

24c.; Napanee, 12c.; Iroquois, 12c.;
emptville, 12c.; Perth, 12c.

Buffalo.

Shipping Steers.—Choice to prime,
\$9.75 to \$10; fair to good, \$9.25 to
\$9.60; plain, \$8.50 to \$9.
Butchering Steers.—Choice heavy, \$9.35
to \$9.50; fair to good, \$8.50 to \$9;
best handy, \$8.75 to \$9.25; common to
good, \$7.50 to \$8.50; yearlings, \$9 to
\$9.75.

Cows and Heifers.—Prime weighty heifers,
\$7.75 to \$8.50; best handy butchers,
\$7.50 to \$7.75; common to good,
\$5.50 to \$7.25; best heavy fat cows,
\$7.75 to \$7.25; good butchering cows,
\$6 to \$6.75; medium to good, \$5.50 to
\$6; cutters, \$4 to \$4.50; canners, \$3
to \$3.75.

Hogs.—Best heavy, \$7 to \$7.25; good
butchering, \$6.50 to \$7.
Grass cattle quotable from 50 cents to
dollar under given quotations.

Hogs.—On the opening day of the hog
market heavies sold at \$7.25 and \$7.35;
heavy mixed landed around \$7.35 and
\$7.40, and the desirable mixed grades
at showed a packers sort brought from
\$7.75 to \$7.85, some on the light mixed
order reaching \$8.10. Yorkers mostly
\$7.10, and pigs made \$8.25. Friday,
Yankees sold up to \$7.50; heavy mixed
landed at \$7.50, \$7.60 and \$7.70; desirable
mixed grades moved at \$7.80 and
\$7.90, some light mixed making \$8.10.
Best Yorkers \$8.15 and \$8.20, and pigs
\$8.25. Roughs, \$5.75 to \$6.20, and
pigs \$5 down. Receipts last week
amounted approximately 25,600 head, being
against 25,840 head for the previous
week, and 20,160 head for the same week
year ago.

Sheep and Lambs.—Lamb market the
last two days of last week was slow
and lower, and the next three days the
trade was active and higher. Monday
sales ranged from \$8.50 to \$9; Tuesday,
bringing brought above \$8.50; Wednesday's
top was \$8.75; Thursday a few
made \$8.85, and Friday the range on
it was from \$8.75 to \$9. Cull lamb
week sold mostly from \$7.50 down.
Sheep showed a loss of from 50c. to 75c.
Compared with the previous week. Most
some wethers made \$7, with ewes
bringing from \$6.50 down, and before the
week was over best wethers sold from
\$25 to \$6.50, and ewes landed down
around \$5.75 and \$6. Receipts last
week were 8,850 head, previous week
were 7,859 head, and for the same
week a year ago 13,400 head.

Chicago.

Cattle.—Native, \$6 to \$10.25; Western
steers, \$6.75 to \$9.25; cows and heifers,
\$6 to \$9; calves, \$8.50 to \$12.
Hogs.—Light, \$7 to \$7.85; mixed,
\$5 to \$7.70; heavy, \$5.95 to \$7;
pigs, \$5.95 to \$6.10; pigs, \$7 to \$8.
Sales of sales, \$6.20 to \$7.10.
Sheep and Lambs.—Sheep, \$5.65 to
\$6.20; lambs, \$6.50 to \$8.85.

Trade Topic.

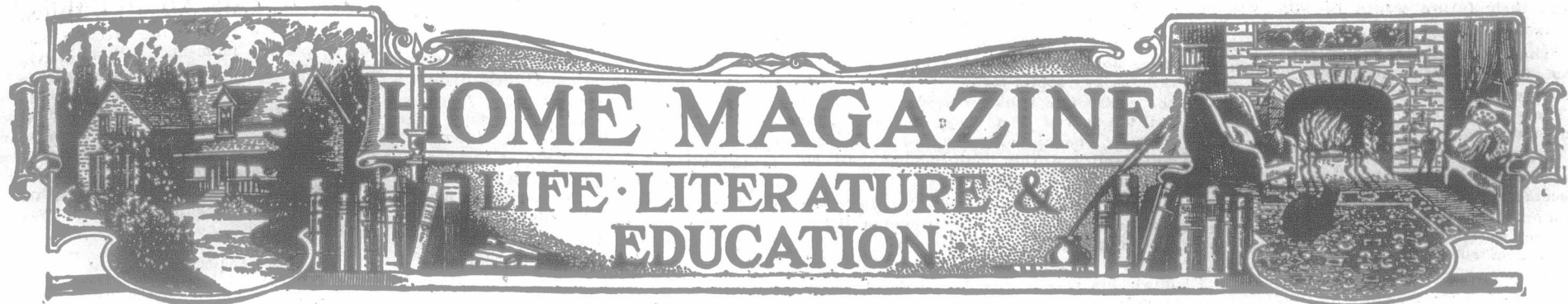
HOMESEEKERS' SPECIAL TRAIN
LEAVES TORONTO 10.45 P. M.
EACH TUESDAY.

For the accommodation of homeseekers
general tourist traffic to Western Canada
through train carrying tourist
sleepers and colonist cars will leave
Toronto 10.45 p. m. each Tuesday until
further notice, running through to Winnipeg.

Attention is directed to the remarkable
low round-trip fares in connection
with homeseekers excursions to Western
Canada via Canadian Pacific Railway.
Tickets are on sale each Tuesday until
October 26th, inclusive, and are good to
return within two months from date of
issue.

Apply to any C. P. R. Agent for full
particulars, or write M. G. Murphy, District
Passenger Agent, Toronto.

The attention of our readers is again
drawn to the large advertisement in this
issue of Sunnybrook Holsteins which are
being dispersed at public auction, Tuesday,
August 31, at 1 o'clock. Prospective
buyers should read the advertisement
carefully and plan to attend this sale.
The ad includes four excellent sires and
females, only one over seven years
old. The females are in calf to registered
sires, and most of the milkers
made R. O. M. records. The farm
is made R. O. M. records. The farm
has 30 rods from the C. P. R. station
at Stratfordville. Don't forget the
Aug. 31.



The Scythe-Tree.

By Clinton Scollard.

[Near the village of Waterloo, N. Y.,
on a farm now owned by Mr. C. L.
Schaffer, stands a historic tree, of which
the story is told in the following poem.
Mr. Scollard, however, has made a mistake
in calling it a balsam tree; it is
really a "Balm of Gilead."]

James Wyman Johnson, who hung the
scythe in the tree over fifty years ago,
enlisted in the Eighty-fifth New York Infantry,
at the beginning of the great
American Civil War. He was wounded
at Plymouth, N. C., on April 20th,
1864, and died in the hospital at Raleigh
on May 22nd. He had distinguished
himself in battle, and had been promoted
to the rank of Sergeant.

The tree is now 98 feet high, and has
a spread of foliage of more than 100
feet. The trunk is more than 13 feet in
circumference. Seven inches of the point
of the scythe now protrude, pointing
south, as if to its owner's unmarked
grave; the rest is embedded in the wood.
The American flag is kept floating continually
over the scythe.]

Farmer Johnson strode from the field
With an eager step that was long and
lithe;

The summer sun, like a blazing shield,
Burned on high in the hazy sky,
A forked bough, as he hastened by,
Seemed a fitting place for his scythe,
So he swung it up in the balsam tree;

"There let it hang till I come," said he.
Then he homeward hied him, humming a
tune,

But he heard a word at the farmstead
gate,

Under the fervid heat of the noon,
A ringing call to each volunteer,
For all the land was alive with fear,
Doubt and fear for the country's fate,
So Farmer Johnson shouldered his gun,
And left his scythe to the rain and sun.

Fifty years have sped since then,
Fifty hastening years and more;

By Southern wood and brake and fen
Faithful he fought, and in gallant wise,
Fought and died, and now he lies
By the far-off Carolina shore,

Where the long trades blow, and the
grasses wave,
Over the loam of his sunken grave.

"There let it hang till I come," he said,
Of the scythe he left in the balsam
tree;

And they let it hang, as the fleet days
fled,

Till the small hole, fed by the kindly
earth,

Clasped the scythe with a mothering
girth,

To-day, whoever so will may see,
The starry emblem of freedom flow
Over the tip of the scythe below.

He gave his all, and he never came,
He that was strong and young and
lithe,

But the balsam boughs seem to name
his name,

Name his name both late and long,
To the tuneful beat of a summer song,
To the undulant sway - song of the
scythe;

And the banner swings to the rhythmic
bars,

The banner he loves, the Stripes and
Stars.

Browsing Among the Books.

THE STOKERS.

[Truly one-half of the world does not
know how the other half lives. Those
who work, no matter how hard, in the
open air, may be interested in comparing
their lot with that of the stokers on
the big ocean-going steamers, as told by

Ernest Poole in his interesting story of
modern New York life, "The Harbor."
In the following selection, the narrator,
"Billy," visits the stokers in company
with Joe Kramer, a journalist and
radical, who has worked for two years
as a stoker in order to realize the life.
"The Harbor" is published by The Mac-
millan Co., Toronto.]

By the time I reached the docksheds
the day was breaking over their roofs.
It was freezing cold, and the chill was
worse in the dock than I entered. I
buttoned my ulster tighter. The big
place was dark and empty. The dock-
ers, I learned from the watchman, had
quit work at three o'clock, for a few
tons of fruit was all the freight that
remained to be loaded. The ship was
to sail at nine o'clock.

The stokers had not yet gone aboard.
I found about a hundred of them huddled
along the steel wall of the shed.
Some of them had old, leather grips, or
canvas bags, but many had no luggage
at all. A few wore seedy overcoats,

"I'm fit enough," he muttered. "We'll
stay right here and see this show,—un-
less you feel you want to quit!"
—"Did I say I did? I'm ready
enough!"

"All right, then wait a minute.
They're about ready to go on board."

"But as we stood and watched them,
I still felt the chattering teeth by my
side, and a wave of pity and anger and
of disgust swept over me. Joe wouldn't
last long at this kind of thing!"

"What do you think of my friends?"
he asked.

"I think you're throwing your life
away!"

"Do you? How do you make it
out?"

"Because they're an utterly hopeless
crowd! Look at 'em—poor devils—
they look like a lot of Bowry bums!"

"Yes—they look like a lot of bums.
And they feed all the fires at sea."

"Are they all like these?" I demanded.

"No better dressed," he answered. "A
million lousy brothers of Christ."

"And you think you can build a new
world with them?"

near. He was a lean, powerful, ruddy-
faced man, with a plentiful store of pro-
fanity, which he poured out in a torrent.

We came up the plank at the end of
the line, and I showed him a letter
which I had procured admitting us to
the engine-rooms. He turned us over
promptly to one of his junior engineers,
and we were soon climbing down oily
ladders through the intricate parts of
the engines, all polished, glistening, care-
fully cleaned. And then climbing down
more ladders until we were, as I was
told, within ten feet of the keel of the
ship, we came into the stokers' quarters.

And here nothing at all was carefully
cleaned. The place was foul, its paint-
ed steel walls and floor and ceiling were
heavily encrusted with dirt. The low cham-
ber was crowded with rows of bunks, steel,
skeleton bunks, 3 tiers high, top tier just
under the ceiling. In each was a thin,
dirty mattress and blanket. In some of
these men were already asleep, breathing
hard, snoring, and wheezing. Others
were crowded around their bags intent
on something I could not see. Many
were smoking, the air was blue. Some
were almost naked, and the smells of
their bodies filled the place. It was
already stifling.

"Had enough?" asked our young
guide, with a grin.

"No," I said, with an answering,
superior smile. "We'll stay a while and
get it all."

And after a little more talk he left us.
"How do you like our home?" asked
Joe.

"I'm here now," I said grimly. "Go
ahead and show me. And try to be-
lieve that I want to be shown."

"All right, here comes our breakfast."

Two stokers were bringing in a huge
boller. They set it down on the dirty
floor. It was full of a greasy, watery
soup, with a thick, yellow scum on the
top, through which chunks of pork and
potato bobbed up here and there.

"This is scouse," Joe told me. Men
eagerly dipped tin cups in this and
gulped it down. The chunks of meat
they ate with their hands. They ate
sitting on bunks or standing between
them. Some were wedged in close around
a bunk in which lay a sleeper who looked
utterly dead to the world. His face was
white.

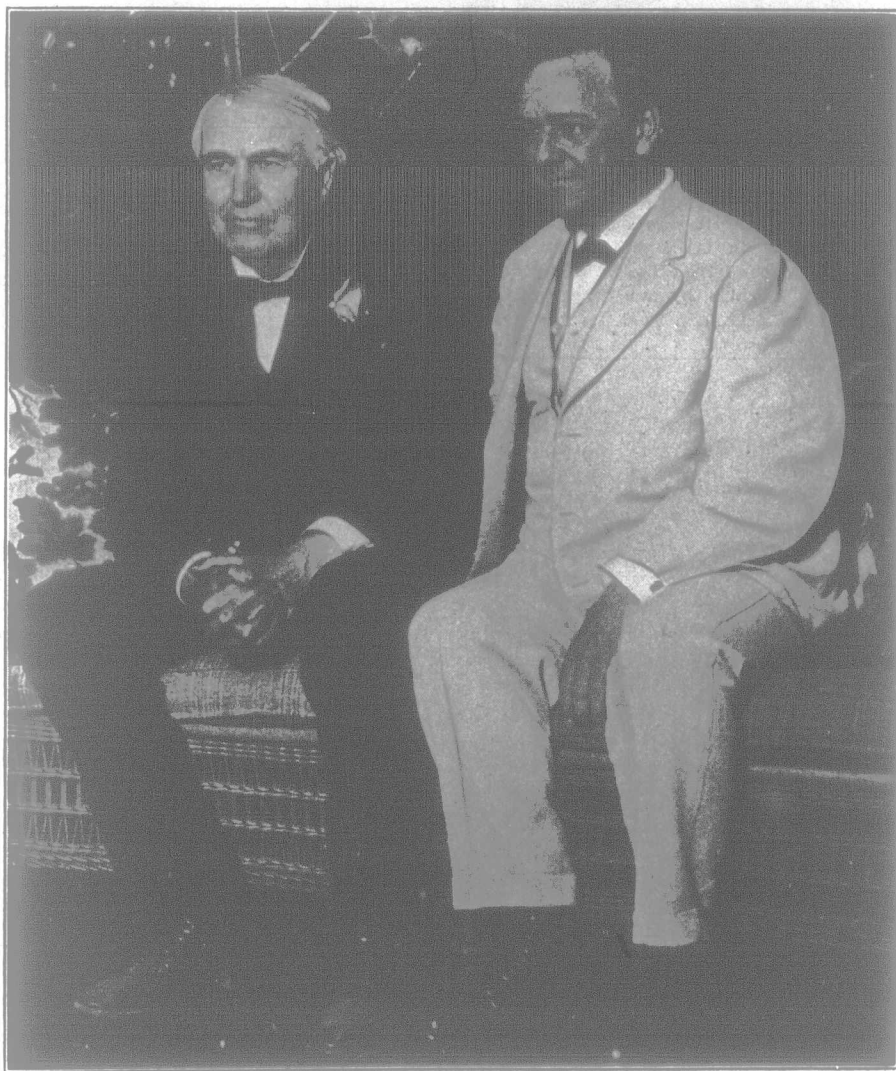
"He reminds me," said Joe, "of a fel-
low whose bunk was once next to mine.
He was shipped at Buenos Ayres, where
the crimps still handle the business. A
crimp had carried this chap on board,
dumped him, got his ten dollars, and
left. The man was supposed to wake
up at sea and shovel coal. But this
one didn't. The second day out some-
one leaned over and touched him and
yelled. The crimp had sold us a dead
one."

As Joe said this he stared down at
the sleeper, a curious tensiety in his
eyes.

"Joe, how did you ever stand this
life?"

My own voice almost startled me, it
sounded so suddenly tense and strained.
Joe turned and looked at me search-
ingly, with a trace of that old affection
of his.

"I didn't, kid," he said gruffly. The
two years almost got me. And that's
what happens to most of 'em here.
"Half of 'em," he added, "are down-
and-outers when they start. They're
what the factories and mills and all the
rest of this lovely, modern, industrial
world throw out as no more wanted.
So they drift down here and take a job
that nobody else will take, it's so rot-
ten, and here they have one week of
hell and another week's good drunk in
port. And when the barrooms and the
women and all the waterfront sharks
have stripped 'em of their last cent, then
the crimps collect an advance allotment



Secretary Daniels and Thomas A. Edison at West Orange, N.J., July, 1915.
Mr. Edison is head of the new American Board of Inventions.

but the greater part had none; they
stood with their hands in their ragged
pockets, shivering and stamping. Most
of them were undersized, some tough,
some rather sickly, a dull-eyed, wretched,
sodden lot. I got the liquor on their
breaths. A fat old Irish stoker came
drifting half-drunk up the pier with a
serene and waggish smile.

"Hello," said Joe at my elbow.

He looked more fagged than the day
before. I noticed that his lips were
blue, and that his teeth were chattering.

"Joe," I said abruptly, "you're not
fit to be here. Let's get out of this;
you belong in bed." He glanced at me
impatiently.

"No—I think they can do it them-
selves."

"Do you know what I think they'll do
themselves? If they ever do win in any
strike and get a raise in wages—they'll
simply blow it in on drink!"

Joe looked at me a moment.

"They'll do so much more than drink,"
he said. "Come on," he added, "they're
going aboard."

They were forming in a long line now
before the third-class gang-plank. As
they went up with their packs on their
shoulders, a man at the top gave each
a shove and shouted out a number, which
another official checked off in a book.
The latter I learned was the chief engi-