travelling is expensive. For instance, from Montego Bay (where it was my luck to be lodged a week) to Kingston, 110 miles, the charge for transport by vehicle is £10 and sundries, shorter distances higher in proportion. Then your epicurean tourist must leave his fancies behind him, and be prepared for one cup of half-cold coffee each day, and two slender meals very, very wide apart. Of course the better class live as well as the same class does elsewhere, but I speak of the fare available for the Northern bird of passage who has revelled in dreams of dainty dishes and a profusion of tropical fruit. Going through the streets of the capital, the stranger will be amused at the series of the female vendors—quite as incomprehensible as the noted London cries. His spare hours can be profitably spent at the excellent free library and museum; a Saturday morning visit to Victoria market would be an interesting study of the hardy countrywomen, of varying shades of colour, who have travelled barefoot for probably twenty miles with a bushel of yams or oranges on their heads. Many deserving charities and select schools are located in Kingston—good hospitals, gaols, &c., yet the blinding dust and tumble-down walls will obtrude themselves, and old Sol, beating down on the devoted head of the pedestrian, marking 88 degrees in the shade in these narrow, reeking streets, provokes strong language and damp underclothing. If variety is the spice of life, he can get it in the West Indies, but if he wants solid comfort and asks about coming here, I can only repeat somebody's advice on the marriage question, and say "*don't*."

J. T.

HUMOROUS.

How long does a widower mourn for his wife? For a second.

Ruin is always staring the Delaware peach crop in the face.

"Ben Hill, I congratulate you. It is a Raymond for an Oliver."—*Simon Cameron.*

Christians should remember the poor, and never allow ritualism to wholly supplant victualism.

The order of the red men:—"Give Injun cheap more gun, powder un whiskey." The order of the white men:—"Move on."

Postage stamps must not be used more than once. To go through the mails a letter must bear the stamp of originality.

Little drops of pepper,
Mint, and grains of tea,
Doctor up the human breath
Quite ingenious.

A familiar instance of colour-blindness is that of a man taking a brown silk umbrella, and leaving a green gingham in its place.

It is said that when General Sherman goes to a ball he kisses all the misses and never misses a kiss. Or words to that effect.

"What on earth takes you off to the stable so early every morning lately?" asked a woman of her husband. "Curry hossity."

An exchange speaks of the "reboomitization" of Grant. The fine for shooting the English language full of holes has got to be increased.

A Michigan boy committed suicide because his mother scolded him for smoking. It's cheerful to remember that there is another world where everybody smokes.

A man who offered for five dollars to put any one on the track of a paying investment seated an applicant between the rails of the Boston and Albany railroad.

Street urchin to Bohemian, whose boots have given way extensively:—"Sa-ay, what sort of jokes have the sidewalks been telling to your boots? They're on the broad grin."

A Presidential vote was taken on a railway train out West, recently, and the result showed thirty-two more Republican ballots than passengers. Is this a "straw?"

The Montevideo (Minn.) *Leader* mentions an amusing case of breach of promise which was kept out of court by the prompt delivery of a three-year-old bull to the irate parent of the disappointed damsel.

A junior was heard to remark on a recent Sunday, after Professor ——— had preached an eloquent sermon:—"That was a splendid sermon. Gad! A hundred and eight single gestures and thirteen double!"

"Annette, I am going to have company," says a belle of the Rue Breda to her maid, "and I want you to go to the fish market and get some fish, some of the best." "Yes'm." "Only don't buy them from ma—she'll swindle you."

At an examination of medical students who have gone up for their degrees: First Examiner—Guess we ought to pluck about half of these fellows. I never saw such an ignorant lot. Second Examiner—Sah! Let's pass them. They'll have to call us in for consultations!

Given an audience that reads nothing outside of the catechism and the marriages and deaths in the daily paper, and the clergyman who cannot knock Darwin, Mill and Huxley much higher than the mythical Gilderoy ever flew his equally mythical kite must be a wofully poor specimen of a minister.

A young actress urges her friend, Count X., to give her a splendid bracelet she had long set her mind upon possessing. "I'll give it to you," says the Count finally, "but on one condition—you must never wear it on the stage. My wife might see it if you did," "Oh, I see—and raise a row!" "No; make me buy her one like it."

A gentleman is presented to an old gentleman who pretends to have discovered the secret of eternal youth, though any one can see with a quarter of an eye that he hasn't. "Eighty-six years of age!" he cries in enthusiastic admiration; "eighty-six years of age! Why, bless my soul, I never should have thought you were a day over eighty-five."

Two gushing Boston girls walking one day in the suburbs found a mile-stone, forgotten in the march of improvement. One of them stooped and read the half-effaced inscription, "I. m. from Boston," and remarked:—"Here is a grave, perhaps of some young girl, who wished it written on the tombstone, 'I'm from Boston!' How touching! so simple and so sufficient!"

At a club where the players are believed to be in the habit of correcting the errors of fortune by the exercise of skill, a gentleman forgot his diamond ring in the wash-room, and sends a waiter for it. The waiter goes with a mental protest against being compelled to waste his time, but returns in a few moments in stupefied surprise. "I wouldn't go just yet," he whispers to the gentleman, "stay and play. You're in luck. Here's your ring!"

One of the theatre managers of Paris always receives an author who brings him a new play in a cold room, and, when the young man unrolls his manuscript and begins to read, rings for the servant and says, "Justine, put a couple of dramas on the grate." Nestor Roqueplan, when he had the Varietes, was more considerate, though he was not distinguished for taking religious care of manuscripts intrusted to him. One day an author came to him in *triste salmis* (Anglice—a sad stew) complaining that his piece had been mislaid and lost. "Calm yourself, my dear boy," said Roqueplan, benevolently; open that cupboard yonder. You will see a heap of plays. Take any three you like."

The best salt in the market is Higgins' Eureka salt, which is sold by Verrat, Stewart & Co., of Montreal.

The endeavour to explain why the Semitic nations wrote from right to left, has led to many curious speculations. Erlenmayer, for instance, accounts for their mode of writing by assuming that they were left-handed. But this is a hypothesis contrary to known fact. One of the most ancient of the books of the Bible mentions left-handedness as a physical peculiarity.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

SLEEP.

(Continued.)

Although the room should be comfortably warm, it ought from time to time to be properly ventilated room soon becomes foul, and, therefore, unhealthy. How many in this world, both children and adults, are "poisoned with their own breaths!"

An infant should not be allowed to look at the glare of a fire or of a lighted candle, as the glare tends to weaken the sight, and sometimes brings on an inflammation of the eyes. In speaking to, and in noticing a baby, you ought always to stand before, and not behind him, or it might make him squint.

Ought a babe to lie alone from the first? Certainly not; at first—say, for the first few months—he requires the warmth of another person's body, especially in the winter; but care must be taken not to overlay him, as many infants, from carelessness in this particular, have lost their lives. After the first few months he had better lie alone, one a horse-hair mattress.

Do you approve of rocking an infant to sleep?

I do not. If the rules of health be observed, he will sleep both soundly and sweetly without rocking; if they be not, the rocking might cause him to fall into a feverish, disturbed slumber, and not into a refreshing, calm sleep. Besides, if you once take to that habit, he will not go to sleep without it.

Then don't you approve of a rocking-chair, and of rockers to the cradle?

Certainly not; a rocking-chair, or rockers to the cradle, may be useful to a lazy nurse or mother, and may induce a child to sleep, but that restlessly, when he does not need sleep, or when he is wet and uncomfortable, and requires "changing;" but will not cause him to have that sweet and gentle and exquisite slumber so characteristic of a baby who has no artificial appliances to make him sleep. No! rockers are perfectly unnecessary, and the sooner they are banished the nursery the better will it be for the infant community. I do not know a more wearisome and monotonous sound than the everlasting rockings to and fro in some nurseries; they are often accompanied by a dolorous lullaby from the nurse, which adds much to the misery and depressing influence of the performance.

While the infant is asleep, do you advise the head of the crib to be covered with a handkerchief, to shade his eyes from the light, and, if it be summer time, to keep off the flies?

If the head of the crib be covered, the babe cannot breathe freely; the air within the crib becomes contaminated, and thus the lungs cannot properly perform their functions. If his sleep is to be refreshing, he must breathe pure air. I do not even approve of a head to a crib. A child is frequently allowed to sleep on a bed with the curtains drawn completely close, as though it were dangerous for a breath of air to blow upon him. This practice is most injurious. An infant must have the full benefit of the air of the room; indeed, the bed-room door ought to be frequently left ajar, so that the air of the apartment may be changed; taking care, of course, not to expose him to a draught. If the flies, while he is asleep, annoy him, let a net veil be thrown over his face, as he can readily breathe through net, but not through a handkerchief.

Have you any suggestions to offer as to the way a babe should be dressed when he is put down to sleep?

Whenever he be put down to sleep, be more than usually particular that his dress be loose in every part; be careful that there be neither strings nor bands, to cramp him. Let him, then, during repose, be more than ordinarily free and unrestrained.

(To be continued.)

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

TOMATO SOUP.

Skim and strain one gallon of stock made from nice fresh beef; take three quarts tomatoes, remove skin and cut out hard center, put through a fine sieve, and add to the stock; make a paste of butter and flour, and, when the stock begins to boil, stir in half a teacup, taking care not to have it lumpy; boil twenty minutes, seasoning with salt and pepper to taste. When out of season, canned tomatoes will answer, two quarts being sufficient.

MEATLESS TOMATO SOUP.

One quart tomatoes, one of water; stew till soft; add teaspoon soda, allow to effervesce, and add quart of boiling milk, salt, butter, and pepper to taste, with a little rolled cracker; boil a few minutes and serve.

TURKEY SOUP.

Place the rack of a cold turkey and what remains of the dressing and gravy in a pot, and cover with cold water; simmer gently for three or four hours, and let it stand till the next day; take off all the fat, and skim off all the bits and bones; put the soup on to heat till it boils; then thicken slightly with flour, wet up in water, and season to taste; pick of all the bits of turkey from the bones, put them in the soup, boil up and serve.

VEGETABLE SOUP.

After boiling a soup bone or piece of beef until done, add to the broth boiling water to make the amount of soup wanted, and when boiling again add a large handful of cabbage cut fine as for slaw, a half pint of tomatoes, canned or fresh; peel and slice and add three large or four small onions, and two or three potatoes (some use a half tea-cup of dried or half pint of green corn; if dried corn is used, it should be soaked). Let boil from half to three-quarters of an hour; if you like a little thickening, stir an egg or yolk with a large spoonful of milk and a teaspoon of flour, put in five or ten minutes before taking off; this makes it very rich. Serve with crackers.

VEGETABLE SOUP.

Three onions, three carrots, three turnips, one small cabbage, one pint of tomatoes; chop all the vegetables except the tomatoes very fine, have ready in a porcelain kettle three quarts of boiling water, put in all except the cabbage and tomatoes and simmer for half an hour, then add the chopped cabbage and tomatoes (the tomatoes previously stewed), also a bunch of sweet herbs. Let soup boil for twenty minutes, strain through a sieve, rubbing all the vegetables through. Take two tablespoons of best butter and one of flour and beat them to a cream. Now pepper and salt soup to taste, add a teaspoon of white sugar, a half cup of sweet cream if you have it, and last stir in the butter and flour; let it boil up and it is ready for the table. Serve with fried bread chips, or poached eggs, one in each dish.

VEAL SOUP.

To about three pounds of a well-broken joint of veal, add four quarts of water, and set it over to boil; prepare one-fourth pound macaroni by boiling it in a dish by itself with enough water to cover it; add a little butter when the macaroni is tender, strain the soup and season to taste with salt and pepper, then add the macaroni with the water in which it was boiled; onions or celery may be added for flavouring.

BREAD-DICE FOR SOUPS.

Take slices of stale bread, cut in small squares, throw in hot lard and fry till brown, skim out, drain, and put in the soup-tureen before serving the soup. Crackers crisped in the oven are nice to serve with oyster soup.

CARAMEL FOR SOUPS.

For caramel, put one tea-cup sugar and two teaspoons water in a sauce-pan over the fire, stir constantly till it is a dark colour, then add a half tea-cup water and a pinch of salt, let boil for a few moments, take off and when cold bottle.

To brown flour, put one pint in a sauce-pan on the stove, and when it begins to colour stir constantly till it is a dark brown, being careful that it does not burn. When cold put away in a tin can or jar covered closely, and keep in a dry place where it is always ready for soups or gravies. As it requires more of this for thickening than of unbrowned flour, it may be well sometimes to take half of each.

A few cloves may be stuck in the meat for soup; or it may first be fried in a sauce-pan with a little butter, turning till brown on all sides; or sliced onions may be fried brown and added to soup.

ALICE WREN'S ADVENTURES.

Death of a Young Actress of Buffalo Birth, Who Travelled Round the World—Smitten by Her Charms a Zulu Prince Offers Twenty Head of Oxen For Her.

(N. Y. Star, March 27.)

Probably no woman ever lived who met with more striking adventures in her lifetime than Miss Alice M. Wren, over whose remains funeral services were held at the family residence on South Third street, Williamsburg, on Thursday afternoon last. She was a member of the famous Wren family of actors, every member of which has been on the stage at some period of his or her life. Ella, the youngest daughter of nine children, five boys and four girls, was born in Buffale, in 1854. When only three years of age she first made her appearance on the stage with the Wren juvenile company, which was then travelling through the States. The company disbanded when the war broke out, and her mother, who was a patriotic woman, applied for the position of nurse in the 61st New York volunteers, of which two of her sons were members. When fears were entertained of an invasion of Washington by the rebel army, Mrs. Wren went to the capital, taking her two daughters, Alice and Martha, with her. The wounded and dying were being sent back from the front by hundreds, and the hospital facilities being extremely limited. Mrs. Wren, at her own expense, established a hospital and offered her services as matron. She toiled without compensation. Her two daughters, though very young, acted as nurses.

WHEN PEACE WAS DECLARED

the Wren company was again organized and went on a Southern tour. The musical education of Ella had been attended to in her early youth, and her pure, sweet voice gained for her many encomiums from the public and the press. She essayed small parts, and was looked upon as a prodigy. When the company returned from the South Mr. Edwin Eddy secured her services, and with him she travelled all over the country. In 1876 Mrs. Wren died, and shortly afterward Alice and her sister Eliza made a trip to California, and it was on the way there that the young lady first exhibited the bravery and firmness of mind for which she was ever afterward noted. The company with which they were travelling had a skirmish with the Indians, and while the other females were terrified with fear, Alice acted like a heroine. The young woman, who was then scarcely sixteen years of age, received a good offer from Mme. Cora, the celebrated ventriloquist, and with her started for Australia on what afterward proved to be a seven years' trip around the world.

Alice Wren was known on the bills as a

"SECOND-SIGHT ARTIST,"

a character in which Haldee Heller has since become so famous. They went to Australia and thence to New Zealand. From there they returned to Australia, and then proceeded in turn to Oceanica, South Africa, Natal, and back again to Australia. Alice was a great favourite in the latter place, and literally coined money there. They then went back to Natal, and about this time news was received here that Alice had been killed. No tidings were received of her for some time, and her family mourned her as dead. Shortly afterward word was received that she was alive and well, and still on her travels. While in Zululand one of the native princes fell in love with her and insisting upon making her his wife. He offered the manager twenty head of oxen for her, and his efforts to secure her at last became so offensively strenuous that the company was compelled to leave in the night. They then passed through the West Indies and visited South America and in the year 1877 returned to America. While in foreign lands the young girl experienced many hairbreadth escapes, and on several occasions the New York papers recorded her death. Upon her return Miss Wren went on a lecturing tour, taking for a subject "Around the World." She proved a success upon the platform, but the old longings for stage life again took possession of her, and when "Oofty Goofty" started out with his "Under the Gaslight" company she became a member of it, taking

THE PART OF PEACH BLOSSOM.

Seven weeks ago, while playing in Binghamton, Miss Wren became suddenly ill, and was compelled to return to her home in Williamsburg. She sank rapidly, and on last Tuesday she died. The physicians who attended her said that a complication of diseases carried her off, but her brothers, Assemblyman George Wren and Oscar, of the "Princess Toto" company, are of the opinion that she contracted the disease in Africa which ended in her death. While in South Africa, a little insect known as the *tick*, something similar to our native woodtick, made its way under her flesh, and it is believed poisoned her blood. The insect is most deadly in its effect upon cattle. Miss Wren constantly complained of pain in the member supposed to have been affected. Rev. Mr. J. J. White preached the funeral sermon on Thursday last, and many notable persons were present. The coffin was literally covered with flowers. The body was followed to the grave at Cypress Hill by a large number of mourning friends and relatives. Among the latter were Assemblyman Wren, Oscar Wren, Martha Collins, wife of James Collins, of Cincinnati—brothers and sister of the deceased—and the other members of the family, who had been her companions when she first appeared in public.

An Eccentric Geologist.

Perhaps a geologist is less likely than any other man of science to be a dandy. Much which to others is simply "dirt," may be to him an object of reverential study. That eminent geologist and admirable man, Dr. Amanz Gresley, was notorious for the exceptional carelessness and disorder of his toilette. Odd stories are told in Bern concerning this peculiarity. It is said that he was once taken up by the police as a tramp. According to another legend, he was once going to a dinner at some friend's house in the country, dressed in a new black suit, when he tore off one of the tails of his coat in order to use the cloth as a wrapper for some precious specimens he had collected on the route. A writer in the *Nachrichten* of Basle gives a story of his stay with Professor Desor in Neuchâtel, which has not hitherto been made public. One day, when the professor was absent from home, a stove-maker and his workmen arrived at the door with all the materials for the erection of a great porcelain stove, which was to be fixed in one of the rooms. Dr. Gresley, seeing the cart stop, went to the door and upon opening it was asked by the stove-maker, who took the shabby man for a servant, to help in unloading the plates, stones and other implements. The geologist was so unskilful in the business that he got a scolding from his temporary employer, who told him, however, that if he would assist him and his man in the fixing of the stove he should have a good *pour-boire* when the work was done. Gresley, who had, of course, had plenty of stone-chipping, was struck with the wretched character of the chisels, and offered to take them away and get them sharpened in a rational form at a smithy in the neighbourhood. The stove-maker, after listening to his explanations, observed that he had more sense than he had at first credited him with, and the amiable geologist hurried off with the chisels and brought them back as remodelled implements. "Why, man," cried the stove-maker, as he saw Dr. Gresley set to work, "you must be a stonemason by trade." "No," the man of science quietly replied, "but I have done a little now and then in that way." The amazement of the temporary master may be guessed when Professor Desor came home and found his eminent colleague being ordered about in the character of a supernumerary labourer. There was a profusion of blushing apology on the one side and Homeric laughter on the other, no one enjoying the mistake so much as the modest geologist himself.

A STORY FOR DRUNKARDS.—The wife of a skilled artisan named Schmid, of Samara, Russia, was brought to bed of a child while her husband, who had spent all his wages for many previous weeks in liquor, was away from his home upon a drunken frolic. Two days after her confinement Schmid staggered in and began to shout, with horrible threats and curses, for his dinner. There having been neither food nor money in the house since he had last left it, the unfortunate woman had had no nourishment for herself or her babe since its birth, and the latter had died of exhaustion but a few minutes before its father made his appearance. To Schmid's brutal menaces his miserable wife made no answer. She rose from her pallet, wan and emaciated, crept across the room to the dresser, took thence a large dish, which she carried back to the bed, and, placing her baby's corpse upon the dish, set it down on the table before her husband, with the simple but awful words, "There is nothing else to eat in the house!" Schmid sat gazing with a glassy stare at his dead child for some time. Presently a neighbour came in and spoke to him, but he uttered no word and made no sign. Upon closer examination he was found to have entirely lost his reason, and he was conveyed to a madhouse, where he still remains, a hopeless lunatic.

REPENTING OF HER FOLLY IN A CONVENT.—Great scandal was caused in aristocratic circles in the Faubourg St. Germain a few months back by the elopement of a rich heiress to London and her clandestine marriage with a gentleman bearing a name well known in the diplomatic world at the court of St. James. As this adventure has now given rise to a suit, brought by the young lady's mother, to have the marriage declared void on the ground that it was contracted in a foreign country without the publishing of banns and without her consent, there are no longer reasons for withholding the names. They are those of Mlle. d'Imecourt and Musurus Bey, son of the Turkish ambassador in London. The parties were married in the county of Middlesex, but, after they had cohabited for a fortnight, friends of the two families intervened to put an end to the scandal. A separation was brought about, and the young lady is now reflecting on her folly in the calm retirement of a convent.

The wife of Hon. Geo Irvine, of Quebec, who has been ailing for three years, died on Saturday.

CAB AND TENDER.

Curious Facts about Locomotives.

(From an Exchange.)

"He's been in the dumps because his locomotive has been 'off' for three or four days," said a railroad man at the Union Depot the other day, as he pointed to an engineer who looked as sour as any dyspeptic.

"How off?"

"Go and ask him."

It took a quarter of an hour and a cigar to clear the cloud from the engineer's face, and then in reply to the query he said:

"It is a queer thing. There's my engine, one of the best on the road, in perfect order, only twelve years old, and able to run or pull with the best of them. A month ago I hadn't the least bit of trouble in making time, no matter how the track was or the weight of the train. She was ready at the word; held her steam beautifully, and she seemed to understand every word I said. To-day she is down in the round-house, growling and sputtering and acting as if she wanted to pick a fuss with a gravel-pit."

"Anything out of gear?"

"Not a thing. She's been looked over twice, and we can't find the least excuse for her conduct. She'll get over it in a day or two, perhaps. If she don't we'll punish her."

"How?"

"Put her before a freight or stock train. I've seen it tried a dozen times, and it most always worked well. Here she is now, bright as a new dollar and as handsome as a picture, and I'll bet $50 that there isn't the least thing out of order. She's simply sulking, the same as a child, or a woman, and I know what started it. Three weeks ago, while on my run in with the night express, she just wanted to light right out for all she was worth. She took the bit like a running horse, and if I hadn't choked her off she'd have beaten schedule-time by twenty minutes. She acted mad right away, and in running twenty miles she gave me more trouble than I ever had with her in a run of three hundred. She lost steam, tried to foam over, choked her pipes, and when I wanted more steam she'd slide on her drivers. She went right back on me that night, and has been sulking ever since."

"Do all engines do that?"

"Not all, but many of them. Some folks laugh at us and call it superstition, but they never lived in an engine-cab.

Mr. Mark Wallis has disposed of his farm, lot 2, 8th concession of Southwold, 120 acres, more or less, to David Lindsay, for $7,000. Mr. Wallis intends removing to Dakota, having purchased 620 acres near Watertown.

LONG-WOOLED LINCOLN SHEEP.

Our illustration of these sheep is copied from the London *Field*, from whose article on this breed, accompany the illustration, we segregate what follows. We do this because we know there are some of these sheep in this country highly esteemed, and because those who do not know what is claimed for the breed in England know little about it. The writer in *Field* says the Improved Lincoln sheep, "taking alone into consideration the weight of the fleece, is unrivalled as a wool producer; and we shall endeavour to show that, for wool and mutton combined, it has no equal as a rent-paying animal. It must be understood that we write from a Lincoln breeder's point of view, but our aim will be to confine ourselves strictly to facts, and thus leave our readers to form their own conclusions.

"Upwards of a century ago Lincolnshire possessed an established breed of sheep, with long, bony legs and large carcasses, and, according to Ellis, they carried more wool than any sheep whatsoever. Milburn speaks of them as having large and coarse carcasses, the length from head to tail being in some cases four feet six to seven inches. The ribs were flattish and not covered very thickly with flesh; the belly deep and the shoulders so forward as almost to hide the breast; the neck thick and large, with a deep and flabby dewlap hanging from it; and the flesh often grained; the hind quarters full and fat, the tendency being to lay on fat at the rumps, and the legs fleshy and deep. The whole animal, continues Milburn, appears to be somewhat unshapely, taking the standard of a *connoisseur* as a criterion, but the valuable wool which covers it hides all imperfections.

"There can be no question that the original Lincolnshire sheep were ungainly animals and gross feeders, possessing but little aptitude to fatten. When it was seen, however, what a vast improvement had been made in the Leicester sheep by Bakewell, the intelligent Lincolnshire breeders determined to follow in his footsteps; and, by a wise and judicious admixture of Leicester blood, they created an entirely new type of sheep, which retained the pre-eminent wool-bearing qualities of the old breed, and showed a marked improvement in form and in their aptitude to accumulate flesh. The uneducated agriculturists of the past generation, however, for many years refused to take advantage of the skill displayed by the pioneers in this great work of improvement; but finally they began to perceive the vast superiority of the new type, which soon became the one established breed of the country.

"It was not until a quarter of a century ago that the value of the Improved Lincoln began to be acknowledged outside the county. The grand appearance of the sheep exhibited at the Royal and other shows impressed visitors from the colonies, who saw the benefit likely to be derived from a cross between them and their own short-woolled breeds. This was more particularly the case about 1864 and 1865, when wool became so valuable in the market. Enormous prices were make at the annual ram sales and lettings, one celebrated sheep belonging to Mr. Kirkham, of Biscathorpe, being let, in five successive years, at an aggregate of 600 guineas.

"As breeders tine Improved Lincolns are wonderfully prolific, and they arrive at maturity very early. As these sheep are bred for both wool and mutton, it is necessary that they should not only have long and lustrious fleeces, but that they should possess those qualities which indicate an abundance of meat—good necks, broad and even backs, with a firm touch—that they should be well sprung in the shoulders, and have good legs.

"With regard to the fleeces, we may mention one flock of improved Lincolns, which may be taken as a fair sample of the best flock in the county. Mr. Marshall, of Branston, has clipped no less than 26½ lbs. of wool from a shearling, 14 months old, and his hogs have this year todded 160 two and 40 threes.

AGRICULTURAL.

MIXTURE OF GRASSES.

SIR,—I notice several letters in your paper on the "Best Mixture of Grasses." It is about time our farmers were making a change from the inevitable "Red Clover and Timothy." By seeding down with at least half a dozen varieties of grasses, that are especially adapted to this country, there is more certainty of a "catch," and the clovers are not so liable to be thrown out with frost when there is a thick sward. The quality of the hay and pasture is increased very materially by a variety.

The following will be found a good and reliable mixture for either meadow or permanent pasture:—

QUANTITIES PER ACRE.

3 lbs. Red clover.
2 lbs. Alsike clover.
1 lb. White Dutch clover.
3 lbs. Timothy.
3 lbs. Orchard grass.
2 lbs. Kentucky Blue grass.
2 lbs. Red Top grass.

Yours truly, WM. RENNIE.

Toronto, April 2, 1880.

GROWING ONIONS.

This crop was formerly regarded as a profitable one, and large quantities were grown in some localities. Within the past few years the onion maggot has proved to be a great pest to the onion, and many fields have been greatly injured or wholly destroyed, so that some farmers have become in a measure discouraged, and do not attempt to grow them as formerly. In some localities a mildew has injured this crop to a considerable extent. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, as a rule a good crop can be secured when all the conditions are favourable. The onion requires a rather light, loamy soil made mellow by plough or spade. Formerly it was the rule to grow them on the same land many years in succession, but many of the best growers have abandoned this practice, and now change about every second or third year.

The land should be heavily manured with well rotted dressing, with wood ashes if it can be had, all of which should be turned under. The land should then be well raked over and made smooth, and as free as possible from lumps. The seed should be sown as early as possible after the soil is suitable to work. Sow in drills about fourteen to sixteen inches apart, and put the seed about half an inch deep. This work can be done with a seed sower, and the seed should be sown quite thickly so as to allow for some loss by insects. If there are two many plants left it will not be difficult to remove them, but if the land has been thoroughly enriched they may be left pretty near together—say an inch apart. No weeds should be allowed to grow. The work of keeping them down can be mostly done with a scuffle hoe, and very rapidly too.

There are many varieties, but one of the best, if not the very best, is the Danvers yellow, a variety that is largely cultivated in Essex county and has sold well in Boston market. The large red and silver skin are sorts that do well and find a ready market, but still we give the preference to the Danvers. These varieties should yield under good cultivation six to eight hundred bushels to the acre, and sell from seventy-five cents to a dollar a bushel. We know of nothing that can be used that will effectually prevent the ravages of the maggot or mildew. One must take the chances. We know of few more profitable crops than the onion.

Always start a horse with the voice, never with the cut of the whip. In starting, turn a little to one side; in stopping, when going up a hill, do the same.

Onions are best kept in a well-ventilated building secured from moisture, stored on shelves or racks, not too close together, and kept as near as possible at freezing point.

The *Scientific American* says that an immediate and effective remedy for lice on cows and other cattle, also for ticks on pigs, is to wash the affected parts with potato water, water in which potatoes have been boiled.

The only proper thing to do with a horse that has the glanders is to shoot him. He can't be cured, and he is constantly spreading the disease among horses, and even men. In some countries it is unlawful to drive a glandered horse.

Laying hens need a great deal of lime, in order that their eggs may have the proper thickness of shell. Nothing better can be given than raw bones crushed fine. They are of special value on account of the fatty matter contained in their cells.

The number of kernels in a bushel of Fultz wheat is 683,120, and in a bushel of Clawson 545,200, being, at one bushel per acre, fifteen seeds to the square foot of the former, and a fraction less than fourteen seeds per square foot of the latter.

Grafting wax may be made by melting together four pounds of common rosin, two pounds of beeswax, and one pound of tallow. If to be used in the orchard in cool weather, add a quarter of a pound more of tallow, or a little raw linseed oil.

The New York *Weekly Herald* says:—To cure the scab or scurvy legs in poultry, take lard and kerosene oil, equal parts, to which add sulphur sufficient to make a paste; rub the legs with this mixture till the scab comes away, then smear with a little olive oil.

A correspondent of *The Country Gentleman* asserts that his corn has been earlier and the yield larger since he abandoned the practice of planting pumpkins with the corn. He thinks the loss in the corn crop has more than compensated for the loss of the pumpkins.

Moderately fat animals are the most profitable. Every fat animal has been fed at a loss during the latter part of its feeding. When an animal is ready for market sell it; if there is feed left, buy some more lean animals and feed them. "The nimble sixpence" brings the profit.

In making a new orchard, says a fruit-grower, systematize matters by setting your apple trees so that your summer apples will be together, then your fall apples, then your winter apples, and so on. It will be much easier to gather them; you will not be compelled to haul over the orchard.

A calf will draw milk in three minutes, and the nearer a milker can come to that time the better. A slow milker makes the cow impatient, and often causes her to hold up her milk. The strippings are the richest part, and if a cow is milked quietly, as well as quickly, there will be more as well as richer milk, because of the strippings.

French poultry fanciers who make a specialty of raising fowls for the market are now feeding their poultry with barley and steamed carrots. Their rapid fattening qualities are something wonderful, and it is said that the roots also impart a peculiar flavour to the flesh that suits the taste of the French epicure exactly. The large yellow carrots are considered best for this purpose.

Young orchards will be benefited by a good washing of the trunks and limbs as far as practicable with whale oil soap (one pound to four gallons of water), applied with an oil cloth or stiff brush. If whale oil soap is not obtainable, soap lees will answer the purpose nearly as well. The washing will rid the trees of all insects and their eggs deposited in the crevices of the bark, as well as keep the bark of the trees in healthier condition.

I have a horse that appears to have a humour of some kind. He rubs himself till he wears the hair off and makes a sore place. It is worst at the roots of his mane and tail. What is the remedy?—SUBSCRIBER. Your horse evidently has mange. Wash the parts thoroughly with soap and warm water. Then make a mixture of oil of tar 2 oz. and whale oil 24 oz. Apply thoroughly with a brush to the affected parts. Repeat in two or three days, then in a week. Should it be evident that full recovery is not attained, the remedy may be applied every fifth day.

PRESERVING CABBAGE.—Our mode in saving cabbages during the winter is to stand them in rows upright as they grew, buried up to the lower leaves. After an oblong bed of them is prepared, cover with leaves or straw, and place over it an improvised roof, formed of bean-poles laid across a rough frame, covered with cornstalks, and to lean enough to carry off the water. We have often kept our cabbages to the first of May in this way. Some people put the heads down and hang up the stalk; but we don't think they keep as well and it entails more labour.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

STRAWBERRIES—fine, luscious, crimson strawberries—look well upon the table at meal time, three times a day, and they taste better than they look, and their fragrance is as captivating as their taste. Farmers' cows give milk, which furnishes sweet cream, and with a little sugar added to the strawberries and cream, there is a dish that the most favoured magnates of earth might relish. Strawberries are as easily raised as potatoes or cabbage, and every farmer's table ought to be supplied with them in their season.

COVERED YARDS FOR CATTLE.—American farmers for the most part have yet to learn the value of a covered yard for their stock. There are many days in the year when cattle could be turned into such a yard, when they would otherwise be condemned, on account of the weather, to stand all day in the stable. The roof would prevent all waste of manure from washing, and would make the yard so leanly and comfortable that the animals could lie down. In this country, where wood is cheap and almost every man sufficiently handy to be his own carpenter, we are convinced that farmers have only to see the advantages of such yards to adopt them at once.—*N. Y. Herald.*

DEAR SIR,—A two-year-old bullock fed on turnips, straw and meal, is not thriving like the rest, though he appears quite healthy and eats well. He is always rubbing and licking himself, though he is free of vermin. I think his general uneasiness proceeds from heat in the skin. What should I give him to remove the itchiness, which prevents him from resting?—From your description we should say that your bullock is affected with mange. Try the following ointment:—Take hog's lard, two pounds; spirits of turpentine, half a pint; put them in a pot that will hold twice the quantity; then gradually add oil of vitriol, two ounces, and keep stirring until mixed, afterwards add flowers of sulphur, in fine powder, half a pound; mix all together, and rub well into the skin.

A German farmer, says the New York *Tribune*, having left some refuse carrots in a corner of the garden, was pleasantly surprised to find gathered about them a multitude of the slugs that had previously wasted his vegetable substance, and could be readily dispatched. Subsequently, during summer, he laid the roots in small heaps at various points, and thus collected on a single square yard of ground no less than 480 of the pests, which soon found themselves literally in hot water. We have had recent evidence that partially decayed potatoes similarly distributed through a field after the general digging will be so covered with Colorado beetles that great numbers of them, which (after the fashion of Presidential aspirants) are saving themselves up for the campaign of 1880, may be easily destroyed. In like manner an immature winter squash left in the patch was found swarming with "stink" bugs—perhaps a hundred of them—and disposed of in mass by a sudden dash from the spout of a boiling tea-kettle.

BAD NEWS FROM PETERBORO'.

Winter Wheat Ruined by the Weather.

PETERBORO', April 1.—The high prices and fair success of last season's fall wheat crop induced the farmers of this section to sow an unusually large breadth of winter wheat last fall. The crop has received serious injury from the very unfavourable weather of the past two months. A very large proportion of the crop is totally ruined, and that which will not require to be ploughed up can at best return but an inferior yield.

Several thousand tons of ice are piled on the banks in the vicinity of Kingston, and every available vessel is loaded. Some of the ice-laden crafts have sailed for Charlotte.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The German Government has at length decided not to make any further effort to raise the Great Elector. The loss is computed at $1,600,000.

A mother propped up her baby in a chair in a photograph gallery in Columbus, Ohio, to have its picture taken and then excused herself for a moment. She has not yet returned.

The cause of woman suffrage seems to be losing ground with Massachusetts legislators. The last vote in the House of Representatives was heavier against it than any previously cast.

A church, nearly completed in Moscow, has cost over $3,000,000. Dome and cross are thickly plated with gold, and it is calculated that millions of this metal are on Russian church roofs.

Since the great success which attended Moltke's pickelhaubes, all the European armies have adopted this head gear—Russian, Austrian, English, French, and Italian troops all wear it more or less.

Although the St. Gothard tunnel is opened, its ventilation is as yet defective, and on the 3rd inst. a man was found suffocated to death in it. It is calculated that the tunnel will not be finished till December.

The temperance society at Dublin, Ohio, is called Ku-Klux, and seems to deserve the name, for the members have blown up two bar-rooms with powder. On the last occasion the building was totally demolished by the explosion of a keg of powder in the cellar.

Since the introduction of postal cards Mr. Gladstone's handwritting has fallen from clearness into chaos. Lord Beaconsfield's writing has also changed, but it has so frequently varied during his varied career that the change is not attributable to postal cards.

Statistics published in January by the Italian Government report the attendance in the public schools of 700 scholars between 40 and 50 years old. Education has long been backward in the peninsula; now the itching to learn prevails among all classes and ages.

Four or five enormous blocks have been removed by order of the Khedive from the great pyramid for the purpose of building a mosque. This mutilation has been severely criticised by the Egyptians, whose faith, if pinned to anything, is pinned to the great relics of the Pharohs.

Only one candidate obtained honours in the recent examination at Cambridge, England, in Semitic languages, viz., the Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer, son of the Earl of Kintore. In 1876 Dr. Falconer gained the highest honour in the theological schools. He is a renowned bicyclist.

It has now been clearly shown by M. Castel Blaze that the melody of the great French revolutionary song of the "Marseillaise" is German. Rouget de Lisle, when quartered at Strasburg, heard a well-known German hymn, and wrote to it the spirited words which were soon to be adopted by all France.

Albert Sage is near to death at New Albany, Ind., and there is an insurance of $2,000 on his life. His wife guarded him closely, because he had bequathed her the policy, and she feared that he might change his mind. Notwithstanding her watchfulness, he has disappeared, and she has had his brother arrested on a charge of stealing him.

The coinage of silver five-franc pieces at the French mints is prohibited by order of the Latin Monetary Union; otherwise, it is maintained, all the silver bars of America would be shipped to France to be converted into small change. The five-franc piece has for centuries been a favourite coin among the French, and its disappearance will cause grumbling.

There are forty Mormon missionaries in the South, and a large number of local preachers. Elder Morgan, who has charge of the Southern mission, reports that the cause is making steady progress. Some of the converts migrate to Salt Lake, but the majority remain at home, professing a belief in polygamy, but not practising it. Twenty elders are to be sent to this field.

Mary Steck has starved herself to death, at Allegheny, Pa. She believed that, in consequence of her sinfulness, God had commanded her not to eat. She was kept alive in a hospital by having food forced down her throat; but on her return home she refused to take any nourishment, and died after six weeks of almost entire abstinence.

The Rev. Father Freithof, of Buldersheim, Germ