

**THE AGRICULTURAL EMPORIUM.**

We have introduced a bill into the Legislature of Ontario to assist us to make this establishment of more benefit to the country than it has yet been. Look for particulars in next number of this paper. We have very useful communications about seed grain. Numerous orders have come in and some deliveries have been made this month.

We are now prepared to fill orders from our subscribers, the money must accompany the orders. We are not prepared at the present time to supply more than one bag of Chilian Wheat to any one person, if we can yet procure a larger supply we should be happy to fill larger orders. We may supply two bags of Crown Peas to one order, and two bags of black oats, but not more than one bushel of the white oats. Even with the above limitation we fear we shall not be able to supply the demand. The golden drop wheat may be supplied in large quantities by giving us due notice. We do not object to supply in smaller quantities to suit any that require only quarter of a bushel. In sending money, register the letter, or send by P. O. order. Give your own P. O. address, and state at what station you wish to have the grain sent. Many neglect to name the station, but we cannot send unless you tell us where to direct it to. The price of bags is 27c or 45c. You can see the price list advertised on the last page of this number, and can make out your own bill and remit accordingly. We charge nothing for shipping on the cars! The freight of course you pay when you get your grain. Do not be in a fidget should you not receive the grain as soon as you expect it. Many letters were sent to us enquiring about the grain shipped last fall. Sometimes the railroad companies are much longer in forwarding freight than we like, but we cannot help that. The Express charges are so high we do not send by them, if we can send any other way in time. Still, when ordered to do so we obey instructions. We have endeavored to make arrangements with them about sending seed grain, but have not yet succeeded in getting the prices reduced. Still, we hope to accomplish that yet, as it would be an advantage to themselves and the farmers.

**Fanny Fern on Farmer's Wives.**

Fanny Fern is eloquent on the subject of farmers wives. She says: Next to being a minister's wife, I should dread being the wife of a farmer. Sometimes indeed, the terms are synonymous. Raising children and chickens, *ad infinitum*, making butter, cheese, bread, and the omnipresent pie, cutting, making and mending the clothes for a whole household, and not to speak of doing their washing and ironing; taking care of the pigs and the vegetable garden; making winter-apple sauce by the barrel, and picking myriads

of cucumbers; drying fruits and herbs; putting all the twins through the measles, whooping cough mumps, scarlet fever, and chicken pox; besides, keeping a river of hot grease on the kitchen table, in which is to float potatoes, carrots, onions, and turnips for the ravenous maws of the "farm hands." Now your farmer is a round, stalwart, comfortable animal. There is no baby wailing at his pantaloons while he ploughs or makes fences. He lies down under the nearest tree and rests, or sleeps when he can no longer work with profit. He comes unto his dinner with the appetite of a hyena, and the digestion of a rhinoceros; and goes forth again to the hayfield till called home to supper. There is his wife, and too often with the same frowsy head with which she rose in the morning, darting hither and thither for whatever is wanted, or helping the hungry children on the farm hands. After the supper is finished comes the dish-washing, and milking, and the thought for to-morrow's breakfast; and then perhaps all night she sleeps with one eye open for a baby or a sick child, and rises again to pursue the same unrelieved treadmill, wearing round the next day.

The above extract is going the rounds of the papers throughout the province, without comment. We hope no one may be led away with such trash. Are not men and women made to toil? Is there any labor more useful, natural or beneficial than the cultivation of the soil and attending to domestic duties? Is it not a real pleasure to see that your daily labor is profitably and beneficially expended, and that you can enjoy daily and hourly those blessings? Let not your minds be tempted to imagine that the splendor of the city belles is pleasure or happiness. These gaudy festive enjoyments are attained by about one in one hundred that aspire to them. The misery privation, destitution, sin and death that follow after city life and city pleasures overbalance one hundred times the labor and toil of attending to your domestic duties. Keep yourselves in the country, do not be tempted by the appearance of a better dress, a broach or a bonnet, to venture your career in the sale room, millinery shops, hotels, or saloons of the city. The step once taken, onward you go, from place to place, and city to city. At the present time there are no less than 28,000 females in New York city alone, that are living or rather dying of filth, disease and sin, caused by seeking their own pleasure rather than following the useful, religious and happy life so much condemned by the author of the above sneering extract. Girls, go to work in the country and be not ashamed of honest industry. If grown up daughters have not employment

enough on their father's farm, there are plenty of farmers ready to employ you where you can enjoy the comforts of life without such great temptations to err from the path of happiness, as a city life presents to you.

**SEED.**

A person, can we call him a farmer, called at our office on the 25th inst, and brought a sample of wheat that he called the Golden Drop, which we know did not belong to that class of wheat at all. The sample was foul, and the wheat itself was of an inferior quality, shrunk and cut with the threshing machine. We took the sample from him and it is now in our office for inspection. He demanded the small sum of \$3 50 per bushel for it. He procured it from a neighbor, and probably thought he could gull your editor out of a few dollars per bushel more than such stuff was worth by a creditless tale. We happen to know more about the wheat than he anticipated. We want something that is good, and have had too much experience to be so easily fooled. We could give the person's name but suppress it.

**EDITORIAL STEALING.**

He who steals our purse steals trash, but he who steals our "brain work" is a skunk, pole cat, dunghill rooster, nigger beans, rotten eggs, skipper cheese, dead rule, white-livered injun, who should be bitten by a hydrophobic animal; green flies should blow his sores; the itch should eat his hands; scurvy destroy his teeth; mummys defile his cheek; chicken lice eat out his hair: may his eyes be tormented with stys, the smallpox mar the beauty of his phiz; may bunions and corns cover his feet; may ugly old maids pull his nose and ears; may he suffer endless torment with the belly-ache; and when he comes to die may God have mercy on his little soul—if he can find it There is some excuse for a poor devil of a country editor; but when a "big city paper" that blows about the "extensive talent" concentrated within its sanctum, stoops to steal from a country exchange it looks to much like an overgrown "hoss" fly endeavoring to make a big "blow" by stealing the wind of the little house fly.—Ex.

We do not intend anything "personal" by this article, yet if it should hurt the feelings of a certain Toronto big gun, or any of its staff we can't help it. When they do use any of our plans or suggestions, we hope they will be honest enough to give us the proper credit.

A close-fisted farmer applied to us last week, to advertise his farm for him, as he saw we advertised farms on commission, —no sale no pay. We asked, how much land? 100 acres; his price? \$6000. We would not insert it unless as an advertisement to be paid for by him, as we considered the price asked nearly, or quite, double its value; and we do not wish our advertising space to be uselessly occupied.