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RURAL NOTES.

The *Toledo Blade* incensed at the importation of American pork into Germany being prohibited, seeks the imposition of a higher tariff on all German manufactures.

No other repairs upon a building pay as good interest as money invested in painting. Well painted farm buildings are a necessary part of an attractive homestead, and they add very materially to its market value.

At the recent exhibition of fruit, made near old London, under the auspices of the Royal Horticultural Society, Nova Scotia apple-growers made a display that attracted much attention, their fruit being especially fine in size and colour.

A cow that produces only half-a-pound of butter per day will cost as much for its keep as one that produces two pounds. This difference in a herd of fifteen or twenty cows is sufficiently large to make all the difference to a farmer's family between poverty and wealth.

Do not place too much food before cattle at one time, but replenish the manger as often as eaten up, until they have had enough for a hearty meal. In this way little food is wasted. It is also important that they should be fed at regular hours, for the work of digestion cannot go on if new instalments of food are arriving at all hours.

It may interest farmers who have a scarcity of hog-feed this year, to know that an excellent winter food for store pigs is a mixture of finely cut clover hay, boiled with potatoes, adding one-fourth its weight of wheat bran, and enough skimmed or buttermilk to make a thick slop. Clover, either green or in hay, is especially good for pigs.

Horses that come into the stable after a smart drive or a half-day's work in winter, require particular care. They should be well rubbed over while still warm, and every particle of snow, ice, or frozen mud on their feet and ankles cleaned off. Nor should they ever be allowed to stand where a cold current of air can strike them while in the stable.

EXPERIENCE proves that fattening animals consume nearly one-third more food while putting on a given amount of flesh when exposed to the rigours of winter weather, as against the same amount of flesh gained by similar animals when well housed. Nevertheless, a plentiful supply of fresh air is necessary in the making of good, healthy flesh.

A NUMBER of the prize animals at the recent

Fat Stock show graced the stalls of Toronto butchers at Christmas time. The carcass of White Duke—a short-horn two-year-old steer that weighed over a ton, live weight—was very much admired. Another fine animal; fed by Groff Bros., of Waterloo, made a still finer show; its thickness of fat measured nine inches.

Nor much noise is made over Holstein cattle in Ontario, but we have reason to believe the number is considerably larger than most people have any idea of and that they are rapidly growing in favour, especially in the dairy districts. One thing to be said in favour of the Holsteins is, that besides being first class for the dairy, they are much superior to other milch breeds as beefers.

THE failure of crops last year will lead many farmers to pursue a more thorough system of cultivation this year. They will get the land in better tilth; they will manure it more liberally; they will look more carefully after drainage; in a word, they will farm better. This always follows a season of failure, and as a consequence the severity of periodic crop failures may be said to be gradually lessening.

Do not be in too much hurry to dry off the milch cows. If well fed and in comfortable quarters, they may be kept in milk to within two months of calving. Remember that cows that have been bred for generations solely for a development of milking qualities, are not to be judged by the same rule as cows bred with the expectation of giving eight or ten quarts a day, or of being milched only seven or eight months in a year.

THE failure of the red clover seed crop in Ontario this year makes it necessary to import a large quantity of seed for next spring's sowing. Usually our supply in years of deficiency is obtained from the Middle and Western States, but past experience teaches farmers to be very careful when making their purchases from seedsmen. Clover seed from the prairie States especially is apt to be foul with the seed of rag-weed, and there is danger that farms may be polluted with it unless close inspection of the clover seed is made before sowing.

LAND that is meant to be kept in pasture ought to be sown with a mixture of grass seeds—all the better if not less than half a dozen varieties. Experience shows that in this way the richest pastures can be obtained, for the failure of one or two varieties (which may happen under varying circumstances) is scarcely perceptible where there are so many. One of the most valuable results of the plan, however, is the consecutive

growth of the varieties, furnishing a succession of fresh herbage from the early spring till late in the fall. A top-dressing every two or three years will greatly improve the quality of the crop.

THE wheat made such poor growth last fall that we will not be surprised to hear bad accounts of it when spring opens. There is no doubt that a good top-dressing with coarse manure would have greatly improved its chances, and it may not yet be too late for this work. Decomposition goes on very slowly in the cold weather, and nothing can be lost from the fresh manure until the warm weather of spring sets in motion the process of decay. Besides protecting the young plant from the effects of winter and spring frosts, the manure will furnish it with subsistence at the time of greatest need—when it is just starting into new life.

THE advantage of good roads to farmers does not need to be urged, and yet how few really good roads there are in the country. Very few certainly, if we compare them with the number of bad ones. A soft, rough road, offers the same obstacles to a loaded waggon as a hill would; and unless the water is taken off it can never be kept in order, although it may be under repair every day in the year. A road should be as straight as possible, so that it may be short. It should be as nearly level as possible, so that it may not waste the power of horses in drawing loads up hill. It should be smooth and hard, and made of durable material. Finally, it should be made dry by a thorough system of drainage. Such a road will cost money, but it will add to the value of every farm which it serves.

ONE of the obvious merits of polled cattle is their comparative harmlessness in the yard or field, being unable to do any serious injury to each other such as is often done by horned animals. There is also a greater measure of safety to men who take care of them, especially in the case of animals disposed to be vicious. But to depend on the supplanting of horned animals by the introduction of polled breeds, such as the Galloway and Aberdeen, would probably occupy centuries for its accomplishment. An ingenious American suggests, as a better way, the removal of the small "nubs" on the heads of calves from which the horns grow, for, as the bud upon a branch can be removed and destroyed in embryo, so may the bud of the horn on the head of the calf. The skin being returned over the wound, a little plaster of pitch will cause it to heal quickly. It is asserted that every bovine could be rendered harmless in ten years by the persistent removal of the germs of the horns from every calf, and breeding from these dishorned animals.

FARM AND FIELD.**EXPERIMENTS IN FEEDING.**

The superintendent of the Model Farm at Guelph gives below the results of some experiments made there in cattle feeding:—

1. A steady frosty winter is better than an open one in feeding cattle.

2. An average two or three-year-old steer will eat its own weight of different material in two weeks.

3. Two or three-year-old cattle will add one-third of a pound more per day to their weight upon prepared hay and roots than upon the same materials unprepared.

4. It is thirty per cent. more profitable to premature, and dispose of, fattening cattle at two years old than to keep them up to three years.

5. There is no loss in feeding a cattle beast well upon a variety of materials for the sake of manure alone.

6. Farm-yard manure from well-fed cattle three years old is worth an average of \$2.30 per ton.

7. A three-year-old cattle beast, well fed, will make at least one ton of manure every month of winter.

8. No cattle beast whatever will pay for the direct increase to its weight from the consumption of any kind or quantity of food.

9. On an average it costs twelve cents for every additional pound of flesh added to the weight of a two or three-year-old fattening steer.

10. In Canada, the market value of store cattle can be increased thirty-six per cent. during six months of finishing by good feeding.

11. In order to secure a safe profit, no store cattle beast well done to can be sold at less than four and a half cents per pound, live weight.

12. In the fattening of wethers to finish as shearlings, the Cotswold and Leicester grades can be made up to 200 pounds, the Oxford Down to 180 pounds, and the Southdown (grades) 170 pounds each, live weight.

13. A cow wintered upon two tons and a half of hay will produce not far from five tons of manure, provided that she be well littered, and none of the excrements be wasted.

FARMING AS A BUSINESS.

Farming certainly has its reverses and drawbacks, but amid them all the farmer may take hope that after all he is secure. Farming is the safest of labour. The soil does not go into bankruptcy, and always pays its owner according to his efforts made to improve and fructify it. Nor does the farm embezzle anything. As a debtor it can be trusted, as a clerk it can be relied upon. This is more than many business men can say. The soil always pays something, and if the laws of nature are not violated by the owner, the farmer will not try to put into operation the absurd notion of science, falsely so-called. The farm does not stop before the work is done, although its owner sometimes does.

As a business, then, farming is safe; it can be depended upon. It will give the farmer a good living for himself and family, and something over for money. No one living can fare

better than the farmer. He has the choice of everything that is made, and a boundless variety to suit all seasons and all whims of appetite. True, he must work, but it is work that has, or may have, many and frequent intervals of rest and recreations. There is drudgery, but it is not ceaseless; there is a heavy and exacting labour, but it is admirably distributed throughout the season, coming a little at a time as need be. and the rewards of farming—good farming, at least—are certainly fair, frequently almost princely. The farmer need not continue a poor man. Farming does pay.

FARMING IN THE MOON.

"I tell ye, it's nonsense," said Farmer Ben,
"This farming by books and rules,
And sendin' the boys to learn that stuff
At the agricultural schools;
Rotation of crops and analysis!
Talk that to a young baboon;
But yer needn't be tellin' yer science to me,
For I believe in the moon!"

"If ye plant yer crop in the growin' moon,
And put up the line for crows,
Ye'll find it will bear, and yer wheat will too.
If it's decent land where it grows.
But potatoes, now, are a different thing—
They want to grow down, that is plain;
And don't you see, you must plant for that,
When the moon is on the wane?"

"So in plantin' and hoein', and hayin' time,
It is well to have an eye
On the hang o' the moon—ye know ye can tell
A wet moon from a dry.
And, as to hayin', you wise ones now,
Are cuttin' your grass too soon;
If ye want it to spend just wait till it's ripe,
And mow in full of the moon."

"And when all the harvest work is done,
And the butcherin' time comes round—
Though your hogs may be lookin' the very best,
And as fat as hogs are found,
Ye will find your pork will shrivel and shrink
When it comes on the table at noon—
All fried to rags—if it wasn't killed
At the right time of the moon."

"With the farmers' meetin's and Granges now,
Folks can talk till all is blue;
But don't you be swollerin' all ye hear,
For there ain't more'n half on't true.
They are tryin' to make me change my plans.
But I tell 'em I'm no such coon;
I shall keep right on in the safe old way,
And work my farm by the moon!"

—Selected.

MISTAKES OF FATHERS.

One great reason why boys leave the farm is because of their fathers. We have heard plenty of boys say: "If it wasn't for mother I'd run away." The mothers in the homes are what make the homes—what keep the families together. What poet ever thought of writing: "What is home without a father?" But the sentiment, "What is home without a mother?" finds an echo in every heart. Widows innumerable have reared families of children to lives of virtue and usefulness, while a man, left with motherless children to care for, usually remarries as soon as possible, and thus transfers the care of his children off his own shoulders to those of their step-mother.

As a rule, boys leave home because they cannot get along with their fathers. They almost universally love their mothers; but the feeling they have for their fathers is more like fear. They obey their fathers more quickly, because they know they must; but they don't always love or even respect them. If boys want money or favours of any kind, instead of "hearding the lion" themselves, they coax mother to "ask father if I may." So the mothers go on acting as peace-makers

—middle-men without profit—entreatin' the sons to love and obey the fathers, and begging the fathers to be more lenient and kind to the sons, until the latter arrive at that time which comes to all boys—that age of verdant conceit, when even their mothers cannot reason with them, when they will not submit to being treated like children any longer—and they leave the farm, very often without the knowledge or consent of their parents.

Yet farmers have wondered, and will continue to wonder, to the end of time, why their boys don't stay and work on the farm, and so inherit the land they till. They cannot see that it is their own selfishness that makes home unendurable to their sons.

The farmer's boy runs away from home, goes to town, and becomes an apprentice to some tradesman; and so at the age of seventeen gets board and one dollar per week as wages, and is learning a trade; while the farmer hires some other lad for fifteen dollars per month to fill his place. It is plain to see who is the gainer by the change. The son clothes himself better on the one dollar a week than he used to be clothed at home, and at least thinks he has better treatment. If farmers would only sit down and "count the cost," and treat their sons with more consideration, count up the money they save them, and let them have something for their own, something that they personally would be responsible for, the mothers would be happier and the boys would stay at home.

FARM GATES.

Have no more gates on the farm than are necessary, but remember that is better to use gates than to open and shut fence "gaps." It never pays to make a poor gate. The frame should be constructed of hard and lasting wood, with the slats of light but durable material. This gate needs thorough bracing with strips of wood or better, rods of iron, which run from the bottom of the latch and to the top of the hinge-end. A gate thus braced cannot sag, as it is impossible for it to get out of the rectangular form. When finished, a gate should be painted. The farm gate should be wide enough to permit the passage of loads of hay and grain, field rollers and harvesters. A most important point is a large, durable, and well-set post, upon which the gate is to be hung. The hinge-post should not be less than eight inches square, and set at least three and one-half feet deep. The earth needs to be rammed firmly around the post. A first-class gate is expensive at the outset, but needs very little attention afterwards for several years.

ONE of the great mistakes which the farmers of the past have made has been the keeping of farm animals in a dark barn. Many careful experiments show that light is necessary for health and the good condition of animals.

As early as the time of Alexander II. of Scotland, a man who let weeds go to seed on a farm was declared to be the king's enemy. In Denmark, farmers are compelled to destroy all weeds on their premises. In France, a man may prosecute his neighbour for damages, who permits weeds to go to seed which may endanger neighbouring lands.

GARDEN AND ORCHARD.**CELERY CULTURE.**

Celery growing is like every other art. It is easy enough to those who understand it, but very difficult to those who do not. Celery requires rich soil, plenty of moisture, and proper attention at the proper time. The old method of growing celery in ditches is now generally abandoned by market gardeners. It has certain advantages over level culture, but these are not considered sufficient to repay the extra labour that it demands. Plants set in a ditch are less likely to suffer from drought than when set on the level, but, on the other hand, unless the drainage is very good, the plants are liable to be drowned out by rains.

It is unnecessary to start celery plants in the hot-bed or cold frame. Nothing is gained by early planting, for celery requires a cool and moist atmosphere, which we rarely have in this climate until the latter part of summer. Plants grown in the hot-bed and transplanted in June often prove far inferior to others started in the open ground and set out a month later. The market gardeners about New York sow their seed in the open ground as soon as the soil is dry enough to work in the spring, in rows eight or nine inches apart, sowing the seed rather thinly on a bed with a warm exposure. All weeds are kept out, and the plants are cut back once or twice while growing, to keep them from becoming spindled in the bed. This operation is considered important, as it causes the plants to endure transplanting better. They are planted out usually during the month of July, on rich garden soil, in rows three feet apart. Celery is usually grown by market gardeners as a second crop, being put out after a crop of peas, cauliflower, or other early vegetables. The ground between the rows is kept well cultivated, and all weeds in the rows are removed with the hand or hoe, until the time for banking up the plants, which for the main crop is from the middle of September to the first of October. A small amount is sometimes banked up as early as the middle of August, but the demand for early celery is very limited. The banking consists in piling earth about the stems so as to exclude the light, which causes them to "blanch," or become white, making the stems tender and brittle, and removing the rank taste of the green leaves and stems. The soil between the rows is piled around the stems with the spade, care being taken to keep the stems upright and pressed closely together. The soil is then pressed carefully about the plants with the hand so as to fill all the space between the plants and hold the stems in an upright position.

A large proportion of the celery now grown is not banked up at all. Toward the latter part of the season sufficient earth is drawn to the plants to cause the stems to grow upright. In the latter part of October the plants are taken up and removed to narrow trenches, dug in dry or, at least, well-drained soil of a depth exactly corresponding to the height of the plants. The plants are taken up on a dry day and packed snugly together in the trench, taking care to keep the stems upright. No earth is placed about the roots, except what

adheres to them as they are taken up. The plants will become well bleached by the beginning of winter, and they are also in a position where they can remain until used. The trench will need a light covering of straw or other litter on the approach of cold weather, which should be gradually increased as winter approaches until it is a foot or more in depth. If the covering is all put on at first it will cause the celery to heat and decay. The plants may then be taken out as they are required, even until spring. Celery that has been bleached by banking up may be preserved during winter in the same way.

Another method of growing celery, and one that is well adapted for the family garden, is to set out the plants one foot apart each way, and to cultivate with the hoe sufficiently to keep down weeds, until about the first of October; then take up the plants and place them in the trench, as directed above, for bleaching. As the plants grow rather crowded the leaf stalks naturally tend to assume an upright position. The plants do not grow as thick and stocky as when they are given more room, hence this method is not so well adapted to the market gardener.

It is far less trouble to grow celery than many suppose. It may be produced of good quality for family use without starting the plants in the hot-beds, without the expensive trenching or the labourious banking up. The labour of placing it in trenches for blanching is very slight, as the plants are so crowded together that a short trench will accommodate a large amount.

CULTIVATION OF ORCHARDS.

When we learn the truth that fruit trees require as much care in the cultivation of the soil as a corn crop, and as much care in the pruning and care of the tree as in the cultivation of the soil, we shall then have regular crops of fruit. As a rule, orchards are grievously neglected or mismanaged. No plough should ever be put into the ground of an orchard. A cultivator which will stir the surface is required rather than a plough. Indeed, the surface needs stirring only to prevent weeds. One of the finest and thriftiest apple trees ever seen was one whose age went back beyond the remembrance of any living man and grew in the paved yard of a ruined old English abbey. The pavement was arranged around the tree, space being left among the broad flagstones to give room for the still sound, healthy trunk. There no codling moth could find a harbour, and the soil was always cool and moist. This we think better than loose soil, and the next best thing would be to strew the ground about the tree with the surplus stone of the farm. A low-branched tree is in every way the most desirable. It is far more pleasing to view than the high, trimmed tree, whose limbs are bare and straggling. The low, over-hanging branches shade the soil, keep it cool and moist, and prevent grass and weeds from growing. The feeding roots are under the branches of the tree and spread far and wide. If the soil is ever stirred, it is there the work should be done, and not close to the stem, which the plough would wound, and every wound so made would throw up root sprouts. To see a round-headed tree with the limbs arching over and sweeping the

ground, loaded with fruit which can be picked with ease, is a pleasant sight, and a great convenience to the grower. Space enough to pass along between the trees, with a sled or waggon to gather the fruit, is all that is required and this may be made by regular pruning of the new growth. Some believe that the bearing in alternate years is a provision of nature. It is no such thing. It is the result of mismanagement. Exhaustion of a tree in fruit-bearing and in the production of new wood and leaf buds must necessarily weaken the tree and render necessary a year's rest. If the fruit is thinned out severely, and only as much left as the tree can bear healthfully, the fruit left will be finer and far more valuable. If, then, the new wood is cut back in the fall, when the new buds are ripening, the whole tree will be invigorated, and a stronger growth of bearing wood will be produced. Why should not a tree, often as rampantly and profusely productive of wood as a grape-vine, be as carefully pruned, and the fruit as carefully thinned out as with the vine? A fruit tree should be a work of art just as a high-bred animal is; and, until we manage the orchards under a system similar to that by which we manage the herds, we shall never have a satisfactory product from them. An orchard must not be left to nature, to grow and spread wildly and without restraint, any more than we should leave a herd to breed and increase promiscuously.

TO KEEP APPLES.

It may seem superfluous to give a receipt for keeping apples this year, as there are so few to keep. Like the receipt for cooking a rabbit—"First catch your hare"—first get the apples and then they may be kept as follows: Fill, nearly to the top, barrels with the apples, and then pour in fine, dry sand, and shake down gently till all the corners are filled with sand. It is claimed that apples cared for in this way will keep indefinitely.

We have seen apples kept nicely which were pitted in dry, sandy or gravelly soil, as potatoes and turnips are sometimes kept. To pit apples, select some dry spot where there is no danger of water filling the pit, excavate two or three feet in depth and any size in circumference you may wish; place dry, clean straw in the bottom and also cover the apples with straw, then a layer of dry earth deep enough to escape freezing. Apple kept in this way will come out in spring nice and crisp.

To MAKE good garden manure, take earth from the woods for the basis of the compost heap. Alternate this with layers of good stable manure, and on each layer sprinkle gypsum, salt and ashes. This, by the time it is wanted next spring, will make an excellent manure for hot-beds as well as for the garden itself.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE *Country Gentleman* advises those who have been in the habit of storing their winter fruit in cellars in which miscellaneous garden vegetables are placed, to adopt, as soon as possible, the improvement of making for the fruit a separate apartment, which is to contain nothing else, and which may be easily ventilated and kept at an even temperature.

HORSES AND CATTLE.

HORSE PULLING AT THE HALTER.

We have several inquiries for a mode of breaking a horse of pulling at the halter. Here is a method (illustrated) that we have known to succeed. Get a strong half-inch cord, 22 feet in length; put the centre under the tail like a crouper; twist them a few times as you bring them forward over the back; pass forward on each side of the body, then across the breast, then pass them forward through the halter below the jaw. Tie firmly to a tree, post or stall, and excite the animal by any means that will cause him to pull until the habit is overcome. You may even whip across the nose keenly until there is perfect submission, which will not require long. Hitch in this way for a few days or so long as there is any disposition or pull on the halter.

AUTUMN CARE OF LIVE STOCK.

Horses should be kept out of all hard storms, which are frequent during this month.

One of the best cures for a severe cold is a warm stable and perfect rest, with a good run in the yard or pasture on pleasant days. It is too late in the year to permit horses to remain out of doors through the night. Young colts and yearlings need plenty of nutritious food. Much depends upon the care which colts receive during their first winter. Oats are excellent for them; if corn is used, it should be fed with wheat bran. Use the brush freely on all horses and colts, and keep the skin clean and active.

Cows, which are to give milk through the winter, need to be fed with special care at this time. If possible, the flow of milk must not be permitted to decrease. Mangels and sugar beets are excellent, cut in slices and sprinkled with bran. The rule, that good feeding brings good manure, should be kept in mind in a judicious care of farm animals during the winter. Good feed in abundance is not enough; it should be given with regularity. The habits of different animals have to be studied, and treated accordingly. Scarcely any two cows or horse have the same appetites. It is important to so mix and change the feed, that sameness may be avoided. A variety of food encourages healthful digestion, and upon this the profits of the owner largely depend.

Sheep will bear more exposure than any other domestic animal, but even they winter poorly without a good shelter. Sheds and yards should now be put in order, that there may be no delays in getting the flocks into their winter quarters. Ewes should now be with young, excepting when late lambs are desired. Half a pint of corn per day will aid in keeping each ewe in good condition. All weak sheep should be placed by themselves and fattened for market. It does not pay to keep second-rate animals.

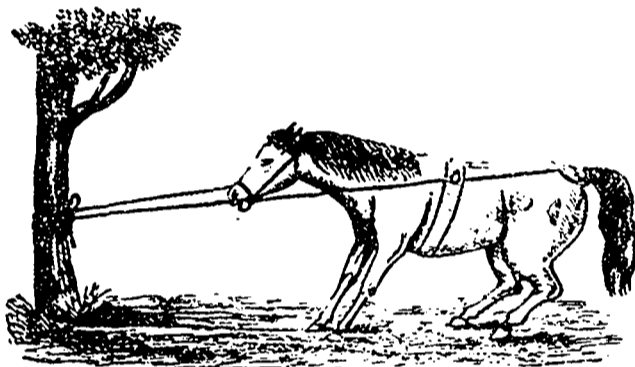
Pigs are most profitable if fattened and sold before mid-winter. A large part of the food is used up in simply maintaining the animal during the coldest winter weather. Well-bred swine will sometimes lose in weight during a severe storm. Give the pigs all the corn, or other feed, they will eat during the

fattening period. Keep the pens clean, with an abundance of litter, and supply all needed pure water.—*Dr. Byron D. Halsted, in American Agriculturist.*

FAST WALKING HORSES.

Not only the draft horse that walks away briskly with his load, but the saddle horse that rests himself and his rider from the fatigue of trotting or pacing or cantering by changing into the rapid walk, and the more serviceable light harness horse, from the business horse in the various vehicles on our crowded thoroughfares, to the haughty team that draw in state the most elegant landaus all acquire additional value if they are rapid walkers.

The fair grounds are the only places where competition for fast walking horses can be given, and yet it is not granted half the premium or importance that the stupid and absolutely useless mule race is. If the walking horse was encouraged by handsome fair prizes, he would not only attract a large attendance of curious spectators, but would add more largely than any one can approximately



HORSE PULLING AT THE HALTER.

estimate to the development of the vast resources of our abundant country. The habitual gait of the horse is the walk. He walks more than he trots or gallops, and it is therefore, important that he should be trained and encouraged to walk at a rapid and sustained pace; for he thereby saves much time, and most emphatically is it true in his case that "time is money."

The above, from the *National Live Stock Journal*, Chicago, should receive the attention of fair managers at their winter meetings, and liberal prizes should be offered for fast walking horses in all the classes of draft, all work, harness and saddle horses.

CHEAP SHELTERS FOR CATTLE.

A popular form of shelter in the newer portions of the west are sheds of poles roofed over with straw. Whenever it is practicable these shelters are located on the east or south side of a forest or a hill, in order that the force of the winds may be broken as much as possible. In the western grazing regions, where natural protections, such as ravines or groves of timber, are not available, shelters are constructed which afford not only protection from storms but feed for the protected animals. Sometimes these shelters are of great length and made to curve so as to protect from northwest and east winds. The framework is made of poles set in the ground in rows, about sixteen feet apart and twelve feet apart in the rows. Cross beams of poles are spiked to these to hold a frame of lighter

poles, and others placed sloping are laid upon the north side. Piles of hay are spread over these frames.

An inexpensive device for stock protection is what is termed by stockmen the "archway shelter." This usually consists of two rail pens of the ordinary kind for the bottom of small stacks, placed near enough together so that an archway of poles can be made between them. The lower end of each pole is set a short distance in the ground, resting near the middle on the top rail of the pen, crossing its neighbour pole from the other pen and fastened to it with wire at the top and also to the rider. Over this structure the straw stack is built. When the stack is a long one a double archway may be made.

In constructing cattle-sheds, especially in localities where high winds prevail, it should be remembered that low buildings are the safest ones; let them be as near the ground as possible. Low buildings are also cheaper than high ones, because two and three storey barns must have a correspondingly strong and heavy frame to support its own weight as well as the side thrust and weight of its contents. For low buildings timber large and strong enough to hold up the roof will suffice.

CORN OR OATS FOR HORSES.

The comparative value of corn and oats for horses may be briefly stated as follows: The former is deficient in many of the elements of nutrition so necessary for recuperating the constant wear and tear which necessarily takes place in the body of a living animal. On this account horses which are exclusively fed on corn

and hay do not receive that kind of nourishment which appears necessary for the due support and maintenance of the animal fabric. Hence, we must not be surprised that corn-fed horses show evidence of being languid, by sweating profusely while being worked, lack of vitality, etc.

Oats, on the contrary, contain more of the essential elements of nutrition than any other article of food which can be fed with impunity to horses. Oats are not only the most natural food for horses, but are decidedly the most nutritious. They are the cheapest, because there is less risk in feeding them, and experience has proved that horses properly fed on oats and timothy hay can, with regular exercise, good grooming, and proper sanitary regulations, be brought to the highest state of physical culture and can perform more work with less evidence of fatigue than when fed on any other article of food.—*National Live Stock Journal*, Chicago.

THE bull is half the herd. Thus a bull of the best milking strain of blood, used even in a small lot of dairy cows, greatly and at once improves each of his get. And the high-priced bull, though seemingly extravagant at the start, soon returns to his owner a heavy profit. Of late years the Jersey importations have been scattered widely over the land, and the butter dairies and creameries are realizing the profits from the gains produced by the breeding of the natives and grade cows of other bloods to the bulls, thus increasing the value of many herds.—*Farm Herd and Home.*

Scientific and Useful.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—Petley & Petley are always on the alert to secure bargains for their patrons. Yesterday they purchased a large stock of superior ready-made clothing at much below the cost of manufacture, and will offer the same for sale to-day at their store at from thirty to forty per cent. below regular prices.

SPANISH FRITTERS.—Cut some slices of bread into any shape you like, pour a very little brandy on each piece; mix two eggs with two spoonfuls of flour and a little milk; cover the pieces of bread with this batter, let them rest for half an hour, then fry in lard or butter, and serve hot with a little preserve on each fritter.

JOHN HAYS, Credit P. O., says: "His shoulder was so lame for nine months that he could not raise his hand to his head, but by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil the pain and lameness disappeared, and although three months has elapsed, he has not had an attack of it since."

BE CAREFUL - WHAT YOU EAT.—The best medical authorities declare that worms in the human system are often induced by eating too freely of uncooked fruit and too much meat, cheese etc. What ever may be the cause, Freeman's Worm Powders are speedy and safe to cure; they destroy the worms, and contain their own cathartic to expel them.

LENTIL SOUP.—Mix a tablespoonful of lentil flour and a teaspoonful of corn flour with a little milk till as thick as cream. Boil three-quarters of a pint of milk sweetened a little and flavoured to taste; pour this slowly on the flour and milk, stirring meanwhile. Boil all together for ten minutes still stirring. Add a whipped egg. This is a most nourishing albuminous food and a good substitute for beef tea.

W would call the attention of our readers to the fact that John F. McRae, the well-known Merchant Tailor, has disposed of his ready-made clothing department, and will in future give his whole attention to custom work. He has removed one door south of his old stand and will in future be found at 200 Yonge Street, Toronto.

No time like the present for seeking medicinal aid when what are foolishly called "minor ailments" manifest themselves. There are no "minor" ailments. Every symptom is the herald of a disease, every lapse from a state of health should be remedied at once, or disastrous consequences are likely to follow. Incipient Dyspepsia, slight constiveness, a tendency to Biliousness, should be promptly counteracted with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and great Blood Purifier, and the system thus shielded from worse consequences.

OLD TIME PORK AND BEANS.—Take two pounds of moderately lean side pork, to two quarts of marrow fat or other beans. Put the beans to soak over night. In the morning after breakfast scald and scrape the rind of the pork and put on to boil an hour before putting in the beans. Set the beans to boil in a separate pot, in half-warm water. If the water used is of hard limestone use a teaspoonful of soda to the first water. After boiling a short time, drain through a collander and put on fresh water and let it boil until quite tender. Then add the pork to the beans and let simmer until nearly as stiff as mashed potatoes. Then put into a baking dish; score the pork and place in the centre; brown in the oven one hour. Great care should be taken not to let the beans scorch when they are boiling.

HIGHLY AGREEABLE.—One very valuable feature of Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup is, that it is highly agreeable to take, and all varieties of Worms, tape worm included, can be safely expelled by it, without recourse to harsh and sickening drugs.

If a man is wounded so that blood flows, that flow is either regular, or by jets or spurts. If it flows regularly, a vein has been wounded, and a string should be bound tightly around below the wounded part, that is, beyond it from the heart. If the blood comes out by leaps or jets, an artery has been severed, and the person may bleed to death in a few minutes; to prevent which apply the cord above the wound, that is, between the wound and the heart.

H. A. McLAUGHLIN, Norland, writes: "I am sold out of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dispeptic Cure. It sells well, and I find in every instance it has proven satisfactory, I have reason to believe it the best preparation of the kind in the market." It cures Dyspepsia, Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver, Constipation, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood, Female Complaints, etc.

MR. G. W. MACULLY, Pavilion Mountain, B.C., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best medicine I ever used for Rheumatism. Nearly every winter I am laid up with Rheumatism, and have tried nearly every kind of medicine without getting any benefit, until I used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It has worked wonders for me, and I want another supply for my friends," etc.

DAFFODIL PUDDING.—Boil a large cupful of tapioca in a quart of water till clear. Add half a lemon, sliced thin, and the juice and zest of the remainder; also the yolks of three eggs, beaten very thoroughly, with a cupful of powdered sugar. Make a meringue of the whites, and brown lightly.

PLEASANT TO THE TASTE.—Children and persons with weak constitutions have always found great difficulty in taking Cod Liver Oil, and from this fact it has not been universally used, but with Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, this prejudice is removed. It is so thoroughly disguised that you cannot detect the Cod Liver Oil. One physician writes us that it is used almost as a beverage in his family; another person informs us that he had to hide the bottle from his children. For Coughs and Colds, broken down constitutions, and all Lung Diseases, it has no equal.

HOW TO TREAT WEAK LUNGS.—Always breathe through the nose, keeping the mouth closed as much as possible. Walk and sit erect, exercise in the open air, keep the skin scrupulously clean, and take Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam for coughs, colds, and bronchial troubles.

CHEESE CLOTH FOR COMFORTS.—Cheese cloth, or, as it is sometimes called, cotton bunting, in scarlet, blue, or cream colour, is good material for lounge quilts and comforts for the guest chamber. The cloth is light, but very firm, and wears well; it is also much used for lining lace spreads, lambrequins, etc.

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure.

DAIRY COLE-SLAW.—Slice thin a small solid head of cabbage, and sift through it a teaspoonful of powdered sugar, with salt and papper to taste. Melt a dessertspoonful of butter, and add slowly a teaspoonful of French mustard; pour these over the salad hot. Then add two tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar, and twice the quantity of sweet cream. Serve with grated Edam cheese.

Feathers, Ribbons, velvet can all be coloured to match that new hat by using the Diamond Dyes. Druggists sell any colour for 10cts.

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SHEEP AND SWINE.

EARLY LAMBS.

The Massachusetts Ploughman says: To those who understand the business, and have buildings arranged for it, early lambs are profitable; but to those who do not understand the business or do not have good quarters for the sheep, it is anything but profitable.

To have early lambs do well they must not be exposed to the cold winds, nor must they be kept in such confined quarters that the air is not good. Sheep are animals that do not take kindly to close confinement; they need the pure air and sunshine for health, and should always have quarters provided them where they can go out in the open air whenever the weather is fair; but during cold weather the yard should be protected from the cold winds. When the weather is not fair they should have plenty of room under cover; for a sheep in cold weather should not be exposed to either rain or snow, especially if they have lambs. Having provided good healthy quarters for the sheep, ample provision should be made for the lambs. They should be kept under cover where there are no sudden changes of temperature, until they are old enough to withstand the cold. The keeper can easily judge when his time comes. Some lambs may be stronger than others and may be given the liberty of the yard younger, but no lambs are so strong that it is safe to let them run out in very cold weather without being continually looked after, for to have early lambs do well they must not be permitted to get chilled; in fact, they must be kept in a comfortable condition all the time, or they will stop growing.

Sheep that have lambs in January or February should be fed in a manner to keep them in the best of health and also in good flesh; for to have the lambs grow fast they must have plenty of good healthy milk in large quantities, which is only obtained by having healthy well-kept mothers. Good sweet hay must be the principal reliance for keeping the sheep, but grain in moderate quantities may be used to advantage; how much to each sheep must be varied according to the quality of the hay, and the condition and peculiarity of each sheep. In fact, the profitable raising of early lambs cannot be done by any rules, but only by an intelligent keeper, who, by experience, is master of his business.

LINCOLN SHEEP.

The Lincoln sheep are comparatively a rare breed in the United States. They are the largest breed known, under exceptional circumstances dressing up to ninety pounds per quarter. At two years old they are recorded to have dressed one hundred and sixty pounds. They require good care and plenty of succulent food. They have been introduced in some sections of the West and into Canada, and are reported as being well liked, but further time is needed to fully establish their complete adaptability to our Western climate. Other long woolled sheep, as the Cotswold and the larger of the Downs, are giving good satisfaction, and there seems no good reason why these will not, on our flush pastures with some succulent food in winter, do exceedingly well.

In England fourteen pounds of wool has been sheared as a first clip from a lot of thirty yearling wethers, the same averaging one hundred and forty pounds each, live weight, at fourteen months old. They have been known in the United States since 1835, and their long, lustrous fleeces, measuring nine inches in length, are the perfection of combing wool.

The Lincolns, originally, were large, coarse, and with ragged, oily fleeces and hard feeders. The improved Lincolns were made by judicious crosses of Leicester rams, careful selection and good feeding, and in England their wool has now a separate class at the fairs.

COOKED VS. RAW FOOD FOR PIG FEEDING.

Prof. Brown, of the Ontario Agricultural College, offers the following opinion on a much disputed point. The present practice with the greater number, in any country, I believe, is to prepare food for pigs either by steeping, steaming, or boiling, under the belief that cooking in any shape is better than giving in the raw state. I am not at present prepared to say definitely what other kinds of food may do raw or cooked, with pigs or other domesticated animals, or how the other animals would thrive with peas or corn, raw or boiled; but I now assert on the strongest possible grounds—by evidence indisputable, again and again proved by actual trials, in various temperatures, with a variety of the same animals, variously conducted—that for fast and cheap production of pork, raw peas are fifty per cent. better than cooked peas or Indian corn in any shape.

THE DOWN BREEDS OF SHEEP.

To make a poor pun, one may truthfully say the "Down" breeds of sheep are on the top now. There are many more Merinos in this country than of all the middle-wool breeds combined, and there is much interest in them. The long-wool breeds have their decided partisans; but the various breeds called "Downs" are apparently most rapidly rising in favour. We are glad to have so enthusiastic praise of the Southdowns, in recent numbers, by breeders of these, perhaps one of the most perfect-formed of all breeds; but it must not be understood that the Southdown has the field to itself. The Oxford Downs are being strongly pushed as combining most of the merits of the long-wool sheep with the good quality of the Southdowns. In England the Hampshire Down has been called the "coming sheep," and certainly the record the breed has made in the South of England, especially in the way of producing lambs reaching enormous weights early in the season, is marvellous. It can be retorted, however, that whatever may be the "coming sheep," Shropshire sheep have, in England and Scotland, already "come," and promise to stay. This breed is now the most widely popular sheep in England and Scotland. Lacking perhaps the beauty and remarkable finish of the Southdown, and probably not equalling it in fineness of mutton; reared, usually, in a more northern climate, it does not quite equal the Hampshire in great weights for lambs early in the season, and does not reach the size of the Oxford Downs. It has, however, good size; is hardy, unusually prolific, and gives a good fleece of good wool, while its mutton is nearly of the highest quality, so near that there is found little or no difference in price between it and that for the mutton of the

best of the black-legged breeds. For considerable sections of the country we believe that some of these Down breeds have adaption superior to that of any other class of sheep.

PROSPECTIVE DEMAND FOR WOOL AND MUTTON.

Will there ever be less wool or mutton wanted per capita than now? No. Is the wool and mutton product keeping pace with increase of population? It is probable that it is not. Will sheep and wool therefore be less remunerative in the years to come than now? Certainly not. As the inhabitants of a country increase, meat prices increase, because meat is in thickly settled countries always one of the most costly articles of food. As prices increase, the masses seek the cheaper kinds. Mutton is one of the cheapest. Hence, as population increases, it must be in other countries adapted to sheep as in England, that the popular taste will incline that way. It is so in all the thickly-settled districts of Europe; it is becoming more and more so from decade to decade in the United States. The use of wool will certainly not decline. It is becoming more and more sought year by year. Hence those who earliest pay attention to those breeds of sheep adapted to their localities, in connection with other stock, will earliest reap the full reward of their endeavours. —Breeder's Gazette, Chicago.

SHEEP ON SMALL FARMS.

Within the last few years increased attention is being paid to sheep, as mixed farming is more and more found to be profitable. The time has undoubtedly come when every farmer should turn his attention more and more to sheep. But a new generation has sprung up. They wish to know how to manage sheep in connection with other stock. They wish to know what breeds and crosses are adapted to special localities and markets. This we hope to show in a general way, not, however, so much where sheep are the leading interest on the farm, as for that great class of farmers to whom a thickly settled country has caused a more and more diversified agriculture to become profitable.

THE old hogs will fatten faster confined in a pen, but they will stand feeding longer if allowed to range. Feeding whole grain is always attended with a loss of from one-fourth to one-third, as it is not masticated sufficiently to digest. Cooking saves this loss; grain may be cooked whole and when cooked and mixed with potatoes, apples, pumpkins or other lighter foods it is in the best form to be fed. The grinding (one-tenth) is saved and it can all be turned into growth. It is more palatable than soaking. When fed raw, corn should be in the ear, and if unhusked the pigs will eat it slower and chew it better. This is what is wanted in fattening animals to put food in the condition so that it will all be absorbed in the stomach, or there is a loss. Give the hogs plenty of bedding so as to make lots of manure.

"How nicely the corn pops," said a young man who, with his sweetheart, sat before the fire. "Yes," she responded demurely, "it's got over being green."

BEES AND POULTRY,**WHO SHOULD KEEP BEES.**

BY W. F. CLARKE, GUELPH.

"Everybody" was once the current answer to this question. I have given it myself before now. Ten years ago in my prize poem on "The Honey Bee" I pictured,

"Each household of an apiary possessed,"

It was the general idea then that, in a proper condition of society, a bee-hive out of doors would be considered as much a part of a well regulated domestic establishment as a sewing machine indoors. But we have got bravely over that, and many other crude notions that prevailed, even among bee-keepers themselves, ten years ago, and the time has now fully come for insisting upon it that those only should keep bees who are properly qualified to do so.

Bee-keeping may be justly regarded as having attained the status of a profession or a business. In any correct view of it it requires special natural qualifications and a thorough education. The natural qualifications are not of much account without an education, obtained somehow or other, and the education is a downright impossibility without the natural qualifications.

In a general way it may be safely said that in order to success in this business or profession there must be an aptitude for it. What that is it may be difficult to state in detail, but I am fast coming to think that the true bee-keeper, like the true poet, is born, not made. The great Huber is an example in point. To use a theological phrase, he was predestinated to be a bee-keeper, and not even the loss of sight could prevent the fulfilment of his mission. His devoted wife and trusty man-servant were eyes to the blind apiarian, and with their help he took the foremost place among historical bee-keepers. A degree of that enthusiasm which inspired Huber must influence all who aspire to rank among his disciples. No man succeeds very much in any line of things which does not stir him with lively interest. But this alone is not enough. The true bee-keeper must have keen perceptions, and be at once of an observant and reflective turn of mind. He must be a modern Job for patience, and a modern Bruce for perseverance. No matter what his natural aptitudes may be, he will make serious mistakes at first, and needs to learn that, as Napoleon was wont to say, "he is not the best general who makes no mistakes, but he who repairs them as quickly and as thoroughly as possible." He must not be irascible, for in that quality the bees are more than a match for the most irascible of mortals. He must have perfect self-control, for if a man cannot control himself he may rest assured that he cannot control the denizens of the bee-hive. He must be sanguine and hopeful, for he will see many dark days. His motto must be:—

"Never give up; it is wiser and better,
Always to hope than once to despair."

He must have a mind for details, and regard nothing as trivial that has to do with the welfare of a colony or an apiary. "Unconsidered trifles" have often led to important discoveries and astonishing results, and the man who is naturally prone to be negligent of apparently little things must either conquer that habit or

come to the conclusion that he is not adapted to shine as a bee-keeper.

Lastly, at the risk of being laughed at by certain apiarians who can take bees to bed with them and sleep undisturbed, I shall venture to specify a certain indifference to stings, which is a characteristic of a few favoured members of the human family. There is no denying the fact that some people are highly sensitive to the virus of the bee, while on others it has little or no effect. Some curious experiences have been had in this line, of which truly intelligent bee-keepers will take note. It has been a favourite idea with many that when once you become accustomed to being stung by bees you cease to mind it. I was of that opinion at one time myself. I had become hardened to the thing until I did not mind a bee-sting more than a pin-prick. But on a luckless day I got a sting from a furious Italian just on the middle tip of my upper lip, which resulted in several hours of intense agony and a week's sickness. Ever since then a sting in any part of the body results in a renewal of those painful effects. The virus at once flies to the head, and causes the greatest distress. I am aware that in thus speaking I issue my own death warrant, as a bee-keeper, but I am at the same time stating facts which "nobody can deny." I am precluded from keeping bees except on a small scale, as an amateur, from purely scientific interest, and with the use of precautions in the way of gloves and veil, such as thicker-skinned and more hardened bee-keepers despise. But I lay it down as an axiom that unfortunate people who are keenly sensitive to the effects of stinging had better give bee-keeping, as a business, "a good letting alone."

In addition to the natural aptitude which has been imperfectly sketched, an education in bee-keeping must be obtained. It matters little how this is done, provided it be thorough. Let no one rush into bee-keeping imperfectly equipped with knowledge on the subject. It is positively ridiculous to see how some people act in regard to this matter. They seem to suppose that they have only to get a few swarms of bees and they are completely set up in business. Their next step is to invent a hive or some wonderful improvement that is to eclipse everything in the market. After a little spluttering and flourishing they give up in disgust what they ought never to have attempted.

It is no doubt possible for a tyro in bee-keeping to become self-educated in a sense. With invaluable bee books and excellent bee journals that are available, the theory can easily be mastered. Then comes the practical part, and, "aye, there's the rub." To manage bees with an eye to profit from honey production, is an attainment far beyond mere theory however correct. I do not think this can be gained in any other way so quickly or so well as for the beginner to apprentice himself to some good practical bee-keeper, and happy is he who has the opportunity of so doing. I am inclined to believe that our best bee-keepers will have to start schools of apiculture, as indeed some have already done. It may be so arranged as to be an advantage to them as well as to their pupils. Besides these private schools, apiculture should be taught both in theory and practice in agricultural colleges. The Michigan Agricultural

College has set a good example in this respect, which ought to be followed by every similar institution on the continent of North America. Bee-keeping has now reached such proportions that it ought not to be ignored at those educational establishments which are devoted to the development of rural industries. As a source of national revenue it takes rank with general farming, stock-raising, dairying, and similar out-door pursuits. As a science, bee-keeping covers a large field of research, and as an art, requires instruction quite as extensive as some other rural industries. This meeting will only be acting in harmony with its design and legitimate functions in making a strong deliverance on this subject. Bee-keeping has quite long enough been left to chance and haphazard. It becomes those that are familiar with its wants and possibilities to exalt it to a proper position beside other occupations, and to demand for it suitable educational facilities.

KEEPING ONE HUNDRED FOWLS.

A poultry breeder of twenty-five years' standing, says: "Fancy fowl farmers assert that any owner of land can keep 100 fowls. From 200 birds may be obtained annually 2,300 dozen eggs, and if inclined 1,500 pounds of marketable chickens before the close of August in each year. The product will pay from \$450 to \$500, and leave the original stock for next year. The expenses will not be over \$200 to \$250, thus furnishing an equal sum of profit from every 200 fowls. The cost of keeping them in such quantities as alluded to would not exceed 65 cents per head, if all their food is produced and rated at 70 cents a bushel. With the run of the farm the cost would be lessened. This leaves a handsome profit from the investment."

KEEPING EGGS FRESH.

I saw a very good arrangement for keeping eggs at a friend's house a short time since and it was so simple and practicable that it ought to be generally known. It was a set of four shelves, two feet long and eight inches wide, with a space of five inches between them, made of hard wood planed, and three rows of round holes, bored with an inch augur on each shelf twelve in each row. One shelf would hold three dozen eggs. The eggs were set in with the small end down, so that the yolk could not settle against the shell. The lady said she had kept eggs six months in this manner perfectly sweet; also that the free circulation of air around them was very important and there was no danger of cracking the shell.

Let any one try roasting corn before feeding fowls, and tell you by-and-by if his egg-basket does not fill much more rapidly than usual.—*Queenslander.*

ALL the malice of civilization has been expended upon fowls. Legs so heavily feathered that the wretched birds only walk by a series of fortunate accidents; heads decorated with tufts so enormous that the creatures circle of vision is limited to the ground it stands upon; combs of so wonderful a kind that each cock appears to carry a beefsteak and two mutton chops above its startled visage; these are the results of centuries of scientific breeding.—*St. James' Gazette.*

THE DAIRY.

HOW TO SALT BUTTER.

The proper salting of butter has as much to do with its value as a merchantable article as nearly any other process through which it passes before being put on the table or market and the advice given by the *American Dairyman* which follows is worthy of careful consideration. The journal says: "No good butter maker ever underestimates the importance of correctly salting the butter. It is one of the delicate or fine art features of making the best quality. To know just how to do it requires much study and a thorough knowledge of the requirements. It will never do to dump the salt in as we have often seen it done, without the slightest regard to the amount or the manner of applying it. To do it properly the dairyman should make a study of it, and we will here give some of the points that he should carefully bear in mind.

"In the first place, the cost of salt when compared with the value of the butter—while it has so material an effect upon that value, the dairyman should not hesitate on account of cost to secure the best article in the market. The chief trouble with cheap salt usually is to be found in the amount of pan scale to be found in it. This looks like thin pieces of broken china, dark on one side and white on the other. Water cannot melt it, and when the teeth strike on it in a piece of butter all the vileness of your nature comes to the surface. To be rid of this the salt should be rolled to get rid of the lumps, and then sifted to free it of pan scale.

"The dairyman should know exactly how much salt to the pound his customers like; or it will generally be found that the finer the butter the less salt the consumer likes in it. Butter with only the ordinary amount of water in it that is well worked will not take up and dissolve more than an ounce of salt to the pound of butter, and this is very heavy salting. All salt above this quantity is pure waste, and remaining undissolved in the butter, is highly objectionable.

"Having prepared the salt and weighed it and the butter so as to know exactly how much you are putting in, first spread the butter out in a thin sheet and sprinkle the salt evenly over it. Fold it up and work it gently till the salt is well distributed throughout the mass of butter. This should thus be set away in a cool place for the salt to dissolve for not less than four hours, when the butter must be worked over two or three times to remove the mottled appearance. The butter is now ready to be printed or packed."

THE ADVANTAGE OF DAIRYING

It is a proverb among farmers that dairying enriches the land and the farmer too. We have heretofore shown how it is that the production of milk does not exhaust the soil, and how it must necessarily continually improve it, so long as the dairyman feeds some kind of purchased food to his cows, which all do more or less. But although this may be one result of this business, it is not one that operates by itself without the aid of the dairyman. Plums may fall from a tree into a man's mouth; but he must take care to be there with his mouth open when the plum falls, or it drops without advantage to him. And so the dairymen should have the credit for this result of his business—first, because he has the good sense to choose it; next, because he generally manages it well; then because the very nature of his business compels him to be a studious man; and lastly, because the nature of his business is such that the study of it makes him thoughtful, and this makes him inquiring, and that induces him

to gather himself together in meetings to talk over his business and discuss its intricate points, and moreover to seek in papers and books all the possible information he can in regard to the conduct of his affairs. Moreover, all these things make him a sharp business man, and he studies the markets and suits his products to the demand, and so gets the full value for them. Being all this, and being consequently prosperous, the dairyman may very well be studied by the farmer and his ways and methods adopted as far as they may be; for, being sound and practical, and, moreover, successful, these ways and methods will serve the ends of the farmers as well as they have done those of the dairymen.

THE DIFFERENCES IN MILK.

The value of milk for cheese-making varies much less than for butter-making, and yet I have found by exact tests, when nobody thought there was any occasion for complaint, a difference of twenty-two per cent. in the cheese-producing value of two samples of milk of equal weight, taken from the cans of two different patrons the same day. The weight of milk which in one case was required to make 100 pounds of cheese would in the other case make 123 pounds. Values vary above and below this rate, while the average of the mixed milk of the whole delivery runs very uniform. A difference of fifteen per cent. in samples of milk is of every-day occurrence, and is due partly to a difference in the supply of food and drink, and to care. For purposes of butter-making the values of the milk from different patrons vary very greatly. It is sometimes two to one and fifty per cent. is quite a common difference—one sample requiring twenty pounds of milk for one of butter, while another requires thirty pounds. It is doubtful whether there is a creamery of any considerable size in which a difference of twenty-five per cent. in butter-producing value does not exist in the every-day delivery of milk.—*Prof. Arnold.*

A FARMER who has tried the plan for years with excellent success, keeps his milk in a cellar tank, which is supplied with water from an adjoining pond of pure water. Into this water tank cans, twenty inches deep, are set so that the water comes to within two inches of the top, and they are left uncovered to allow the animal heat to pass off. A thermometer occasionally plunged in the water enables him to regulate the temperature, which should be about sixty-two degrees, and as a result the cream rises to a depth of from two to three inches in the can. The tank was built and water was conducted to it at a small expense, which has been amply repaid, as the quantity of cream greatly exceeds that produced by the old method of setting in shallow pans. If farmers expect to compete with the best creameries they must not hesitate to improve their facilities as much as possible, and watch carefully for any improved methods which may be developed.

WHEAT and tares may grow together in the field; but if the tares are assimilating themselves the forces of the earth, and leaving to the wheat only a starveling and sickly growth, you can not properly call that a wheat field. One must be first; "No man can serve two masters." The stream cannot flow both ways at once. One must be first in the Christian heart. "God will put up with a great many things in the human heart," says Mr. Ruskin, "but there is one thing He will not put up with in it—a second place. He who offers God a second place offers Him no place."—*Rev. Geo. E. Horr, jr.*

CREAM

It is thought better to die than to lose one's reason, and yet the murderer prefers insanity to hanging.

WHEN a lover is kicked out of the house by the young lady's irate father, how can he say that his suit has been bootless?

"GOOD common sense is better than a college education." Of course it is, and a good deal rarer and much harder to get.

It is said that it is unhealthy to sleep in feathers. Who believes it? for look at the spring chicken, and see how tough he is.

"A FINE gold lady's breast-pin" is advertised as lost, in a paper. A bachelor makes the inquiry—she is a single "gold lady," and is willing to be changed.

A YOUNG man urged, as one of the reasons why a girl should marry him, that he had a collection of over 400 different kinds of wood. She said if it was kindling wood she'd think of it.

AN old farmer said to his sons: "Boys, don't yer ever speckérate, or wait for something to turn up, yer might just as well go set down in a paster, with a pail atwixt yer legs, an' wait for a cow to back up to yer to be milked."

A YOUNG lady who recently started out as a fashion writer has determined to quit journalism. She mentioned, in an article on ladies' fashions, that "skirts are worn very much shorter, this year, than usual." The young lady is certainly justified in being angry with the careless compositor, who changed the "k" in skirts to an "h."

TABLES turned. *Poor Beggar*—Please spare a penny, sir. I haven't had any dinner to-day! *Swell*—Paw beggah! *Poor Beggar*—I haven't had a meal since yesterday, sir! *Swell*—Paw beggah! *Poor Beggar*—I've got a wife and children, sir, all starving! *Swell*—Paw beggah! *Poor Beggar*—Please spare a penny, sir. *Swell*—Haven't got one—aw! *Poor Beggar*—Paw beggah!—*Punch.*

GAINING a friend—"Why, old boy, what's the matter with you? You look as though you had lost your best friend." "Do I?" was the reply. "Well, I haven't. On the contrary, I have just gained a friend." "You don't look it." "I know I don't. You see, last night I asked little Miss B. to marry me, and she said she could never be more to me than a 'very dear friend.'"

THE faithful watch dog came marching proudly into the house with a piece of cloth in his mouth, the result of an interview with a tramp. By the intelligent expression of his eye he seemed to want to propound this conundrum: "Why is a case of assault and battery like this piece of cloth? Give it up? Why, one is a breach of the peace, and the other is a piece of the breach."

EVEN in the making of a will these little peculiarities will occasionally present themselves: "I give and bequeath to my beloved wife, Bridget, the whole of my property without reserve; and to my eldest son, Patrick, one-half of the remainder; and to Dennis, my youngest son, the rest. If anything is left it may go, together with the old cart without wheels, to my sincere and affectionate friend Terrence McCarthy, in sweet Ireland."

NOTE THIS:

ALL STREET CARS PASS OUR STORES!
ASK THE CONDUCTOR TO LET YOU OFF AT

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Having purchased a very large stock of Superior Ready-made Clothing at much below the cost of manufacture we will offer the same for sale at our stores at prices so low that the public cannot but note the difference.

\$15.00 Overcoats for \$9.00.

10.00 Overcoats for 6.00.

8.00 Overcoats for 5.00.

6.00 Overcoats for 4.00.

\$3.00 All-wool Pants for \$1.50.

3.50 All-wool Pants for 2.00.

4.50 All-wool Pants for 3.00.

6.00 All-wool Pants for 4.50.

This is a grand opportunity to purchase Winter Clothing at from Thirty to Forty per cent. below regular prices.

SALES FOR CASH ONLY.

PETLEY & PETLEY, *The Leading and Only One-Price Clothing House,*

128 to 132 King Street East, Toronto.

A Wife's Testimony. Note This:

All Street Cars Pass Our Stores. Ask the Conductor to let you off at



"Well, John, there is no disputing the fact. The coat is REMARKABLY CHEAP, and I am now convinced that they carry out all they advertise at

PETLEYS'

We are showing remarkable value in

- Silks, Satins,
- Velvets, Velvetens,
- Dress Materials,
- Costume Cloths,
- Cashmeres and Mourning Goods.

The Sales in our Silk and Dress Departments are Rapidly Increasing, a Convincing Proof of the

VERY LOW PRICES

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Agents wanted in every village, town and city, to make a thorough canvass for the RURAL CANADIAN. Liberal inducements. Work to commence at once. For full particulars address

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,
Jordan Street, Toronto. Publisher.

The Rural Canadian.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1884.

THE RURAL CANADIAN FOR 1884.

THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

THE RURAL CANADIAN has now entered on its third year, and, we are pleased to be able to say, with very encouraging prospects for the future. It is unnecessary to specify the features of the paper for the coming year. No efforts will be spared to make its visits interesting and useful to those who farm, to those who grow fruit, to those who raise poultry, to those who breed stock, to those who make butter and cheese, and to those who keep house. The young ladies of the household will find in each issue, a piece of music which, during the year will be worth a good deal more than the subscription; while "Young Canada," a favourite department in the past, will be continued. Illustrations will only be inserted as found necessary to add value to the letter press. Single copy one year, \$1. The publisher offers the following

INDUCEMENTS TO CLUBS:

Clubs of five with free copy to getter-up of club,	\$4.
" seven " " " "	\$5.
" ten " " " "	\$7.

In every case the paper will be furnished from this out till the end of 1884, on above terms. Money must accompany order; registered letters at our risk.

May we ask our friends to commence work at once? An hour's canvassing now will give better results than a whole day later on. Begin with your neighbours. In many cases they only require to be asked in order to secure their names.

Specimen numbers sent free on application.

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5 Jordan Street, Toronto. Publisher.

WINTER WORK ON THE FARM.

Winter time is usually looked upon as the farmer's resting season; but to the thrifty farmer there comes no season of rest, that is, of absolute idleness. He may not be so driven as in the seasons of sowing and reaping, but there will always be enough to do if he but have the will to do it. The care of live stock will be, of course, his chief employment. To see that they are given food and water at regular intervals, that they are comfortably stabled or sheltered, that their stalls are cleaned out and liberally supplied with bedding, and that there is a free use of the curry-comb and brush—these are matters of great consequence, for the value of live stock largely depends on the character of their winter keeping. Then there are the dairy cows and breeding ewes. These demand much looking after, especially as their time of parturition approaches. The life of many a valuable animal is lost, or its usefulness impaired, through want of attention at this critical period. Cows, if possible, should be shut up singly in box-stalls, and ewes separated from the rest of the flock. That the young calves and lambs are made snug and warm, and their dams supplied with nutritious food, will be the thrifty farmer's particular care. And so also with respect to breeding sows; the supply of

pigs, as well as of all other young stock of the farm, depends much on the attention given by the farmer to his breeding animals throughout the winter season. Then there is what we call, "taking time by the forelock." The thrifty farmer will see that everything which can be done in winter; and which, if neglected, would delay the operations of summer, is done as far and well as it can be. The year's supply of fuel will be got ready; drawn up, cut, spit, and put under cover. Ploughs, harrows, drills, reapers, etc., will be refitted if they require it, and if a fresh coat of paint is needed, it will be given. Seed grain will be got ready, or a supply of it purchased. Fences will be repaired, if the weather allows such work. In a word, the whole farm, and everything upon it, will get from the thrifty farmer wholesome care in winter as well as in summer; and it is only such a farm that realizes to us the ideal of the farming that pays.

A SHOW OF FAT CATTLE.

The cattle-feeders of Ontario had an opportunity offered them last month, in this city, to show what they are able to do in the way of producing fat stock. The Provincial and Industrial Exhibition Associations joined together to institute a Fat Stock show, and prizes amounting to nearly \$1,000 were offered for competition. Shows of this sort are an established institution in Chicago, and their good influences are generally acknowledged. This is especially the case in affording a comparison of the merits of the different breeds of cattle, and also in showing what can be accomplished by intelligent feeding. In Chicago the competition between Shorthorns, Herefords, and polled Aberdeens, has always been very close, and it yet remains an open question which breed is most valuable to the farmer—which one gives the largest margin of profit upon being turned out from the feeding-stall. It is, no doubt, a good thing that this question remains undecided, for we do not believe that on this continent the best results are to be obtained by favouring one breed exclusively, no matter how superior its qualities may be; and in this particular we may express a regret that at the Toronto show the entire field was left to Shorthorns and their grades. We have breeders of Galloways, Herefords, and Aberdeens in Ontario who enjoy a continental reputation. How did they fail to put in an appearance? It was an opportunity that they ought not to have lost, and all who take an interest in the subject of beef production must regret that it has been lost. Let us hope that at the next show of the kind, they will prove that they are not afraid to enter the lists. Of the show itself, we need not say much. The animals were nearly all magnificent ones; large, shapely, and weighted down with flesh. The Messrs. Groff, of Waterloo, deserve great praise for the fine exhibit made by them, and, as prize-winners they are, no doubt, well satisfied with the measure of success they attained. But we think that the animal, which above all others taught a valuable lesson to cattle-feeders, was the Shorthorn steer, White Duke, shown by Richard Gibson, of Middlesex. Although only two years and seven months old, he weighed 2,110 pounds, and has a record of nearly two and one-fourth pounds average daily increase from the day he was dropt. This is not only evidence of early maturity but, as Mr. George Frankland has so well expressed it, it abundantly proves that millions of money can be saved to Canada by judicious feeding—producing at half the cost, younger, tenderer, and juicier meats by a study of all appliances to make early maturity a success. Looked at from this point of view alone, the Fat Stock show cannot fail to be of great service to the whole country.

ASHAMED OF THEIR IDENTITY.

PICTURESQUE CANADA.—Mr. Belden, agent for "Picturesque Canada," has had an interview with the Customs Department with respect to the printed material for the book brought into Canada. He desires a lower valuation for duty than the regular one, on the ground that the expensive plates were manufactured in Canada, though the printing has been done in New York. The Department will meet his views to a considerable extent.

The above extract from a recent batch of the *Mail's* Ottawa correspondence, contains more absolute untruth (though chiefly by inference) than any press paragraph which has ever come under our notice. It may have been published in good faith, but either the Customs Department or the correspondent, or both, have been "stuffed" by the precious Mr. Belden—the *Agent* (as he wishes to make himself appear) of "Picturesque Canada." (1) Mr. Belden is the *owner* of the work and is the same Belden so notorious in the Atlas swindle; hence his desire to appear to the public only as *agent*; (2) The present, a recent valuation, was enforced by the Minister of Customs some months since, after examining into and confirming charges of fraud, smuggling, and false entries by the Beldens, in bringing in their stuff. (3) Every particle of work on the plates is and has always been done in New York, as has everything else in connection with the book, except the drawing of a few pictures by Mr. O'Brien, and some half-dozen subjects by as many other Canadian artists. Even many of the drawings (which were guaranteed by the prospectus to be "original and prepared expressly for the work") are sketches of scenery in Connecticut, or the Adirondacks, bought "ready made," from the collections of some American artists, and palmed off on subscribers as Canadian scenes. (4) The Beldens are now using letters of recommendation obtained from prominent personages, under false pretences; and farmers should not be deceived by them. It is a part of their stock-in-trade to use forged documents. In their Atlas career, they have been beaten in court trying to collect forged notes—and all their order books for the first three years they were engaged on "Picturesque Canada" contained forged autographs of Senators, Cabinet Ministers, and Supreme Court Judges—men who never saw or heard of their work at the time—stolen by the Beldens from the autograph book of other publishers.

It is scarcely to be expected that such persons will draw the line at perjury, if they can see a chance of saving any customs' duties by so doing. No wonder they wish to retain their *incognito* in connection with "Picturesque Canada." Farmers will do well to give their agents a wide berth.

"PICTURESQUE CANADA" AGAIN.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

(From the *Rural Canadian*, for November.)

We, the undersigned farmers of the county of Peterboro', Ontario, take this means of warning our brother farmers throughout the Dominion of a cunning swindle which is being perpetrated throughout the rural sections, of which we, as well as others within our knowledge, were victims.

The fraud is conducted in the following manner: The agent of Belden Brothers of the Art Publishing Co., of Toronto, came to our county and employed an old resident to ride around and introduce him to the farmers. He showed us a sample of an illustrated part-book, containing about twenty-four pages, called "Picturesque Canada," bound in a paper cover, price sixty cents per part, to be delivered to our residences, one part every two months. The delivery was to begin January 1st, 1884. He represented the work to be "purely Canadian—all manufactured in Toronto," where he asserted the "Art Publishing Company" (the

publishers) resided, with their artists, engravers, printers, presses, etc. He also exhibited letters from the Marquis of Lorne, who, he said, had taken \$12,000 worth of stock in the company; Earl Dufferin, L. R. O'Brien and other distinguished men, whom, we were led to believe, were the stock-holders. As trial numbers, we consented to take from one to six parts, with the understanding that we could discontinue the work at any time at our option. He presented a book and asked us to write our names, lot, con., and p.o. address.

This agent had scarcely left our township when three oily-tongued representatives of this company came along, each with a waggon-load of books, and informed us we had subscribed for the work and they had brought the first twenty parts, for which they wanted \$12. We protested we had only ordered one or two parts as "trial numbers." The agent then drew from his pocket a "cast-iron contract," with our names thereon, the conditions of which obliged us to take thirty-six parts at a cost of \$21.60. For the first time we saw we had been trapped into a contract we little dreamed of. The \$12 demanded by the agent was really only the first instalment, according to the terms of the previous document. All explanations and protestations on our part were useless. We offered to pay for the few trial numbers, provided the contracts the agents held were returned to us. This they refused to do. They threatened "to sue," and succeeded in bulldozing a few persons into paying. But the most of us declined to be swindled in this manner, and now propose to let them bring the matter into the court, and we shall abide the decision of the judge or a jury of farmers selected from our county. From a recent issue of the RURAL CANADIAN we learn that this so-called "Art Publishing Co." is composed of H. Belden and R. B. Belden, the notorious Yankee Atlas publishers, whose former swindling in the Atlas business among the farmers of Ontario and Quebec made it necessary for them to disguise their real names under the title of "Art Publishing Co.," in order to do further business among Canadians, and also that nearly the entire work, "Picturesque Canada," has been manufactured in New York, where the senior member of the firm permanently resides. We, therefore, warn our brother farmers throughout the Dominion of the manner by which this swindle is being perpetrated, that they may be on their guard if any agents of this company give them a call which they, no doubt, will do within a few months, as they are now operating in other counties.

Wm. Ray, Lakefield; Thos. Blezard, M.P.P., for East Peterboro', refused; Hugh Davidson, farmer, Peterboro', bulldozed; James Sanderson, farmer, Lakefield, refused; S. Nelson, farmer, Lakefield, refused; J. Garbet, farmer, Peterboro', refused; Samuel Roseborough, farmer, Peterboro', bulldozed; James McGibbon, farmer, Peterboro', refused; W. R. Norish, farmer, Lakefield, refused; Thomas Dugan, farmer, Lakefield, refused; Robt. Moore, farmer, Selwin, bulldozed; R. H. Braden, farmer, Selwin; Thomas Hetherington, farmer, Young's Point, refused; Richard Freeborn, farmer, Selwin, bulldozed; Mordecai Blewett, farmer, Young's Point, refused; Robert Nugent, farmer, Selwin, refused; Joseph Nugent, farmer, Selwin, refused; Nathan McIlmoyl, farmer, Selwin, refused; Wm. Preston, farmer, Selwin, bulldozed; Gerald Fitzgerald, Selwin, refused.

I hereby certify that the farmers who have signed the above letter are among the most responsible and trustworthy in the county of Peterboro'.

W. C. SAUNDERS,
Clerk of the Municipality at Lakefield.

Below will be found a fac-simile of the "cast-

iron contract" used by Belden's agents. When persuading the farmers they only want their names and addresses to send them sample copies of "Picturesque Canada," as explained in a communication in another column. In laying the facts of this disgraceful business before our readers, we have no intention or desire to interfere with the sale of the above work. We simply wish to prevent imposition. The plea that the canvassing agents are alone responsible is not tenable. We have ample proofs that in many instances those agents have been specially instructed by the individual members of the firm to get the names anyway they could, and they (the Beldens) would assume the risk of forcing the contract. Knowing this it seems a duty to inform our readers—who are chiefly among the farming community—that when they place their name on these contracts, they are, in effect, signing a note for \$21.60, payable on demand; so they may not be deceived by the representations held out to them when visited by the Beldens' agents. When the work, "Picturesque Canada," was first projected, those who knew the Beldens predicted it would be another "Atlas" trick before it was ended. The late experience of unwilling "subscribers" has proven that the leopard cannot change his spots. Farmers will do well to preserve this paper for future reference.

OFFICE NO.

The Art Publishing Co., Toronto, Ont.

No Publishers of Picturesque Canada: Please deliver to my address as below, PICTURESQUE CANADA, in parts, for which I agree to pay 60 Cents per part when delivered, to be completed in from 24 to 36 parts. No agent being allowed to vary these conditions, to give credit, to receive pay in advance or to contract any liability for the Publishers. Each part to contain not less than twenty-four pages. Subscriptions received only for the entire work.

Lot	Con.	Name	Occupation	P. O. Address	Township

AMONG THE LAKES.

"NORTHERN PETERBORO'."

Having often heard of the romantic and picturesque country among the lakes of Peterboro' and Haliburton, your correspondent determined to explore forest and stream, with the view of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the country and its physical features, as well as the people, their present surroundings and future prospects. Securing a good team at Lakefield, our substantial buckboard was loaded with a supply of oats, and we were soon on our way. The route

selected, was the east road leading through Douro along the east bank of Katchewanoka Lake to Young's Point. About one mile from Lakefield is the residence of the late Col. Strickland, who was one of the pioneers of this section. The old log house, the first one erected in that vicinity, was removed several years ago. Those who have had the pleasure of reading the early life of Col. Strickland, written by himself, entitled "Twenty-seven Years in Canada," will feel interested in the historical associations which centred in that old log house, where so many useful citizens of the present first saw the light. But the early landmark is a thing of the past, and a new Gothic stone structure has been erected at the roadside near by amid a beautiful grove of forest trees, with walks and flower-beds laid out by the good old Colonel's hand. There is something mournfully sad in contemplating the destruction of the old homestead. The old house was our home in childhood, and memory paints again our childhood scenes as of yore. We see our mother's kind face and run to her again to be comforted. We listen to her words, and our childish fears are calmed by the sunlight of her loving smiles. We hear our father's voice in patient and repeated admonition, and can now realize a parent's earnest solicitation for the welfare of his child. Here are our dear brothers and darling sisters again, and in our imagination our childish plays are renewed among the ruins.

The old landmarks of Smith and Douro are passing away with those who reared them. A few objects here and there along the pathway are preserved and cherished, but the greater number have succumbed to time and the march of improvement. Few people there are who see beyond the narrow circle of their own time, or who, seeing, care for the joys of those who follow them. The Stricklands, Halls, Harveys, Carbutts, Nelsons, Casements, Fitzgeralds, Reids, Davidsons, Sandersons, Nugents, Bells, Millburns, and a score of other pioneers of Smith and Douro who were the original settlers, are nearly all gone. Every stream knew them, every hill and dale felt the pressure of their feet. Their rude "dugouts" swept across river and lake. But all is changed, and the places which knew them know them no more. The old latch string which hung out so many long years to denote to the wayside traveller that the occupant was at home, has been pulled in for the last time. The andirons are gone, so too the great crane from which swung the noon-day meal; the ashes from the old stone fireplace have been scattered to the four winds, and to-day only a few stone chimneys are standing as monuments to mark the spots where love, like a blossoming vine, gathered morn, noon and night for half a century around that rudely constructed board where clustered the happy families of our pioneers.

About one mile further north a stop was made at the "Grove," established in 1871. This is a private preparatory school for young men from eight to twenty years of age, and was founded by Sparham Sheldrake, son of Edward Sheldrake, late of Ixworth Prior, Suffolk, England. The building is of brick, two storeys high, with a veranda along the front, and is situated on the bank of the lake in a beautiful grove. The grounds are laid out with walks and shade trees of different varieties, and the interior denotes all that could be desired in point of cleanliness, comfort, and home-like attributes, under the very efficient management of Mr. Sheldrake, who was educated at Cambridge, England. Thence we drove on two miles through a fine farming country, and pass "Polly Cow Island," where the beautiful Indian girl "Polly Cow" (a daughter of "Handsome Jack," a Chippewa chief) was buried—hence the name. Companies of men, with teams, were

repairing the road, moving great stones, stumps, logs, etc., which had made it for a long time almost impassable. The next three miles I made over the new road through a barren sandy rolling country entirely destitute of inhabitants. It had evidently been the home of the lumberman in years gone by, only a few dead pines, with their dry trunks, stand as monuments of what was once a proud forest, while in many places can be seen a new growth of young timber springing up to replace the old. Young's Point was soon reached. Here is a bridge over the Otonabee River also the Government locks and the Trent Valley Canal. After duly refreshing ourselves at a good hotel, we sought out Patrick Young, who lives here, the founder of the place, on the west bank of the canal, in a neat little cottage. He proved to be one of the four hundred and fifteen families that came to Canada with the Peter Robinson Emigration Colony, 1825, he being the first one your correspondent had ever had the pleasure of meeting. He is a native of Tipperary, Ireland, born in 1812, and is living upon the same spot where his father located with his family fifty-eight years ago, at what was then called Stony Lake, subsequently changed to "Young's Point," in honour of its founder. When Mr. Young came to the place the only residence between Peterboro' and his present home was a small log hut in the township of Smith, on the hill near the residence of John Harvey. It was owned and occupied by Sandy Morrison, and was used as a stopping place and for the accommodation of travellers. Mr. Young's first night in the township of Smith was spent in that shanty. For the first few years his father plied a small boat between Young's Point and Lakefield transporting supplies to the settlers in his immediate vicinity. He soon after began the erection of a saw and grist mill, and the nucleus of a village was formed, a post-office was subsequently opened, and he received the appointment of postmaster, which office he still holds. In 1837, during the Mackenzie rebellion, he served as a volunteer in Captain Kilpatrick's company, commanded by Col. McDonald. On the 16th of March, 1838, St. Patrick's eve, Mr. Young was present at Peterboro' at the burning of the Roman Catholic church, there being about 300 soldiers stationed there, who turned out and went to the fire, which was supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. Mr. Young relates the fact that Adam Scott's mill, which was erected in 1820 (on the present site of Peterboro'), had no "bolt," and the bran and flour ran in together and was sifted by hand by the settlers with sieves brought from Ireland. Jacob Bramwell ground the first grist in his new mill north of Peterboro', April 8th, 1825, on the birthday of his eldest daughter. Mr. Young has been for many years a magistrate, also lock master.

Whenever the Trent Valley Canal is completed Young's Point will no doubt become an important place as a lumbering town. At present it contains two hotels, two churches (Roman Catholic and Bible Christian), school house, one store (kept by James Stewart, who does a large business), post-office, saw and grist mills, and about a dozen private residences. The place is beautifully situated on the west bank of Katohewanake Lake.

Bidding adieu to our old friend Young, we were soon on our way over the Government road for Burleigh Falls, six miles distant. For the greater portion of the way the country is quite level, of a heavy clay soil underlain by limestone formation. The fall wheat looked well in some fields. I noticed great pine stumps lying upon the surface, drawn out by the assistance of a powerful stump machine. The buildings are mostly good substantial old fashioned log structures, in which the mud chimneys have been replaced by brick. The old well-sweep and iron-bound bucket has been supplanted by the modern pump. On arriving near Burleigh Falls enormous red granite boulders meet the eye. Many of them are thirty to fifty feet high and fifty to seventy-five feet square, with perpendicular sides. They appeared to have been hewn out by a master builder, and have been dropped during the "Drift" period in great profusion as well as confusion.

"Biddy McManus."

When within two miles of Burleigh Falls attention is attracted to a small one-storey log

building, which is kept by "Biddy McManus" as a stopping place for the Burleigh stage as it makes its daily trip of forty miles with Her Majesty's mails. This little cottage is neat and tidy, and only a few minutes are required to broil a steak, chicken, or partridge, in fine style. The house has a wide reputation among the residents of northern Peterboro' as well as among travellers in this section. Our departing salute was "long life to Biddy McManus," as we again turned our faces northward.

Approaching the bridge which crosses the neck of Stony Lake, a wooden structure about 400 feet long, on the opposite side, we noticed a large three-storey hotel facing the road, with spacious veranda along the front and east sides, known as the Burleigh Falls Hotel. On the left of the road stood large outbuildings. For the benefit of travellers we will only remark, that our experience of this place was like the life of the policeman in the "Pirates of Penzance"—"not a happy one;" and that such was the experience of many other travellers as well as ourselves. Suffice it to say, that a brief inspection reconciled us to start out again, notwithstanding the blinding storm, when we learned the next stopping place was only eight miles further on.

The country for eleven miles east and six miles west is lined by the same red granite rock formation, which was observed further south, and from which Stony Lake derives its name. Along the road for miles a wheeled vehicle rolls and rattles over nothing but rock after rock, as they lay in ridges extending north and south, in some places reaching a height of fifty to one hundred feet, their white and red upturned faces polished by the storms and suns of many centuries. The next five miles we pass over a fine undulating tract of well timbered country sparsely settled. The soil here is of a clay loam, the timber being almost exclusively hardwood. A large opening in the woods is reached where, on the left hand nestles "Cedar Lake," a beautiful sheet of water about one mile long and nearly as wide, upon the south bank of which lives Giles Stone, farmer and postmaster of Haultain post-office, and a pioneer of Burleigh township. Our good friend's hair had been whitened by nearly seventy winters, and although he had battled hard in the struggle for an inheritance, he seems remarkable well preserved. His grandfather Giles, an old U. E. Loyalist, was of English extraction, born in New Haven, Connecticut. During the Revolutionary War he was employed carrying despatches and mails for the British Government. After the acknowledgment of Independence, he emigrated to Canada with his family of seven children and settled in the township of Percy, county of Northumberland, where he died 1816, at the ripe age of ninety-one years. Percy was the birthplace of a numerous progeny of children and grandchildren, one of whom, Giles Stone, first saw light in 1818. He came to Burleigh in 1861; and here his father, who accompanied him, died at the age of eighty-four. Mr. Stone is the first white settler that located north of Stony Lake. There being no road except a surveyor's trail, and no bridge at the falls, he constructed a rude scow and crossed the lake with the first waggon ever seen on the north shore in the spring of '61. He assisted in clearing the right of way for the Government road a distance of five miles north. John Martin erected the bridges at Burleigh Falls in 1862, and after completing them, while standing on a boom above the bridge, a raft of square timber was passing, and he was struck with an oar and went over the falls and was drowned, his being the first death in the township. Passing on, a piece of woods is entered, and here game seems very plentiful, as it appears to be all through this northern district at this season of the year, particularly partridge.

We reached McCauley's Temperance Hotel late in the afternoon, and after digging ourselves out from under the snow, seeing the team cared for, &c., we sat down to a sumptuous meal of venison steak with all the delicacies of the season. The house is situated half-way between Burleigh Falls and Apsley. It is a log structure, one-and-a-half stories high, with numerous log barns and sheds attached, and is a model of comfort under its present management. The building was erected in 1869, by Edward Sanderson, better known as "Brittania Ned," who accidentally dropped in while we were at dinner, and from him it was

learned that the house was the birthplace of his daughter Sarah Jane, who was the first white child born in the township. She was there christened by the Rev. Mr. Shoridan, of Peterboro'. Mr. Sanderson states that during the early days of settlement as many as sixty persons were stowed away in a single night in that log house, 24x30 feet, on the ground, which must have been like packing herrings in a box.

The government road is the only route travelled from the rear townships to Peterboro', the county seat, sixty miles. This hostelry is one of the best we have met with. It is really a most necessary public convenience, and licence commissioners would confer a great favour upon the travelling public by granting this house a licence.

Eight miles west and six miles east of the government road, at this point the country is entirely uninhabited, and is a "wolf range," so called, on account of the numerous bands of wolves that roam over the country, making night hideous by their howlings; while along the road to the north for several miles the land is rough and mountainous, covered with dry pines towering away up into the heavens like so many ships masts. After descending into one of the valleys and looking upward, thousands of those dry trees meet the eye, reminding one of approaching the harbours of Poutsmouth or Liverpool. The strange sight brought to your correspondent's mind the masts on a man-of-war which, in days past, he often scraped with sheath-knife, and then "slushed down," to make them shine before going into port. The good ship was a U. S. cruiser having a roving commission, being fitted out to run down privateers, and specially detailed to capture the celebrated confederate cruiser "Alabama." During a two years' cruise, over sixty thousand miles of seaway were covered, many encounters took place, and a great number of prizes were captured. And, Mr. Editor, if you will permit a slight digression, it can be easily shown—even from an exceptionally fortunate experience of an old-time man-of-war's man—that our rural youth would do well (to slightly vary "Pinafore") to "stick close to their plowhandles and never go to sea." When a boy, the "plowman's whistle" was your correspondent's stock-in-trade, and the "milkmaid's song" familiar to his ear. But, like some other foolish boys who think farming too "slow"—and being influenced by the fictions of Captain Kidd and sundry similar characters, his mind was turned from an honest plowboy's calling; and with visions of captured merchantmen, successful battles with pirates, and compelling all enemies to "walk the plank," the outbreak of the American civil war, and the subsequent immense naval operations connected therewith, brought the wished-for opportunity. It may be remarked, aside, that would-be naval heroes always imagine that they will be the one to come off victorious in every battle, without the loss of a man. They never think of the storms they must encounter, the hardship they must endure, the ill-treatment and severity of their officers, who are often barbarous in the extreme, caring but little for the lives of their men.

The writer met a young friend, on a certain Saturday, and the two made arrangements to start on the following Monday from their country home in western Canada, to New York. They attended church on Sunday as usual, but their heads were so full of ships, cannon, pistols, swords, pirates, and prize-money, that they did not hear what the good preacher had to say. After laying awake all the next night, anxiously waiting for the dawn of day, they had a hurried breakfast, as a matter of form, and, bidding old scenes adieu, without saying a good-bye to even the nearest friend—were soon on their way to the American metropolis, and three days later, appeared in the historical blue jackets which marked them as man-of-war's men—though yet mere boys.

(To be Continued).

GERMANY utilizes all her land; even the highways are bordered with fruit trees, pruned and cared for by the "road-makers," and watched day and night for several weeks before the crop matures. The value of this resource is said to have aggregated one year, \$2,000,000, in the Province of Wurtemberg.

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A boy sixteen years old can work the machine all day and not get any more tired than he would raking hay. The machine runs very easily, so easily, in fact, that after giving the crank half a dozen turns, the operator may let go and the machine will run itself for three or four revolutions. Farmers owning standard timber cannot fail to see the many advantages of this great labor-saving and money-saving machine. If you prefer, you can easily go directly into the woods and easily saw the logs into 20-inch lengths for your family use, or you can saw them into 4-foot lengths, to be split into cordwood, when it can be readily hauled off to the village market. Many farmers are making a good deal of money with this machine in employing the dull months of the year in selling cordwood.

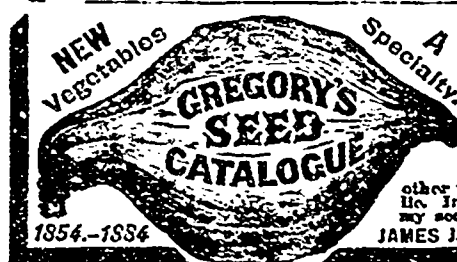
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CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Dear Christian friends, we send you greeting,
The holidays are here,
And kindly interchange of feeling,
Becomes the time of year.

'Twas peace on earth, good will to men,
The angels sang that day;
When Christ was born in Bethlehem,
And in a manger lay.

The music of that sacred song,
Rolls on through ages all:
'Tis heard in every Christian home,
In cottage, hut, and hall.

The time has come when friends return,
Who from their homes did sever;
With joyful face, they take their place;
But some have gone forever.

We miss their forms, we miss their voice,
Their sympathy and love,
But those who loved the Saviour here,
Have gone to heaven above.

And now they mingle with the blest,
And sing redeeming grace,
To Him who loved and brought them home,
To such a glorious place.

Then let our souls fresh courage take,
And banish every frown;
And patiently we'll bear the cross
Till we receive the crown.

St. Mary's, Dec., 1883.

MARGARET MOSCIP.

THE DUNCE OF THE FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

"Miss Bailey, my dear, will you be so kind as to let the children have a holiday this afternoon? It is my birthday, you know, and my father is coming to dinner at three o'clock. Mr. Wilkinson promised to be home between one and two to take them down to the Docks; so perhaps you will be so very kind as to see that they put on their pelisses properly. Nurse has her hands quite full with the three boys, and I want to get the dessert put out and see to the table."

The speaker was a rather tall, fair lady on the sunny side of forty; a very comely lady, though as she spoke these words she was rather flushed and anxious with maternal household cares; her voice was clear and very sweet, and the look with which she urged her request seemed to suggest that she stood rather in awe of the governess, a slightly severe young person, with very erect figure, thin brown hair, and small but pronounced features, who was superintending the studies of her three little girls, Cicely, Rosalind, and Flora, aged respectively twelve, ten, and eight, whose blue eyes were turned with most eager interest on their mother while she preferred her request and when she turned from the room.

"Now, young ladies," said Miss Bailey, tapping the table sharply with her thumb to recall their wandering thoughts, "attention, if you please. You have heard your mother's wishes. It is now half-past eleven; in one hour, when the longer hand of the timepiece shall have made the circuit of the dial, we shall lay aside our books for the day."

"Do you mean, Miss Bailey, dear, that we are to put by at half-past twelve?" said Rosalind, a very pretty child, her father's favourite, who was just a little inclined to be flip-pant.

"Such is my meaning, Rosalind. Now be good enough to put all sorts of play out of your head, and tell me why King Henry the Eighth wished to marry Anne Boleyn?"

"Because she was so pretty," promptly replied Rose.

"That is quite a mistake, Rose," said Miss Bailey, severely; "Cicely would not have given me such an answer; she knows that such a fleeting and perishable thing as beauty cannot enter into the calculations of kings and princes."

"But was not Anne Boleyn very pretty?" persisted Rosalind. "Father said she was, and so was Helen, and so was Mary Queen of Scots—perfectly lovely."

"But, Rose," interrupted Cicely, "father said that beauty was only skin deep, don't you remember, and he showed us that poor Miss Martin in church. He says she was lovely, with a skin like satin, and cheeks like roses before she had that horrid small-pox, and mother says she can hardly help crying when she looks at her, the very shape of her face is so altered."

"Yes," said Rose, "it was that that made them have us inoculated. Oh, yes, I beg your pardon, Miss Bailey, it was about Henry the Eighth, and why he married Anne Boleyn. It wasn't because she was pretty; was it because she was so clever?"

"She was clever and she was a Protestant, and Henry felt that there had never been a blessing on his union with Catherine of Aragon, who was a Spaniard and a Papist."

"But he was a Papist, too, when he married her, wasn't he?" inquired Cicely, looking sorely perplexed.

"If he was, he came to see the error of his ways. Happily for you, my dears, you are born in quiet times, and your parents hold sound religious views, so that you have the inestimable advantage of good early training. Flo, can you say your poetry yet?"

Little Flo was sitting on a low stool near the fire, with a book on her knees, into which she had not once looked since her mother came into the room. She started at Miss Bailey's question, and blushed, but she did not attempt to answer.

"Flora did you hear me speak to you?"

"Yes, Miss Bailey dear," said a soft tremulous voice, and the rosy cheeks became pale.

"Can you repeat the verso I set you?" inquired Miss Bailey, with increasing severity.

As little Flo had not learnt to read the verso in question, far less to attach any meaning to it, it followed as a matter of course that she was quite unable to repeat it.

"It is just as I expected, Flora," said Miss Bailey, laying down the book with an air of meek endurance; "you have made no attempt to learn the lines, though both your sisters committed them to memory in less than a quarter of an hour, the first time I set them. I doubt if there is one department of your studies in which I could rely on your doing me justice—ordinary justice."

Flora glanced helplessly at her sisters, then stood hopeless before her instructress, devoutly believing, as far as she was conscious of any belief in the matter, that she was very guilty, and that Miss Bailey had in no way overstated the case.

"Poor little Flo!" whispered Rosalind to Cicely; "it's no use trying to make her learn, it isn't her fault that she isn't quick. Father says it isn't everybody that can learn."

"The poetry must go for to-day, I suppose," said Miss Bailey, with an air of resignation. "Perhaps now you will be able to say the sixth line of the multiplication table."

Flo's face brightened; she thought she did know the sixth line; she had said it to herself after her prayers last night, and to her mother this morning before breakfast, so she started cheerily—

"Six times one is six," and had happily made the statement that "six times six is thirty-six," when there came into the schoolroom through the closed door from the dining room a sharp, shrill cry from an infant in pain.

Little Flo flushed rosy red, turned her eyes towards the door, then appealingly to Miss Bailey, but the governess took no heed of the interruption, and only repeated in a firm tone—

"Six times seven?"

"Baby has hurt himself!" cried the tender, tremulous voice.

"There are plenty of people to take care of baby. Six times seven?"

"Six times seven is eighty-four, no—no—six times seven is twenty-one."

"Six times seven is forty-two. Six times eight?"

"Six times eight is one hundred and forty-four."

"Count it on your fingers, child. Was there ever such a little dunce?"

Flo did as she was bid; she counted the numbers on her fingers after her governess, but the moment Miss Bailey left her to herself she relapsed into incompetence; she had ceased to be able to connect any idea with the sounds she uttered; that baby's cry had put all her little stock of wits to the rout.

But meanwhile the hour had been passing, and the hand on the clock was approaching half-past twelve. Miss Bailey, who was as much on the watch for this event as either of her elder pupils, brought their studies to a close and dismissed them for the day.

Cicely had put up her books and was going towards the door, when she turned and beheld her little sister, looking blank and scared, with her unlearned poetry still in her hand.

"Please, Miss Bailey, may not Flo come too?" said the elder sister, compassionately.

"Flora has neither learnt her poetry nor said her multiplication table," said Miss Bailey, severely.

"But it's mother's birthday," urged Rosalind, in her sweetest tones; "the fifth of November—only once a year."

"That should have been a reason for her exerting herself Rosalind. If Flora loved her mother as a little girl should, she would take care not to neglect her studies on her birthday."

At the words "if Flora loved her mother as a little girl should," little Flo flushed rosy red, for her mother was the creature whom she loved better than anything on this earth; then there came a rush at her heart, tears rained from her eyelids, and she broke into piteous sobs.

"But you will let her come and dress now?" persisted Cicely; "father will be home by half past one, and he said he would take us round to see the lions if there was time."

"I should be sorry that Mr. Wilkinson should be disappointed, Cicely, but Flora must leave of crying. It is a pity a child can't be spoken to without giving way to temper," said Miss Bailey, as she swept up the hearth.

Cicely and Rosalind hurried away, Flo still sobbing. They washed her face with plenty of water, made her drink half a tumblerful, brushed and curled her pretty shining ringlets and put upon her the new dress of soft brown woollen cloth, trimmed with velvet exactly like their own, which had been prepared for the day, but poor Flo's heart had been wounded, and every now and then a sob broke out.

Before they were quite ready, their father's voice was heard in the hall.

"Now, girls, whose ready for a walk? I'm ready, everybody ready?"

And Miss Bailey came up to help them on with their pelisses, and to see that everything was in order.

It was the fifth of November, the nineteenth century was in its infancy, and the material conditions of life were very different from what they are now. A narrow-wayed confined city, with great buildings crushed in his heart, so that their beauty and even their size was hardly suspected, no gas, no steam, only the great heart of England pulsing healthily, kept strong and brave by the virtues which had been kindled in it by centuries of manly effort and truth-loving, God-fearing lives.

This particular fifth of November chanced to be a bright, clear day on the river, but a bright sun shining on the white sails of the merchant ships as they sailed leisurely on the river's broad bosom.

Mr. Wilkinson was the manager of a large East Indian

firm, and he lived on Tower Hill for the convenience of being near the Docks.

The greatest treat his little girls had was when he gave himself a half-holiday and took them for a walk by the riverside to see the shipping, or to the tower to see the horse armoury, and tremble at the mighty beast main tamed, like many other illustrious and terrible exiles, by the bounty of King George III. of blessed memory.

Like his wife, Mr. Wilkinson was very comely, and his comeliness, like hers, was of the florid type. Light blue eyes, which had more brightness than depth, were set off by a bright complexion, and by brown hair of an auburn tinge, carefully curled and cut short in front, and gathered into a neat queue behind. He wore a rich mulberry suit, with a large flapped waistcoat richly embroidered in the same colour, black silk stockings, shoes with large jet buckles, a small three-cornered hat lightly laced, and a gold-headed malacca cane with a cord and tassel completed his costume.

Mrs. Wilkinson was to have been of the party, the holiday being entirely in her honour, but her anxiety as to the perfection of certain culinary arrangements, and her desire to be at home to receive her father in case he might arrive early, induced her to beg to be excused.

Notwithstanding this disappointment, the walk was a great success. In the first place there were the guys—not miserable apologies for guys, such as disfigure the streets of this overgrown city, but genuine travesties of the arch-traitor, stuffed with straw and gunpowder, and destined to be carted into some omnibus, and there exploded to the everlasting disgrace of the Papists and the honour and glory of all true Protestants; terrible creations with masks, that made little Flo shudder and cling to her father's left hand. Then there were the numerous acquaintances with whom Mr. Wilkinson had to interchange greetings, who were not chary of their compliments on his own good looks or on the beauty of his little girls. Then the river was so bright and so full of shipping, and Rosalind was so full of merry talk, and Cicely so anxious to know all about everything, that it seemed quite natural that little Flo should trot along in silence, happy enough to feel that she belonged to so gay a party.

I was five minutes to three when they reached home. As they turned the corner they saw their grandfather, good Sheriff Harrison, step from his big coach, and were in time to interchange greetings with the scarcely less portly coachman and footman as the equipage drove slowly away.

Grandfather was a person of whom even Rosalind stood a little in awe—not on account of anything ungracious in him; but simply on account of his magnificent belongings, his stately manners, and the knowledge that he might any year be Lord Mayor of London.

Mrs. Wilkinson was Sheriff Harrison's only daughter, and it had been generally felt by her friends and acquaintances that Kitty Harrison might have married better, i.e. into better circumstances. But it had been a love match, and the sheriff had given his consent rather than see his dear Kitty unhappy, much to the indignation of his son Josiah, Kitty's half-brother, who for reasons of his own entertained a profound dislike to Edward Wilkinson.

But on this fifth of November, 1806, no one thought of Josiah. The dinner was all that could be wished; Mrs. Wilkinson had outdone herself in the jugged hare and the rice pudding. Sheriff Harrison's special delight, was declared by him to be the very perfection of a rice pudding; so that when the dessert and filberts were put on the shining mahogany table, flanked by piles of rosy apples and golden oranges, with costly Indian preserves in rare dishes, and when the short twilight gave an excuse for drawing the crimson curtains and lighting all the waxen tapers, it would not have been easy to look into a room more full of light and comfort.

Presently there was a sound of feet outside, the door-handle was turned, and in came nurse, carrying baby, newly washed and set in lace and blue ribbons, while two little urchins hung on her skirts; and a third, who might be six years old, and who felt quite patriarchal, preceded her to the table, stopping beside his grandfather, who greeted him with a slap on the shoulders, and looked at him as if he loved him.

"Well, Master Ted, and how many guys have you seen?" a question which at once set Ted's tongue going, and drew the two younger boys to their grandfather's other side.

Miss Bailey and the girls had dined with their father and mother, and Cicely and Rose were busy cracking filberts, peeling apples, and preparing oranges. Little Flo, who sat in a high chair beside her mother, not to disturb the symmetry of the table, had eaten her dinner in perfect silence, still sighing softly now and then from a recollection of her morning's trouble, much dazzled by the display of plate and glass, and supremely happy to be so close to her mother, that she could occasionally touch her soft grey satin dress, and lift an admiring glance to the soft folds of her turban.

Baby being safely deposited in his mother's arms, Nurse, with a beaming face and an apronful of dessert, retired.

"Father, baby wants to give you a bit of his biscuit," said Mrs. Wilkinson.

"He's a gentlemen. Why, Wilkinson, what a fine lot of boys you have. It is to be hoped Mr. Boney will get a trouncing soon, and the price of bread come down, or you'll have to ship off some of these youngsters to the Indies."

"Don't talk of it yet, father dear," said Mrs. Wilkinson, clasping her baby very tight. "Wouldn't you like to hear Cicely and Rose play their duett presently—they have been practicing it?"

"Certainly, my dear, by all manner of means, and Flora too, what can she do?"

Poor Flo! All her peace of mind was shattered by this kin...-meant inquiry. She glanced apprehensively at Miss Bailey, and flushed painfully.

"O, Flo is only just beginning, father," said Mrs. Wilkinson, covering her distress. "She does not show much taste at present, but Cicely has a pretty touch; and father, you must see Ted dance his hornpipe. Mr. Deville is

quite proud of him. Come, girls, we will go and see how the fire's burning, and father and grandfather will come presently."

And Mrs. Wilkinson rose from the table, not forgetting to give Flo a special charge to bring her reticule, for she had seen her little girl's look.

In the drawing-room the fire was burning brightly, and presently came tea, and with it the gentlemen. Then Cicely and Rose played their duet with much applause, and the mother sang in her sweet plaintive voice. Ned danced his hornpipe, and was sent to bed happy in the possession of a new half-crown.

Then Mr. Wilkinson brought out a volume of his Malone's Shakespeare, and read some scenes out of the "Winter's Tale"—a play he chose, he said, because it was November, and because Queen Hermione was a perfect wife.

Cicely and Rosalind sat and listened with laudable attention, and Flo managed to keep her eyes open while he read about Autolycus and his wares, and her eyes sparkled at the "ribands of all the colours of the rainbow," at the "gloves as sweet as damask roses;" but when at length Mr. Wilkinson closed the book, and his auditors had leisure to look about them, it was discovered that little Flo was quite unconscious, being rolled up fast asleep in a corner of the sofa.

Mr. Wilkinson took her up in his arms and carried her to the nursery, where Nurse took her in charge and put her to bed almost as if she had been still an infant. She was sound asleep, and though she mechanically assisted in the process of undressing, and stammered through her baby prayers, she was fast asleep before her head was on the pillow, and Nurse drew the clothes over her, muttering as she kissed the flushed cheek—

"Poor lamb! what's the use of botherin' her little head with poetry, she'll never take it in, bless her!"

CHAPTER II.

It is five years since Mrs. Wilkinson kept her birthday, and little Flo fell asleep during the reading of the "Winter's Tale" years of great and stirring interest to the world at large, years which have strained the resources and energy of England, for she has been engaged almost single handed in stemming the tide of French aggression, and vindicating the liberties of Europe.

War, the genius and the glory of the Gallic race, which has stripped her of the flower of her manhood, still rages in Spain; the threatened coalition between the despots of France and Russia has happily come to nothing; and Napoleon, holding, through his tributary kings, Italy, Holland, Sweden, and Westphalia, is gathering his forces for that supreme effort which is to sweep away his greatest Continental enemy, and leave him at leisure to chastise those *bêtes d'Anglais* who have been continually a thorn in his side.

England still maintained her courage; but, crippled in her trade, mulcted of her sons by the press-gang, and fettered by the protection which forbade the introduction of foreign grain, and kept the necessaries of life at starvation prices—the quartern loaf being for some time as high as 2s. 6d.—it was no wonder if the Wilkinsons, in common with others of the middle class, felt painfully the pressure of the times.

Private troubles also were added to public burdens. The house in which Mr. Wilkinson was a junior partner had been almost ruined by over-speculation. Good Sheriff Harrison had died suddenly, leaving no will, so that his large property went to his son, who not only declined to give any share to his sister—pretending that the £1,000 she had received as her dowry was all her father intended her to have—but refused her even such small personal trifles as she begged for as mementoes of her father.

The children meanwhile had been growing apace. Cicely was a comely young woman of seventeen her mother's right hand, and Rosalind had blossomed out into a beauty, with charming chestnut curls, eyes of deepest blue, a colour like Hebe's own, and a voice and gesture which made everyone her slave, from her father to the baby brother whose cries were changed into laughter at the sound of her voice. Rosalind was one of those delightful rarities, an unquestioned and unquestionable beauty, her inborn sunniness making her charming at home and abroad. She had a voice sweet as that of a woodlark, and though she had no pretension to much musical culture, she sang ballads in a way that delighted old and young, for her voice vibrated with every emotion which the song described.

Cicely was a better scholar, a better housekeeper, and ten times as unselfish as Rose. But even their mother, who strove to be in all respects just to her good elder daughter, could not always help putting Rose first, and Mr. Wilkinson, who had an almost childish admiration for beauty, distinctly accepted it as a compliment to himself, that his daughter was lovely, and considered that it became the family to sacrifice themselves for the glory of this masterpiece of womanhood. Mrs. Wilkinson was at this time in delicate health, partly from the anxieties of an increasing family and narrowing means, partly from grief at the death of her father and the estrangement of her brother, so that when she and Mr. Wilkinson were invited out it frequently happened that she preferred to stay at home. Cicely was asked, as a matter of form, to take her place, but Cicely had many domestic cares and very few superfluities of toilette, so it generally ended in father trotting off with Rose upon his arm, who never thought of not going, and who always looked perfection, though her toilette were of the simplest.

Little Flo meanwhile has grown thin and angular, though not very tall, her large blue eyes and abundant auburn hair redeem her countenance from plainness, but she lacks the steady dignity of Cicely, no less than the beauty of Rosalind. She has had the advantage of a steady education for five years, she has learnt the geography of the habitable globe five lines at a time, and is convinced that there are four quarters to it, the fact having been perseveringly demonstrated to her by her brothers Edward and Tom, both with apples and oranges, the latter choice fruit

being familiar to the young Wilkinsons, through their father's connection with the East India trade, and the fact had been further impressed upon her by her having Africa devoted to her, while Tom and Fred disposed of Europe and Asia, and divided America between them. She knew that India was a place from which pretty shawls, muslins, and preserves came, and was convinced that it was a very long way off, for dear Ned was to go there as soon as he was thirteen, in one of the great East Indiamen which came to unload at the Docks, and the captain, whom she had anxiously questioned, had confessed to her that it would take all the time from midsummer to Christmas to make the voyage; but of the relative positions of the great cities of Europe, except perhaps, Paris, London, Dublin and Edinburgh, no young person in the dominions of His Most Sacred Majesty, King George III., was more happily ignorant. Nor was she clearer about figures, the multiplication table, indeed, at one time, she did know perfectly, by dint of hearing her little brothers say it day after day; but one after another they spun ahead of her, and to the last little Flo's forehead wrinkled with perplexity if any cruel person asked her to explain the simplest rule.

An adventurous young master whom Mr. Wilkinson engaged to give his daughters lessons in arithmetic and composition, did, indeed, by dint of energy and a most charming manner of teaching, carry her triumphantly through the first four rules, so that she had a sort of fugitive comprehension of them, but, when in an unlucky hour he started the subject of vulgar fractions, little Flo shrank back in dismay, her big blue eyes were fixed in amazement on Mr. Matthews, and she whispered in horror the word "vulgar." In vain Mr. Matthews explained. With all her faults and all her weaknesses, Flo was her mother's daughter and a lady, and the cruel adjective killed for ever the little germ of knowledge that had been planted in her heart rather than in her mind, and Mr. Matthews at last sorrowfully acknowledged that "Miss Flora did not seem to possess the faculty of number with which both her sisters were so admirably endowed."

In history Flo found very little to her taste. She read assiduously, both by herself and with Cicely in Goldsmith's histories; but if over any one were mischievous enough to misplace her marker, she would go over the old ground without discovering that she had read it before. It seemed to her that somebody was always fighting with somebody, that somebody was killed, and somebody else was made king, and that in the end it didn't much matter what had happened, for Tower Hill was always Tower Hill, and no one was ever beheaded on the green now, and it was a very nice place to live in, and she hoped she would live there all her life.

The story of good Queen Eleanor sucking the poison from her husband's wound did indeed make an impression on her. She wondered very much how it tasted, and tried on little Charlie's arm one day when he scratched himself with a pin, only she sucked so hard that she made Charlie cry, and left a red mark as if someone had begun to cup him; but as to remembering whose wife Eleanor was, it was out of the question, nor did it matter very much, she consoled herself by thinking, for it happened so long ago; but Flo christened her biggest doll Eleanor, and the lovely one with blue eyes and flaxen hair was Mary, after the unhappy queen at whose fate the little girl shed floods of tears, solacing herself by belabouring a wooden doll of severe countenance, whom she called that horrid old thing, Queen Elizabeth.

French and music were the subjects to which little Flo did "most seriously incline." She grew pale, indeed, and her hair stood on end, over the irregular verbs, which she spent hours in committing to memory, and forgot almost as soon as she had learnt them. She might perhaps have done better if school-books than had been what school-books are now, but grammar was pure, unmitigated grammar then, and the mastering all its idiosyncrasies was looked upon as a *sine qua non* before attempting to write, read, or speak the decidedly irregular language of our neighbours.

Certain fables of La Fontaine Flo did manage to enunciate with a very fair accent, and she pored with dutiful attention over her Charles XII., but when she was launched on the weary pages of *Télémaque*, the poor girl was fairly bewildered, and, thoroughly convinced of her own iniquity in not appreciating so good a book, hid her head once more in the pages of her grammar as the more interesting study of the two.

She also studied music under Cicely's supervision, practising on her mother's pianoforte, a lovely piece of furniture, the top of which was a cupboard, and the keyboard about three inches wide, the harmonious rattling of whose notes when set in motion either by her mother or by Cicely, Flo secretly adored; and she laboured at it with such indefatigable perseverance that in time she came to be a very creditable performer.

Apart from her studies, Flo was by no means an unuseful person in the house. If possible, she loved her mother more as she grew to be a woman, than when inattention to her lessons had been imputed to want of love to that mother; and to wait upon her, to serve her in any way was Flo's greatest happiness. Her father she also loved and admired, and her love to her parents was reflected back on her little brothers, whom she loved and tended with a proud and tender care, always ready to sympathize in their troubles or further their wishes, never spoiling or misguiding them, for, simple as she was, Flo was the soul of honour, and never told a lie or acted a deceit in all her life. Rosalind once said, not without a touch of irony, that "Flo hadn't imagination enough to tell a story," which may have been true, but it was a blessed want, and kept the simple girl always respectable and respected.

The lessons which Flo had found such cruel enemies when she herself a student, were a little kinder to her when she laboured at them for the sake of Charlie or little Matthew, for she quite recognized the necessity of the boys knowing all about the three R's, and was very proud of Edward, who was in the sixth form at St. Paul's School, and never failed to let her friends know that Tom might

have been a Grecian, if his career in the Bluecoat School had not been cut short by an accident which introduced him favourably to one of Nelson's captains, and induced the gallant officer to take him as a middee in his own ship, to Tom's enormous delight, and to the satisfaction of the whole family except Mrs. Wilkinson, who could not refrain from secret tears at losing her apple-cheeked boy, and at the thought of the dangers and privations of a sailor's life, the rather that the anxious state of his circumstances had induced Mr. Wilkinson to send his eldest son on board an East Indiaman, but his calling was peaceful, and there was a probability that before many years he might be a wealthy merchant.

The pleasure of seeing Tom, with his chubby cheeks and plump little figure, in His Majesty's uniform checked the sorrow of his sisters, and sent a wintry smile into the face of his mother, while the boy himself was sadly distracted between a desire to cry like the child he was, and a sense of the dignity of wearing a dirk and being in His Majesty's service.

It might have appeared that the family circle having been relieved of the two elder boys—unquestionably, the best appetites—things might have gone more prosperously; but times were bad and did not seem likely to mend, and in addition to the public troubles which affected all England alike, there seemed to be a fate which blighted all Mr. Wilkinson's efforts to reinstate himself. The house for which he had worked having failed, he would not enter into engagements of a similar character with any other house. At that time he had a considerable sum of money laid by, and though much disappointed at receiving no share of his father-in-law's fortune, his circumstances were such as to cause him to be looked upon as fortunate by his acquaintances, and to dispose him to congratulate himself. If he had kept steadily in the line of commerce which he understood, no doubt he would have done very well in spite of the times, but unfortunately Mr. Wilkinson was a favourite with society; his handsome person and genial temper caused him to be much sought after; and in spite of much natural sagacity, he more than once fell a prey to designing speculators, who promised him a golden harvest for his money.

The indulgent life he led and the absence of regular employment were not slow to tell on his character. His sweet temper degenerated into carelessness, his good nature into indifference to the moral qualities of his acquaintances and Mrs. Wilkinson, though she would not acknowledge the deterioration, could not help occasionally being distressed at the sort of people that "got hold of Edward"—people of easy manners and ready wit, but in whose talk there was a tone which jarred on the ear of their pure-minded hostess, marrying as with the trail of a serpent the brightness and beauty of their intellects.

The presence of such guests reconciled the mother to the frequent absence from home of Rosalind, who now spent much of her time with her godmother, an old friend of Mrs. Wilkinson, who had no child of her own. Cicely, she knew, had a heart and mind too full to be much affected such company; and as to Flo, an occasional wide opening of her blue eyes showed that she wondered at some daring sentiment, and sometimes a burst of amazed laughter drew attention to her; but Flo would have remained innocent and unconscious in society ten times as bad.

The straitened circumstances of the family at length rendered a move imperative, and Mrs. Wilkinson's weakened health and the delicacy of little Matthew formed an excuse for a removal, first to lodgings at Islington, then to a pretty cottage in the midst of a large garden in the rural district of Marylebone. Much as the girls missed the river, and the shipping, and the old buildings, the Tower, St. Paul's, and Westminster, it was a great delight to have a garden all about the house, to see the apple and pear trees in blossom, to sit under the shade of their own mulberry tree, with clumps of roses, tall hollyhocks, Michaelmas daisies, and fragrant clematis; to walk for miles in the direction of Hampstead, under the shade of huge elms, which cast ghostly shadows in the moonlight; to gather daisies in the Harcourt fields, and to find some compensation for the loss of the grand old river in pleasant walks along the Regent's Canal, besides which hedges of wild roses and hawthorn divided rich pasture lands, where the sedate cows lay chewing the cud of soft grass, starred with daisies, buttercups, and the deep red of abundant vetches.

Fields—fields everywhere, and endless charming picnics or Cicely, Flo, James, and Charlie when father had a day's liberty. Sometimes they hired a little pony-carriage from Mr. Martin, the milkman, and father drove mother and little Matthew right up to Hampstead, or to Kilburn, where the pretty brook cut its way through the rich pasture, where the air was always soft, the milk and the eggs rich, and the flowers abundant.

Primrose Hill, too, was within an easy walk. What delicious air on its breezy heights; what walks, ankle deep in primroses; and what views of the great city, where they had lived so long and been so happy!

Nor were they altogether shut out from the great world. Hyde Park, St. James', and Pall Mall were quite within walking distance for the girls and their father, who loved to sun himself in the smiles of royalty. The majesties of those days were wont to see and to be seen. London had its limits then, and was not overwhelming in its population, a genial king, a sprightly if rather severe queen, and abundant princes and princesses, held the affections of the people by the strong bond of family life.

The king was a word of power in those days—the first Englishman who had sat on the throne for a century; and his fair kindly face, familiar on our coins for upwards of fifty years, was not indeed the impress of a man of great intellectual endowment; but it was the impress of a good man, who strove to do his duty in hard times, and who by his truth and love always had a firm hold on the affections of his people, and perhaps it was not without its symbolism of the people over whom he ruled, who amid perplexities and troubles, often amid blindness and error, have striven to hold fast by the laws of truth and love, and who by faith in God and in the world He has created, have

weathered many a storm which has wrecked states claiming higher intellectual endowment, more abundant in resources, and, to all appearance, born to empire.

In the days when Flo Wilkinson was growing into a young woman the king was a real presence among his people—at church, at the concerts, in the park he was among them, sharing their occupations and their emotions; all that concerned him concerned them, to have seen the king was a real pleasure, to have been spoken to by him was felt to be a reward for the highest virtue.

CHAPTER III.

"Flo, you won't forget mother's egg beaten up at eleven, and be sure Charlie and Matthew are at school in time—they ought to be ready now, and see that Sally takes James's shoes to Farren's to be re-soled. He would have gone out in them this morning, damp as it is, especially across the fields, if I hadn't seen them, and perhaps got his death of cold. I'll try and go round by Tottenham Court Road, and bring in some buttons for Charlie's jacket."

"No, Cicely; I can do that. I want a bit of ribbon to do up mother's cap."

"Very well, Flo, but you must be sure not to leave mother too long."

"Never fear, Cis, you think that no one can take care of mother but yourself. I'm sure if father looks pleased when he comes home it does her more good than half-a-dozen eggs beaten up; horrid things, they make me shiver, and father always notices if she has a new cap."

"That's quite true, Flo; father has a great eye for dress. You won't forget to make Sally iron our white muslins? But I must run, or I shall be late. Good-bye, dear, take care of yourself. Mrs. Bracebridge is sure to ask if our time is slow."

"Why don't you ask her if their time isn't fast?" laughed Flo, having given her sister a hearty embrace.

Busy Cicely sped across the fields to a stately mansion in what is now the Regent's Park, but what was then a pleasant rural region, where she was permitted to teach two young ladies of the ages of ten and twelve such subjects as she herself knew, and walk with them and to be their "guide, philosopher and friend," from ten in the morning until six in the evening, for the annual stipend of £40, paid quarterly, out of which sum Cicely managed to clothe herself and Flo, and to purchase many a delicacy for the dear mother who never complained, but who, alas! grew thinner and paler year by year—at least so Cicely thought, with many a tender sigh that she could do so little to comfort her.

Rosa, indeed, beautiful as ever, was married not too happily to a young man who was disposed to look down upon city connections, being himself the fifth cousin to an earl, whose ancestor had won his title, not by commerce, but by the sacking of cities; but he was a rising barrister, who would probably be well-off in a few years. These few years, however, must be years of struggle, and the wife who had brought no dowry must be patient and economical, virtues difficult to practise for a beauty of two-and-twenty. But Rose was mastering them, being much assisted in the study by a young philosopher at present engaged in the difficult problem of cutting his teeth, who had convinced her that there are phases of society which offer better chances of enjoyment than are open to ladies and gentlemen in spare and uncomfortable apparel in crowded rooms, with the uncertain chances of scant and unnatural food.

Whenever she could, Rose brought her boy to see her mother, and the little fellow showed a proper appreciation of the garden, of grandmamma's skilled nursing, of Aunt Flo's pretty curls, and above all, of little Uncle Matthew, who had just begun to go to school.

But the days which Rose and her baby spent in Lisson Grove were gala days, there were many dull and dreary days when no one rang at the bell except the milkman, that beneficent dispenser of Nature's purest gift, whose visits are accepted as a matter of course from their very regularity. On these days Flo's time would have hung heavy on her hands if she had not made the acquaintance of their next door neighbour, Madame Labalastriere.

As her name implies, Madame was a Frenchwoman, and she came to occupy the cottage next door about nine months after the Wilkinsons had settled down in Lisson Grove. She furnished her little cottage in the most perfect French taste, and made her quarter of an acre of garden an epitome of all that can grow in English soil. A row of apple trees trained laterally screened the *potager* from the drawing-room windows, and behind this screen grew rows of beans, peas, scarlet runners, and cabbage, the hardier plants, such as stocks, mignonette, gilliflowers, and pinks, made the air fragrant all the summer-time, while the inside of the house was gay even in winter time with a thousand inexpensive but elegant devices, which set off to advantage Madame's elegant catfeters and choice china.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson were rather shy at first in responding to Madame Labalastriere's friendly overtures. The Peninsular war was still raging, Tom was an officer in the British fleet, burning for an opportunity to fight any number of Frenchmen, and it is not wonderful if Englishmen at that time had little sympathy with anyone of that nation, but it chanced that little Matthew had a bad attack of whooping-cough, the sound of which penetrated to Madame's house, and she prepared with her own hands a "tisane," which gave him great and immediate relief. After this Mrs. Wilkinson could do no less than call upon her; and she found her so charming, so leavened as it were with a sweet melancholy, that she came back quite delighted. Madame, it appeared, was the widow of an officer who had maintained the royal cause in La Vendee, and had finally lost his life there. Madame had but one son, a youth of seventeen, and to avoid the conscription she had fled with him to England, where, by the recommendation of friends, he had been received as foreign clerk in a merchant's office.

At first they had resided in the heart of the city, but Madame fancied that her Augusto's health suffered for want of the fresh air to which he had been accustomed from infancy, and she thought herself very fortunate in being able to scour a pretty cottage within an easy walk of his place of business. All this she communicated frankly, almost volubly, to Mrs. Wilkinson; but that good lady would have been glad if her confidence had gone a little further, for Madame did not explain why she trudged out herself every morning, wet or dry, leaving her *bonne*, Emilie, to keep house and to do the thousand-and-one things indoors and out to which a Frenchwoman of the good old type can turn her hand.

Mrs. Wilkinson communicated to her husband and her daughters her conviction that Madame was a lady, and she felt drawn to her by the sympathy which is naturally excited by one who suffers meekly, and whose affections have been quickened and disciplined by sorrows. It was clear to her motherly heart that Madame lived for her son, the swarthy and rather ungainly youth who worked indefatigably morning and evening in the garden, and who sat so contentedly at the little table opposite his mother in the summer-time, enjoying their *à fresco* supper.

Augusto was a good son; his mother had testified with ears in her sweet brown eyes "she could not desire a better; he had a noble heart, the heart of his father, and of the old *regime*; but alas! they were poor, it was necessary that he should work to gain his living, and he did work with a will, poor boy. Doubtless it was sometimes dull in this England, where they make no fête on the Sunday, but in fine there was peace and rest, and he would not be torn from the arms of his mother to water with his blood the furrows of the enemies of France."

"That is all very true," meditated Mrs. Wilkinson, when, removed from the glamour of Madame's sympathetic presence, she turned over in her own mind the details of her visit; "but that does not explain where she goes every day herself. I should like to know, not that it is any business of mine, but living next door it is impossible to avoid a sort of intimacy, and Madame is so charming that I should like the girls to know her; besides, the practise would be so good for Cicely's French. But one does not like to be precipitate, and it is strange that she goes out every morning, wet or dry, before the clock strikes the quarter-past eight."

Time threw no light on the matter. Madame continued to be away from home from a quarter-past eight a.m. till five, and sometimes seven o'clock in the evening, but her house was kept with such beautiful regularity, and she was so good a neighbour when she was at home, that the feeling of friendship gradually increased; and the young people especially were glad to have a chat with the graceful widow, who seemed to have abundance of indulgence for all young people.

To Flo she was especially kind, never seeming to suspect that she was the dunce of the family, for as Flo herself said, she could *parler Français* almost as well as Cicely, and Madame could not tell that she didn't know her verbs, and couldn't write an exercise without a hundred blunders.

Certain it is that Madame was very kind to Flo; that she seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of anything that was wrong at Ivy Cottage, as, alas! came to be more and more frequently the case. Many a dainty omelette or delicately-prepared dish of chicken was passed over the low garden wall by Madame's order, to tempt the mother's falling appetite; and as to Charlie and little Matthew, whose rosy cheeks she loved to kiss, Madame ruled them with *kilons of sucre de crème*, or by huge emperors in *pain d'épice*.

M. Augusto, as Emilie always deferentially called him, remained a spectator rather than an actor in these friendly overtures. He was at that rather awkward age when the boy is passing into the man, and all is still chaotic and confused in mind and person. It may be that he was not so unconscious as he appeared; that Madlle. Flo had eyes of "most celestial blue;" that the hair which curled in soft ringlets round head was just of that rich shade of auburn which can neither be taken for brown or red, and yet has a touch of both; that her cheeks, though, perhaps a little too thin, were delightfully fresh and rosy, her brow and throat of the palest pink and that she had the most joyous laugh, which, like her tears, was ever close at hand, and which caused her to display a shining row of strong white teeth—which, by the way, she shamefully misused, little dunce that she was, by cracking hard nuts, biting thread, and a hundred other injurious practices. But if M. Augusto were aware of these personal advantages possessed by his neighbour he conducted himself like a prudent young person who was aware that his present business in life was to learn how to keep accounts, conduct foreign correspondence, and do his best to console his dear mamma.

It is not to be supposed that a household containing so many young persons as that of the Wilkinsons should be so culpably deficient in interest and curiosity as not to endeavour to unravel the mystery of Madame's daily absence from home.

"Oh, Madame!" cried Flo on one occasion, when Madame looked weary and complained of headache, "why can you not rest a day or two? Why cannot M. Augusto go for you?"

"That is impossible, *chérie*," replied Madame, quietly; "each one must attend his own affairs. I cannot go for my son, my son cannot go for me. Ah, petite," she continued with a smile, "you want to know all about my affairs: is it not so? But I do not want to tell you, *voilà tout*."

"I don't think I want to know very much," said Flo, blushing, "only people talk, and I'm quite sure there is no harm: I'm quite sure there is something that is altogether good if one only knew, but people say it is so strange."

"Alas! my child, and is not life made up of things that are strange, things that rouse our curiosity, but which we can know nothing about? Be satisfied to be ignorant. Knowledge comes soon enough."

Augusto was assailed by James and Charles, but Augusto had a singular want of facility in the English language, considering that he was a corresponding clerk, and he never understood what was said to him unless he wished to understand, and the attempt to pump Emilie was a signal failure. "Did not Madame say that was Madame's affair? Her affair to her Emilie was to make the soup and sweep the house."

So the days passed; summer darkened into winter, and winter was gone and the gardens were once more full of leaves and flowers, it was a pleasure merely to breathe the air. Beside the garden of Madame Labalastriere, the garden of Ivy Cottage look like a wilderness. Mr. Wilkinson had no knowledge of horticulture, and though he occasionally appeared with a spade in his hand or a rake over his shoulder, his efforts were too desultory to produce much effect. The boys and Cicely were out all day, and it was part of Flo's nature that if she undertook the care of flowers or animals she managed to kill them, or reduce them to the last stage of misery, generally in the misdirected intention of magnifying their happiness.

It must be confessed that Madame spent a great deal more money on her plot of ground than the Wilkinsons could afford. It was not only that Augusto was indefatigable, sometimes being at work by five in the morning, sometimes arranging his *parterres* by the rising light of the summer moon, but he and his mother brought home choice plants and seeds, and not unfrequently invoked the aid of the professional gardener to further their designs with manures, cunningly mingled moulds, judicious training, and what not. In fact, it was becoming clear that Madame's circumstances were improving; that as the pressure of necessity tightened about the Wilkinsons, choking all pleasant outgrowths of ornament and decoration, and making it continually more difficult to supply the pressing wants of the seven who now formed the family, Madame Labalastriere and her son were now growing easy. A certain elegance began to show itself in the household, and Madame's toilet, which had always been becoming and elegant, assumed a richness which had hitherto been quite strange to it. But this improvement induced no change in their habits; both wore away for the whole day, and almost always at home in the evening.

Mr. Wilkinson, it must be confessed, had not improved since the days when he and his little daughters watched the ships from Tower Hill; he had had no settled occupation for nearly ten years, and was sinking into the shabby-gentle stage which is so distressing to the eyes and heart of a loving wife. Mrs. Wilkinson scarcely cast a thought on the defects of her own wardrobe—the shiny look of her black silk, or the flabbiness of her velvet mantle. It was not necessary that she should go into society—her health formed a plausible excuse; but it cut her to the quick to see her husband blacking the whitening seams of his coat, or endeavouring to blow up the worn nap of his beaver hat. Wilkinson never complained—in fact, he was buoyed up by an ever-renewed confidence that some brilliant piece of good fortune was on the eve of befalling him, and he was in the last degree anxious that his wife and daughters should maintain their position as belonging to the monied class. Edward and Tom were well started; neither of them, it was true, could do anything for the family for years to come, even if they should be so "selfish as not to form ties of their own; but when Edward should be captain of an East Indianman, wealth would flow in upon him, and it would be in his power to do something for his sisters and brothers. Rose, of course, ought to have made a better match, but Scarfield would do well enough by and by. It was a thousand pities that Cicely had not more go; she was a good girl, very; no one knew that better than her father. But governessing was a miserable calling, nothing to be made of it—a pity she had ever taken it. And then Flo—what was to be done with Flo?—a good little girl as ever lived, but without a second idea.

"Madame Labalastriere will have it, Edward," pleaded Mrs. Wilkinson, who did not like to hear her daughters so disposed of, "that poor Flo is not without talent. I am sure I don't know what we would do without her: see how tidy she keeps us all."

"I wish with all my heart that Madame or anyone else could turn Flo's talent to some account."

"So she would, Edward, if we would permit her," said Mrs. Wilkinson eagerly; "but I was afraid to mention the subject to you, lest you should be angry."

"If I cannot provide for the girl," said Mr. Wilkinson, with a touch of inconsistency, "it does not seem fair to stand in the way of her providing for herself, or you either, Kate."

"That is just what I think, Edward," chimed in Mrs. Wilkinson.

"Well, if you will tell me how Flo can develop a talent which may be of use to her and her family I shall say, Kate, that you are what I have always thought you, a very clever woman."

"Come, then, Edward; let us take a stroll, and I will tell you what Madame told me last night about herself and about our little Flora."

Mr. Wilkinson readily assented. To do him justice, though he often went into society without her, he retained much of his tenderness with which he had regarded his wife when he had won from many competitors the beautiful and only daughter of wealthy Sheriff Harrison; and perhaps it would have been better for both of them if she had been able to be his companion more frequently. On the evening in question they strolled a long way beside the then picturesque banks of the Regent's Canal; talking much and eagerly, Mrs. Wilkinson urging something which at first appeared altogether distasteful to her husband, and they sat for a good hour on the grassy bank. The moon was riding high and clear when they reached home, but Mr. Wilkinson had given his consent under certain conditions, that his daughter Flora should be entrusted to Madame Labalastriere, to develop the talent that was in her, and, if possible, do something toward relieving the pressure of family wants.

"At least," said Mrs. Wilkinson, as they entered the

gate, "she will not have to work so hard as poor Cicely, for so little."

CHAPTER IV.

"Madame has determined to buy a property at St. Cloud; she says it is charming, and she wishes Auguste to be a *propriétaire*. I'm sure Madame thinks he'll be at the top of society directly. Poor Auguste! I think he will often lament Lisson Grove and his pretty garden."

"What is become of the *magasin*, Flo?" inquired Mrs. Wilkinson, with some anxiety.

Ten years have elapsed since our last chapter, when little Flo received the paternal permission to develop her talent, and Flo is grown into a very pretty little woman, still on the sunny side of thirty, extremely well dressed, and bearing a look of ease and comfort that are a very pleasant advance upon her girlish state.

Mrs. Wilkinson, too, is handsomely and solidly dressed, and the bare scantiness of Ivy Cottage has been replaced by competence, and elegant if somewhat bright furniture.

"What is to become of the *magasin*, Flo?"

"Do not be afraid, mother," exclaimed Flo, throwing her arms round her mother's neck, and kissing her demonstratively. "Madame will not forget the *magasin*, never fear you, nor me, nor any of her friends in England. And what do you think, mammy? the *magasin* is to be mine, my very own in five years, and meant I am to have all I can make, only paying Madame £500 a year rent for it."

"You pay Madame £500 a year rent."

"Oh, we shall easily do that. Don't be frightened, mother, I have nothing to do with figures. Cicely knows all about them; she has managed them for the last three years, you know, for Madame. All I have to do will be to design the toilettes and arrange the coiffures, and Madame herself will choose the very loveliest materials that Paris can supply. Only think, the softest and loveliest gauzes and tissues, and all that has to be done to make them up in the most becoming costumes!"

Flo spoke with the enthusiasm of a genuine artist, and seemed at the moment too much wrapt in the contemplation of her future triumphs to be able to inform her mother sedately of the change that was in contemplation.

Madame Labalastrière, who had conducted what she called a *magasin de toilettes* in a quiet street in Mayfair for something like ten years, had now realized what she considered a fortune, and was anxious to establish her son as a *propriétaire* in his native land. It is doubtful, perhaps, whether M. Auguste himself quite shared his mother's anxiety on this subject. His recollections of his country were recollections of trouble and sorrow; he had grown accustomed to the English life and to the English climate, and he had grown accustomed also to his mother's brisk little *colaboratrice*, who considered it a duty to seize every opportunity of conversing in French, and who never got beyond her grotesque blunders or lost her very English pronunciation.

But if Auguste heaved a gentle sigh as he thought of these things, he was much too well disciplined to raise any objection; and if Mademoiselle Flore, as she was called at the *magasin*, took pleasure in discoursing with her brown-eyed neighbour, she felt nothing for him but the purest friendship, for he was not a foreigner!

In due course the Labalastrière's pretty cottage was let to a fresh tenant, and M. Auguste had started as French citizen; but he had found a country life very little to his taste, and before many years were over his head he contrived to establish business relations with certain mercantile houses in Paris and in London, which not only gave him occupation, but which largely increased his income, so that when at length Madame *la mère* considered that the time had come for him to enter into the holy state of matrimony, she felt herself in a position to make overtures for the daughter of a wealthy banker—overtures which were received with satisfaction both by the parents of the lady and by the lady herself. As time went on and France rested from her troubles, finding at least a temporary peace under her citizen king, M. le Vicomte de Labalastrière was a well-known and extremely useful person in his simple court, highly esteemed by the king for his integrity and knowledge of European affairs, and honourably distinguished by the profound respect with which he always treated the noble-looking lady, his mother, who gave dignity to his *salon*, and who was generally regarded by those who honoured his *réunions* as a true relic of the old *noblesse*.

Meanwhile, Flora Wilkinson, with the help of her sister Cicely, conducted the *magasin de toilettes*, and notably increased the *clientèle*. Madame Labalastrière had shown her discrimination when she recognized Flo's latent genius for costume; it was the one genius she possessed—the talent which raised her above the common folk. Flo was indeed in all other respects the simplest creature that ever breathed. Animated by devoted affection for her own family, and by unqualified admiration of all the members of it, from her father to little Matthew, beyond this she might be said to have no feeling. She was kind to everyone, but with a kindness of indifference; and the whole world of the intellect was to her as a sealed book; the sweetest lines that poet ever framed awakened nothing beyond a passing enjoyment, and she would fall asleep even over the sorrows of the *Bride of Lammermoor*.

But to see her in her workroom, surrounded by the materials with which she wrought her wonders, no wrapt sibyl was ever more etherealized. The boxes which hold her stuffs were to her what the stops are to the musician, what the voices of nature are to the poet. Her whole face and form assumed a new expression, working by an inner law of harmony, of which she was only vaguely conscious; she created beauty, and tasted the pleasure of the true artist.

That she produced wonderful effects, and know so well how to set off the persons of her clients that the work of inferior *modistes* became insufferable, need hardly be said. To be in her workroom was positive pleasure to her, and she had a faculty for attracting to herself young women of kindred talent, over whom her earnest and simple character

coupled with her matchless superiority in her art, gave her great authority. She was an *artiste* happy in her art, but nevertheless she had a very real and material enjoyment of her home, and of the honour in which she could not fail to be held there.

Ivy Cottage had enlarged its borders. A pretty low drawing-room opened on to a mossy lawn, and new bedrooms had been added, though, to say the truth, there were not so many living in it as when the four bedrooms had lodged them all, for Cicely at last made up her mind to reward the faithful attachment of Mr. Matthews, who in the old days had found it so impossible to interest Flo in vulgar fractions. James had started as a doctor, and had a fine house in Saville Row. Charlie, whose health was rather delicate, and who was of a domestic turn, had succeeded Cicely as Flo's bookkeeper; and Flo did her best to control her exultations when Matthew, now a bright young fellow of three-and-twenty, brought home his prizes and laid them in her lap. Matthew was the scholar of the family, the sweet-natured, gentle boy to whom learning came like grateful food, and who would, the mother and sister fondly hoped, be a clergyman before many more years were gone.

Lovely Rosalind, who will be lovely till her dying day, had now lighted on easier times; her husband was a Q.C. and a Recorder, title suggestive of flutes and dulcimers, and other harmonious creations to the uninitiated. Her boys and girls were as tall as herself; the said boys and girls, by the way, generally contrived to let Aunt Flo know when they wanted anything; not that one among them had the slightest idea whence Aunt Flo's Fortunio's purse was kept so well filled. Indeed, it is to be feared that they might have been shocked, and even disposed to feel aggrieved, if they had connected it or her with trade, though their maternal grandfather had been in the hardware line in Birmingham. It was Flo's will as well as their parents' that they should remain ignorant of the fact that she was a working woman. Was she the only working woman who had shrunk from the hard criticism of inexperienced youth, and been content to lavish on it the earnings of an industry it would despise? It is difficult for the wisest to see things as they are in this world, with its golden mists and sullen vapours; perhaps it is well that we should be over gentle to the young ones who have the assurance of those to whom little is known.

It came to Flora Wilkinson, not once, but many times, to have the option of marriage, and more than once Flo had been tempted to follow the example of her mother and sisters; but it must be confessed that she never either felt or inspired a great passion; the men who were anxious to marry her had all a full appreciation of the commercial value of her talent, and this Flo was shrewd enough to perceive. She decided that it would be safer not to admit a partner who might derange the comfort of her father and mother, or interfere with her relations with her brothers and sisters. To be Madame ——. Yes, it would be nice to have someone with whom to sit *vis-à-vis* at dinner; but then would not a *l'été-d'été* dinner be rather solitary after the full table at home? Then to order the dinner, to superintend the house; of course she would have to have another house. No, Flora concluded, the disadvantages were greater than the advantages. Miss Wilkinson she had been, and Miss Wilkinson she would and did remain. And no one who saw the sprightly little lady stepping from the pavement in front of Ivy Cottage into her pretty little carriage—no one but herself ever recollected that this was little Flo—the "Dance of the Family."

CHRISTMAS AND THE SATURNALIA.

No one who celebrates Christmas should be disturbed by the fact that not even the month in which Jesus Christ was born, much less the day, has been ascertained. The festival of the Nativity has been celebrated in January, May, September, October, and December. No historian pretends to fix the date at which Christmas became a general festival. About all that is known is, that during the fourth century the Feast of the Nativity was observed by the Western churches, and that in the sixth century Eastern and Western Christians united in celebrating it on the 25th day of December. It is well known that certain Christmas customs originated in the pagan rites of the ancient Druids and Romans.

From the Druids came that hanging up of the mistletoe, which still retains its hold in England. The grim old Saxons who burn huge bonfires to Thor, transmitted to our English ancestors the ceremony of burning the Yule log. And from ancient Greeks and Romans came the custom of interchanging presents and making entertainments, which marks our observances of Christmas.

In ancient Greece the whole people, during the last days of December, gave themselves up to fun and frolic. It was the Harvest Home of vine-growers, which they called the Festival of Bacchus. It was a time of universal, if not of riotous, gaiety, and some of our own Christmas customs may be traced to December games and usages of the Greeks that were old when Socrates was young.

In Rome, long before the Christian era, we find the originals of certain Christmas customs. Some readers may remember short poems of the Rome satirist Martial, descriptive of the "December Liberty," which distinguished the observance of the Saturnalia, eighteen hundred years ago.

It was a time of universal present-making, as it is with us. On one occasion, Martial sent to a friend a copy of his own poems, and with it he sent a few lines of poetical apology for the meagreness of his present. Now, mark what he says:

"I may seem to you stingy or impolite, since in this month of December, when napkins, elegant shoe-fasteners, wax tapers, tablets and tapering vases filled with Damascus plums fly about in all directions, I have sent you nothing but my own little books."

A custom of the Roman Saturnalia, which came unchanged to our time, is familiar to us all. We mean the three days' holiday given to the slaves. The slaves in our Southern States, down to the close of the war, enjoyed this privilege.

Throughout the Roman Empire slaves went about bare-headed, except on the three great days of the Saturnalia, when all were permitted to wear the cap of familiar shape, which still passes as the Liberty Cap upon the tops of liberty poles.

Schools and colleges all had a vacation during the Roman Saturnalia. There were particular kinds of toys made of earthen-ware which were sold only during this festival. Families came together, just as they now do, to the unbounded joy of the children; and there was the great family dinner at which the children were present, if never again during the year.

How are we to account for those coincidences? The explanation is not difficult. When Christianity was first preached in the Roman Empire, it was a message of hope and comfort to the poor and the oppressed, and above all to the great multitude of slaves whose labours sustained the Roman world. We can dimly perceive, in the letters of Pliny the Younger, and elsewhere, the slaves gathering on a hilltop at the dawn of day to hear the Christian tidings, and to partake of the communion; then separating for the labours of the field and household.

The first Christian congregations in Italy were largely composed of slaves and of the common people, though among them were found educated and highly gifted persons. The early Christian teachers had the greatest difficulty to keep their converts from joining in the pagan festivals, to which they had been accustomed, and which were even needful to ameliorate their hard lot and monotonous life. When the Saturnalia came round, the Christian slave or freedman found himself struggling between the habits of his old life and the claims of his new faith. If he withstood the old, he missed the only holiday which would be his during twelve months of labour. If he yielded, his religious life might be injured by contact with idolatrous rites.

Christian pastors, seeing the strife of habit with conscience, would seek for the golden mean between license and prohibition. They acted upon the principal, that though there must be unity in essentials, there should be liberty in non-essentials, and love in all things. They took what was good in the Roman holidays and associated it with the birthday festival of Him who came to bring peace on earth and good will to men.

Our pilgrim ancestors thought they were doing God's service in trying to kill Christmas. Being learned in Roman antiquities, they stigmatized the festival as the survival of a pagan holiday. The first Christmas occurred just after their landing at Plymouth. December twenty-fourth was Sabbath, and busy as they were, not a hand was lifted to work. The next day was Christmas, and Governor Bradford had a grim pleasure in recording that no man rested on that day.

They appointed a Thanksgiving day at the end of November, which soon became the Puritan Christmas, a day of family gatherings and unusual merriment. Gradually, too, old Christmas revived, and thus it came too pass that this country is favoured with two festivals a month apart—one the Harvest Home, and the other the nativity of the Saviour. —*Youth's Companion*.

GARDENS OF THE SEA.

Among the many curious analogies born of modern investigation, none are more interesting than those showing striking cases of parallelism in the habits and customs of animals whose environments are totally dissimilar. The ocean bed seen peopled with forms so resembling those of land that a modification of structure to conform with their surroundings alone appears to be the point of difference. In drifting over the reefs of our Southern border this resemblance between the creatures of land and sea is extremely striking. The gardens of the lower world abound in lavish growth; trees, shrubs, waving vines, are all reproduced in the wondrous forms of the sea. Here a forest of coral branches (*Madrepore*) raise their myriads of bustling points, each flower by a delicate polyp and presenting a rich olive-green tint in contrast to the deep blue of the channel upon whose banks they grow. Pure as crystal the water seems to intensify the beauty of the objects, even in the greater depths; gaily bedecked fishes move lazily about, rising and falling among the living branches, poised, perhaps to pluck some morsels from a limb, in all their motions reminding us of the birds of the shore. The gorgeous parrot-fishes are the sun-birds of the sea; wondrous tints—azure-blue, golden yellow, and red—mark them. Some appear iridescent and bathed in metallic tints, as if encased in burnished armours, while many more in modest garb, found in our colder waters of the North, call to mind the robin and thrush, those welcome harbingers of spring. But it is not in their colour alone that the fishes resemble the birds; it is in the home-life and love of offspring that we find a close resemblance. Many are nest builders, erecting structures as complicated as those of the birds, and equalling them in design and finish.

THE London Lord Mayor's resolve to stop the Sunday church parades is said to have given great offence to some of the city clergy.

THE Rev. A. C. Turberville, son of the late Mr. Turberville, editor of the "English Independent," has been appointed assistant to Rev. W. Pulsford, D.D., Glasgow.

DR. SIMON, principal of Springhill College, Birmingham, has accepted the principalship of the Scottish Congregational theological hall, in room of Dr. W. Lindsay Alexander.

AT Stornoway a meeting has been held at which the speakers' denunciations of Sabbath desecration was enthusiastically responded to by a crowded audience of 2,000. All the proceedings were conducted in Gaelic.

THE Rev. A. Mearns, author of "The Bitter Cry," contributes a paper on "Outcast London" to the December "Contemporary." Mr. Mearns was educated for the ministry in the United Presbyterian Hall. He afterwards became a Congregationalist, and is now the secretary of the Congregational Board of London Ministers.

ONLY A VIOLET.

BY CUB BERDAN.

INTRODUCTION.

Moderato.

Delicato.

a tempo.

Ritard.

1. 'Tis on - ly a vio - let, on - ly a flow - er, Once bright and bloom - ing, but with - er'd at last; Yes,
 2. 'Tis on - ly a vio - let, treasur'd for ev - er, Kept for the love of my dar - ling, my own; And

now it is fad - ed, droop - ing and dy - ing, Still I will keep it for love of the past; Ah,
 though it is fad - ed, still I re - mem - ber, How once it blos - som'd in days that have flown; I'll

mf Con Spirito

ad lib.

well I re - mem - ber one sum - mer even - ing, Well I re - mem - ber one hap - py hour;
 lay it a - way, my treas - ure, my vio - let, Lay it be - side the brown lock of hair;

2

p Con Espress *mf Brillante* *mp ad lib.*

Dar-ling, my fair one! dar-ling, my lost one! Gave me this blos-som, this sweet lit-tle flow'r.
 Dar-ling, my fair one! dar-ling, my lost one! Gave me this flow'-ret, once bloom-ing so fair.

p Con Espress *mf Brillante* *mp colla voce*

CHORUS.

f Ah, yes, I re-mem-ber the past..... Sweet love will ev-er re-main.....
f re-mem-ber the past, will ev-er re-main, *Piu Rit*

f Ah, Yes, I re-mem-ber, re-mem-ber the past, Sweet love will ev-er, will ev-er re-main,
f *Piu Rit*

Con Espress *Solo Piu ad lib*

On-ly a vio-let, Fair lit-tle vio-let, Call back my lov'd one, my dar-ling, a-gain, a-gain.
Piu Lento *Rit*

Alto or Tenor ad lib

On-ly a vio-let, Fair lit-tle vio-let, my dar-ling, a gain, a gain.

p Con Espress *mf ad lib* *Piu Lento* *Rit*

Only a Violet.

TENNYSON'S NEW POEM.

Once more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And domes the red plough'd hills
With loving blue;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The throistles too.

Opens a door in heaven;
From the skies of glass
A Jacob's-ladder falls
On greening grass.
And o'er the mountain-walls
Young angels pass.

Before them fleets the shower,
And burst the buds,
And shine the level lands,
And flash the floods;
The stars are from their hands
Flung thro' the woods.

The woods by living airs
How freshly fann'd,
Light airs from where the deep,
All down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep,
Heard by the land!

O follow, leaping blood,
The season's lure!
O heart, look down and up,
Serene, secure,
Warm as the crocus-cup,
Like snow-drops pure!

Past, future, glimpse and fade
Thro' some slight spell,
Some gleam from yonder vale,
Some far blue fell,
And sympathies, how frail,
In sound and smell.

Till at thy chuckled note,
Thou twinkling bird,
The fairy fancies range,
And, lightly stirr'd
Ring little bells of change
From word to word.

For now the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold and fills
The flower with dew.
The black birds have their wills,
The poets too.

—Alfred Tennyson.

A CHRISTMAS CHIME.

BY S. H. MANCHEE.

Glory to God in the highest,
Peace, and good will to man,
Were the words of hope and gladness
The angels' song began.

Lo, heaven's bright doors were opened,
The angel host appeared;
And Darkness drew his mantle close,
And fled the light he feared.

To the shepherds on the hillside,
The host their message gave:
To earth has come the looked for One—
The Christ is born to save.

Then like some grand-toned organ,
When pealing soft and low,
Th' angelic strains slow faded
From list'ning ears below.

With costly gifts the wise men came
From eastern plains afar,
Directed in their toilsome way
By the Saviour's guiding star.

That strange star's radiant glory
Marked plain the unknown way,
Till they found the manger lowly
Wherein the infant lay.

With rev'rent awe their gifts they spread
Of spices and of gold,
And worshipped at the feet of Him
Whom prophets had foretold.

'Twas He who in the later years
The little children blest;
Who to the weary one says "Come,
And I will give you rest."

'Twas He who to the sick man said,
"Take up thy bed and walk;"
Who touched blind eyes that they might see,
And made the dumb to talk.

Then, Christians all, awake, arise!
And joyous greet the morn
On which your Saviour, Jesus Christ,
Into this world was born.

—Toronto, Dec., 1883.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

BY FIDELIS.

To lovers of symbolism, there is a happy significance in the fact that, with us, the gladdest festival of Christendom falls at the gloomiest season of the solar year. When the last brown shrivelled leaf has been blown from the bare trees by the wild December winds, and the heavy gray skies obscure the decreasing light of the lessening sun. Christmas looms through the dimness of the shortened days, like a gleam of light and warmth across the wintry gloom, much as the Star in the East shone across the moral darkness that preceded the first Christmas Day. Christmas at mid-summer, as it comes in the Southern Hemisphere, would hardly seem like Christmas at all. It needs the contrast of the genial warmth within with the cold and gloom without—of the home cheer light of love, with the earth shrouded in its winding sheet of snow—of the life of heart and spirit overcoming the death of outward nature, a symbol of the brightest life of all entering into our moral and spiritual darkness and overcoming evil with good; all this is gathered and symbolized in the light of the Christmas Star. So it is well that we should cherish and emphasize this Christmas festival by all the home light and joy we can throw around it in symbol and reality; well that we should have the Christmas bells and the Christmas greens. Our Christmas trees and Christmas gifts, and even our Christmas puddings too, so long as they are made and enjoyed in the same spirit as the memorable Cratchit pudding immortalized in Dickens' "Christmas Carol." On a bright Canadian winter day—such as we sometimes have at Christmas-tide—a vividly blue sky contrasting with the dazzling new-fallen snow; the chime of church bells and the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells ringing clear through the frosty air, the streets full of family parties on their way to church or social reunion; with some gala Christmas touch visible even on the outer apparel; that must be a dull or a self-absorbed heart that does not catch some inspiration of Christmas gladness; some echo of the grand old Hebrew song:

"Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord;
Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation."

No; we can no more grow tired of Christmas than of spring. It is the failure to realize its meanings, which alone can cause monotony, the taking the outside husk for the core and centre. Christmas, like everything else, is degraded by a blind conventionalism. If all that is associated with Christmas observance is a certain routine of Christmas gifts, Christmas trees, Christmas cards, Christmas parties and Christmas bazaars—it may well grow monotonous—"stale, flat and unprofitable." Christmas gifts may grow to be a tax grumblingly borne; Christmas good wishes an empty form; Christmas cards a "nuisance," and Christmas trees and parties as great a "bore" as Christmas bills. As in the mystic vision of the Hebrew prophet it is only the golden oil of love from its heavenly source, which can keep our Christmas lamps ever burning with a pure and living light. When this is replaced by the lower motives of fashion, ostentation, or mere custom and routine, what wonder if the light goes out in smoke, and Christmas keeping becomes a burden?

Yet we must remember that there are many hearts that shrink from Christmas, just because of its traditional gladness. They feel like Dickens' little boy, expected to "play" to order. To them Christmas comes laden with mournful memories and saddening associations. There are vacant places about the Christmas hearth and the Christmas fire, however brightly it may burn, can never have the same happy glow as when it was reflected in eyes that look no more on the light of this world. To such it seems that the rest of the world pipes and they cannot dance. Yet the rest of the world is perhaps after all in a somewhat similar condition. There are very few, besides the children, who can really have a "merry Christmas." But we can all share, to some extent at least, in Christmas gladness, by making it glad for the children in the name of Him who comes to us as a little child. For their little hearts, which have yet to grow strong enough to bear the burdens of life, it is well that Christmas-tide and "the holidays" should be as joyous as their elders can make it for them, made happy by well-stocked Christmas stockings and Noah's Arks, and bats and balls, and even the whistles and trumpets so musical to them—so terrible to older ears. It is only for a little while that Christmas can ever seem such a perfectly bright and beautiful season. To you who have passed childhood, can it again wear the magic glamour of the time when it was an epoch to be looked forward to for months before, and Christmas morning dawned unique, celestial, transfigured in "the light that never was on land or sea." They have lost something in life who cannot remember how the Christmas stockings loomed through the grey winter dawn—a thing mysterious, unearthly, only to be approached with a certain reverence and awe, and wistful palpitating prognostication of what might or might not be found there! It is to be feared that the Christmas trees, with all their brightness and glitter, can never be fraught with the magic mystery that surrounded the Christmas stocking!

But if Christmas gifts and Christmas pleasures are no longer great enough to fill up our little world, even for a day—we may at least remember that our world is wider; that if we have lost the lower, we are capable of higher joys—that the lower loss may be the source of a higher gain. Least of all, could we do without our sorrows?

"Sorrows humanize our race,
Tears are the showers that fertilize the world,
And memory of things precious keepeth warm
The heart that once did hold them."

There is no need, because it is Christmas time, to put on a gayety we do not feel. "A merry Christmas" is not always the happiest Christmas. There may indeed be tears that cannot be checked, as we recall "the days that are no more."

"But yet
Our happiest days are not the days when we forget."

But let us remember that, to quote the late Dean Stanley, "the angel of death is also the angel of life; if he separates he always unites." The family circle, as it is broken here, is being re-formed elsewhere. In that state of the blessed dead, of which, with all our surmises, we know nothing save that it is blessed, there are joyous meetings, we believe, for every sorrowful parting here, and by and by we too shall enter into the joy that knows no fear of any future parting. And Christmas, as well as Easter, comes to us as the promise and pledge of this, for this, too, is included in its inexhaustible song of goodwill to men.

"They bring me sorrow touched with joy
The merry, merry bells of Yule!"

Well may some sorrowful hearts rejoice and tearful eyes look up to the stars which recall the memories of the past. After all, this great Christian festival should make us happier by lifting us out of the narrow round of self. The day which commemorates a great Divine gift—the brightest renunciation for others—can only be fitly observed by unselfish giving, not the mere giving of gifts, but the more precious giving of self and sympathy. The lower gifts are well, too, as a material expression of the higher, but

"The gifts without the giver is bare!"

And let none of us forget that the genius of Christianity is unselfish love—even for the undeserving—and that the expression of this may not be left out of its natal-day. Miss Cobbe has recently called attention to the fact that a loving compassion for the underserving, the outcast, the criminal, the wretched waifs and strays of society, is a product of Christianity alone, not anticipated even by Judaism, with all its mercy towards the poor. It is well that this should be emphasized in our Christmas bounty, and that the lowest needs of humanity should, by a blessed adaptation, be made the means of conveying the higher lesson. It is well that the deserving family, too poor to procure a Christmas dinner, should enjoy it as the gift of a richer brother—made in a brotherly spirit—but it is well, too, that even into our prisons and reformatories as well as into our asylums and hospitals, the spirit of Christmas should enter by means of the generous cheer provided for Christmas Day. So we can all rejoice that "the world moves," when we think of the Christmas of mere revelry and wassail in what we are wont to call "the good old times," and notice how general has become what we may call the Christian way of celebrating it.

One preacher, not commonly enrolled among orthodox preachers, has had much to do with promoting this truly Christian mode of observing Christmas. To Charles Dickens, notwithstanding his indubitable tendency to caricature Christians, belongs the honour of catching and enforcing this cardinal principal of Christianity. His pleas for the poor and ignorant and oppressed, the "poor Toms and Tiny Tims and Trotty Becks of society may be themselves forgotten in the rush of still more modern literature, but their influence lives and will live. They have penetrated beyond the reach of Christmas sermons, while they have helped to inspire many of these; and even the ever lessening minority who apparently think it right to commemorate by a religious service the birth of St. Andrew, but wrong similarly to commemorate the birth of Christ, have at least caught the true spirit of Christmas observance in kind ministrations to their needy brethren. In fact no one now can shut himself out from "keeping Christmas," and it is well that it should be so.

But the world is a long way off from having fully learned its lesson. Christmas should be simply the inspiration of the rest of the year, instead of being, as it too often is, at war with it. "The world sits at the feet of Christ," but at the end of the nineteenth century it is still as dull a scholar as were some of the first disciples. Not yet have the Christmas bells "rung out the false and rung in the true."

"Ring out the feuds of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind";

or "the thousand years of peace." Labour and capital will find their true relation only as they both learn the lesson of work for God and love to man. Great companies have still no consciences, and capital still thinks only of making all it can out of labour. And labour, in return, is ready to strike a blow at capital whenever it is sufficiently organized and sufficiently strong. The angels song entering into men's hearts and lives is the only true Eirenicon that can end the strife.

But though there is much to desire yet, let us make the best of what we have in our Christmas-associations of peace and good will among men, for all strifes, all animosities, Christmas offers at least, a blessed time of truce. Our Canadian politics, like politics in general, are apt to run far too high, and we too often forget to give our neighbours credit for the good we claim for ourselves. But they may be forgotten for one day, even by their most ardent votaries, as well as by the many who cannot pin their faith absolutely to any party. We may hold firmly enough to our different views on important economical and political and religious questions, but the points on which we differ, after all, shrink into insignificance before the great question on which the vast majority of us are at one; whether the Star in the East—the blessed light of Christianity—is still to lead the world on to that "far off divine event to which the whole creation moves," or whether the chill darkness of materialism is to swallow up all its hopes of a noble birthright. Therefore we may well forget for one day our party watchwords and dividing names of whatever kind, and remember only the grand and Catholic name of Christian. And so, as Tiny Tim observed, "God bless us every one!"

The intensity of the anti-Chinese feeling in Portland, Oregon, may be inferred from the refusal of the owners of the Centennial block in that city to sell to Chinamen for \$8,000 more than any other persons will pay for it, and the refusal also of the Methodist Church to lease their property to Chinamen even at \$5.50 a month more than others will pay.

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