

City Visiting.

"Do you know how city folks goes visitin'?"  
 "No; how?"  
 "Well, they rig up in their best, with long trailin' dresses an' diamond buzzum-pins an' year-rings, and bracelets clear to their elbows, an' no sleeves to their dresses, an' they're all finified from head to foot till they're a sight to sec. Then they go an' ring door-bells, an' the folks they visit aint perlite enough to come to the door themselves. No, they send a servant to open the door, an' you go into the spare room an' set awhile, an' the folks finally come in an' then they bow an' scrape an' put on airs for five minutes, an' that's all they is of it."  
 "An' they don't stay for dinner?"  
 "They don't even take off their things."  
 "Well, sich visitin' as that is now!"  
 "I say as much. I'd ruther stay to home an' sew carpet-rags."

Did not Like to Change the Gold.

In Dublin the legal charge for a short ride in a public carriage is sixpence, but Pat expects you to give him more, and, if you ask him his fare, he invariably "laves it to your honor;" but when you have paid him, no matter how many times the lawful amount, he is never satisfied. Two American gentlemen in Dublin made a bet, one holding that he would give the driver such a fee that he would ask no more. This his friend declared was impossible. They took a car, the first they met, and rode a distance of about two miles. "How much do I owe you?" enquired the gentleman at the end of the journey. "Sure, an' your honor can give me whatever you like," said the driver. "But I would rather you would name your charge." "Indeed, an' I won't. It's not for me to say what a foine gentleman like you will give me." Thus put to the test the "foine gentleman" handed him over half a sovereign in gold for a ride that should have cost a sixpence at most. The driver looked at the coin, and then at the gentleman, as if doubting the evidence of his own senses at this unexpected munificence; but soon recovering from his surprise, he put his hand to his hat in respectful acknowledgment of his gratitude. "You have lost your bet," whispered the friend, as they turned away. But, before he and his companion had walked half a dozen steps, the driver, leaving the horse and vehicle to take care of themselves, was by their side, hat in hand. "Well, what do you want now? Haven't you got your fare?" "So I have," said the driver, with an insinuating smile; "an' it's yourself is the gentleman that gave me a foine one this blessed day; but, yer honor, haven't you got a spare sixpence in your pocket? I don't like to change the goold."

AN HONEST BOY.—A boy walked into an office yesterday with a pocketbook in his hand, and enquired if Mr. Blank was in. "That's my name," replied one of the gentlemen, "Well, here's a wallet with your name in it." "Yes, I lost it this morning." He received it, and the boy started down stairs, but was halted by the call, "Say, boy, what's your name?" "O, that's all right," replied the boy, as he backed down. "Tain't worth you saying I'm an honest boy and offering me ten cents for my trouble, for there was only fifty cents in the wallet, and ma used that to buy some soap and a new clothes line."

Little Ones' Column.

Piccola and the Sparrow.

CELIA THAXTER.

Poor, sweet Piccola! Did you hear what happened to Piccola, children dear? 'Tis seldom Fortune such favor grants As fell to this little maid of France.

'Twas Christmas-time, and her parent's poor Could hardly drive the wolf from the door, Striving with poverty's patient pain Only to live till summer again.

No gifts for Piccola! Sad were they When dawned the morning of Christmas Day; Their little darling no joy might stir, St. Nicholas nothing would bring to her!

But Piccola never doubted at all That something beautiful must befall Every child upon Christmas Day, And so she slept till the dawn was gray.

And, full of faith, when at last she woke, She stole to her shoe as the morning broke; Such sounds of gladness filled all the air, 'Twas plain St. Nicholas had been there!

In rushed Piccola sweet, half wild: Never was seen such a joyful child. "See what the good saint brought!" she cried, And mother and father must peep inside.

Now such a story who ever heard? There was a little shivering bird! A sparrow, that in at the window flew, Had crept into Piccola's tiny shoe!

"How good Piccola must have been!" She cried as happy as any queen. While the starving sparrow she fed and warmed, And danced with rapture, she was so charmed.

Children, this story I tell to you, Of Piccola sweet and her bird, is true. In the far off land of France, they say, Shall do they live to this very day.

Notices.

The Forest City Business College, of this city, is rapidly growing in popular favor. The work is carried on in three large and finely equipped rooms, and all the teachers perform their duties ably and with untiring energy. Every one interested in a business education—especially farmers' sons—should make it a point to visit this College and see its unusual facilities for teaching business in a business-like manner. The proprietors are reliable men and spare no pains to keep their institution abreast of the times.

Every one who has had occasion to drive any distance in a carriage, must be aware of the inconvenience arising from the binding of the wheels when insufficient oil has been used. By the use of the "Adjustable Sand-Box" all such trouble can be avoided; and we especially recommend our readers to peruse the advertisement of A. F. Miles, which appears in another column.

The frequent appearance of the Knabe piano in our concert rooms is not at all surprising to those acquainted with the history of the firm or the character of the instrument itself.—*Boston Home Journal*.

It may be worth our readers' while to look into the advertisement of the Ontario Tea Corporation, which appears in this issue.

Commercial.

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE OFFICE, London, Ont., Nov 1. 1886.

The autumn we are now passing through has been an exceptional one in its favorableness for good pasturage for stock and fine warm weather. All through the States they have enjoyed the same fine weather, which has wrought wonders in bringing out the corn crop, ripening it up and facilitating the husking and cribbing of same. These facts have brought the price down from 44 cents in August to 35 cents in October. The weather could not be more favorable for facilitating farm work of all kinds. Roads are in fine condition, but farmers are not disposed to use them for marketing their produce from the fact that prices are so low.

WHEAT.

It is quite likely that the visible stocks of wheat may continue to enlarge for some weeks to come, but the highest point of the year will probably be reached before January, and until then it will be unlikely that we may count upon much of an advance in prices. But that the situation at home and abroad is steadily shaping toward conditions justifying an improving tendency in wheat values, seems quite apparent, aside from anything that may possibly be developed later by anything unfavorable to this season's crop of winter wheat.

The following figures will give our readers some idea of the volume of grain in sight, or what is termed the visible supply for the past ten years. A glance at these figures will show the immense increase in the wheat trade in ten years.

	BUSHELS.
Visible supply October 1, 1886.....	51,220,000
" " " 1, 1885.....	45,141,000
" " " 1, 1884.....	26,373,000
" " " 1, 1883.....	26,904,000
" " " 1, 1882.....	18,149,000
" " " 1, 1881.....	10,497,000
" " " 1, 1880.....	11,361,000
" " " 1, 1879.....	17,180,000
" " " 1, 1878.....	11,480,000
" " " 1, 1877.....	8,959,000

We find in the London Miller an interesting review of the world's wheat production and requirements for the present cereal year. The nine groups of countries into which the wheat growing and consuming portion of the world is divided, show the following comparisons of estimated production and requirements for the current year, in quarters of eight bushels each:

FIRST DIVISION—NORTHWESTERN EUROPE.		
	Yield, qrs.	Wants, qrs.
United Kingdom.....	7,620,800	28,000,000
Belgium and Holland.....	3,600,000	5,750,000
France (two thirds).....	21,863,800	27,000,000
Totals.....	33,224,600	58,750,000
SECOND DIVISION—MEDITERRANEAN EUROPE.		
	Yield, qrs.	Wants, qrs.
France (one third).....	10,815,400	13,000,000
Spain and Portugal.....	16,000,000	16,500,000
Italy and Sicily.....	19,000,000	19,250,000
Turkey and Old Provinces.....	14,500,000	12,500,000
Totals.....	60,415,400	61,250,000
THIRD DIVISION—CENTRAL EUROPE.		
	Yield, qrs.	Wants, qrs.
The German Empire.....	12,000,000	15,250,000
Switzerland.....	200,000	1,350,000
Austria-Hungary.....	15,000,000	14,000,000
Roumania.....	2,500,000	2,000,000
Total.....	29,700,000	32,600,000
FOURTH DIVISION—RUSSIA.		
	Yield, qrs.	Wants, qrs.
Total.....	23,000,000	21,500,000
FIFTH DIVISION—ASIATIC COUNTRIES.		
	Yield, qrs.	Wants, qrs.
Asia Minor.....	5,250,000	4,500,000
Syria.....	2,000,000	1,750,000
Persia.....	3,250,000	2,750,000
India.....	36,000,000	31,000,000
S. E. Asia, including Burma, Siam, and Tonquin.....	7,000,000	6,500,000
Total.....	53,500,000	46,500,000