Farm and Fireside.

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Per year	50 cents
Six months	30
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Address all communications to THE MAIL, Toronto, Canada.

According to United States trade returns Canada sent 6,832,000 dozen eggs during the seven months which ended July 31, 1890, and only 1,381,000 dozen during the seven months which ended July 31, last. The question for us is whether she sent the difference between the two quantities to England during the latter period.

Secretary Rusk, who is at the head of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, has prepared an article in which he indicates his aspirations as to the future of agriculture in the United States. He says he hopes the day will come when the American farmer will export more extensively than he does to-day, and when the importation of farm products will be a lost art. It is a bold outlook. If every country were to export everything and import nothing the surplus produce of the world would have to be sunk in the sea.

The superintendent of the United States census, Mr. R. P. Porter has been giving some items of information concerning that great work. Among other things, he said that the result of the direct inquiry as to the debt on farms and homes is not yet complete, but that inquiry had so far advanced that Mr. Porter was able to state that the average farm and home debt of the partial returns from counties distributed throughout the Union was shown to be $1,233 for farms and $921 for homes. If these averages hold good for the United States, there is an existing debt in force of $2,500,000,000 on the farms and homes occupied by the owners and incumbents. Taking up the subjects of farms, homes, and mortgages, it was argued a novel feature of the census, and Mr. Porter announced that it had cost nearly a million dollars thus far to collect these statistics of mortgage indebtedness of individuals and private corporations throughout the United States, and that it would take another half million dollars to finish up the work. In accordance with a resolution of the Senate, I am preparing a report and bill for a permanent census bureau which will remedy much of the decennial census and put a great public work on a business basis," said Mr. Porter.

The United States Supreme Court recently decided an important point as to the inviolability of the person. A lady who had suffered injury through the fall of a berth in a sleeping car brought suit against the railway company for damages, and the defendant's attorney applied for an order requiring her to submit to a surgical examination. The order was refused, and an appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, which in the course of its judgment said:

"No right is held more sacred or is more carefully guarded by the common law than the right of every individual to the possession and control of his own person, free from all restraint or interference of others, unless by clear and unquestionable authority of law. As was well said by Judge Cooley: 'The right to one's person may be said to be a right of complete immunity—to be let alone.' The inviolability of the person is as much invaded by compulsory stripping and exposure as by a blow. To compel anyone, especially a woman, to lay bare the body or to submit to the touch of a stranger without lawful authority is an indignity, an assault, and a trespass, and no order or process commanding such an exposure or submission was ever known to the common law in the administration of justice between individuals, except in a very small number of cases based upon special reasons and upon ancient practice."

THE COST OF RAISING WHEAT.

There has been a great discussion of late years on both sides of the Atlantic as to the cost of growing wheat. English farmers have generally complained that the cost is so great that practically they lose by it. In a similar manner many Ontarian farmers contend that it does not pay unless the price reaches a dollar a bushel.

Mr. James A. Caird, a leading agricultural authority in England, has recently contributed a very elaborate paper to the journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, by which he clearly shows that there is a moderate profit to the British farmer at 4s., or 97 cents per bushel. The replies to circulars sent by him to some of the large growers of wheat proved that their estimate average cost in different parts of England was within a penny per acre of his reckoning. This estimate, as we show, is 98 cents per bushel. In 1857 our Bureau of Industries gave the details of the cost of producing wheat in Ontario, by which it appeared that on rent-paying farms it cost, including manure, 78 cents per bushel to raise and market it, but that excluding manure it was only 49 cents.

Before comparing the two countries it must be borne in mind that the British farmer keeps more stock and farms more upon a system than is the general rule here, and there would, in consequence, be more farmyard manure, consequently, Mr. Caird does not calculate anything for the latter, but our Bureau of Industries estimated 50 per acre for it.

Mr. Caird shows that the cost of production, including rent, has diminished 16 per cent during the last 5 years, ending last February and that the average price of wheat during the same period has been 4s. or 97 cents per bushel.

ENGLAND.

Outlay.

Labour of all kinds	£3	17	6
Rent and Taxes	1	5	0
Seed	0	9	0
	£4	11	6
Farmer's profit	0	9	6
	£5	12	0

Return.

32 bushels at 4s.	£5	12	0

ONTARIO.

Outlay

Per Bureau of Industries Report.

Labour of all kinds	$ 8 57
Rent, taxes, insurance, etc.	4 25
Seed	1 25
	$13 47
Manure	6 00
	$19 47

Return.

Average yield of 21 bushels at 78 cents	$16 38

Nothing is allowed for the straw in either case, it being assumed that it goes to make the farm-yard manure, or that, if sold, that its equivalent is returned to the land in the form of bought dung or artificial fertilizer.

If in the Canadian calculation the item for manure is omitted as in the English reckoning, the cost would be 49 cents per bushel, showing that wheat can be raised here for 30 cents less per bushel than in England, notwithstanding the higher yield there per acre.

The general opinion of competent authorities is that in future years the price of wheat will rule higher than during the recent years of depression, and that consequently our farmers, so far as that is concerned, may look forward to more prosperous times.

A SUMMER'S LESSON.

"NOT go to the mountains this summer! Why, Harry!" The tone was full of grieved dismay, the sweet voice shrill with disappointment. A [illegible] face was upturned to Harry Vane's, whose a pair of dark blue eyes were suffused with tears, and two little white hands were clasped upon his arm. "We can't we go to the White Mountains for our vacation," she went on, pettishly, "it's just too awfully provoking."

Harry Vane put his arm about her slender waist and drew her close to his side.

"My little wife," he murmured, fondly. "I can not afford the trip to the mountains this year. Besides, I think baby ought to have the benefit of sea air, and I have chosen a quiet place on the sea-shore, where I can run up from the city every week for a day or two. Such a delightful place, Nellie, and so sure and quiet."

"Quiet"—with a scornful outburst. "As though I require quiet. Harry Vane, I think it a shame to keep your wife like a recluse when it is my nature to be gay and love society. And just because I have a husband and child I must stay at home always or go to some quiet place!" with a scornful emphasis upon the adjective. "I'm enough to make a woman regret that—that she—"

The blue eyes dropped under his startled gaze, and Nellie Vane saw that she had gone too far.

"Regret what, Nellie?" in a tone of ominous quiet.

She burst into tears.

"Of course I did not mean that I regret my marriage" she sobbed out. "Harry it is hard for me to see other people enjoying themselves while I am forced to count every dollar, and constantly want things that I cannot have."

Another outburst of passionate tears ended the angry protest. Harry Vane's face was pale and grave. He laid his hand upon the bowed golden head with a weary sigh. After all, how young she was, and how like a child she looked weeping so fitly to herself!

"Nellie! Listen, dear! I am sorry that you feel our narrow circumstances so keenly, but I am trying to be very economical this year. I cannot tell you why at present. Only trust me and go down to the sea shore with baby and try and be happy without your gay companions. Not one of them is worth regretting, as far as society goes."

"But Brother Frank and his wife are going to the mountains," she persisted, and they are no richer than we."

A frown disfigured Harry Vane's handsome face, so angry sight dashed into his dark eyes he trembled with anger—then, with a wonderful effort, he controlled himself and compressing his lips, said nothing.

The next morning Nellie's brother, Frank Ashburton and his giddy fashionable wife departed for the White Mountains, leaving Nellie to turn her face in the direction of seaside a [illegible] miles away in the heart of a hilly country with old ocean [illegible] at its feet and the sweet, crisp, sea air perfectly delightful. Harry Vane accompanied his family saw Nellie snugly installed in a fine old-fashioned cottage, under the motherly care of good old Mrs. Wilson, a [illegible] charge of a trusty nurse. There were one or two other boarders, refined, agreeable people and the days were dainty and we [illegible] was a delightful retreat from the noisy bustling city and Harry and Nellie would have been happy indeed could he have remained there. But that could not be. He parted with Nellie leaving her in bitter tears and with a heavy heart went back to the hot, dusty city and his stifling office.

Time passed, dragging itself slowly away, to Nellie, who "hated the country, and especially the sea!" Baby grew strong and rosy, but the young wife pined and grew pale and sad.

Harry came regularly to seaside once a week, but there came a day when Nellie received a letter saying that, owing to a press of business he could not come for a fortnight. She wondered greatly, but resigned herself to the inevitable. One day not long afterward a letter arrived from her brother's wife, a fashionable butterfly, whose influence over Nellie Vane had ever been pernicious. After filling several pages with accounts of the balls, hops, excursions, etc., which she had attended, this startling paragraph occurred:

"Well, Nell, what do you think? I know you could not guess in a week, so I'll tell you. Your husband is here! Realy and truly. I know, for I have seen and spoken with him, and he begged me in the most mysterious manner not to let you know or suspect. But, dear me, I just couldn't keep it! After all his sermons on retrenchment and economy, to come here without you! And, Nell, he spends most of his time with pretty Mrs. Roy, the rich widow."

Nellie let the letter fall from her hand and burst into a flood of tears. This was worse than her wildest imagination had pictured.

He doesn't care for me one bit, or he would not do such a thing!" she sobbed, bitterly. "And I wish I—I were dead."

She rushed from the room and down to the beach, where the sun was setting in golden glory. She was quite unobserved as she fled down the long, white sands out of sight of the vine clad cottage. At the foot of a tall, dark rock she threw herself down and sobbed and wept until she could weep no more. What was wrong? What had changed her kind, tender husband in this fearful way? He had written her a few days before, urging a press of business—most unusual at this dull season, as Nellie well knew—which kept him tied to his desk in the stifling office, when he longed so mentally for blue skies, salt air, quiet, and her. Yet he had found time for a trip to the mountains, where she had so longed to go, and was enjoying himself in Mrs. Ray's fascinating society. A fresh burst of grief overwhelmed Nellie Vane was another Niobe.

She crouched at the foot of the rock and sobbed until she was weary. Slowly the storm a passionate grief subsided. She rested her head against the rock and her eyelids drooped. A [illegible] sound of voices fell upon her ear. She [illegible] and saw her husband. And he was not alone. Upon his arm leaned a pretty black eyed woman, all in white with red roses upon her breast, and a cloud of black lace drapery all about her. Her pretty, sparkling face was uplifted to Harry Vane's, and her hand was in his, while the agonized wife heard these words:

"My darling, this parting is very bitter; but it must be. Only wait a little while, and we shall be together never to part again on earth!"

Could it be Harry Vane who spoke these words to the woman whose wicked eyes seemed to burn and glow like flames before poor Nellie's horrified gaze? She felt her heart grow cold and heavy as a stone, while she crouched there unseen, and the conversation went on in low tones, whose import she could not gather. An awful horror grew upon Nellie Vane. A dreadful feeling—a murderous impulse took possession of her. She longed to see the wicked woman drowning in the sea at her feet.

Even as the thought touched her heart a wild shriek fell upon her ears—a moment later and Mrs. Ray was struggling in the water. It arose cold and black all around her, but—Nellie Vane felt an insane delight to see the woman before her perish as she deserved.

"Die!" she shrieked, "false woman, who would steal my husband's love and—"

She never finished. There was a sudden coldness as of the grave, a black horror settled over her, and she knew no more.

Nellie Vane opened her eyes. Could it be possible? Her head was pillowed upon her's husband's breast, and his dark eyes were gazing into her's, full of wild alarm.

"My wife—my wife!" was all that he could say.

"Thank God you are safe."

She sat up looked around her with blank, bewildered eyes. All about her water, water—water.

Harry was standing, waist deep, in the [illegible] gazed down with pitying eyes.

"What has happened?" faltered Nellie.

"You fell asleep here at the foot of the rock," replied Harry gravely, "and the tide rose and my wife might have been drowned if I had not come in time. I arrived on the evening train, and came down the beach in search of you, as Mrs. Wilson said that you had gone out for a walk. But, Nellie, of what were you dreaming, [illegible] to push me into the water."

"Why a dream, could it be possible." She cast a word while her husband took her in his arms and bore her safely through the rising tide—oh, oh! Thank God, they were safe at last.

An hour later, dressed in dry garments, husband and wife sat in their cosy sitting-room as Mrs. Wilson's pretty cottage.

Nellie, began Harry Vane at once, would you believe it—I have been to the White Mountains. But, dear, it was upon such painful business that I would not tell before. Darling, listen! Your brother Frank has been in great difficulty, and only my opportune arrival together with a little pecuniary aid, has saved him from public disgrace. Don't ask me any questions now. I will tell you later. Only his fashionable and extravagant wife has been greatly to blame. They have left the mountains now glad to go away to a quiet country place until the affair blows over. And now, Nellie, I am going to let you into a bit of a secret. I have been trying to economize for a year past with a view to purchasing a pretty home for us—that new cottage on the fashionable avenue, with bay windows and all modern improvements. Well, I accidentally met its owner—a charming lady is Mrs. Ray; she is to be married this week—and after considerable conversation and diplomacy succeeded in gaining my desire. Nell, the cottage is ours. Why, dearest, what is the matter?"

For she was crying as though her heart would break.

"To think what a wretch I have been!" she sobbed and then she proceeded to make full confession.

And I firmly believe that the lesson learned that summer by Nellie Vane will last her as long as she lives.

THE POET'S CORNER.

"SAY IT!"

From the Atlanta Constitution.

When you've got a thing to say
Say it! Don't take half a day.
When your time is got little in it,
Crowd the whole thing in a minute!
Life is short, a dashing upour
Don't you fill the whole blamed page
With a line, which, at a push,
Comes to compared in an inch.
But me down and she simmers
Through her mind she glimmers.
When you've got a thing to say
Say it! Don't take half a day!

WHAT IS FLIRTATION?

What is flirtation? Really,
How can I tell you pray?
But when she smiles, see its wiles,
And when he lifts his hat
'Tis walking to the moonlight,
'Tis buttoning on a glove.
'Tis lips that speak of plays next week,
While eyes say something love.
'Tis meeting in the hall room
[illegible] dance
'Tis something hid beneath the lid,
More than a simple glance.
'Tis lingering in the hallway,
'Tis sitting on the stairs
'Tis coaxing lips on ginger tips,
'Tis mamma's there.
'Tis racking in the carriage,
'Tis asking for a cab
'Tis long good evening under lights,
And that is all or all.
'Tis raining when it's dry
And one goes home to sleep
Best love must end, a la my friend,
But one goes home to weep!

—Sam Wheeler Wilcox.

ACROSS THE SEAS.

Her feet falls faintly on the sand
Her yearning years would fain divine
What passes in that far-off land
Beyond the dim horizon's line.

A white wing flutters on the blue;
Her heart sways with the soft south breeze;
Ah! would she were a bird and knew
To beat her way across the seas.

And to the vaulted heaven she lifts
From alien shores, her dreamy eyes
She follows where a white cloud drifts
Its northward way athwart the skies.

And will it meet the upward gaze
Of him whose thoughts all for her?
And will he see it in amaze
And wonder why his soul should stir?

Or will his heart at once divine
That she has watched it far away—
That in its fragrant memories twine
Of love of him of yesterday?

Alas! alas! her eyes are wet
With foolish tears—the cloud above
Drifts by—eternal sunshine are set
To human thought and human love.

And yet, who knows—it still may be
The moment hath its perfect part
In life and speeds across the sea
To spend its sunshine in his heart.

POOR BEELZEBUB'S

Sir Randal had a scolding wife,
A very, very shrew;
Who led him such an awful life,
No wonder he was hippy
But as he did not wish to be
The butt of all the city
He hid his feelings skilfully
In this dissembling ditty:
"Oh, what were man without a wife?
Mine is the blessing of my life!"

Beelzebub was passing near
Overheard his fond lamentation.
Quoth he, "A wife so sweet and dear,
Would be a consolation."
And so he stole Sir Randal's wife
By temptings sharp and shady.
As Mother Eve so did deceive,
So he deceived My Lady.
For women still say there's the rub
Will listen to Beelzebub.

When she was gone, of course, you know,
It made a dreadful scandal!
The neighbours said, "We told you so!"
And pitied poor Sir Randal!
Sir Randal only looked his eye
(Appropriate solution)
"My friends," quoth he, "I shall not try
The courts for restitution,
For equals I have to rook and scrub,
I pay Poor Beelzebub!"

—Temple Bar.

SHORTEN SHI AND HERBERT SPENCER.

Shorten Shi plays round my knee
While I read Herbert Spencer
But still the more I read and read
My ignorance apparently grows
For Shorten Shi decries my taste
[illegible] cook.
There are no lions in it.

Now Herbert Spencer is a great,
A world-compelling thinker,
No man [illegible] line of truth
Go [illegible] work way through
For [illegible] and [illegible] it
They [illegible] one man [illegible] ones
There ain't no lions in it.

The age-old errors in their den
Does Herbert Spencer throttle,
Also rents with [illegible] Bacon, Kant
And ancient Aristotle
The mighty homage of the few—
These towering giants with it,
The millions must then [illegible] ground.
There ain't no lions in it.

I leave this metaphysic swamp,
Thick grown of [illegible] scribes,
And road [illegible] Meadows of Horsehair
With Shorten and his lions.
He brings his gaudy Noah's Ark book
And begs me to begin it
"Better than Herbert Spencer book
That ain't no lions in it."

"Now read about the elefunt
So big he scares the people
An' read about the kangaroo
Who jumps up on the steeple."
So I take up the Noah's Ark book,
And sturdily begin it
And read about the "elefunts"
And lions that are in it.

Shorten will grow in soberness
His life become intensey
Some day he'll drop his "elefunts"
And take up Herbert Spencer
But life can have no happier years
Than sad years that begin in
And life sometimes grows dull and tame
That has no lions in it.

—S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

Miss Coquette—"Have you a match?" Mr. Flint—"No." Miss C.—"What shall we do?" "Let's make one?" Miss C.—"And in that case you would be the stick, I suppose."

Stranger (to Kansas car-driver, conductor, etc.)—"Why don't you stop? I want to get off." Car-driver—"Conductor Eta.—I'll save a cash ve' jump off! This mules balky an' if he escape chest that wah be no say startin' 'im inside ov an hour."

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With Porcelain Lining

Quadruple Plate

Hand-Engraved

Price, $7.00

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THE PATHFINDER,
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The best stories ever written of the American forest and the red man. Full of incident, intensely interesting, abounding in adventure and devoid of all the objectionable features of the modern Indian story.

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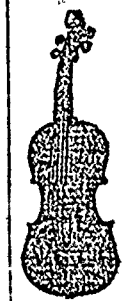

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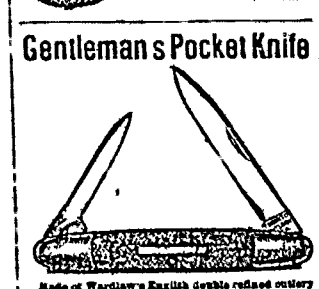

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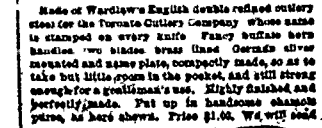

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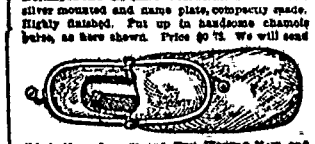

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THE RUSSIAN WEDDING FEAST

MAKOFFSKY stands at the head of art in Russia, and his great painting "The Wedding Feast," was awarded the highest prize at the International Exposition, 1878. The artist has selected for his subject the bride's first appearance in society. The husband and wife are represented standing at the head of the table, and the guests and friends are mostly welcoming the young couple to the feast. The cups are raised in token of her health and happiness when the bride shall have taken his first kiss. With drooping eyes and face covered with blushes, the bride, conscious that every eye rests upon her is a picture of innocence and loveliness. Her guardian is by her side, filled with some of the emotions of the novitiate the table are seated the male members of the two families, patriarchs with long beards and clothed in rich brocaded garments, while on the other side are the ladies, dressed in rare laces and wearing the peculiar head-dress of the country. This is an exact fac-simile of the original, and the only reproduction ever made in a small form. "The Russian Wedding Feast" was exhibited in Antwerp in 1884, and soon after purchased for $60,000 and brought to the United States. It has been exhibited in most of the largest cities and is one of the masterpieces of modern times.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE

The original of this picture is one of the grandest paintings that has been given to the world in modern times. It covers about twenty by thirty feet of canvas, the figures all being life size. The scene is early morning in the Praetorium or official residence of the Roman Governor at Jerusalem. In the centre of the picture is the Saviour with his hands bound, pale, composed gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate. Around and behind him crowd the rabble of the Jewish priests, who have apparently been here for an killing time. Pontius Pilate sits as the representative of Caesar on the judgment throne. He is meditating and is greatly perplexed in the light of Pilate stands pleading the cause of Christ. The figure pressing forward in the crowd with upliftedarms is a rufflan of the severest type. He is shouting "Crucify Him, Crucify Him." On the left of Pilate sit two elders watching the proceedings with deep interest. Between Christ and Pilate stands a Roman soldier looking on with contemptuous curiosity. Perched on a high stool by the side of the judgment seat, and resting his hand against the wall, is a scribe who views the scene with an air of great indifference. Conspicuously raised above the heads of the crowd is seen a young mother with a beautiful face, holding a child in her arms and looking at Jesus with tenderness and compassion. Through the whole picture are groups of figures and faces reflecting the different emotions that animate each individual.

This picture has been on exhibition in the principal cities of Europe and America. It has been viewed by millions of people and has created more sensation throughout the entire civilized world than any other painting ever produced. In the city of New York it was on exhibition several months, and was seen by hundreds of thousands of people. It was sold to John Wanamaker of Philadelphia, for $100,000.

THE OLD TIME STORY

In this picture are seen two children dressed in the quaint and fantastic costumes of our ancestors and seated on an old, petite seat, a stained glass window. The girl sits in simple wonderment, her rough doll on her lap (or the days of French dolls had not arrived), drinking in every word the boy beside her is saying, while he is pouring into her ear some tale of chivalry or deed of daring in which the knight and the dragon play a prominent part. It is a charming picture, very delicately colored, and has been reproduced by the aquarelle process.

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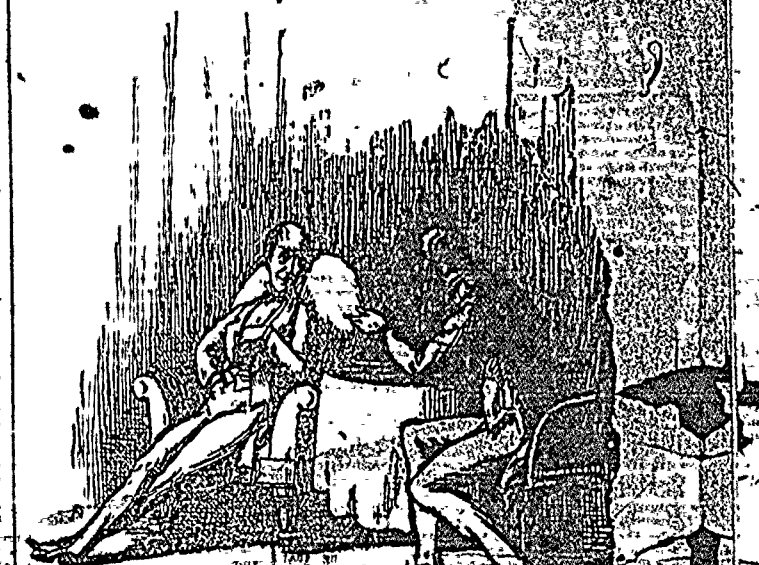

A PROPOSAL.

riage, as this certainly is; but it's a pity to throw away four thousand a year, ain't it?" All these natural calculations passed briskly through Barnes Newcome's mind, as his uncle, from the opposite side of the fire place, implored him in the above little speech.

"My dear colonel, said Barnes, my dear kind colonel! I needn't tell you that your proposal flatters us, as much as your extraordinary generosity surprises me. I never heard anything like it—never. Could I consult my own wishes, I would at once—I would permit me to say from sheer admiration of your noble character, say yes, with all my heart, to your proposal. But, alas, I haven't that power."

"Is—is she engaged?" asks the colonel, looking as blank and sad as Clive himself when Hikel had conversed with him.

"No—I can not say engaged—though a person of the very highest rank has paid her the most marked attention. But my sister has, in a way, gone from our family, and from my influence as the head of it—an influence which I, I am sure, had most gladly exercised in your favor. My grandmother, Lady Kew, has adopted her purposes, I be-

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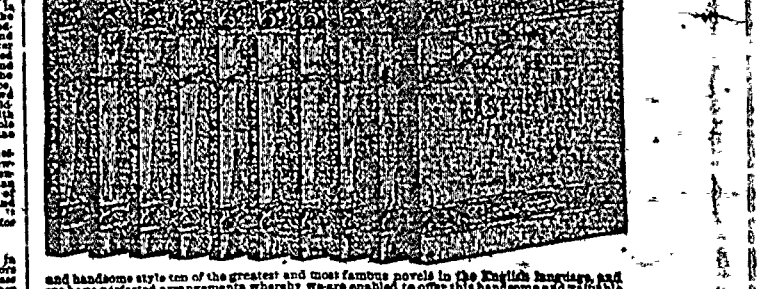

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