



CHRISTIAN VANQUISHING APOLLYON.

Take, for example, our most eminent statesman and public character, the Rt. Hon. Sir John Macdonald. Look at him physically since he has abandoned politics and assumed proprietorship of the Mimico Dairy. Seated on the collecting wagon, and driving with firm and unerring skill the pair of faithful old greys he recently bought from Hon. Oliver Mowat (who, as we all know, has embarked to advantage in the horse-breeding industry), would any one recognize, in the homespun suit and battered straw dummy—the wearer the very picture of rotund jollity—an ex-Premier of Canada, who left the arena of public affairs veritably with one foot in the grave? Then, as the old yeoman springs from his seat and gives Hon. Edward Blake, manager of the People's Cheese Factory, a hand off with the well-filled cans of his surplus milk, what a picture of unstudied beauty and business combined do the pair make! "Glad to know the cheese market is up a cent, Ned," briskly remarks Sir John, as he extends a begrimed hand. "We need it, Mac," responds Mr. Blake. "Another drop now would knock the eye out of this season's make. I've sold at the advance."

Passing from these eminent men to others, we find Mr. J. J. Hawkins quitting politics and travelling around buying hogs for the British market. And this fact recalls a joke we heard at the expense of the late member for Bothwell. Hon. David Mills, himself now working as a ploughman at the Model Farm, observed, when he was told of Mr. Hawkins' new departure, "Well, John Joseph has the nucleus of a shipment in his own person."

There is Mr. D'Alton McCarthy busily engaged as a market gardener up near Barrie. If one were to go out

from Toronto four miles into the north country he would likely find Mr. J. D. Edgar calmly at work slicing up turnips for his short-horns. Col. Denison, M.P., has a fine poultry run out near Newmarket, and fairly crowds this town with elegant eggs. Rev. Dr. Potts has left the pulpit and buried his military ambition in order to cultivate a new brand of guano. Hon. A. S. Hardy has an extensive duckery on the Indian Reserve, near Brantford. He does not go in for even a "Little Thunder" just now, because thunder, it is ascertained as a scientific fact, kills young ducks.

Numerous other instances might be enumerated of the attractions which farming has for illustrious Canadian men. But we shall let our news columns and the farm journals speak for themselves. As to the social elevation gained by the occupation, one has only to look in at any fashionable assembly and try to count the number of guests arrayed in flannel shirts and top boots. To see a farmer exquisite like Sir A. Caron, with blue jean trousers tucked in cowhides, and carrying a big ox-whip in his hand, conversing affably with Lady Macdonald, in a crowded reception at the Capital, may seem strange when we look at the style of five years ago. But, as it was predicted, the man now must woo the soil who would rise to social eminence, and so we find this picture. The air at fashionable assemblies is necessarily now more pronounced than formerly. But, being healthful, it is not at all objected to on account of strength.

May the noble profession go on and draw from the ranks of the so-called genteel vocations. T. T.

TESTING his pumps—His first dance.
THE road to ruin is paved with ass-fault.