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RURAL NOTES.

MR. THOMAS McCRAE, of Guelph, has sold two imported Galloway heifers to an Ohio man for \$600, and a grade yearling for \$65.

A WRITER in the *Chatham Courier* condenses a volume of practical wisdom into eight words, by saying, what "nobody can deny," that "inferior cows will always keep a farmer poor."

"THE adjusting process is at work," remarks the *London Agricultural Gazette*. "America cannot always enjoy a steady run of remarkable harvests, nor England suffer from an unbroken series of miserable years."

CHARLES TIZARD, of Collingwood, writes thus to the *Hamilton Spectator*:—"I have ten chickens hatched on Saturday last, 28th ult. Should any of your subscribers require early chickens with their asparagus, I shall be happy to accommodate."

A TRAVELLER in Kansas testifies that, during a late visit to that State, he "saw men dumping good stable manure into the Kansas River." Canadian farmers used to be equally wasteful, but they have learnt better, as, in due time, Kansas farmers will.

THAT eminent agricultural experimenter, Dr. J. B. Lawes, of Rothamstead, England, is not a convert to ensilage as yet. In a letter to the *Rural New Yorker*, he says, "I do not altogether like a process which appears to be so destructive of food."

NEXT to copious watering, constant stirring of the soil is the best antidote against drought. At a recent meeting of the Illinois Horticultural Society, Mr. Hoover, of Ohio, stated that in a very dry season, five or six years ago, he kept the cultivator constantly going until August, and raised 562 bushels of raspberries on four acres.

SAYS the *English Journal of Horticulture*.—"A single row of American raspberries across a quarter of the kitchen garden, afforded bushels of fruit last year." Whereupon two questions arise. 1. How long was the row? 2. Are "American raspberries" better and more productive than English or other European varieties?

AN American wit says the following notice ought to be stuck up all over the country, just

prior to every general election:—"Wanted—men who will look after the interests of railroads, banks, and other moneyed corporations in the Congress and Senate of the United States. N.B.—No farmers need apply." It would not be inappropriate in Canada.

THE Ogdensburg, N.Y., *Journal* states that a farmer living near that place, recently husked and shelled his corn by one passage through an ordinary threshing-machine, getting at the rate of forty-five shelled bushels per acre. This method left the stalks in a "fine-cut" state for feeding. The experiment was so satisfactory, that he declares "he has got through with the tedious old-fashioned way of husking and shelling."

THE *New York Tribune* gives a recipe from one of its correspondents to do away with "the tug of churning," which, it is affirmed, is worth the subscription price of that journal for many years. It will be just as valuable to readers of the *Rural Canadian* who make their own butter. Here it is.

"Heat the milk as soon as strained (but not to the boiling point), which causes the cream to rise in twelve hours. When ready to churn, warm the cream to the proper temperature, then stir with a spoon, in one direction, 300 times without stopping. Churn immediately, and the butter will come in from five to fifteen minutes. A small piece of pulverized saltpetre added to the cream also helps to bring the butter quickly."

WHEN the Clawson wheat began to be extensively grown in Michigan a Millers' Convention and the Detroit Board of Trade graded it No. 2, and reduced its price ten cents per bushel. The farmers would have had no alternative but to submit, had not Prof. Kedzie of the State Agricultural College, by his analysis and experiments demonstrated that it was one of the best wheats ever grown in the State. As the result, Clawson wheat went up ten cents a bushel, and that gain on the crops of the past five or six years, has given back to the farmers of Michigan all the cost of the College twice over.

ACCIDENTS with bulls are nearly as common as accidents with threshing-machines. On the 11th ult., a farmer near Chatham, Ont., had a narrow escape from his thoroughbred bull, which was infuriated at the smell of blood on his master's hands from the salting of pork. The bull tossed him three or four times, and had not the animal's horns been brass covered, serious results might have followed. Not only should a bull's horns always be tipped with brass or wooden knobs,

but he should invariably be led by a pole, hooked to a ring in his nose. Accidents would then be impossible.

A GREAT painter was once asked by a tyro in the art, how he mixed his paints. "With brains, sir!" was the suggestive reply. Herein lay the secret of his eminence. A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* links the same idea to Agriculture in the following words:—

"We are steadily and surely coming—and it is already open to many—to the time when the farmer must be a deep student, and the text-book is his acres. The men of scientific training will be able to teach him scientific methods, but they cannot do even that much unless the mind is open to the truth. Take all things into account, the successful farmer of the future will know more about his own farm—its capacities, weak and strong points—better than anyone else. It is evident, then, that our coming farmer must be as full of good judgment, or to put it in a homely phrase, good common sense, 'as an egg is full of meat.' To be such a farmer demands a careful attention to that part of man's nature which is styled the thinker. In short, the upshot of my farm notes for January is, that now is the best time in the year to increase the stock of that fertilizer so much to be in demand in the future, the chemical symbol of which is B-R-A-I-N-S."

IT is matter of regret that the "Balmoral Herd" of Berkshires is about to be scattered. The owner of it, Mr. McArthur, has made a record of which he may well be proud. He has carried off the highest honours at some of the best Shows on this continent. His exhibit at St. Louis last fall was pronounced by the *National Live Stock Journal* of Chicago, "the finest display ever made in the world by one individual." Of late, he has repeatedly beaten recent importations by animals bred in his own yards. A conspicuous advertisement of his own wish to sell out has appeared in the *Country Gentleman*, which will, undoubtedly, attract the attention of American breeders.

AT the annual show, Tredegar, England, Nov. 22nd, where the Shorthorns and Herefords come in competition for special prizes, the prize was won by the celebrated Hereford bull, Lord Wilton (4,740), the property of Mr. S. J. Carwardine, Stocton Bury, Leominster, against Telemachus 9th, a Shorthorn, previously a great winner; and at Birmingham, Mr. Price, Court House, Pembroke, Herefordshire, after winning first prize with his steer in his class, won all the extra prizes as best beast in the yard, against all breeds. This grand steer was only two years and eight months old, and weighed 17 cwt. 1 qr. 18 lbs., or 1,950 pounds. It was from these two noted herds that the Hon. M. H. Cochrane selected near thirty bull calves, which are now in quarantine at Quebec; several are by the grand bull Lord Wilton (4,740).

FARM AND FIELD.

THE MUCK QUESTION.

A correspondent of the *Germantown Telegraph*, referring to the *Journal of Chemistry's* recent disparaging remarks upon muck, gives the following valuable experience. This person writes as follows:—"I have read an article from the pen of Dr. Nichols; at any rate, it is the same language he used at a farmers' meeting at City Hall, Manchester, N.H., about ten years ago. At that time he made a number of strange and (to many) apparently erroneous statements, some of which I still well remember. For instance, he stated that all the fertile matter contained in a cord of crude manure could be carried in a peach basket. Another apparent wild statement was, he could carry in a bushel basket on to his meadow more fertile matter than was contained in a cord of crude manure, given at the time the brand of superphosphate. Out of curiosity, and to test the doctor's statement, I the next spring applied the phosphate and a cord of crude manure, side by side, on a moist part of my meadow. The result was four times better, and lasted four times longer where the manure was applied. That experience was enough for me on that point. As to his muck statement, I thought the old farmers at the meeting used his laboratory theory entirely up. One old farmer was pretty severe on the doctor. He stated that he had used muck for thirty or more years, and in many instances found the muck more valuable than crude manure. He put a clincher on his argument at the close by saying that twenty years previous he was hauling muck to the barnyard on a sled, and at the last load something scared the pesky cattle just as he was passing the bars from the field over which he was hauling, and striking the stone wall dumped the muck at the bars. He spread it there on the grass the next spring, two and three inches thick. The result with all crops—grass, corn, potatoes, and wheat—for twenty years was nearly double to other parts of the field. He wound up by inviting the doctor to come next year and see what his laboratory of nature says about muck.

"My next neighbour has a field of about four acres, south side of the road. There is a gravelly knoll of about one-eighth of an acre close to the road. He has a bed of muck (hard road deposit) five rods from the knoll. Now, whenever he ploughed and manured that land he would apply about twice the manure to the knoll that he did to the other parts of the field. At last he adopted my suggestion and hauled on to the knoll direct from the muck bed to the depth of about three or four inches, five years ago planted it with corn, and used half as much manure as on the other part of the land. The result was that there is as good corn and grass on the knoll as on other parts ever since. To me this is (to say the least) as valuable as the chemist's theory. As I have often said before, the chemists have done the agriculturist incalculable service; still there are some things the old farmer with nature's laboratory can beat them out of sight—notably the muck question."

A RUN-DOWN FARM.

Professor Lawes, the eminent English agriculturist, writes thus to the *Agricultural Gazette*:—"Not far from where I live there is an unoccupied farm. It consists of rather more than 800 acres fairly good, but rather strong, land. The fields are large; there is no hedgerow timber; the roads are good, and there is a railway station close by. The house is tenantless, and the buildings are much out of repair. The land is almost all arable, and the late tenant sold almost every-

thing away; his system of cultivation being to grow one corn crop after another until the couch grass put a stop to his operations. As I walked over field after field covered with a yellow mass of couch and weeds, so thick that it seemed hardly possible to believe that this had ever been arable land, I thought to myself, if it had been my misfortune to be the owner of this farm, which not many years ago must have yielded an income of from £800 to £400 a year, what should I do with it now? It is quite certain that nothing short of two years of summer fallowing would make it sufficiently clean to grow corn; and if the summer should prove as wet as those of recent years, two years would not be sufficient for the purpose. In the process of cleaning the land, whether for arable culture or for laying down to pasture, a very heavy outlay would be incurred; and when the land was clean there would be a further large outlay required for manure, as after two years' fallowing it would be poorer in condition than at present. I came to the conclusion that the plan I should adopt would be to leave the land as it was, and without attempting to clean it, that I should put a flock of sheep upon the farm, feeding them with plenty of decorticated cotton-cake, and folding them at night. At Rothamsted our experiments upon pastures show that the quality of the herbage depends almost entirely on the manures which are applied, and not upon the seed which is sown. As each field was folded over I should harrow in a small quantity of white clover seed, cocksfoot, meadow foxtail, and one or two more of the best grasses; but I should trust to the manures and time to eradicate the weeds and couch-grass, and produce a good pasture. The distinction between this plan and that which most people would adopt would consist in my spending little or nothing upon tillage and everything on manure. I should turn the enemies who had taken possession of the land to the best account I could, and should expect to improve them off the surface as soon as I had furnished the more vigorous growing grasses with the proper weapons to effect this end. Whether the land should remain eventually as pasture, or as a mixed arable and pasture farm, would be a question to be decided in the future."

WASTES ON THE FARM.

The greatest of wastes on the farm are in not using brains—the greatest because at the bottom of all other wastes. A little thinking often saves wastes. After accomplishing almost any labour, the most of us can look back and see how we could have improved on it if we had but thought.

The ditch we dig through our meadows was not done in the most economical way. We dug too deeply at first, and did not allow for the settling of the land. That was an unnecessary waste of labour.

We omitted to buy a implement that would have saved nearly the cost in one year's use, until we had spent much in trying to do our work without it. Another waste.

We carry a waste-pipe too near the surface to save the expense of digging a trench of a safe depth, and the winter's frost necessitates a replacement of the pipe and an additional digging. Another waste here.

We allowed the weeds to grow on one piece of land, not thinking to what proportion they would grow by the time the crops were too far advanced to admit the hoe. A waste here which might have been obviated. And so on, wastes, little and big, everywhere—all arising from our not thinking sufficiently—waste because easily avoided.

We omit the ordinary waste from neglect, from laziness, from want of appreciation of clean-

liness—the waste from our stock, from our manure heap, from our household.

A very little thought will save to the farmer much, and the saving through this means even on a small farm will represent the interest on a considerable capital.

The wastes arising from ignorance can very easily be diminished, and are in a large part inexcusable. Those arising from carelessness are not deserving of sympathy. The farmer, as well as the business man, must use business principles to secure the largest success, and the one should be as careful of the outgoes as the other.

CLOVER IN THE ROTATION.

Corn, oats, wheat, and then clover, is a rotation that has become quite general on the Western Reserve, Ohio, one of the finest agricultural sections in that "great garden of a State." Manure well rotted, comes in along with the wheat. This rotation does more than maintain the productivity of the soil. It grows richer on this plan. Both light and heavy soils are thus treated, with equally good results. No "clover-sickness" has yet appeared; nor is it likely to do on this system. A five years' rotation would no doubt be better still. Let a due proportion of stock be kept, enough to consume all the hay, straw, and coarse grain produced; then alternate with manure and clover, and all complaint of land impoverishment will become a thing of the past.

MANURE MADE UNDER COVER.

Of course all the advantage of making manure in covered yards may be secured by box-feeding, with less outlay for roofing, since more space must be allowed for a given number of animals turned loose together than when confined in stalls. It is the protection from rain and sun, the abundant use of litter, and its thorough incorporation with the excrements, and the exclusion of air by compact treading, which go to make the superior manure. All these features of the method work against the loss of valuable plant food. Nor does box-feeding and constant accumulation of the manure under the feet of the animals necessarily imply offensive stalls. It is only essential that enough litter be used to absorb all liquids, and this absorption is more effectual if the straw is cut up.

One method or the other, box-feeding or covered yards, should be adopted by every farmer who lives where manure is worth saving, and who finds himself compelled to supplement his stable manure with commercial fertilizers. Stable manure must not be lost sight of in this increasing interest in these concentrated fertilizers; for we cannot produce our crops and have enough for ourselves and others without its aid. And there is nothing in all the list of commercial mixtures which gives so good an average return for the money invested in it as well-made stable manure.—*Prof. Caldwell, in American Agriculturist for October.*

PLASTER ON LAND.

George Geddes, of Central New York, has been very successful in raising clover and wheat by the simple application of plaster. For fifty-five years he has raised these two crops with no other fertilizer, a heavy crop of clover being turned under as a fertilizer for the wheat. This particular field lies on the Onondaga salt group of rocks, and from these rocks in all probability the soil obtains some fertilizing matter.

THE area of the Dominion, according to a return recently issued by the Department of the Interior, is 3,406,542 square miles.

THE DAIRY.**CHEESE AND SOIL.**

Every now and then a statement is circulated that there are only certain limited localities in which it is possible to make the finest grades of cheese. Great importance is attached to some mysterious quality of soil, or some peculiarity of the water, or to some specific variety of grass, or to a multitude of varieties, or perhaps it is assumed to be a question of ploughing and re-seeding, or of not ploughing at all, old pastures being the essential point. Such opinions are not uncommon. In Central New York the Frankfort and Utica districts were at one time supposed to be unequalled for fine cheese in the United States, but it has turned out that just as good cheese can now be made elsewhere.

It is not many years since there was a current opinion among dairymen in the States, and among Canadians themselves, that Canada could never compete with the United States in cheese. There was something, it was thought, in the soil, especially around Ingersoll, where cheese factories were first introduced, which made the cheese hard and insipid and lacking in richness. But all this is now changed. In three competitive trials Canada has beaten the States, and to-day the cheese of Western Ontario, of which Ingersoll is the centre, stands unsurpassed in the markets of England and Scotland. In Great Britain similar notions prevail for which no better reasons have ever been assigned, and which appear to be equally groundless. The assertion that first-class Cheddar cheese can only be made in one or two counties of England and Scotland is not sustained by facts.

The fact is, fancy cheese is confined to no spot in this or any other country. The quality of cheese does not necessarily depend on soil or climate. It is determined by the adaptation of manufacture to the varying conditions of milk. Soil, to a limited extent, affects the quality of milk. It affects both its cheesy matter and its flavouring oils; but, by adapting the manufacture to suit variations, fancy cheese can be turned out anywhere that healthy milk can be produced. The same may be said of butter. The dairyman who complains that he cannot make good cheese in this place or that, because the soil, or the water, or the grass will not admit of his doing so, may safely be set down as not understanding his business. He makes cheese by stereotyped rules—empirically, and without regard to or knowledge of the fundamental principles in the process. Of course, he cannot vary to suit changed conditions, and he makes a failure.

A distinguished butter and cheese maker in Illinois remarked, a few years ago, that it was very unsafe to employ Eastern men to make butter or cheese in Illinois. They invariably brought with them their Eastern customs, which were not adapted to Illinois milk. Their own citizens were much more successful, being accustomed to the peculiarities of the location. But a Western man would be as much at fault in the East as an Eastern man in the West. Both work with very little or no reference to the agencies and laws which control their results. These are, in truth, but

little understood anywhere. They need more investigation to develop them. When this is done, and the laws which govern the operations become known, dairy products will take an immense stride in quality, and their manufacture be a matter of as much certainty as any other manufactured product.—*Professor L. B. Arnold, in New York Tribune.*

CREAM-POT COWS.

The "Cream-pot Breed" of cows, famous in the record of operations of Colonel Samuel Jaques, of the "Ten Hills Farm," in Somerville, Mass., furnishes a striking illustration of the differing degrees of capacity for milk production in cows of the same breed, and the possibilities of permanently establishing a family of extraordinary milkers. Mr. Benjamin P. Poore has been indulging in a "talk," in the *American Cultivator*, which recalls this notable effort in breeding for milk. Having observed that one cow in a herd might produce three pounds of butter per week, and another nine pounds upon the same feed, Colonel Jaques thought to affect an improvement which should give the greatest quantity of rich milk, affording the largest return of butter. He is said to have found a "native" cow, raised in the town of Groton, giving milk so rich that it not unfrequently was converted into butter by the simple movement of carrying. It is worthy of mention that Short-horn blood was the selected means of fixing permanently the heavy milking tendency which was doubtless hereditary in this individual. The bull Calebs, imported in 1818, was used, and a course of in-and-in breeding was practised for four generations, so that the progeny became almost full-bred Short-horn, and yet instead of injuring the power of milk secretion, the experimenter was able to boast that he had a cow whose milk produced nine pounds of butter in three days. The Cream-pots are not now known, however; a permanent breed was not established. As there is no evidence that the care and effort were continued, even with or without a similar degree of skill, it was inevitable that the auspicious beginning should fade into failure.

"You can't add different things together," said a school-teacher. "If you add a sheep and a cow together, it does not make two sheep and two cows." A little boy, the son of a milkman, held up his hand and said: "That may do with sheep and cows, but, if you add a quart of milk and a quart of water, it makes two quarts of milk. I've seen it tried."

CULTIVATE YOUNG ORCHARDS.

Professor Beal, of the Michigan Agricultural College, says:—"If you have money to fool away, seed down your young orchard to clover and timothy, or sow a crop of wheat or oats. If you want the trees to thrive, cultivate well till they are seven or ten years old. Spread ashes, manure, or salt broadcast. Stop cultivating in August, weeds or no weeds. This allows the trees to ripen for winter. The question whether to cultivate old orchards or not must be answered by observing the trees. If the clover of the leaves is good, and they grow well and bear

fine fruit, they are doing well enough even if in grass. But if the leaves are pale, the annual growth less than a foot on twelve-year trees, and the fruit small and poor, something is the matter, and they are suffering for want of cultivation, or manure, or both. To judge of the condition of an apple tree is like judging of the condition of sheep in a pasture. Look at the sheep, and if they are plump and fat they are all right."

TREE SHELTER.

A writer in the *Rural Home* well says:—"Only those who are thus favoured are aware of the comforts and many advantages derived from living on the leeward side of a well-grown orchard, or a belt of forest timber. Our farms have been cleared very absurdly. Instead of the reserve of woods being invariably left at the rear, it should have been left where it would shelter the dwelling, farm-buildings, and wheat-fields from the north-western blasts. We clear our lands to nakedness, and then have to suffer until plantations have time to grow. As a matter of fact, most houses in the country stand out in the open, exposed to every wind that blows. Many who admit the folly of this condition of things, have done nothing as yet to remedy it. The expense and trouble deter them. These, however, are not so great as most people imagine. Close rows of hardy evergreens make an excellent breastwork against fierce winds. Two hundred trees three feet high, costing from \$15 to \$20, and a day's work of two men in planting, will give a shelter fifteen feet high within ten years, through which the sharpest wintry winds will not penetrate. Those who are starting on new places should keep this matter in mind, and, if possible, avail themselves of groves and timber belts already in existence."

FAT MAKES HENS LAY.

There is much refuse fat from the kitchen that can be turned to good account by feeding to the hens. Of course where soap is made it will be used in that way, but it is a question whether it is not much easier and more profitable to buy soap, and make the hens lay by feeding them with fat. Everything that is not wanted for drippings for cooking purposes, should be boiled up with the vegetables for the fowls.—*Ex.*

THE weather of the present winter seems to have been thus far unusually unhealthy. We hear of an alarming amount of sickness, scarlet fever being one of the most prevalent maladies. Families in which there are diseases that are known to be contagious should exercise more care to prevent their spread than is frequently the case.

IN California bees are owned largely by capitalists, and are "farmed out"—that is, apiaries of one hundred swarms or so are placed in the grounds of farmers, generally from three to four miles apart. The farmers receive a fixed rent, or a share of the honey, for their compensation, as may be agreed upon. On an average, one acre of ground is estimated to support twenty-five swarms of bees, and the yield of a swarm is generally about fifty pounds a year.

HORSES AND CATTLE.

LIQUID MANURE-SAVING.

The value of liquid manure is generally admitted, but the extent to which it is wasted is realised by few. It is commonly supposed that, if horses and cattle are well bedded with straw, the greater part of the urine voided is absorbed by the litter. This, however, is a mistake. It will trickle down through the cracks in the floor far faster than straw will absorb it. Hence the greater portion sinks into the earth under the stables, and is practically lost.

A correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune* tells how an observant Vermont farmer detected this leak in his method of management, and put a stop to it. In a stable where he kept fourteen cows, he used to strew horse manure behind the cows to absorb the urine, and flattered himself that he was saving all, or the most of it. But as he sat and milked, he saw the urine from his cows pass through the cracks and crevices of the floor to the earth below. So he determined to take up the floor, and make a pit to hold the liquid that drained down. He dug an excavation about thirty feet long, ten feet wide at top, four feet wide on the bottom, and five feet deep. One barrel of cement sufficed to make this receptacle water tight. The earth shovelled out of the pit, saturated with the drainage of the stable the previous thirty years, was applied as a top dressing for grass, and the increase in the hay crop sufficed to pay all the cost of the pit. After one winter's use of the pit, there was clear urine in it to the depth of two and a half feet. This was pumped out and hauled to the fields, about forty loads of one hundred gallons each, making 4,000 gallons, or about 40,000 pounds, or twenty tons. The floor had been replaced as usual, and the horse manure littered behind the cows as before. Here then were twenty tons of liquid manure obtained in addition to the solid manure previously got, and that in a single winter. This was in 1880. In 1881, he pumped out seventy-two loads, or thirty-six tons, the drainage of the horse stable containing three horses having been conducted into the pit, and the time having been somewhat longer.

The apparatus employed in handling this liquid manure was simple and cheap. A tub, set centrally upon two joists lying on the axles of a common farm waggon; a sprinkler suspended below; and a wooden plug, three feet and a half long, reaching above the top of the tub: these, with a pump, constitute the entire outfit. The teamster drives the waggon to the stable door, steps into the stable, lays a spout from the pump to the tub, pumps the tub full, and drives off with his load. The pump throws a large stream, yet does not work hard as the distance the stuff has to be lifted is but short. It is a clean operation, far more so than forking solid dung; and is less labourous, for it is only handled once. When the field is reached the stopper is drawn, and the load discharges itself. This Vermont farmer offers to dig and cement pits under the stables of his neighbours, if he can have the earth that comes out of the excavation.

This is certainly an easier and better way of saving liquid manure, than hauling muck,

sawdust or sand to absorb it. The pit once made; the pump, tub, and sprinkler bought; will last many years, with care. A tithe of money spent by many farmers in buying artificial fertilizers, will set them up with these things, and give them an additional source of profit. Many are deterred from endeavouring to utilize liquid manure by the idea that the necessary apparatus is complicated and costly. These objections do not lie against the plan above described. It can be carried into effect at but slight expense upon any and every farm. Reader! ponder well the above example, and resolve that, for the future, there shall be no more liquid manure wasted on your premises.

COLOUR OF SHORTHORNS.

Mr. Richard Gibson, Ilderton, Ont., writes as follows in the *Breeder's Gazette*:-

For the edification of beginners, and as food for reflection for older Shorthorn breeders, I beg to submit the following table, showing the colours of all the prize-winners in the respective classes at three national shows of Britain, viz.:—"The Royal of England," "The Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland," "The Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland," and "The Great Yorkshire Show," for the years 1883 to 1881, inclusive, except that of the Irish show for 1868, and also for 1881; there being no show this year.

The list is of winners in classes only, herds and extra prizes not counted; were we to have included them, the ratio of roans to other colours would have been still more marked:-

	Roans.	Red and white.	Red.	White.	Roans.	Red and white.	Red.	White.
Royal of England								
-Bulls.....	147	25	28	37				
Cows & heifers	158	84	22	15				
Total.....					305	59	50	52
Highland Society of Scotland—								
Bulls.....	85	12	17	16				
Cows & heifers	87	20	20	7				
Total.....					172	32	37	23
Royal Irish —								
Bulls.....	55	12	11	13				
Cows & heifers	55	11	18	9				
Total.....					110	23	29	22
Yorkshire—Bulls	103	12	21	30				
Cows & heifers	128	17	20	10				
Total.....					231	29	41	40
Grand Total.....					818	143	157	137

I have no doubt but that the reds make a better show than they are entitled to; probably more than half should go into the red or white list, as it is customary with many to call cattle red unless they show a preponderance of white. The above list suggests the thought that in their native country the roans are infinitively the best show cattle, and that there is but little difference between the other colours, white being just about as good as red.

Let a red "crank" take one trip across the Atlantic, and spend a few weeks among the old herds in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Gloucestershire, etc., and I will engage he will change his opinion in a short time. Let him reflect awhile at Holker, over the Oxfords and Winsomes; at Latham, over the Wild Eyes, Lassies, Gwynes, etc.; then, by the way of variety, cross over to Warlaby, and see those massive spotted roan matrons, with a good proportion of whites and a very exceptional red; thence to Carperbay and Catterick, and Sheriff Hutton, and Burghley, the house of Telemachus, if he wishes to see cattle that win prizes. Nor must he forget to call at Berkeley, and spend a day with the roan Kirklevingtons, the Darlington, the Wild Eyes, and the last but not least, the noted Duke of Connaught, who in his ninth year looks as young as most four-year-olds, and whom I believe can, with five daughters, beat any bull and offspring in Britain.

We can admire good red animals as well as roans, but cannot believe, because they are red, that they are better or worth more money.

EARLY MATURITY IN STOCK.

There was a time not long ago when choice, well-ripened beef was only furnished by steers

at least five years old. This time was thought necessary to bring the animals to full maturity. Sheep four or five years old were then preferred for mutton, and comparatively few hogs were slaughtered for the market till they were two years old. But times have changed. The sheep at the recent Smithfield show averaged only 21 months old, and the live weight of some lots averaged 294 pounds per head. Some of the sheep 20 months old furnished dressed quarters weighing 40 pounds each. At present most farmers prefer to market hogs when they are within a few days of a year old. At the Farmers' Institute at Sugar Grove, Ill., the question: At what age shall we market our steers? received but one answer, and that answer was 2½ years. English feeders arrived at a similar conclusion some time ago. The old idea of spending several years and a large amount of fodder in building up a huge carcass to be subsequently fattened is abandoned by all intelligent feeders. The reports of the growth of animals exhibited at the fat stock show in Chicago showed the largest gains in the early portion of the life of the animals and the smallest during the later portion. This was so, notwithstanding the amount of food consumed was largest during the later period. The breeds of cattle, sheep and hogs that mature earliest will hereafter be the favourites with feeders. They will desire to make the most meat for the smallest amount of food consumed, and in the shortest time possible.

CARROTS FOR HORSES.

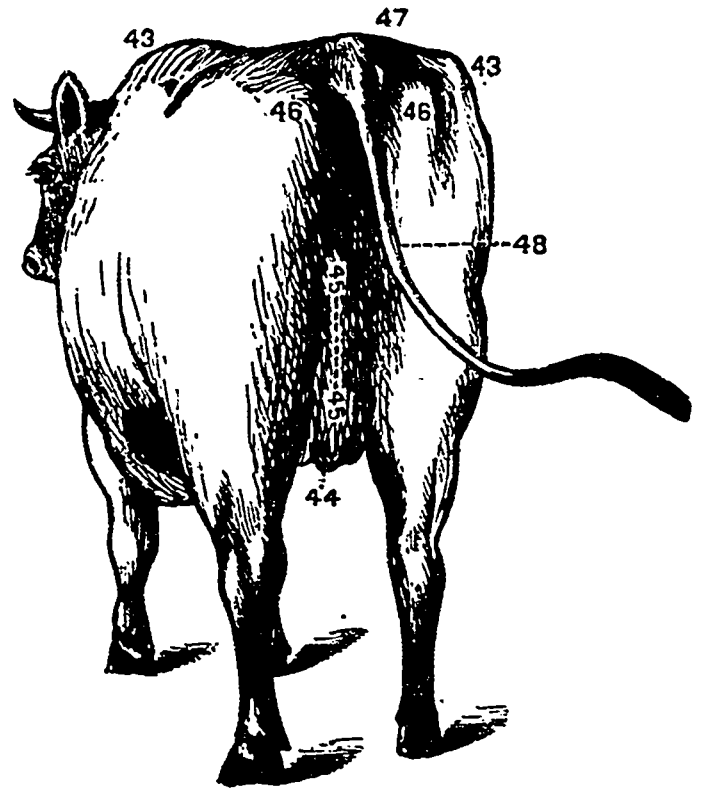
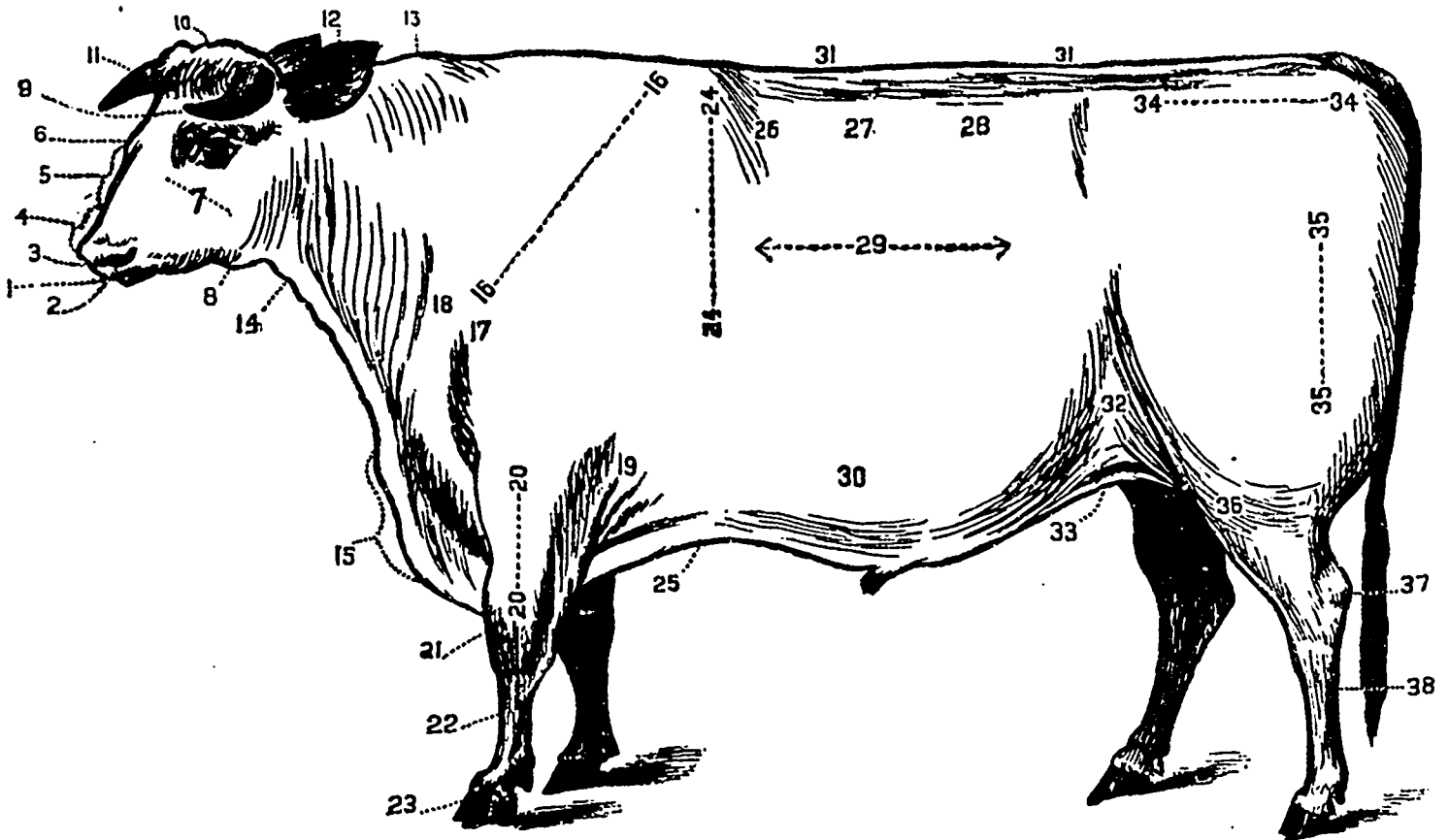
The average farmer is slow to learn the value of carrots for horses, and still slower to provide them for his horses. They are so nutritious that livery men and some others feed considerable quantities regularly to their horses instead of grain. Many consider that four quarts of oats and the same of carrots are as good a feed for a horse as eight quarts of oats, and horses that are worked little more than for mere exercise will keep in good condition and look slick and smooth on hay and carrots alone. An occasional feed of raw potatoes is also good for the horse, especially to give a smooth, glossy coat, and if troubled with worms it tends to clear them away.

CARE OF CORNCOBS.

Dr. Nichols, of Boston, analyzed a corncob, and declared there is over 60 per cent. of fat-producing and flesh-forming substance in the cob, after the corn is removed; or a per cent. of nutriment fully equal to the best oat straw. A report from the experiment station at Middletown, Conn., shows the nutritive ratio of the corncob to be 71 per cent.; and that when compared with hay it stands 0.64 per cent, while the stalks are 0.61, and the best oat straw 0.69. A paper read before the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, by Prof. Goersmann, gives the maizecob as high nutritive value as the stalk itself. Richard Goodman, jr., of Berkshire county, Mass., says:—"I believe that well-ground cob has great mechanical value in the process of digestion," and recommends cobs to be ground by all means.

ROBERT CHRISTIE has sold his farm in Elma to Adam Dunn, of Listowel, for \$5,000.

A MODEL STEER, with Parts Named (as taught at the Ontario Experimental Farm).



- 1. Mouth.
- 2. Nostrils.
- 3. Lips.
- 4. Muzzle.
- 5. Face.
- 6. Eyes.
- 7. Cheeks.
- 8. Jaws.
- 9. Forehead.
- 10. Poll.

- 11. Horns.
- 12. Ears.
- 13. Neck.
- 14. Throat.
- 15. Dewlap.
- 16. Shoulders.
- 17. Shoulder Point.
- 18. Shoulder Vein.
- 19. Elbows.
- 20. Arm.

- 21. Knees.
- 22. Shanks.
- 23. Hoofs.
- 24. Crops.
- 25. Fore Flank.
- 26. Fore Ribs.
- 27. Mid Ribs.
- 28. Hinder Ribs.
- 29. Barrel.
- 30. Belly.

- 31. Spine.
- 32. Flank.
- 33. Plates.
- 34. Rumps.
- 35. Hips.
- 36. Thighs.
- 37. Hocks.
- 38. Hind Leg.
- 39. Brisket.

- 40. Bosom.
- 41. Chest.
- 42. Loin.
- 43. Hooks.
- 44. Purse.
- 45. Twist.
- 46. Pin Bones.
- 47. Tail Head.
- 48. Tail.

BEES AND POULTRY.

BEGINNING WITH BEES.

"A man up a tree" has been writing on the above subject in the *N. Y. Tribune*. Some of his advices are wise, and some otherwise. The first suggestion to one determined to make bee-keeping his "life-work," but "entirely ignorant of the art," is, to "begin with a few colonies—from two to six is enough." The second is, to "procure some good, reliable work on bee-keeping, and study it with care."

These counsels should be reversed. A person who has serious thoughts of making apiculture his "life-work," should study a good bee-book first, that he may get some idea of the amount of knowledge to be acquired, and that he may judge of his own aptitudes for the business. Tyros, generally speaking, suppose that the principles of bee-keeping are few and simple, easily picked up, and require but little thought and application. One of this class attended a convention of bee-keepers, listened to a single evening's discussion, and went away convinced that it was useless for him to attempt to master the ins and outs of apiculture. He had not the requisite application. It has been said of Queen Victoria that she could never learn to sing, for three reasons: 1st, she had no voice; 2nd, she had no ear; and 3rd, she had no application. The latter was the true reason. With application, anyone can become a singer of some sort; and with application, anyone can become a bee-keeper on a small scale. But application alone will not make a *prima donna*, nor will application alone make a man qualified to be an extensive bee-keeper. He must be possessed of certain natural qualifications. There must be quick perceptive powers, quiet and steady perseverance, self-control and coolness of nerve, business promptitude and sagacity; last, but not least, a degree of imperviousness to bee-stings. A person peculiarly sensitive to bee-poison, whose flesh swells enormously, and whose blood fevers quickly under its influence, may keep a hive or two for scientific investigation and interest, but would be courting martyrdom to make bee-keeping his "life-work."

One hive, generally speaking, is enough to start with. The probabilities are that the beginner will lose that, through some error of management. The loss of one hive will not be so discouraging as the loss of "two" or "six." If he does not lose his first hive, his bees will probably increase quite as fast as his knowledge and experience. If they do not, he can buy more hives when he feels competent to take care of them. Localities need testing as well as bee-masters, and a few hives will suffice for that.

This "man up a tree" advises a beginner to make himself familiar with his bees, in order that they may know him personally, and find out that he is their friend. Considering that during the honey season, when we have most occasion to handle bees, their average life is not over three months, there is but little chance to cultivate friendship with them. Besides, the first smell of you they decide whether to treat you as a friend or a foe. No kind treatment that you can give them will ever change their dislike of you into love. Be gentle with them always; but gentleness will

not conquer their aversion if they have taken a "sconner" at you. It is people who are bee-loved who should make a "life-work" of apiculture. The most that others can do is to let the little insects know from the start that they have their master.

This writer says, "Care and prudence, with occasional mishap, will cause the beginner to lose all dread of the business and of his bees." Well, that depends on how much they hurt him. If he is thick-skinned, and his blood so cool that bee-virus cannot heat it up, he will soon come to care no more for a bee-sting than for the prick of a pin. But if he is thin-skinned, and bee-poison injected into his blood is like the mixing of seidlitz powders, his respect for the business end of a bee will continue unabated to the last day of his life.

Here is some good advice:—

"He should indulge no hopes of suddenly becoming an expert, or rapidly accumulating a fortune at this business. There is no short cut to success here any more than anywhere else. If pursued rationally and perseveringly, he will, in the course of some years of faithful apprenticeship at the business, gain ability to handle and manage from 100 to 1,000 colonies of bees. He cannot possibly manage this number at first successfully, any more than he could conduct large manufacturing industries without having previously studied and worked at the business.

"Unfortunately no one industry (except, perhaps, mining) has been brought into so much disrepute as bee-keeping, by all sorts of characters undertaking to carry it on on a large scale without adequate previous experience or study. The very ignorance of the many who keep a few bees has made the business a fruitful field for the operations of quacks and quack vendors of all kinds of so-termed wonderful hives and queens. This is all the more unfortunate because bee-keeping can be made as legitimate and honourable and successful, and is so made by many, as any other avocation."

This writer advises beginners to pick out their own pathway to knowledge and success, rather than serve a "personal apprenticeship to a professional." He admits that "the latter has its advantages," but considers that the most successful bee-keepers have been self-made. This may be quite true, but has it not been because bee-keeping has only of late become one of the fixed or exact sciences? Apprenticeship to mere "professionals" may not be worth much, but there is no way in which an observant mind can so soon or so thoroughly acquire a mastery of this business as by spending a season or two with a thoroughly practical bee-keeper. In time, no doubt, apprenticeship to this business will be the usual thing, as in the case of any and every other. Perhaps in "the good time coming" this may rank among the learned professions, and B.M. (bee-master or bee-mistress) be as common and proper an affix to people's names as M.D. or M.A.

WINTER CARE OF POULTRY.

It don't take a great deal of time to put the poultry in comfortable condition for winter. The hennery should be made tight, so that the wind cannot blow into it, and at the same time there should be sufficient ventilation. A draught on the fowls will be very likely to

cause them to take cold, giving them snuffles or roup. It is better to avoid all such disorders by taking pains to make the hen-house warm and free from draughts. A box of coarse sand should be provided in order that the hens may have the needed gravel for their crops. There should be a supply of plaster (sulphate of lime) on hand to scatter over the manure occasionally to absorb the escaping ammonia. A box should be filled with dry dirt and ashes for the fowls to wallow in. This part of the equipment of a well-regulated hen-house is most generally neglected, but is one of the most important. As a preventive against vermin and for the comfort of the poultry, a little lime should be thrown in one corner and a stock of oyster shells kept on hand. All these things are essential for the comfort and health of the poultry. If eggs are expected, there must be additional care; green feed of some sort, as cabbage leaves, apples, or vegetables, chopped fine, must be supplied, and also meat. They must be fed grain freely, but not confined to one variety. Fowls suffer in winter for water; there is almost general neglect in this respect. It is the cause of hens eating their eggs, and must occasion much suffering when deprived of it. Warm drink is best, and has a stimulating effect in the production of eggs. It is useless to expect that fowls will lay any number of eggs when they are neglected, and compelled to pick around all day in the cold to keep from starving.—*F. D. Curtis, in N. Y. Tribune.*

EFFECT OF FOOD ON EGGS.

It does not require much of an extra understanding on the part of any one to really see how the flesh of a fowl fed on wholesome food and water should be better to the taste than those fed at random and upon all manner of unwholesome food. This applies equally to the eggs also. Any one can test this if he so wishes quite easily by feeding on slop food, or food of an unclean kind, such as swill and decaying garbage. The flesh of such fowls will quickly taint, and eggs will taste unsavory, at least to any one with an ordinary palate. Fresh air has also much to do with this matter. No flesh is fit for the table which is not allowed an unlimited quantity of pure air. If any person of ordinary discernment would consider the actual condition of highly stall-fed animals of Christmas and other similar times of rejoicing, he would be quite easily satisfied that, although to look at, the stall-fed animal, which always lacks pure air, is the fattest, yet its flesh does not agree with the stomach as does that of the healthy, ordinarily fed animal. Some may say that the extra fat does this. I say not, for I have quite often kept account; and, though I do not touch a morsel of fat, I was troubled afterward with a disordered stomach, which never happened when I partook heartily of fine beef, both fat and lean.

A LARGE quantity of cheese is being stored in the cellars in Ingersoll by buyers who do not care to ship this weather.

MR. J. MARSHALL, of London Township, has purchased the farm of Mr. Joseph Peaslee, being lot 13, con. 15, of the same township, for the sum of \$4,175.

Scientific and Useful,

Two Leipzig chemists have devised a process for obtaining sugar in a permanently liquid form. This result is said to be effected by adding to a purified sugar solution a small quantity of citric acid, which combines with the sugar and deprives it of its tendency to crystallize.

DELICIOUS BISCUIT.—Half cup butter, half cup lard, two tablespoonfuls white sugar; put into three teacups of new milk and let it scald, and add a cup of yeast or a yeast-cake, sponge over night, and in the morning put in half teacupful soda. Mix soft and let them rise.

LEMON BUTTER FOR TARTS.—Lemon butter is excellent for tarts. It is made as follows: One pound of pulverized white sugar, whites of six eggs, and yolks of two, three lemons, including grated rind and juice. Cook twenty minutes over a slow fire, stirring all the while.

GRIDDLE CAKES.—Griddle cakes can be made by grating three pints of corn and adding a couple spoonfuls of sour cream, a teacupful of sweet milk, half a teacupful each of soda and salt, and two well-beaten eggs. If too thin to fry nicely, add a spoonful or two of flour.

HONEY CAKES.—Three and one-half pounds of flour, one and one-half pounds of honey, one-half pound of sugar, half a nutmeg, one tablespoonful of soda; roll thin and cut in small cakes; bake in a quick oven, cover tight and let stand till moist. They will keep a long time. Soft ginger cake can be made with honey instead of molasses, except that you use some more honey and leave out the eggs.

POTATO SOUP.—Put into a saucepan two ounces of bacon chopped, six onions peeled and chopped, one saltspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of salt, four quarts of hot water, and boil for fifteen minutes; meantime peel and slice one quart of potatoes, add them to the first mentioned ingredients, and boil for three-quarters of an hour longer, or until the potatoes are boiled to a pulp; season palatably, and serve hot.

SUPERIOR YEAST.—After making and using many kinds I prefer this. Fourteen potatoes pared and boiled until a silver fork will pass into them easily. Boil a handful of hops in one quart of water. Put the potatoes into a colander and mash them through, using one quart of fair boiling water to assist in the process. Add the quart of water in which the hops have been boiled, and stir in one small teacup of white sugar. When cool enough to be certain it will not scald and destroy the life of the same, put in a cup of yeast. Let it stand till light, which in warm weather will be not more than half a day; in winter, till next morning, when stir in half a teacup of fine salt. Now put away in fruit cans or large-mouthed bottles. Keep in a cool place, but where it will not freeze if the weather is cold. When the salt is added to the yeast it will foam like soda-water, and of course it must not be immediately sealed or corked tight, though this may be done in a short time after bottling. Keep the potatoes under water while they are being pared, and never use the water in which they were boiled if you wish the biscuits to excel in whiteness. Let the yeast stand in a stone or porcelain vessel, or in a bright tin vessel, to rise. Half these proportions would make yeast for the bread of a small family two or three weeks.

SALT FOR SOME THROAT DISEASES.—In these days, when diseases of the throat are so universally prevalent, and in so many cases fatal, we feel it our duty to say a word in behalf of a most effectual, if not positive, cure for sore throat. For years past, indeed we may say during the whole of a life of more than forty years, we have been subjected to sore throat, and more particularly to a dry, hacking cough, which is not only distressing to myself, but to our friends and those with whom we are brought into contact. Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there is in common salt. We commenced by using it three times a day—morning, noon, and night. We dissolved a large tablespoonful of pure salt in about half a small tumblerful of water. With this we gargled the throat most thoroughly just before meal-time. The result has been that during the entire winter we were not only free from coughs and colds, but the dry, hacking cough has entirely disappeared. We attribute these satisfactory results solely to the use of the salt gargle, and most cordially recommend a trial of it to those who are subject to diseases of the throat. Many persons who have never tried the salt gargle have the impression it is unpleasant. Such is not the case. On the contrary, it is pleasant, and after a few days' use no person who loves a nice, clean mouth, and a first-rate sharpener of the appetite, will abandon it.

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LADIES' DEPARTMENT—Mrs. Jenny K. Trout, M.D., M.C.P.S.; Miss E. Amelia Tiff, M.D.; Miss Maggie Johnston, M.D., Assistant.

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for which it has long been noted will still be continued to all our regular patients. The Department for the special treatment of gentlemen patients will also remain open as usual, and under the personal supervision of Dr. Watt.

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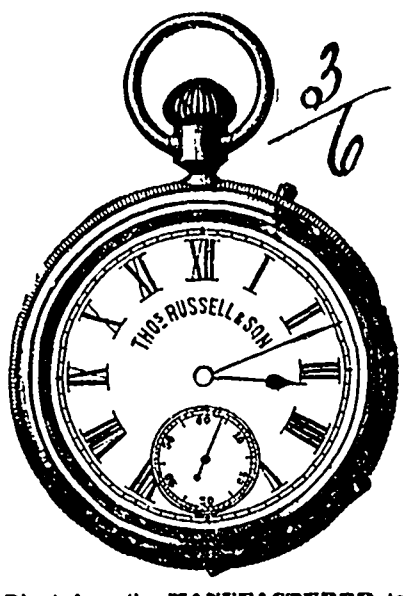
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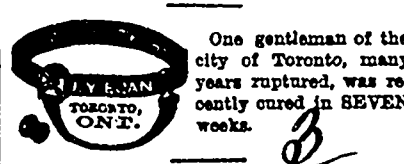
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LETTERS on business should always be addressed to the PUBLISHER; while communications intended for insertion in the paper, or relating to the Editorial department, to ensure prompt attention, must be addressed to EDITOR RURAL CANADIAN.

Mr. J. A. McLEAN, Manager Advertising Department of this paper, is authorized to make contracts at our regular rates.

The Rural Canadian.

EDITED BY W. F. CLARKE.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1st, 1882.

A LINE OF USEFULNESS FOR THE PROVINCIAL ASSOCIATION.

Now that the above-named organization is anxiously engaged in trying to prove its title to existence, and to that end is mapping out for itself new work, it may not be amiss to suggest the holding of Farmers' Institutes as one way of promoting the agricultural interests of this Province. These institutes are becoming very popular in the United States, and are doing a large amount of good. They are simply conventions of farmers held from one to three days, at convenient central points, at which papers are read, addresses delivered, and discussions had on various matters connected with agriculture. Under the auspices of the State Board of Agriculture, six of these institutes were held in Michigan during the winter of 1879-80. The last annual report of the Board gives a full account of these meetings, comprising the papers and addresses in full, also a digest of the discussions. Much interest is awakened among the farmers and their families by these institutes. They are a kind of travelling school of agriculture. The Professors of the State Agricultural College take a leading part in them. Practical farmers who have been successful in particular lines of husbandry, give their experience. Some of the papers are by ladies, who discuss matters of home convenience, adornment and taste. The six institutes distributed over the State, gave the entire farming population an opportunity of attending at comparatively small expense. Each winter the localities are changed, so that in the course of a few years there will not be a district of any considerable size that will not have been reached by their influence.

There is no good reason why a similar plan should not be put into effect in Ontario. The Professors in our Agricultural College could well assist in carrying it out, and would thereby make themselves and the institution in which they teach, more widely known. Other gentlemen can be found, able and willing to take part. Practical farmers of experience are not wanting in all sections of the Province, whose knowledge and skill would contribute to the interest and success of these meetings. The expense would not be great, and would be money well invested in the promotion of agricultural improvement.

We have already something of the sort in connection with one of the specialties of farming. Our Dairy Associations, east and west, hold annual meetings which are very similar to these Farmers' Institutes. They last three days, and the proceedings consist of papers,

addresses, and discussions. It is admitted by all capable of forming a judgment, that the development and prosperity of dairying in Ontario is largely owing to the yearly impetus given by these conventions. The Association Boards, with true business sagacity, have secured the attendance of the best dairy lecturers from the United States, who have from time to time given our factory-men the latest results of experimental methods adopted on the other side. The result has been that the dairymen of Ontario have been able to hold their own with the dairymen across the lines, in the cheese markets of the world. What has thus been done for one of the farm specialties may also be achieved for the interests of agriculture at large, and we earnestly hope that it will be, at an early day.



Wm. F. Clarke

EDITOR "RURAL CANADIAN."

We have much pleasure in presenting our readers, in this issue, with an engraving of its Editor, which those who are acquainted with him will, we have no doubt, pronounce an excellent likeness; while those to whom he is a stranger, except through his writings, will obtain from it a pretty correct idea of his personal appearance. Mr. Clarke is an Englishman, and was born in the city of Coventry, March 31, 1824. Before going to college, he spent a couple of years on a new farm, near London, Ontario, and there contracted that love of agriculture which has been with him a strong if not a "ruling passion" ever since. When the agricultural department of the *Montreal Witness* was started, about twenty years ago, Mr. Clarke was for some time its editor. He subsequently edited the *Canada Farmer* for five years, and the *Ontario Farmer* three years. For some years past, he has edited the agricultural department of the *Western Advertiser*, and been a weekly contributor to a similar department of the *Montreal Witness*. He has also supplied articles on agriculture from time to time for various other journals, and is the author of the chapter on "Bees," contained in the *Live Stock Encyclopædia* lately issued by the World's Publishing Company, Guelph. Failure of health requiring mental rest and an out-door life, he purchased a farm near Guelph in February, 1877, on which he spent three years, in

comparative seclusion, engaged in the peaceful pursuits of husbandry. It speaks well for agriculture as a healthful vocation, that these three years on the farm, completely recruited and rejuvenated the subject of this sketch, so that he was enabled, in the spring of 1880, to resume work as the minister of a congregation. Having rented his farm, he settled in Listowel, where he now resides, dividing his time between the labours of the pulpit and the pen.

HOUSE-WARMING IN WINTER.

The use of close, hot-air stoves is becoming well nigh universal, even among residents in the country, where fire-wood is yet comparatively abundant and cheap. Open fire-places are seldom to be seen. "The hearth," and the "fire-side" are fast becoming obsolete institutions. Few people now can say in the language of one of the old prophets, "Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire." We don't see the fire now-a-days. We only see a hot surface of black iron, with some ornamental devices and lettering upon it. The result is a great loss of sensible comfort, and no small detriment to health. Our apartments are almost unventilated, and we sit in an atmosphere of dry, heated air, that makes us feeble, tender, and liable to take cold on the least exposure. Dr. Dio Lewis, who has published so many sensible things in regard to healthful habits of living, speaks of the open fire as that "good, old-fashioned blessing," and gives the following wholesome advice in *The Golden Rule*:-

"Let us go without silks, broadcloths, carpets, and finery of all kinds, if necessary, that we may have this excellent purifier and diffuser of joy in all our houses. In my own house I have ten open grates, and find the expense is frightful, and if it were in any other department of house-keeping, I should feel that I could not afford it; but in this I do not flinch, so important do I deem the open fire. Next to an open wood-fire, the open coal grate is the best means of warming and ventilating. And if, with a good draught, the coal used be bituminous, it is a very excellent fire. If you would have good throat, lungs and nerves, sit by an open fire and keep as far as possible from stoves and furnaces. If you cannot escape those evils, wear more clothing, especially upon the feet and legs, and keep the doors and windows open."

NAPHTHALINE AS AN INSECTICIDE.

Prof. Taylor, of the American Agricultural Department, announces an important discovery he has made, and which will be of great benefit to farmers, nurserymen, and to commerce—that naphthaline could be used most successfully in the destruction of insects, vermin, etc., especially pea weevil.

"If seeds, grain, dormant plants, vines, etc., be placed in any tight vessel, and a small quantity of the naphthaline be introduced into the vessel and it then be covered, in a few hours any insect that may infest them will be asphyxiated."

The professor exhibited a jar containing some Egyptian corn, which two years since had been received from California, and which, when received at the department, was alive with small beetles. The noise of their gnawing was distinctly heard. Of course the seeds would be destroyed unless the insects were. A small quantity of the naphthaline was mixed with the seed, and very soon the noise ceased, the vermin were destroyed by its action.

To test the question whether the seeds had been injured, he recently had asked Mr. Saunders to test their vitality by planting a small quantity in some of the propagating houses. They grew nicely. Thus showing that this

substance does not destroy vegetable life when used chemically pure.

Prof. Taylor says he had destroyed mice, toads, etc., with this material.

CATTLE WEIGHTS AT ISLINGTON SHOW.

The following table shows the comparative daily rate of increase in the classes for steers in the Devon, Hereford, Shorthorn, Sussex, Norfolk or Suffolk Polled, Scotch Highland, Scotch Polled, Welsh, and crossed breeds of cattle at the late Christmas show at Islington, London:—

Classes for Steers not exceeding two years old—		lbs.
Crosses	4 animals average.....	2.27
Shorthorns	6 " "	2.10
Sussex	6 " "	2.07
Herefords	12 " "	2.03
Devons	12 " "	1.70

Classes for Steers not exceeding three years old—		lbs.
Shorthorns	4 animals average.....	2.01
Scotch Polled	8 " "	1.93
Crosses	12 " "	1.93
Herefords	10 " "	1.78
Sussex	7 " "	1.78
Norfolk Polled	2 " "	1.50
Devons	10 " "	1.44

Classes for Steers not exceeding four years old—		lbs.
Crosses	4 animals average.....	1.75
Shorthorns	9 " "	1.67
Scotch Polled	2 " "	1.64
Herefords	9 " "	1.61
Sussex	5 " "	1.58
Norfolk Polled	8 " "	1.37
Devons	7 " "	1.24

AMERICAN AND CANADIAN APPLES IN ENGLAND.

The New York *Commercial Bulletin* lately published the following statement from Mr. W. N. White, Covent Garden, London, as to the relative qualities and desirableness of American apples for exporting to the English market:—

- Baldwins—Free seller; bright colour preferred.
- Cranberry Pippins—Sells fairly well; bright colour preferred.
- Fall Pippins—Bad keeper; no use this season.
- Fallowater—Free seller, and commands good prices in the spring.
- Golden Pippins—Soft, dangerous apple; no use here this season.
- Golden Russets—Free seller, and when clear makes good prices.
- Gravenstein—Soft apple; dangerous.
- Greenings—Free seller; well known.
- Gilliflowers—Poor; should not be sent to England.
- Holland Pippins—Good apple, but soft.
- Jennetings—See remark against Gilliflowers.
- Jonathans—When of good colour command fair prices.
- Kings—Good seller, but should not be sent ripe.
- Lady Apples—Sell well at high prices.
- Lady Pippins—Fairly good; moderate prices.
- Maiden's Blush—Good apple; properly coloured commands high prices.
- Montreal Fameuse—Highly coloured, sells fairly; green, bad seller.
- Newton Pippins—Large, selected fruit commands high prices; small speckled fruit, bad to sell, even at low prices.
- Nonpareils—Nova Scotia and Canadian always command fair prices.
- Nonsuch—Soft, dangerous.
- Phoenix—When clear, sells fairly; very liable to turn black on one side, which spoils the appearance.
- Pomeroy—Small bright sells fairly well; large sort liable to turn pithy.
- Pomme Gris—Sells well, particularly when clear.
- Pound Sweet—Dangerous; no use this season.
- Queen Pippin—Fair seller.
- Rambo—Medium only in price and quality.
- Ribston Pippins—Good seller, but must never be sent ripe; loses its crispness, which is essential.
- Romanite—When small and good colour, commands fair prices.
- Roxbury Russets—Useful apple; medium price.
- Salisbury Pippin—Fair seller, when sound.
- Seeks—Good apple, and when highly coloured sells well.
- Spitzenburgh—Good apple, but quickly decays when ripe.
- Spys—Must be large to sell well.
- Swears—Must be large to sell well.
- Talman Sweet—Medium apple; fair seller when large size.

- Twenty-Ounce—Good medium apple.
- Vandeveres—Fair seller.
- Wagoners—Good colour, fair prices.
- Woodstock Pippins—Good colour, good prices.

SATISFACTORY TO SHAREHOLDERS.

The annual statement of the Ontario Industrial Loan & Investment Company, in another column, is in every respect a most gratifying exhibit. Never before, so far as we know, has any similar Association shewn so favourable a balance-sheet as the result of the first year's operations. The directors have evidently given the business of the Company very careful attention; but its unusual success is largely due to the untiring exertions and admirable administrative ability of the President and Managing Director, both of whom have been unceasing in their efforts to promote the welfare of the Company. Under such management its future is sure to be increasingly prosperous.

SKETCHES OF CANADIAN WILD BIRDS.

BY WM. L. KELLS, LISTOWEL, ONT.

The first species of the family of *Dentirostres* which I will describe is called

THE SHRIKE, OR BUTCHER-BIRD.

This bird, though not very numerous, is generally found in most of the settled parts of the old Canadian Provinces and the neighbouring States. It frequents the margins of the woods, low, thick shrubberies, and extensive orchards. Its disposition is shy, and but few of them are ever seen together. Though it sometimes takes up its *habitat* in the surroundings of human dwellings, yet it evidently does not love the presence of man, or the sound of the human voice. Though it is migratory, yet specimens are occasionally seen in the backwoods, when the ground is covered with snow. It is an early spring visitor, and its nest, containing young, has been found in the early part of *June*. It sometimes utters a shrill cry, imitative of the notes of a small bird in distress, which it probably does in order to attract some weaker species to its vicinity, in order that it may the more easily capture them, and when this stratagem fails, and it is pressed by the demands of hunger, it will dart upon, or pursue a sparrow, or other small bird, with all the ferocity and cruelty of a falcon. At other times, when food is abundant, it may be seen peacefully feeding among the branches of the wild cherry tree, in company with various other species, and at such times it may be heard repeating several low but musical notes. It feeds principally on the larger kinds of insects, small birds, and little animals; and it has the cruel habit of impaling its victims on a thorn or twig, and then pulling them to pieces at leisure and devouring them. From this circumstance it has been called the butcher-bird, while the name of shrike has been conferred upon it from its shrill cry. But though fierce and cruel in its treatment of other birds, no bird can exhibit more affection for its young or solicitude if its nest is in danger. The nest of the shrike is placed among the branches of various kinds of trees, sometimes evergreens, but generally not high from the ground, and is composed of a variety of materials, as brambles, stalks of dry weeds, cotton rags, wool, and fine roots. The number of eggs deposited at a sitting is four or five. These are of a dull white hue, mottled with gray or dull brown. This bird is nine inches in length, the upper parts of the body are of light bluish ash colour, the under parts are white, the wings and tail are black, and there is a dark

band on each side of the head. The bill also is dark, strong, and hooked at the point. There are two species of this genus, but with the exception of some difference in the size of the head and tail, the characteristics of each are similar. The following item from a *Barrie* paper will illustrate some of the habits and disposition of these unwelcome visitors:—

"The continued cold which has characterized the present winter (1881) has driven to this latitude many birds which usually spend the winter farther north. This is the case with the shrikes or butcher-birds, seldom seen with us, but this winter very abundant. This feathered pirate swoops down upon the English sparrow, bears him away, and puncturing his body with holes by means of his cruel beak, sucks his blood, and the little fellow is dead and the big fellow gorged in no time."

THE MAGPIE.

This bird is not found in Ontario, but is quite numerous in those wild regions that stretch from Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains, and which now form part of the Dominion of Canada. "The trapper's camp in the woods," says a Western traveller, "is always attended by the little blue and white magpie, who, perched on a bough close by, waits for his portion of scraps from the meal. These birds invariably make their appearance soon after the camp is made, and are so tame and bold that they will even steal the meat out of the cooking-pot close by the fire."

THE CANADA JAY.

This bird, though common in Labrador and the regions north of the Ottawa, is seldom seen in the central parts of Ontario except when driven here by unusually cold and stormy weather, and a consequent scarcity of food in the more northern regions where it makes its home. The long, soft and blended texture of its plumage is well calculated to resist the severest cold of the trackless wilds, where it is found throughout the year. Its general colours are a mixture of dull gray, black, brownish and white. When they find it necessary to leave their native haunts, they move in parties of two and three, to flocks of a dozen or twenty, and then approach the barnyards and surroundings of farm-houses, and along the public roads, where they feed upon seeds, crumbs, and berries, or on the grain that they find scattered on the highways or in the droppings of domestic animals, and also on the larvæ of insects which they find in the bark of trees. Like the magpie, they are sometimes troublesome to the hunters and the lumberman, by stealing the bait out of the traps and portions of meat from the camp. In those regions where this bird abounds, it builds its nest in fir and other evergreen trees. This structure is formed of bramble and lined with grass, and in it are deposited four or five eggs of a grayish-blue colour. It nests very early in spring, and the young, which are of a dark hue, are able to fly by the middle of May. In most respects its habits are similar to those of the familiar blue jay, a notice of which will be next in order.

A MAN is sometimes found who will ask printers about seven or eight dollars per cord for his wood, and then grumble because their paper is \$1.50 per annum. This is what may be called human nature.

VENNOR writes predicting a recurrence of the "warm wave," with very mild weather, during the week commencing the 5th of February. Very heavy rains and floods in the week following the 19th are predicted for western and southern sections.

CURRENT NEWS ITEMS.

W. H. GRAHAM has sold his stallion for \$700 to C. K. Pratt, of Indiana.

MR. ANDREW NICHOL, of East Zorra, has sold his farm of 71 acres for \$6,000.

THE Brockville Recorder pronounces the RURAL CANADIAN "a first-class farmer's paper," and only \$1 per year.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL MOWAT sympathises with the object of the Mechanics' Lien Act, and will give the matter his favourable consideration.

MR. JOHN OLIVER, lot 8, 9th con., Beverley, has been fortunate enough to cut two bee trees in two weeks' time, getting thereby about seventy-five pounds of honey.

A CONSIGNMENT of strawberries has reached the New York market from Florida, and was soon retailed at \$4 a quart. We shall not pass our plate this time, thank you.

PATRICK O'DONNELL, Newboro', has sold his farm of 100 acres to John Mustard for the sum of \$2,500. Some years ago Mustard sold the same place to O'Donnell for \$3,100. O'Donnell losing \$600 in the transaction.

WE were shown to-day, says the Peterboro' Review, a caterpillar that was caught crawling over a sidewalk. One gentleman remarked that in a very few days it would turn to a butterfly. Some say spring is at hand.

THE Hamilton Times of the 1st inst. has the following:—"The supply of potatoes is fully equal to the wants of the people in this section, and there appears to be no particular demand from foreign parts, although it is said a commission dealer from Buffalo was in the city yesterday endeavouring to make arrangements for the shipment of a large quantity of them, and being unable to procure what he wanted, he sent an order to a firm at St. Johns, Quebec, where the mealy vegetable is said to be plentiful."

ONTARIO INDUSTRIAL LOAN AND INVESTMENT CO. (LIMITED).

The first regular annual meeting of the shareholders of this company was held in its office, Victoria Chambers, Victoria street, Toronto, on Wednesday, the 15th January, 1882, at one p.m. The president, David Blain, Esq., occupied the chair. There were present the following gentlemen:—Messrs. E. H. Duggan, Dr. Jas. Langstaff, Jas. Gormley, A. McLean, Edward C. Blackett Robinson, John Harris, Wm. Anderson, Donald Gibson, R. F. Cosdy, John G. Robinson, H. A. E. Kent, John Hullock, Silas James, E. W. D. Butler, N. Allan Gamble, Alfred Webb, W. H. Best, Dr. Wilson, S. G. Noblett, James Braddon, A. G. Lightbourne, E. T. Lightbourne, J. J. Cook, Rev. A. Cross, Hugh Blain, T. C. L. Armstrong, Rev. Mr. Reiske, Samuel White, R. B. Ellis, Geo. Gamble, and others.

The president read the following report of the directors, which covers the period from the date of the incorporation of the company to the 31st December, 1881:—

REPORT.

The directors beg to submit, for the information of the shareholders, the report of the business of the company for the period ending 31st December, 1881, together with statements of its assets and liabilities, and revenue accounts, duly audited.

The subscribed capital of the company at that date amounted to \$250,000, of which had been paid \$84,735 73. The manner in which the stock has been sought after and taken up of late has been a pleasing indication to your directors of public confidence in the success of the company, and they feel assured that had it been deemed advisable to allot the whole amount of the authorized capital, it would have been readily subscribed.

A reference to the revenue account shows the net profits, after deducting the expenses of management and certain extraordinary incidents to the establishment of the company, to have been \$14,971 61, out of which a dividend has been declared at the rate of seven per cent. per annum. The directors recommended the placing of \$10,000 to the credit of "Reserve Fund," and the carrying forward of the balance, \$2,391 47, at the credit of the "Revenue Account," making the net profit at the credit of the company, after providing for the dividend, \$12,391 47, or a little over 14½ per cent. of the paid-up capital—a result which your directors consider matter for congratulation.

While the amount of stock paid up at 31st December, 1881, was, as above, \$84,735 73, it is but right to call attention to the fact that the greater portion of that amount was paid in during the last few months of the year, making the average working capital (upon which these profits have been realized) only about \$36,000.

The total assets of the company, as shown, amounted to \$113,047 48, the greater part being invested on the security of real estate, the inspection and valuation of which have received due care, and the special attention of your board.

The company has experienced no difficulty in investing the funds at its disposal both securely and profitably. The mortgages held by the company bear an average interest of 7½ per cent.

Having within the last few days made several very desirable investments, your directors are pleased to state that the outlook for the coming year justifies them in the hope that it will be even more prosperous than the past.

All of which is respectfully submitted.
J. GORMLEY, Manager. D. BLAIN, President.

The manager, Mr. James Gormley, then read the following financial statement, which forms part of the report, and in doing so gave a short explanation thereof:—

STATEMENT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

Assets.	
Mortgages on real estate.....	\$52,478 31
Bills receivable and collaterals.....	1,371 00
Office furniture.....	65 88
Cash on hand.....	38 85
Cash in bank.....	789 91
Real estate.....	\$112,416 00
Less remain'g on mortgage.....	55,569 38
Interest accrued but not yet due..	1,003 00
Rents accrued.....	350 00
Sundry accounts.....	73 91
	\$113,047 48

Liabilities.	
Capital stock paid up.....	\$84,735 73
Deposits.....	11,689 58
Accrued interest on mortgages payable.....	1,502 65
Sundry accounts.....	147 91
Dividend No. 1 payable 3rd January, 1882.....	2,580 14
Reserve fund.....	10,000 00
Revenue account carried forward to next year.....	2,391 47
	\$113,047 48

Revenue Account.

(since inception of Company, 15th October, 1880, to date.)

Cost of management.....	\$ 3,875 39
Interest paid bank and depositors.....	673 67
Net profit, \$14,971 61; appropriated and proposed to be appropriated as follows:	
Dividend No. 1, payable 3rd Jan., 1882, at 7 per cent.....	\$ 2,580 14
Carried to credit of reserve fund.....	10,000 00
Carried forward at credit of revenue account.....	2,391 47
	\$ 14,971 91
	\$ 19,520 67

Interest on investments.....	\$ 2,629 12
Interest accrued but not yet due.....	1,205 40
Profits on real estate actually realized.....	15 686 15
	\$ 19,520 67

J. GORMLEY, Manager.

We hereby certify that the above statements are correct as shown by the books of the Company, and that we have examined the securities appertaining thereto, and find them in good order.

JOHN M. MARTIN, } Auditors.
JOHN PATON, }

Toronto, 16th January, 1882.

The adoption of the report was moved by the President, who gave a lengthened account of the history of the company, the necessity of the directors altering to some extent the nature of the business contemplated on starting the company, and of the energetic and economical management. Mr. E. H. Duggan seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously, the shareholders expressing themselves well satisfied with the condition and financial standing of the company.

On motion, the alterations recommended in the by-laws were approved.

On motion of Mr. E. H. Duggan, seconded by Mr. William Anderson, Messrs. W. H. Best and A. G. Lightbourne were appointed scrutineers for election of directors for the ensuing year. After the close of the ballot the following gentlemen were declared duly elected:—D. Blain, E. H. Duggan, Jas. Langstaff, M.D., C. Blackett Robinson, A. McLean Howard, Alfred Barker, M.A., James Robinson, Wm. Anderson, R. T. Cosdy, J. Gormley, John J. Cook, John Harris, Silas James.

The meeting then adjourned sine die.

At a subsequent meeting of the board, Mr. David Blain was elected president; Mr. E. H. Duggan, 1st vice-president; and Jas. Langstaff, M.D., 2nd vice-president for the ensuing year.

THE Archduchess of Austria, a young girl of thirteen, when told by her father, the Emperor, she might select her Christmas present, asked to be permitted to bring up one of the children left orphans by the burning of the Ring Theatre at Vienna. Her father granted her request.

THEY are having an unseasonable a winter in Great Britain as we. Men were reaping oats in Perthshire, Scotland, on New Year's eve.

THE smallpox is spreading rapidly, and the National Board of Health at Washington have declared it to be epidemic in the United States.

IN the course of a bull-fight at Matanzas on Sunday, the 15th ult., part of the scaffolding supporting the seats gave way, and nearly 300 persons were precipitated into the stables below. One person was killed, and many were more or less injured.

THE British Government has issued an order that no one entering the navy shall receive a spirit ration in kind until he is twenty-one years old: and all officers and men will be allowed in lieu of it to receive its value in money, or a ration of tea or chocolate and sugar.

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GARDEN AND ORCHARD.

PEACH CULTURE.

There are portions of the Province of Ontario where peaches can be grown, and those who reside in these favoured localities are to be envied because of their ability to raise this luscious fruit. Few of them, however, understand how to manage a peach tree so as to secure a strong stocky growth, and a regular development of fruit buds. Usually peach trees have a very scraggy look, and too many of them get prematurely old. It is possible to grow peach trees in such a manner that they will be compact masses of verdure, looking, when in bloom, like immense posies. Mr. T. C. Robinson, an enterprising fruit grower of Owen Sound, gives the following account of his treatment of a young peach orchard during its first season after planting out, which shews that he knows what he is doing. He says, under date of Dec. 19th, 1881:—

"My 500 peach trees smile greenly to the tips in spite of one or two nipping frosts three weeks ago, and although only planted this spring, shew an array of fruit buds that promise bushels of fruit, if they do not so nearly burst that a February or March frost finds the heart. 'Would I let them set fruit?' Yes, sir. I cut them back to walking sticks in planting; then, as the remaining buds pushed, I selected three or at most four to form main branches, and cut, rubbed, or pinched off all others, except a central upper one for leader. As these buds developed into branches a foot to eighteen inches long, I pinched them to make them stocky. As the sap accumulated in them on account of this check to their length, they grew stout and thick, lots of almost dormant buds turned into active fruit buds, and four or five (perhaps more) towards the end broke and lengthened out into secondary branches. Continuing the process with these secondary branches, I selected say two prominent ones, and cut off the others, finally pinching these towards the end of the season. And now I have trees with the sap, which, if undirected, must have gone into innumerable slender twigs, fit for nothing but pruning away for the bonfire, stored up instead in the body of the tree in longer, more fibrous roots, in stout branches half an inch to three-quarters thick of this year's growth, and in healthy bark and wood cells that frosty winds howl around in vain, and finally in wood and fruit buds set close together, and waiting for the first touch of spring's magic wand—and all grown without an ounce of manure on 'worn-out sandy loam.' No, I don't prune them off if they come out coy and blushing in pink and green. I drink in the beauty and chuckle over my neighbours with ripe peaches if Providence sends a fitting season, and pettings with good manure, and pamperings with wood ashes, and more encouragement with thumb and finger in similar pinchings, will coax them towards similar results another year—coaxings that they always respond to. Thinning of the fruit may be necessary—no doubt will be resorted to for fine specimens; but no more wholesale pruning away of fruit and wood for me. It is a deliberate waste of so much of the year's work. I was a fiend of pinching before—I am a disciple now. Do the square thing by peach trees, and you can have them

to eat as soon after planting as strawberries—to sell as soon as blackberries. Well, I may lose these trees this winter, or may lose the buds from winter or late spring frosts; but if they don't push from mild winter weather, I think not; and I have good hopes of eating and selling Alexanders within a week of the 1st of August of next year."

If, in addition to its making more vigorous and better-looking trees, this system of management secures early fruiting, there is enough said in its praise to make it worthy of general adoption.

MUSLIN FOR HOT-BED SASH.

Rufus Mason, of Nebraska, says:—"Three years' experience with muslin sashes where the thermometer ranges from 20° below zero to 70° above, satisfies me of their superiority. I make a square frame of 1½-inch stuff, with a single bar of the same size down the middle, cover it with common, heavy, unbleached muslin; paint it over two coats with boiled linseed oil, and find it far better than glass. Have had no freezing or scalding, but better coloured plants, more stocky, and better able to withstand early transplanting. After the hot-bed is filled with manure, lay in the soil so as to come within three inches of the muslin, sloping exactly as it does. As the season advances, the bed will settle about as fast as the growth of the plants require it. This plan prevents the plants from becoming long-legged, which is the main cause of the slow after-growth, and in the cabbage family, of so many plants failing to make solid heads.

MUSHROOMS.

The mushroom is a very accommodating plant. We have seen them growing in old tubs, in out-of-the-way corners of sheds, in abandoned greenhouses, on shelves in stables, and in every case giving an apparently good and healthful crop. All that is needed for success is a temperature from fifty to sixty degrees, some fresh horse manure and a little spawn. Having procured what fresh horse manure is needed, mix it well with about one-third of its bulk of good loam, and you are prepared to make your beds in whatever place you prefer. If you determine to form beds, make them narrow—certainly not more than five feet in height. The material must be made compact by beating down, as evenly as possible. If under cover, the bed may be made flat on top; but if in the open air, they should be rounded, to shed the rain. After the beds have been made a week, there will be considerable heat produced by the fermentation of the manure. Bricks of spawn should have been secured previously, and they can be sent everywhere, post or express, free for about thirty cents per pound. Break them into pieces as large as a walnut, and insert in the beds just below the surface, about ten inches apart. One pound of spawn is sufficient for a space two by six feet. If there seems to be too much heat, do nothing for a week or ten days, until it somewhat subsides. Then cover the bed with an inch or more of good earth, pressing it down with the back of a spade. It is not likely in a large bed water will be needed at all, but if the material should appear very dry, water lightly

with warm water. In small beds or pails, or anything of the kind, it is probable water will be needed once or twice. Mushrooms will begin to appear in about six weeks after planting the spawn, and can be gathered for three or four weeks. In gathering take up the mushrooms entire, leaving no stem in the bed, and placing a little earth in the hole made by removal. When the crop is gathered, cover the bed with a little more earth, beat it down gently, and give a pretty good moistening with tepid water, and in about a month more another crop will be produced.

FRUIT TREES FOR ORNAMENT.

Can any one tell me why a grape-vine is not a suitable ornament for a front porch? or what would be the objection to a fine standard pear or grand wide-spreading apple tree in the lawn? Was ever a blossoming shade tree more beautiful than either of these when the flowers come out? and is not the rich green of the leaves a thing of beauty all the season? When the purple clusters hang thick on the vine, and the red apples and juicy pears shine through the leaves in autumn, it certainly could not take anything from the beauty of the scene. When one has but little space, as in a village lot, could not the useful and ornamental be profitably combined by putting in handsome fruit trees in the place of those designed only for shade? and a pretty dwarf pear or two would look well among the shrubbery. A row of young cherries before a fine house with a many-pillared porch is one of the pleasant memories of my early walks to school. The old doctor who owned the property gave those trees as much care and attention as he ever did a rich patient. He was almost daily doing something for them, if it was only to pour a bucket of suds about their roots, loosen the ground a little, or bury a dish of bones under the soil. But their marvellous growth was the wonder of the village, and in a very few years they cast a deep shade over the whole sidewalk and yielded a bountiful supply of great ox-heart cherries. Let us give our children all such memories we can, for they are healthful for mind and body both. Fruit, or no fruit, means riches or poverty in the minds of our little children, and there is certainly a thriftiness about a home well supplied with this luxury, which is better than an old stocking full of hard dollars in the strong chest, but only one old crab-apple tree in the pasture lot.—*Cor. Indiana Farmer.*

THE "OFF-YEAR" FOR APPLES.

Most orchards have got into the habit of bearing plentifully one year, and failing the next. There seems no good reason for this, though some deem it a peculiarity of this best of fruits. It is doubtless the result of over-bearing and under-feeding. Apple trees are seldom indulged with a dressing of manure. They blossom freely; a larger quantity of fruit sets than can be vigorously sustained; the trees are exhausted, and must have a season's rest. By thinning the fruit in what is called the bearing year, mulching, manuring, pinching in and pruning back, apple trees may be cured of the habit of irregular bearing, and induced to yield moderately good crops every year.

HOME CIRCLE.

THE OTHER SIDE.

A TALE OF BUTTONS.

Breakfast was just over at the parsonage; the table was cleared away, the chairs set back, and Mrs. Ashton, in a neat morning dress, with a pretty little cap on her pretty little head, was standing with her arm over her tall husband's shoulder, looking at the morning paper. And as fine-looking a pair they were as you will be likely to see in a summer's day. The Rev. Clement Ashton was indeed said to be the handsomest man in the parish, and that with good reason; whether he had any ideas of his own on the subject was entirely his own affair.

Mrs. Ashton, as she was styled by the parish—Christiana, as her godfathers and godmothers named her—Chrissey, as her brothers and her husband called her—was not usually regarded as remarkably handsome. Her features were not very regular, and she was not fair; but her eyes, so bright and clear, her figure so elastic and trim, her abundant hair, and, above all, her frank easy manners, and the expression of sunny good temper and perfect openness which lighted up her face, made most people consider her a very attractive woman. Every one in the parish liked her, from the two old people who sat in the warm corner near the stove in the church, and always came round to get their dinner at the parsonage on Sundays, to Mrs. Dr. Rush, who was by far the grandest lady in the parish.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashton had been married about six months, after an engagement of almost three years, during which time they had corresponded vigorously, but had seen very little of each other, for Mr. Ashton was an assistant in an overgrown parish in one of our larger cities, and could seldom be spared; and Chrissey was a teacher in another great city, where she supported herself, and helped by her labours to educate one of her brothers for the ministry. It was not till this brother had finished his studies, and was placed on an independent footing, that she had consented to be married.

"George cannot support himself entirely," she said, in answer to the remonstrance of her lover; "he is not strong enough to labour as many of the young men do, and he needs my help. I know, too, that if he attempts any more than he is doing, his health will fail, and he will become discouraged. You must content yourself to board awhile longer with your good friend, Mrs. Bicketts, Clement."

And to this resolution she steadfastly adhered, despite Clement's persuasions, and those of George himself, who was very much distressed at the thought that his sister's marriage should be put off on his account. Under these circumstances, the lovers did not see much of each other, and they were finally married without Chrissey's ever having suspected her husband of any infirmity of temper. She had suffered much on discovering that such was the case, and felt inclined sometimes to wish that she had never been disenchanted. But she was a wise woman; she knew her husband's intrinsic excellencies and strength as well as his weakness, and altering an old maxim to suit her own purpose, she resolved both to endure and cure.

"What do you set about to-day?" she asked, as Mr. Ashton, having exhausted the paper, arose from the sofa corner.

"Visiting," replied his reverence. "I must go up to old Mrs. Balcomb's and see the Joneses, and try to prevail on Phil Taggart to let his children come to the Sunday school once more. Then I have to see poor Maggie Carpenter, who is much worse again, and if I have time, I shall get into the omnibus and ride out to the mills, to that girl Miss Flower mentioned to me yesterday."

"What a round!" exclaimed Chrissey. "You will never get home to dinner at two o'clock. I think I will put it off till six, and run the risk of being thought 'stuck up,' like poor cousin Lilly."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you know they always dine at six to suit the doctor's arrangements. One day Lilly called about some society matter on a lady who lives not a hundred miles from her street, about five o'clock in the afternoon. The lady herself came to the door, and Lilly was about entering, when she thought she perceived the smell of roast meat in the hall, and said very politely, 'But perhaps it is your dinner hour?'"

"No indeed!" replied madame, with indignation. "We don't dine at this time of day; we are not so stuck up!"

"Poor Lilly!" exclaimed Mr. Ashton, laughing, "what did she say?"

"O! she did her errand, and retired, of course. There was nothing to be said."

Mr. Ashton turned to go into the study, and as he did so, his foot caught in the carpet and he was nearly thrown down. Chrissey started in alarm, but he recovered himself, and said pettishly enough—

"I do wish you would have that carpet nailed down. I have stumbled over it twenty times in the course of a week, I do believe."

"I thought Amy had fastened it," returned his wife, with perfect mildness. "I am sure I saw her at work there. The door must pull it out of place, I think."

"O! of course there is some excellent reason for its being out of order. It seems to me that, with all your ingenuity, you might find some way of making it more secure."

He turned into his study, shutting the door after him with rather unnecessary force, and Mrs. Ashton returned to the fire and arranged her work-basket for that day, with something of a cloud on the fair face. She was not left long here undisturbed, for Mr. Ashton's voice was soon heard calling her in impatient tones. She sighed, but arose and entered the next room, where she found her husband standing before his bureau partly dressed, and with shirts, cravats, and handkerchiefs scattered about him like a new kind of snow, while his face bore an expression of melancholy reproach at once painful and slightly ludicrous.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"O, the old story! Not a button where it ought to be! not a shirt ready to wear! I do not mean to be unreasonable," he continued, in an agitated voice, as he tumbled over the things, to the manifest discomposure of the clean linen, "but really, Chrissey, I think you might see that my clothes are in order. I am sure I would do more than that for you; but here I am delayed and put to the greatest inconvenience, because you cannot sew on these buttons! I should really think that a little of the time you spend in writing to George and Henry might as well be bestowed on me."

This address was delivered in a tone and manner of mournful distress, which might have been justified, perhaps, if Mrs. Ashton had picked his pocket as he was going to church.

"What is the matter with this shirt?" asked Chrissey, quietly examining one of the discarded garments. "It seems to have all the buttons in their places; and this one, too, is quite perfect; and here is another. My dear husband, how many shirts do you usually wear at a time?"

"O! it is all very well for you to smile, my love, but I do assure you I found several with no means at all of fastening the wristbands. We had breakfast late, and now I shall be detained half an hour, when I ought to be away. I know you mean well, but if you had served a year's apprenticeship with my mother before you were married, it might have been all the better for your housekeeping."

"It might have prevented it altogether," was repressed in a moment. She picked up and replaced the scattered apparel, folded the snowy cravats, warmed her husband's overshoes, and saw the beautiful little communion service, presented by a lady of the parish, and consecrated to such sufferers as Maggie Carpenter, was in readiness. Before he left the house, Mr. Ashton had forgotten both his fretfulness and its cause. He kissed his wife, thanked her for her trouble, proposed that she should send for Lilly to spend the day with her, and strode away with his usual elastic step and pleasant face.

Chrissey watched him from the door till he turned into the next street, and then went back to the fireside and to her own reflections.

This fretfulness and tendency to be greatly disturbed at little matters, was almost her husband's only fault. He was self-sacrificing to the last degree, faithful and indefatigable as an apostle in almost all his professional labours, liberal to a fault, and in his administration of parish matters wise and conciliating to all. He could bear injuries, real injuries, with the greatest patience, and was never known to harbour resentment.

But with all these good qualities, Mr. Ashton had one fault—a fault which threatened to disturb and

finally to destroy the comfort of his married life. If his wife, by extravagance or bad management, had wasted his income and involved him in difficulties, it is probable that he would never have spoken an unkind word to her; but the fact of a button being missing, or a book removed from its place, would produce a lamentation half indignant and half pathetic, which rung in Chrissey's ears, and made her heart ache long after Clement had forgotten the circumstance altogether. Strange as it may seem, Mr. Ashton had never thought of this habit, of which, indeed, he was but imperfectly conscious, as a fault.

He thought, indeed, that it was a pity he should be so sensitive, and sometimes said that he wished he had not such a love for order and symmetry, for then he should not be so often annoyed by the disorderly habits of other people. He said to himself that it was one of his peculiar trials—that even Chrissey, perfect as she was, did not come up to his ideas in this respect; but that his peculiar trials, as he was pleased to call them, ever became trials to other people, he did not imagine. He had, indeed, remarked, in spite of himself, that Chrissey's face was not as cheerful, nor her spirits as light, as when they were first married; and he regretted that the cares of housekeeping should weigh so heavily upon her; but nothing was further from his thoughts than that anything in himself could have produced the change.

Mr. Ashton, exhausted with his day's work, turned towards home with his mind and heart full of all he had seen and felt. He said very little during dinner, but when the table was removed, and he sat down in his dressing-gown and slippers before the fire, he related to his wife all the events of the day, describing, with the enthusiasm of his earnest nature, the patience and holy resignation he had witnessed, and ended by saying—

"Certainly religion has power to sustain and console, under all trials, and under every misfortune."

"Except the loss of a button," replied Chrissey, seriously. "That is a misfortune which neither philosophy nor religion can enable one to sustain."

The Rev. Mr. Ashton started as though a pistol had been discharged at his ear.

"Why, what do you mean, Chrissey?"

"Just what I say," returned Chrissey, with the same soberness. "Yourself, for instance; you can endure with the greatest resignation the loss of friends and misfortune; I never saw you ruffled by rudeness or abuse from others, or show any impatience under severe pain; but the loss of a button from your shirt, or a nail from the carpet, gives you a perfect right to be unreasonable, unkind, and—I must say it—un-Christian."

Mr. Ashton arose, and walked up and down the room in some agitation.

"I did not think, my love," he said at last in a trembling tone, "that you would attach so much importance to a single hasty word. Perhaps I spoke too quickly; but even if it were so, did we not promise to be patient with each other's infirmities? I am sure I am very glad to bear with—"

Mr. Ashton paused; he was an eminently truthful man, and, upon consideration, he really could not remember that he had ever had anything to bear from his wife.

"If it were only once, my dear husband, I should say nothing about it; but you do not in the least seem aware how the habit has grown upon you. There has not been a day this week in which you have not made my heart ache by some such outburst of fretfulness."

Mr. Ashton was astonished; but as he began to reflect, he was still more surprised to find that his wife's accusation was quite true. One day, it had been about the front-door mat, the next about a mislaid Review, and then about a lost pair of gloves, which after all were found in his own pocket. He felt that it was all true; and as his conscience brought forward one instance after another of unkindness, he sat down again and covered his face with his hands.

"But that is not the worst," continued Chrissey, becoming agitated in her turn. "I fear—I cannot help fearing—that I shall be led to feel as I ought not towards you. I fear lest I shall in time lose the power of respecting my husband, and when respect goes, Clement, love does not last long. This very moment I found myself wishing I had never known you."

Chrissey burst into tears, a very unusual demonstration for her; and Clement springing up, once more

traversed the room once or twice, and then sat down at his wife's side.

"Christiana," he said mournfully, "is it come to this? I have deserved it—I feel that I have—but to lose your respect, your love—my punishment is greater than I can bear, Chrissey."

"It was but the thought of a moment," replied Christiana, checking her sobs; "but I am frightened that the idea should ever have entered my mind. If I should cease to love you, Clement, I should die. I would rather die this moment."

"God forbid!" ejaculated her husband, clasping her in his arms. "But why, my dearest love, have you not told me of this before?"

"It is neither a grateful nor a gracious office for a wife to reprove her husband, or a woman her pastor," replied Christiana, laying his head on her shoulder; "and if I had not been left here alone all day, I think I should hardly have got up my courage now. But if you are not angry, I am glad I have told you all that was in my heart; for indeed, my dear, it has been a sad, aching heart this long time. And now I must tell you how those two unlucky shirts came to be buttonless."

"No, don't say one word about them, my love," said Clement penitently. "I will never complain again if the sleeves are missing as well as the buttons."

"But I must tell you, for I really mean to have my housekeeping affairs in as good order as anyone. I was looking over your shirts yesterday afternoon, and had put them all to rights but these two, when Mrs. Lennox came in, in great distress, to say that her sister's child was much worse, and they feared dying; so I dropped all, and went over there. You know how it was. No one had any calmness or presence of mind. The child's convulsions were indeed frightful to witness; the mother was in hysterics, and Mrs. Lennox worse than nobody at all. It was nearly midnight before I could get away, and meantime Amy had put the room in order, and restored the shirts to their places."

Amy now put her head into the room. "If you please, missus, a young woman in the kitchen would like to see missus a minute."

"Missus" arose and went out into the kitchen, and Mr. Ashton, taking a candle from the table, entered the study and locked himself in. Chrissey waited for him a long time, and tapped at the door. It was opened with a warm embrace and a fervent kiss, and though there were not many words spoken on either side, there was a light in the eyes of both husband and wife which showed that the understanding was perfect between them.

But I do think, nevertheless, that men's wives ought to sow on their buttons.

THE DIAMOND BRESTPIN.

"It will cost two hundred dollars, Anna," said George Blakely to his young, proud, extravagant wife. The tone in which he said this showed that her request startled him.

"I know it will. But what are two hundred dollars for a diamond pin?" Mrs. Blakely's voice was half contemptuous. "Mary Edgar's diamonds cost over a thousand dollars."

"Just one thousand dollars more than her husband could afford to pay for them," said Mr. Blakely.

"He's the best judge of that, I presume," retorted his wife. "But that doesn't signify. You can't afford to purchase the diamond pin!"

"I cannot, Anna."

"What do you do with your money, pray, husband?" and her words and tone stung him into a rather harsh

reply. But this only roused her anger, and made her only more unreasonably persistent.

"O, very well," said her too yielding husband at last, "go to Camfield's to-morrow and get the pin. Tell him to send in his account on the 1st of January, and it will be paid."

Mrs. Blakely was in earnest. There was not one of her fashionable acquaintances but had a diamond ring or breastpin, and until she was the owner of one or both she could no longer hold up her head in society. Her husband was receiving taller in a bank, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars per annum when he married, which was about a year before; and he still occupied the same post, and at the same income.

For a young man in his position he had not married wisely. The handsome face and captivating manner

of a dashing belle bewildered his fancy. He proposed in haste, was promptly accepted, and led to the marriage altar, not a true woman, to be transformed into a true wife, but a weak, capricious, vain creature, incapable of genuine love, and too selfish and narrow-minded to feel the influence of honourable principle.

An extravagant love of dress and ornament characterized her from the beginning, and she would hearken to none of her husband's gently offered remonstrances. Nearly half of his income she spent during the first year of their marriage in dress and jewellery.

The demand for a two hundred dollar breastpin coming on young Blakely, as it did, at a time when he had just made the unpleasant discovery of a deficit in his income, when compared with his expenses, of several hundred dollars, sadly disheartened him. But he was not brave enough to meet the exigency, and therefore weakly yielded to a demand that should have been met by unflinching refusal.

The 1st of January found Blakely short of funds by considerably more than the price to be paid for the diamond pin. Camfield's bill came in, and must be settled. It would not do for him to hold back in the matter of payment, for the jeweller was an acquaintance of more than one of the directors of the bank, and questions might be asked and inferences drawn prejudicial to his standing. In an evil hour, under distress of mind and strong temptation, the young man made a false entry, which enabled him to abstract two hundred dollars from the funds of the bank.

This was only the beginning of a series of defalcations, which ran through many years before the exposure came which always follows such a course of crime. It was easier now to supply the extravagant demands of his wife, whose annual wardrobe and bills for jewellery, for which she had that passion which is characteristic of weak minds, almost reached the full amount of his salary.

But the end came at last. One evening, seven years from the date of their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Blakely were about leaving for the opera, when the bell was rung violently. Mr. Blakely started and turned pale with a sudden presentiment of evil.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife, who saw the singular change in his countenance.

Mr. Blakely did not answer, but stood listening toward the door. Men's voices were now heard, and the tread of heavy feet along the passage. There was a start and a hurried movement by Blakely; then he stood still, as if riveted to the spot.

"Who are they? What is the meaning of this?" asked Mrs. Blakely in alarm. At the same moment two men entered the room.

"You are arrested," said one of them, "on a charge of defalcation."

Mrs. Blakely shrieked, but her husband stood still and status-like, his face of an ashen hue.

"George! George! This is false!" exclaimed Mrs. Blakely, recovering herself. "You could not stoop to crime."

"It is true," he answered in a low, sad voice.

The words of her husband had stunned Mrs. Blakely. Ere she recovered herself he was gone. She never saw him afterward. That night he passed to his account before a higher tribunal than an earthly one, and she was left in poverty and disgrace.

The story is one of every-day-life. George Blakely is the representative of the class. Not all of them rob banks or defraud their employers; but all of them, to support idle, extravagant wives in costly establishments (costly in comparison with their means), spend more than their earnings or profits, and fail in the end to pay their just obligations.

A modern young lady, fashionably educated, and with modern notions of style, fashion and domestic equipments, is altogether too costly an article for a young man of small means or a moderate salary. Diamond pins, rich silks and laces, rosewood furniture, six, seven, eight or nine hundred dollar houses, operas, balls, fashionable parties, Saratoga and Newport, and success in business, are altogether out of the question.

If young men would unite the latter and matrimony, they must look into another circle for wives. A girl who is independent enough to to earn her living as a teacher, or with the needle, is a wife worth a score of such butterflies of fashion; and a rising young man, who has only his industry to rest upon for success in life, is a fool to marry any other. Useful industry is always honourable, and difference of sex makes no difference in this particular.—T. S. Arthur.

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

Those few pale autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are;
Than all that went before,
Than all the summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why? They are the last!
The last! the last! the last!
O, by that little word
How many thoughts are stirr'd!
That sister of the past.

Pale flowers! pale, perishing flowers!
Ye're types of precious things:
Types of those bitter moments
That flit like life's enjoyments
On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones,
That time the fastest spends;
Last tears in silence shed,
Last words, half uttered,
Last look of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress
A life into a day—
The last day spent with one,
Who ere the morrow's sun
Must leave us, and for aye?

O precious, precious moments!
Pale flowers, ye're types of those—
The saddest, sweetest, dearest,
Because like those the nearest
Is an eternal close.

Pale flowers! pale, perishing flowers!
I woo your gentle breath,
I leave the summer rose
For younger, blither brows—
Tell me of change and death!

ANDREW RYCKMAN'S PRAYER.

Scarcely Hope hath shaped for me,
What the future life may be.
Other lips may well be bold;
Like the publican of old,
I can only urge the plea,
"Lord, be merciful to me!"
Nothing of desert I claim,
Unto me belongeth shame.
Not for me the crowns of gold,
Palms and harpings manifold;
Not for erring eye and feet,
Jasper wall and golden street.
What Then wilt, O, Father, give!
All is gain that I receive.
If my voice I may not raise
In the elders' song of praise,
If I may not, sin-defiled,
Claim my birthright as a child,
Suffer it that I to Thee
As an hired servant be;
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be Thine;
Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of Thy grace:
Blest to me were any spot
Where temptation whispers not.
If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.
Make my mortal dreams come true,
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace, that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to Heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

—J. G. Whittier.

THERE were 5,406 new books and new editions published in England last year.

A CRISIS is rapidly approaching in Egypt, and affairs wear a grave aspect.

THE Arabs in revolt at Yemen are reported to be defeated by Turkish regulars.

GAMBETTA is endeavouring to bring about a commercial treaty between France and England.

MR. PARNELL has been remanded in Kilmainham gaol another period of three months.

A NUMBER of failures are reported at Lyons, France, and the Paris Bourse is much disturbed.

THE great trial of twenty-one leading Nihilists will begin on February 21st. Sankowski and Melnikoff have appealed.

PREPARATIONS for war are being made in Vienna on a large scale. The arrest of a prominent Nihilist is also reported.

THE committee on the proposed World's Fair, to be held in Boston, have recommended that the project be postponed for the present.

YOUNG CANADA.

GRANTED WISHES.

BY JOHN O. WHITTIER.

Two little girls let loose from school
Queried what each would be;
One said, "I'd be a queen and rule,"
And one, "The world I'd see."

The years went on. Again they met
And queried what had been;
"A poor man's wife am I, and yet,"
Said one, "I am a queen."

"My realm a happy household is,
My king a husband true;
I rule by loving services,
How has it been with you?"

She answered, "Still the great world lies
Beyond me as it laid;
O'er love's and duty's boundaries
My feet have never strayed."

"Faint murmurs of the wide world come
Unheeded to my ear;
My widowed mother's sick bed room
Sufficeth for my sphere."

They clasped each other's hands, with tears
Of solemn joy they cried:
"God gave the wish of our young years,
And we are satisfied."

—*Youth's Companion.*

HISTORY OF A CHILD.

Many years ago, more than a thousand, indeed, there lived on an island whose name you know as well as your own, King Ethelwolf. This king had several sons; and the youngest of these, his father's favourite, is the hero of our story.

You think perhaps that because this little boy was a prince, he had everything that he could wish for, and so he had; but his wishes would not be the same as yours. You must remember that this was long ago, when even kings had not as comfortable homes as your own; and the toys that you think necessary to your happiness, had never been invented. The little fellow had one amusement, however, that our boys can enjoy. He spent much of his time in hunting, of which he never tired, though when he grew older, his many cares prevented his engaging in it. While the prince had, no doubt, as much enjoyment as you, his father, though very fond of him, could not give his son the advantages that you have; for schools were rare in those days. You need not be shocked, then, at the ignorance of the prince, when I tell you he was twelve years old before he knew his letters.

But though he knew so little of books, he had learned a great deal by travelling; for when he was eight years old he made his second visit to Rome with his father. The great city, with its splendid palaces and temples, seemed very grand to the boy, who was used to seeing the rough houses of his island home. It was during this visit that the Pope, who, you know, is at the head of the Roman Catholic Church, anointed the head of the young prince with oil, as a sign that he should some day be king.

Our prince did not always remain ignorant, even of books, as you will see. It was the custom in those days for kings and nobles to have in their courts minstrels or gleemen, who played on their harps and sang ballads. By listening to these songs, which was as great an amusement as hunting, the young prince had become very fond of poetry, and had learned many of these pretty ballads by heart. So, one day, when his mother called her boys around her and showed them a

beautifully illuminated poem in their own language, promising to give it to the one who should first learn to read it, our little hero, though the youngest of the brothers, set himself to work and soon won the prize. Do you not think that his big brothers must have felt quite ashamed? The prince now became very fond of study; and not content with reading his own language, he began the study of Latin. He soon became a good scholar, and afterwards did much for the education of the people of the island.

Before the young student was twenty-two years old, his father and all his brothers died; so, you see, he became king while very young. Do you not think he must have been very glad that he had spent his time well, and so was better able to govern his people?

The young king had a good deal of trouble at first; for the Danes, who came in ships from the North, tried to take the island from the people to whom it belonged. For a long time, the king was obliged to hide from his enemies; and one day he came to a herdsman's cottage. The herdsman's wife had no idea who her guest was; and as he sat by the fire, she asked him to watch her cakes while she was busy. The king, who did not know much about cooking, let the cakes burn; and the woman scolded him well for his carelessness.

Finally, this brave king, dressed like a harper, found his way into the camp of his enemies. While playing for the Danish king and his nobles, he heard all their plans. With this knowledge, and by the bravery of himself and his soldiers, he was able to defeat the Northmen.

When the war was over, the king devoted himself to the good of his people. He invited great scholars to the island, established schools, and did everything that was possible to improve his subjects. When you study history, you will learn much more about him than I can tell you in this short story. I scarcely need to give you his name; for you all know by this time, I am sure, that I have been telling you about Alfred the Great, King of England.

THE CAMEL.

The expression of his soft, heavy, dreamy eye tells its own tale of meek submission and patient endurance. Ever since travelling began in the deserts, the camel appears to be wholly passive—without doubt or fear, emotions or opinions of any kind—to be in all things a willing slave to destiny. He has none of the dash and brilliancy of the horse; that looking about with erect neck, fiery eye, cocked ears and inflated nostrils; that readiness to dash along a race-course, follow the hounds across country, or charge the enemy; none of that decision of will and self-conscious pride which demand, as a right, to be stroked, patted, pampered, by lords and ladies.

The poor camel bends his neck, and with a halter round his long nose, and several hundred-weight on his back, paces patiently along from the Nile to the Euphrates. Where on earth, or rather on sea, can we find a ship so adapted for such a voyage as his over those boundless oceans of desert sand? Is the camel thirsty—he has recourse to his gutta percha cistern, which holds as much water as

will last a week, or, as some say, ten days even, if necessary. Is he hungry—give him a few handfuls of dried beans; it is enough; chopped straw is a luxury. He will gladly crunch with his sharp grinders the prickly thorns and shrubs in his path, to which hard Scotch thistles are as soft down. And when all fails, the poor fellow will absorb his own fat hump. If the landstorm blows with furnace heat, he will close his small nostrils, pack up his ears, and then his long defleshed legs will stride after his swan-like neck through suffocating dust; and having done his duty, he will mumble his guttural, and leave, perhaps, his bleached skeleton to be a landmark in the waste for the guidance of future travellers.

LITTLE FOXES.

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named—By-and-By.

Then set upon him, quick, I say,
The swift young hunter—Right away.

Around each tender vine I plant,
I find the little fox—I can't.

Then fast as ever hunter ran
Chase him with bold and brave—I can!

No use in trying—lags and whines
This fox, among my tender vines.

Then drive him low and drive him high,
With this good hunter named—I'll try!

Among the vines in my small lot
Creeps in the young fox—I forgot.

Then hunt him out and to his den
With—I will not forget again!

The little fox that, hidden there
Among my vines is—I don't care!

Then let—I'm sorry—hunter true,
Chase him afar from vines and you.

THE NEW KEY.

"Aunt," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts, and make them so willing."

"What is the key?" asked her aunt.

"It is only one little word. Guess what!" But aunt was no guesser.

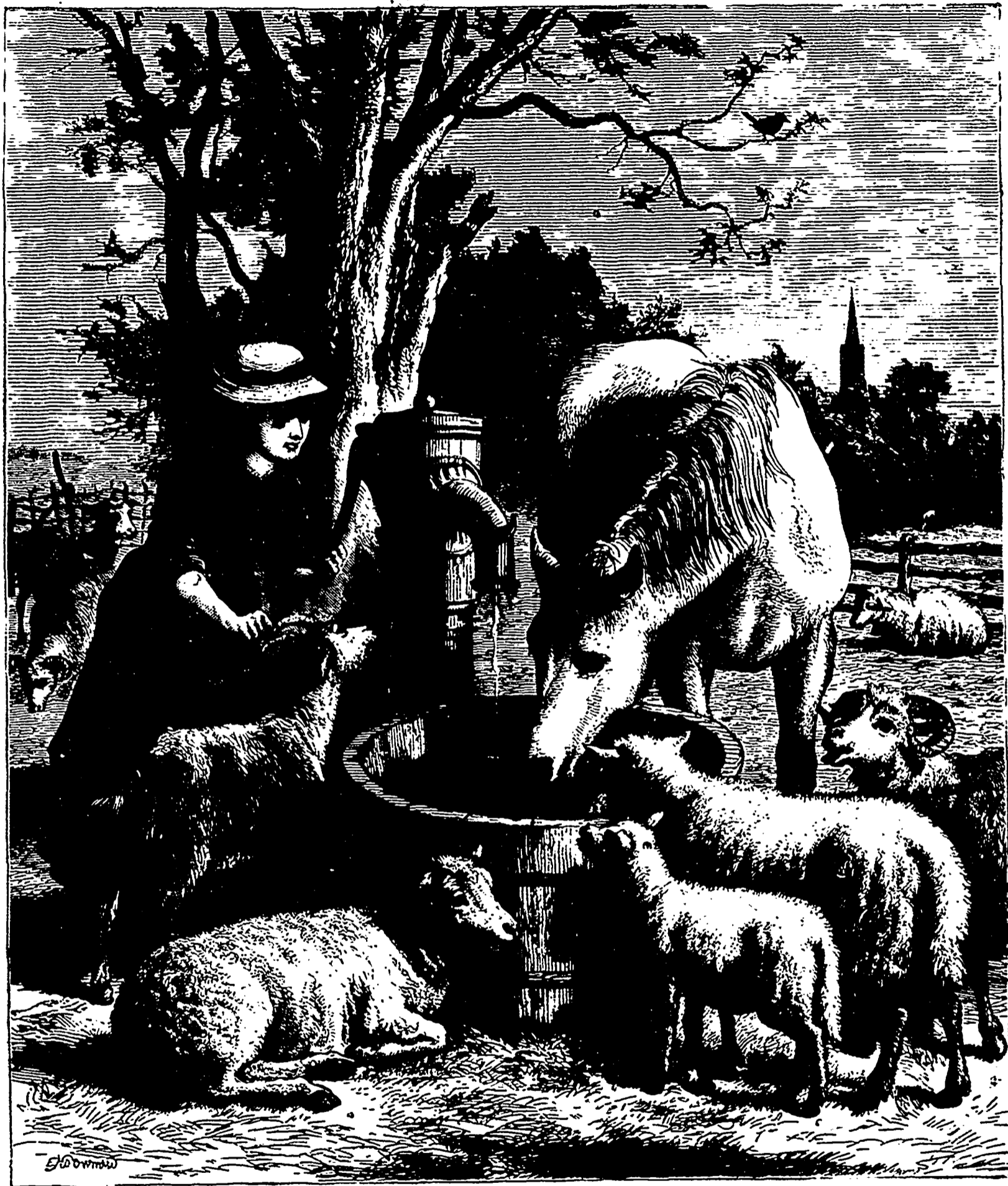
"It is *please*," said the child. "If I ask one of the great girls in school, '*Please* show me my parsing lesson,' she says, '*O* yes,' and helps me. If I ask Sarah, '*Please* do this for me,' no matter, she will take her hands out of the suds and do it. If I ask uncle, '*Please*,' he says, '*Yes*, Puss, if I can.' And then if I say, '*Please*, Aunt—'"

"What does Aunt do?" said aunt herself.

"O, you look and smile just like mother, and that is best of all," cried the little girl, throwing her arms round her aunt's neck, with a tear in her eye."

GRATITUDE.

One evening last Christmas a gentleman was strolling along a street in Toronto with apparently no object in view but to pass the time. His attention was attracted by the remark of a little girl to a companion in front of a fruit stand: "I wish I had an orange for ma." The gentleman saw that the children, though poorly dressed, were clean and neat, and calling them into the store he loaded them with fruit and candies. "What's your name?" asked one of the girls. "Why do you want to know?" queried the gentleman. "I want to pray for you," was the reply. The gentleman turned to leave, scarce daring to speak, when the little one added: "Well, it don't matter, I suppose. God will know you, anyhow."



WATERING TIME.

In the long spell of dry weather which we had in this Province last fall, that never-failing well, and the pump, and the big tub, and the young lady that has hold of the pump-handle, were worth much. How much? Well, it would be very difficult to express the value of the whole arrangement in figures. Money cannot buy everything. Old tubs and patent cast-iron pumps don't cost very much; but

what is the price of a well that never goes dry, or of a real, true, genuine young woman, whose heart overflows with kindness to man and beast, whose remembrance of the wants of others is as unailing as the well itself, and who may possibly, in a press of business, neglect to take her own breakfast, but will never allow the poor dumb animals to go without their usual drink for a single minute after the clock has struck the accustomed hour? Here, as ever, the giver is a gainer. The exercise

undergone in doing such "little deeds of kindness" deepens the tinge on the dimpled cheek and brightens the smile on the ruby lips. Oh, ye daughters of the farm, do not give away your birthright of health and happiness! Did you ever see a drug shop with the shelves on one side occupied by sensational novels? The druggist knew his business. Eschew the "too utterly" aesthetic. Pick up a broom, grasp a rolling-pin, take hold of a pump-handle, shake, and be happy.

TORONTO WHOLESALE MARKETS.

OFFICE RURAL CANADIAN. Toronto, Feb. 1st, 1882.

The excited condition in European financial markets has not extended hither, for there is plenty of money to be had by good marks at six per cent. Operations in stock have been limited for the week, and prices remain without noteworthy change from last Thursday. Grain and provisions are quiet, albeit prices were unsettled by the breaking of the Chicago grain corner. Payments are for the most part good, affected, however, in some localities, by the unseasonable weather and bad roads.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Flour.—The market is dull; odd cars of superior and extra have changed hands at quotations. Stocks in store are 6,220 bbls., against 5,045 bbls. last week. Oatmeal is steady at unchanged prices. Bran is in active demand; \$14.50 has been paid and \$15 is now asked.

GRAIN.—The total of grain in store is 60,000 bushels less than last year, but 32,000 bushels more than last week. All grains are quiet here. The Chicago market broke on Monday, some 6,000,000 bushels being held "cornered," and No. 2 spring ran down from \$1.35 to \$1.31 by Tuesday, but recovered to \$1.34 yesterday. The English market has been easy, but improved somewhat within a day or two. Stocks in store of spring wheat are 72,452 bushels, as compared with 68,105 bushels last week, and 66,333 bushels at a like time in 1881. Some trifling sales have been made at within our range. Fall wheat.—Stocks 206,384 bushels, against 183,303 last week, and 92,077 last year. Oats are firm at 40c. for No. 1 and 38c. for No. 2. Stocks in store are 8,313 bushels, same as last week. Barley has been selling in all grades at about quotations, but is now the turn easier. The stocks in store are 326,677 bushels, against 321,284 bushels last week, and 459,951 bushels at a like time last year. Peas.—The price is steadily maintained, but very little business doing. Stocks in store, 15,274 bushels, against 15,012 bushels last week, and 67,943 bushels last year. Rye, steady; 16,673 bushels in store, against 15,277 bushels last week.

HIDES, &c.—Market weak, and prices of green dropped to 7 1/2c. for cows and 8 1/2c. for steers, with cured 8 1/2c. to 9 1/2c. Large orders have been taken at the reduced figures, and there is a prospect that prices will now be steady. PROVISIONS.—We have no advance to note on our last quotations, but values are firmly maintained. In Chicago, Mess Pork declined 50c. per bbl., sympathetically with the break in wheat, but yesterday had recovered to the highest point, \$18.70. Dressed Hogs of heavy average have sold in car lots here at \$8.50 per 100 lbs., while on the farmers' market as high as \$8.75 has been paid by butchers. Butter remains in the same condition, stocks again accumulating, with no shipping demand; rolls are dull and easy at from 15c. to 17c. as to quality. Cheese is dull, at unchanged prices. Eggs rather easier, selling at 19c. to 20c. Dried Apples quiet, no transactions of any moment transpiring. White Beans.—None in market.

There is a decline of 1,010,000 in the number of hogs packed this season, which is equal to over 17 per cent. And compared with a year ago, the advance in prices is \$1.50 per 100 pounds gross on hogs, or 2 1/2 per cent.; \$5.15 per bbl. on mess pork, or 3 1/2 per cent.; \$2.35 per 100 lbs. on lard, or 2 1/2 per cent.; \$2.45 per 100 lbs. on sides, or 3 1/2 per cent. Exports to date since Nov. 1, of bacon and pork 149,000,000 lbs., or 79,000,000 lbs. less than a year ago, and of lard 76,000,000 lbs., or 19,000,000 less than a year ago. Special reports to the Cincinnati Price Current show the number of hogs packed from November 1 to date, and latest mail dates, at the undermentioned places, with comparisons, as follows:

Table with columns for location, 1882, 1881, and 1880-81. Locations include Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Louisville, Kansas City, Cedar Rapids, St. Joseph, Sabula, Iowa, Atlantic, Des Moines, Peoria, Ill.

Wool.—A good demand from the factories exists at steady prices. Fleeco is very dull; there is no request and no sales. Wo quote pulled, 26c. to 28c.; and extra, 82c. to 35c.

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