

## FARMERS, WHEAT, TARIFF.

## How They Have Stood Toward One Another of Late.

## PRICES OF FLOUR AND WHEAT.

The free traders of Canada and, indeed, many who are not free traders, have always contended that the farmers of this country, which exports large surpluses of grain and other farm produce annually, could not benefit by protective duties on their productions, says the Montreal Witness. Canada always has a surplus which has to be sold abroad, and the market in which the surplus is sold governs the price, and that market is England, which buys her food from those who sell cheapest. England's demand and the world's surplus therefore govern the price received by the farmers all over the world who raise produce for export, and the price is the lowest that the produce can be bought at with all competing. The Canadian Government cannot protect the Canadian farmers' market from competition, for that market is England, where her surplus is sold.

If anything were needed to bring home this truth to the minds of the farmers of Canada, this year's experience would have done so. Last fall our farmers had a fair crop of wheat, and Canada, like other agricultural countries, had wheat for export. During the fall and winter months, when farmers sell their wheat, the prices were very low in Canada, as well as all over the world, as the English markets were depressed owing to large offerings and general expectations of large supplies. The great bulk of wheat grown in Canada passed during those months from the hands of the farmers to those of the exporters and millers at the almost unprecedented low figures ruling during that period. This spring, in consequence of a series of droughts and early frosts, enhanced by discoveries that stocks in store were reputedly smaller than they were generally believed to be, the price of wheat advanced very rapidly and steadily for a couple of months. With stocks in the hands of a few exporters and millers, it was easy enough to facilitate the advance in price, and as there were no farmers with wheat to sell there was no outpouring of wheat on the market to check the rise in price. With the stocks in their hands, and with a whole people dependent upon them for bread, it has been easy for the exporters and millers to put up prices and keep them up while they sold the flour or held on to the wheat for a further rise in the British markets, which our own had outstripped.

There is a protective duty on flour, so that Canadian flour for home use could be kept away above the price of flour in the United States without any danger of competition up to a certain point. Thus, the consumers of Canada, including the farmers, have been compelled by the protective duties in a year of cheap wheat as well as of the general depression to pay high prices for bread, prices made higher by protective duties. The farmers, far from benefiting by the protective duties, have been subjected, as well as other people, to the extortions made possible by protection. In fact, it seems doubly hard upon them, for, having sold their wheat at unprecedentedly low prices seven or nine months ago, they are now compelled to pay very high prices for the flour manufactured from the wheat which they sold at a price not much, if anything, higher than the cost of production. Thus, in the course of one year, the farmers sold their wheat at low prices fixed by foreign competition in the outside world's markets and were compelled to pay high protectionist prices for the flour which they themselves had produced. That is the experience this year of hundreds of thousands of Canadian farmers, and its effects will probably be made manifest at the next general elections, when they will be given the chance for which they have longed to vote for the abolition of protection and the establishment of a revenue tariff which will be fair to all classes while favoring none. That the farmers of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories have had a pretty convincing experience this year of the disadvantages to them of protection may be gathered from an article on the wheat and flour trade of Manitoba, which we occupy from the Winnipeg Tribune.

## A FRIEND OF ST. PETER.

The following joke is told on a well-known physician. A lady patient greeted him with the remark: "Doctor, I had such a singular dream about you last night." "Indeed? What was it?" "Why, I dreamed that I died and went to heaven. I knocked at the golden gate and was answered by Peter, who asked my name and address and told the recording angel to write the book. He had considerable difficulty in finding my name, and hesitated so long over the entry when he did find it that I was terribly afraid that something was wrong; but he suddenly looked up and asked: 'What did you say your name was?' I told him again. 'Why, he said, you have no business here. You are not due there 10 or 15 years yet.' 'Well,' said I, 'Dr. ——— said, 'Oh, you're one of his patients, are you? That accounts for it. Come right in! That man's always upsetting our calculations in some way.'"

## Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for palpitation, shortness of breath, smothering spells, pain in left side and all symptoms of a diseased heart. One dose convinces. Sold by H. Spencer Case, No. 50 King street.

## TO SMOKING STUDENTS.

A general professor once remarked to his students: "Smoke away, gentlemen; it does not annoy me in the least. I look upon tobacco in the same light as hay. I don't eat it myself, but I like to see others enjoy it." There is a new, y-valled hint behind the professor's seemingly affable observation: that his opinion the youths were merely smoking beasts of themselves in indulging in this seductive habit.—Cambridge Journal.

## NOR COULD SHE VISIT HER.

Adam—I have to go out for a while tonight. I like to see you when I come back I'll get a divorce. Eve—There's one thing that you can't do, Adam. Adam—What's that? Eve—You can't send me back to my mother.

## METHODS OF FOOTPADS IN PARIS.

## Danger to the Pedestrian Who Remains Late in the Streets.

The streets of Paris, between the midnight hours and the morning hours, are notoriously unsafe for the pedestrian. Every day there are cases of nocturnal robbery and sometimes murder reported to the police. That department, however, is inclined to make light of these, and say that if a man minds his own business and keeps sober he need never fear robbery or assault. This is true, in the main, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the stranger is apt to be waylaid and despoiled if he walks the streets of Paris late at night and alone.

It is of ancient standing—the had reputation of the streets of Paris at night. Tallemant des Reaux, writing of Paris as he knew it at the commencement of the seventeenth century, tells of the great lords who permitted their servants to roam the streets adjacent to their palaces after nightfall and to plunder belated pedestrians. Nicholas Boleau, in the "Embaras de Paris," said that as soon as darkness came the thieves issued from their hiding places and swarmed over the city.

Though there are few dark and narrow streets in the Paris of to-day there are plenty of footpads on the alert to plunder the belated pedestrian, and if his outward appearance promises much booty six or eight thieves will sometimes quarrel over his picking. The flâneur who roams more cowardly, but displays greater ingenuity than his predecessor in doublet and hose. They take care to provide as many methods of escape as possible, or, if caught, to have good circumstantial evidence on their side. They generally hunt in pairs. One of the favorite methods is to make the acquaintance in some drinking place or concert hall of a man who shows a willingness to drink and spend money. After they have sworn friendship over a bottle of wine the three leave the café together. The victim is kept closely engaged in conversation, and falls to notice that he is being taken into a comparatively unfrequented street. Suddenly his companions grow angry and assault at something he says, and one of them deals him a blow. Then the other takes a hand, and in less time than it takes to tell the helpless simpleton is lying unconscious on the stones, minus his valuables and most of his clothing, and the thieves have disappeared.

Sometimes a policeman comes up he would think it only a commonplace drunken brawl and give it no attention, for such is the custom. The actual theft is accomplished with such dispatch that there is little chance of the robbers being caught in the act, but if they should be they set up the defence that they are good Samaritans who found a man senseless in the street.

If the victim should make an outcry the chances are that instead of two or three policemen a similar number of other thieves would come running up, and he would be yet more cruelly maltreated. If a Parisian passer-by should chance to be a witness of any of the final scenes of this rapid and daring drama, his worldly-wisdom would cause him to give the ground as wide berth as possible, and like the policeman, console a conscience with the thought that it was only a drunken quarrel. When the victim leaves the hospital and goes to make a complaint at the commissariat, about the only comfort he is likely to receive is that he should profit by his lesson.

In the outskirts of the city the highway robbers take on a bolder form, and the "Trick of Father Francis" is the favorite method. This is played with a long band of thick, strong cloth. One thief steals up behind the victim and casts the cloth over his head and about his neck. A quick jerk, which frequently breaks the neck, and a cruel tightening of the cloth about the victim's throat render outcry impossible, while the second thief runs his hands through the pockets of the unfortunate wayfarer.

In another portion of his work M. Paulraud laid down some very good rules, which would be as applicable to the inhabitants of any populous city. "The first precaution to be taken," says M. Paulraud, "is not to give ear to any proposition, and above all, not to respond even to obscenity and invective. 'Hard words break no bones.' After 2 o'clock in the morning all honest drunkards are asleep in jail, and the thief who takes advantage of the sidewalk is dangerous, for under the drunkard's festive exterior may be concealed a desperate criminal, whose 'trick' is to run into and disrobe his victim."

## SCISSORED FROM "TOWN TOPICS."

Strephon—I've come to ask you for your daughter's hand. Paterfamilias—Why didn't you keep it when you had hold of it last night?

Miss Sweetthing—Don't you think bloomers are very objectionable? Miss Goliath—Yes; they hide one's shape so!

This is the summer of our discontent—The saddest, hottest time of all the year—I've got a chronic eighteen-dollar thirst. And not a blooming cent to buy a beer.

Blynker—I imagine that Tootles and his wife are about the happiest matched couple in town. Wynter—What makes you think so? Blynker—They don't see each other more than once a week, and then only for a few minutes at breakfast.

Jimmyboy—Mr. Freshleigh must be very solid with my sister Nelly. Mr. Quizzerby—What makes you think so? Jimmyboy—I could tell by the way they bit the ground when the ham-mock broke last night.

HARD TIMES. Some say "times are hard." So is a cake of ice, but you can melt it. Geo. Parke, corner MacNab and York streets, has softened the hard times to the general public by close cut prices on all patent medicines. Dr. Howard's Beef, Iron and Wine, \$1 size for 50c., is a special bargain.

The Russian crown was made by an old-time Genevise court jeweler named Paulze. It was first worn by Catherine the Great. It is worth \$6,000,000.

## THE CURLERS' SONG.

More than thirty-five years ago, the late John Addison composed the following song for the Burlington Curling Club. A printed copy of it was found among the effects of the late William Farmer, whose name is mentioned in the song:

The summer is ended,  
The harvest is past,  
And winter has come on  
With its cold Norian blast;  
The bay is frozen over,  
And the Mountain's clad in snow;  
Then get your stanes and brooms,  
For a curling we will go.

Chorus:  
And we'll a' go a' curling,  
Curling, boys, curling;  
And we'll curl, and we'll conquer;  
With our stanes upon the Tee.

John Frost has decreed  
That the masons cannot build,  
The gardeners cannot sow,  
And the farmers can't get tilled;  
The merchants plainly tell us  
That the stranger is apt to be waylaid and despoiled if he walks the streets of Paris late at night and alone.

Below our Patron's castle,  
Our skis are on the Tee,  
With friendship in their bosom,  
Though war be in their eye;  
The cry hallo, boys, hallo!  
Get your stanes and your brooms,  
For a curling we must go.

Chorus:  
Now the first skip he cries,  
At the top of his voice,  
Be cautious, William Farmer,  
For you must lead the ice.  
O, man, it's weel laid down—  
I'm afraid it's rather slow—  
But it's coming nicely in, Sir,  
It's just the very go.

Chorus:  
Now the second skip, he cries,  
Keep this stone in your view;  
The first again replies  
That he'll see him nicely through.  
The chief is roaring wild,  
He's away among the snow,  
He's a little to one side—  
The way that curlers sometimes go.

Chorus:  
Now a guard must be laid,  
About two yards back or more;  
Be cautious, we'll sweep you  
Just o'er the hog score.  
Sweep him, boys, sweep him,  
But the Skip he cries "no,"  
For he now lies a guard,  
And defies the coming foe.

Chorus:  
The winner's safely in now,  
And down he lies in ecstasy,  
The other looking blue;  
But an in-wick takes the winner out,  
And drives him to the snow,  
The hills rebound the deafening sound,  
Hallo, boys, hallo!

Chorus:  
And thus the game's contested,  
From noon till dark at e'en,  
Then with a drop of Mountain Dew  
We toast our Gracious Queen;  
Likewise our noble Patron,  
He's a good old hearty Joe,  
And when he comes back from England,  
A curling we will go.

Chorus:  
Then a bumper to curlers  
The whole world o'er,  
May they always get freely  
Across the hog score;  
And though old age creeps on,  
I'm sure they'll all agree,  
That when and man feels young again,  
When his stanes are on the Tee.

Chorus:  
Hail, boys, hallo!

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Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

## Castoria.

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## Castoria.

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