

time. As nearly everything is extremely backward, the conditions affecting vegetation can hardly be of too forcing a character for a bountiful harvest.

Wheat.—Seven hundred bushels sold at from 71c. to 72c. per bushel. Goose, 300 bushels sold at 68c. per bushel.

Hides.—No. 1 green, 6c. per lb.; No. 2 green, 5c.; No. 1 steers, 7c.; No. 1 cured, 7c.; calfskins, 9c.; sheepskins, 9c.; wool, 15c.; wool, unwashed, 9c.

Eggs.—The demand for export increasing, and offerings are well absorbed; market steady; 10c. to 11c. per case.

MARKET NOTES.

Mr. I. Wolstencroft, of Manchester, Eng., is at the market shipping best quality export cattle for Manchester Canal Co. He sent three carloads forward on Saturday.

Mr. I. Elliott, of Kingston, was on the market for feeders. Messrs. Brown Bros., of Collingwood, attend the market weekly for butcher cattle. This is quite reversing the order of things, as Collingwood was at one time one of our principal shipping points for supplies.

	Extreme comparative prices to-day.	2 weeks ago.	Same date last year.
Export cattle.....	\$ 5 30	\$ 5 25	\$ 5 12½
Butchers' cattle.....	5 00	5 15	4 50
Bulls.....	4 25	4 25	4 30
Feeders.....	4 75	4 75	4 50
Stockers.....	3 50	3 50	3 75
Sheep.....	4 00	3 85	4 25
Hogs.....	7 00	7 25	7 00
Milk cows, per head.....	50 00	49 00	51 00
Lambs, per head.....	4 50	5 00	5 25

Montreal Markets.

Montreal, June 13.—The receipts of cattle at the East End Abattoir this morning were 400 head of cattle, 150 calves, 200 sheep, 100 lambs. The demand was fairly good, and prices well maintained.

Cattle.—Choice sold at from 5½c. to 5½c. per lb.; good sold at 4½c. to 5½c. per lb.; lower grades from 2½c. to 3½c. per lb. Calves were sold from \$2 to \$10 each.

Sheep brought from 3½c. to 4c. per lb. Lambs were sold from 3c. to 4c. per lb.

Hogs brought from 6c. to 7c. per lb.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, June 12.—**Cattle.**—Receipts, 21,000; Texans, \$5; good to prime steers, \$5.50 to \$6.30; poor to medium, \$4.50 to \$5.45; stockers and feeders, choice firm, \$3.50 to \$5; cows, \$2.75 to \$5; heifers, \$2.80 to \$5.10; canners, \$2 to \$2.70; bulls, choice, \$2.80 to \$4.65; calves, \$1 to \$5.85; Texas fed steers, \$4.40 to \$5.60; do. bulls, \$2.75 to \$3.85.

Hogs.—Receipts to-day, 26,000; to-morrow, 25,000 estimated; left over, 2,500; top, \$6.25; mixed and butchers', \$5.90 to \$6.20; good to choice heavy, \$6 to \$6.25; rough heavy, \$5.85 to \$5.95; light, \$5.85 to \$6.10; bulk of sales, \$6.05 to \$6.15.

Sheep.—Receipts, 15,000; sheep and lambs, good to choice wethers, \$3.85 to \$4.10; fair to choice mixed, \$3.60 to \$3.95; western sheep, \$3.90 to \$4.10; yearlings, \$4 to \$4.40; native lambs, \$4 to \$5.10; western lambs, \$4.60 to \$5.10.

British Live Stock Markets.

London, June 12.—(Special.)—Prices are unchanged, at 10½c. to 12c. per lb. (dressed weight); sheep sell at 12c. to 13c.; lambs, 14c. per lb.; refrigerator beef is 9½c. to 10c. per lb.

Fairs of 1901.

Winnipeg (Industrial).....	July 29 to Aug. 2
Sherbrooke, Quebec.....	Aug. 31 to Sept. 7
Toronto (Industrial).....	Aug. 26 to Sept. 7
London (Western).....	Sept. 5 to 14
Ottawa (Canada Central).....	Sept. 13 to 21
Halifax, N. S.....	Sept. 14 to 21
Collingwood.....	Sept. 21 to 27
Parkhill (W. Williams).....	Oct. 1 and 2
Goderich.....	Oct. 1 and 2
Chatham.....	Oct. 8 to 10

UNITED STATES.

Chicago International.....Nov. 30 to Dec. 7
Buffalo (Pan-American)—Dogs, Aug. 27 to 30; swine, Aug. 26 to Sept. 7; cattle, Sept. 9 to 21; sheep, Sept. 23 to Oct. 5; horses, Oct. 7 to 19; poultry and pet stock, Oct. 21 to 30.

Manitoba Crop Report.

DISTRICT.	Wheat, Acres.	Oats, Acres.	Barley, Acres.
North-western.....	199,210	148,610	20,490
South-western.....	791,840	225,120	43,960
North Central.....	345,100	106,505	15,135
South Central.....	522,600	131,190	62,400
Eastern.....	153,085	78,616	11,624
Province.....	2,011,830	689,951	191,009
Total area under Flax.....			20,978 acres.
" Rye.....			2,907 "
" Peas.....			879 "
" Corn.....			1,802 "
" Brome.....			7,565 "
Province.....		Potatoes, Acres.	Roots, Acres.
		21,429	10,214
Total area under grain crops, 2,919,201 acres.			
Total area under all crops, 2,951,409 acres.			

	1900, Acres.	1901, Acres.
Area under Wheat.....	1,806,215	2,011,835
" Oats.....	572,950	689,951
" Barley.....	178,525	191,009
" Flax.....	20,457	20,978
" Potatoes.....	16,880	21,429
" Roots.....	7,482	10,214
Total crop, including Rye, Peas, Corn, etc.....	2,612,131	2,961,409

O. K.

The expression "O. K." is attributed to President Jackson, who is said to have written "O. K." for "all correct." The letters are now used very generally throughout the United States to signify that all is correct. Elsewhere in this issue we show an illustration in connection with which the letters "O. K." are used. The picture shows a farmer, providing himself with a binder. With the machine he is buying he will have no trouble in harvesting his grain crops successfully, and any farmer could well afford to imitate this man. For many years the farmer was compelled to resort to hard labor in harvesting his grain and grasses—that was the age of the sickle and scythe. McCormick's inventions have removed that burden, and in comparison with the old way, harvest work now is not irksome, neither is it drudgery. One man with a McCormick machine can do the work of fifteen or twenty men. If you haven't a McCormick, call on the McCormick agent in your locality or write at once to the McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, Chicago, U. S. A. Mention this paper.—Advt.



THE VALUE OF POETRY.

Blessings be with them and eternal praise
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—
The Poets.

—Wordsworth.

This is a commercial and prosaic age—an age of hurry and turmoil. The keenness of the world's competition is such that every man has a hard struggle to keep abreast with the stream. There is no room for the weak or the idle, and inevitably they go to the wall. It is not altogether a bad thing, this fierce and never-slacking competition. The manhood of our race can only be kept up by contest. Peace of any kind is productive of languor, and languor is the forerunner of decadence. One of the greatest attributes of men of British race is their love of fighting and hard work. They are always engaged in a rivalry of arms or of trade, and as long as this spirit lasts the British Empire will retain its supremacy.

But this enthusiasm for work has its disadvantages also. It is apt to stamp out the latent poetry in the souls of men. It narrows men's sympathies, and often gives them Manimon for an ideal rather than the spirit of Beauty and Nobility. I do not wish to lay an unjust accusation against business men as a class, but it is not in human nature to be always busy in the pursuit of wealth, or even in the hard struggle for one's daily bread, without having a tendency to become somewhat sordid in character, with no high ideals to cheer one along the rough path of life. Early and late, getting and spending, we lay waste our time," wrote Wordsworth, in that most lovely sonnet in which he rebukes the mercenary spirit of the age.

Therefore I most earnestly desire to encourage my friends to read good poetry, as far as it does not interfere with those commercial subjects which are necessary for their welfare in life. The great collection of British poetry is the noblest and the greatest in the world's literature, and to neglect its treasures is like turning one's back upon a princely heritage.

There are a hundred reasons why the study of poetry is most valuable. First, because it contains the choicest wisdom of all ages, set down in words that stir the heart like the chords of a glorious melody. From the infancy of the world, men of great hearts and mighty intellect have found vent for their joys and sorrows, for the wonderings of their spirit at the mystery of the universe, for their gladness at the glories of Nature offered to them by the lavish hand of the Creator, in harmonious song, that came from their hearts to touch responsive chords in their fellow-men. The wisdom that men have learnt by bitter experience, or infinite wrestling with thought, has been set down in burning words for the sake of all who care to listen. And the voices of Nature herself, the song of birds, the babbling of brooks, the rustling of the wind through the forest, the waving of the flowers in the grass, the hum of myriad insects on a summer's day, have been translated into words of beauty by men and women to whom Nature has whispered secrets unheard by vulgar ears.

Those who do not read poetry lose the acquaintance of a good counsellor, who will comfort them in time of trouble, who will cheer them when they are discouraged, who will point out the straight path when they have lost their way in a tangled forest, who will sympathize with their sorrow, and be glad in their gladness, who will enliven them with bright thoughts when they are dull, and lead them into the company of the immortals when all around seems commonplace and humdrum.

Those who read poetry have a golden store of good things to help them along the road. In every doubtful moment of their life a few lovely lines of wisdom come ringing upon their ears like the sound of bells upon the night, which tell the lost traveller where to direct his steps. When a man stands at the parting of the ways of duty and self-indulgence, Tennyson's noble lines may guide him to the true path—

"Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory.
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which out-redden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory.
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Through the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd.
Shall find the topping crags of duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table lands,
To which our God Himself is moon and sun."

To those of us whose hearts bear the dull, aching pain inflicted by the loss of one most dear to us—a wife, mother, sweetheart, or friend, who having gone from us seems to have left the world wholly dark, those other lines of Tennyson come to us like a soothing balm:

"I hold it true, what'er befall,
I feel it when a sorrow mingles
Thine better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

A man or woman who sometimes sighs for wealth and luxury denied, for a fame that they have striven after but never reached, for intellectual gifts that have been withheld, may take courage in that simple and lovely poem of Sir Henry Wotton, which has cheered the hearts of quiet folk for three centuries and more:

"How happy is he born or taught
Who serveth not another's will,
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill."

"This man is free from servile bonds
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all."

Four lines by a poet who, if he had written nothing else than these, would have been worthy of immortal fame, teach us that life is not to be measured by years, but by our thoughts and deeds:

"We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not breaths—
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

As an antidote to one of the commonest failings of the day, the habit of criticising our neighbors, laughing at their foibles, imputing the worst motives to their actions, and regarding their outward form and fashion rather than their real characters, Adelaide Proctor's beautiful poem, "Judge Not," may well be committed to memory:

"Judge not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield."

"The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!"

Poetry, besides giving one great ideals, fine thoughts, a broad sympathy and infinite consolation, helps one also to cultivate a noble style of writing, and any of my readers who are ambitious to gain a success in literature must first make friends with the poets. The lingering melody of a lovely line frings in one's ears for years, and by reading much poetry one's ears are attuned to delicate combinations of sound, to the perfect cadence of metre, and to beauty of expression which can never be learnt by rule, or by the deepest study of grammar.

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek."

There Shakespeare gives us an example of a lovely thought expressed in most perfect language.

"Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale,
She all night long her amorous descant sung.
Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest; till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

Thus Milton describes evening in Paradise, in language that is like the voice of Nature herself, in lines full of a sweet melody. In Shakespeare's words—

"It had a dying fall,
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

The Click o' the Latch.

Oh, the click o' the latch! how pleasant its sound
When at evening my father returns
From his work on the farm, and he smiles to see
The fire as it brightly burns.
And he sees the table for supper spread,
Prepared by his daughter's hand;
"There is not another such housewife as she,"
He says, "in the whole broad land."

"Click! click! goes the latch with a merry sound,
As my brothers return one by one,
Each honest face glowing with smiles at the thought
Of the work of the day well done.
As my mother smiles welcome to each as he comes,
A glad woman is she, I ween;
And as each stoops o'er to kiss her dear face,
She looks up as proud as a queen."

Oh, the click o' the latch! as cheery its sound
As the chirp of the cricket at eve;
Though the folks are all home, yet I listen for it,
As I muse and sweet fancies weave.
I fancy I see in the twilight a youth
Coming up by the blackberry patch,
And I list for the sound of his footsteps and dream
That I hear the click o' the latch.

Oh, the sweetest music that ever I heard
Is the sound of his manly voice,
And the truest heart in the whole wide world
Is the heart of the lad of my choice.
Ah, that merry whistle, I know it well,
It comes from the blackberry patch—
Here he comes at last! That step—it is he!
I hear the click o' the latch.

Defied the Baron.

Important officials sometimes forget that there are persons who can afford to disregard their importance. A proud old nobleman was traveling through the rural districts of Sweden. One day he stopped his carriage at a country tavern, and called out in an imperious tone:

"Horses, landlord! Horses at once!"

"I am very much pained to inform you that you will have to wait over an hour before fresh horses can be brought up," replied the landlord, calmly.

"How!" violently exclaimed the nobleman. "This to me! My man, I demand horses immediately!"

Then observing the fresh, sleek-looking ones which were being led up to another carriage, he continued:

"For whom are those horses?"

"They were ordered for this gentleman," replied the landlord, pointing to a tall, slim individual a few paces distant.

"I say, my man!" called out the nobleman. "Will you let me have those horses if I pay you a liberal bonus?"

"No," answered the slim man. "I intend to use them myself."

"Perhaps you are not aware who I am!" roared the now thoroughly agitated and irate nobleman. "I am, sir, Field Marshal Baron George Sparre, the last and the only one of my race."

"I am very glad to hear that," said the slim man, stepping into his carriage. "It would be a terrible thing to think that there might be more of you coming. I am inclined to think that your race will be a foot-race."

The slim man was the King of Sweden.

Open the Door.

Open the door, let in the air;
The winds are sweet, and the flowers are fair.
Joy is abroad in the world to-day;
If our door is wide it may come this way
Open the door!

Open the door, let in the sun;
He hath a smile for every one;
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems;
He may change our tears to diadems.
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul; let in
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin.
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.
Open the door!

Open the door of the heart; let in
Sympathy sweet, stranger and kin.
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unawares.
Open the door! —British Weekly.