been trapped into a contract we little dreamed or. The \$12 demanded by the agent was really only the first instalment, according to the terms of the procious document. All explanations and protestations on our part were useless. We offered to pay for the few trial numbers, provided the contracts the agents held were returned to us. This they refused to do. They threatened "to sue," and succeeded in bulldozing a few persons into paying. But the most of us declined to be swindled in this manner, and now propose to let them bring the matter into the court, and we shall abide the decision of the judge or a jury of farmers selected from our county. From a recent issue of the RURAL CANADIAN we learn that this so-called "Art Publishing Co." is composed of H. Belden and R. B. Belden, the notorious Yankee Atlas publishers, whose former swindling in the Atlas business among the farmers of Ontario and Quebec made it necessary for them to disguise their real names under the title of "Art Publishing Co.," in order to do further business among Canadians, and also that nearly the entire work, "Picturesque Canada," has been manufactured in New York, where the senior member of the firm permanently resides. We, therefore, warn our brother farmers throughout the Dominion of the manner by which this swindle is being perpetrated, that they may be on their guard if any agents of this company give them a call which they, no doubt, will do within a few months, as they are now operating in other counties.

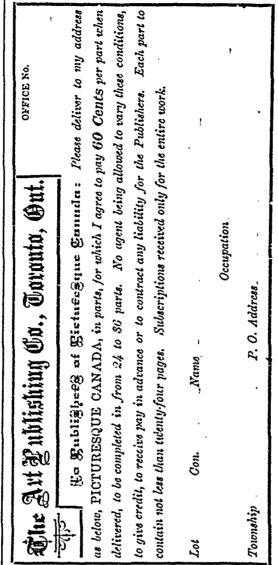
Wm. Ray, Lakefield; Thos. Blezard, M.P.P., for East Peterboro', refused; Hugh Davidson, farmer, Peterboro', bulldozed; James Sanderson, farmer, Lakefield, refused; S. Nelson, farmer, Lakefield, refused; J. Garbet, farmer, Peterboro', refused; Samuel Rosborough, farmer, Peterboro', bulldozed; James McGibbon, farmer, Peterboro', refused; W. R. Norish, farmer, Lakefield, refused; Thomas Dugan, farmer, Lakefield, refused; Robt. Moore, farmer, Selwin, bulldozed; R. H. Braden, farmer, Selwin; Thomas Hetherington, farmer, Young's Point, refused; Richard Freeborn, farmer, Selwin, bulldozed , Mordecai Blewett, farmer. Young's Point, refused; Robt. Nugent, farmer, Selwin, refused; Joseph Nugent, farmer, Selwin, refused; Nathan McIlmoyl, farmer, Selwin, reiused; Wm. Preston, farmer, Selwin, bulldozed; Gerald Fitzgerald, Selwin, refused.

I hereby certify that the farmers who have signed the above letter are among the most responsible and trustworthy in the County of Peter-W. C. SAUNDERS,

Clerk of the Municipality of Lakefield,

Below will be found a fac-similie of the "castiron contract" used by Beldens' agents. When persuading the farmers they only want their names and addresses to send them sample copies of "Picturesque Canada," as explained in a communication in another column. In laying the facts of this disgraceful business before our readers, we have no intention or desire to interfere with the sale of the above work. We simply wish to prevent imposition. The plea that the canvassing agents are alone responsible is not tenable. We have ample proofs that in many instances those agents have been specially instructed by the individual members of the firm to get the names anyway they could, and they (the Beldens) would assume the risk of forcing the contract. Knowing this it seems a duty to inform our readers—who are chiefly among the farming community -that when they place their name on those contracts, they are, in effect, signing a note for \$21.60, payable on demand; so they may not be deceived by the representations held out to them when visited by the Beldens' agents. When the work, "Picturesque Canada," was first projected, those who knew the Beldens predicted it would be may be carried on as opportunity is given.

another "Atlas" trick before it was ended. The late experience of unwilling "subscribers' has proven that the leopard cannot change his spots. Farmers will do well to preserve this paper for future reference.



PURE WATER.

The value of pure water for the stock, at this season of the year, cannot be over estimated. A number of careful experiments made by M. Dancel, and given to the French Academy of Science, go to show that the amount of milk obtained is approximately proportioned to the quality of water drunk, and that the yield of milk can be increased to a considerable extent without deteriorating in value, by inducing milch cows to take an abundant quantity of water. Indeed, M. Dancel maintains that a cow that does not commonly drink as much as twenty-seven quarts of water a day is necessarily a poor milker, while a cow that drinks as much as fifty quarts daily is sure to be an excellent milker. Stagnant water, and that from standing pools and small ponds, is always, more or less, foul in summer time, and even though abundant in quantity and easy of access, has an injurious effect on the flavour of dairy products. Often cows seem to prefer such liquid even to clar, running water, but experience abundantly shows that when milch cows have access to such pools, a first-class article of butter or cheese cannot be made from the milk, which is sometimes found to be absolutely unwholesome.

Draining is work that can be taken up or laid down and finished piecemeal, providing one goes the right way about it. And the right way is to begin at the outlet, making the drain at deep as the lay of the land allows, so as to secure a good fall. It may be finished in sections of fifty or a hundred feet, providing that care is taken to make the inlet safe, and that a record of levels and measurements is kept, In this way the work

CREAM

Oun life is but a winter's day, Some only breakfast and away; Others to dinner stay and are well fed, The oldest man but sups and goes to bed : Large is his debt who lingers out the day, Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

Better bare feet and contentment therewith than patent leather boots and a corn on each toe.

We hear of men sowing wild oats, but whoever heard of a woman sowing anything but

I ALLWUSS think it is good taste, and pretty good religion too, when a man prays for the sins ov the people to count himself in.

Ir your son has no brains don't send him to college. You cannot make a palace out of a shanty by putting a French roof on it.

"I so through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy. "But not until you are hard pushed," as the idle boy said to the needle.

Mike—" An' what are ye diggin' out that hole for, Pat?" Pat—"Arrah, an' it's not the hole I'm after diggin' out! I'm diggin' the dirt out and lavin' the hole."

"I would heartily endorse matrimony but for my observations of one married person," said a hatchetfaced misanthrope to a party of young men. "And who is that individual?" he was asked. "My wife, gentlemen."

Customen (to grocer)—"How much are those eggs a dozen?" "Dwenty-five cents." "Why, how's that? Jones sells them at twenty cents." "Und vy don't you py ov Jones den?" "Because he hasn't any this morning." "Vell, I will sell dem for dwenty cents too ven I don't got any."

"So you have got twins at your house?" said Mrs. Bezumbe to little Tommy Samuelson. "Yes, ma'm, two of them." "What are you going to call them?" "Thunder and Light-ning." "Why, those are strange names to call children." "Well, that's what pa called them as soon as he heard they were in the house."

A roung city fellow, dressed in a faultless suit and a pair of shoes that tapered into a point in a most modern style, was visiting in a rural district. A bright little boy looked him all over until his eyes rested on those shoes. He looked at his own chubby feet and then at his visitor's, and then looking up, said: 'Mister, is all your toes cutted off but one?"

A school of poor children, having read in the Bible the denunciation against hypocrites who "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," were afterward examined by a benevolent patroness as to their recollections of the chapter. "What, in particular, was the sin of the Pharisees, children?" said the lady. "Aiting camels, my lady," was the prompt reply.

HE had just returned from his wolding trip, and was going down town in a horse-car with his bride, who, in all the pride of her new garments and her new husband, was disposed to look down on humanity generally, and on a poor old man in particular who sat opposits. "Who's that dreadful-looking creature, Horatio?" che said. "I'm sure I don't know," replied the apple of her eye, with a slight blush and stammer; "some tramp, I suppose, who has begged his passage." Just then the aged person alluded to awoke from his reverie, and, adjusting his spectacles, quavered: "Why, bless me, if that isn't my grandson, Horatio! and that must be his wife! Don't colour up so, boy; she's a right pretty girl, and you have no cause to be ashamed of her." There was an audible smile in that vehicle, which the happy pair did not stop to hear the last of.