

RUSSIAN CROP CONDITION.

The current year grain crops in Russia exceed last year's yield by 26,000,000 bushels, but fall 200,000,000 bushels, or eleven per cent. below the average, according to the report of the central statistical committee of that country published recently. A fine crop had been expected and the high prices of grain, assuring a remunerative export business, offer the only relieving feature of the situation. The yields, however, would indicate no repetition of last year's famine.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S ADVICE.

T. P.'s Weekly has a contribution entitled "Twelve Don'ts for Canada," containing sober advice to prospective emigrants. It is written out of personal observation and experience. In the beginning the writer says: "Don't go to Canada at all" if you have a good secure berth at home, or one with promise of promotion. If, however, you must go, don't emigrate to the Eastern provinces or Ontario. In Canada the motto is "Go West, young man, go West." For reasons very obvious to us of the West, he begs his countrymen not to go to Canada in any season, but spring or early summer. And, "Don't take furniture." Again: "Don't pay premiums for yourself or any of your family to be instructed in Canadian farming conditions. . . . Go to the famous Agricultural college at Guelph for instructions, or else work as an employee as general farm-servant." (Evidently the writer does not know of the Manitoba Agricultural college.)

Some other warnings are: "Don't be afraid of the cold; its extremity is only noticeable when the wind is high. Don't be in a hurry to take a free grant of land because it is free; learn about its local conditions first. Don't think that Canada is run on British lines. You must satisfy Canadians that you are a 'good Englishman,' before the open hand will meet you. Don't put your hand to the plough and turn back. 'Butt right in.' There is gold in the Golden West, though the dollar bills do not lie about the streets. There, as elsewhere, there are sometimes bad harvests. There, as elsewhere, there are folks with nimble wits who make a living out of those with wits less nimble. But if a man has grit, determination, and a little patience, let him go West with all confidence. With these qualifications there is no doubt of the result. The competition will come, and come soon."

DON'T WAKE THE DRAGON.

Old Hard Times, the Dragon,  
Is sleeping in his lair,  
Bones of men and women  
Are scattered everywhere,  
Confidence is leaning  
Rather sadly on his spear,  
Wondering if the people  
Don't want him longer here.

Loud enough folks chatter  
To waken him that sleeps  
"We're afraid that Good Times  
Isn't staying here for keeps;  
Crops are somewhat skimpish,  
Stocks are shrinking, too,  
Taken altogether  
Things are looking blue."

Stop your fearsome talking,  
Let the Dragon sleep.  
Hearthen up brave Confidence,  
That he his watch may keep.  
In the book of wisdom  
Did you never see  
"Whoso'er thou fearest  
Will happen unto thee?"

Courage, more than plenty,  
Makes fat Good Times stay;  
Fearing, more than shortage  
Drives Good Times away.  
Let us face the future,  
Brave and full of cheer  
Then old Dragon Hard Times  
Never will appear.

DEVON TO ME.

Where my fathers stood watching the  
sea,  
Gale-spent herring boats hugging the  
lea;  
There my Mother lives—moorland  
and tree,  
High o' the blossom! Devon to me!

Where my fathers walked driving the  
plow—  
Whistling their hearts out — who  
whistles now?  
There my Mother burns fire faggots  
free.  
Scent o' the wood-smoke! Devon to  
me!

Where my fathers sat passing their  
bowls—  
They've no cider now—God rest their  
souls!  
There my Mother feeds red cattle  
three,  
Taste o' the cream pan! Devon to me!

Where my fathers sleep turning to  
dust  
This old body throw when die I must!  
There my Mother calls — wakeful is  
she—  
Sound o' the west wind! Devon to  
me!

Where my fathers lie — when I am  
gone  
Who need pity me, dead? Never n!  
There my Mother clasps me — Let me  
be!  
Feel o' the red earth! Devon to me!

"Blessings Brighten as They  
Take Their Flight."

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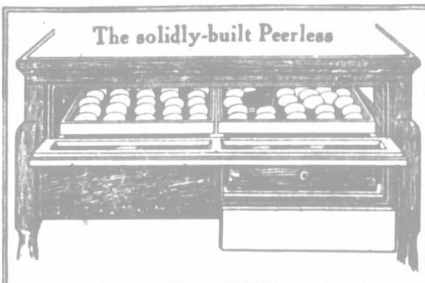
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