussions on agricultural and other subjects have been held, their results, de-

cisions, etc. This knowledge will furnish subjects for discussion in other Granges, when at times (at least with us), they find it difficult to get subjects. We open our Lodge regularly, and, after the transaction of important business, proceed to the pleasanter part of our work, and "for the good of the order" we have essays, readings, instrumental music and debates before closing. Later I will give an account of our discussions and general programme, hoping other brothers will do the same. Fraternally, &c., H

A SHOWER OF BEETLES.

Men who go down to the sea in ships most decidedly see some strange sights, nor are the yarns they spin a whit less strange. No exception to the rule of sailors is Commodore Temple, of the United States Navy, who, some nights ago, sailing on the vasty deep, heard a pattering as of a heavy rain falling on deck. He got up to reconnoitre and found himself assailed with missiles on all sides, which he at first took to be hailstones, but which proved to be beetles. The commodore was so disconcerted by this that he "piped all hands," but, as our contemporary from whose columns we read this marvellous tale, says, the men no sooner came on deck and got struck by the flying beetles than they bolted in terror. The captain determined to have the matter out, though his face was well-nigh pounded to a jelly, besides being bitten and stung. He discovered that he was sailing through the midst of a shower of beetles, which seemed to get thicker every minute. In fact, the living storm got so dense that he was unable to see a pipe lighter when he applied it to the end of his meerschaum. The insects swarmed down into the cabin and engine room and completely stopped the machinery. After an hour of this sort of fun, the storm passed over. It was then found that the beetles, which were not much larger than a grasshopper, covered the deck in a solid mass to the depth of two feet, while the yards and shrouds were smeared with them, smeared to a sort of yellow paste. It was fully a day before the sailors could quite rid the ship of them, and a large shoal of fish swam behind the vessel, waiting to swallow the "quash bugs" as they were pitched overboard.

GRANGE NOTES.

From Maine to Texas and from Florida to California, there comes to us reports and other evidence of growth and improvement in the work of our Order. On the flood-tide of the Grange much material was admitted that added weakness rather than strength. Every element sought admission, much of it for a mercenary purpose. Curiosity seekers came in by the scores and by battalion. Shiftless shirkers sought the food of the order that their threadbare fortunes might be recuperated at the expense of the more frugal. Financiers assuming ability to run a bank, came into the Grange to aid in co-operative enterprises, inspiring fallacious hopes of fame and fortune in those less versed in doubtful financial methods. Statesmen, because of their unrecognized abilities, sought admission that the world might learn what great lights had been smothered to subserve the purpose of meaner men.

Thus was it that the flood-tide of the Order. Thus it was at one decayed since. The turbid current flowed as if some mighty flood had swept the land. From the hills and brushwood slopes dirt and drift-wood gathered to the choked-up

channel. Confusion sat in council, and exact was paid to cunning rogues. When the hope of place and greedy gain, fostered in ungainly hearts; had perished amid the wrecks of their own handiwork, the floods subsided, and the flocks of men and women faded out of council, like millers from a light extinguished.

From 1877 to 1880 the ranks of patrons ran so low that predictions hatched on every hand, declared the "farmers' bubble busted." But the current only cleared, as when the floods have passed, revealing greater beauty in the stream below. Since then, our cause has labored upward as the star-gazer climbs the mountain for a clearer sky. Like new springs gushing through the mountain, conceptions higher and more ennobling are continually welling up along the pathway of the Grange. Its principles are being broadened and more fully understood; hence it is, that recruits of the best material are coming into the fold. What this new-awakening and our purposes better understood, our hope for the future is brighter than ever before. To the end that all farmers may ultimately be united in one common bond of brotherhood, let each patron labor faithfully in the field white unto the harvest.

There is so much of truth in the above, from the *California Patron*, we give it space in our columns.

SEPTEMBER SUBJECT FOR DISCUSSION BY THE NATIONAL LECTURER.

Ques.—What are the political duties of patrons?

Suggestion.—In uniting with the Order of Patrons of Husbandry, we neither surrender nor abandon any of the political rights and privileges guaranteed to every citizen, neither are we in any degree relieved from any of the political duties and responsibilities attached to citizenship.

The educational work of the Grange should enable us to better understand and more highly appreciate our political rights and duties. And honesty demands that we exercise these rights and discharge these duties upon the principles of justice and dictation of conscience regardless of dictatorial matters.

It matters not so much what we pretend or profess to be politically as it does what we are and do politically. It matters not so much whether we belong to or claim to be free from party affiliations as it does what we ourselves do in party or independent of party.

If we belong to a party, it is our bounden duty, as good citizens and patrons to exert ourselves manfully in securing the very best material in the party for the public service. Men of undoubted integrity in whose hands we can safely trust our interest and the public welfare. If we act independent of party, then direct those acts in a channel where they will accomplish most good.

Patrons are not justified to remain in political inactivity, nor trifle with the sacred rights of the elective franchise.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS.

Don't worry. Don't overwork.
Don't make the field too broad.
Be wary of dealings with unsuccessful men.

Make friends, but don't encourage favorites.

Keep down expenses, but don't be penurious.

Keep a high vitality. Sleep well, eat well, enjoy life.

Stick in your chosen pursuit, but not to chosen methods.

Don't tell what you are going to do—till you have done it.

Enter your charges when the goods are sold. Don't wait.

Make plans for a little way ahead, but don't cast them in iron.

Be content with small beginnings—and be sure to develop them.

Don't take fresh risks to retrieve your losses. Cut them off short.

Be cautious, but when you make a bargain, make it quietly and boldly.

A regular system of sending out bills and statements is more effective than spasmodic dunning.

Have a proper division of work, and neither interfere nor permit interference with your employees.

It is better for your credit to postpone payment squarely than to pretend to pay by giving a check dated ahead.

THE AGRICULTURAL DONE.

Don't plow deep unless you have clover or coarse manure to put down in the furrow.

Don't attempt to fertilize two acres with the manure which should go upon one.

Don't depend upon one kind of crop for all the profits of the year.

Don't, if it is possible to avoid it, enter upon the benefits of a crop until it is grown and marketed.

Don't build a big house until you have a correspondingly big barn on the farm.

Don't buy a fast horse for the road till you have a good team to leave at home.

Don't sign any paper for a stranger or a new acquaintance.

Don't take less than twenty minutes at the table, but don't be gorging food all that time.

Don't harrow up the feelings of the wife by compelling her to pick up wood in summer; she may "pick up" a scanty meal—which would not be agreeable.

Don't depend upon a rainy day to take care of farm tools, but have them always in order.

Don't talk while you work, unless you do both at the same time. If either must be left, leave the talk.

FUNNEGRAMS.

"I love you got quail on toast?" asked a seedy looking party as he entered a restaurant the other day. "Have you got an angle on silver?" asked the proprietor. And the conference adjourned *sine die*.

"My dear Miss A., this ring, which I would ask you to accept of me, is emblematic of my love for you, it has no end." "Thank you very much Mr. B., it curiously resembles my love for you; it has no beginning."

"You can do anything if you have patience," said an old uncle who had made a fortune, to his nephew who had nearly spent one. "Where may be carried in a sieve if you only wait." "How long?" asked the patient spendthrift. "Till it freezes," was the cold reply.

The judge got home rather late the other evening and found a young fellow sitting on the sofa with the "sole daughter of his house and heart." "Well," said the judicial gentleman, "What are you doing here?" "I have come into court, your honor, for the defendant," was the ready reply.

"Doctor," said the grateful patient, seizing the physician's hand, "I shall never forget that to you I owe my life." "You exaggerate," said the doctor mildly; you only owe me for fifteen visits; that is the point which I hope you will not fail to remember.