

ARBOR DAY.

To-day (Friday) is Arbor day. The schools will be closed in consequence. Let every citizen who has the welfare of Atwood at heart do something tangible in the matter of beautifying the streets with shade trees. Perhaps no place in Western Ontario looks prettier than Brussels in summer, and why? because her citizens have an eye to the beautiful, and are not afraid to roll up their sleeves and set out maples every spring and thereby enhance the value of their homes and the beauty of their town. What is more exhilarating on a sultry summer's day than to walk down a street on either side of which may be seen growing luxuriantly the broad foliaged and stately maple—the emblem of Canadian nationality—fanning the gentle zephyrs, and lending a striking and pleasing contrast to the parched, monotonous looking buildings and dusty roads. Why do many people prefer walking on College Avenue to many other streets in Toronto? Simply because of the many shade trees which have been carefully planted in years gone by, until to-day it more strongly resembles a beautiful city park than a thoroughfare. We hope the foregoing hints will be carried into practice.

THE BABCOCK MILK TESTER.

Science has unfolded to the world many practical and useful lessons, treating on the best and most economical schemes for bettering the condition of man. In no age perhaps has the powers of genius and invention been more exerted than in the present century, especially during the last fifty years. Be it said to the credit of the Republic, that in practical science and invention she has eclipsed the world. The mechanical world pays homage to the United States, even England with all her vaunted mechanical skill. Every department of manual labor has been made easier and more profitable by the ingenuity of man. A revolution may be said to have taken place in the mode of agriculture. Let any of our farmer readers compare the farming utensils of 1841 with those of 1891—50 years—and the progress is simply marvellous. But the process of cheesemaking has not witnessed so many striking changes, possibly because there is not the scope for the inventive mind as in other departments of manual labor. Yet, nevertheless, during the past five years cheesemaking has been steadily undergoing some very important transformations for producing a superior article for the foreign market. The latest boon to the dairying industry is the Babcock Milk Tester, a little contrivance of American invention for testing the percentage of the various ingredients contained in milk. By it the cheesemaker is enabled to accurately tell the amount of fats or solids, water, etc., contained in each patron's milk. It is in this connection we wish to suggest a practical scheme whereby each patron's milk will be paid for just in proportion to the percentage of solids, or cheese-producing ingredients, it contains, and not by the bulk as is now the universal system. By adopting this new method it will do away with the pernicious and illegal "watering" process resorted to by too many unscrupulous farmers in order to increase their quantity of milk which of course means for them a larger cheque at the end of the month. If the farmer is paid in proportion to the cheese producing value of his milk he will at once see the folly of the watering scheme. For no matter how much water he adds to 500 quarts of milk he can only receive, by the new method, the percentage of solids contained in the 500 quarts. Again, it would place all on an equality with each other, which is all but an impossibility under the present system. The patron who sends 500 quarts of inferior milk because of his poor breed of cattle and poor pasturage, receives just as much as the patron who sends 500 quarts from the best improved stock, fed on the choicest feed. The former's milk may contain only 3.20 per cent. of solids, while the latter's milk contains 5.00 per cent. Thus it will be seen that it is unjust to both patron and company to pay for milk by the bulk. The new method would tend to encourage breeders of good stock, and never more would factories be humbugged by the "watering" nuisance. We submit the foregoing suggestions to the directors of the numerous cheese factories of this community for the consideration they are entitled to, believing that a change in this particular branch of dairying would prove to be in the highest interests of both patrons and directors.

So far thirty-seven protests have been entered against the return of Liberal members of Parliament, and thirty-two against Conservatives. Several cross petitions have also been filed. In Tuesday's *Globe* we notice North Perth among the long list of protested constituencies. This everlasting protesting business is a downright nuisance; it tends to keep the public peace in a state of turmoil and paralyse trade, and we fear too many of the protests are the outcome of party vindictiveness rather than an honest seeking after justice. The only class of individuals who will really be profited will be the legal fraternity. This is the largest number of elections ever protested since Confederation.

COUNT VON MOLTKE is dead. The great hero of many battlefields lived to the ripe age of 91 years. "By the death of Von Moltke," says the *Montreal Star*, "the greatest military strategist that ever lived has passed away. He was more than a strategist. He had the power of planning a campaign in such a way that he could put his finger on the map and say: 'At that place, on such a day, we will conclude this war.' He did this in the Austrian war and in the war with France. Of course he could not have done so had not the whole military system of Prussia been organized to a nicety and all means looking to the predeceated end carefully perfected. But Von Moltke was an embodiment of military system brought to the utmost exactness. Hence his success and the success of Prussia."

"We all do Fade as a Leaf."

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF MISS EMMA G. HORN, ELMA, WHO DIED MARCH 22, 1891.

COLD winter came with the beautiful snow
And spread a white mantle over the earth,
But little thought we ere the time it would go,
One so near would be called from the family hearth.

A beautiful blossom in her youthful day,
So attractive, and hearty of promise fair,
A picture of health fully blythe and gay,
A credit to society anywhere.

Of the fairest flowers are the first to fade
In an hour untimely caught by disease,
Thus the bright hued lilies in the dust are laid,
No more to wave in the balmy breeze.

What a striking picture of the sad event,
Which loved ones now are constrained to condole,
For the relentless foe once more has rent
The family band and one away stole.

Poor nature would almost fancy 'twere dreams,
But alas! the truth is unalterable now,
For in the dark grave lie the last remains,
With the deep print of Death on the withered brow.

No more the countenance fair is seen,
With the modest smile of affection and cheer,
In the pleasant home by the trees ever green,
Her happy abode from the earliest year.

No more in the Sabbath assembly met
At the chapel pew where she loved to be,
Or the little band by the rivulet,
Ah no! and never in this scene will be.

Ere the sun arose in the eastern sky
Or the twilight appeared on that Sabbath morn,
The spirit had departed to God on high,
Amidst the bleeding hearts by sorrow torn.

Solemn are scenes we often behold
As we travel across this teary vale,
When the wreck of disease cannot be controlled,
And Death draws near the helpless or the hale.

Oh yes! a solemnity deep prevails,
When a kindred group are standing around
A dying friend when all remedy fails,
And they seek a balm which cannot be found.

Constrained they wait to hear the latest breath,
To see the last struggle in this world of care,
To view the sunken eyelids close in death,
All hopes of amends now sunk in despair.

To stand face to face with the monster foe,
To struggle for life 'neath a crushing pain,
Is something of which we really don't know
Until all exertions have proved in vain.

But when the trials of this world are o'er,
How different the scene for the saved through grace,
No tyrant Death approaches the shore,
No pain ever enters that glorious place.

In that land of light they shed no tears,
They know no sorrow no parting again,
But joy to endure for unnumbered years,
And fadeless beauties which ever remain.

—Thos. E. Hammond.
Elma, April 25th, 1891.

HORSES FOR SALE

One Heavy Draught, 3 years old, by imported sire.
One 6 year old General Purpose horse.
WILLIAM DUNN.

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WM. LOCHHEAD, Secretary.

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—ON—
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Mrs. Mary Furlong, Woodhouse, says:—"When all others failed, Dr. Sinclair cured me of fits."

W. McDonald, Lakefield, Ont., says:—"Dr. Sinclair cured me of catarrh."

Geo. Rowed, Blyth, says:—"Dr. Sinclair cured me of heart disease and dropsy, when all others failed."
Diseases of private nature brought on by folly Dr. Sinclair certainly cures.