

Poetry.

A Golden Chain Whose Links are Love.

Contributed by Bro. B. Payne, Delaware.

There is a chain, a golden chain,
A chain whose links are love;
Annealed has been by hands unseen—
By Patrons' hands above.

This chain is long, its links are strong,
It binds fraternally
Each son of toil to strive and toil
To gain his liberty.

And daughters, too, there's room for you,
You seek the golden ring;
Then come along and join the song,
Make hills and valleys ring.

You are the life of every strife,
The victory lies with you;
Then haste, we pray, do not delay,
But claim your royal due.

No class, no creed, no race, no breed,
No interest we assail;
But we must fight to gain our right,
And may the right prevail.

Just only think how link by link
Its tortuous course has run,
O'er hill and dale resounds the tale,
And echo answers "Still begun."

Farmers all, obey the call,
At first you'll feel quite strange;
But once you're in, you soon begin
To admire and love the Grange.

God Bless Canada.

Contributed by J. K. Blogg, Toronto.

God bless Canada,
Our native land, our own,
Bound unto the British throne;
May our country be
A land of liberty,
And may our Queen
In peace serene
And glory reign.

Bind our hearts to Thee,
And keep them ever true
To our Queen, and country, too;
May we ever stand,
O God, at Thy right hand,
And to the skies
Our shouts arise—
God bless our land.

Should war call us forth,
Make each heart true as steel;
May we Thy presence feel;
Lend to us Thy power
In every trying hour;
To guard our land,
Firm may we stand
In Thee our God.

Literary.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's Farm.

Mr. B.'s farm consists of thirty-six acres, and is carried on as strictly scientific principles. He never puts in any part of a crop without consulting his book. He ploughs and reaps and digs and sows according to the best authorities, and the authorities cost more than the other farming implements do. As soon as the library is complete, the farm will begin to be a profitable investment. But book farming has its drawbacks. Upon one occasion, when it seemed morally certain that the hay ought to be cut, the hay-book could not be found, and before it was found it was too late, and the hay was all spoiled. Mr. Beecher raises some of the finest crops of the country, but the unfortunate difference between the cost of producing it and its market value after it is produced, has interfered considerably with its success as a commercial enterprise. His special weakness is hogs, however. He considers hogs the best game a farm produces. He buys the original pig for a dollar and a half, and feeds him forty dollars' worth of corn, and then sells him for about nine dollars. This is the only crop he ever makes any money on. He loses on the corn, but he makes seven dollars and a half on the hog. He does not mind this, because he never expects to make anything on corn, anyway. And any way it turns out, it has the excitement of raising the hog anyhow, whether he gets the worth of him or not. His strawberries would be a comfortable success if the robins would eat turnips, but they won't, and hence the difficulty.

One of Mr. Beecher's most harassing difficulties in his farming operations comes of the close resemblance of different sorts of seeds and plants to each other. Two years ago his farsightedness warned him that there was going to be a great scarcity of water melons, and therefore he put in a crop of seven acres of that fruit. But when they came up they turned out to be pumpkins, and a dead loss was the consequence. Sometimes a portion of his crop goes into the ground the most promising sweet potatoes, and comes up the most execrable carrots. When he bought his farm he found one egg in every hen's nest on the place. He said that here was just the reason why so many farmers failed—they scattered their forces too much—concentration was the idea. So he gathered those eggs together, and put them all under one experienced hen. That hen roosted over the contract night and day for many weeks, under Mr. Beecher's personal supervision, but she could not "phase" those eggs. Why? Because they were those shameful porcelain things which are used by modern farmers as "nest-eggs."

Mr. Beecher's farm is not a triumph. It would be easier if he worked it on shares with some one; but he cannot find anybody who is willing to stand half the expense, and not many

that are able. Still, persistence in any cause is bound to succeed. He was a very inferior farmer when he first began, but a prolonged and unflinching assault upon his agricultural difficulties has had its effect at last, and he is now fast rising from affluence to poverty.—Mark Twain.

Cultivation of the Mind.

Cultivate the power to fix the mind on any subject you please.

Fix in the mind the elementary principles of all that pertains to life; such as the principles of science, of business, of politics, of government, laws and religion.

Obtain the power of using language, and defining what you mean by such terms as are in common use when we speak or think.

Fill the mind with the materials of thought; such as the facts which we read, observe and hear.

Teach the mind where to go for information; that is, from what source to draw.

Teach the mind how to take up a subject, investigate it, and draw conclusions on which you may rely.

Cultivate the judgement as to what facts are worth preserving, and what are applicable in proving or illustrating a particular subject.

Cultivate the memory so that the materials which you gather may not be dissipated and lost as fast as gathered.

Education does not mean going to school in your boyhood, or going to college in your youth; but it means the power to take the mind and make it an instrument of conveying knowledge and good impressions upon other minds as well as being itself made happy. To cultivate the mind, then, does not mean to read much or little, to converse and to observe; but to discipline it in all ways in your power.

Impolite Things.

Loud and boisterous laughing.
Reading where there is talking.
Reading aloud in company without being asked.
Talking when others are reading.
Spitting about the house.
Cutting finger nails in company.
Leaving church before worship is closed.
Whispering or laughing in the house of God.
Gazing rudely at strangers.
Leaving a stranger without a seat.
A want of respect and reverence for seniors.
Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents.

Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.

Making yourself the hero of your own story.
Laughing at the mistakes of others.

Joking others in company.
Commencing talking before others have finished speaking.

Answering questions that have been put to others.

Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table; and

Not listening to what one is saying in company.

Humorous.

A Hartford preacher says: "Most Christians hate a contribution box worse than they do the devil."

"Sam, why don't you talk to your master and tell him to lay up treasure in heaven?" "What's de use ob him layin' up treasure dar? He never see um again."

The lawyer who came home late and told his wife that he was tired as a horse, said that he simply meant by it that he had been drawing conveyances all day.

It may be a libel, but an authority on the subject estimates that the number of ladies who cannot pass a mirror without glancing into it averages about twelve to every dozen.

A New York paper refers to the ladies' dresses as an example of delirium trimmings. No wonder! They're always tight, and never satisfied unless there's a fresh glass before them.

"Has the jury agreed?" asked the judge of a sheriff whom he met on the stairs with a bucket in his hand. "Yes, replied Patrick; 'they have agreed to send out for a half gallon.'"

He-haw!—Great Personage:—"My good man, is there a carriage road up the cliff anywhere around the point?" Man: "Naw! but there be a donkey path, if that'll suit 'ee!"

"Pompey, what am dat goes when de wagon goes, stops when de wagon stops; it am no use to de wagon, and de wagon can't go widout it." "I gib it to, Clem." "Why, de nois, of course."

A lecturer was dilating upon the powers of the magnet, defying any one to show or name anything surpassing its powers. A hearer demurred, and instanced a lady, who when young used to attract him thirteen miles every Sunday.

The only way to get the exact fitting weight of the bee, is to tuck him, let him hit you once with his javelin, and you will be willing to testify in court that somebody run a one-tined pitch-fork into yer; and as for grit, I will state for the informashun of those who havn't had a chance to lay in their vermin wisdom as freely as I hav, that one single bee who feels well will brake up a large camp meeting.

"You must not smoke here, sir," said a captain of a North river steambot to a man who was smoking among the ladies on deck. "I mustn't! Ha! Why not?" replied the fellow, opening his capacious mouth, and allowing the smoke to escape slowly. "Didn't you see the notice—'Gentlemen are requested not to smoke aboard the engine'?" "Bless your sofl, that doesn't mean me? I am no gentleman, never pretend to be; you can't make a gentleman of me anyhow you can fix it." So saying, he puffed away, and took the responsibility.

The drones seem always bizz, but what they are about the Lord only knows; they don't lay up enny honey, they seem tew be bizz only gist for the sake of eating all the time, they are always in as much of a hurry az tho they was going for a docker. I suppose this uneasy world would grind around on its axletrees onst in 24 hours, even if there want enny drones, but drones must be good for sumthing, but i kant think now what it iz. There haint been a bug made in vain, nor one that

want a good job; there iz ever lots of human drones loafing around blacksmith shops, and cider mills, all over the country, that don't seem tew be necessary for enny thing but tew beg plug tobacco and swear, and steal watermelons, but you let the cholera brake out once, and then you will see the wisdom of having jist sich men laying around loose; they help count.

An old lady and her daughter drove into the Gratiot road in a one-horse wagon, and the horse was secured in an alley near the lower park on Randolph street, while the woman went off in search of a dry goods store. Some boys wandered through the alley, saw a chance for a joke, and one of them borrowed a wrench, others got a pry, and in about five minutes they had placed the hind wheels of the vehicle where the fore wheels had been in the habit of running. By-and-by the woman and her daughter returned, untied the horse, led him out, and the mother looked at the vehicle and remarked: "Seems as if this darned old horse had been kicking in the dash-board." "Pile in mother," cried the girl, as she tied up the halter; but the mother couldn't. The pitch was so great that the seat slanted sky-ward, and the woman got off the hub and walked around the wagon and said, "I'll bet onions that this horse is hitched to the wrong end of the wagon! They were in a great puzzle, when a boy came along, saw the true state of affairs, and he leaned up against a store and laughed till tears came. A blacksmith was sent for, the wheels properly placed, and the old lady remarked as she climbed up: "Blamed if I wasn't afraid one spell that I'd either got cross-eyed or was losing my reason. I just want to get hold of some of these Detroit boys!"

Correspondence.

From an Old Settler.

EDITOR CANADIAN GRANGER,—

I was much pleased when I heard of the Grange movement, and went into it at once. I will always remember an incident that occurred about twenty years ago. I called on a friend whom I had not seen for a long time; he had just come in from the field at dark, in the fall of the year, and still had his chores to do. He said: "I believe the Canadian farmer is the greatest slave in the world," to which I heartily responded, "Yes." We, in our simple manner, discussed the chances for bettering our position, but no satisfactory conclusion was arrived at, and until the Grange movement was started, I saw no way of emancipation. We have a good Grange hall, with a large and zealous membership. I am much pleased with our paper, and I think every Granger should subscribe and make it one of the most influential papers in the Dominion, as we have got a number of well written articles on various subjects in each number, affecting the farming community.

CHAS. McLACHLAN,
Erin Grange, 199.

Commercial.

London Markets.

London, Nov. 15.

GRAIN.

Deihl, \$1.90 to \$2.02; Treadwell, \$1.75 to \$1.95; Red Fall, \$1.75 to \$1.85; Spring Wheat, \$1.75 to \$2.00; Barley, 80c. to \$1.55; Peas, \$1.18 to \$1.22; Oats, \$1.12 to \$1.16; Corn, \$1.00 to \$1.15; Beans, \$1.00 to \$1.37; Rye, \$1.00 to \$1.10; Buckwheat, 80c. to \$1.00.

MEATS.

Lamb, per lb., 7c. to 8c.; Beef, per 100 lbs., \$4.50 to \$6.00; Mutton, per lb., 7c. to 8c.; Dressed Hogs, \$6.00 to \$6.40; Dressed Hogs, live weight, \$4.75 to \$5.00.

PRODUCE.

Eggs, per dozen, 18c. to 20c.; Roll Butter, 20c. to 24c.; Keg Butter, 17c. to 22c.; Keg Butter, retail, 22c. to 25c.; Cheese, factory, 9c. to 10c.; Tallow, 6c.; Tallow, rough, 4c.; Lard per lb., 10c. to 12c.; Fleece Wool, 27c. to 28c.; Hay, \$8.00 to \$9.00; Straw, per load, \$2.00 to \$4.00; Turnips, 25c.; Carrots, 25c. to 30c.; Potatoes, per bag, 70c. to 90c.; Onions, per bushel, 75c. to 90c.; Cordwood, dry, \$4.00 to \$5.00; Cordwood, green, \$3.50 to \$4.50.

FRUIT.

Apples, per bushel, 25c. to 40c.

POULTRY.

Turkeys, each, 50c. to \$1.25; Chickens, per pair, 40c. to 55c.; Ducks, per brace, 60c. to 75c.; Geese, each, 50c. to 60c.

LIVE STOCK.

Cattle, per 100 lbs., live weight, \$3.00 to \$4.00; Sheep, each, \$4.00 to \$5.00. Lambs, each, \$2.00 to \$3.00; Milch Cows, each, \$30.00 to \$40.00.

HIDES.

Sheep Skins, \$1.00 to \$1.60; Lamb Skins, 45c. to 60c.; Calf Skins, untrimmed, 8c. to 9c.; Calf Skins, trimmed, 10c. to 11c.; Calf Skins, dry, per skin, 12c. to 15c.; Hides, No. 1, 4c. to 4½c.; Hides, No. 2, 4c. to 5c.

FEATHERS.

Live Goose Feathers, per lb., 60c.; Live Geese and Ducks Feathers, per lb., 50c.; Duck Feathers, per lb., 40c. to 50c.; Hen Feathers, per lb., 12c.; Turkey Feathers, per lb., 5c.

Toronto Markets.

Toronto, Nov. 15.

THE PRODUCE TRADE.

There was no change in Liverpool, and New York was steady. The western wheat markets were higher. Chicago rose 1½c. and Milwaukee 2½c., and both were firm. There was a limited demand for flour in Montreal at steady prices. Here the flour trade underwent no change. Extra was worth \$5.30, and fancy \$5.05 to \$5.10 f. o. c. In spring extra 100 barrels changed hands at \$4.80 f. o. c., and other sales were reported at equal to that figure. Some buyers would have given \$4.85 f. o. c. Fall wheat was quiet and nominal. Holders of No. 1 spring were firmer in sympathy with the western markets, which are affected by the aspect of the Eastern question. There were buyers at

\$1.09 f. o. c., but no sales were made public. No. 2 was worth about \$1.07. Barley was much the same. No. 1 sold on Saturday evening in a favorite elevator at 83c., and from 82c. to 83c. would have been given to-day. The lower grades were offered, but were not wanted. One car of oats brought equal to 42½c., to arrive.

At the Farmers' Market one load of fall wheat brought \$1.11, and 200 bushels of spring changed hands at \$1.06 to \$1.08. About 400 bushels of barley sold at 60c. to 82c. Peas brought 71c. to 73c. In hay 22 loads changed hands at \$12 to \$15; pea straw sold at \$5, and sheaf at \$11.50 to \$12.

Montreal Markets.

Montreal, Nov. 15.

Flour—Receipts, 3,300 bbls.; sales, 800 bbls. Market quiet and steady, limited demand. Prices unchanged. Sales 100 superior extra \$5.70; 100 extra, \$5.50; 100 fancy, \$5.35; 200 strong bakers, \$5.45 to \$5.50; 300 spring extra, \$5.15 to \$5.20; lower grades neglected and unsalable.

Grain and provisions unchanged.

Ashes, quiet and steady.

Chicago Markets.

Chicago, Nov. 15.

Flour quiet and steady; spring extras \$4.50 to \$6.25; Mlnn. \$5.25 to \$7; extra winter \$5 to \$7.25.

Wheat active, firm and higher; No. 1 Chicago spring \$1.11½; No. 2 Chicago spring \$1.08½ cash, \$1.10½ Nov., \$1.11½ Dec., \$1.13 Jan.; No. 3 Chicago \$1.00½ to \$1.01; rejected 88c. to 91c.

Corn fairly active and a shade higher; No. 2 at 43½c. cash, 43½c. all the year.

Oats fairly active and a shade higher; 32½c. to 32½c. cash, 32c. Nov., 33½c. Dec.

Rye moderately active and higher; 60c. to 61c. Barley easier; 78c. cash, 80c. Dec.

Pork steady and firm. Lard firmer; \$9.75 to \$9.80.

Bulk Meats firmer; shoulders 6½c. to 6½c.; short rib sides 8½c. to 8½c.; short clear sides 8½c. to 8½c.

Whiskey dull and lower; \$1.07. R. R. Freights unchanged.

Receipts.—Flour, 15,000 bbls.; wheat, 111,000 bush.; corn, 72,000 bush.; oats, 16,000 bush.; rye, 2,700 bush.; barley, 35,000 bush.

Shipments.—Flour, 10,000 bbls.; wheat, 163,000 bush.; corn, 134,000 bush.; oats, 20,000 bush.; rye, 4,500 bush.; barley, 16,000.

AFTERNOON CALL OF THE BOARD.

Wheat strong, at ¾c. advance. Corn firmer; 43½c. cash. Oats higher; 33½c. Dec. Pork easier. Lard lower; \$9.70 to \$9.75.

Little Falls Cheese Market.

Albany, Nov. 15.

The Little Falls cheese market to-day was active, owing to favorable advices from New York. Six thousand cheeses offered, and about five thousand sold for 12½c. to 13½c.; farm cheese brought 11c. to 12½c., mostly going at 11½c. to 12½c.

Butter.—Ready sales at 28c. to 29c.; demand fully equaling the supply.

New York Markets.

New York, Nov. 15.

Cotton weak; 12½c. for middling uplands. Flour without decided change; receipts, 30,000 bbls.; sales, 12,000 bbls.

Rye Flour unchanged.

Wheat a shade firmer; receipts, 11,000 bush.; sales, 35,000 bush.; \$1.16 for old and new mixed No. 3 spring; \$1.20 new No. 3 Milwaukee; \$1.28 new No. 2 Northwest; \$1.35 for white Western.

Rye steady; receipts, 7,000 bush.; sales, none. Corn quiet and firm; receipts, 32,000 bush.; sales, 41,000 bush.; 59c. to 61c. for Western mixed. Barley quiet and unchanged; receipts, 122,000 bush.; sales, none.

Oats a shade firmer; receipts, 51,000 bush.; sales, 31,000 bush., at 30c. to 48c. for mixed Western and State; 37c. to 51c. for white do.

Pork steady, at \$17. Lard dull, at \$10.50.

Butter, 20c. to 35c. for State and Pennsylvania.

Liverpool Markets.

Liverpool, Nov. 15.

Cotton quieter; Uplands, 6 11-16d.; Orleans, 6 7-8d. Corn, new, 26s.

Beef, 90s. per tierce for new winter cured.

A Book that Every Patron Should Read.

The "Mentor" in the Granges and homes of Patrons of Husbandry, by Rev. A. B. Grosh, First Chaplain of the National Grange; author of the "Odd Fellow's Improved Manual," &c.

The work is designed to explain the origin, aims and government of the Order, answer objections, advise candidates, teach the lessons of each degree and duties of officers and members, and thus aid Patrons to be better members of families of the Order and of society. Embellished with a portrait of the author and a large number of engravings of emblems, &c.

No Grange officer should be without it.

As the author truly says: There is great need of a work to instruct inquirers generally, direct how best to perform the rites and ceremonies of the Grange, how to make its meetings interesting and useful, and how to extend their educational influences into our homes and neighborhoods. For it is in the Home that the purifying and exalting power of our principles and precepts must be exerted—that cheerful thrift and domestic harmony and peace must be manifested as the results of the good and wise teachings of our Ritual.

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