

FARMERS' ADVOCATE

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DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE COUNTRY.

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The Farmer's Advocate

LONDON, ONT., NOV., 1870.

The Provincial Exhibition of 1870.

This has been another grand success, judging from the number of attendants and the large and varied amount of things exhibited. From the position given to blood horses in the bills, we should think them of the most importance, but in reality we consider many classes ought to take preference to them for all the good or evil they ever have, or are ever likely to entail upon agriculturists. We cannot say that any material improvement has been made in the class or utility of them. Some imported general purpose and agricultural horses were exhibited, and, as usual, a great fuss is made about any imported animal, even though it be inferior to some raised in our own country, and it is to be regretted that some importers should receive great praise, and higher prices even, for importing an animal far inferior to what they are allowing the Americans to take from our country, at perhaps half the cost. A person does more good by retaining a really known good stock producer in our country than importing one that may produce inferior stock, or, as instances have been, of incapacity to produce stock at all. The great Durham mania that is now raging causes every old pedigree to be hunted up, and has given a new impetus to our real Canadian breeders. Among the foremost of recent importers of Durhams is Mr. R. Miller, of Pickering. He has not been so conspicuously brought before the public as many other breeders, but the energy evinced by him, coupled with his real practical knowledge, convinces us that many of the old breeders must shortly lay their laurels at his feet. We have devoted so much of this paper to the Exhibition that we refrain from making remarks on every class. Mr. Snell carried off the Prince of Wales' prize for the best pen of Leicesters. Messrs. Love and Douglass brought on the ground some very fine Lincolns and Leicesters that were just imported, but arrived after the judges had completed their work.

But the class that called our particular attention was the agricultural implements.

In this class ingenuity and money had been fully employed. The most important of all was the Ditching Machine. It was to be seen there in operation again improved, and in its glory threw up the earth from the depth of between two and three feet, leaving a first-rate ditch ready for laying the tile or board. It was admired and approved of by every one, and what an important implement is this to our country! We know not the inestimable benefit that this is destined to perform. We think the Board of Agriculture should devote as much attention, time and encouragement to such a highly valuable implement as they do to any single class of animals. The inventor of such a machine should be as much belauded as any political demagogue: and they should award as high an honor or as high a prize to such a useful and tried invention as this, as to any thing. Their duty is to foster every thing for the advancement of the prosperity of Agriculture; and they should look beyond the receiver's gate, and do good, and show the country that they are not mere nonentities, treading or grovelling in the wake of some precursor's brain, but that each man of them has brain of his own, and can do some good to posterity by using it and the power placed in his hands.

Our attention was drawn to a new process of hardening cast iron, by which means the inventor claims that it becomes twice as durable as steel. He informs us that it has been fully tried. It is our opinion that this invention will also be of very great importance to us, as the process is not expensive, and we well know how soon our ploughs wear out. We consider this may become of very great importance to us, as a plough saved is equal to a plough earned. Mr. B. Ploverman, of Weston, is the inventor of this new process.

Gang Ploughs were well represented, and are gradually coming into use. A very superior two furrow plough was exhibited, but it was made in England. The English implements are, as a general thing, much more completely constructed than implements manufactured in Canada; we do not mean the putty, paint, polishing and varnishing system, as seen on implements made for exhibition here.

The Traction Engine made a sorry sight. It ran into the mud and remained embedded in it, despite of screws, and planks,

and steam, until about the close of the Exhibition. The Portable Engine, made after English principles, was to be seen on the ground; and in a few years will, we have no doubt, be used in many sections, instead of horses, for threshing and other purposes.

It is necessary again to call the attention of the Board of Agriculture to the necessity of a proper trial of Implements. Particularly was this called to our mind by hearing the great dissatisfaction that was expressed by manufacturers and farmers at the last exhibition. For instance, the general complaint was that a first prize was awarded to what was known to be the worst working machine on the ground. It is a perfect farce to have mere paint and polish carry away a first prize. We as farmers want to know which is the best working machine, the most durable, and the least expensive to keep in order. Some manufacturers turn out implements that will last twice as long as the same implements manufactured by others, and are not half the expense to keep in repair. Another very erroneous judgment was displayed by the judges of implements.— They awarded the first prize to an expensively constructed and complicated machine, that the proprietors refused to have tested, and had never dug an acre of potatoes nor ever likely to, as it must choke as soon as put in operation. And they awarded the second prize to one that has been fully tested, and the proprietor offered every opportunity for trial, and gave what ought to be considered satisfactory references to the judges. If a judge does not know any thing about an implement, or animal, or other article he may be appointed to judge, he should make due enquiries and get himself posted. Cannot the Agricultural Association afford a few hundred dollars to have a good trial of implements? Or could not some of our enterprising farmers in some other section of the country, induce the association to aid them in bringing about a Provincial trial of Implements?— We do not think it should be at the time of the Exhibition, nor even is it necessary to be in either of the places where it is held. Clinton, Paris, Stratford, Guelph, might be honored with it, if they chose to bestir themselves. We shall be willing to lend our aid to any that may take the matter up. We say, let us have a trial of Implements.

Humbugs Again.

GEORGE BROWN'S SALE.

We deem it our duty to the farmers of Canada to give our opinion on the different herds and different breeders, fearlessly; also to condemn or praise such things as we deem of importance to farmers, whether an implement, stock or seed.

George Brown, no doubt, borrowed the idea of establishing a stock and seed farm from writings that appeared in sources not under his control, and he has strenuously endeavored to keep the originator of the plans he is trying to carry out in the dark. We do not consider him either honorable or honest for such a course.

He commences his Stock and Seed business by hiring a person to go all over Canada and purchase the cheapest lot of Durhams procurable; and we are credibly informed that he gave his employee instructions to make out pedigrees for animals that had not a pedigree that would stand the test. However, he manages to get a lot of the scum of other breeders, and by means of toadying to a lot of his satellites of the press, got up a great talk of his farm last summer. Then by advertising largely a lot of names, pedigrees, &c., he succeeds in drawing a large attendance from the States and Canada. So far he succeeded, but the animals and the management gave utter disgust to the parties present. We hear from good authority, that not less than 100 Americans attended this sale, from various parts of the States, with the intent of purchasing, but the Stock of all kinds was so unusually mean that not one purchased. One American called in our office the following day, and informed us of his disappointment, and of the dissatisfaction of Americans and Canadians generally. The Pigs and Sheep offered were not so good as can be picked up on the commons in the county of Middlesex. The Americans were too good judges of stock to be gulled in the manner that some poor green Canadian's have been. For instance, Brown bought one Cow for \$75, last fall; put her to a bull that only sold for \$80, and the bull calf sold for \$130. This is one instance. We have heard that many of the animals sold, even at the low prices they brought, were not worth one quarter of the money.

We did not attend this sale, but we have our reports from a good source. The attendance was very large, about 100 Amer-

icans and 900 Canadians; and we have never heard of a more dissatisfied lot.—Some of the purchasers may yet learn not to put there whole trust in the Toronto Bible.

THE CHEVALIER BARLEY

That was noised up so much by Brown,—and we regret to say that some of the papers,—even our own,—were led a little astray; for the Chevalier Barley has proved a failure here. Mr. Brown must have realized a good sum for his crop, and the loss must fall on the dupes. His

IMPORTED WHEAT

That was sold throughout the country for spring wheat proved to be fall wheat, and the loss was great on that. The oats that he and Co., sent out with that wheat, were filled with mustard or charlock. If that is the way the farmers of Canada are to be humbugged, it is time that government, or some other power, should take the matter in hand, and give information of what is good and what is not.

The price or value of good Durhams depends on their quality. There are thousands of grade Durhams in Canada now, far superior, and more valuable to the farmers, than the culls of Durhams that have a pedigree. We have really breeders and importers of good stock in Canada, and such a transaction as this of Brown's tends to injure the good name that has been gained for our country by such gentlemen as Stone and others.

Caution.

Farmers! There is an enormous profit realized from the hides and pelts of our stock, before we are able to procure them again in the form of boots and shoes. As far as durability is concerned, there is a sad degeneracy from the boots and shoes procurable twenty years ago.

There is now a system in operation of making up all the inside scrapings, shavings and scraps, into a species of shoddy or paper leather. They are pasted together, pressed and rolled, so that an inexperienced person cannot tell it from genuine leather. We wish to caution our readers against purchasing their boots from any but reliable dealers, who will guarantee that none of this shoddy leather is put in them. The result is that you may now purchase a pair of boots, and as soon as the soles get worn a little, and you walk in the wet, your boots fall from your feet like so much brown paper. This imposition will be most successfully practiced upon the ignorant and those that do not take a paper that watches and exposes the tricks and humbugs that are practised.—We hope this timely hint save our readers a heavy loss. Do not purchase a boot or shoe that has shoddy leather in it; and if possible do not have a bit of split leather either. The practice of splitting leather is carried on at nearly every tannery. This is the reason your boots and shoes do not wear as well as they did formerly. Bad as the split leather has been,—and you know that has been bad enough,—when you have from seven to fourteen pairs of feet to keep shod,—the shoddy leather is far worse.—We presume this stuff will be disposed of to the best advantage, in the rural districts, in Manitoba, and the lumbering countries, where the inhabitants do not take many papers.

Provincial and London Exhibitions.

The two exhibitions of greatest importance in the western part of this Dominion for the year, have, like the Ides of March, come and gone; and we are glad to say, they reflect credit on those who, respectively, had the management of them, as well as on those exhibiting, and on the progress of the country as a whole. The success with which they have been marked cannot but be gratifying to all concerned and interested in the improvement of the country. It is most cheering to note the forward march of progress in all the branches of industry, which these exhibitions so distinctly show, and of which they are the most convincing evidence that our agriculturists, mechanics and artists are not satisfied with what they have attained, but are unceasingly reaching forward, and aiming at further improvement. Excelsior! is the motto, and where there is so much hill yet to climb there are abundant opportunities constantly occurring, for the enterprising to seize and take advantage of in the laudable race. And who may not join it, in some one or other of its varied courses. When one looks through the different classes into which the exhibition is necessarily divided, who is there that does not see they may do something in attempting to swell the number of the articles there, by placing their productions side by side, and bid fairly for the coveted distinction of taking a prize.

The result of both exhibitions will have reached our readers previous to this; consequently it is only in a general way that we allude to them here. As we have said, both have proved a success, and the partisans of each have grounds for self-gratulation; and can, we think, look forward to the future with confidence, as both now seem to be established institutions of the country. The Western Fair has gained a footing which will secure for it a permanency that should satisfy its most sanguine admirers and supporters, and while it cannot be placed on the same level of general usefulness to the country as the Provincial, still it will render much advantage to this section. On the other hand the Provincial shows no symptoms of decay, but has made an excellent appearance this year,—notwithstanding the croaking and groaning of many of our prophesying Jeremiahs, who no doubt had their reasons for endeavoring to injure its interests, or those into whose hands its management has fallen. This seems to us the first card played in the game, and perhaps as it goes on we may be able more distinctly to see what the stake is, and will be much mistaken if it does not show that political power is what is aimed at. Time will reveal whether we are right or wrong in this belief, but from what we know and have already experienced from some of those gentlemen, we are confirmed in it meanwhile. How is it, now that the result of the Provincial is known, and admitted to have been a decided success, that these croakers of the press and their protégés, or the masters for whom they write, do not point out to us that their predictions of failure have been fulfilled, and convince the people even against their own senses, that they were right in their rambling prophesying. But nothing of the kind has been attempted. Their work was done when the exhibi-

tion took place, and the result goes simply to show that their puny endeavors to injure it have had no power in that direction. We shall have to wait and see what will follow next, and next.

The Colorado Potato Bug.

A gentleman from Minnesota called on us recently, with the sad information that this pest has entirely destroyed the potato crop there this year; having made their appearance last year in small numbers, they have this season increased to such an extent as almost completely to destroy the potato crop. And he expresses his opinion that we will be in a like state here next year, from the fact that they have made their first appearance among us this season. He states also, that having gathered them in large quantities, for the purpose of destroying them by burning, the fumes of the fire got into his eyes, and terribly afflicted them with inflammation. And in one case where a farmer's wife collected a number and put them into her stove to burn, she lifted the cover before they were consumed, and allowed the smoke arising from them to escape; this smoke she inhaled, and it produced immediate sickness, from which she shortly died.

It is lamentable to think that these and other pests are allowed to plant themselves so firmly among us, without one effort being made by those who are deriving in some cases handsome livings from the country purse, for the avowed purpose of looking after and protecting the interests of agriculture. Why here, under their very noses, are facts taking place which are big with importance to the country, and of which so many are aware, and yet these gentlemen might as well be receiving their pay and living in Botany Bay, for all the information the country derives from them, or the good that results to agriculture through them. It is tiresome for us to be continually fault finding, and treating our readers to tirades against those in power, but at the same time we feel it impossible to be silent when we see so much money spent, and never see anything like returns for it, but instead great loss resulting to the country through their remissness or incapacity to grapple with the emergencies that arise. And the question is suggested, if they are helpless in preventing such calamities, or in providing some remedies for the evils which every now and again assail the farming profession,—what use is there for them holding office at all? When every thing goes on well we do not need either their advice or their help; and if they cannot be had when difficulties and reverses overtake us, we set it down as a useless and effete thing, not worthy of existence, even though it did not cost the country a cent.

Farmer's, ponder over this.

We desire to call attention to the auction sale of Short Horns, Cows and Heifers of Colonel Taylor's herd, to take place during this month. The Cows are in calf to the imported Duchess Bull, Proud Duke, who is the purest bred Duchess Bull in Ontario. Col. Taylor is well known to have spared no pains to obtain the best stock. Send for a Catalogue.

The prophesied failure of the Provincial Fair this year, has turned out, to the dismay and alarm of the wisecracks, to yield an excess of Two Thousand Dollars over any year that it has yet been held!

Our Exchanges.

Continued.

The Canadian Illustrated News,—a weekly journal, published by G. E. Desbarats, Montreal, is quite an acquisition to the press of Canada. Handsomely got up, largely illustrated with scenery, portraits, and events of the day. We are glad to see it improving in this department. Its readable matter is well chosen and well handled. We wish its enterprising proprietor much success. Price \$4 per annum in advance.

The American Farmer,—a monthly Magazine, contains an excellent epitome on Agriculture and Horticulture, with other interesting information. It is published in pamphlet style, by Worthington & Lewis, No. 4, South Street, Baltimore, Md. Terms \$2 per annum.

Arthur's Home Magazine,—as its name denotes, is devoted to subjects for the Family, and most excellent matter is served up in tempting style. It is also embellished with some fine engravings, and nicely printed. It has our best wishes.—It is published by T. S. Arthur & Sons, Philadelphia. Terms \$2 per annum.

The Montreal Weekly Witness,—contains much useful information for the Merchant and the Family. The articles are well written and well printed, and it is altogether a most excellent sheet. Published by John Dougall & Son, Montreal. Weekly, \$1; Semi-Weekly, \$2; Daily, \$3 per annum.

The Western Farmer, like many others devoted to the interests of Agriculture and General Information, lags not behind in appearance or worth. It is a large sheet, containing much useful information on a variety of topics, and is well worthy of support. Published in Madison, Wis., weekly, by Messrs. Merrion & Co. \$2 per annum in advance.

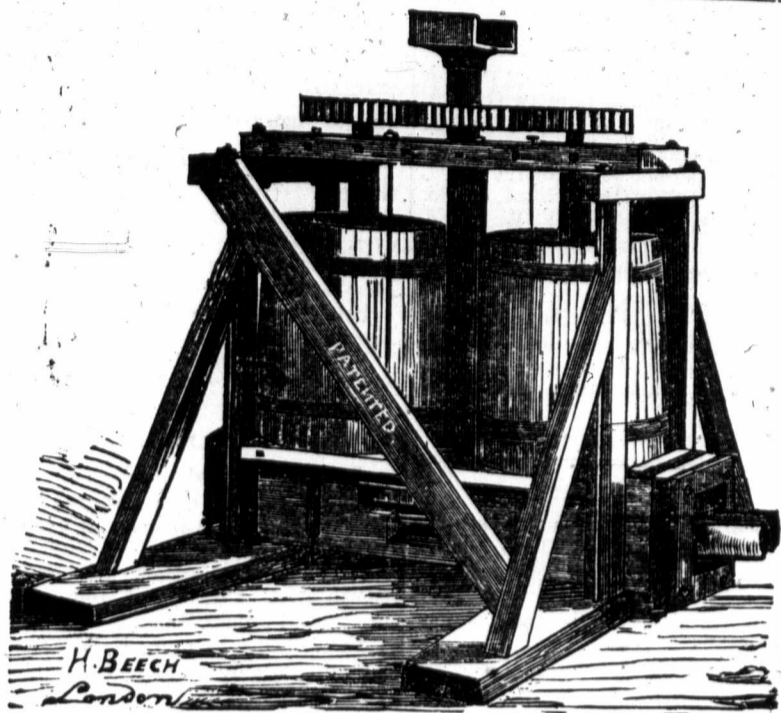
Maple Leaves,—a domestic Magazine, full of useful information, amusement and instruction, is well adapted to interest and instruct the young, and add to the pleasure and intelligence of the old. Nicely printed and embellished, and well worth the cost. Published by G. A. Baorbach, 102 Nassau Street, New York.

The Western Stock Journal,—with which we are favored this month, is handsomely got up, and seems to be a boon to those engaged in raising Stock on the Farm. Published Monthly, by J. H. Sanderson & Co., Sigourney, Iowa. Terms \$1 per annum.

REDUCTION IN THE RATE OF INTEREST.

—We call attention to the advertisement of the Canada Permanent Building and Savings Society, in another column, and would advise those who may require to borrow money to study the system closely, in order to see the advantage obtained by borrowing on a principle by which they return the amount of the debt incurred, and the interest, by easy payments.

Apples.—We can supply our subscribers with choice Russetts, Rhode Island Greenings, Newton Pippins, Northern Spies, Snow Apples, Romanites, and other varieties, from our own orchard, at from \$1 to \$2 per barrel, shipped on board the cars. Wholesale buyers would find this a good place to purchase, as the crop is large, and no buyers operating here.



McIntosh's Drain Tile Machine.

It is our duty to bring before the notice of our readers, any new plans, implements, animals or seeds that we deem will be of advantage to them.

As draining is of great importance to us, any implement to lessen the expense is an acquisition to our country. We have spoken of this machine before, but the above cut will bring it before our readers in a manner that may be better understood.—When the horses are attached the tiles are forced out alternately at each end, by means of a large powerful iron wheel at the bottom of the machine. In the cut a tile may be seen projecting from one end. The tiles are made very rapidly by it. We have seen it in operation one mile from this city. Mr. McIntosh says he has made eight thousand tiles in a day with it.—Tiles can be made of any size required. Mr. D. Darvill, of this city, is the sole manufacturer of them. He makes Drain Tile Machines for either horse or hand power, and the price varying from \$120 to \$200 each.

Our present government have been expending the public money with a lavish hand in public works. We can by no means justify them in many of their lavish expenditures, but one act in regard to the advancement of agricultural prosperity is commendable. We allude to the Swamp Drainage Act. If the tax for making these large improvements only falls on the lands that are reclaimed by draining, and they should be sufficiently increased in value to pay for every cent expended; and if the lands thus improved are taxed as they should be it will prove a most beneficial thing for the country, as much of the land was worthless, and when drained will become the most valuable. There is a large quantity of land in Canada, that may not be classed as swamp land, but it is of such a retentive nature as to become almost valueless for raising cereals; in fact the majority of our clay lands have proved themselves so for the past five or ten years, as statistics of the wheat produced per acre, if properly kept, must show. If these lands were underdrained we believe the crops of cereals and roots would be doubled on them. To instruct our farmers on the value of improving in any way, is expensive to the person attempting it; and the best way to show them is by practical experience that costs

money, and farmers are slow to learn.—Let us ask the question,—Would it not be of very great advantage to each Township where clay soil abounds, to have a drain tile manufactory, and one or two ditching machines? Would it not be well for the government, the board of Agriculture, the agricultural societies, or the county or township councils, to offer some encouragement to persons that would establish drain tile factories, and introduce ditching machines? Any public improvements should be aided at first by the public men and the public money, as many of the inhabitants of Canada would not advance one dollar from their own profits, although the improvements carried out might benefit them to the amount of thousands. It might be well to expend a small sum from the public exchequer to aid any real improvement, on condition township or county receiving such aid refund the same, by tax or other arrangement.

Mr. Darvill also manufactures a very good Horse Power wood Sawing Machine, the price of which is only \$75; and the advantage it has over many is, that the horse power supplied will answer two or eight horses, and will suit the

PARAGON GRAIN CRUSHER.

another implement that every good farmer ought to have, as it will pay for itself in the saving in grain fed to cattle, horses or hogs. We supplied several farmers with them last fall, and they are all highly satisfied with them. We often wonder at the tardiness of many really large farmers, that have not yet availed themselves of these machines, but it takes a series of years for many to really understand the saving they effect. The same Horse Power would be suitable for driving the chaff cutter, and will also do for the

LITTLE GIANT THRASHING MACHINE.

It is time we should again call the attention of farmers to this really valuable little machine, as we have not said anything about it for a long time, and many new subscribers know nothing of it. It is rightly called the farmer's own machine, as many purchase them exclusively for their own use. Sometimes two or three join together and purchase one. We are highly pleased to be able to state that not a single complaint has come to us about them, except that they do not answer well for thrashing peas. As to that complaint,

we never yet have seen one that would thresh peas, without wasting or damaging more peas than would pay for threshing them with the flail or tramping them out. We have been informed that the chaff cutter is the best pea thresher, but we have not seen any threshing done by it. But what is claimed for the Little Giant is that it is capable of threshing from 200 to 300 bushels of wheat, or 400 to 500 bushels of oats per day. It will also thresh barley well. It threshes clean, cleans well, and is not liable to throw grain over, having peculiarly constructed shoe and shakers. It is simple, and can be worked by any one. It has no canvas elevators nor sieves to get out of order. Mr. Joseph Sharman, of Stratford, is one of the principal manufacturers. Any person wishing to know more about this Little Giant will receive circulars and satisfactory information, by applying to our office, either personally or by letter.

Since writing the above we have conversed with another gentleman in regard to pea threshing. He says that he threshed peas completely with the Little Giant, without loss, and hardly a cracked one, by taking out the toothed concave, and putting in one without teeth.

Autumn Leaves.

Autumn leaves! Autumn leaves!
Coloring with tints the trees;
Covering them all with glory,
Telling unto all a story
Of the present and to-morrow,
As they flutter in the breeze—
Autumn leaves! Autumn leaves!

Autumn leaves! Autumn leaves!
Trembling, shaking, on the trees;
Unto all do lessons teach,
And in beauteous language preach
Truths which to our hearts should teach,
As they run their shortening lease—
Autumn leaves! Autumn leaves!

Autumn leaves! Autumn leaves!
Shivering, falling from the trees,
Having now fulfilled their part,
Gladdening all nature since the start,
Teaching, easing many a heart;
Claiming neither pay nor fees—
Autumn leaves! Autumn leaves!

Autumn leaves! Autumn leaves!
Leaving bare their parent trees;
Marks another circuit run:
Another course of seasons run
As we travel round the sun;
May we then the truths now seize,
Taught us by the Autumn leaves—
Autumn leaves! Autumn leaves!

Autumn leaves! Autumn leaves!
Striving—may we be like these!
And around a radiant east,
Holier, happier, than the past
When our Autumn's come at last,
Teaching lessons like the trees,
As they shed their Autumn leaves—
Autumn leaves! Autumn leaves!

A CONSTANT READER.

Fattening Hogs.

There is no time in the year when hogs will fatten so fast as now. Feed them on corn, stalks and all; so long as the corn is in the milk, the hog will chew every blade and the entire stalk. The weather is such that very little of the food is consumed to keep up animal heat, but all is used to produce flesh. Nearly one-half of all the food given to hogs during the fattening season is lost—utterly so. The following rules should be strictly observed in fattening hogs. First, have a pen for them sufficiently large for moderate exercise. Second, provide a good warm place for them to sleep on. Third, have a good clean floor to feed upon; never, on any account, throw their food into a muddy or filthy place. A muddy and filthy feeding place render the meat more or less strong and unwholesome food for man. Fourth, four bushels of corn fed now will produce more flesh than six will in December.

The fattening properties of the different grains, and the capacity of the breed to take on fat, to convert grain into the greatest amount of pork, have been experimented upon sufficiently to form established facts.

We find that corn, the best grain for fattening, will yield ten to twelve pounds of pork to

the bushel when fed in the ear. When it is ground, several pounds more are gained. When it is further, steamed or scalded, there is still greater increase, running the bushel of corn up to twenty pounds—double the amount of the same corn when fed in ear, much of which will then only be cracked and some pass whole. Grinding and steaming or scalding well will give nearly all the strength of the corn if not fed too plentifully or crowded in feeding. Fed regularly, and eat clean, and with easy and perfect digestion, this is the way to get the strength of corn. The manure is worth less. It may be expensive to steam food; scalded it can hardly be said to be so. There are also minor members of the family that can aid in this. There are few things more apt to be neglected however. We feed corn in the kernel, or ground. When ground we think we have done well; and so we have; but piggy will do better if the artificial heat is applied, preparing the food in advance for the stomach.

Whether it is cheaper and more profitable to fatten spring pigs, I believe is a point that may be considered established.

This makes the best and cheapest pork, especially the best till late in the season, say December or January. While the average of published experiments show that spring pigs much oftener exceed 300 pounds in 250 days than wintered hogs 450 pounds in 15 months. True, if the hog could be made to keep up the same average gain that is often secured on a pig the profit might be the same percentage on each. But as pigs from 8 to 9 months old are often made to weigh from 300 to 400 net, it is doubtful whether this average increase can be kept up as much longer. When pigs or hogs are fattened up to a certain point, it seems that they cannot be fed to good advantage any longer. They are the same as finished and may as well be killed.

A little consideration will make plain to most farmers that pigs that gain from one to one and a half pounds a day, and hogs that average one pound a day, are profitable, when fed to the best advantage. Still some will say it must take a great deal of grain or other feed to make such fat, heavy hogs and pigs. But it has been shown by the most careful experiments that a bushel of good corn, when fed in the ear to good hogs, will average 10 pounds of pork, and has made from 12 to 15 pounds when ground or cooked; has averaged 15 pounds; and when ground and cooked, or scalded, made two or three pounds more. Nathan G. Morgan, of Union Springs, N. Y., who "keeps accurate account of all his operations," has found that "one bushel of corn thus prepared (that is, ground and the meal scalded), after deducting ten per cent toll for grinding, and having only 54 pounds for the bushel, will give twenty pounds of pork, or at the rate of 2 1/2 pounds of corn for each pound of pork. When pork is five cents a pound, he obtains at the rate of \$1 per bushel for his corn." It is true that this is one of the most favorable results of feeding hogs ever published. But the above averages are sufficiently favorable, though it would be impossible now to find room for even a small share of the published experiments that prove or sustain them.—American Stock Journal.

Cultivator Swindle.

We see by the *Sarnia Observer* of July 1st, 1870, that one File brought action against Andrew Wilson, of the Township Guelph, to recover a note for \$150. Mr. Wilson, thanks to the new law of evidence, was enabled to tell his own story as to the swindle, and proved the fraud clearly. Mr. Hoyt was not est, of course, and dare not show his roguish face in Canada, or he would soon be in quod. Mr. File was so candid as to say he bought a batch of the notes about two weeks before their maturity, at a liberal discount. When asked how much money he paid he declined to answer. The jury, after a short absence from court, rendered a verdict against him, and for Mr. Wilson. Two other actions were also brought at the same court against a couple of prosperous and intelligent farmers in Guelph Township, but the fate of the suit against Wilson decided the mind of Mr. File, who did not care to face the music, and withdrew the record from court. This law ought to extend to the London and Sarnia courts.

WHAT BROUGHT HIM TO PRISON.—The following conversation between a colored prisoner and a temperance lecturer who was in search of facts to fortify his position and illustrate his subject, explains himself:—"What brought you to prison, my colored friend?" "Two constables, sah." "Yes, but I mean had intemperance anything to do with it?" "Yes, sah; dey wuz boff uv 'em drunk."

Prize List for 1870.

HORSES.—CLASS 1.—BLOOD HORSES.

Judges.—George Anderson, Radnorville; John Peters, London; and Wm. Carrick, Oban. Best thorough-bred stallion, four years old and upwards, Dr. Morton, Bradford; 2nd do, Charles Payne, Reach. Best 2 years old stallion, James Lawrence, Bradford. Best yearling colt, John Shedden, Toronto; 2nd, Nelson Yates, Scarborough. Best thorough-bred stallion of any age, Dr. Morton, Bradford, diploma. Best mare and foal, or satisfactory evidence that a foal has been raised this season, John Shedden, Toronto; 2nd, George D. Morton, Bradford; 3rd, Nelson Yates, Scarborough.

CLASS 2.—ROAD OR CARRIAGE HORSES.

Judges.—James Silver, Queensville; Chas. Roe, Prescott; John Henderson, Plainsville; J H Crawford, Drummondville; and Charles Girvin, Nile. Best roadster or carriage stallion, 4 years old and upwards, E W Orr, Georgetown; 2nd, Robt Thornburn, Oneida; 3rd, Tench and Ellis, Drummondville. Best do, 3 years old, John Pellow, Hibbert; 2nd, Simon Beattie, Compton; 3rd, J S Lawson, Gore of Toronto. Best do, 2 years old, George Richardson, Vaughan; 2nd, James Good, Reach; 3rd, Jas Barbour, Vaughan. Best yearling colt, Simon Shunk, Vaughan; 2nd, Isaac Carruthers, Etobicoke; 3rd, M Jarrett, Vaughan. Best stallion of any age, E W Orr, Georgetown, diploma. Best French Canadian Stallion, Rich Wells, Aurora; 2nd, Adam Bowman, Nelson; 3rd, Richard Sylvester, Scarborough. Best 3 years old roadster or carriage filly, Wm Dryden, Galt; 2nd, D Campbell, Martin; 3rd, James Laurie, Scarborough. Best 2 years old filly, D Campbell, Bradford; 2nd, W P Telford, Pilkington; 3rd, Thomas Armstrong, Vaughan. Best yearling filly, M Harrison, Cooksville; 2nd, Wm Wilson, Etobicoke. Best brood mare and foal, or evidence of having raised a foal, J S Preston, Esquesing; 2nd, Thos Armstrong, Vaughan; 3rd, Birrell & Johnstone, Pickering. Best pair of matched carriage horses (geldings or mares), 16 hands and over, J B Carpenter, Pickering; 2nd, E D Morton, Barrie; 3rd, Glover Bennett, Cobourg. Best pair matched driving or roadster horses (geldings or mares), under 16 hands, John Darrow, Hamilton; 2nd, J Tilman, Barton; 3rd, G J Baker, Oakville. Best single carriage horse (gelding or mare), Andrew Smith, V S, Toronto; 2nd, M Porter, Bowmanville; 3rd, Dr Morton, Bradford. Extras—Patrick Durham, 1st prize; S A Arthurs, 2nd prize.

CLASS 3.—AGRICULTURAL HORSES.

Judges.—Henry Snider, Bloomingdale; T Rutley, Chatham; John McNaughton, Lancaster; and Alex McLennan, River Raisin. Best stallion for agricultural purposes, 4 years old and upwards, James Coulter, Brampton; 2nd, John Dixon, Weston; 3rd, Joseph Leharan, Markham. Best 3 years old stallion, James Donagh, Colborne; 2nd, Matthew Hall, Oneida; 3rd, J H R Hunter, Pilkington. Best 2 years old stallion, Snider and Edmondson, Brantford; 2nd, Wm Blanchard, Toronto Township; 3rd, Joseph Smith, Etobicoke. Best yearling colt, Horace Moulton, Clarke; 2nd, Birrell and Johnston, Pickering; 3rd, D McConnachie, Clarke. Best stallion, any age, James Coulter, Brampton, diploma. Best 3 years old filly, Wm Guillet, Etobicoke; 2nd, G S Shaw, Darlington; 3rd, Mich Brown, Vaughan. Best 2 years old filly, Robt Myers, Ephrasia; 2nd, John Reading, Guelph; 3rd, Robert Armstrong, Markham. Best yearling filly, James McDonagh, Colborne; 2nd, W A Forfar, Scarborough; 3rd, Silas Inch, Whitby. Best brood mare and foal, or evidence that a foal has been raised, Simon Shunk, Vaughan; 2nd, Henry Mason, Scarborough; 3rd, Neal Taylor, Bowmanville. Best span matched farm team (geldings or mares, in harness), Chas Lamb, Walpole; 2nd, Simon Shunk, Vaughan; 3rd, Hugh Clark, Scarborough.

CLASS 4.—HEAVY DRAUGHT HORSES.

Judges.—John Hunter, Goderich; David Laurence, Brampton; Roger Crayler, Simcoe; Paul Laffer, Waterford; Robt Currie, Niagara; and J McKelloam, Toronto.

Best heavy draught stallion, 4 years old and upwards, John Kemp, Weston; 2nd, Chas J Buckland, Guelph; 3rd, Robt Ferris, Richmond Hill.

Best 3 years old stallion, Chas Mason, Tuckersmith; 2nd, James Laurie, Scarborough; 3rd, do, do. Best 2 years old stallion, Robt Ferris, Richmond Hill; 2nd, Robt Beattie, Compton; 3rd, James Beith, Clarke. Best yearling colt, Wm Long, Todmorden; 2nd, John Cox, Markham; 3rd, Robt Cheyne, Brampton. Best draught stallion, any age, Robt Ferris, Richmond Hill, diploma. Best 3 years old filly, Charles Pilkey, Pickering; 2nd, Joseph Moffatt, Reach; 3rd, John Grey, Downie. Best 2 years old filly, J J Davidson, Pickering; 2nd, Robt Beith, Darlington; 3rd, Neal Taylor, Bowmanville. Best yearling filly, Wm Jeffery, Whitby; 2nd, James Bogue, Ravenshoe. Best brood mare and foal, or evidence that a foal has been raised, J J Davidson, Pickering; 2nd, Duncan McConnachie, Clark; 3rd, Walter Hutchinson, Toronto Gore. Best span of draught horses (geldings or mares), Simon Beattie, Compton; 2nd, G Miller, Markham; 3rd, Hendrie & Co, Toronto. For pair of carriage horses, under 16 hands, the prize was awarded to Mr W Jenkins, Bradford, and not to Mr Darrow, of Hamilton, as reported.

CATTLE.—CLASS 5.—DURHAMS.

Judges.—James Archibald, Ivanhoe; James Miller, Spencerville; Geo Hyde, Shakspeare; Matthew Jones, Bowmanville; George Sprout, Seaforth; and John Dew, Yorkville. Best bull, 4 years old and upwards, John Miller, Pickering; 2nd, John Snell, Edmonton; 3rd, J & W Thompson, Nepean. Best 3 years old bull, John Bellwood, Newcastle; 2nd, John Porter, Vaughan; 3rd, Rich Brown, Clarke. Best 2 years old bull, John Miller, Pickering; 2nd, Birrell & Johnstone, Pickering; 3rd, F W Stone, Guelph. Best one year old bull, John Miller, Pickering; 2nd, Rich Cameron, North Dumfries; 3rd, John Miller, Pickering. Best bull calf, under one year, F W Stone, Guelph; 2nd, J & R Hunter, Pilkington; 3rd, John Snell, Edmonton. Best bull of any age, John Miller, Pickering, diploma. Best cow, John Miller, Pickering; 2nd, do, do; 3rd, do, do. Best 3 years old cow, John Snell, Edmonton; 2nd, F W Stone, Guelph; 3rd, J & R Hunter, Pilkington. Best two years old heifer, J S Thompson, Whitby; 2nd, John Snell, Edmonton; 3rd, F W Stone, Guelph. Best one year old heifer, J S Thompson, Whitby; 2nd, do, do; 3rd, John M Bell, Pickering. Best heifer calf under one year, J & R Hunter, Pilkington; 2nd, John Snell, Edmonton; 3rd, John M Bell, Pickering. Best herd of Durham Cattle, consisting of one bull and five females of any ages, John Miller, Brougham.

CLASS 6.—DEVONS.

Judges.—James Smith, Wellington Square; Edward Jones, Stamford; Thos Donald, Mandamin; and Jacob Young, York. Best bull, 4 years old and upwards, George Rudd, Puslinch; 2nd, John Moore, Etobicoke; 3rd, Peter Roe, Collingwood. Best 3 years old bull, Rich Foley, Darlington; 2nd, W & L Curtis, Darlington; 3rd, Nathan Choate, Hope. Best 2 years old bull, F W Stone, Guelph; 2nd, R C McCollum, Campbell's Cross; 3rd, R D Foley, Darlington. Best bull calf, under one year, Rich Foley, Darlington; 2nd, Nathan Choate, Hope; 3rd, do, do. Best bull of any age, Rich Foley, Darlington, diploma. Best cow, Geo G Mann, Bowmanville; 2nd, Geo Rudd, Puslinch; 3rd, W & L Courtice, Darlington. Best 3 years old cow, Geo G Mann, Bowmanville; 2nd, H H Spencer, Whitby; 3rd, T Grey, Oshawa. Best 2 years old heifer, Geo Rudd, Puslinch; 2nd, H H Spencer, Whitby; 3rd, Nathan Choate, Hope. Best one year old heifer, Nathan Choate, Hope; 2nd, Rich Foley, Darlington; 3rd, Geo Rudd, Puslinch. Best heifer calf, under one year, Richard Foley, Darlington; 2nd, W & L Courtice, Darlington; 3rd, Geo Rudd, Puslinch.

Best herd of devons, consisting of one bull and five females of any age or ages, A Choate, Hope.

CLASS 7.—HEREFORDS.

Judges.—Sandford Howard, Lansing; Joseph Garner, Fenwick; and James Laidlaw, Guelph. Best 3 years old bull, F W Stone, Guelph. Best 2 years old bull, do do. Best bull calf under one year, George Hood, Guelph; 2nd, F W Stone, Guelph; 3rd, do, do. Best Hereford bull, any age, F W Stone, Guelph. Best cow, F W Stone, Guelph; 2nd, do, do; 3rd, do, do. Best 3 years old cow, F W Stone, Guelph. Best 2 years old heifer, do do. Best 1 year old heifer, do do. Best heifer calf, under one year, F W Stone, Guelph. Best herd of Hereford cattle, consisting of one bull and five females, of any age or ages, F W Stone, Guelph.

CLASS 8.—AYRSHIRES.

Judges.—Wm Young, Carlow; John Adams, Edwardsburg; W Hay, Maryboro; and W Wares, Odessa. Best bull, 4 years old and upwards, James Laurie, Scarborough. Best 3 years old bull, Thomas Gay, Oshawa; 2nd, J P Wheeler, Scarborough; 3rd, W H Wallbridge, Belleville. Best 2 years old bull, Thomas Thompson, Williamsburg; 2nd, J P Wheeler, Scarborough; 3rd, Thos Patterson, Scarborough. Best one year old bull, Thomas Thompson, Williamsburg; 2nd, do, do; 3rd, Thomas Guy, Oshawa. Best calf, under one year, James Laurie, Scarborough; 2nd, W H Wallbridge, Belleville; 3rd, Thos Guy, Oshawa. Best bull calf of any age, Jas Laurie, Scarborough, diploma. Best cow, Thos Thompson, Williamsburg; 2nd, J P Wheeler, Scarborough; 3rd, do, do. Best 3 years old cow, J P Wheeler, Scarborough; 2nd, Jas Laurie, Scarborough; 3rd, Thos Thompson, Williamsburg. Best 2 years old heifer, Thos Thompson, Williamsburg; 2nd, do, do; 3rd, J P Wheeler, Scarborough. Best one year old heifer, Jas Laurie, Scarborough; 2nd, J P Wheeler, Scarborough; 3rd, T Thompson, Williamsburg. Best heifer calf, under one year, J P Wheeler, Scarborough; 2nd, Thos Gay, Oshawa; 3rd, James Laurie, Scarborough. Best herd of Ayrshire cattle, consisting of one bull and five females, of any age or ages, J P Wheeler, Scarborough.

CLASS 9.—GALLOWAYS.

Judges.—John Dorland, Adolphustown; W H Peterson, Hawksville; W R Havener, Homer; and John Milton, Rozel. Best bull, 4 years old and upwards, Arthur McNeil, Vaughan; 2nd, Wm Hood, Guelph; 3rd, Thos McCrae, Guelph. Best 2 years old bull, Thos McCrae, Guelph. Best 1 year old bull, Arth McNeil, Vaughan; 2nd, Wm Hood, Guelph. Best bull calf, under one year, Wm Hood, Guelph; 2nd, Joseph Charlton, Duncrief; 3rd, Wm Hood, Guelph. Best bull of any age, Arthur McNeil, Vaughan, diploma. Best cow, Wm Hood, Guelph; 2nd, do, do; 3rd, Arthur McNeil, Vaughan. Best 3 years old cow, Wm Hood, Guelph; 2nd, Arthur McNeil, Vaughan; 3rd, Thomas McCrae, Guelph. Best 2 years old heifer, Thomas McCrae, Guelph; 2nd, Wm Hood, Guelph; 3rd, do, do. Best one year old heifer, Arthur McNeil, Vaughan; 2nd, Wm Hood, Guelph. Best heifer, under one year, Thomas McCrae, Guelph; 2nd, Wm Hood, Guelph; 3rd, Thos McCrae, Guelph. Best herd of Galloways, consisting of one bull and five females, of any age or ages, Wm Hood, Guelph.

CLASS 10.—GRADE CATTLE.

Judges.—John Froth, Addison; Henry Wade, Port Hope; and Rich Manning, Exeter. Best grade cow, John Miller, Pickering; 2nd, J & W Thompson, Nepean; 3rd, Hemlock Young, Guelph. Best 2 years old cow, Joseph S. Thompson, Whitby; 2nd, do, do; 3rd, do, do. Best 2 years old heifer, John Millar, Pickering; 2nd, Joseph S Thompson, Whitby; 3rd, Hemlock Young, Guelph. Best 1 year old heifer, John Millar, Pickering; 2nd, George Millar, Markham; 3rd, J S Thompson, Whitby. Best heifer calf, under one year, John Millar, Pickering; 2nd, Geo Millar, York; 3rd, Samuel Barber, Guelph.

CLASS 11.—FAT AND WORKING CATTLE—ANY BREED.

Judges.—John Carter, Unionville; D D McPhee, Alexandria; Philip Armstrong, Yorkville; and H J Brown, Niagara. Best fat ox or steer, 3 years old and over, James Vine, Grantham; 2nd, J S Armstrong, Eramosa. Best fat steer, under 3 years old, Geo Hood, Guelph. Best fat cow or heifer, three years old and over, Alex Watt, Nichol; 2nd, do, do. Best fat cow or heifer, under 3 years old, Hemlock Young, Guelph. Best voke of working oxen, Archibald Speers, Norval. Best voke three year old working steers, A Speers, Norval; 2nd, do, do.

SHEEP, LONG-WOOLED—CLASS 12.—COTSWOLDS.

Judges.—Richard Rennelson, Guelph; Jas Craig, Derwent; F N Nellis, York; David Messenger, Cooksville; and Matthew Walton, Peterboro'. Best ram, two shears and over, James S Smith, McGillivray; 2nd, John Millar, Pickering; 3rd, James Russell, Markham. Best shearing ram, F W Stone, Guelph; 2nd, do, do; 3rd, John Snell, Edmonton. Best ram lamb, John Millar, Brougham; 2nd, James Russell, Markham; 3rd, do, do; 4th, do, do. Best 2 ewes, 3 shears and over, George Mitchell, Darlington; 2nd, do, do; 3rd, F W Stone, Guelph. Best 2 shearing ewes, John Millar, Pickering; 2nd, John Snell, Edmonton; 3rd, John Millar, Pickering. Best 2 ewe lambs, F W Stone, Guelph; 2nd, John Snell, Edmonton; 3rd, F W Stone, Guelph; 4th, Jas Russell, Markham. Extras—W H Wallbridge, Belleville, imported Lincolnshire ewes, 1st and 2nd prizes. CLASS 13.—THE PRINCE OF WALES' PRIZE. Judges—Same as of Cotswold and Leicesters. Best lot of Leicester sheep, consisting of one ram, one shear and over; one ram lamb; 3 ewes, two shears and over; 3 shearing ewes; 3 ewe lambs. Prize presented by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; John Snell, Edmonton (four out of five), \$60.

CLASS 14.—LEICESTERS.

Judges.—C A Jordison, Stirling; Alexander Broadfoot, Edmondville; Robt Shearer, Niagara; Wm Clark, Rondeau; Robert Kirby, Guelph; and J H Reid, New Brunswick. Best ram, 2 shears and over, Rich Leam, London Township; 2nd, John Snell, Edmonton; 3rd, Hugh Love, sen., Hay. Best shearing ram, John Snell, Edmonton; 2nd, Adam Oliver, Downie; 3rd, Thos Clarke, North Dumfries. Best ram lamb, Thos Teasdale, Chinguaconsy; 2nd, John Snell, Edmonton; 3rd, Thos Russell, Markham; 4th, do, do. Best 2 ewes, two shears and over, J Snell, Edmonton; 2nd, Chris Walker, London; 3rd, Adam Oliver, Downie. Best 2 shearing ewes, W H Wallbridge, Belleville; 2nd, John Snell, Edmonton; 3rd, Chris Walker, London. Best 2 ewe lambs, Chris Walker, London; 2nd, John Snell, Edmonton; 3rd, Chris Walker, London; 4th, Adam Oliver, Downie.

SHEEP—MEDIUM WOOLED—CLASS 15.—SOUTH DOWNS.

Judges.—J W Overholt, Marshville; George Jones, West Flamboro'; Wm Patterson, Shakspeare; Thos Russell, Charing Cross; and J R Wheeler, Woburn. Best ram, two shears and over, F W Stone, Guelph; 2nd, Donald Fraser, Earnestown; 3rd, Wm Forfar, Agincourt. Best shearing ram, R Kennelson, Galt; 2nd, H H Spencer, Whitby; 3rd, Wm Forfar, Agincourt. Best ram lamb, H H Spencer, Whitby; 2nd, do, do; 3rd, F W Stone, Guelph. Best 2 ewes, two shears and over, F W Stone, Guelph; 2nd, do, do; 3rd, Wm Forfar, Agincourt. Best two shearing ewes, Wm Forfar, Agincourt; 2nd, do, do; 3rd, do, do. Best two ewe lambs, F W Stone, Guelph; 2nd, James Anderson, Guelph; 3rd, do, do. CLASS 16.—SHROPSHIRE, HAMPSHIRE, AND OXFORDSHIRE DOWNS. Judges.—James H Bessy, St Catharines; James Maxwell, Paris; Patrick Carroll, Goderich. Best ram, 2 shears and over, H H Spencer, Whitby. Best shearing lamb, H H Spencer, Whitby. Best ram lamb, do do.

matter is still in the Court of Chancery, and will soon be disposed of. I may say that we have ample security for the whole amount not in dispute, and also, that since the security was given, it is estimated that the property held has advanced in value not less than 25 per cent. Fault has been found with our management. Now, gentlemen, we have no claim to infallibility; it is human to err; but we claim that whatever errors may have occurred, they are those of judgment, not of intention. We point with pride and satisfaction to the present Exhibition as incontrovertible evidence of the good which has been accomplished through the instrumentality of the Agricultural and Arts Association and its branches throughout the Province. It has been suggested that the management of the Association would be better in the hands of Government, for the time being. My belief is exactly the opposite. In the first place, it is not the business of the Government to engage in such matters; it is the business of the farmers and mechanics of the Province of Ontario, and theirs only. No other men can come and manage it so well as they can, at least, manage it to their own satisfaction. Our experience of such matters in the past does not justify the abandonment of the management of this Institution. Since the formation of a Bureau of Agriculture in 1850, has there been in any one instance a farmer placed at the head of it? Except in two or three instances, gentlemen of the long robe have occupied the position. What would the Attorney-General for the time being have said had we proposed to place the Crown Law Department in the hands of a farmer? Yet we have permitted a position, which, if it be of any importance at all to us, to be regularly occupied by men who were ignorant of agricultural pursuits, and of what the agricultural interests of the country demanded. And why has this been the case? Simply because the political necessities of the party in power for the time being must be met. And so it would be were the Association to be managed by Government. It would be made a political machine whose character and complexion would change with the party holding the reins of government, whatever that might be. It is insulting to the farmers and mechanics of Ontario to tell them that they cannot manage their own business. If the council of the Association, now or at any future time, are in your opinion not doing their duty, send other men to represent you. This can easily be accomplished; but do not permit the influence of our Association to be ruined, and eventually its existence to be destroyed, by alliance with this or that political party. In the management of this institution, we have steadily abjured politics; if we had not done so, we would never have accomplished anything. This is common ground, on which we can all meet; and it is refreshing to have such a rendezvous. Let us say to every political meddler, no matter who he may be, "This is sacred ground." I have felt it to be my duty to make these observations, from certain ominous hints which I have heard, so that you may be prepared for the emergency should it arise. Should these be mere rumours without any foundation, then the warning can do no harm. We admit to the fullest extent the right and duty of the Government to require the strictest account; but it complete vassalage be the terms on which we are to have our annual grant, then we shall say to the Government:—"Keep it we can sustain our association ourselves." And, after all, whose money is given to aid in its sustenance but mainly the money of the farmers and mechanics of Ontario? And if they choose to have a portion of their own money devoted to the development of the two great arms of the productive power of the country, who may complain? Great as has been the benefit resulting from our Agricultural Societies in all parts of the country, we have much work yet to do. So long as there is waste land to be reclaimed, or any portion of the country badly farmed, or there are neighbourhoods with poor, ill-provided stock—and how many such there are? we shall still have an unaccomplished mission. Besides, we need constantly the stimulus to continued improvement which these exhibitions afford; and we are all apt to have high notions of our doings and attainments. Contact with others at these exhibitions will have the effect of modifying them. Then we must not flag in our progress; we must aspire to higher attainments. Love to our profession, and just views of its dignity and importance, are the basis of progress and success. The love of farming which prevails in many of the rural districts of France and Germany is due to the many agricultural schools and colleges which flourish there. Country life has real and substantial charms. There is in it a

peacefulness and calm contentment which is welcome to every well-regulated mind.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

My dear Mr. Weld,—In your issue for October, I find two articles called "Clusters," from the pen of Mr. James Lawson. In the first article, on "Charity," Mr. L. queries: "What does he know about it?" If he had asked himself the same question before writing about school-teaching, and answered himself by the one word "nothing," the many readers of the Farmer's Advocate would have been better off than they were after reading his article.

I think Mr. L. must be an old bachelor, or else one of the many who have tried to teach, and can't, and so don't like it.

No parent with the slightest natural, even a *small* love and affection for his children, could say that the teacher who, for so many hours of each day, must exert so powerful an influence over the minds and habits of his charge, "should have no conscience?" My dear sir, I have been a school-teacher for five years in this country, and did health permit should be teaching yet; and I do say that some of the happiest hours of my life have been spent in my school-room. I loved my work—and there lies the secret of every teacher's success or failure. My pupils loved me, and I them; and if a teacher cannot gain the affections of his charge, and rule by love rather than fear, he or she ought to be packed off to some other business, in which impatience and unguarded temper can do less harm. It is wrong and absurd to say that "the more conscientious he is in the discharge of his duty, the more blame will be heaped upon him." It is not true. If a teacher conscientiously discharges his duties, the children under his care will progress in their studies and in the formation of good habits, and the parents will be as a rule satisfied and pleased with their progress. If he does not do his duty, and the children do not get on, the parents will of course complain, as they have a right to do. There are some who have a chronic habit of complaining, but these seldom know what they do want, and with a little tact and forbearance on the part of the teachers, can be made to see things rightly at last. I once had an old farmer come to my room to tell me he didn't believe I taught multiplication tables right, "cause Sary Ann had got so fond o' learning it!" But when I invited him to stay and listen, and called up a class of over thirty for tables and mental arithmetic, he remained a delighted spectator till the close of the lesson. On leaving, he declared, "Well, that beats all; why, they enjoys it like supper; I'll say no more agin yer tables;" and has been a staunch friend to me ever since. And when in another instance, during a short fit of sickness, the mother of one of "my boys" came to me with a message from "husband," to the effect that "if there's anything on the farm, ma'am, or in the house as you'd fancy, husband and I as you shall have it for all you've done to John, and what a good boy he is now as used to be so stubborn," &c., &c.—did not I feel abundantly repaid for all I had "done for John," and which, after all, if they had seen it in that light, was only my duty, and perhaps at some times barely that.

Hundreds of faithful teachers could each bring forth numerous similar instances. The faithful teacher must and will gain not only the love of his pupils, but the respect and affection of their parents and friends, and be an ever welcome guest at each table and fireside. But we who him who carelessly and with impatient temper unsubdued, shall take upon himself the task of teaching and training these little ones—the future men and women of our land: immortal souls to be prepared for a future world.

I have written at greater length than I intended, but it seems to me so wrong that matters of such import should be thus partially and improperly treated, that I could not refrain from giving the other side of the picture.

I am, yours truly,
Hull, P. Q., Oct., 1870. P. A. S.

The Teacher's Office.

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones."—Matt. 18, 10.

Desirest thou a teacher's work? ask wisdom from above;
It is a work of toil and care, of patience and of love.

Ask for an understanding heart to rule in Godly fear
The feeble flock of which the Lord hath made thee overseer.

Alas! thou surely mayst expect some evils to endure,
E'en children's faults are hard to bear, and harder still to cure.
They may be wilful, proud, perverse, in temper unsubdued;
In mind obtuse and ignorant, in manners coarse and rude.

Thou mayst contend with sluggish minds till weary and depressed,
And trace the windings of deceit in many a youthful breast.
Yet, scorn them not, remember Him who loved His lambs to feed,

Who never quenched the smoking flax, nor broke the bruised reed;

Who, for the thankless and the vile, poured out His precious blood,
Who makes His sun to rise upon the evil and the good.

The love of God extends to all the works His hand has framed;
He would not that the meekest child should perish unclaimed.

Pray that His holy Spirit may thy selfish heart incline
To bear with all their waywardness as He has borne with thine.
If by example or by word thou leadest them to sin,
Thou perillest the precious souls that Jesus died to win.

If thou "from indolent neglect shouldst leave their minds unsovereign,
Or shouldst their evil passions rouse by yielding to thine own;
Shouldst thou intimidate the weak and thus destroy their peace,
Or drive the stubborn to rebel by harshness or caprice.

Shouldst thou their kindlier feelings chill by apathy or scorn,
'Twere good for them, and for thyself, that thou hadst ne'er been born.
But oh! what blessings may be thine when thou hast daily striven
To guide them in the narrow path that leadeth up to Heaven.

What joy to see their youthful feet in wisdom's ways remain!
To know that by the grace of God thy labor is not in vain;
To watch the dawn of perfect day in many a hopeful child!
To see the crooked mind grow straight, the rugged temper mild;

To mark the sinful habit checked, the stubborn will subdued!
The cold and selfish spirit warmed by love and gratitude;
To read in every sparkling eye a depth of love unknown!
To hear the voice of joy and health in every youthful tone.

If such the joys that now repay the teacher's work of love—
If such thy recompense on earth, what must it be above!
Oh! blessed are the faithful dead who die unto the Lord,
Sweet is the rest they find in Heaven, and great is their reward.

Their works performed in humble faith are all recorded there;
They see the travail of their souls, the answer to their prayer.
There may the teacher and the taught their glorious anthems raise,
And they who sow and they who reap unite in endless praise.

P. S.

Address on Dairy Farming.

Continued.

LIMITED AREA OF DAIRY TERRITORY.

It seems very plain to me that if the time has not already arrived, it is very fast approaching, when it will be necessary to use for the purposes of the dairy all the territory that is available. Considering the vast area of our country, the proportion of land that is suitable for dairy purposes is circumscribed by rather narrow bounds. Not reckoning our newly acquired territory in the distant North-West, the States extend through nearly twenty-five degrees of latitude. In only about one-fifth of this extent, namely, between the fortieth and forty-fifth degrees, can commercial dairying be profitably carried on. It is true that this strip stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and it is also true that there is some mountain country south of the line I have spoken of that is available for this purpose; but it must be borne in mind that only a small part of this three hundred and fifty mile strip is adapted to dairy purposes.

Four great lakes, and numberless smaller ones, lie within it. There are swamps, morasses, low prairies, rugged mountains, and vast, arid, sandy plains. Much of it is destitute of springs and streams of living water; and some of it contains so much moisture as only to produce coarse, rank grasses, entirely unfit for the food of the dairy stock. Artificial springs may sometime afford water for portions that are now destitute of it; and artificial drains may render dry all that is now too wet; still, with these aids, the dairy country will be very small as compared with those portions that are only adapted to general farming and to stock-raising. West of the Mississippi there is probably no State or Territory that, in our day, at least, will do more than to supply her own people with butter and cheese. Oregon will in time, no doubt, become

a good dairy district; so, too, a few favored ranches in California, a small number of parks in Colorado, and some of the irrigated portions of Utah, will do something toward supplying a rapidly increasing population with the products of the dairy; but it is plain to my mind that these far westward regions instead of ever becoming rivals, will always be numbered among our best customers.

It requires a combination of a greater number of fortuitous circumstances to enable one to successfully carry on dairying, than is needed for any other branch of farm husbandry. The raiser of cotton, corn, and wheat requires but three things for success: good soil, suitable temperature, and sufficient moisture for about a hundred days in each year. Indeed, wheat, which has been designated as "the plant of civilization," will produce bountifully on a soil that is parched by drought for more than six of the twelve months in the year.

The dairyman, however, must be favored by nature all the year in other things than rainfall, to enable him to prosecute his business. It is not enough for him that he is located where he can raise cattle, else the Llanos of the Orinoco, the Pampas of the La Plata, and plains of the Rio Grande would be the dairy regions of America, and not the mountain sides of Vermont, the hill-slopes of New York, and the rolling prairies of Illinois. It is not sufficient that the soil is fertile, the climate genial, and the showers frequent; for then the Gulf States and not the Lake States would take the palm in the production of butter and cheese. Extremes in everything are unfavorable to the production of milk or to the manufacture of it into butter and cheese. The dairyman needs a good soil, but not one so rich as to produce a rank vegetation. He requires abundant rain; but it must come in frequent showers, and not in torrents that deluge the earth. Sunshine is needful for him, but not the glow of the tropical sun. Water courses must abound, but they must not be of the kind that overflow their banks to-day, and leave their channels dry to-morrow.

WILL THE BUSINESS OF DAIRYING BE OVERDONE?

This, it is true, is a question that no man who is not a prophet, or the son of one, will think to give an unqualified answer to; still there are very many cogent reasons why there is less danger of such an occurrence in dairying than in almost any other business besides.

I have already pointed to the limited area of the territory in all our vast domain, that is adapted to dairy purposes. It is, for the most part, in that portion of the country that is already taken up. We have much more unoccupied land over which the grain shall wave, the corn-leaves rustle, and the cotton bloom; we have leagues of now tenantless soil, in which the yan shall burrow; which the fragrant Indian-weed shall shade; and over whose flowery turf the bleating flocks shall stray. But in the new promised land, as in that elder one far away, the portion of soil designated by the great All-Father to flow with milk, if not with honey, is limited in its area, and its boundaries are so placed that no man can move them.

Supposing, then, that the whole country is to be inhabited by an agricultural people, it seems plain that the demand for dairy products will increase instead of diminish; since every new Mississippi planter, Texas herdsman, and Kansas shepherd, will be so many additional customers for the products of our cream-pots and cheese-vats. Every additional rice swamp, hemp-field, and sugar-cane plantation, are so many sure indications that more pans of milk must be set for cream, more curd must be tempered for the cheese-vat.

But our country is not all to be peopled by persons engaged in agriculture. The great copper and iron deposits beside the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior; the rich silver lodes along the rugged sides of the Sierra Nevada; the golden sands in the gulches of Colorado; the gilded quartz on the mountain sides of Montana; the veins of scarlet cinnabar on the peaks that overlook the Pacific, not to mention that dark but precious substance nearer home, to which we look, as to the sun, for our source of light and heat, will require for their working a greater number of miners than any country ever employed, or any nation ever knew.

Concluded next month.

SWEET CIDER.—To all lovers of this excellent and really healthy beverage, I have a piece of useful information to give. Cider, if taken when first made, brought to a boiling heat, and canned, will keep from year to year without any change of taste. Canned up in this way in the fall, it may be kept half a dozen years or longer, as good as when first made. It is better that the cider be settled and poured off from the dregs, and when brought to boiling heat the scum that gathers on the surface taken off; but the only precaution necessary to the preservation of the cider is the sealing of it up air-tight when boiling hot. Last fall my wife canned several gallons of cider in this way, and kept it perfectly pure and sweet until opened for use in the spring, so in making the above statement, "I speak what I do know."—*North-West Farmer.*

The Cattle Disease.

Bureau of Agriculture and Arts, Ontario,
Toronto, Sept. 13th, 1870.

Sir,—I am instructed by the Honorable the Commissioner of Agriculture, to enclose for your information the report of Prof. Smith on what has been designated the "Cattle Disease," which has so recently occasioned alarm among farmers in the western section of this Province.

The malady appears to have been diminishing since the commencement of cooler weather in those places where it first appeared; but several new cases have been just announced in the public press, as having occurred in the more central portions of Ontario.

I have, therefore, respectfully to request that you will, in the interests of the public, draw the attention of your readers to such editorial remarks as you may consider desirable to offer on the subject.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

GEO. BUCKLAND,
Secretary.

Editor of the Farmer's Advocate, London.

Bureau of Agriculture and Arts, Ontario,
Toronto, August 23, 1870.

Sir,—My attention having been called by reports in the public press of the appearance of what is represented as a new and serious type of disease, supposed to be contagious, among farm animals in various parts of the Province, I beg to request that you will investigate such cases as you can readily reach, with a view of ascertaining the cause or causes of the malady, and make such suggestions for arresting its progress as may appear in your judgment to be requisite and practicable.

Will you, therefore, have the goodness to take such measures for the attainment of this object as the case may seem to require, and to report the result of your investigations to my Department as early as possible.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN CARLING,
Commissioner.
Principal Smith, Ontario Veterinary College.

Veterinary College, Temperance Street,
Toronto, Sept. 3, 1870.

Honorable John Carling,
Commissioner of Agriculture, &c.

Sir,—In compliance with your request I have, during the past ten days, investigated a great many cases of what is called the "cattle disease," prevailing to a considerable extent throughout the Province. I have examined cases in the county of York, and in the neighborhood of St. Mary's and London, and in every instance, that came under my notice, the exciting cause of the irritation, I believe, is produced by the attacks of flies, that at this season torment both cattle and horses, and during the present season they have appeared in unprecedented numbers, and from their persistent attacks have inflicted an irritation and suffering more than common.

The symptoms are generally confined to the limbs, and the fore legs are usually first attacked, behind the fetlock and knee, and from the animal constantly stamping and kicking to relieve itself of these pests, the irritation is greatly increased, and frequently acute inflammatory action takes place, extending upwards along the absorbent vessels and terminating in the formation of abscesses, causing pain and difficulty in progression, and at the same time producing considerable constitutional derangement which occasionally may terminate fatally. These severe cases are usually a result of carelessness and neglect, or from the application of irritant and poisonous dressings injudiciously applied.

I am glad to be able to report that the great majority of cases, although very annoying to the animal, are not attended with any serious consequences, and the symptoms are so mild in their nature that all that is noticed is merely a slight excoriation of the skin of the parts already mentioned. The flies are found to be most numerous in low, wet pastures, and in districts where there has been an unusual fall of rain. There are many simple remedies, and readily procured, that will tend to allay the irritation, and also prevent the bite of the fly. As to the curative

treatment of cases where there is much inflammation, the parts affected should be carefully fomented with warm water, then dry thoroughly, and dress with carbolic acid lotion, in the proportion of one part of carbolic acid to sixteen parts of water; or an application of equal parts of tincture of benzoin, oil of tar, and linseed oil, to be daily applied. The affected animals should be kept in clean and somewhat darkened stables during the day.—In mild cases, dressing the parts daily with the last mentioned application will suffice, (without resorting to fomentations,) or washing the parts with carbolio acid soap, or the use of impure carbolic acid diluted with six parts of water to one of acid. The fly that has proved such a source of annoyance is somewhat similar in appearance to the common house fly, and is called the *stomoxys calcitrans*, described by Harris in his work on insects as follows: "The flies that abound in stables in August and September, and sometimes enter houses on the approach of rain, might be mistaken for house flies were it not for the severity of their bites, which are often felt through our clothing, and are generally followed by blood. Upon examination they will be found to differ essentially from house flies in their proboscis, which is very long and slender, and projects horizontally beyond the head; the bristles on their antennae are feathered above. Cattle suffer severely from the piercing bites of these flies, and horses are sometimes so much tormented by them, as to become entirely ungovernable in harness. This fly lays its eggs in dung, where its young are hatched, and pass through their transformations." In my investigations I have been materially assisted by Mr. Saunders, the well-known entomologist of London.

In conclusion, I have to state that I feel confident there is no great cause for alarm, and that the cold weather of autumn will soon put a stop to the attacks of this pestiferous fly.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
ANDREW SMITH.

From due respect to our authorities we insert the above in full, although we gave our notice, and suggested remedies to our readers last month. The garget in the cow's bags has done us more harm this year than the flies; but from a communication from another source we are not quite sure that we are out of danger yet.

Communications.**To Our Numerous Correspondents.**

Ladies and Gentlemen,—We cannot express ourselves in too strong terms for the honor you have done by forwarding such useful, valuable, and in many instances talented, communications. We feel confident that your writings will be appreciated by our numerous readers, and in fact we consider them the best part of our paper, as they express the various views of the real observing and thinking portion of the inhabitants of our country, and such expressions are of far more real value than the writings of some city attic talented writers, who may have a logical education, but do not really know the difference between a cow and a cabbage stalk. We most respectfully ask you to continue to forward us really useful and practical hints on any subject of importance or interest affecting agriculture in any way, or whereby our readers will be benefitted and instructed. To the really independent and unbiassed of our readers who have not yet forwarded us communications on any subject, many of you can add information that may be of advantage to others. Why should you keep that knowledge hid under a bushel? Many of you have sons and daughters that have to attend school for years. Give them instructions what to say if you do not like to write yourselves.

It will do them good to be the instruments of imparting information that will be of value to others. We again ask any one that may disagree with us in our views on different subjects to confute even our own writing if we are in error at any time, and who is free from error? We are quite willing to correct anything that we are satisfied is wrong, and to give a fair hearing to all that may favor us with their opinions, even should they differ with our own.

For the Farmer's Advocate.

Odds and Ends.

BY I. F. INCH.

Come boys and girls, let us gather around the fire this chilly October evening, and have a comfortable chat about farm affairs. How bright the fire burns; even poor pussy enjoys the warm hearth, by the way she is purring. What a pity that there are not fire-places in every farmhouse. Stoves are very well in the kitchen, but give me the old-fashioned open fireplace, with its great pile of cordwood, to talk by.

Now for our talk. The birds are mostly gone to their summer residences in the south, and the flowers have laid by their tiny summer dresses, not to be put on till spring comes again. Girls, I hope you have laid by your summer finery for warm, substantial clothing. Your prints and muslins should all be washed and dried well, then folded and packed away, without either being starched or ironed, as the starch helps to rot the fabric. If you have the summer clothing knocking about all winter they will be entirely ruined before spring, and then you will be at the expense of replacing them, or have to go shabbily dressed next summer.

The next thing to attend to is the rose-bushes and climbing shrubs. The honeysuckle should be tacked up nicely to the side of the porch. The clematis trimmed and fastened over the summer house; and the climbing rose bound to its trellis. If these are not attended to, you will have sorry looking gardens when the heavy snows melt away in the spring.

See that all the flower seeds are gathered and labeled, and the house plants secured from frost. Don't let this winter pass without having flowers in the windows.—If you have not a great supply of rare plants, some of the common garden flowers taken up in time, will continue to blossom the most of the winter. The portulacca, pansies, violets and mignonette, look very pretty in a flower pot.

A very pretty ornament can be made by placing a box about 3 feet long by 1 foot wide and six inches high, upon a stand before a window. On the box arrange a frame of glass so as to resemble a small glass house. In this you can plant ferns, mosses, blue violets and other wild wood flowers. Then sink a piece of broken looking glass amongst the moss and ferns, so as to resemble a tiny lake or pond.—With a little taste and ingenuity this can be made to look very pretty indeed.

Boys, while the girls are busy in the house and garden, let us see if there is not something for you to attend to in your spare moments. I think there are some windows need glazing afresh. The wind whistles treacherously round some of the panes. Half a pound of putty and a little work will keep out tons of cold air. The old house needs banking up a little.—The rats have been playing hide and seek all summer at our expense, and nearly undermined the house. A shovel and half an hour of time, with a little elbow strength—will soon remedy all that, and save yards upon yards of flannel for grandmother's rheumatism, next winter.

I hope there are no tools left out to be covered up by snow. If I mistake not, there is a hoe and shovel left out in the

potato field, and a fork in the wheat field. Bring them in, or "Old Father Winter" will bite them most unmercifully, if he gets the chance. There is one thing more to do yet. The cows must soon be tied in their stalls, so look to have the cattle ties all in order. If you don't you will have some refractory animal breaking loose, and killing some of his or her horned companions.

I declare, if we have not talked till ten o'clock, and mother's blowing out the light—so I must bid you all good night.

I. F. INCH.

For the Farmer's Advocate.

A Few Thoughts.

CLUSTER NO. III.

SLANDER.—Among the multitude of phases in which sin presents itself to us, I think it appears the most hideous when in the form of Slander. The blackest and most horrifying demon could have no name more appropriate than SLANDER. But although slander is the most contemptible of all detestable things, it has nevertheless a faculty for presenting itself in such an apparently courteous manner, and in such a modest guise, that it often gains admission and accomplishes its diabolical object,—where it never would be allowed to enter were its features sufficiently visible to be recognized as slander. Beware of slander. It is a great counterfeiter. It is one of the component parts of a great many compounds. Slander is about the best auxiliary the devil has in his employ; that is, it does him the greatest amount of service. And all who engage in the business of slandering others, may properly consider the devil their master, and themselves his servants. Their claim cannot be disputed.

Then don't ever slander any body. You don't want to be slandered yourself. If you do it you are a coward,—a sneaking coward. Don't say anything so bad about any body that you don't want them to hear it; but what you have to say, say fearlessly.—If we had more out-spokenness and truthfulness, and less deceitfulness and sneaking hypocrisy, our world would be a paradise to what it is.

Concluding Advice.—Shun slander and slanderers, for though they may assume the appearance of angels, they are in reality about on a par with their master, previously mentioned.

JAMES LAWSON.

CLUSTER NO. IV.

FLOWERS.—Where is the man or woman, boy or girl who does not love flowers? If you know such a person I would advise you to have nothing to do with him or her for anyone that can behold these innocent and fragrant beauties which our benevolent creator has so lavishly bestowed, with out some feeling of admiration and sense of gratitude to the giver, is, in my opinion, a very poor specimen of humanity. Shun such: for if they fail to see any beauty in these lovely objects, it must be that their minds—what little they have—are occupied with the very lowest and meanest order of things.

What more lovely than flowers? In what else is comprised such beauty, innocence and fragrance, as the man or woman of taste and refinement beholds in the beautiful flowers which mantle our earth? The most costly apparel cannot be compared to them. Our Saviour, when speaking of the lilies of the field, tells us that "even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

We may also learn many useful lessons from flowers. In many respects,—I don't say all,—they resemble ourselves. There is a great diversity among flowers; so there is among men and women. Those of the richest hues are not always the most fragrant. Another point of resemblance,—external beauty does not always denote real worth. Again,—most flowers are short-lived; so are we.

Even while we so much admire those gifts with which God has been pleased to deck our earth, let us not fail to love and adore our common Maker, who created both us and them. And when this world and its beauties are all passed away, may we each have an inheritance in that land where

"Everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

JAMES LAWSON,

Spaffordton, Frontenac Co., Ont.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

Letter from Kansas.

DEAR SIR,—I get the Advocate here, occasionally, which I am glad to have; in fact, anything containing British or Canadian news interests me. Since I wrote you last we have had rain, after three months of dry, hot, scorching weather.—Kansas is no higher now, in my estimation, than it was before. The papers cry it up, but it is all lies. I send you a Tribune; it is all Yankee Bosh. Why, we have no potatoes at Lawrence. You may get a few miserable things at \$1.50 per bushel; plums there are none; peaches quoted at 75 cents per bushel—why, you could not get them for less than \$5, except the windfalls, rotten and bruised up; cabbage none; turnips do. I have a few turnips and cabbages coming on, hilled up with manure and irrigated; they are looking fair. I find the people ignorant of the advantages of good pulverizing and manuring. I have a garden and paddock, in which I have displayed some English farming and gardening. Nurserymen come to see it, and wonder why I don't intend to stay in Kansas. Good heavens! I have not seen an implement with which to carry on the work if I was to remain. You cannot make them understand the use or necessity of having any thing but a pig's house to live in. And what do they eat? Corn dodgers, squashes, cucumbers, and a whole lot of rake-belly vengeance, which makes them look a narrow-gutted, shivering, half-starved set. They tell me I'll get the ague and diarrhoea if I eat beef. I tell them—"eat plenty of beef, and you will feel neither here." They are the meanest, God-forsaken, poverty-stricken hounds living. Why, I am surprised.—Where I used to live twenty years ago, in Pennsylvania, they were kings, and priests, and Christians; but from Kansas I say, deliver me, good Lord.

You will find the papers swallow every thing they can get hold of. Some coon takes an ear or two of corn into an office, a few grapes, or some bit of a thing grown in bottom land, or garden, and then there is a hue and cry. But wheat that I harvested and saw thrashed, from 3 to 7 bush. per acre, is all I know of. And yet if some gassing, soulless, Yankee bushwhacker had forty acres of wheat, at twenty bushels per acre, that goes in for a Township. If you work for a farmer he can't raise a dollar to pay you. Some men worth 200 acres of land cannot afford a bellyful of good, substantial food; and the worst of it is, no home grasses or clover will grow in Kansas—and the prairie grasses are two thirds weeds, and both beef and mutton rancid in taste, and butter half the time shocking. The soil is very deep. I saw a fellow the other day digging a well about sixty feet deep, and I did not see a stone large enough to knock out the brains of a flea. What it is adapted to grow to advantage I don't know, and nobody has as yet found out that I can see. I will now quit abusing Kansas. There is nothing pretty or enticing in it. I have had paper and Yankee Ink, and have written so little of late, that you will hardly make it out. However, I know you are sharp at it, and that is my apology.

I find some Yankees have visited Canada, and report that farming is well done by Scotch and English, but in a very ordinary way by native Canadians. I find this to be the case, too, with Chicago prairie Yankees. The heterogeneous farming community are the worst farmers living. I hate

their ways,—they are such conceited fools. You have had plenty of wet this season, and extra bad weather, but this happens at times everywhere. When I come to Canada, if it is no more alluring than Kansas, I will return to England. Down here there is nothing good to eat or drink, and if you have a dollar everybody wants it. Thieving and camp-meetings are very fashionable.

I deal pretty sharp with my clients. I am sorry to say that I have really lost my conscience and English decency, and am nearly as ravid now as my surroundings. I am never well a week together, have had lately bilious fever and griping dysentery. Am better now, but shrunk to nought; all the flesh is gone from my bones. When I came here I was 190 pounds, but now am only 160 pounds; quite the cut of a rattle belly, thieving, lying Yankee. But I am going to have fair play out of Kansas, however, and will turn it to tidy account ere I quit it. I shall have many things to tell you when we meet, and will be glad to hear from you as soon as possible. Let me know what is the difference between a Yankee dollar greenback, and a Canadian dollar bill. What about land with you; are there yet good farms to be got? You say that things are progressing steadily in your neighborhood. Glad to hear about you and yours. I will send you a paper occasionally, but your curiosity will soon cease in this I think. They are all full of hash and nonsense.

There are many Canadian and Northern State farmers here, who would gladly relinquish and go back to where they came from if they could. Finally, one word of disinterested advice to your agricultural readers. Should any contemplate coming this way, tell them to stay where they are, under any circumstances, or they will find when too late that it is a change for the worse, as the gentleman said when he received two bad shillings and a doubtful sixpence for a good half crown.

With all good wishes, yours truly,

SICK OF KANSAS.

P. S.—Two varieties to-day; beef, and a bellyful too.
Douglas Co., Kansas, Oct. 12, 1870.

English to the back bone. Belly first, belly last, belly everywhere. Send another letter.—Ed.

Coal Oil,—Cattle and Stumps.

MR. EDITOR.—My horses and cattle, like many others this season, have been badly afflicted with the fly. I made an application of coal oil to the parts most attacked, which stopped any repetition at once.

Seeing that stump extracting is exciting some interest just now, I will give you my method, which is to pour a little coal oil on the top surface of the stump, and fire it in two days after. I have done so with success, and would advise others to try.

I am, yours, &c.,

W. J. WATSON.

Devizes, Sept., 1870.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

Garget in Cows.

DEAR SIR,—Noticing in the October number of the Farmer's Advocate that you have had some trouble with your cows, with garget in the bag, and that you wish some of your readers would give you their experience, and the remedies for the same, I gladly avail myself of the opportunity to give you the result of my experience of this troublesome disease. During my practice of over twenty-five years, I have had a great many cases, but never experienced any difficulty in curing them; and if the information should be of any service to you or any of your readers who may have cows affected with garget, you are welcome to it. My treatment is as follows:—On discovering that the cow is affected with

garget, I take one ounce of best ground ginger and one ounce of caraway seeds, and scald them with a quart of hot water. When sufficiently cool, give the whole in one draft, with a drench horn. I generally find this quite sufficient to remove the disease with the addition of having the udder well bathed with hot water several times during the day, taking care to milk all the whey and curds out of the teats affected. With this treatment I generally find the cow well in one or two days. Should there be any costiveness administer a laxative.

Yours respectfully,

GEORGE SWINBURNE,

Veterinary Surgeon.

Montreal, October 10, 1870.

P. S.—I think your treatment, with the exception of the bathing with hot water, very absurd. G. S.

We thank our Montreal Veterinary for his useful and valuable communication,—and hope our readers may reap some benefit from it. We do not profess to be able ourselves to give the best treatment in such cases, but being always anxious to give such information as we possess, do so, and are glad when we are corrected and put right by practical men, as in the present instance. We ask for information on what we are ignorant of, and wish that more of those who are able to help us would take an example from Mr. Swinburne.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

Sommerville, Sept 13, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—Last Spring I and one of my neighbors got from you half a bushel of Harrison, one a-half pecks of Calico, and one peck of Early Rose Potatoes. Of those I got—Harrison 15 pounds, Calico 10 lbs, Early Rose 7½ pounds. They were shipped by you on the 5th of May, but we did not get them till the first of June. I planted them on the second of June, and have dug 12 bushels of the Harrison, 5 bushels of Calicos, and 5 bushels and 51 pounds of the Early Rose. My Harrisons and Calicos were killed by frost before they were full grown. The Early Rose, though not three months in the ground, were ripe. I consider they cannot be too highly recommended.

Yours truly,

SAMUEL SUDDABY.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

Oxford, Oct. 24, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—Seeing in your paper an article as interesting as it was important, respecting the growth of fences, and soliciting suggestions from any one who had experience in raising them, I must say I cordially agree with you that it is a question which ought to engross the attention of farmers much more than it does. Already we see fencing timber in some parts becoming so scarce that sawed timber is becoming generally resorted to; but in a few years that will become so high as to make a fence very expensive, without having a permanent one.

There are five kinds of hedges that have come under my experience:—The Osage Orange, Willow, Thorn, Privet and Buckthorn. The Osage Orange is a good fence in the climate of Southern Ohio and Illinois, but not hard enough in this country, as it gets killed down with the frost every year. The Willow is of quick and hardy growth, but cattle are too fond of browsing it. The Thorn is very long in coming to a fence, requiring eight years of cleanly culture, and very liable to be attacked by mice. The Privet enters into more of an ornamental than farming hedge. The Buckthorn is the only one that combines quickness of growth, hardness of nature, and impervious to the attacks of cattle, that has come under my notice. It has a thorn

growing to the length of three inches, and by being well clipped down, (which is too often neglected so as to get height,) will, in four or five years, produce a fence in height and strength sufficient to turp any cattle. The Willow fence hedge, by being carefully laid and staked by an experienced hand, may become a most useful fence; but whilst requiring much attention every year, could never be the same useful or ornamental fence as the Buckthorn.

I will not take up too much of your valuable space, but briefly give my culture of the Buckthorn. I bought the plants, and in planting cut them down to within two inches of the ground. Next year cut them down as low as I could so as not to cut off the undergrowth of the first year. Mulched them with chips, which kept them from requiring any cleaning afterwards. In five years it was much higher than beneficial for a division fence, and thick enough to resist anything. It produces its own seed, so that a farmer in a few years can produce plants sufficient to fence his whole farm.—I have no hesitation in giving it my most decided preference over the other fences I have mentioned, and the growth of which I have carefully watched. My method of raising plants was to drill the seed in rows twelve inches apart, in a fine seed-bed of loose rich loam, and in planting them for a fence next year, I set them in two rows, eight inches apart, and plants twelve inches apart, the first plant in the second row midway between the two in the first row, and so on. I think you cannot press too forcibly upon the farmers the necessity of waking up upon a question which is yearly becoming of more importance, as in many places fencing timber is entirely exhausted.

Yours truly,

OXFORD FARMER.

We have seen this Buckthorn spoken of by an Oxford Farmer, growing in the States and in Canada. When we attended the New York State Fair at Rochester, we saw a fence near the ground that was more to be admired than any other we had seen on this continent. It was of Buckthorn, and was growing by the road side, and it would turn poultry, hogs, cattle, horses, or even a drove of buffaloes. We have also seen it growing by the roadside at Mr. Leslie's nursery, near Toronto. We feel convinced that this plant is destined to become the main resource for fencing in this country. The demand for it throughout the States is such that nursery men can't meet it. It would be well for every farmer to have some growing upon his farm, which would be highly advantageous. We will endeavor to procure some seed, to supply to our subscribers next season.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

SIR,—Having attended the Hon. George Brown's sale, I cannot refrain from expressing my thorough disappointment with the whole affair. It appears clear to any man having an idea of Stock, that wherever or at whatever cost he purchased his breeding animals, he succeeded in raising only the worst class of stock from them, and has them in such mean condition as the commonest and poorest farmer might be ashamed of; without exception they made the poorest appearance of a stock sale that I ever saw. There was only one good thing in connection with them, and that was the pedigree, which the auctioneer gave from the book to each, but how far it agreed with the animal it is not for me to say. But in one instance the animal described in the pedigree as of a roan color, was turned out a very dark red. Some of the Durhams had black noses, which, in my opinion, is never to be found on a pure bred animal. I had a discussion with a friend who held the opposite, respecting this. But an employee of Mr. Brown's cleared the question by informing us that the dams of those calves had broken loose

from their pasture, got amongst other stock, and been served there.

Neither can I say anything more favorable for his Sheep or Pigs; they did not mend the matter, as to either quality or condition. I was all the more surprised to find so miserable a display, after having read the speech of the President recently, in which Mr. Brown's method of feeding was highly lauded, and held up to other farmers to copy. And as a Farmer Mr. Brown does not appear to be much more successful, as he has had to cut down 30 acres of barley, worth nothing; and had then 10 acres of English beans in blossom, which could not be of any use.

And this is the farmer whom the country delights to honor, and whom his friends are constantly advising the agriculturists to copy. The thing would be sickening, were it not so absurd. The same views which I have here expressed were largely shared in by those present, of which there were between 100 and 200 Americans, and four or five times that number of Canadians. I am, yours truly,

W. A. AYERST.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

Substitutes for Tiles.

On receiving the Advocate for October the first thing I remarked was the sensible letter of Mr. Hammond on ditching. I read the letter to Mr. Falconer, an experienced farmer, who quite agreed with Mr. Hammond's suggestions, and added a few facts which I think worth communicating to your readers. Mr. Falconer stated that he piped some drains on his farm in Fullerton fifteen years ago by one of the plans recommended by Mr. Hammond, viz., by taking out the middle of the bottom four inches wide, leaving a shoulder on each side to hold the edge of the slab or board. He used inch hemlock boards, and when he left his farm, four years ago, the drains were still in good order and doing good service. Another plan he had found very cheap and successful was to cut the drain, say, twelve or fifteen inches wide on top, and gradually sloping the sides to two inches wide in the bottom, leaving the drain in the shape of a narrow V; when put in a pole of sufficient size to catch the sides, say, five or six inches from the bottom, thus leaving a clear course for the water under the pole.

I am, sir, your obdt. servt.,

WM. D. MITCHELL.

Elma, October, 1870.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

Rodney, Oct. 15, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—For the last three years I have been experimenting with the new varieties of potatoes, and for the benefit of my brother agriculturists, I wish to state my success as well as profit in so doing.—In 1868 I purchased of you half a bushel of Early Goodrich, and raised 51 bushels, part of which I sold for \$40. In 1869 I got of you three bushels of Harrisons, finished planting on the 12th of June, and harvested 200 bushels, sold \$150 worth, and used the remainder. In the spring of last year I sent for and received three and a-half pounds of Early Rose, gave away one potato, planted the rest, and dug 8½ bushels, sold \$13 worth, and saved what was left for seed. Last spring I sent for and received two of Breese's Seedlings—one pound of each, King of the Earlies, or No. 4 and No. 6. The first, although planted in the same row, had not the same chance as the last, by a row of tomatoes growing along side the vines, which covered the hill and spoiled their growth.—Still, I had from the one pound a little over two bushels, and from the one pound of No. 6, I harvested five and a-half bushels.

For the truthfulness of the above statement I refer your readers to Messrs. D. A. Leitch and W. Pangburn, of this place.

Yours, &c.,

ISAAC FREEMAN,

Rodney,

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

Hay Fork Swindle.

Wisbeach, October 20, 1870.

SIR,—As I am one of the victims for a note of \$150, which must be paid by the 2nd Feb., 1871, I would gladly pay you for some reliable advice. Though I signed an agreement, I have never received any value. The note was sold to Mr. Mansom, broker, Strathroy, before I found out the swindle.

On the 2nd February, 1870, J. Morey and another man came and wanted to appoint me their sole agent for the Township of Warwick, to sell Morey's Patent Hay Fork. He promised to make me a present of one for a sample to sell by, with pulleys, tackle and grab hook complete, to be sent in a fortnight. He gave me an agreement, signed by the two—J. Morey, and J. Bailey, solicitor. When any were ordered, I was to write to him at his factory, at Windsor, or Spratt's, at Hamilton. He had a sample fork with him. The forks were to be furnished at \$2.50 each, the selling price to be \$12.50. In case a clear profit of \$300 was not made in the course of the year, due diligence having been exercised, he promised to alter his agreement, retaining one-half the profit on the number of forks actually sold. He allowed the seller \$5 on each fork sold. Should I fail to sell to the amount of \$300, the \$150 will not be exacted, but only for what I have sold. Morey required some security in return, and got me to sign his agreement in a book—not a note book—but a book headed "An Agreement," &c. When he left here he cut off the upper part, and sold the bottom for a note, after putting the stamps on. Please inform me how to act.

J. C. WILLIAMS.

Another farmer in the Township of Delaware, named Thomas Bignal, has been led into the erroneous step of signing a blank paper by one of the travelling hay fork swindlers, which paper has been followed up by a \$200 promissory note, on which he is threatened to be sued. We hope the judge and jury will throw out any technical quibbles that may arise, and make these note-shavers suffer. They no doubt often aid in ruining an honest man, by giving facilities to these unprincipled scoundrels of turning their notes to account, at such a discount as may well raise the query, which of the two are most to blame? It appears that were swindler No. 1 to remain in the country, and present his note for payment, that instead of he being the suer, the tables would turn, and he would be the sued. But No. 2 comes forward, having made a semi-purchase of the paper, and with impudent face pretends he bought the note in good faith. Can any man of common sense believe him? Instances are not rare where the purchaser of stolen goods has been found guilty of resetting, simply by the paltry sum he purchased them for. We should like to see the same test applied to some of our notorious shavers here. We do hope, now that companies of respectability are being established amongst us for lending money in a legitimate and principled manner, that those requiring it will for their own sake support them, until there shall not be footing in the Dominion for a single money-shaver. We do not think that any of those parties so swindled need pay the sums claimed, if properly defended.

To our readers we would say, that some of you may be called upon to sit on a jury on similar cases, and you have the power and judgment to act. Even suppose the judge may be inclined to favor the money-shaver, you need not act on it, but act on justice.

We are happy to inform the public that if these victims were subscribers to the FARMER'S ADVOCATE, they might have been guided by previous cautions given.

For the Farmer's Advocate.

My Race-course Experience.

The prettiest city in Canada is undoubtedly our own little London, generally called the "Forest City," from its being isolated from the lakes, and surrounded on all sides by a vast bush, which at one time formed the habitation of bears, wolves and the poor persecuted

red man. London is not the London of ten years ago by any means, as any residenter of that length of time can testify. It could not then boast, as at the present, of having over 15,000 of a population, two of the finest educational institutions in America, our renowned Sulphur Springs, a Lunatic Asylum, with numerous other public buildings of some account, and more than its share of manufactories. At the head of the latter may be classed the oil refineries, which, being confined pretty much to one section of the city, constitute almost a village of themselves—but not a pleasant locality in which to take up your residence. Of course use is everything, and those living in close proximity to the refineries—no doubt many against their will—soon become accustomed to the obnoxious smells.

But, as is always the case, "there is a black sheep in the flock," and London, like its sister cities and towns, is fully represented in this item. The biggest and most unproductive black sheep—productive of vagabonds only—is to be found about a mile east of the city limits, alongside the Great Western Railroad. This is (but I hate to be personal) the Newmarket Race Course.

Not being much of a sporting man myself, I had never once troubled my head about horse-racing; but having heard what glorious fun it was to see the horses running round the course at lightning speed, I determined to see "the elephant" for myself some day. Accordingly on Saturday, Oct. 1st, the second day of the last races, I resolved upon going, more especially as I had been complimented with a free ticket to the grounds. Making my way out on foot, as I had missed the train, I entered the enclosure and gazed somewhat curiously around me. The crowd was certainly a miscellaneous one in form and figure, but evenly matched in other respects. Here we find the nice young man, who parts his hair down the centre, wears a stove-pipe hat, gets his \$3 a week as clerk or copyist in a lawyer's office, wears cheap kid gloves and skin-tight pantaloons, and goes—just a little late—to church every Sunday. Of course he had his betting money as well as the next man.

Here we also have our merchants' sons, come out just to have a little sport and to lose a little money. There is also to be seen the scum of society, in the shape of rowdies of the worst type, blacklegs, pickpockets, and fellows who glory in black-eyes and variegated physiognomies. In fact, just before entering the grounds I met two charming countenances, so beautiful, indeed, as to be really attractive. They were the personal property of two "fight-ists," who had but a short time before been trying which of them was the best man, but how it was ultimately settled I did not find out. When I met them they seemed to be making quick time towards town, with the thought, perhaps, that they had seen enough of the "elephant" for one day, as their appearance indicated.

Among other specimens of race-course frequenters was one particularly worthy of note. It was an old man of about 65 years, wrinkled and emaciated, his toothless mouth filled with tobacco, his lips uttering more than their share of blasphemy, and worse than all—his eyes sightless! To see such an old creature as he, on the verge of the grave almost, bidding for the different horses at the pool-seller's stand, and betting with whom he could, a friend counting his money for him, is a sight that the most hardened cannot witness without a tinge of pity, mingled with disgust, for even they know that "there is a medium in everything," but this is going beyond it. Poor old sinner! little thinketh he, or even careth, of that world to come, that world without end, "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." Little does he know the moment when that never-failing messenger, Death, may lay its tight grip upon him, and bear him off to worlds unknown, "where the wicked cease from moaning, and the weary are at rest." But I am checked; I cannot say any more, for something whispers in mine ear, "Thou hypocrite, first cast the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye."

But to continue. Rolls of bills were in plenty; all had money, handfuls of it, ready to give it away, throw it away, or "bet" it away—anything to get rid of the stuff; at least, a person would judge so, from the careless manner in which the "tin" was handled. Some of course had pretty full pockets on their arrival at this scene of strife, and some when all was over went home or elsewhere with perhaps nothing in them pockets but a solitary hole! Poor fellows! were they not to be pitied?

The races, which were, unquestionably, exciting at times, I need not describe, as every-

body knows what a horse-race is, besides drawing unnecessarily on the space. It will suffice to say, however, that in the progress of a race, where the horses are gaining and losing by turns, and their riders laying on whip and spur to be first at the winning post, men will be so intent in gazing at the contest that they will forget everything else around them, and would not notice a hand being inserted into their pocket, and their purse or watch and chain quietly removed. Occurrences of this kind are frequent in these assemblies, and any man fool enough to run around exposing a roll of bills in his hand, and then thoughtlessly thrust them into an exposed pocket, with perhaps a pair of hungry eyes following his every movement, deserves to lose all. It is about as sensible as shutting a dog in a room with a piece of beef, and expecting to find the meat safe and sound an hour after.

But I should stop this criticism, as I made a bigger fool of myself, that day, than any one else on the grounds. In fact, I think I was shamefully bamboozled, right before my eyes, and I will endeavor to explain how.

A "simple, quiet, and harmless" little game, played with three cards, had attracted a group of its own. What this game is called, or whether it has a name or not, matters little—to me at least. I shall, however, do my best to describe, and make my readers understand how I and many others of the "uninitiated" had our eyes opened.

The game was simply this. The operator would lay three common playing cards on the table; for instance, a "diamond" and two "spades." In that case, two would be black, and the other red. He will then turn them face downwards, letting you first see the position of each, and, lifting them backward and forward over each other, or, shuffling them for a moment, he exclaims: "I bet \$5 to \$10 that no one can pick up the red card." The red was the winning card, thereby giving him two chances to your one; but they were displaced (or shuffled) so slowly that, once you knew the position of the red, which would be shown you before shuffling, you could nearly always follow it with your eye, and tell its position when they were left quiet.

This seemed very simple to me, as I found it no trouble to follow the red through half-a-dozen shuffles; and it also looked so simple to another "genius" (?) standing by, that he went so far as to lay a five-dollar bill on the table, and said that he was "just a-going to pick up the red card this time, for sartin!" He chose his card, and gave it a glance, expecting to find the red spots on it; but, mystery of mysteries, it was covered with black instead! He rubbed his eyes, and pinched himself, to see had he been dreaming. But no, he was wide awake, and—minus five dollars. He thought he had lost enough, I presume, and left the table, looking vexed and vicious enough to strike someone.

I stayed watching the proceedings, as it was an interesting game, when, in a few moments after his loss, our unlucky friend once more made his appearance. During his absence he had got another "V," and was back to either lose this too, or get what he had lost. The "card man" was perfectly willing that the poor hopeful should win back his lost money, and more, too, if he wanted it; and, after the cards being once more shuffled, he luckily did guess the red, thus realizing his fond hopes—like Pat when he had saved enough to buy a gridiron. Said I to him: "You did pretty well this time; you got your money back, and that was all you wanted." He made some remark, and walked off, seemingly well pleased.

But the whole thing looked so simple, and as I felt so sure that I could name the red card—especially as it had a little mark on the back—I staked a five-dollar bill that I could lay my finger on it. The cards were shuffled, I followed the lucky card in its perignations, and chose it with as much confidence as if its face had been turned upward. But, unlucky fellow as I always am, the red card proved to be black this time, and my V was gone! You can imagine my astonishment; it would be impossible for me to depict it. I did not hesitate long as to what I should do, as I had just been witness of a case of money lost and won again, and why could I not do the same? Accordingly, I laid down another five, picked up the red card again, but—it was like the chameleon: it had once more changed its color, and left me minus ten dollars!

I have heard of double-faced cards, and all that sort of thing; yet, double-face or not, the trick was well done, and its unravelling perplexed me more than did the loss of my two good Canadian bank bills. But the best joke of all has to come, and when you hear it, try

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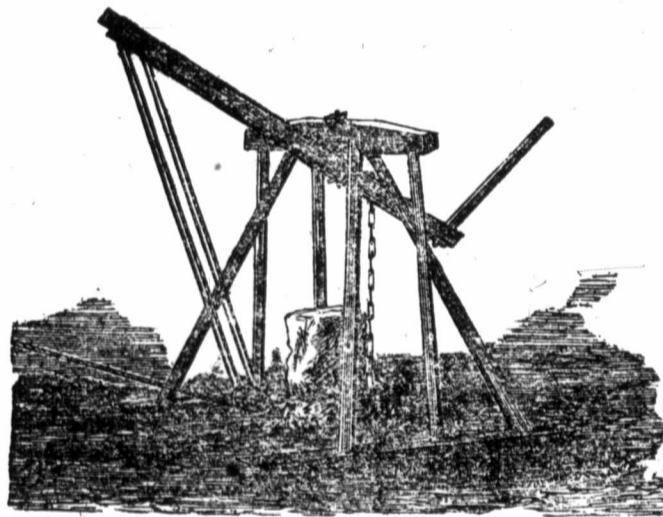
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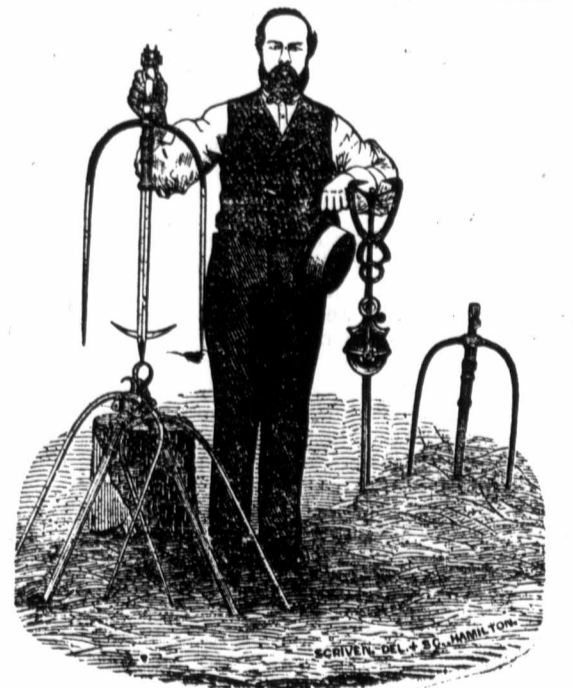
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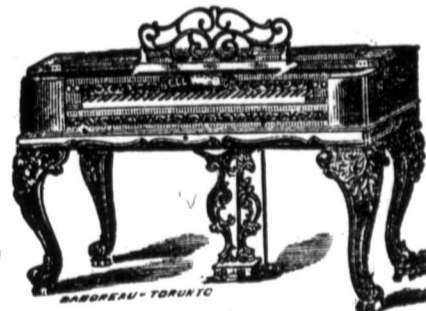
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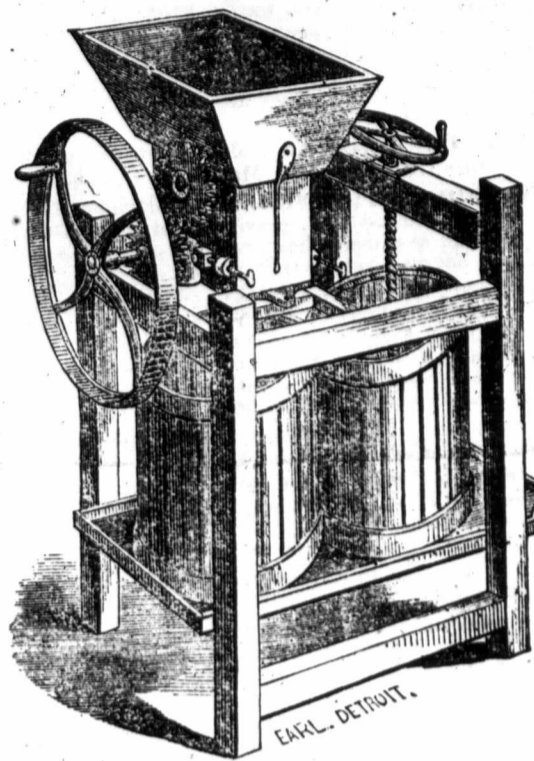
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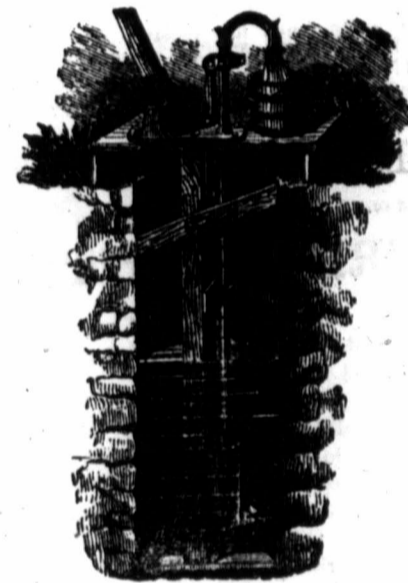
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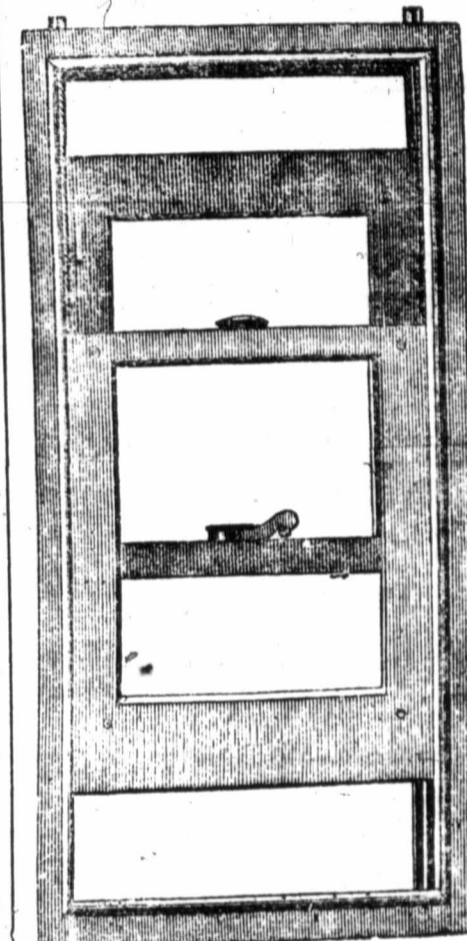
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DOMINION OF CANADA.

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EMIGRATION

TO

THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO

To Capitalists, Tenant Farmers, Agricultural Laborers, Mechanics, Day Laborers,

and all parties desirous of IMPROVING THEIR CIRCUMSTANCES BY EMIGRATING TO A NEW COUNTRY. The attention of INTENDING EMIGRANTS is invited to the GREAT ADVANTAGES PRESENTED BY THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO. Persons living on the interest of their Money can easily get 8 per cent on first-class security.

Tenant Farmers, with limited capital, can BUY AND STOCK A FREEHOLD ESTATE with the money needed to carry on a small Farm in Britain. GOOD CLEARED LAND, with a DWELLING and GOOD BARN AND OUTHouses upon it, can be purchased in desirable localities at from £4 to £10 Stg. per acre. FARM HANDS can readily OBTAIN WORK AT GOOD WAGES. Among the inducements offered to intending Emigrants by the Government is

A FREE GRANT OF LAND

WITHOUT ANY CHARGE WHATEVER. Every HEAD OF A FAMILY can obtain, on condition of settlement, A FREE GRANT OF

TWO HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND

FOR HIMSELF, and ONE HUNDRED ACRES ADDITIONAL for EVERY MEMBER OF HIS FAMILY, MALE OR FEMALE, OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE.

All Persons over 18 years of age can obtain a Free Grant of 100 Acres. The Free Grants are protected by a Homestead Exemption Act, and are NOT LIABLE TO SEIZURE FOR ANY DEBT incurred before the issue of the Patent, or for Twenty years after its issue. They are within easy access of the fr
e
tlemen, and are supplied with regular Postal communication.

REGISTERS OF THE LABOR MARKET
AND OF IMPROVED FARMS FOR SALE,

Are kept at the Immigration Agencies in the Province, and arrangements are made for directing Emigrants to those points where employment can be most readily obtained. Several NEW LINES OF RAILWAY and other PUBLIC WORKS are in course of construction, or about being commenced, which will afford employment to an almost unlimited number of laborers.

Persons desiring fuller information concerning the Province of Ontario, are invited to apply personally, or by letter, to the

To the Canadian Government Emigration Agents
IN EUROPE, VIZ:

WM. DIXON, 11 Adam St., Adelphi, London, W. C.; J. G. MOYLAN, Dublin; CHARLES FOY, Belfast; DAVID SHAW, Glasgow; and E. SIMAYS, Continental Agent at Antwerp. Also, to the Emigration Agents in Canada, viz.:— JOHN A. DONALDSON, Toronto; R. H. RAE, Hamilton, WM. J. WILLIS, Ottawa; JAS. MACPHERSON, Kingston; L. STAFFORD, Quebec; J. J. DALEY, Montreal; E. CLAY, Halifax, Nova Scotia; ROBT. SHIVES, St. John, and J. G. G. LAYTON, Miramichi, New Brunswick, from whom pamphlets, issued under the authority of the Government of Ontario, containing full particulars in relation to the character and resources of, and the cost of living, wages, &c., in the Province can be obtained.

JOHN CARLING,

Commissioner of Agriculture & Public Works for the Province of Ont.

