

find these locations, but I am at present simply intending to confine my remarks on this subject to this immediate locality and district. As you may already know, there is a fine promising region of country here bordering the long and winding but picturesque and beautiful river Aux Sables, coming out as it does from the county of Huron and through the county of Middlesex, empties its volume of rushing water into the magnificent and comprehensive Lake Huron at a point in this county called Dort Franks. Along the upper course of this water ravine there are thousands of acres of rich deposit of strong clay loamy soils in undulating positions, thoroughly drained and rolling. They are very wide along this stream, and through adjacent country are the best and most promising locations for the successful growth of the pear that has come in the course of our observation. In this region as far as we know there has been no case of pear blight in its more virulent forms, with its bad and depressing results of death to the tree. The soil throughout is a deep heavy clay loam, resting at a distance of 10 to 20 feet on the rock, and is in every direction cut up and revived by the powerful force of small streamlets making their way to the river, and the intersected high lands are in some cases mound-like and hill shaped, and in others broad, beautiful table lands. We would ask why not use a region like this of so much promise for the supreme purpose of growing pears. There is not the least possible doubt but that it could be done. Up to the present the most beautiful and charming Bartlett's and Flemish Beauty has been produced here where scarcely anything else could prosper or grow.

We have known pears to be planted on the most desirable acres of strong rich alluvial soils, that were thought just the thing, but before the trees came into profitable bearing they were overtaken with blight, and their soft, sappy, immature wood fell an untimely and disappointing prey. This makes us look to the "hills," from whence cometh our hope. But we know that this region is not the only one of promise in the borders of our proud Ontario. There are doubtless many others as accessible and equally as good for the successful growth of pears, were they properly looked up and utilized.

I would beg simply to throw out this idea affecting our cherished pear by way of kindly suggestion, and hope that it may be the means, though feeble, of drawing out the observations of others better qualified for further light and knowledge.

B. GOTT.

Arkona, 1886.

#### FARMERS FORMING CLUBS.

A large number of Farmers having signified their desire to form clubs, we some time ago sent them sample copies, etc., of the Journal. Many of them have already succeeded beyond our expectations, some not so well—to all we return thanks. Those from whom we have not yet heard, will please do what they can this month. Now is the best time. More copies of the Journal sent to any person wishing them. January, 1886, more than double January, 1885, in the number of subscribers received. Try again, and help us to make February, 1886, double the same month of 1885.

If there is no club agent at your Post Office, you, reader, are hereby authorized to make up a club, and earn the cash premiums we offer. Send for terms, sample copies, etc. Now is the best time.

### The Home.

For the CANADIAN LIVE-STOCK JOURNAL.

#### Two Paths.

BY MRS. HANBY.

Once on a sunny winter's day,  
As two boys walked along the way,  
They said, "let us each as we forward go,  
Try to make a perfect path in the snow."

The first moved on with a cautious tread,  
Never daring to lift his head,  
For fear if he did the next foot-fall  
Might turn aside and spoil it all.

The other looked on the topmost limb  
Of a pine tree just ahead of him,  
Where a little rift in the bark was seen  
Like a white star set in the boughs of green.

The first one found, on looking back,  
He had made but a sorry zig zag track,  
While the one that looked above, you know,  
Saw a long straight line on the pure white snow.

And thus, in our onward march to the skies,  
Let us fix our eye on the mark for the prize,  
And have a path through the world below,  
Like a perfect line on the pure white snow.

For the CANADIAN LIVE-STOCK JOURNAL.

#### Unsympathetic Homes.

There are many homes which it is impossible to enter without being attracted by the manifest attachment and good-will which pervades the home atmosphere. But even when these admirable traits are markedly displayed, there is often a lack of sympathy—perhaps to say a lack of reciprocal interest or congenial feeling would more truly express the idea meant to be conveyed.

Writing for a journal whose circulation is largely confined to farmers, we will specially direct our attention to "evils" we have seen in this respect in farmers' families.

In many families one or more of the boys is found aspiring to a college education. In not a few instances brothers and sisters make sacrifices and the boys go to college. There they mingle with the educated—frequently meet the cultured, and are welcomed into the homes of the refined. They return to the farm at intervals, and though the love they bear to the old homestead and its inmates cannot be questioned, a painful lack exists. The monotony of chickens, cows, crops, and local items grows wearisome at times, and a longing which may not be expressed, grows in the heart for some one *at home* to sympathize with and enter into hopes and aspirations for the future. Even the kindest sisterly offices can not wholly make up for the painful deficiency in every branch of the higher education and the un pitying slaughter of grammatical usages. Thus college brothers, idolized as they often are, find that for congeniality of feeling they must look elsewhere than home.

In other homes, where the farmer is tolerably well situated as regards the comforts of life, we find daughters receiving an education, while the boys are kept working at home. With the ordinary English branches a knowledge of music and the arts is obtained. A girl sees enough of society to feel keenly the difference between the "lettered and the unlettered." Are there no extenuating circumstances if at times she wishes her brothers were more gentlemanly in deportment and less uncouth in language? She loves them, of course, as any good sister will, but the gulf between them can not be denied.

In other homes we find the inmates more on a level—a fair share of general knowledge and an appreciation of good literature characterizes all members of

the family; but even there the void is felt. Each may have a favorite inclination—may be struggling to attain a pre-eminence in some particular department—for sympathy, indifference is given; for encouragement, banter. "Oh, he doesn't mind it!" Doesn't he? Few human beings exist who are not in a greater or less degree susceptible to sympathy. A man or woman of true metal of course struggles bravely on without it; nevertheless the burden would be lighter were it extended.

But even where ties are stronger than that of brother and sister we find the "aching void." Conjugal affection often loses the ardor of early days by conscious or unconscious indifference on the part of either the husband or the wife to the efforts of the other. The very subtlety of the manner in which the feeling grows and exists may prevent its discernment for years, but eventually a nameless something will enter the breast of one who continually finds heart throbbings unchorded. In the efforts to secure a comfortable maintenance, social position, education of children, etc., there may be perfect unison and yet that secret void exist, sapping the foundations of domestic happiness.

Characterizing the above as existing evils, we would seek a remedy which, though not wholly extirpating the trouble, might in some measure lessen it.

Much of the first and second evils could be remedied by parents giving to their children equal opportunity for the foundation of a good education. It is a mistake, we think, to highly educate one and deprive the others. Give them all a start and then let each depend upon his or her own exertions. Let parents relieve themselves of the odium of partial dealing with their children. But when circumstances exist as we have described, let the boys who have left the farm to follow professional or mercantile pursuits not forget what they owe to those at home, and let them show their remembrance in some tangible way.

An occasional sheet of music, a popular periodical, an interesting book, a good long letter at intervals, describing phases of life as they find it, will do much towards making those at home feel there is something in common between them. At the same time let the boys and girls on the farm endeavor to so culture their minds that they may converse intelligently, as farmers' sons and daughters should, and hold their own even against college brothers. That was no ordinary girl who stayed at home to read when the other youngsters of the neighborhood engaged in a perfect round of merry making, in order that the brother at college might not find home altogether barren in the matter of literary delights. In this connection, however, we beg to remark, that brothers are not quite scathless in one respect. How many a boy when he is ready to engage in his life work marries—often the one he chooses has but little sympathy with his early struggles and less interest in his family connections—the sisters and brothers whom he ought to have assisted are left to struggle as best they may, and not unfrequently bitter disappointment is the miserable substitute for the fruition of hope and sacrifice.

When the girls leave home, we do not think the boys feel so keenly the difference between their attainments; and besides, very often if a boy is determined to leave home, he can, while a girl would be guilty of culpable neglect to her parents were she to do the same. Still, girls can do much, and a young man whose asperities do not soften under the influence of an agreeable and refined sister, is not likely to become a great benefit to the community.

The remedy for the third evil may be summarily