

one of his converts. Nevertheless it was true that Father Wynn was somewhat loud and intolerant in his tolerance. It was true that he was a little more rough, a little more frank, a little more hearty, a little more impulsive than his disciples. It was true that often the proclamation of his extreme liberality and brotherly equality partook somewhat of an apology. It is true that a few who might have been most benefited by this kind of gospel regarded him with a singular disdain. It is true that his liberality was of an ornamental, insinuating quality, accompanied with but little sacrifice; his acceptance of a collection taken up in a gambling saloon for the rebuilding of his church destroyed by fire, gave him a popularity large enough, it must be confessed, to cover the sins of the gamblers themselves, but it was not proven that he had ever organized any form of relief. But it was true that local history somewhat accepted him as an exponent of mingling Christianity, without the least reference to the opinions of the Christian mission themselves.

The Rev. Mr. Wynn's liberal habits and opinions were not, however, shared by his only daughter, a motherless young lady of 18. Nellie Wynn was, in the eye of Excelsior, an unapproachable divinity, an inaccessible and cold as her father was impulsive and familiar. An atmosphere of chaste and proud virginity made itself felt even in the starched integrity of her spotless skirts, in her neatly gloved fingers tips, in her clear amber eyes, in her languid red lips, in her sensitive nostrils. Need it be said that the youth and middle age of Excelsior were madly, because apparently hopelessly, in love with her? For the rest, she had been expensively educated, was profoundly ignorant in two languages, with a trained misunderstanding of music and painting, and a natural and faultless taste in dress.

The Rev. Mr. Wynn was engaged in a characteristic hearty parting with one of his latest converts, upon his own doorstep, with admirable *à fresco* effect. He had just clasped him on his shoulder. "Good-by, good-by, my boy, and keep in the right path; not up, or down, or round the gulch, you know—no, ha!—but straight across lots to the shining gate." He had raised his voice under the stimulus of a few admiring spectators, and backed his convert playfully against the wall. "You see we're goin' to win—y'ou bet. Good-bye! I'd ask you to step in and have a chat, but I've got my work to do, and so have you. The Gospel must keep us from that—must it, Charley? he, ha!"

The convert (who elsewhere was a profane expression, and had become quite imbecile under Mr. Wynn's active heartiness and brotherly horse-play before spectators) managed, however, to feebly stammer with a bluish something about "Miss Nellie."

"Ah, Nellie. She, too, is at her teeth—trimming her lamps, you know the parable of the wise virgins," continued Father Wynn, hastily, fearing that the convert might take the illustration literally. "There, there—good-bye. Keep in the right path." And with a parting shove he dismissed Charley, and entered his own house.

That was virgin, Nellie, had evidently finished with the lamp, as she was fully dressed and gloved and had a pink parasol in her hand as her father entered the sitting room. His stiff heartiness seemed to fade away as he removed his soft broad-brimmed hat and glanced across the too fresh-looking apartment. There was a smell of mortar still in the air, and a faint suggestion that at any moment green grass might appear between the interstices of the red brick hearth. The room, yielding a little in the point of cold, seemed to share Miss Nellie's freshness, and, barring the pink parasol, set her off as in a vestal's cell.

"I supposed you wouldn't care to see Grace, the expressman, so I got rid of him at the door," said her father, drawing one of the new chairs toward him slowly, and sitting down carefully, as if it were a hitbent untried experiment.

Miss Nellie's face took a tint of interest. "Then he doesn't go with the coach to Indian Spring to-day?"

"No, why?"

"I thought of going over myself to get the Burnham girls to come to choir meeting," replied Miss Nellie, carelessly, "and he might have been company."

"He'd go now if he knew you were going," said her father, "but it's just as well he shouldn't be needlessly encouraged. I rather think that Sheriff Dunn is a little jealous of him. By the way, the sheriff is much better. I called to cheer him up to-day" (Mr. Wynn had, in fact, tumultuously accelerated the sick man's pulse), "and he talked of you as usual. In fact, he said he had only two things to get well for. One was to catch and hang that woman Teresa, who shot him; the other—can't you guess the other?" he added, archly, with a faint suggestion of his other manner.

Miss Nellie coldly could not.

The Rev. Mr. Wynn's archedness vanished. "Don't be a fool," he said, dryly. "He wants to marry you, and you know it."

"Most of the men here do," responded Miss Nellie, without the least trace of coquetry. "Is the wedding or the hanging to take place first, or together—so he can officiate at both?"

"His share in the Union Ditch is worth a \$100,000," continued her father, "and if he isn't nominated for District Judge this fall, he's bound to go to the Legislature anyway. I don't think a girl with your advantages and education can afford to throw away the chance of shining in Sacramento, San Francisco, or in good time, perhaps even Washington."

Miss Nellie's eyes did not reflect entire disapproval of this suggestion, although she replied with something of her father's practical quality.

"Mr. Dunn is not out of his bed yet, and they say Teresa's got away to Arizona, so there isn't any hurry."

"Perhaps not. But see here, Nellie, I've some important news for you. You know your young friend of the Outquines woods—Dormant, the botanist, eh? Well, Bruce knows all about him. And what do you think he is?"

Miss Nellie took upon herself a few extra degrees of cold, and didn't know.

"An Injin! An out-and-out-and-choro-kee. You see, he calls himself Dormant—Low Dorman. That's only French for 'sleeping water'—'Injin mean, 'Low Dorman'—"

and those Eastern clergymen as a magnificent specimen of a young Californian. You forget what an occasion you made of his coming to church on Sunday, and how you made him come in his buckskin shirt and walk down the street with you after service!"

"Yes, yes," said the Rev. Mr. Wynn, hurriedly.

"And," continued Nellie, carelessly, "how you made us sing out of the same book. 'Children of our Father's Fold,' and how you preached at him until he actually got a color!"

"Yes," said her father: "but it wasn't known then he was an Injin, and they are frightfully unpopular with these Southwestern men among whom we labor. Indeed, I am quite convinced that when Bruce said 'the only good Injin was a dead one,' his expression though extravagant perhaps, really reflected the sentiments of the majority. It would be only kindness to the unfortunate creature to warn him from exposing himself to their rude but conscientious antagonism."

"Perhaps you'd better tell him, then, in your own popular way, which they all seem to understand so well," responded the daughter. Mr. Wynn cast a quick glance at her, but there was no trace of irony in her face—nothing but a half-bored indifference as she walked toward the window.

"I will go with you to the coach office," said her father, who generally gave these simple paternal duties the pronounced character of a public Christian exercise.

"It's hardly worth while," replied Miss Nellie. "I've to stop at the Watsons', at the foot of the hill, and ask after the baby, so I shall go on to the Crossing and pick up the coach when it passes. Good-by."

Nevertheless, as soon as Nellie had departed, the Rev. Mr. Wynn proceeded to the coach office, and, publicly grasping the hand of Yuba Bill, the driver, commended his daughter to his care in the name of the universal brotherhood of man and the Christian fraternity. Carried away by his heartiness, he forgot his previous caution, and confided to the expressman Miss Nellie's regrets that she was not to have that gentleman's company. The result was that Miss Nellie found the coach with its passengers awaiting her with uplifted hats and wreathed smiles at the Crossing, and the box seat (from which an unfortunate stranger who had expensively paid for it, had been summarily ejected) at her service beside Yuba Bill, who had thrown away his cigar and donned a new pair of buckskin gloves to do her honor. But a more serious result to the young beauty was the effect of the Rev. Mr. Wynn's confidence upon the impulsive heart of Jack Bruce, the expressman. It has been already intimated that it was his "day off." Unable to summarily resume his usual functions beside the driver without some practical reason, and ashamed to go so palpably as a mere passenger, he was forced to let the coach proceed without him. Discomfited for the moment, he was not, however, beaten. He had lost the blissful journey by his side, which would have been his professional right, but—she was going to Indian Spring! could he not anticipate her there? Might this not be met in the most accidental manner? And what might not come from that meeting away from the prying eyes of Westport town? Mr. Bruce did not hesitate, but, adding his first Buckskin, by the time the stage had passed the Crossing in the high road he had mounted the hill and was dashing along the "cut off" in the same direction, a full mile in advance. Arriving at Indian Spring he left his horse at a Mexican *posado* on the confines of the settlement, and from the piled debris of a tunnel excavation awaited the slow arrival of the coach. On mature reflection he could give no reason why he had not boldly waited it at the Express office, except a certain bashful consciousness of his own folly, and a belief that it might be begrieving apparent to the bystanders. When the coach arrived and he had overcome this consciousness, it was too late.

(To be continued.)

The huge, drastic, gripping, eickening pills are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets." Sold by druggists, 22¢

The statement of the officers of Copeland a bankrupt, Boston, shows liabilities of \$2,101,000; assets \$1,603,000.

SCIPIO, N.Y., Dec. 1, 1879.

I am the Pastor of the Baptist Church here, and an educated physician. I am not in practice, but am sole family physician, and advise in many chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Albany's best physicians several years. She has become thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them.

REV. E. R. WARREN

Georgia has about 15,000 members of Masonic lodges.

OUR HABITS AND OUR CLIMATE.

All persons leading a sedentary and inactive life are more less subject to derangement of the Liver and Stomach which, if neglected in a changeable climate like ours, leads to chronic disease and ultimate misery. An occasional dose of McGALE'S Compound Bitter Pills, will stimulate the Liver to healthy action, tone up the Stomach and Digestive Organs, thereby giving life and vigor to the system generally. For sale everywhere. Price, 25¢ per box, five boxes \$1.00. Mailed free of postage on receipt of price in money or postage stamps.—B. E. McGALE, chemist, Montreal. 95¢

HANLAN AND COURNEY.

St. Louis, Aug. 9.—President St. John, of the Mott Club, the best rowing authority in the West, says Hanlan told him recently that at Chattanooga Courtney made a proposition that Hanlan for \$8,000 should lose the race. Hanlan agreed, intending to get Courtney on the water and beat him. A meeting to arrange details was fixed, which Hanlan did not attend, and within an hour it was announced that Courtney's boat was out.

WHY COURNEY SAWED HIS BOAT.

St. Louis, Aug. 8.—The *Globe-Democrat* reports an interview between its representative and the backer of Hanlan at the time of the noted race with Courtney. Hanlan's backer discloses that three races had been arranged between Courtney and Hanlan, the latter to win the first, the former to win the second, and the third to be given to the one whomsoever the most money was bet against. Hanlan accordingly won at Lachine, but at Chattanooga Hanlan, finding his friends betting on him, refused to stand by Courtney. The latter seeing he could not win sawed his boat.

By the use of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites the blood is speedily vitalized and purified, and so made capable of producing a sound mind and a sound body.

On Thursday a terrible boiler explosion occurred at Niagara with a loss of \$1,000,000. The explosion was caused by the bursting of a boiler in the power house of the Niagara Falls Power Co., near Port Williams, Ont., killing instantly P. Caldwell, and, by the light, fatally scalding and cutting Mr. L. Howland.

LETTER FROM MICHAEL DAVITT.

WELL KNOWN IRISHMEN

of pronounced patriotic sympathies residing in England and Scotland are, of course, not included in this category, as this class of our countrymen in Great Britain has given some of our ablest public men to the National Movement, such as Messrs. Healy, Justin McCarthy, John Barry and Arthur O'Connor. The objection I speak of is confined to men who have no record of work accomplished or attempted in England, in connection with the cause of Ireland, and whose only qualifications for an Irish constituency reside in a ready profession of fidelity to Mr. Parnell, and an ability to maintain themselves in London, during the session of Parliament. Mr. Parnell is not likely to select one of this type with whom to fight the O'Connor Don in a county where a formidable clerical element will be arrayed on the opposition side.

Opinion here in Dublin inclines to the putting forward of Mr. Edward Harrington, editor of the *Kerry Sentinel*, who has just been imprisoned by the Government in a most wanton disregard of the commonest sense of justice. John Dillon strongly favors such a candidature. It would be an emphatic protest against a contemptible act of petty vengeance on the part of Dublin Castle, while it would carry out the old theory of the Land League, that those who are singled out for political persecution by the English Government for their fidelity to Ireland should be selected by the Irish people for such honors as it is in their power to bestow. It was under exactly similar circumstances that his brother, Mr. Timothy Harrington, was elected, when in prison, for the County of Westmeath.

ENCOURAGING PROGRESS.

While pushing ahead towards the original goal of the Land League—the complete overthrow of the feudal land system—it refreshes the journey considerably to have to look back occasionally upon what were our two opposing parties at the beginning of the struggle now engaged in mutual conflict over the administration of the Land Act. The brand of discord which was so often flung into the councils of the National Party, in the past, by combined Whigs and Tories, is now hurled back into the West-English ranks, and we, who have so often allowed ourselves to be thus divided and weakened, are now witnessing the effects of a similar policy upon the following of our political adversaries. One day we are treated to hysterical cries of "A coalition party to the rescue!" as the danger of a compact Nationalist movement is desecrated upon by Liberal and Conservative organs; but when the gallant borough of Westford spurns the coalition candidate, the O'Connor Don, and gives its representation to a young man who is at present away beneath the Southern Cross, at work for Ireland, we find the would-be allies again upbraiding each other for the miserable pass to which they have both been brought.

The excuse of Lord—assembly of landlords—has selected its opinions (through a select committee, which was appointed last year to inquire into the working of the Land Act) on the way in which the Land Commission has administered that measure. The Commission is accused of having systematically resorted to partial judgments, by which rents have been invariably reduced, and landlords threatened with ruin. The Commissioners resort, at once, upon the Lords' committee, in the following spiky manner:

"It appears to the Commissioners," observe Mr. Justice O'Hagan, Messrs. Vernon and Litton and Lord Monck, "that the Lords' Committee have departed from the correct constitutional principle which protects the grounds of judicial decisions from being investigated by such a body as the Committee, and that, where the rule does not apply, they have lost sight of a principle quite as sacred, by condemning absent men without calling on them for their defence. They, therefore, submit that the report ought not to be regarded as an impartial verdict of a parliamentary tribunal." This language, to the House of Lords, for that assembly's opinion upon reductions of rent in Ireland, is resented by the landlord *Express*, and the Land Commissioners are lectured, in turn, for their "revolutionary" proceedings. "Everything connected with the Land Act," sighs the despairing champion of landlordism, "is a new, strange, revolutionary. It was new to depart from the principles of property and contract; it was strange to assert that the 'scientific generalizations of political economy' had no application to Ireland; it was revolutionary to do all this at the bidding of unscrupulous Land Leaguers. It was both new and strange, though not revolutionary; that the House of Lords should sit in judgment upon the action of courts which purported to be courts of justice."

But, perhaps, the strongest and the most revolutionary proceeding of all is that these judicial persons should rush into print to defend themselves against the verdict of a "Parliamentary tribunal!" To this LANDLORD INDICTMENT OF THE WHIG GOVERNMENT Land Court and its deluge of official Whig organ, the *Northern Whig*, replies; and when I peruse the following remarkable quotation by the observation that this identical journal is one of the bitterest foes of the Land League and war, in common with every other anti-national paper in Ireland, a supporter of landlordism previous to the land agitation, your readers will perceive how thorough the work of the past four years has been, and how near we are approaching to the final collapse of the landlord system of land tenure. As this question, from a journal hostile to the national cause, summarizes the work that has been so far accomplished in "the land war" between the Land League and Irish landlordism its admissions will be read with satisfaction by your Irish, and with interest, I hope, by your other thousands of readers who have had "the Irish question" constantly before them for some time back:

"There was a time when the great question was, 'What is to become of the tenant-farmers of Ireland?' The question is now, apparently, 'What is to become of the landlords?' They themselves, if we may judge by Lord Montague's paper read lately in a Dublin acknowledgment of the agrarian discontent of generations has at last produced a social revolution which has shaken the whole framework of Irish society. They declare that they do not know the people. The loyalty, the deference, the subsmissiveness, which conquests and confiscations of generations could not destroy, have given way under the pressure of an agrarian crisis without parallel in Irish history. In some parts of the west, as well as south, the peasant, it is said, will hardly touch his hat to his landlord. It is a great change from the time that four families, the Fitzgeralds of Kildare, the Boyles, the Ponsonbys and the Berksfords, as Mr. Froude tells us, by their county influence and their private boroughs, were the political sovereigns of Ireland. Now the landlord class has been swept almost completely out of political life, and the worst possible candi-

date for a county is a landlord. They have 'been practically effaced. It may seem ungenerous to remind them that in the day of their power they forgot themselves, and imagined that nothing could touch them in their position of privileged irresponsibility. They would take no warning; they would make no concessions; they were deaf to the appeals alike of justice and of compassion. But the time came at last—and it is a humiliating commentary on their worth as a class—that the whole land of Ireland had to be put in Chancery, as it were, to be taken so completely out of their hands that they are now powerless to evict and powerless to fix the rents paid for their lands. Even the *Times* has come to throw them over, suggesting that they were formerly kept as buffers between the Executive and the masses; but their power has been shattered, and the question now is, 'whether their intervention is any longer an advantage. The *Spectator* is almost justified in saying, in reference to the recent attitude of the landlords, that not only is their power of resistance gone, but that their wish to resist is going, and that they do not even care to maintain their territorial ascendancy.'

IT IS TRUE, AND SAD AS 'TIS TRUE, that we have not reached this stage in the settlement of the Irish land question without deplorable occurrences marking, in crimson stains, the steps of reform, and giving to the historian deeds of blood to record as well as evidences of social progress. For a time these acts that were but accidental to a movement which aimed at the abolition of a system to which agrarian crime and outrage were incidental, robbed us of external sympathy, by confounding the excesses of a contest with its essential character. Time, however, is rendering justice to the Land League. Its enemies have said and done their worst, but truth is at last asserting itself and reversing the aspersions of calumny by the force of unbiased fact and reason. Opinion, which forgot in moments of prejudiced feeling, that crime of an exceptional nature is born of exceptional laws of injustice, and no more exhibits itself in the social organism without cause than does inherited or induced disease in the human frame, is now arriving at the same philosophical conclusions as to the origin of Irish crime which Macaulay has drawn from similar acts of humanity in connection with every other social or political revolution from the beginning of society. "We deplore the outrages," wrote the great essayist, "which accompany revolutions. But the more violent the outrages, the more assured we are that a revolution is necessary. The violence of these outrages will always be proportioned to the ferocity and ignorance of the people; and the ferocity and ignorance of the people will be proportioned to the oppression and degradation under which they have been accustomed to live." "It is the nature of the Devil of tyranny to tear and rend the body which he leaves. Are the miseries of continued possession less horrible than the struggles of the tremendous exorcism?"

MICHAEL DAVITT.

FROM HAMILTON.—A gentleman writes: "I have suffered for four years with night losses and general weakness, caused by abuse. I had tried all the advertised medicines; and a number of eminent doctors, and found no relief or benefit. I have used twelve boxes of Mack's Magnetic Medicine, and am entirely restored." See advertisement in another column. For sale by Lavolette & Nelson.

GENERAL LYNCH.

LIMA, via GALVESTON, Aug. 10.—A telegram from Valparaiso announces the appointment of General Lynch as Vice Admiral. This is confirmed by subsequent despatches from Santiago. The President in a telegram congratulates General Lynch and Colonel Martorello upon their success at Huamachuco, and says that the victory will be doubly glorious if it leads to peace and the establishment of a regular government for Peru.

HOW TO TELL GENUINE FLORIDA WATER.

The true Florida water always comes with a little pamphlet wrapped around each bottle, and in the paper of the pamphlet are the words, "Lanman & Kemp, New York," water marked or stamped in pale transparent letters. Hold a leaf up to the light, and if genuine, you will see the above words. Do not buy if the words are not there, because it is not the real article. The water mark letters may be very pale, but by looking closely against the light, you cannot fail to see them.

A London correspondent sends to a New York paper the startling information that "Jenny Lind is growing old." It doesn't seem possible! and the report will not be credited in this country until it is corroborated by somebody more reliable than a London newspaper writer.

Cramps are immediately relieved by taking a teaspoonful of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer in a little milk and sugar; it takes about two minutes to relieve the worst cases.

It will be news to many lady readers to learn the value of ostrich leathers that are exported from the Cape. Last year over 253,000 pounds of leathers were exported, the value being \$1,093,989. This is sevenfold what it was ten years ago, so that the habit of wearing leathers must have grown.

What are the desirable qualities in a whisker dye? It must be convenient to use, easy to apply, impossible to rub off, elegant in appearance, and cheap in price. Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers unites in itself all these merits. Try it.

A new use has been found for cotton. Manufactured into duck it has been successfully introduced as a roofing material. Aside from its cheapness it possesses the advantage of lightness as compared with shingles or slats; it effectually excludes water, and it is said to be a non-conductor of heat.

THE LITTLE MODEL REPUBLIC.

VALPARAISO, CHILE.—Senator Ricardo Stiven, a leading commission merchant of this city, after having exhausted all other remedies has been completely cured of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-banisher. He makes this public.

The great Fisheries Exhibition in England brought out in view hundreds of big, strong, fishy fishermen, and some of the critics admired them and went into raptures over them, and then looked in despair at the little, insignificant and stolid-faced dudes who represent England in certain parts of London.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound ranks first as a curative agent in all complaints peculiar to women.

Captain Rhodes, who proposes to swim the Niagara with a life saving armor, starts from Salamanca, N.Y., for the Falls on Tuesday. He raised the armor by going over the dam on the Allegheny River, and is confident of success.

AGRICULTURAL.

FARMING OPERATIONS FOR AUGUST.

Harvesting the corn crops should almost mainly engage the farmer's attention this and the succeeding month.

Wheat, by being allowed to stand too long, or till fully or dead ripe, suffers much loss, not only by shedding, whereby all the prime grains are lost, but the sample is deteriorated in value, as the bran, by over-maturity, increases in thickness. Avoid cutting or binding in wet weather—it adds much to the beauty of the grain that the straw is perfectly dry when bound into sheaves; let the sheaves be made small, and care should be taken to draw out all succulent weeds before they are tied up.

Barley, from its quickly vegetating powers, is the grain of all others, the most liable to damage from a wet or damp harvest time, as it is particularly liable to grow both standing and in the sheaf; it should be on that account cut expeditiously in dry weather, bound and stooked when arrived at a sufficiently ripe state, which is indicated by the straw assuming a bright golden color, from nearly the bottom to the top, and the ear bending down. A favorable opportunity should be seized to save this crop at this period, for as soon as the entire ear leaves the straw it gets peculiarly brittle under the ear, and the slightest wind "shakes the barley."

Oats, being the hardest of all our cereal crops, takes least damage in bad weather; in fact, a shower is thought to improve the sample in color. At the same time, it should not be neglected on this account, as is too often the case. It should be cut much earlier than is usual, particularly those sorts which are more liable to shed than others, such as the potato and the black oat, which, weather permitting, should be cut while the grain is soft. Like the weather, it will fill and ripen in the sheaf and stook, and not be so liable to shed. When there is much grass in oats a good way to win or dry the crop is not to tie and stook the sheaves in the usual manner, but to set each sheaf on its end by itself, tied by the top and spread round in the shape of a best-kept and left in this way for a few days, when, if dry, it may be tied and stooked, or if the weather were fair, left until fit for stacking, when the sheaves may be tied and carried to the baggard. Oats so full of grass that in the usual way they could scarcely ever have been dried sufficiently well for stacking have often been made perfectly sound by the above plan.

Oats are much more liable to shed than most other grain, and in favorable localities lie sooner ripe than wheat. When the straw turns from a bright yellow to a whitish yellow color, and the first and second knots assume a yellow color, instead of the bluish green one, it should be reaped, bound immediately into small sheaves, and stooked, and the less handling it gets afterwards the better.

Peas are fit for reaping when the lowermost pods are ripe, for if the crop is left standing till the upper pods are ripe, the bottom ones will burst, and the most valuable portion of the seed be lost; after being cut they should be left in the eard, and only once turned, from the liability of the ripe pods bursting; when sufficiently dry let them be housed or stacked at once; it is desirable to give this crop as little handling or tossing as possible, as every shift they get the prime grain is lost. The straw makes excellent fodder, when chaffed, for cows or horses.

BEANS.—Unless in very favorable localities, beans seldom ripen in this country sooner than the end of September. They require very dry weather in the harvesting. When the leaves begin to lose their green color, and the bottom, or greater portion of the pods, turns black, the crop should be reaped with a sickle, bound into small sheaves with straw bands, and set up in stooks to dry.

STACKING.—When thoroughly dry, lose no time in carrying the corn to the hedges and stacking it. Round stacks of a size only to be easily secured at once in the barn, are best. Let the sheaves be long and the heads short; and no time should be lost in well and securely thatching stacks immediately after their formation is completed.

GRAIN CHOPPS.—The greatest possible attention is requisite this month to the weeding and hoeing, both by hand and horse-hoe, of the crops of parsnips, carrots, turnips, mangel, cabbage, &c.

Stable turnips, or the yellow early Altringham turnip, can be sown after peas, beans, or corn crops. Where desirable, they give a plentiful supply to sheep, particularly ewes with early lambs, in November, December, and January.

CABBAGE has become, like parsnips and carrots, as much a farm crop as it has been hitherto a garden one. It will be, therefore, necessary that sowings be made as early in the month as possible. Early York, Wellington, Norpareil, Fulham, or Yanack, some for planting out early in October, to come in early, and the greater portion should be kept over for planting out in February and March for a general crop. The drumhead, green Savoy, hundred-headed cabbage, and borecole, for planting out during the spring months for a general late crop.

LAYING DOWN WITH CLOVER AND GRASS SEEDS.—This month is the best in the year for laying down with permanent grass seeds. There are many chances against spring-town seeds; but those sown at this season have everything in their favor. The ground should be well pulverized and thoroughly cleaned for their reception. A little rape seed may be sown amongst grass seeds at this period with advantage—say about 4 lbs per Irish acre, if the land be rich; if poor, double that quantity may be sown.

RAPE may be sown till the middle of next month, but the earlier the better. On stubble land it may be of much advantage to apply some manure; plough it in lightly; harrow and roll; sow the seed at the rate of from 10 lbs per statute acre to 20 lbs per Irish acre; bush-harrow and roll; if the land be dry, plough into wide sets; but if inclined to wet, plough into eight feet ridges, with the furrows well cleaned out. Where the precaution was taken of sowing rape seed early in June, much more valuable crops will be obtained by transplanting it, particularly if some manure can be applied. Plough the stubbles as soon as the corn is out and removed; have ready the rape plants, and place some active boys or girls along the lines of ploughing, each having a bundle of plants; let them lay the plants in every third furrow, fifteen inches apart from plant. Man with three-pronged forks put a little manure on the roof of each plant; the next turn of the plough covers the roots. Or the land may be treated in the same manner as for turnips, by ploughing harrowing, opening drills, depositing the manure and seed there, and plant the rape plants on the crown of the drill. Excellent stolen crops are grown in this way for cows and sheep, and they are particularly valuable at the time ewes are lambing.

DAIRY COWS during hot weather in this and previous month should be housed in the best of the day and supplied with green food. They will be let out to the pasture in the cool of the evening.



KIDNEYS, LIVER & URINARY ORGANS.

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—whatever it may be. The great medical art authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these therefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Heretofore WALKER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, and all the ailments which have no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions sold as just as good. For Diabetes ask for WALKER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE. For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Toronto, Ont., Rochester N.Y., London, Eng.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED



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