

THE
RURAL CANADIAN.

Vol. III. No. 3.

Toronto, March, 1884.

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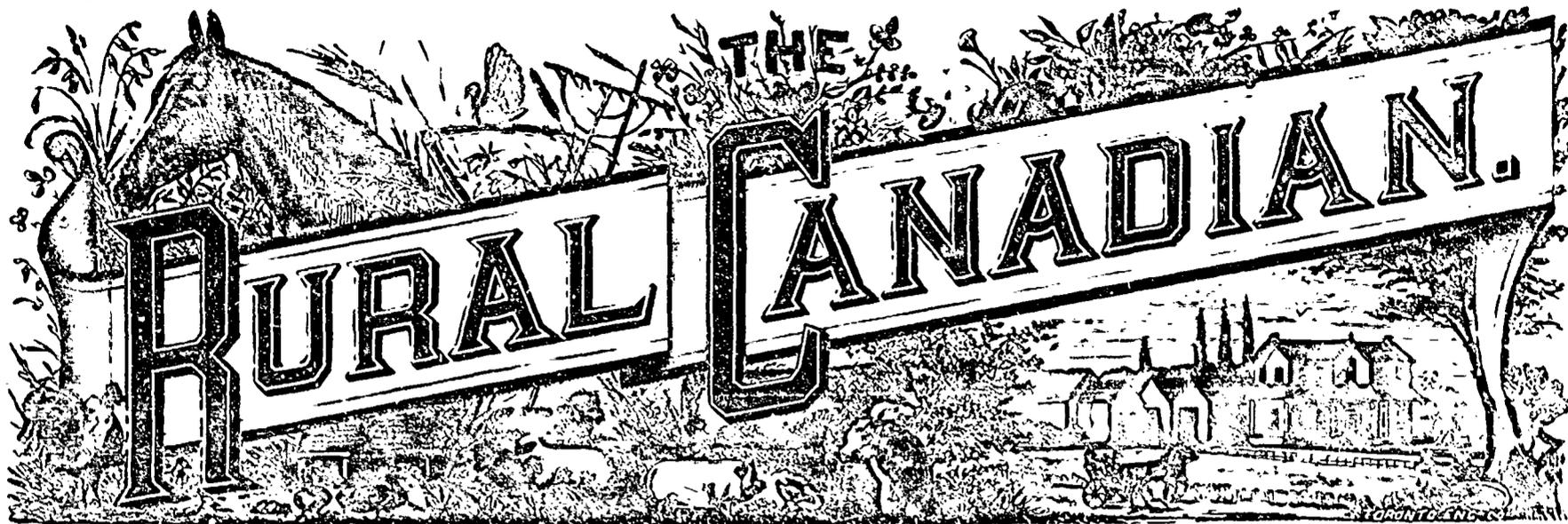
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RURAL NOTES.

AN estimate of the world's wheat production places it at a little over two thousand millions of bushels, of which Europe furnishes about one-half, the United States and Canada one-quarter, and India one-eighth.

THE necessity of dealing with the horse disease known as Glanders was urged in the last number of the RURAL, and we are pleased to hear that there is a prospect of something being done during the present session of the Ontario Legislature. It is understood that Mr. Dryden has a Bill on the subject.

FEAR is expressed that the peach buds have been destroyed in the Niagara peninsula by an ice-storm, and that this year's crops will not exceed ten per cent. of an average. The peach orchards of that section of country have been very unfortunate of late, as for each of the last two years they have produced less than half a crop.

A GOOD breeding sow can farrow two litters a year, one in the spring and the other in the fall, and to try to force breeding oftener than this is more likely to result in loss than in profit. Last spring there was great mortality among young pigs, and the assigned cause was that the sows were fed on dry food; a diet of green grass is most valuable to the breeding sow.

It is stated that in Great Britain 461,457 cattle were attacked with the foot and mouth disease last year. In the United States, too, the number of animals attacked with one form or another of contagious disease is very large, but there are no means ascertaining accurately how many. In our own Province, thanks to a healthy climate and to care in preventing the introduction of infectious diseases the loss is not appreciable.

HEN manure is claimed to be worth as much for fertilizing purposes as guano. The Boston Cultivator says a New York farmer reports raising upwards of one hundred bushels of shelled corn to the acre on land which had been two years in clover. Under every hill was placed a handful of hen manure dusted with lime. The farmer's report we think calls for verification. One hundred bushels of corn in the ear per acre is regarded as a first-class crop.

MR. FRANKLAND, of this city, is the pioneer shipper of fat live stock to the English markets, and the success of the enterprise has been fully demonstrated. Mr. Frankland will make large shipments during the coming season, and doubtless this trade will grow with the years. It has certainly done much in the way of giving our cattle feeders better prices for their stock, and of establishing a permanent market besides.

It is stated on good authority that beekeepers in this Province make a practice of scattering about on commons, highways and other convenient places, the seeds of several varieties of noxious weeds that afford a rich pasture for bees. Among these are blue thistles and Spanish needles, and wherever they are introduced they propagate themselves and become a nuisance to the farmer. The practice should be made a crime.

ANALYSIS shows that cabbage is richer in oil and nitrogenous matter than most other kinds of green food, and for this reason it is an excellent vegetable for feeding stock. Maturing late in the fall it may be preserved as green fodder until January, and for milch cows no better diet can be supplied than a mixture of cabbage and hay. Another thing in its favour is that the same area of ground will grow more tons of cabbage than of almost any other green crop.

SOME men have almost too much enterprise for a community, whilst others plod along in the old style, believing that what did for their grandfathers should do for them. Captain Bridgewater lately purchased the pedigree young Durham bull "Red Duke" from Mr. Henry Collins, of north Monaghan, also "Lady Durham," a very fine heifer—paying \$300 for the pair. He intends improving his own stock by these means, and will encourage others to do the same.

THE correspondent of an American exchange holds that much of the unhealthiness of farmer's families is produced by the narrow range of their diet, and especially by the everlasting round of pork on the table. The Jews were a wise people in their generation, and with them the flesh of the hog was ruled out as unclean. We think that at least in a modified form the introduction of the Jewish rule would be a wholesome innovation in the families of our farmers.

It is a peculiar coincidence that the valley of the Ohio has been visited by a devastating flood this year just about the same time as last year. Its effects extended from Pittsburg to the mouth of the river, a distance of about five hundred miles, and there has been great destruction of life and property. Last year's rains, it will be remembered ruined the wheat crop in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky, and great anxiety is felt lest a like ruin has been wrought this year. It was at the same period last year that the greatest injury was done to the winter wheat in Ontario, but there is reason to hope that this year the effects of the Ohio valley storm did not extend to our Province.

THE Bill on the subject of noxious weeds now before the Ontario Legislature has been drawn up pretty closely on the lines indicated by the RURAL. It extends the list of noxious weeds, and provides for the appointment of one inspector for each municipality to carry out its provisions, such an appointment to be mandatory upon the petition of a certain number of ratepayers. It also authorizes a municipal council to add to the list of weeds any that may be considered noxious in the locality. Other clauses of the Bill relate to diseases affecting fruit and fruit trees, and is made the duty of the inspector to enforce these clauses as well as the ones relating to noxious weeds.

THE Horticultural Society of Michigan set on foot an undertaking two or three years ago for the ornamenting of country school grounds. The plan of the society is simply an arrangement with a leading seed company whereby all teachers or schools who apply may get flower seeds at cost. Many schools have availed themselves of this offer, and a marked improvement has already been made in the appearance of their grounds. The work of preparing the ground, planting the seeds, and keeping the plots clean and neat is done by the children under the supervision of the teacher, and there is no doubt now as to its value as an advocating influence, the scholars take a just pride in their work, and the cheerlessness so common in the appearance of school premises has already disappeared to a large extent. The Horticultural Society of Ontario might do worse than follow the example of the Michigan society in this respect. There is great need of some movement to beautify the grounds of country schools.

FARM AND FIELD.**HOW TO SAVE MANURE AND APPLY IT.**

READ BY R. E. M'LEOD BEFORE THE PROVINCIAL FARMERS' ASSOCIATION AT THE ANNUAL MEETING, UPPER HAMPSTEAD, NEW BRUNSWICK, JANUARY, 1884.

To be a successful farmer (in nearly all cases) a man must make the most of his manure heap and apply it to the soil in the most intelligent manner.

In travelling through the country we find the too prevalent practice of cutting holes through the sides of the barns, through which the droppings of the cattle are thrown and there exposed to the rain, snow and sunshine of at least one half of the year, whilst the leaching and evaporating process of each day's accumulation is so thorough that at least one third of its value is lost by being carried down the streams or rivers, or wafted on the wings of the wind and thus lost to the man who needs it for the comfort and prosperity of himself and family and the good of the country at large.

Instead of throwing the manure out doors it should be carefully housed and as much absorbents put with it as possible to catch the liquid of the stable, and in this way a much more valuable article can be had and a much larger quantity as well.

I prefer cellars under the stables to sheds behind them, and as a means of saving labour the cellar is a very important item.

A stable properly built with a cellar not less than seven or eight feet deep under it and good width behind the cattle, with proper hatches through which the manure is put into the cellar is a luxury that many farmers boys would much enjoy, after being used to the narrow old-fashioned stables which could scarcely be cleaned until the cattle were first turned out doors, and then requiring double the labour to put the manure out doors that it would to drop it down the hatches into a cellar.

I would here, say by the way that I think it is very essential that when we build our barns and stables we should have an eye to the comfort and health of the stock, and also the convenience and labour saving as well, as time is money.

IT WOULD ENCOURAGE BOYS

when taking care of stock if stables were so constructed that the labour could be done in half the time. The cattle could be kept clean and comfortable, and in taking care of them they could do so without soiling their clothes and boots, and thus dispel the idea that to be farmers boys were to be slaves or serfs or something beneath boys of strong minds or bright intellects. It would instil into their minds the love of home and the love of the farm, and they would appreciate being called farmers' sons, and in most cases would adopt the calling of their fathers knowing that a good independent and comfortable living could be made by industry, intelligence, and a proper application to business.

Now in diverting a little from the subject as I have done I hope you will pardon me.

My reason for referring to the stable and the cellar will be readily seen not only in taking care of stock, the ease and comfort there is

both for cattle and those in charge, but the advantage there must necessarily be to the manure being directly under the cattle; it would naturally receive all the liquid from the stable thus largely improving the solids, which in the other case where the manure is thrown out doors is nearly all lost.

To increase the manure heap I find that black mud or muck can be used to good account in different ways, especially in barn cellars. A foot or two of good dry muck put in the bottom before stabling time will be as good as any of the rest of the manure next spring, and far better than the manure thrown out doors subject to the leaching process.

Mud is an excellent addition to the hog yard, and the quantity can be increased three or four times its usual bulk and the quality be good, which when applied to the soil will increase the crops and improve the farm very materially.

What I have said about the hog yard can be applied to the barn-yard or henery or any other place where an absorbent is necessary.

Muck is largely composed of decayed vegetable matter, and when used as an absorbent of liquid manures it is highly valuable as a fertilizer for all ordinary crops raised on the farm, and but few really know its value.

In making compost a good article can be had in putting a load of muck for every load of barn manure, put up in a heap and left for a month or two and then applied to grass land, which will give very satisfactory results by a large increase of hay for several years after the application.

I find common gypsum an excellent absorbent when used in stables during warm weather, especially in horse stables. A little of it sown over the stable before and after cleaning out will absorb the ammonia and sweeten the place, very much to the astonishment and delight of any one who has not tried it. It is good in any stable particularly in a stable where you are raising young calves, absorbing the very essence of manure and holding it until placed in the soil where vegetation will assert its right and claim it for its own.

There are many ways to increase the manure heap and none of them should be neglected; where mud cannot be got sods, weeds and straw, slops from the house, ashes and lime put into a compost heap will be found of great advantage to a crop of grain or grass when used as a top dressing.

TO FARM INTELLIGENTLY

we must return back to the soil in the shape of manure of some kind what we take out by cropping or grazing, or the land will become exhausted and unprofitable to the man who works it, and as the farmer exports beef, butter, cheese, pork, mutton and sometimes grain and potatoes, or whatever he may chance to sell, he must know, if he be an intelligent man, that it will ultimately exhaust the land of what is required to produce the articles thus exported.

New Brunswick being better adapted to stock raising than grain, and as cattle are a very heavy drain on bone, every farmer should save all the bones that accumulate around the premises and get as many more as he can afford and apply them to his fields, to make up for the loss annually going on through the production of the various kinds of stock raised upon the farm and also the dairy,

Bone dust dissolved with sulphuric acid made into superphosphate is an excellent fertilizer for roots or grain; it also improves the grass after the grain is taken off, and I would scarcely attempt to raise turnips without it, as in the first it insures them against the ravages of the fly and gives them a rapid growth in most cases. The extra growth of the roots will pay for the superphosphate the first year and leave the land in an improved state for years after.

As some of you may not have much experience in the manufacture of superphosphates I will describe my mode of making it. In the first place I put about five hundred pounds of bone dust into a puncheon that will hold water; then I pour water on the bone dust until it is nearly covered, which is left to soak for twenty-four hours, after which I pour one hundred and twenty-five pounds, or sometimes more, acid on the bone dust stirring it up occasionally with a stick, and in forty-eight hours it will be pretty well dissolved and ready to be dried, which is usually done by spreading dry black mud on the ground near the cask containing the superphosphate; then with a shovel dip out some of the dissolved bone putting it on the mud, mixing it thoroughly with a rake, after which it is ready for use.

In conclusion I would say, let us put into practice what we know in theory to be correct, and make the most of our chances to improve our condition, and so let our influence be shed that others may be benefited thereby and that farming may be done more intelligently and with greater profit and more pleasure, thus making the standard of the farmer second to no other calling for wealth, comfort, influence or intelligence.

WORKING FOR WHEAT.

Mr. T. B. Terry discusses in *The Ohio Farmer* the question of drilling or broadcasting. The leading points of his column article of personal experience are well worth attention:

"My idea of perfection in wheat sowing would be one kernel of choice selected grain in a place, the same distance apart each way. Each plant could then make a strong, healthy growth, and stool and develop in a natural manner. When a tool that will put wheat in in this way comes along I shall buy one. The nearest approach to this, and the evenest piece of grain I ever saw, was sown broadcast with the Cahoon seed sower and simply run over once with a smoothing harrow. The land had previously been worked down very firm and the surface mellowed about one inch deep before sowing the grain. The last work done to my wheat is to pass over it with smoothing harrow both ways (packing the ground about the seed). We thus get nearly all the advantages of rolling without any of its disadvantages.

"I would risk less seed on a piece evenly broadcasted, than if it was to be drilled, as the plants stool out more in the former case. If the broadcasting could be done perfectly even, I would risk three pecks or even half a bushel on rich, fine land; but the cultivator will not put it in perfectly even; it will bunch up some, and there don't seem to be any harm done by sowing too much seed, except the loss of the seed. I have sown six, seven, eight,

and nine pecks side by side in strips sixty rods long; the latter would cover the ground first, the former would stool out most, but at harvest all was alike. Whether you sow broadcast or drill, one bushel to the acre or two, does not seem to be a matter of vital importance. Large crops of choice wheat have been raised both ways. My average (by weight) for four years has been thirty-five bushels broadcast. But good seed, and a thorough and proper fitting of the soil, are matters of vital importance. The wheat crop of this State can be increased many millions of bushels by this means alone."

HOW A PASTURE IS MADE.

In Great Britain, Holland, and in some of the best dairy districts in this country, land is selected for a pasture as it is for any particular crop. Regard is paid to its adaptability to produce a large amount of fine rich grasses. The soil or sod is prepared to receive the seed, which is selected with special reference to the production of grass to be eaten while it is in its green state. Great pains are taken to render the soil as productive as possible. Water is supplied or drained off as the wants of the land require. Weeds and bushes are exterminated or kept in subjection. Fertilizers are applied as they are to land devoted to cultivated crops. Loose soils are rendered more compact by the use of the roller, and very heavy soils are loosened by the employment of the harrow or scarifier. Most farmers in this country, however, neglect all these things. Land is not selected for a pasture. If it is too rocky, broken, or difficult to cultivate; if it is too wet or too dry to produce good crops of corn, grain, potatoes, or roots, it is devoted to pasturage. Land is selected for other purposes, but the land for pasturage is what was rejected as unsuited for any other use. Sometimes a piece of land originally productive is devoted to pasture purposes. If this is the case it is generally after it has been "cropped to death." It is first planted to corn for several years, then sown to grain for a period equally long, and then laid down to grass suited for mowing purposes. After the crop of grass becomes so light that it scarcely pays for the work of cutting, the farmer concludes that the only thing he can do with the land is to devote it to supporting stock during the summer when he expects to make the most out of them. There are no evidences of beneficent design in most of the pastures in this country. They are the work of chance or neglect.

A GOOD FENCE AGAINST FRESHETS.

We have noticed several methods of erecting a fence across streams or rivers upon the farm to prevent cattle from trespassing upon a neighbour's land, or fields upon one's own premises, where they might do mischief. But one that was described to us recently we regard as an improvement upon any we have yet seen. It is constructed as follows: Take two short, heavy posts, say three feet long, set into the ground and extending above it some ten or twelve inches. A pole six inches in diameter, and of sufficient length to span the stream, forms the bottom of the fence. This should be cut flat on one side, and the ends rounded down to about two inches, so as

to fit into corresponding holes in the before-mentioned posts about six inches from the ground. A board or flat rail the length of the panel forms the top rail, and to this and to the flattened side of the poles are to be nailed the uprights at a proper distance to oppose the cattle intended to pasture on the land—these to be nailed to the upstream side. When during a freshet the water presses against the fence, the props give way and the panel falls down with the ends or edges of the boards presented to the line of the current, and offer but little resistance to it. When the storm or flood is over all that is necessary to do is to go to work, and, after raising it up, prop it as before, and it is as good as ever. This fence, we are told, answers fully all the purposes desired.

HOW IT PAYS.

It pays to feed well. Let me give you a case. Having a good lot of cows, which I have bred and reared myself and trained them well to be kind and gentle in every way, I do not like to part with them. But having a few more than I could well take care of this year I rented out five of them to a neighbour. One of these cows is a cross-bred pure Ayrshire and Jersey, and with her first calf gave eight pounds of butter in the first week's churning; with her second calf she gave twelve and a half pounds the first week after the milk was kept (the calf was fed on skimmed milk only). This cow is now six years old, and in her prime. The man complained of her and said she was a poor cow. "What feed do you give her?" "No feed at all but the pasture in the swamp meadow; and she milks only four quarts a day." I brought the cow home, and she was a mere skeleton in a bag of loose skin. The first milking was three pints. I began to feed her as I knew she deserved. I gave her two quarts of fine ground corn-meal and middlings mixed with cut sweet corn fodder three times a day, with what grass the pasture would afford. The fourth day she milked nine quarts, the seventh day eleven and a half quarts; the first four days her milk made three pounds of butter; the last three days it made four pounds seven ounces. This is not her full yield, as she is putting on flesh, and will do so until she weighs 150 or 200 pounds more than she did when she came home.

If we figure this up the profit on this feed can be shown very easily. Four quarts a day at five cents—the price at which her milk has been sold all summer—is twenty cents. That is the value of swamp meadow feeding. Eleven and a half quarts a day is equal to fifty-seven and a half cents; the feed costs fifteen cents, so that this fifteen cents gives twenty-two and a half cents profit. And to me the satisfaction of the thing is worth a good deal more than a dollar a day would be, for I certainly have a good deal of regard for my cows, which I have reared from the first, and each of which is a pet and regards me with evident kindness and affection. At the rate shown by these figures ten cows would return \$2.25 daily profit for the expenditure of \$1.50, which is in itself, as much as many a mechanic in a city is obliged to support his whole family upon. And yet there are farmers and dairymen who are growling every day of their lives that farming does not pay. I wish some of them would change places with some of the people in towns and cities whom they profess to envy so much. What a mistake they would make.—*N.Y. Times.*

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A GOOD way to extract the juice of beef for an invalid is to broil the beef on a grid-iron for a few minutes, and then squeeze the juice from it with a lemon squeezer; put a little salt with it. This may be given as the sick one prefers, cold or hot, or it may be frozen and given in small lumps.

AMONG other pretty ways to finish the edge of a silk lounge quilt are these: Put a border of narrow ribbon on in strips, make a point on the end of each ribbon, and under these, allowing it to show a trifle, below them put a ruffle of lace. The other way is to omit the lace, and put a tassel or small ball on each point.

CASTOR OIL or olive butter are recommended as a good waterproof dressing, and can be used to soften walking boots, especially the former. Begin by pouring the oil from the bottle all around the welt so that the angle between the sole and upper leather is quite filled with oil, and then proceed all over the boot, including the edges of the soles, rubbing it in with the hand. When one is done, have a turn at the other, and so alternately until you have got in about a tablespoonful and a half to each boot. The tongues, being thinner leather, should be quite saturated. Subsequent dressing will not require so much oil. Shoes thus treated, it is said, take very little labour to polish and keep bright with blacking.

"I HAD," said my neighbour, "some tough beef-steak; it was useless to attempt to broil it; I could not afford to throw it away, so I cut it in small pieces and put it in a small saucepan, with a lump of butter, a little water and some pepper and salt. It simmered gently for an hour; I then took a bowl of flour, some baking powder and a little sweet milk, and stirred a stiff batter, this I dropped by spoonfuls on a buttered tin and steamed for half an hour, when done I dropped the dumpling in the gravy with the pieces of beefsteak, adding water and butter enough just to cover the dumplings, with baked potatoes, tomato sauce, baked squash; and with bread and butter, fresh apple pie and cheese, we had a frugal but by no means untempting Monday dinner."

AN exchange has discovered a cheap way to be rid of rats. Our readers will not lose anything by experimenting:—"One evening I set a large wire-cage rat trap, attaching inside a most seductive piece of strongly smelling cheese, and next morning I found, to my satisfaction, that I had succeeded in trapping a very large rat, one of the largest I had ever seen; which, after I had besmeared him with tar, I let loose into his favourite run. The next night I succeeded in catching another equally big fellow, and served him in the same manner. I could not follow these two tar-besmeared rats into their numerous runs to see what would happen; but it is reasonable to assume that they either summoned together all the members of their community, and by their crestfallen appearance gave their comrades silent indications of the misfortune which had so suddenly befallen them; or that they frightened their brethren away, for they one and all forsook the place and fled. The experiment was eminently successful."

GARDEN AND ORCHARD.

THREE GOOD HOUSE PLANTS.

The farmer's wife enjoys an occasional novelty in house plants. The old common species after a time lose much of their beauty and should be superseded by newer sorts. To such we recommend the three following species as likely to give satisfaction:

Common Heliotrope. The Peruvian heliotrope (*Heliotropium Peruvianum*) is known to all as one of the most pleasing and fragrant of greenhouse plants. It is not generally grown in farmers' windows, however, although it grows readily with ordinary culture, and flowers profusely. One of the leading characteristics of the heliotrope is its habit of blossoming the year round. The plant is readily grown from cuttings at any time of the year, and if they be given good soil and careful attention, they will give blossom in a couple of months. The plants may be set out of doors as soon as settled weather comes. Give them plenty of room and good soil. They will bloom all summer. Early in fall pot them in good-sized pots, set in a warm window, keep the leaves clean and give good drainage. Under this treatment the plants will bloom all winter. Few plants are more deliciously fragrant than the heliotrope, and few deserve to be more general favourites. The room in which they are grown should be kept warm, however, about 55° is a good temperature.

Libonia. Two or three species of this plant are common in greenhouses. One of the best is *Libonia floribunda*. These plants bear a profusion of long, slender red and yellow flowers. The plant is bright and attractive in appearance, and is somewhat ornamental when not in bloom. It flowers only in winter, however. It can be readily grown from cuttings, if they are taken after flowering time. Plants may be potted out during summer as with heliotrope. Like heliotrope, libonias require an even temperature.

Peristrophe speciosa. This beautiful and odd plant is not common, it having been but quite recently introduced. It possesses all the attributes of a good window plant, however. It grows with great readiness from cuttings. Like the former, it is a winter bloomer. The flowers are a beautiful purple-pink, borne in great profusion upon thrifty plants. In house culture it will undoubtedly be found to require a rather moist atmosphere.

THE BEST VARIETIES OF PEARS.

The inquiry is often made regarding the best varieties of pears to grow for family use where there is room but for a few trees. When asked as to what pear we regarded as the best of all varieties, we have answered, the Sheldon. For a period of twenty-five years our pear orchards have been made up of nearly fifty varieties, embracing all the choice kinds; and it is from this experience that we select the Sheldon as the king of pears—rich, juicy, melting, high flavoured, keeping well for an autumn pear, beautiful in form and colour. This pear is also desirable from the fact that lovers of fruit, with weak stomachs, can eat it without fear of the slightest disturbance of the digestive processes—a consideration of no small importance. It does well on quince stock, as we have proved by

a trial of fifteen years, and is a good bearer. It is a russet pear, medium to large size, ripens in October, and with care will keep into November. It requires a good, deep loam, without a clay subsoil, to obtain the best fruit, and it should be well manured with stable dung, or a mixture of bone-flour and ashes. If we could have but one kind of pear out of the seven hundred known varieties, we should select the Sheldon; if two, we should add the Seckel; three, the Rostiezer, for early summer; four, the Bartlett; five, the Buerre Bosc; six, the Glout Morceau, for winter. These six varieties we should select for garden planting in preference to all others.

As regards winter pears, we have no good varieties that will keep well later than Christmas. The winter Nelis is a nice little winter pear; but with us it ripens in the cold weather, and does not keep as well as the Glout Morceau, which is larger and better fruit.—*Popular Science News.*

HOW TO GROW ASTERS.

For early flowering, sow rather thinly in the middle of March or in April, in good, rich compost, under a frame, or in pans in a greenhouse; shade from strong sun, and keep close till the plants come up; afterward expose gradually to the air; prick out when seedlings have two leaves, shade and water; plant out in the middle or end of May. For later flowering, sow the seed thinly in a cold frame under glass, on a soil nicely prepared in drills six inches apart, the first week in May. The plants come up in a few days, when they must have plenty of air, and as soon as they are about an inch high, take the glass quite off for two or three days, and then prick them out on a well prepared bed, three or four inches apart; shade them from the sun until well rooted, which will be in three or four days. Before the plants begin to run up in the stem, plant them out where they are to stand for blooming, in deeply trenched, well manured soil, being careful to remove them with as much mould attached to the roots as possible; let the rows be one foot apart, and the plants ten inches or a foot apart in the rows. If the weather is dry they must be watered until they take root; afterward keep clean from weeds, stir between the plants, and about the first week in August top-dress with rotten manure from an old hot-bed, or water frequently with liquid manure. Give them plenty of water, and tie them to neat stakes as the advance in growth. If intended for exhibition, leave but three or four of the most promising buds to bloom, and shade from the sun as they begin to expand. Experience has proved that the later-planted varieties give better and larger flowers, besides continuing much longer in bloom.—*B. K. Bliss & Sons' Catalogue.*

THE COLOURS OF FLOWERS.

In a recent essay, Herr August Vogel alludes to the possibility of changing the colours of flowers at will by the application of suitable chemicals to the soil. In this author's view, tannin plays an important part in the generation of vegetable colours. It is found in almost every plant, the petals not excepted; and, by the action of the most varying reagents—alkalies, earths, metallic salts,

etc.—it assumes the most manifold hues, from pale rose to deep black. A darker colour, therefore, is produced in flowers rich in tannin, when manured with iron salts, since as everybody knows, tannin and iron salts dye black, and produce ink. This fact has been put in practical use in the culture of hortensias and dahlias. Blossoms of the former were changed from a pale red when the plants grew in ordinary soil to sky-blue when transplanted into soil heavily manured with iron ochre, or when watered occasionally with a dilute alum solution. Similar manipulations have enabled an English gardener to raise black dahlias. In this connection, it may be noted that the colour of birds may be changed artificially as well as that of flowers. A young canary was fed upon a mixture of steeped bread and red cayenne pepper, when, without injury to the bird a pigment of spice entered the blood, and dyed the plumage deep red. It is the opinion of the celebrated ornithologist Russ that the plumage of birds may be changed to any desired colour by the use of appropriate reagents.

PREPARING FOR THE GARDEN.

The success of a garden depends much on its early preparation and planting in spring. Crops which do not need putting in till warm weather arrives, are greatly benefited by the thorough preparation and the pulverizing and enriching of the soil. It is well, therefore, to apply in winter all the manure which may be wanted. Pulverized by frost, and leached into the soil by rains and melting snows, it will be worth more than if spread in lumps after spring opens and is imperfectly intermixed. All new gardens for vegetables should be arranged for horse-cultivation, by extending the plants in drills across it from end to end. This will greatly reduce the labour of keeping it clean, and the few minutes required to cultivate it once a week, will be trifling compared with long and laborious hand-labour. The crops will grow vigorously by keeping the soil constantly mellow and clean by the frequent passing of the narrow one-horse harrow or cultivator. Gardens which are already laid out may be modified by re-arrangement, so that much, if not most, may be subjected to horse-cultivation, and the amount of hand-hoing materially lessened. There are many crops which are commonly planted in beds, and kept clean, if at all, with hand labour, which may be arranged in drills for this purpose.

PRUNING fruit-trees in winter is practised by some persons. It is better to defer the work until toward spring, but if done before, and particularly if branches an inch or more in diameter are cut off, it is advisable to cover the wounds with a thin coating of wax, to exclude air and moisture. This is a good rule when large limbs are cut off at any time, except early in the fall, at which season the condition of the wood and the dryness of the atmosphere preclude all tendency to decay. But the cutting off of large limbs is always more or less injurious, although trees in vigorous health are generally able to overcome it in great measure. If pruning is done in time, it will rarely be necessary to cut off a limb larger than one's finger.

BEES AND POULTRY.**HOW TO OBTAIN BEES.**

A person having decided to keep bees will naturally wish to learn the best way to obtain them. To such I would say: go to the nearest trustworthy person who deals in bees, and purchase one, two or half a dozen colonies of pure Italian bees, to be delivered in good condition sometime from the first to the twentieth of May, according to the season.

Some one may ask: "How much shall we pay for such colonies?" I think the following about a fair price for both buyer and seller. A good movable comb hive with surplus arrangements to hold from twenty-five to fifty pounds of honey, would be worth about two dollars; and a pure Italian queen two dollars. Then reckon each frame that contains a fair amount of brood and covered with bees, at one dollar. A good colony would have at least five such frames—five dollars. Five extra frames of comb, and honey enough to last the bees until fruit blossoms—about one dollar. This would bring a colony of bees up to ten dollars. This may not apply to all sections of the country, but will, I think, to the larger part. If there is no person near you who deals in Italian bees, you can send to some dealer and have them sent by express. (But make up your mind beforehand not to be surprised when you receive the express bill.) Or you can purchase black bees in old box hives, transfer them to movable comb hives, then Italianize them. But unless you have some knowledge of bees, you had better get some one to show you how to do this, who understands transferring bees or you may come off like the person that I heard of last season. He had just been transferring his bees, and was telling how successful he had been, when an old bee-keeper asked him if they had much brood. "Brood, no, but the moths were making an awful piece of work with them. Why there were four or five places as big over as my hat right in the middle of the old hive that was solid full of worms, and I just chucked them into the stove." Now those young bees, or worms as he called them were probably of more value than all the old bees in the hive, and he in his ignorance burned them up, thinking he was destroying moths.

Still another way to procure bees is to purchase them by the pound. This plan is quite satisfactory to those who already have bees or hives filled with comb where the bees have died out of them. A queen and a pound of bees placed on empty combs in June, will readily build up to a strong colony by fall. If you are thinking of purchasing a valuable queen, and do not wish to take any risks in introducing her to one of your colonies, I would by all means advise purchasing a pound of bees with her. Give them one frame of hatching brood and two combs containing some honey, and by adding frames of brood as fast as they can care for it, you will be surprised to see how soon you will get a full colony.

Another way. In all localities where bees are kept, more or less swarms every year either unnoticed or wilfully go to the woods. In the fall of the year, or when honey cannot be gathered readily from flowers, these bees may be baited and lured to their homes, trans-

ferred to hives, and by feeding be as good swarms to winter as any. Occasionally a good slice of honey is found with those wild swarms, but the majority of them will prove to be late swarms and rather short of store; so it is really an act of mercy to take them home and care for them. I can call to mind quite a number of bee-keepers that got their first start in bee-keeping in this way.

Still another way, is to take bees on shares. This used to be very much in vogue among hive-men. When, if you sold your bees, you sold your luck unless you took your pay in sheep or wool. This superstition will soon be a thing of the past, and taking bees should share the same fate.

THE PROFIT OF EGGS.

The *Poultry World* thinks it more profitable to raise eggs than chickens. This is what it says:—"We make no allusion to those large establishments where raising chickens as chickens for a near city market is undoubtedly a paying business; but we address the common poultry raiser, living perhaps a considerable distance from market, who wishes to make the most of his stock. And to such we say raise every pullet your premises will accommodate. Treat them in such a manner that they will lay early and constantly through the winter, and you will make more money than you can by raising chickens to sell for broilers unless at the fancy prices that such bring in cities. Most country breeders have no such market for what they chance to have to sell, and the small prices they obtain at the country hotel or the house of the wealthy citizen, by no means pays for the extra trouble and care that early chickens cost. Of course, if you have a larger number of fowls there would necessarily be cockerels and old hens to fatten for sale, but do not make it your business to sell dead stock instead of making live hens give you hundreds of eggs every year of their lives.

RULES IN POULTRY RAISING.

AN article entitled "Good, Sound Rules," and credited to Jno. M. Claiborne in the *New Industry*, reads as follows:

1. Do not buy your parent stock of eggs because they are cheap. No man can afford to sell a thoroughbred of any kind at a small price.
2. Buy your stock as near home as you can find good stock and an honest man to deal with. It saves expense, and you have acclimated stock.
3. Buy your stock at an exhibition if you can, as few breeders will risk poor stock on exhibition.
4. Never buy stock on the streets from vendors, unless accompanied by a certificate from a reputable breeder. No matter how well the birds may look, you may be sure few breeders of thoroughbreds will allow their stock to be hawked on the street.
5. Do not allow your fowls to run with an inferior male. A fowl, however fine, having at any time run with an inferior male, will only now and then throw you a thoroughbred, and never one worth more than twenty-five cents.
6. Never try to breed bad fowls into good ones. It cannot be done.

7. Never buy a fowl that you cannot exultingly show to your neighbour. Disparagement by a friend or neighbour is a sure cure for fine stock fever.

8. When setting fine eggs, do not give them too much attention. Many eggs are spoiled by too much handling, and the same rule obtains with regard to chicks.

9. Kill off the fowls not up to standard size. Then breed from your best and you will always have good fowls.

10. Give your fowls fresh, clean water, clean walks and low roosts, and you can easily keep them in fine health. Care in moult is required.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.

Extremely cold weather is very injurious to eggs for hatching purposes. When the hens are to be set, or the incubators started, be careful to collect them every time a hen cackles, in order to prevent them from being exposed to the cold. The inattention given the frequent collection of eggs for hatching has been the cause of many bad hatches, and the hens and incubators have been condemned, often unjustly, because eggs that had been exposed to low degrees of temperature did not hatch.

POULTRY MANURE.

Collect the droppings as often as possible, and compost them with dry dirt. If dry dirt is inconvenient on account of the earth being frozen, use good ground land plaster instead. The mixture of ground plaster and poultry droppings is better than either alone, and the ammonia is thereby saved. A good dusting of plaster over and under the roosts, and plentifully scattered all over the floor of the poultry house conduces to the health of fowls and destroys foul odours.

THERE is just as much difference between the eggs of fowls allowed to roam and forage for themselves, and those which are fed regularly on good, nutritious food, as there is between a leg of Southdown mutton and that of a common, half-starved sheep.

THE practice of running hay through a hay cutter and reducing it to as short pieces as possible, and then mixing with corn and sending it to an ordinary grist mill to be ground into provender for poultry, has been followed for several years by certain breeders with good results.—*Poultry Yard*.

THE sunflower is the best egg-producing food known for poultry, keeping them in a thriving condition, and largely increasing the production of eggs. Every poultry raiser who tries it will find that this is the best food known for glossing the plumage of fowls, and is almost indispensable to those who want to fit their birds for exhibition to the best advantage. The Russian sunflower is easily raised, requires very little care, and can be grown in fence corners and other places difficult to cultivate. Its production of seed is immense, yielding often at the rate of one hundred bushel to the acre. It should be planted in hills four feet apart, any time from the 10th of May to the 1st of July. Three quarts of seed will plant an acre.—*Iowa Homestead*.

HORSES AND CATTLE.

HEREFORD BULL, "SUCCESS."

We present our readers this month with a cut of the thoroughbred Hereford bull, "Success." This bull is now eleven years old, having been imported from England by Mr. T. L. Miller, of Beecher, Illinois, in the summer of 1873. He has, perhaps, done more to create the favourable impressions that the Herefords have made than any other one influence. He has been on nearly all the show-grounds of the western States, and was at the Centennial Exhibition, at Philadelphia, in 1876. He has been a successful competitor with the Shorthorns, and all the bulls of that breed that were shown against him are now believed to be dead, while the old bull is in form, vigour, and character, as good as a two-year-old.

He came to this country when the present Hereford boom commenced, and his stock is

unsalable. A poor cow is much the same, and in addition gives but little milk or butter, and is unfit for beef. Poor sheep and poor pigs are also nearly worthless in that condition, while to improve them after such treatment costs a great deal more, with less profit in the end, than to feed well from the first. According to all my experience, observation and reading, the more a cow will eat up to the point when she is moderately fat, say good enough to butcher, the more profitable she is for dairy purposes, and the less danger of loss from accidents, which do not impair her value for beef. Here is a constant motive then for good feeding, and yet it seems that there really are thousands of farmers whose leading doctrine of treatment and study is how little will keep their stock on their feet, with no thought given as to how much can be profitably fed!

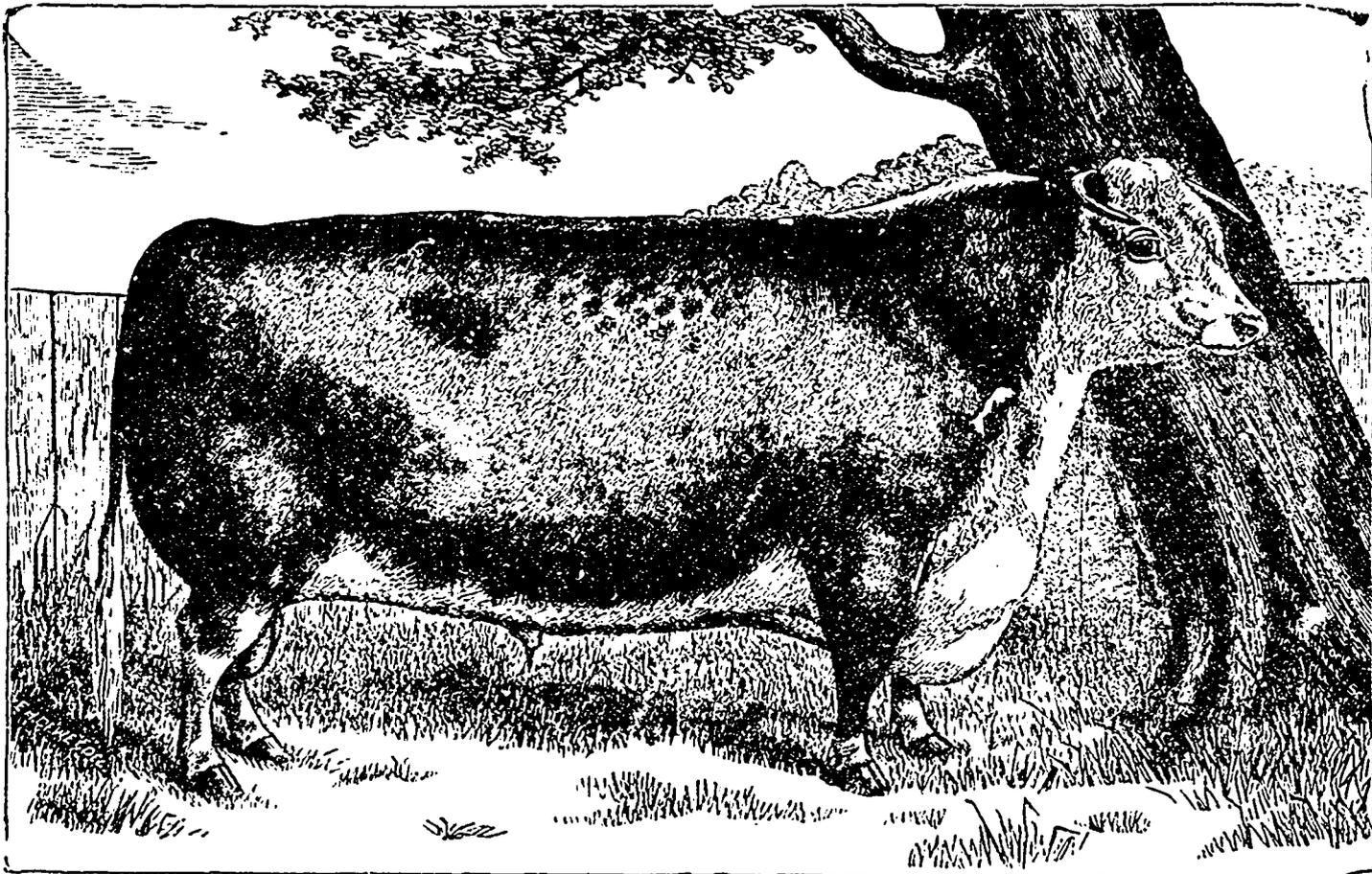
There is an inhumanity, too, in this treatment which is astonishing. It is a system which subjects animals to constant hunger.

starved herd in the country would demolish every fence between them and a full meal whenever it is necessary. Then their owners would learn more sense and humanity.

Look closely at a cow or horse that is never surprised by "unwonted liberality." There is contentment and happiness in the eye and every motion. The coat is sleek and soft, and unless habitually teased, there is a good nature and amiability never seen in the hungry animal. There is profit, too, in owning such an animal, and it is only surprising that the narrow-minded starver does not find it out. He does not deserve the profit, but then he is welcome to it if he will only quit his "unwonted liberality" system.—S. P., in *Country Gentleman*.

STUMBLING HORSES.

The *Pittsburgh Stockman*, in a recent issue, says: "Some good horses are addicted to



HEREFORD BULL "SUCCESS."

in a large number of the leading herds of the country to-day.

It is claimed for the Herefords that they are the best grazing cattle in the world, and that the quality of their meat from grass is better than that of any other breed. They are hardy. The movement which commenced in this country, and which is now giving the breed such a prominent position, is having its influence throughout England, and Australia, and is likely to carry and hold them in the leading position among the beef breeds of the world.

LIBERALITY TO STOCK.

Stock animals are generally kept for two purposes—for the value of their flesh in various ways, and also for milk and butter. As to horses and sheep, the first are generally kept for their labour, and the latter for wool, in addition to flesh. But for all these purposes, as well as some others, first-class feeding is all-important. Why then should the feed be niggardly given at any time? A horse poor in flesh is weak, ill-looking and

so much so that it affects growth, health and spirits. Do the men who practice it know what hunger of this sort is? Probably not. But had they better not try it, a short time at least? Try a couple of weeks or a month, and note the result. Saying nothing about the appearance, the constant gnawing of the hunger fiend in the stomach, attending on half or quarter rations, would be a lesson in feeding that would last a good while. I wish it could be tried in some cases, as it would work a vast improvement in stock-feeding.

Whenever I hear a farmer complain about his stock being unruly it is tolerably strong proof against him that his management is bad. Stock do not jump fences or push them down merely for amusement or exercise. There is an impelling cause, and that generally is hunger. They are expected to live and be happy and thankful in pasture fields which furnish little but air and exercise, and the law of self-preservation, which applies to them as well as to human beings, impels them to jump fences to save their lives. They are to be praised rather than blamed. I wish every half-

stumbling while walking or moving in a slow trot. A well-versed veterinarian states that there are two causes that would tend to produce this faulty action; one, a general weakness in the muscular system, such as would be noticed in a tired horse; the other, a weakness of the exterior muscles of the leg, brought about by carrying too much weight on the toe. To effect a cure, he adds, lighten the weight of each front shoe about four ounces; have the toe of the shoe made of steel instead of iron, it will wear longer; have it rounded off about the same as it would be when one-third worn out, in order to prevent tripping, allow one week's rest; have the legs showered for a few minutes at a time with cold water through a hose, in order to create a spray; then rub dry, briskly, from the chest down to the foot. Give walking exercise daily during this week for about an hour twice a day. When you commence driving again omit the slow jog, either walk or send him along at a sharp trot for a mile or two, then walk away, but do not speed for at least several weeks. By this means the habit of stumbling from either of the above causes will be pretty well overcome."

Scientific and Useful.

If every thing needed is in its place and "handy," a pan of biscuit can be made in five minutes that would otherwise take twenty-five. Order and system will almost make time.

WORMS cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure, and effectual.

DOUGHNUTS.—One cup of sugar, one cup of sour milk, one-half cup of butter, one egg, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and salt, one-half teaspoonful soda. Flour to make stiff.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it.

CARPETS.—A novelty in carpets are plain ingrains in solid colours, to be used around centre rugs instead of staining the floor. It is called filling, and sometimes covers the whole floor with Persian rugs scattered around without any special order.

To assist nature most effectually in her efforts to throw off or resist serious disease, it is essential that an impulse should be given to functions which growing ill-health suspends or weakens, namely, the action of the bowels, bilious secretion and digestion. Oftentimes, though this is impracticable by the use of ordinary remedies, it proves an easy task when Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is resorted to.

A HANDSOME cover for a sofa-pillow is made by embroidering two strips of blue satin with pink rosebuds and some fine green foliage; alternate these strips with velvet or plush of a contrasting colour; a dark crimson is particularly pretty with the blue.

MR. C. E. RIGGINS, Beamsville, writes: "A customer who tried a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery says it is the best thing he ever used; to quote his own words, 'It just seemed to touch the spot affected.' About a year ago he had an attack of bilious fever, and was afraid he was in for another, when I recommended this valuable medicine with such happy results."

THERE is no better exercise for strengthening the chest organs than reading aloud, provided always the reader be made to stand, to keep the shoulders up, and the chest well braced back. Reading has, of course, the advantage over singing, that while comparatively few persons are able to sing, all are able to read. For children, especially, the exercise implied in reading aloud is invaluable as a means of strengthening the lungs.

JABESH SNOW, Gunning Cove, N. S., writes: "I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, I procured a bottle, and it done me so much good that I got another, and before it was used, I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild-fire, and makes cures wherever it is used."

LUNCH.—In preparing lunch for the school-basket slice the bread evenly, and in spreading butter dip the knife-blade in tepid water, pass it over the buttered side to prevent the slices from adhering. Break the monotonous "bread and butter" with buns, cookies, tarts, etc. Clean papers make a good substitute for napkins. Let us add as many sunbeams as possible to the school days of the children.

MR. WM. BOYD HILL, Cobourg, writes: "Having used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for some years, I have much pleasure in testifying to its efficacy in relieving pains in the back and shoulders. I have also used it in cases of croup in children, and have found it to be all that you claim it to be."

OYSTER SAUCE.—Take one dozen oysters, and beard them; then put one ounce of butter in a stew-pan with a quarter of an ounce of flour; blend these together, and add half a pint of cream with a high seasoning of cayenne and a very little salt; stir these over the fire until it just comes to the boil; then strain in the liquor from the oysters; then stir in ten drops of lemon juice; lastly put in the oysters; if large, must be cut in two; stir this over the fire until warm, but do not let it boil, or the oysters will be hard.

MR. ABRAHAM GIBBS, Vaughan, writes: "I have been troubled with Asthma since I was ten years of age, and have taken hundreds of bottles of different kinds of medicine, with no relief. I saw the advertisement of Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Lime and Soda, and determined to try it. I have taken one bottle, and it has given me more relief than anything I have ever tried before, and I have great pleasure in recommending it to those similarly afflicted."

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TEN SEPARATE PIECES of the valuable full-size Sheet Music, selected with great care and classified below, will be PRESENTED and sent, postpaid, anywhere in Canada or the United States, to any person who immediately sends us ONE NEW subscriber (or their own subscription, if new) to THE RURAL CANADIAN for 1884, at the regular rate of \$1 a year. This Sheet Music is printed on the best music paper, and is full-size. In ordering, give the number of each piece of the ten wanted, also the numbers of two or three extra which we might substitute if any of those specially needed were all disposed of. Address plainly—

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Songs and Ballads.

Table with 3 columns: No., Title, Music Dealers' Composer. Price. Includes songs like 'A Bird in Hand', 'Absent', 'Alice, Where Art Thou', etc.

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Songs with Choruses.

Table with 3 columns: Title, Music Dealers' Composer. Price. Includes songs like '163 Angola, Hear the Little Prayer', '163 Baby's Empty Cradle', etc.

SPECIAL OFFER.

To encourage settlement and cultivation of the Company's lands in the Red River Valley, all of the lands (not timbered) now owned by the

ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS

AND MANITOBA RY. CO. IN THE COUNTIES OF NORMAN, POLK, MARSHALL, KITTSON, in Minnesota, outside of a five mile limit from the road, will during the year 1884, be sold to

ACTUAL SETTLERS

in lots of not less than 160 acres, nor more than 320 acres at the

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\$3 PER ACRE.

The terms of payment will also be very liberal, only 50 CENTS an acre down, the balance in six annual payments at 7 per cent. interest. This offer will be open only between the 1st day of March and the 31st day of December, 1884.

First applicants will have their choice from the entire field without reserve.

FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.

At these prices and terms, EVERY FARMER, EVERY FARMER'S SON, EVERY CLERK, EVERY MECHANIC, EVERY LABOURING MAN, can secure a home with the smallest possible outlay.

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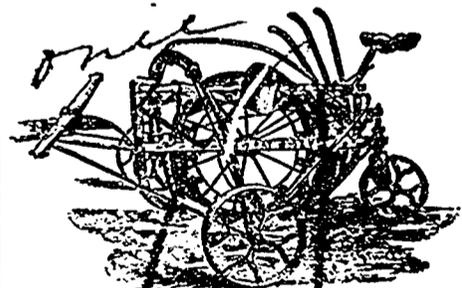
It is the most liberal offer ever made by any Railroad Land Grant Company. The terms are better than can be obtained from the Government, and the lands included in the offer are the most productive of any unoccupied lands in the United States.

They are the cheapest lands, considering location and quality, in the United States, and every home seeker should take advantage of this offer without delay.

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Will do more work than 30 men with spades. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Send for Circular.

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HANSELL The earliest and most valuable Raspberry. Early Harvest Blackberry, Adair's & Daniel Boone Strawberry, send for details. The largest and best stock of SMALL FRUITS in the U. S. including all valuable varieties of new and old. Illustrated catalogue, telling what to plant, how to plant, and how to get and grow fruit trees & plants, filled with useful information on fruit culture. J. T. LOVETT, Little Silver, New Jersey, Introducing of Quakers Raspberry and Manchester Strawberry.

SEED CORN!

For ENSILAGE or GREEN Fodder. 15 ft. high. 40 to 60 tons per acre not unusual. Stock out stalks and all clean. Sample and price by mail. Dairy goods. Instantaneous Cream Separator. EURELL & WHITMAN, Little Falls, N.Y.

Freeman's Worm Powders destroy and remove worms without injury to adult or infant.

SHEEP AND SWINE.**THE OXFORD AS A CROSS FOR THE MERINO.**

Mr. Treadwell an eminent English sheep breeder gives it as his opinion that the best sheep to cross the Merino with is the Oxfordshire Lown for which there is a great demand from Germany every year, and which is much increasing for that purpose. "It is found there that no other breed hits so well as the Oxford Down with the Merino. They give them increased size, greater aptitude to fatten, more wool, and meat of exceptional quality. There are many thousands of these crosses sold at Deptford every year, imported there from Germany. They are great favorites with the salesmen and butchers, and bring to the German flock-masters greater money value. They come as fat lambs as well as fat sheep, and make from 10 to 25 per cent, each, more than the pure Merinos as lambs—much more as sheep. I always tell your American importers that there will eventually rise up a great demand for Oxford Down rams from your Western States for this very purpose. The Germans buy here principally the smallest sheep from the old established flocks, thus getting the purest and best blood, which undoubtedly makes the biggest mark. I myself sell about forty rams yearly to one firm in Germany for crossing purposes, but all my best sheep make too much money for the purpose, although now there are Oxford Down breeders in Germany who will buy the best sheep for their pure flocks. The wool of the Oxford Down being close seems to nick with the Merino. Then the great aptitude to fatten improves the grazing quality, the great size increases the weight, and the heavy flesh gives them quality. As you have plenty of Oxford Downs in America, your correspondent can soon try the cross and judge for himself."

BREED UP.

Do your sheep shear as much wool and as good wool as anybody else's sheep? If not why keep them? We are supposing, of course, that the care of your flock is all right. If the care is defective it will not matter how poor the sheep naturally are. But if you are bestowing good care upon sheep that shear lightly, or shear inferior wool, what is the explanation for so doing? There need be no more care if the sheep were good ones: it would require no more feed for good ones, and it would not cost very much more to get a good sheep than it does to get a poor one. What is wanted is a sheep of good size, heavy fleece and good wool. How can it be had? If the question were asked how to produce any other animal, with certain well-defined characteristics, we should reply: select at least the sire having these characteristics, and it would be better yet if we could get a dam having them. But we certainly should use rams that are just like what we would like to have. There is no profit in using poor rams. Sheep husbandry with inferior rams is a losing business every time. Nobody ever yet made anything by the use of such an animal and nobody ever will. They are cheaper than good rams, and they ought to be, for they are dear at any price. There are plenty of good rams

that may be had at a reasonable price, and no false ideas of economy should prevent us from getting them. We keep sheep for the profit of the thing, and why not get all the profit that there is in the business, when properly managed?

THE MIDGET SHEEP.

The very smallest of all kinds of sheep, says *St. Nicholas*, is the tiny Breton sheep. It is too small to be very profitable to raise; for of course, it cannot have much wool, and as for eating, why, a hungry man would almost eat one at a meal. It is so small when full grown that it can hide behind a good sized bucket. It takes its name from the particular part of France where it is most raised.

But if not a profitable sheep it is a dear little creature for a pet, for it is very gentle and loving, and because it is so small, it is not such a nuisance about the house as was the celebrated lamb which belonged to a girl named Mary. It would need to be a very large little girl—a giant little girl, indeed—who could take an ordinary sheep in her lap and cuddle it there, but any little girl could find room in her lap for a Breton sheep quite as easily as for one of those very ugly little dogs called by the ugly name of pug.

One of the little creature's peculiarities is its extreme sympathy with the feelings of its human friends, when it has been brought up as a pet in the house, and has learned to distinguish between happiness and unhappiness. If any person whom it likes a great deal is very much pleased about anything, and shows it by laughing, the little sheep will frisk about with every sign of joy; but if, on the contrary, the person sheds tears, the sympathetic friend will evince its sorrow in an equally unmistakable way. A kind word and a loving caress will also fill it with happiness while a cross word or harsh gesture will cause it evident distress.

SHEEP ON WHEAT FIELDS.

If sheep are allowed to graze wheat during the winter and early spring they will destroy great numbers of the eggs and larvae of chinch bugs, army worms and of the Persian fly. These insects lay eggs in spring and fall and they are hatched by the first warm spell. There are many instances where wheat has been saved from destruction by the grazing of sheep. Says the *Springfield Republican*: "In pasturing sheep and lambs the benefit is not only to the animals, but to the pastures, which are greatly improved. Sheep are very indiscriminate feeders and will bite not only grass, but also shrubs, weeds, and every green thing that starts in early spring. Thus they destroy and keep down most of the foul stuff that usurps the place of grass, and they tend to leave the pastures clean for fine grass to grow."

SHEEP RULES.

Under this heading a "floator" says: "Never frighten sheep if possible to avoid it. This does not apply to the old ram, with mischief in his eye and thunder and lightening in his horns. Sow rye for weak ones in cold weather. A little rye is good for puny animals of other

descriptions. Separate all sick, weak or thin ones in the fall and give them special care. If a sheep is hurt, wash the wound, bathe with turpentine and coat with tar. That night give your neighbour's dog a dose of lead. Keep a number of good bells on your sheep. It will make them feel good. Do not let the sheep spoil wool with chaff and burrs. Cut tag locks in early spring. This is a matter of necessity. For scours give pulverized alum in wheat bran. Prevent by taking great care in changing from dry to green feed. Take care of the lambs—keep them thriving. A lamb should feel all over in one spot as big as a sheepskin. Keep one two-year-old ram to fifty ewes. This is for the looks of the thing. Carefully select breeding ewes; cull out the old and inferior stock for market. Keep at the head of the flock a thoroughbred male; feed well; breed judiciously."

DESTROYING SHEEP TICKS.

On this subject a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, says: I see several inquiries for a remedy to kill ticks on sheep. Tobacco dust has proved a very cheap and reliable, remedy, and is attended with the best success. People generally dislike wetting the wool in cold weather, and this is much more simple and easier in practice. Wholesale dealers buy many hogsheads of Havana tobacco. After they have used all they can for every purpose in the trade, there remains a gritty dust, of no use to them whatever. They will give anyone all he needs. Ten pounds will be sufficient for 100 sheep.

Have an attendant catch a lamb and lay it on one side, on a box two feet or so high, for ease in working. The other man will open the wool with one hand, while with the other he sprinkles in a trifle of the dust, in about four rows the entire length of the sheep, from head to tail. Put one row, not on top of back, but say six or seven inches each side from back bone, and the other two rows on sides near where the legs leave the body. You will be agreeably surprised in a few days, to find that the ticks over the entire body of the sheep are all dead in or near these lines of tobacco dust. One application has been all that was needed each year. I would like some one troubled with ticks to try it and report. It has always been very effectual.

CHANGING flocks from one pasture to another is conducive to the health of the flock.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

If the young pigs get injured by the severe cold of this month it will require very skilful feeding to again keep them in growing condition. A stunted pig is the meanest looking and most miserable animal on a farm.

The lambs that usually come in during this month cannot be exposed to the winds without danger of loss. Ewes are usually allowed to drop their lambs in the field while with the flock, and in moderate weather it may do no harm, but if the ewe is exposed to severe cold weather the lamb is almost sure to die. Lambs are hardy little creatures, but we must not expect them to thrive without care.

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PARTIAL LIST OF SEEDS.

TRAINING GINGERBREAD.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter and lard mixed, one cup cold water, two teaspoonfuls ginger, one teaspoonful alum, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, two teaspoonfuls soda. Flour to make very hard; knead well, roll thin, and bake in a very hot oven.

"The best medicine I have ever seen, heard of, or used. It cured my wife of chronic, dyspepsia and liver complaint after doctor upon doctor had failed to even temporarily relieve her. It is the best thing for deranged kidneys I can find. It beats those kidney cures all hollow!"

Such were the words of Van Vlack the well-known lumberman while in a down town office the other day. Mr. Van Vlack is a gentleman of fine physique, broad shoulders and large frame, he is extensively known throughout all the lumbering districts of Canada, and has gotten put more railway ties, cedar blocks, and telegraph poles than any other two men in the business. Although as robust and healthy a looking man as one would meet, Mr. V. like many another strong-looking person has his ailments, which consist of liver and kidney trouble, especially the latter. But let Mr. V. tell his own story, the following are his own words: "Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters beats all the so-called kidney medicines that I have tried and I guess I have gone through the whole list. I have frequently been troubled with a severe pain in the small of the back of course proceeding from the kidneys. I have tried everything in the medicine line that had a word about the kidneys on it, but I can't find anything to in any way equal Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It beats all the so-called kidney cures; and, in my estimation, a bottle of Dr. Carson's Bitters at 50 cents is worth ten bottles of those expensive medicines that are after all not much account. My wife was a martyr to dyspepsia for over six years. she consulted almost every prominent physician in the city and different parts of the country, took electric baths, turkish baths, but all to no purpose until she got hold of Dr. Carson's medicine. His Stomach Bitters thoroughly cured her and now she is as well as ever. We buy the Bitters a dozen at a time. People have no right to be sick if they can spare 50 cents for Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It is the best family medicine in this country and I am not afraid to say so."

Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup.—An agreeable, safe and effectual remedy to remove all kinds of worms.

REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE.—With a small piece of zinc and a bit of silver (any silver coin will do), the zinc placed on one side of the afflicted gum, and the silver on the other, by bringing the edges together, the small current of electricity generated immediately and painlessly stops the toothache.

PECTORIA.

Something we all want in this climate is "Pectoria" the great 25-cent cough and cold cure. Pectoria is put up in 25-cent bottles, and cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, soreness or oppression of the Chest and all affections of the Lungs and Throat. At this season of the year, the Great "Pectoria" should be on hand in every household. Pectoria has a large sale throughout Canada, and is acknowledged to be one of the greatest of Cough medicines. Never say die until you have tried Pectoria, it will surely cure you.

- Artichoke, p. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100, 105, 110, 115, 120, 125, 130, 135, 140, 145, 150, 155, 160, 165, 170, 175, 180, 185, 190, 195, 200, 205, 210, 215, 220, 225, 230, 235, 240, 245, 250, 255, 260, 265, 270, 275, 280, 285, 290, 295, 300, 305, 310, 315, 320, 325, 330, 335, 340, 345, 350, 355, 360, 365, 370, 375, 380, 385, 390, 395, 400, 405, 410, 415, 420, 425, 430, 435, 440, 445, 450, 455, 460, 465, 470, 475, 480, 485, 490, 495, 500, 505, 510, 515, 520, 525, 530, 535, 540, 545, 550, 555, 560, 565, 570, 575, 580, 585, 590, 595, 600, 605, 610, 615, 620, 625, 630, 635, 640, 645, 650, 655, 660, 665, 670, 675, 680, 685, 690, 695, 700, 705, 710, 715, 720, 725, 730, 735, 740, 745, 750, 755, 760, 765, 770, 775, 780, 785, 790, 795, 800, 805, 810, 815, 820, 825, 830, 835, 840, 845, 850, 855, 860, 865, 870, 875, 880, 885, 890, 895, 900, 905, 910, 915, 920, 925, 930, 935, 940, 945, 950, 955, 960, 965, 970, 975, 980, 985, 990, 995, 1000.

- CARDON, p. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100, 105, 110, 115, 120, 125, 130, 135, 140, 145, 150, 155, 160, 165, 170, 175, 180, 185, 190, 195, 200, 205, 210, 215, 220, 225, 230, 235, 240, 245, 250, 255, 260, 265, 270, 275, 280, 285, 290, 295, 300, 305, 310, 315, 320, 325, 330, 335, 340, 345, 350, 355, 360, 365, 370, 375, 380, 385, 390, 395, 400, 405, 410, 415, 420, 425, 430, 435, 440, 445, 450, 455, 460, 465, 470, 475, 480, 485, 490, 495, 500, 505, 510, 515, 520, 525, 530, 535, 540, 545, 550, 555, 560, 565, 570, 575, 580, 585, 590, 595, 600, 605, 610, 615, 620, 625, 630, 635, 640, 645, 650, 655, 660, 665, 670, 675, 680, 685, 690, 695, 700, 705, 710, 715, 720, 725, 730, 735, 740, 745, 750, 755, 760, 765, 770, 775, 780, 785, 790, 795, 800, 805, 810, 815, 820, 825, 830, 835, 840, 845, 850, 855, 860, 865, 870, 875, 880, 885, 890, 895, 900, 905, 910, 915, 920, 925, 930, 935, 940, 945, 950, 955, 960, 965, 970, 975, 980, 985, 990, 995, 1000.

- PEPPER, p. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100, 105, 110, 115, 120, 125, 130, 135, 140, 145, 150, 155, 160, 165, 170, 175, 180, 185, 190, 195, 200, 205, 210, 215, 220, 225, 230, 235, 240, 245, 250, 255, 260, 265, 270, 275, 280, 285, 290, 295, 300, 305, 310, 315, 320, 325, 330, 335, 340, 345, 350, 355, 360, 365, 370, 375, 380, 385, 390, 395, 400, 405, 410, 415, 420, 425, 430, 435, 440, 445, 450, 455, 460, 465, 470, 475, 480, 485, 490, 495, 500, 505, 510, 515, 520, 525, 530, 535, 540, 545, 550, 555, 560, 565, 570, 575, 580, 585, 590, 595, 600, 605, 610, 615, 620, 625, 630, 635, 640, 645, 650, 655, 660, 665, 670, 675, 680, 685, 690, 695, 700, 705, 710, 715, 720, 725, 730, 735, 740, 745, 750, 755, 760, 765, 770, 775, 780, 785, 790, 795, 800, 805, 810, 815, 820, 825, 830, 835, 840, 845, 850, 855, 860, 865, 870, 875, 880, 885, 890, 895, 900, 905, 910, 915, 920, 925, 930, 935, 940, 945, 950, 955, 960, 965, 970, 975, 980, 985, 990, 995, 1000.

- SWEDEN, p. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100, 105, 110, 115, 120, 125, 130, 135, 140, 145, 150, 155, 160, 165, 170, 175, 180, 185, 190, 195, 200, 205, 210, 215, 220, 225, 230, 235, 240, 245, 250, 255, 260, 265, 270, 275, 280, 285, 290, 295, 300, 305, 310, 315, 320, 325, 330, 335, 340, 345, 350, 355, 360, 365, 370, 375, 380, 385, 390, 395, 400, 405, 410, 415, 420, 425, 430, 435, 440, 445, 450, 455, 460, 465, 470, 475, 480, 485, 490, 495, 500, 505, 510, 515, 520, 525, 530, 535, 540, 545, 550, 555, 560, 565, 570, 575, 580, 585, 590, 595, 600, 605, 610, 615, 620, 625, 630, 635, 640, 645, 650, 655, 660, 665, 670, 675, 680, 685, 690, 695, 700, 705, 710, 715, 720, 725, 730, 735, 740, 745, 750, 755, 760, 765, 770, 775, 780, 785, 790, 795, 800, 805, 810, 815, 820, 825, 830, 835, 840, 845, 850, 855, 860, 865, 870, 875, 880, 885, 890, 895, 900, 905, 910, 915, 920, 925, 930, 935, 940, 945, 950, 955, 960, 965, 970, 975, 980, 985, 990, 995, 1000.

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ALLEYS Early CABBAGE. Deep Head. Every one who has raised that magnificent Cabbage the Fottlers or Brunswick, has regretted that no such a cabbage did not make a thicker head. The Alleys Early Deep Head is the successful result of years of careful selection and high cultivation to obviate these defects. As early as Fottler, it is as large, is thicker and heavier, bulk for bulk, and brings more in market than any other firm-head, per package 25cts. per doz. 75cts. Early Stumps Cabbage (new) earliest of all; 10 cts. per package. Guarandé Carrot (new), remarkably thick as the neck; per package, 16 cts. per doz. 48cts. Green Beans (new) in the ground without protection all winter and is ready for use in a week after planting; per package 15 cts. per qt. 50 cts. Solid Leaf Cabbage (new) nearly solid; per package 15 cts. White Nonnion Cucumber (new), a mammoth white variety of extraordinary diameter; per package, 15 cts. Dwarf Green Early Lettuce (new) from France; per package 15 cts. Banana Melon (new), it resembles in color and form a large Banana, and has strikingly the same fragrance; per package 15 cts. Kentucky Wonder Pole Bean, I have not found in all varieties one so prolific, a capital string bean, per package 15 cts. Marblehead Early Horticultural, probably the earliest of all beans, and yet a true horticultural; per package 15 cts. Marblehead Early Sweet Corn, the earliest of all, giving a complete monopoly of the early market, original stock; per package 19 cts. per qt. 50 cts. Sea Foam Cauliflower, decidedly the finest variety of all, per package 30 cts. To those taking packages of the entire collection, I will send a copy of my new book of Horticultural Cabbages, Squashes, Marrows, Artichokes and Carrots. THE PURCHASER TO MAKE THE SELECTION.

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The Rural Canadian.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1884.

THE ENSILAGE QUESTION.

It is evident that the ensilage question is not yet fully settled, and that a further and more careful study of it is needed before we can obtain a true balancing of its merits and demerits. An Ensilage Congress was held in New York city a few weeks ago, when a number of dairymen bore testimony to the value of ensilage as an article of fodder for milch cows. They all claimed that it increased and kept up the flow of milk; but when they came to speak of the quality of the milk they were content with the use of negative terms. "No bad results have been experienced," "customers did not complain of it," "no injurious effect on the cattle was seen," etc., were current phrases of the several speakers. Perhaps the fact that the milk from ensilage fed cows had been rejected by the New York Condensed Milk Company rendered them somewhat cautious; and perhaps also the statement contained in a paper read by Prof. Manly Miles, to the effect that bacteria were bred in ensilage during the process of fermentation, contributed to their reserve. Prof. Miles is of opinion that bacteria produce the acidity which is said to affect the milk, and that if they could be killed there would be no acidity. He suggests that the silo be filled leisurely, and that no weights be put on until the temperature is high enough to prevent its falling below the point necessary to kill the bacteria, say from 115° to 122°. The result he believes would be uniformly sweet ensilage. Prof. Brown, of the Guelph College, has also been conducting a series of experiments with it, but chiefly with a view to ascertain its value as a fodder for milch cows; and while he hesitates to make a positive statement, it is apparent that he entertains grave doubts of its usefulness.

OUR DAIRY INTERESTS.

The annual meetings of the Dairymen's Associations of Ontario, East and West, have been held during the past month, and a good deal of valuable discussion has taken place at both. As usual at these meetings cheese and cheese-making were the leading topics, and it is needless to say that they were discussed with much ability; we hope with profit also. But it appears to us that at the present time the Associations might render a greater service to the country did they give at least an equal prominence to the subjects of butter and butter-making. No one can deny that Ontario has made wonderful progress in the cheese industry, under the factory system, during the past twenty years. In fact the industry has almost been created within this period, and its product adds millions of dollars to the wealth of the country. It is now an established industry, and for that result much credit is due to the Dairymen's Associations. It is now about time for them to take up the creamery

system, and see if it is not possible to do for butter what they have done for cheese? The neglected industry is no less important than the cherished one; nay, we think, that the making of butter is of greater importance than the making of cheese, and is deserving of a greater measure of encouragement.

THE GRANGE AND ITS WORK.

The granger's parliament was held this year in Toronto. It made no noise; it opened and closed without the firing of cannon, or any other tomfoolery of a kindred sort; and its deliberations were carried on with as much decorum as though a speaker with a cocked hat had occupied the chair, or a golden mace had been displayed to exercise authority over them. The parliament was in session for a week, and during that time members applied themselves diligently to the work before them. There was no bunkum talk, no short sittings, no obstruction of business, no needless motions for information; but a sensible, practical, earnest consideration of subjects that interest the whole community, and especially the farmer. The members worked hard, as well as late and early, and possibly the results might have been more satisfactory had the session been prolonged to a fortnight. But any one who has taken care to inform himself of the proceedings of the body cannot fail to have observed that they were marked by good sense, and that the aim of members was to make the occupation of the farmer more important and more valuable than it now is, and to lift it to a higher place in relation to all other affairs of the people. There are a great many questions of a public nature that concern farmers only, and the solution of which can only be arrived at by patient study and discussion. The local granges gather up the local wisdom, and the representatives of these lodges in the Provincial Grange meet together well qualified to weigh the pros and cons of a subject, to eliminate error and to crystallize principles. As an educating body the grange has certainly done excellent work in this Province, and we hope it will go on and prosper. There are vast fields of usefulness before it.

ANOTHER WATER-DROP.

EDITOR RURAL CANADIAN,—I am in receipt of a copy of the RURAL CANADIAN, sent, I suppose, as a specimen. In it I find an article on "A Drop of Water Magnified." Sir, I am in very grave doubts of the propriety of publishing such things. You do not state where the water was got, whether in a dirty puddle or in a clean spring well. If from the last, such representations as you make are enough to frighten and terrify any moderate person from taking a drink of water, as nothing but the veriest filth can be got. Assuming that you are correct in your representations, it behoves the citizens of Toronto to pause and consider what kind of stuff the liquid called water they are supplied with, taken from the bay of Toronto, a place notoriously dirty as it was forty years ago, when all dirt and filth was washed into it, and all the dead dogs, cats and other animals who are thrown or washed into the lake. These things are accumulating as population increases. What a nice medley of water you must be drinking in your city of

Toronto. No wonder I see in the Toronto papers from time to time that your water is foul. Taking all these things into consideration, your article to which I refer is fitted to do injury to many such as myself who are very particular how many toads and lizards we have to drink, and what will be the fate of them or us after drinking. BIDDULPH.

[We almost regret giving the illustration of "A Drop of Water Magnified" in last month's RURAL CANADIAN. We did not realize the consequences. Our good friend "Biddulph" appears to have been fascinated by it. He has gazed on the picture so long that it has taken possession of him. By this time he can, we hope, look upon the hideous monsters calmly. "Tis forty years since" he has looked on the beautiful bay. Times have changed, and Toronto has changed with them. The horrors of which he speaks so feelingly have disappeared. The city water supply is derived from the limpid waters of Lake Ontario. It is pure, healthful and good. The water containing the animalculæ is not pure spring water. Our good friend is not, we hope, laughing at us and merely talking in a roundabout way as an excuse for drinking his spring water with a qualification. Those who continue to do so for long end in seeing wonderful things in drops of water and elsewhere—snakes!]

SEED CATALOGUES.

We have received the following catalogues of Seeds, Plants, Shrubs, Roses, Vines, etc. Our readers should write at once for such as they wish, and make their selections now. Catalogues are sent free upon application:

Steele Bros. & Co., corner Front and Jarvis streets, Toronto.

Wm. Rennie, corner Adelaide and Jarvis Streets, Toronto.

James A. Simmers, King Street, Toronto.

James Rennie, East Market Square, Toronto.

George Keith, 124 King Street East, Toronto.

Peter Henderson & Co., 35 and 37 Courtlandt Street, New York.

B. K. Bliss & Sons, 34 Barclay Street, New York.

James J. H. Gregory, Marblehead, Mass.

D. M. Ferry, Detroit, Mich.

Hiram Sibley & Co., Rochester, New York.

James Vick, Rochester, New York.

Chase Bros., Rochester, New York.

The above-named parties are believed to be reliable in every respect, and orders intrusted to them will have the best attention.

WE refer our readers to a "SPECIAL OFFER" in another column. The company publish an attractive national map, giving full and reliable information respecting northern Minnesota and north-eastern Dakota which is mailed free to every one writing for the same.

THE attention of our readers is directed to the "Combined Milk Bucket and Strainer" as advertised in another column. It is claimed that the new combination secures cleanliness, convenience, and the safety of the milk. We notice that it is endorsed by Professor Brown, of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

WE shall be pleased to see an increasing number of intelligent farmers make use of THE RURAL CANADIAN to give their practical experience on every-day work. If they write short letters and ask questions, we shall try and give useful answers. Our paper is for the farmer; and we hope to make every succeeding number better than the previous one.

CANADIAN SHORTHORN HERD.
BOOK.

Below we give transfers of thoroughbred stock reported in February. In the following list the person first named is the seller and the second the buyer.

Heifer, Beauty 4th, Baron [2696].—Wm. Redmond, Millbrook; W. J. Davy Whitby.

Heifer, Rosabella 4th, by Baron [2696].—Wm. Redmond, Millbrook; W. J. Davy, Whitby.

Heifer, Rubena 3rd, by Crown Prince [9789].—Wm. Redmond, Millbrook; T. S. Brant, Whitby.

Heifer, Rosabella 5th, by Baron, 2nd [9668].—Wm. Redmond, Millbrook; T. S. Brant, Whitby.

Bull Calf, Red Imperial Duke [11743], by Imperial Duke [7211].—M. O'Connor, Guelph; John Murphy, Guelph.

Heifer, Burford Beauty, by Favorite [1394]. Wm. Crozier, Paris; D. G. Hanmer, Mount Vernon.

Bull Calf, Prince of Halton [11748], by Rose Duke [9276].—Wm. Watson, Nassagaweya; Thos. Locker, Nassagaweya.

Bull Calf, Wolseley [10744], by Hanlan [8666].—Peter Bathgate, Ermosa; Jeremiah Smith, Conroy.

Bull Calf, Fawsley Duke 4th [11751], by Baron Fawsley 4th [10897].—D. MacKenzie, Hyde Park; E. D. Tilson, Tilsonburg.

Bull Calf, Symmetry [11755], by Earl of Goodness 5th [8514], 32519.—Wm. Douglas, Caledonia; Jas. Forbes, Caledonia.

Bull Calf, Shinner [11758], by Onondaga Sambo [10262].—M. & W. Atkinson, Water-down; Jas. Bartlett, Cheapside.

Bull Calf, Duke of Abercorn [11759], by 2nd Duke of Pickering [8456].—John Whitson, Atha; A. Dunn, Buttonville.

Bull Calf, Seneca Chief [11760], by General Garfield [9999].—John Meyer, Kossuth, John Rudel, Gourrock.

Bull Calf, Young Duke [11761], by Young Mosstrooper [9608].—C. E. Lane, Mount Elgin; J. Erwin, Harrietsville.

Bull Calf, Blucher [11762], by Omar Pasha, [7193].—Samuel Harris, Caledon, Thomas Parkin, Shelburne.

Bull Calf, Raspberry Duke 2nd [11764], by Butterfly's Duke [11753].—Thos. Dunbar, Harriston; J. Fleming, Arrow River, Manitoba.

Bull Calf, Red Barrington [11767], 49073, by Charon Barrington [11765], 28502.—M. H. Cochrane, Compton, Quebec; Wm. Ash, St. Catharines.

Heifer, Star of Athol 2nd, by Master Belleville [3621], 8599.—F. H. Nottage, St. Catharines; Wm. Ash, St. Catharines.

Bull Calf, Sir Garnet [11768], by Master Belleville [3621], 8599.—F. H. Nottage, St. Catharines; Wm. Ash, St. Catharines.

Heifer, Beauty, by Rose Duke [9276].—Wm. Watson, Nassagawega; John Taylor, Rockwood.

Bull Calf, Lord Minto [11770], by Home Ruler [7192].—Simon Bathgate, Trecastle; R. Suddaly, Harriston.

Heifer, Lady Elgin 2nd, by King of the Forest [5474].—Robert Weir, Maple Grove; Wm. Sutton, Union.

Heifer, Josie, by Lord Yarborough [5641], 23814.—John B. Carpenter, Simcoe; F. Martindale, York.

Heifer, Lorena, by Lord Yarborough [5641], 23814.—John B. Carpenter, Simcoe; F. Martindale, York.

Bull Calf, Adelbert [11771], by Lord Yarborough [5641], 23814.—John B. Carpenter, Simcoe; F. Martindale, York.

Bull Calf, Duke of Bedford 2nd [11772], by Duke of Bedford [36466].—by the Ontario Experimental Farm, Guelph; J. R. Bullock, Hopetown.

Bull Calf, Earl of Egrémont [11773], by Princess Lovely's Duke [9179].—Col. Wyndham, Brooks; Robert Little, Killyleagh.

Bull Calf, Mountain Duke [11774], by Count Springhill [4851].—Robert Reesor, Silver Springs, Manitoba. Jas. Rawrin, Alexandria, Manitoba.

FOR THE RURAL CANADIAN.

RURAL TOPICS AT M'HENRY'S.—NO I.

BY JEAN BAPTISTE.

I sometimes think when I drop in of an evening to McHenry's grocery, and sit down on one of the shoe boxes to listen while the rest of the farmers are giving their opinions, that there is enough wisdom in the multitude of council to make it worth while taking notes. And it seems to me that we are not well represented in the agricultural papers in this far off corner of Quebec.

The old man who came here first, after the Indians moved off, found he had so much work to do, to keep himself and his poor lean cattle housed and fed that he called the village "Everwork," and so it continues to this day. His own name was Everest, but he said the "rest" went out of both name and nature after he settled down here. One of his descendants "Joe Everest," comes sometimes to see my girl "Fidele," but she is like a little Kanuck pony, and goes straight along with no nonsense about her. But I happened to step into McHenry's the other night when the men folks were sitting around pretty thick, on the counters and barrels and bags, and Pete Duffy was talking about a horse that had been offered him. "Are you sure he was foundered?" asked Francois Laberge, who was brother-in-law to the man the horse belonged to, "Yes," says Pete, "I saw him in the stable and he changed his forelegs every minute or two, and pointed out one beyond the other, and he coughed pretty hard, when we rode down Dunn's Hill," "What kind of a horse do you want?" says I, and he told me he wasn't particular to colour, but a good horse should have thin shoulders, a fine open flat chest, and rainbow neck, with a small head, and narrow ears, the shorter in the back the better. The hazel eye is the most lasting and steady.

While we were talking I heard Paul Quesnel in close conversation with Laberge. "I didn't make much out of the stuff," said he, "though all the Quebec gardeners say there's money in it." "In what," says I; "Sallery," says he; and then I knew it was his bad English for celery. "I gave it lots of manure," says he, "and ashes and all the rubbish I could gather all the potatoe tops and old boots; "Didn't you rot 'em down?" says Pete Duffy. He shook his head. "Well," says Pete, "its the first time I ever heard of a man so 'thorough other' as to throw his old boots at his celery

trench, as if for good luck; there was nothing better for it than the manures you gave it, but they needed to be rotted down together with equal proportions of horse manure, and put in the bottom of the trench before planting; I like the old fashioned method of trenching, and find it less trouble than so much hilling up, you say it all run to stocks, I rather think the cause of that is earthing up too early; celery likes strong food and plenty of water, but it can be allowed to grow two months before it is handled." "I didn't care for the darned stuff," says Paul, "so long as I couldn't make money out of it, I could have done better with potatoes;" and with that they all fell to talking about the new sorts of potatoes, and the wonderful earliness, for McHenry has Bliss's catalogue on his counter and buys a few odd pounds every year to experiment with, and he put in his word. "They've got the potatoes to such a perfection of earliness now, that they'll soon be ready to eat as soon as they're planted," says he; and with that they all fell to studying the catalogue over each others shoulders, and I must reserve their comments till the next time.

PASTURE LANDS AND STOCK-RAISING.

EDITOR RURAL CANADIAN.—Will you kindly advise me through the columns of your very valuable paper as to (1) the success of seeding down land in the spring without any other grain for the purpose of pasturing the same season; (2) what mixtures of grasses and seeds you would advise for same if the land is intended to be used as pasture land for some years, (3) or whether it would be advisable to sow some sort of grain (as oats for instance) and cut it green for fodder so as to let the seeds get a good start and then to pasture the same a little later on; (4) and what time you would advise sowing with or without other grains? The land is situated on the edge of a marsh but is lying pretty high; good heavy clay loam, the best of land. I have become a subscriber to your paper and like it very much; it is a very useful and instructive paper. I am entering the stock-raising business, and as I have heard very many contradictory opinions upon this subject I would like to hear your ideas upon it. If you will advise me through the columns I will feel very greatly obliged to you. A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

(1) Some farmers find that the best results are obtained by seeding the ground to grass without any other crop; but much depends on the nature of the soil and on the heat and moisture of the season. Ordinarily it is better to sow grass-seed with wheat, oats or barley. (2) Kentucky blue grass, June grass, and Alsike clover make a good mixture for pasture land. Alsike clover does well on clay loams, and as it propagates itself it is as good as a perennial—if, indeed, it is not one. The Kentucky blue grass thrives in many parts of Ontario, and is one of the best of pasture grasses. (3) It is a good idea to sow oats or vetches with the grasses for green fodder, but the land should not be pastured for six weeks or two months after the green crop is taken off unless the grasses have rooted well and are growing vigorously. (4) The grass-seed may either be sown with winter wheat or rye in the fall, or with barley and oats in the spring; many good farmers prefer spring sowing even on ground sown with fall grain, and follow with harrow and roller. (5) There is no doubt that stock-raising is profitable in Ontario, and perhaps there is no other part of the Province in which there are so many wealthy farmers as in the counties of Wellington and Ontario, where great attention is paid to the breeding and feeding of cattle for the home and foreign markets. The largest profits are obtained where the bulk of the farm's produce is consumed on the farm.

THE DAIRY.**CHURNING.**

Sweet cream just removed from the milk does not churn as readily as older cream that has been "ripened," if any one knows exactly what that term signifies. Cream that is too warm sometimes gives trouble, but if it is too cold it is very sure to. Very thin cream is longer in coming than cream that is moderately firm, but a very frequent cause of delay in bringing butter is from filling the churn too nearly full of cream. Something depends, too, upon the character of the churn. A churn that agitates the cream with great violence, as when the floats are small, and are revolved at a high rate of speed, is likely to tear the cream in pieces and beat it into a froth, like eggs under a beater. The churn, however, is usually less at fault than the cream or the operator. If cream is churned very slowly there may be so little friction that it will never come. By slow churning the temperature may change so much during the operation as to prevent success. If a plain box or barrel churn is filled very full, and the cream swells, the revolutions may go on without agitating the cream at all, and if the churn has a crank and floats the cream may be revolved in a solid body without friction, except upon very small portions of the cream. As a rule, a churn should not be much more than half full of cream at any time, though much depends upon the character of the cream. If it has been raised from scalded milk it will churn under almost any condition. It is in cool weather in spring and fall that trouble is most frequent, but very hot weather, unless ice is used, is almost as bad. Those who change from the use of the old-fashioned open pans to some one of the new deep-setting systems, are pretty sure to have more or less trouble in churning, chiefly because in deep setting the bulk of the cream is increased, and the churn is consequently much fuller when used. This alone is often a sufficient explanation of the cause of the difficulty when cream refuses to be changed into butter.—*New England Farmer.*

THE BEST COWS.

There is no point in issue between the breeders of dairy cattle about which there is such a diversity of opinion as that of judging the merits of milch cows. With horses the watch makes the criterion with runners and trotters, while draft animals can be tested by the draft pull, and carriage or park horses need most to please the eye. With beef cattle the scales and handling generally give very good satisfaction, though the butcher's block should be the ultimate criterion. When, however, we come to cows in milk to determine which is the best, there are so many innate or latent virtues and vices it is hard indeed to tell which is the best in a herd without long and patient study, and even then they vary so in each year's performance, the decree of one season is often overruled by the experiences of another.

In the showing, of course the examination upon which the judges must rely is of necessity the most superficial. To be sure, the cows can be milked, and the question as to

which is the best when fresh, may be, with proper precautions against trickery, tolerably well determined, but after all, the best cow is not the one that does the best immediately after calving, but, on the contrary, it is generally the one that does best immediately before calving. That is, the one that holds out best throughout the year, is the one that returns the greater profits to the owner. This is often proved by actual experiment to the utter amazement of the owner, especially the first season that the owner uses the scales. It is the old story of the tortoise and the hare.

Again, the question of quality of yield is of the greatest value only to the man who sells milk, while the butter maker is more anxious about the cream. This point is difficult to determine on a short acquaintance with the cow. Practical science seems unable to solve the problem. Cream gauges and lactometers alike are misleading. Nothing but the churn seems to be able to settle the question outside of elaborate and expensive analysis. Having tried all the modern appliances for cheap and expeditious tests, we are inclined to think the mouth the best judge, after all. With care and considerable practice most people can tell rich milk when they taste it, though there are many ways to deceive the tongue. Milk that has stood long enough for the cream to rise and is then thoroughly mixed again, will taste much richer than it would when first drawn from the cow. This is probably owing to the lumpiness of the cream, which takes hold on the organs of taste more readily.

The men who have probably had the greatest trouble and accomplished the least in the matter of testing or judging are those who manage the various cattle clubs.—*American Dairyman.*

BLOODY MILK.

Young cows, in very high condition, are often liable to affections of the udder. Keep the animal indoors; give plenty of bedding to prevent bruising of the bag; preferably keep her in a box-stall. If the bag is tender, bathe it several times daily with a mixture of equal parts of tincture of arnica and soft water. Draw the quarters clean of milk thrice daily, without much pulling of the teats. If pain is occasioned by milking, it is best to draw the milk by means of a milk tube, carefully inserted. Give sloppy or steamed food, besides sliced apples or roots, and good, aromatic upland hay. But bloody milk is due to a variety of causes, and to treat it most successfully it would be necessary to know the cause.—*Breeder's Gazette, Chicago.*

CAN any one estimate the loss annually entailed upon the dairymen of the country by keeping poor cows on scant pasture, stunted in water, or compelled to drink from stagnant pools, hounded to and from the milking yard, milked by brutal and rough hired men, the milk manipulated in a room unsuited for the purpose by women or girls without the slightest idea of the art of butter making, and packed and sent to market in an almost unmarketable style? This is something that the most competent expert cannot detail in dollars and cents. *American Dairyman.*

DON'T KNOW.

"I don't know" is too often the remark made by a farmer or dairyman.

"How much milk does this cow give?" "I don't know." "How much butter?" "I don't know." "How much feed do you use?" "I don't know." Suppose the grocer or the butcher is asked how much sugar or tea is in a barrel or box, or in that parcel, or how much does that quarter of beef or that side of pork weigh? and he should say I don't know; we should contemplate him with amazement, and silently count up how long it would be before the "know-nothing" would be sold out by the sheriff.

But farming is so good a business that it will stand all this neglect and ignorance, and the farmer still make a living. The owner of a cow should know to an ounce how much milk she gives to a milking in a day, in a week, each month, and in the year. He should know to an ounce how much butter each cow gives, and how much feed she eats to produce so much. He should also know the most he can get from the least feed, and the most feed, so that he can regulate to a cent the cost of his milk and butter. And a cheap spring balance, and a note-book and pencil, used in this way, will be worth many dollars every year to him.—*The Dairy.*

GOOD MILKERS.

Good milking animals of all breeds possess some qualities and marks in common which are a safe guide to the farmer in profitably selecting his dairy stock. Well placed heads, neat and tapering, bright prominent eyes, yet mild; small and rather narrow necks; ears thin, small rather than large, with yellow skin: fore-quarters noticeably less than hind ones; oblique rather than straight shoulders; large and shapely udder well forward; teats regular and sizable, convenient for milking, large, well-developed, rather prominent milk veins; pliant, mellow skin, underneath which the hair has a yellow cast; hair silky rather than coarse and harsh; legs small rather than thick, fine below the knee; tail thin with a good brush at the end, are outward marks. Of importance too, is the fact that the animal is descended from parents possessing the qualities you wish to perpetuate, for once established, such qualities are most distinctly hereditary, but need be cultivated that they do not revert.—*W. H. White.*

SOME one has discovered, so he says, that sulphuric acid is a sure test for butter. If it is oleomargarine it will turn a deep crimson; if pure butter it will become white. This is fine; the triumphs of science are wonderful. All a man has to do now is to carry a small phial of sulphuric acid in his vest pocket, and when the waiter at the hotel, restaurant or railroad eating-house passes the butter, take out the little phial and pour some acid on it and watch the result. To be sure the acid if it is good, will spoil his clothes if it touches them, eat the skin off his fingers, and when he is making his bit of a scientific experiment at a "twenty-minutes-for-refreshment" station the conductor may shout "all aboard." But what of it, he would know whether that butter was pure or adulterated, and what is the scientific spirit if not self-sacrificing.

SUGGESTIVE EXPERIMENTS.

At the recent meeting of the Western Dairymen's Association, held at London, Prof. Brown, of the Ontario Experimental Farm, delivered an exhaustive address on the subject "Influence of food on dairy products." He had distributed among the audience cards showing a tabular statement of the results of 1,265 experimental tests made during November, December and January past. It should therefore be remembered that these experiments were made with winter conditions, thus securing greater accuracy, because when cows are on pasture it is impossible to control their food. There were two cows in each of the three groups. The entire series of experiments would not be complete till about the middle of April, but the results to date were interesting. Four forms of food were used:—

1. "Ordinary"—consisting of 15 lbs. hay, 24 lbs. turnips and 9 lbs. bran per day;
2. "Bran"—Consisting of 12 lbs. hay, and 15 lbs. bran per head per day;
3. "Roots"—Consisting of 15 lbs. hay, 36 lbs. Swede turnips and 6 lbs. bran per head per day;
4. "Ensilage"—Consisting of 18½ lbs. oat fodder ensilage, 15½ lbs. hay, and 9 lbs. bran. The value of skim milk in the calculation was deducted at half the cost of new milk from the cost of producing the cream. The tests were made according to Walff's standard, for cows weighing 1,000 lbs.

Prof. Brown said food influenced the quantity of milk, but breed or individual characteristics the quality. The animals used in these tests were ordinary Canadian cows, and the groups were changed from one form of rations to another. Speaking of oat fodder ensilage, he said that used in the experiment was cured in a stone cellar, transformed into a silo. They put down thirty tons in three days and did not touch the cover till eighty-seven days had passed. If the dairying industry was to be prosecuted all the year around, the preservation of green fodder into winter become a question of importance. Ensilage diet produced the lowest quality of butter, while the cost was second highest. Experts advocating ensilage had failed to give the public such information as would show their experiments to be thoroughly satisfactory. No one had ever yet been able to produce untainted fodder by this method, and at the Experimental Farm the milk from ensilage, while yet warm, emitted a peculiar smell and the butter was pale in colour and not the most inviting in taste. The completion of the above series of experiments will be awaited with interest.

ENSILAGE DISCUSSION.

A discussion on ensilage grew out of Prof. Brown's paper. In reply to Prof. Barnard, Prof. Brown said the cows used in the experiment calved in September. The hay used was one-third clover and two-thirds timothy. Mr. Brown, of Hyde Park, said in preserving ensilage it was most important not to allow the second or acetic, which succeeds the alcoholic, fermentation to take place in the silo. Prof. Barnard pointed out the necessity of cutting the fodder very fine, say one-quarter inch long, and thorough pressing down. Means should also be adopted to allow the air to escape during pressing, and to prevent its entrance sub-

sequently. Prof. Brown said the pressure they applied on the mass in their silo was 1,000 pounds to the square yard. Mr. Wm. Saunders said his idea of ensilage would be to prevent fermentation entirely if possible, and if it began, to restrain it the mass could be pressed firm. The alcoholic fermentation took place first, and afterwards the acetic. Mr. Brown, of Hyde Park, said silos were being built in different parts of the country, but the people did not understand chemical processes. Mr. Saunders did not consider fine cutting essential. Mr. McAdam, of Rome, N. Y., wanted to know if a really good article of butter had ever been produced from ensilage feeding, but no one ventured an affirmative reply.

A KNOWLEDGE OF HORTICULTURE.

Mr. D. W. Beadle, the secretary of the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association, made a very good point at the last meeting of the Association. He said that "a large proportion of Canadian homes had a barn-yard, a waggon-yard, or a pig-yard in front, and between the dwelling-house and the highway, and how could we expect refinement in such homes. He was in favour of teaching botany and horticulture in all schools and he would try to change the order of things by changing the tastes of the children." Mr. Beadle is right. It is hardly possible to imagine a school system so little productive of real good as our present system. All it does is either to drum into children things that they will never have occasion to use, or else it totally unfits them for their natural position in life. The mistake is in thinking that all there is to be known about education is known now, and that the present system is the height of perfection. The fact is the art of education is yet in its infancy; the grand possibilities of our schools are only just dawning on the people. It is not the intellect that wants sharpening. The ordinary friction of life will do that according to each man's requirements. As Mr. Beadle says, it is the tastes and the sentiments that should be developed. Where is the sense in having our rural schools training the children to be sharpers, pedlars, agents, trucksters, or anything but farmers. Let botany and horticulture be taught, and suppose it was only a smattering, the effect would be to induce the culture of flowers by the children around their homes, and their taste and love of the beautiful be developed. No occupation is of such engrossing interest, no occupation affords such opportunities for gratifying a love of the beautiful, as farming. The youth on the farm is surrounded with the marvels and beauties of nature, every root, grain, or flower is a study, but he does not see it. All his faculties in these directions the rural school leaves in total darkness, and merely teaches him how to make four feet of firewood out of three feet six, or truck off a spavined horse for two cows and make \$15 by the transaction. Is it any wonder that the young, in the rural districts get away from the farm as soon as possible. They see nothing in their occupation but constant drudgery, and being in total ignorance of the first principles of agriculture it is impossible to take an interest in their work. In the course of time the art of education will be better understood, and then the schools will fit the children for those callings to which they are best adapted.—*Bobcaygeon Independent.*

CREAM

THEY who are polite at home will have no trouble in behaving well abroad.

WHERE no wood is the fire goeth out; so where there is no tale-bearer, strife ceaseth.

If you are going to do a good thing do it now; if you are going to do a mean thing, wait—don't do it.

PURE gold shines but little; it is only when it is mixed with alloy that it takes on glitter and brightness.

THE Italians have a proverb, that while one devil may tempt the toiler, a thousand dog the throne.

CONSIDER that you will never in this life be free from annoyances, and that you may as well bear them patiently as fret about them.

THERE are some young fellows who want to put their legs on the top of the ladder at once. But, believe me, step by step is the only way to climb.

THE small boy who hangs around the parlor and makes faces at his sister's beau should be punished for contempt of court.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"GEORGE, dear, don't you think it rather extravagant of you to eat butter with that delicious jam?" "No, love, economical. Same piece of bread does for both."

COOK—"Madame, why are the eggs so small lately?" "Oh, that's the fault of the farmers' wives. They take the eggs from the nest before they have had time to grow to the ordinary size."

A WAG said to one of his friends, "If my employer does not take back what he said to me this morning, I shall leave." "Why, what did he say?" "He told me that I could look for another place."

"No, I won't have a cat about my house!" savagely exclaimed a young wife the other day. "Every time I look at a cat it makes me mad to think it can wear a fur coat in the winter and I can't."

A LITTLE girl who lived in the country had heard her father say that he owned so many "head of cattle." In showing a lady through her mother's poultry yard, she exclaimed "See, here are our five head of hens."

"WALTER," said Mrs. Particular to her little son, whom she found eating grapes in the garden, "you must not swallow the skins of the grapes. It's bad for you to eat them." "But doesn't it make the yard look neater?" said Walter.

A POLITE man, truly: The scene is laid in a railway carriage; where seven passengers are smoking furiously. The eighth passenger, courteously: "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I do hope that my not smoking doesn't inconvenience you."

THIS laconic but sensible German ought to be sent out to lecture among the people: "I shall tell you how it was. I drink mine lager; den I put mine hand on mine head, and dere vos von pain; den I put mine hand on mine body, and dere was anoder pain; den I put mine hand in mine pocket, and dere was notting. So I jine mit de demperance. Now dere is no pain more in mine head, and the pain in mine body was all gone. I put mine hand in mine pocket, and dere was dwenty tollars. So I stay mit de demperance."

HOME CIRCLE.

SIMPLE REMEDIES.

Half a teaspoonful of common table salt dissolved in a little cold water and drank will instantly relieve "heart burn" or dyspepsia. If taken every morning before breakfast, increasing the quantity gradually to a teaspoonful of salt and a tumbler of water, it will in a few days cure any ordinary case of dyspepsia, if at the same time due attention is paid to the diet. There is no better remedy than the above for constipation. As a gargle for sore throat it is equal to chlorate of potash, and is entirely safe. It may be used as often as desired, and if a little is swallowed each time it will have a beneficial effect on the throat by cleansing it and allaying the irritation. In doses of one to four tea-spoonfuls in half a pint to a pint of tepid water, it acts promptly as an emetic, and, in cases of poisoning, is always on hand. It is an excellent remedy for bites and stings of insects. It is a valuable astringent in hemorrhages, particularly for bleeding after the extracting of teeth. It has both cleansing and healing properties, and is therefore a most excellent application for superficial ulcerations. Mustard is another valuable remedy. No family should be without it. Two or three tea-spoonfuls of ground mustard stirred into half a pint of water acts as an emetic very promptly, and is milder and easier to take than salt and water. Equal parts of ground mustard and flour or meal made into a paste with warm water and spread on a thin piece of muslin, with another piece of muslin laid over it, forms the indispensable "mustard plaster." It is almost a specific for colic when applied for a few minutes over the "pit of the stomach." For all internal pains and congestions there is no remedy of such general utility. It acts as a counter irritant by drawing the blood to the surface; hence in severe cases of croup a small mustard plaster should be applied to the back of the child's neck. The same treatment will relieve almost any case of headache. A mustard plaster should be moved about over the spot to be acted upon, for if left in one place it is liable to blister. A mustard plaster acts as well when at a considerable distance from the affected part. An excellent substitute for mustard plasters is what are known as "mustard leaves." They come a dozen in a box and are about four by five inches. They are perfectly dry and will keep for a long time. For use it is only necessary to dip one in a dish of water for a minute and then apply it. Common baking soda is the best of all remedies in cases of scalds and burns. It may be used on the surface of the burned place either dry or wet. When applied promptly the sense of relief is magical. It seems to withdraw the heat and with it the pain, and the healing process soon commences. It is the best application for eruptions caused by poisonous ivy and other poisonous plants, as also for bites and stings of insects. Owing to colds, over-fatigue, anxiety and various other causes, the urine is often scanty, highly coloured and more or less loaded with phosphates, which settles to the bottom of the vessel on cooling. As much soda as can be picked up with a ten cent piece, dissolved in half a glass of cold

water and drank every three hours, will soon remedy the trouble and cause relief to the oppression that always exists from the interruption of the natural flow of urine. This treatment should not be continued more than twenty-four hours.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

HINTS TO THE GIRLS.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

Did you never see a lady
Look into a stranger's face,
In an omnibus or rail car,
As if saying, "Sir, your place."

Did you never see a lady
Walk up to a church pew door,
Lace and ribbons all demanding,
"Yield your pew," and nothing more.

Did you never see a lassie
Flirt into an old man's chair,
And unheeding age or honour,
Let him stand—no matter where?

Never see the stage coach emptied—
For some fidget in her pride;
And the weary men of business,
Tumbled out to ride outside?

Never go to hear a lecture,
When some fashionable dear
Would come in and make a bustle
When you most desired to hear;

Routing half the congregation,
And disturbing all the rest,
As if she was all creation,
Being fashionably dressed?

Now, dear girls, if you're thankless,
So exacting and so free,
Time will come when gents will answer,
"Ma'am, this seat belongs to me."

Never ask a man abruptly
To resign his chosen place—
If 'tis offered, thank him kindly,
With a smile upon your face.

If the way be long and weary,
And he cannot find another,
Bid him share the comfort with you,
As you'd share it with a brother.

Thus may you receive forever,
Given with a spirit free,
Sure respect and love and kindness,
Better far than gallantry.

A WAGGON TRIP AT THE CAPE.

It is impossible to read, as the motion of a waggon will not permit of a light—and tonight's journey among the mountains being rougher than usual (even in South Africa,) the fraction of a wink of sleep is also out of the question. So I lie on my back with my elbows well out, yet bouncing about like a shuttlecock; at one moment banging my head against the lantern on one side, and then being jerked vigorously against the opposite extremity of the tent—in fact it is the superlative of perpetual motion. However, at last the worst part of the road is safely passed; and, meeting a waggon about to tie fast at one a.m., we decide to give our oxen the usual rest. The yokes are therefore taken off, and the boys (all natives are so called) commence to light a fire and prepare the inevitable black coffee. Knowing their slow ways, I take the opportunity of indulging in forty winks, and am only awakened by hearing a voice at the back of the waggon calling, "Coffee, baas," with the appearance of a dusky hand bearing a tin mug of the boiling liquor, minus both milk and sugar. My throat, however, fails to appreciate what is nectar to a Caffre, so I turn out to enjoy the fire and hear the gossip. A white Scotch mist hangs close overhead, entirely obscuring the moon. Around the fire between the waggons squat a group of savages, each enveloped in his kaross

or discarded military cloak, and smoking an enormous pipe filled with coarse green Boor tobacco. Their countenances, as disclosed by the reflecting light, look even more heidous and unearthly than usual; while beyond, and but just visible in the red glow of the embers, are the long lines of oxen. The hard and sandy desert stretches away into the darkness, forming a fitting background to the wierd picture, and almost misleading one into the idea that we are the only remnants of life left in the country. We trek on, and at sunrise find ourselves close to a shallow dam, somewhat redder than the surrounding country. Our night's work is done, the oxen are turned loose, and after wading into the water stroll off in charge of the leader. Then the driver slowly (how slowly none unaccustomed with the Caffre way of doing things can imagine) sets things to rights, lights a fire, replenishes our stock of water from the afore-said dam, and prepares the meal of the day by chopping the mutton up into small pieces on the worn and greasy disselboom (pole) and putting it to boil with some potatoes. As usual at the sight and smell of cooking, sundry wandering and hungry-looking Caffres make their appearance "like vultures that scent the battle from afar." These hang about gossiping until the boys bestow upon them something in the way of food, and then pass on. It is useless remonstrating with one's escort on such occasions as the present, and saying, "We shall run short of provisions." The visitors are always introduced as "dear relations," but are in reality the natives' only newspaper. At this, the customary appeal, I cannot be hard (although I know what it means), for have I not my own old paper from England wherewith to solace myself until eleven o'clock, at which hour the roughstew is ready and very acceptable? Then shaking the dust off one's clothing, an attempt at washing is made in the muddy dam, a sleep is got through the hot hours of the day, and at four o'clock we inspan and are off again.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

WHY EVE DIDN'T NEED A GIRL.

A lady writer in one of our exchanges furnishes some of the reasons why Eve did not keep a hired girl. She says: There has been a great deal said about the faults of women and why they need so much waiting on. Some one (a man, of course) has the presumption to ask, "Why, when Eve was manufactured out of a spare rib, a servant was not made at the same time to wait on her?" She didn't need any. A bright writer has said: Adam never came whining to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, buttons to be sewed on, gloves to be mended "right away—quick, now." He never read the newspapers until the sun went down behind the palm trees, and then stretching himself, yawned out, "Is supper ready yet, my dear?" No he. He made the fire, and hung the kettle over it himself, we'll venture, and pulled the radishes, peeled the potatoes, and did everything else he ought to do. He milked the cows and fed the chickens, and looked after the pigs himself, and never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner when Eve hadn't any fresh pomegranates. He never stayed out till eleven o'clock at night and then scolded because Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates. He never

loafed around corner groceries while Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. He never called Eve up from the cellar to put away his slippers. Not he. When he took them off he put them under the fig tree beside his Sunday boots. In short he did not think she was especially created for the purpose of waiting upon him, and he wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten a wife's cares a little. That's the reason Eve did not need a hired girl, and with it is the reason many of her descendants do.

THE FARMER'S WOOD-PILE.

The character of a farmer may be judged by his wood-pile. If it is at the kitchen door in logs or sled lengths, to be cut as wanted, and green, it may be written thus: "This man was brought up from boyhood 'slack' in his farm duties, doing nothing but what he could not well omit, he has no idea there is any benefit in 'driving things,' and he takes the world easy; he denies that there has been any progress made in farming since he was a boy; consequently his farm, dwelling and general surroundings have an ancient look, and his children are coming up to him, unless in visiting the neighbours things in a different light and a reaction takes place."

If there were no other reasons why the farmer should provide dry wood for his family than that it is cheaper than the green as regards the heat given out, that alone ought to be sufficient inducement for him to provide it. Then the comfort of sitting by it, to say nothing of the trials and tribulations of the good house wife and cook in coaxing a green wood fire to be on time that the meals may not be delayed (more time thus lost in the year than sufficient to prepare the wood as it should be), to say nothing of hard feelings engendered—these and other considerations ought to stimulate every farmer to have an ample sized wood-house, filled with a year's supply, cut of suitable size for convenient use. Having to cut and split wood daily, as some of us can remember fifty or more years ago, is a way of managing that no intelligent reader of this paper will tolerate.

TURKISH CHARACTER.

In character the Turks are thrifty, sober, and fairly industrious; the mountaineers are an especially hardy and active race. Temperance is enjoined by their religion, and such insobriety as exists is limited to the Christians, and is not general enough to present itself as a temptation to a foreign workman. It appears that the quality and conscientiousness of the work executed is better in Asiatic Turkey than in other parts. Nevertheless I find that in Epirus the embroidery is noticed as being particularly rich, beautiful and durable, the jewellery and diamond setting very good, but the work of the builders, joiners, carpenters, blacksmiths, is quite second-rate and wanting both in solidity and finish. In this district the artisans seem to live under favourable conditions. In Yania, the principal town, a tolerable kind of house may be purchased for \$350 or \$400, or rented for \$45. There is such abundance of excellent game in the country that a hare costs twelve cents, a brace of wild ducks or partridges twenty cents

only. At the cook-shops a good meat dinner with wine, may be had for fifteen cents. These charges, compared with the rate of wages, prove that as regards food the labourer has no reason to complain. French, Italian, and German skilled workmen generally manage to save considerable money—some of them earning twenty dollars per month here easily save one-half of their wages. The land-owners agree in stating that their great impediment to good farming is the absence of ploughing, reaping and thrashing instruments, which would, however, be most certainly imported at once if there were workmen who would properly repair them when out of order.—*Constantinople Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE WAY OF THE RAIN.

I heard an old farmer talk, one day,
Telling his listeners how
In the wide, new country far away,
The rainfall follows the plough.

"As fast as they break it up, you see,
And turn the heart to the sun,
As they open the furrows deep and free,
And the tillage is begun,

"The earth grows mellow; and more and more
It holds and sends to the sky
A moisture it never had before
When its face was hard and dry.

"And so wherever the ploughshares run,
The clouds run overhead;
And the soul that works, and lets in the sun
With water is always fed."

I wonder if that old farmer knew
The half of his simple word,
Or guessed the message that, heavenly-true,
Within it was hidden and heard?

It fell on my ear by chance that day;
But the gladness lingers now,
To think it is always God's dear way
That the rainfall follows the plough.

—Mrs. A. D. Whitney, in *Independent.*

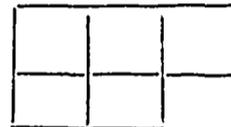
BON-MOTS OF TALLEYRAND.

Of all Napoleon's ministers there was not another who wielded, during the First Empire, so much unseen influence as did Prince Talleyrand. That he was a cold-blooded man his remark, when he had been informed of the assassination of the Duke d'Enghien by order of Napoleon, clearly shows. The duke was in Napoleon's way, yet he was beloved by the people. In fact, it was the love of the people for him that had rendered him obnoxious. When Talleyrand had been told, and was asked if he did not think it a crime, he answered: "It was worse than a crime. It was a blunder!" Charles Butler, an English writer, in speaking of that reply, says: "We are happy to believe that such an expression was never uttered by an Englishman, and that it could never be heard by an Englishman without disgust." Here is one that we can smile at: A gentleman one day, in Talleyrand's presence, was delivering a somewhat glowing panegyric on his mother's personal beauty, dwelling on the subject at an uncalled-for length. Those who heard became tired, but the man was wealthy and they bore with him, albeit he in his own face gave but little token of having beautiful parents. Talleyrand, however, gave him his quietus. As the gentleman closed a grandiloquent period on his mother's marvellous beauty, said the minister quietly, "It was your father, then, apparently who may not have been very well favoured." The company were bored no more by that person. Rulhieres, an author of considerable repute, once said, in Talleyrand's presence, "I never did but one mischievous work in my life" "Pray tell us," said Talleyrand, quickly and earnestly, "when will it be ended?" "She is utterly insupportable!" said Talleyrand, in speaking of a lady well known by

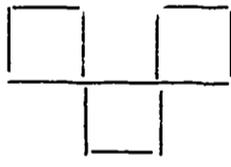
the company. And then, as though he would take back a little of what he had said, he added apologetically, "however, that is her only defect." He was the man who said, only three months previous to his death, "A Minister of Foreign Affairs must possess the faculty of appearing open, at the same time that he remains impenetrable; of being in reality reserved, though appearing perfectly frank."—*Bow Bells*

EVENING AMUSEMENTS.

ROLL up a piece of paper so that it shall make a tube as large around as a two cent piece, and as long as your hand; take this between your thumb and two fingers of your right hand; hold it to your right eye; place the other end between the thumb and first finger of your left hand, holding the back of the hand toward you; keep both eyes open and look at some object about three feet from you, and there will appear a hole right through your left hand. The effect is very curious. When you get the tube started around the room (for, of course, every one will want to try it) get your box of matches and place fifteen of them on the table, making this figure:



Then say to the company: "There you see five perfect squares, take away three matches only, and leave three perfect squares." And now is a good time to study characters; some will see it at a glance, others look a little while, don't see it, and insist on being told the solution; others again don't see it for some time, but stick to it till they do find it out. If you want any work done, give it to the latter; they are the kind you can depend upon. Of course you see which matches to remove, the two lower ones on the lower left hand corner, and the centre one on the top row, leaving a figure like this:



THE PLANT OF RENOWN.

Did you ever hear the legend of a man whose garden produced nothing else but weeds, till at last he met with a strange foreign flower of singular vitality? The story is that he sowed a handful of this seed in his over-grown garden, and left it to work its own sweet way. He slept and rose, and knew not how the seed was growing, till one day he opened the gate and saw a sight which much astounded him. He knew that the seed would produce a dainty flower, and he looked for it; but he had little dreamed that the plant would cover the whole garden. So it was; the flower had exterminated every weed, till, as he looked from one end to the other, from wall to wall, he could see nothing but the fair colours of that rare plant, and smell nothing but its delicious perfume. Christ is that plant of renown. If He be sown in the soil of your soul, He will gradually eat out the roots of all ill weeds and poisonous plants, till over all your nature there shall be Christ in you.—*Spurgeon.*

SUBSCRIBE for the RURAL CANADIAN, the best paper for the farmer. Only \$1 a year in advance.

SWEET VIOLETS.

Composed and Sung by J. K. EMMET,
In "Fritz Among the Gypsies."

ANDANTE.

1. Sweet vi - o - lets, Sweet-er than all the ros - es; La-dened with fra-grance, Spark-ling with the dew.....
 2. Sweet vi - o - lets, Rest-ing in beau-ty's bow - er, Crouched all un - no - ticed, I did pluck that flower;...

mf

Sweet vi - o - lets,..... From mos - sy dell and riv - u - let, Zil - lah, dar-ling one, I pluck'd them and brought them to you.....
 Sweet vi - o - lets,..... Still look - ing up to heav - en; Zil - lah, dar-ling one, I pluck'd them, my dar-ling, for you.....

Cres.

Oh! Zil - lah, stay, Go not a - way,.... Vi - o - lets are bloom - ing, love, for you a - lone; Oh!
 Oh! Zil - lah, stay, Go not a - way,.... Vi - o - lets are bloom - ing, love, for you a - lone; Oh!

Sweet vi - o - lets,..... Sweet-er than all the ros - es, Zil - lah, dar-ling one, I pluck'd them and bro't them to you.....
 Sweet vi - o - lets,..... Sweet-er than all the ros - es, Zil - lah, dar-ling one, I pluck'd them and bro't them to you.....

mp

YODLE:

La, la.

ONTARIO INDUSTRIAL LOAN AND INVESTMENT CO., LIMITED.

The third annual general meeting of the Shareholders of this Company was held at its offices on Thursday, the 21st day of February, at one o'clock, p.m. The President, David Blain, Esq., occupied the chair, and Mr. J. Gormley, the Managing Director, acted as Secretary. There were present also a large number of Shareholders both from the country and city. The President read the following

REPORT.

To the Shareholders of the Ontario Industrial Loan and Investment Company:

The Directors beg to submit for your information the following report of the business of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1883, with the financial statements, duly audited. The subscribed capital at that date amounted to \$472,900.00, on which had been paid \$220,796.22: the balance of the authorized capital still unsubscribed (\$27,100) represents that portion of the allotment made at the close of last year, which, not having been taken up within the prescribed time, reverted to the Company. The item of \$219,977.35 represents the amount actually invested in real estate, inclusive of \$20,000 already expended on the Arcade Building; the item of \$73,394.17 mentioned in the Balance Sheet represents loans made by the Company on real estate mortgages, showing an increase over the amount so invested at 31st December, 1882, of \$26,363.53; the item of \$28,691.35 represents loans made on personal security additionally secured by collaterals. The real estate and other securities of the Company have been carefully inspected and examined by a special committee appointed for that purpose. Reference to the "Profit and Loss" account will show the net profits for the year (after deducting the expenses of management) to have been \$24,179.05, out of which two half-yearly dividends, at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, have been declared, amounting to \$16,827.02. The Directors recommend the placing of \$7,000 to the "Reserve Fund," and the carrying forward of the balance to the credit of Profit and Loss Account. The profits on sales of real estate as shown amount to \$13,309.60; this, while not quite realizing the anticipations of the Directors formed at the beginning of the year, may (taking into consideration the almost universal inactivity of the real estate market) be considered satisfactory. Although for a while unavoidably delayed, building operations on the "Arcade" are now progressing favourably. Numerous applications for accommodation have been received, and the prospects of the success of the enterprise are most encouraging.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

D. BLAIN, President.
J. GORMLEY, Managing Director.

The following statements were also laid before the meeting:—

GENERAL BALANCE SHEET.

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid up	\$220,796 22
Deposits	64,332 81
Sundry accounts payable	898 75
Dividend No. 5, payable 2nd January, 1884	8,663 64
Reserve fund, as at 1st January, 1883	\$20,000 00
Added this year	7,000 00
Profit and loss account, carried forward	27,000 00
	2,783 62
	\$324,475 04

ASSETS.	
Real estate	\$312,648 88
Less remaining on mortgage	123,671 53
Loans, mortgages	73,394 17
Loans, bills receivable, and collaterals	28,691 35
Interest accrued	1,517 03
Cash in bank	6,375 41
Cash on hand	129 74
Office furniture	111 68
Sundry accounts and rents receivable	1,278 41
	\$324,475 04

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Dr.	
To cost of management	\$4,231 30
Interest paid bank and depositors	3,241 95
Net profits for year	\$24,179 05
Add balance at credit from last year	1,931 52
	\$29,110 64
Appropriated and proposed to be appropriated as follows:—	
To Dividend No. 4, at 8 per cent. per annum, paid 3rd July, 1883	\$7,063 93
Dividend No. 5, at 8 per cent. per annum, payable 2nd Jan., 1884	8,663 64
Added to reserve fund	7,000 00
Carried forward to credit of profit and loss account	2,783 62
	26,110 64
Cr.	
By Balance at credit 1st January, 1883	\$3,447 59
Less voted to President, Directors and Auditors	1,616 00
Interest on investments, loans, real estate, rents, etc.	16,827 02
Interest accrued	1,479 27
Profits on sales of real estate	13,309 60
	\$33,539 89

Auditors' Report.

We hereby certify that we have audited the books of the company for the year ending 31st December, 1883, and find the above statements to be correct as shown thereby. We have also examined the securities and vouchers relating thereto, and have found them in good order.

Toronto, 12th February, 1884.

CHARLES B. PETRY, } Auditors.
JOHN PATON, }

The President, in moving the adoption of the report, gave a short resume of the business of the company and its continued success since its organization. Mr. E. H. Duggan, the First Vice-President, seconded the resolution, and briefly referred to the investments of the Company, notably the Arcade.

The motion was carried unanimously. The usual vote of thanks having been passed to the president, directors and management, the meeting proceeded to elect ten directors to serve for the ensuing year. At the close of the poll the scrutineers, Messrs. L. Bolster and W. H. Best, declared the following gentlemen elected:—D. Blain, Esq.; E. H. Duggan Esq.; Jas. Langstaff, Esq., M. D.; C. B. Robinson, Esq.; James Robinson, Esq.; John Harvie, Esq.; John J. Cook, Esq.; A. McLean Howard, Esq.; Alfred Baker, Esq., M.A., and James Gormley, Esq. The meeting then adjourned. At a subsequent meeting of the Board David Blain, Esq., was re-elected President, and E. H. Duggan, Esq., and Jas. Langstaff, Esq., M.D., Vice-Presidents.

CANADA WEST LAND AGENCY CO'Y.

CAPITAL, \$100,000.

Hon. G. W. Allan, President. A. H. Campbell, Esq., Vice-President.
J. R. ADAMSON, Manager.

OFFICES, 14 Adelaide Street East, TORONTO.

This Company take particulars of farms and other properties from the owners, and advertises very largely, both here and in the Old Country, and has become the recognized medium for the disposal of all kinds of real estate. They sell only on commission, and do not hold any real estate of their own.

Bruce County, Carrick Township.

2524—A nice farm of 165 acres, known as the "Forrest Home Farm," 125 acres cleared, 10 acres hardwood sugar bush, 10 partly culled, and balance ash, cedar, etc. Soil is clay loam, rolling and easily worked, well watered by a spring, creek and 3 wells, it is well drained and ditched; fences are board and rail. There are two log dwellings on cedar posts, and one frame on stone foundation, all roofed with shingles, 1½ storeys, with 2, 3 and 4 rooms, respectively, and cellars under each; also outside kitchen and wing. Frame bank barn on stone foundation, 40x60, all in good repair; there are also two other barns and stables and other outbuildings. Taxes are \$40, and 10 days road work. There are 3 orchards, containing apple, pear, crab apple, plum and cherry trees, currant bushes and grape vines, all bearing. Gravel road runs between the lots, school ½ mile, churches of all denominations within 2½ miles. Market town, Clifford, 2½ miles, where are post and telegraph offices and railroad station on Wellington, Grey & Bruce Railway. Price, \$8,000; \$4,000 cash, balance in 3 years; interest at 6 per cent.

Grey County, St. Vincent Township.

2167—Containing 60 acres, known as the "Maple Grove Farm," 52 acres cleared and free from stumps; 8 in bush of beech and maple; soil sandy and clay loam, slightly rolling; picket, board and rail fences; frame dwelling, 24x30, 1½ storeys, 6 rooms, on stone foundation; cellar, 24x30; kitchen 18x24, roofed with shingles—in good repair. Frame barn, 30x42; a good horse stable, 18x24; two open sheds for the farm stock, pig-pen, etc.—in good repair; orchard 3 acres, consisting of apples, plums, cherries, etc.—all bearing. The farm is on the gravel road, churches, post office, telegraph office, railway station, market town, Meaford, 2 miles. Price, \$3,200; \$2,000 cash, balance in 4 years.

Haldimand County, Seneca Township.

2552—Nice farm of 200 acres, known as "Pine Grove," 155 acres of which are cleared, 135 free from stumps, and 45 acres wooded with oak, pine, maple and other woods. Soil, clay loam, slightly rolling and easily worked; watered by a cistern, spring and wells; fences are rail and stump—in good order; frame dwelling, on stone foundation, 24x32, 1½ storeys, 11 rooms, pantries; kitchen, 20x20, and cellar, 20x20; woodshed, 18x22—all in good repair; frame barn, on stone and oak blocks, 40x64; stable, 16x40; shed, 30x64; drive-house, 51x26, contains stabling for 4 horses. Orchard of 1½ acres, containing 100 apple, 12 pear, cherry trees, etc., and all kinds of small fruits—all bearing. School, ¾ mile, English church 9 miles, Presbyterian ¾ mile, Methodist 1, Baptist 4, and Roman Catholic 7 miles distant; market town, Canfield, 3½ miles, where are post and telegraph offices, and railroad station on the G. T. R. and C. S. R. Price, \$7,400; \$3,000 cash, balance to suit purchaser, with interest at 6 per cent.

Dalton County, Trafalgar Township.

2598—Good farm of 106 acres, 80 of which are cleared and free from stumps; soil clay loam; fences are cedar rail; frame dwelling, on stone blocks, 18x25, 1½ storeys, 5 rooms; cellar, 16x25, and outside kitchen, 11x25; frame barn, 36x60 (barn-yard paved with stone), on stone blocks; shed, 30x60 with stabling for 8 horses; cow stable, lean-to barn, 12x36, with stabling for 10 beasts; drive house 24x40, hog pen 18x24—both newly built; all buildings in good repair. Taxes are \$24 and 5 days road work. Orchard 1½ acres, containing apple and a few pear and cherry trees, all bearing; farm is 2½ miles from the gravel road and 1 mile from 2 schools; English, Methodist and Baptist churches at Boyne, 1 mile; Presbyterian church, ¼ mile; post-office at Boyne and Omagh, 1 mile; post and telegraph offices and railroad station at Milton, 2½ miles, on the C. V. B., and N. & N. W. R. Price, \$5,600; \$3,000 cash, balance to suit purchaser, with interest at 6 per cent.

Lincoln County, Grimsby Township.

2575—A cheap farm of 110 acres, 60 of which are cleared, 30 free from stumps, 30 in pasture, and 30 in good bush of mixed timber. Soil is a clay, clay loam and black loam, the latter of which is extremely rich, and the farm is gently rolling and easily worked. Fences are rail and picket. Dwelling is of frame, 1½ storeys, containing 9 rooms, with outside kitchen and good cellar, with woodshed and workshop over. Frame barn and drive shed, pig pen, etc. There is a well near the house, and a soft water cistern at the back door. Two good orchards, containing about 200 peach, 150 apple, 70 pear, 50 plum and 10 cherry trees; also 1½ acres of strawberries, 1½ acres of grapes, 1½ acres Kittatinny blackberries, ½ acre of raspberries and black caps. The farm is ½ mile from gravel road, 1 mile from school; churches of all denominations at Grimsby, 3 miles, where are post and telegraph offices, market, shipping facilities and railroad station on the G. W. R., 3 miles. Price, \$7,500; \$2,500 cash, balance to suit purchaser, with interest at 7 per cent.

Oxford County, Norwich North Township.

2530—A nice little farm of 50 acres, known as the "Nichols Farm," 45 acres of which are cleared and free from stumps; 5 acres wooded with beech, maple, etc.; soil is clay loam, gently rolling and easily worked; well watered by a spring, creek, and a well at the house; fences are picket, board and rail; frame dwelling-house, on stone foundation, 24x30, roofed with shingles, 1½ storeys, 5 rooms, and cellar, 16x20; also kitchen outside main building, 20x29, and wing containing 3 rooms; frame barn, 36x60, on stone foundation; frame drive house, 20x40, on stone foundation, with stables and hay loft; all buildings are in good repair; orchard of 2 acres, containing 40 apple, pear and cherry trees, small fruits—all bearing—and ornamental trees; the farm is on the gravel road; ½ mile to school and Baptist church; English and Presbyterian 5, Methodist 3, and Roman Catholic 9 miles distant; post and telegraph offices and railroad station, on G. T. R., at Burgessville, ¼ mile; market town, Norwich, 4 miles. Price, \$3,600; \$2,000 cash, balance to suit purchaser, with interest at 6 per cent.

OLD HUNKS'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Pacific Street held high carnival; in fact, all Barbary Coast was in a blaze of glory. Christmas Eve was being celebrated—save the mark!—in the gin-mills. From every door, as one passed along the street, burst out sounds of music and hilarity. Down in the cellars men were sitting at tables drinking to the accompaniment of orchestrons. Overhead—for, as though it were not enough that saloons should be placed side by side, they were piled one over the other—overhead, boisterous raffles were going on for Christmas turkeys, and there was more blaze of gaslight, and more men were drinking in the thick, smoky atmosphere; while women, passing to and fro in gaudy costumes, laughed in metallic and joyless tones at jokes of as questionable character as themselves. Sailors from all parts of the world, men and women of every nation, oaths and jests in every language! Block after block—saloon after saloon!

Up on the hill yonder the stately mother smiled on her children as they gathered around the tree in eager anticipation, and the father looked over his broad expanse of waistcoat with a smile of serene content. But how was it on Barbary Coast?

In little knots on the sidewalks lured with a fatal curiosity nearer and nearer until angrily ordered away by the bar-tenders, were children, ten, twelve, fourteen years of age, with little pinched old faces; children unduly wise, who laughed and jested at drunkenness, to whom the light and the hilarity had a resistless fascination; human shrubs whose dwarfed and distorted lives were destined never to bear flowers or fruitage. Some of them were smoking, some were munching oranges that the fruit-venders had rejected and thrown into the street; but the most of them were peering with admiration into the saloons in defiance of the occasional efforts made to drive them away.

Some of the "respectable" saloons had wooden screens inside in front of the doors to shut off the view from the street. At these places the music was louder, the laughter more continuous, the numbers greater, the smoke thicker, the confusion and glare more bewildering. Larger groups of children were here gathered on the sidewalk, and occasionally one more daring than the rest would creep around the corner of the screen and gaze upon the feverish and noisy scene with admiration. From little back rooms came the clink of coin, and, child as he was, the boy at the screen knew what it meant. Indeed, as he stood there, with a cigar stump in his little mouth, which he occasionally removed to pay his respects with unerring precision to the nearest spittoon, he was different from those about him only in size. Give him time, and the difference will disappear.

On this particular Christmas evening there was suddenly a shout among the urchins on the outside. The boy by the screen was on the sidewalk in an instant.

"What's up?"

"There comes Old Hunks."

Slowly up the street, muttering to himself, came an old, stoop-shouldered man, who glanced apprehensively at the group of boys. His appearance was shabby in the extreme. His hair was unkempt, his eyebrows were shaggy, his beard was tangled and uncombed, and his small, nervous gray eyes shone like balls of fire. To a stranger the old man might have appeared to be in the depths of destitution. But, the residents of this neighbourhood knew better. Many of them paid rent to him, for he owned many of the buildings that were illuminated to-night with such a fateful-glare. His tenants hated him. They said he was a miser, that he was hard-hearted, that he granted no delays, that he had no soul. What use could a miser have for a soul?

The boys heard this talk at home.

"Hello, Hunksy," said one, with a box slung over his shoulder. "Have a shine? I'll take yer note for it."

No one knew the old man's name. Probably it appeared somewhere on musty old title-deeds. He signed his rent receipts, always, "O. H.;" and when some wag—for they have a grim humor on Barbary Coast—suggested that the letters stood for "Old Hunks," the name stuck to him.

"What yer goin' to give me for Chris'mus?" queried a cross-eyed gamin with a freckled face.

"Lemme a bit, will yer, Hunksy?" asked another. "I'll pay yer out er my divvydends."

"He wouldn't len' a feller a stable to be born in, he wouldn't," replied a third, "not without yer spouted yer watch with him."

The old man grabbed the last speaker, and administered a couple of sound cuffs.

"Who yer hittin'?" angrily demanded the urchin, although there seemed little room for doubt on the question.

But before he could get an answer, the miser had turned into a side street, and the boys went back to the saloon door, not without some jeers at their crestfallen companion.

Old Hunks evidently was out of humor. Some of his tenants had not paid him to-day. Several were overdue a considerable time. There was Digby, for instance, who lived with his wife and four children in the two back rooms over the last saloon. Digby was more than a week behind, and it was Digby's boy whom he had cuffed. The father was in the saloon, drinking, as the old man probably knew. Four or five others were behind from one to two weeks, something Old Hunks had never permitted before. They pleaded hard times. They said they couldn't get work. What had he to do with hard times? It wasn't his fault if they couldn't get work. They didn't want work. They wouldn't work if you'd give them a chance. Work, indeed—nonsense.

But the worst case was that of the sick woman with the two little children, who lived in the tenement house on this side street.

"Three months now," growled Old Hunks to himself as he shuffled along the narrow sidewalk, from which the tired-looking, hard-faced women threw into their doors with their children to let him pass.

"Three months now, and not a cent. That's what I got for showing a little kindness to these people, and letting the rent run."

He turned in at the door of the tenement house, and climbed slowly up the narrow staircase. The air was musty, and rank with the smell of the afternoon's cooking, which had mingled from a dozen different apartments. There was no light, save that one of the rooms on the first floor boasted a stained transom, thick with venerable dust, through which a few rays struggled from a candle inside. It was sufficient to enable him to feel his way up the creaky stairs.

As he finished the third flight, and stopped to catch his breath, he heard a woman's sobs, interrupted by those of two children.

"They heard me coming," muttered Old Hunks to himself, "and they're getting a good ready."

The old man knocked at the door. There was no response. He waited a moment, then knocked a second time. Still the sound of sobs within, but no answer.

Putting his hand upon the knob, he opened the door and went in. The room was cold and bare. The wind came in at a broken pane in spite of the effort some one had made to check it with a piece of newspaper. There was one chair, with the rounds missing, one small table, and a bed. Upon the latter, in the corner of the room, lay a woman, sobbing, and evidently very sick. By her side were two small children, a boy about five years of age, and a girl about three. The children also were crying. They were so occupied that they did not see the new comer.

Old Hunks did not look at the group, but fixed his face in a hard, set way, toward the vacant wall.

"I have come for my money," he said stonily, advancing a step or two.

His voice, and the sound of his feet upon the bare floor, attracted the attention of the sick woman. Turning with evident difficulty and pain, she looked in his direction, drawing one arm in instinctive fear about her children. Old Hunks saw the movement, although he avoided her face.

"I have come for my money," he repeated. "I have been put off long enough."

The woman put her hand to her head, as if trying to realize what was going on. She uttered a moan of pain, which she seemed too weak to stifle. At last she broke down completely, and commenced to sob.

"My children! Oh, my poor children!"

Old Hunks shifted position uneasily, but still held doggedly to his declaration, in a sterner manner.

"I have come for my money. What do you expect to do? I can't keep you along forever."

The woman straightened up in her bed. A sudden power seemed to have seized her. She rose with desperate resolution, and, walking unsteadily across the floor, caught the miser by the sleeve. The pallor of death was in her face. The clutch of death was in her fingers. Her white-garments hung about her like a shroud, and her luminous eyes burned with an unearthly light.

"For the love of God, sir, do not let my children starve. If you hope for mercy—oh, my poor children!—do not—"

The exertion was too much. She staggered, and fell on the floor. The old man, with some effort, lifted her upon the bed. He chafed her hands nervously for a few moments. He spoke to her, but she did not answer. At last he saw that she lay very still, that the birds did not appear to move. Her eyes had a glassy look, and the children, who had huddled together frightened, began to cry. And well they might, for outside was the merciless world, and here, in this silent room, was merciless Death.

The little boy dropped something from his hand. It fell at the feet of the miser, who picked it up and looked at it, then took it to the light, and held it there some time. It was a small locket, and contained the picture of a young girl apparently about eighteen years of age. The locket was gold. It had a small chain, long enough to go about the neck, also gold. He examined both chain and locket closely, then put them upon the table. He picked up his hat, and moved toward the door. He hesitated at the threshold, came back, put the locket and chain in his pocket, and went out, closing the door behind him.

Who can tell his thoughts as he shuffled, muttering to himself, down the rickety stairs and into the narrow street? Was it not enough to lose his money? What right had a woman to die and leave her children for others to feed? It was not to be tolerated. Other women would be doing the same thing. People must pay their honest debts, and support their children. Little they would care for Old Hunks if he were to die! What if he did have a little money—there wasn't so much after all—but what of it? Didn't he get it honestly? Didn't he pay his debts—that was the question—did he ever die and leave both debts and children behind?

Whatever Old Hunks's thoughts may have been, he went slowly down the stairs and out into the night. And the helpless children were left alone with their dead—so helpless that they thought it was sleep, so innocent that they fondled her dead face and wondered why she answered not, and so tired with their sobbing that they finally crept up beside her and went to sleep upon her bosom.

Two hours passed, and still they slept. The clock on St. Mary's tolled the hour of midnight. The narrow street grew quiet, but around the corner Barbary Coast was still ablaze, though the boys were no longer seen on the sidewalks. Men were drinking deeply and sullenly now. Now and then a drunken man staggered by on his way home. Now and then a noise from some saloon told of a brawl over the dice or cards. Farther up the street a man had been killed in a quarrel over a disputed game. On the hills above the lights were dying out of the windows. In a few homes they still shone on happy faces, and on fair forms that moved in the graceful dance. It was only a few blocks from this—to this. It is only a step from wealth to poverty, from virtue to crime, from innocence to shame.

The echoes of the cathedral clock had scarcely died upon the midnight.

air when a carriage drew up in front of the tenement house. Two ladies and a gentleman alighted, and the three passed up the narrow stairs. At the third flight they stopped, and, after a moment's hesitation, opened the door facing the staircase. The children were still sleeping.

"Poor things," said one of the ladies, "what would have become of them!"

Carefully lifting them one by one, still sleeping, the gentleman carried them down stairs and handed them tenderly to some person in the carriage. He then returned up stairs, and the carriage drove rapidly away.

Pacific Street awoke sluggishly the next day. On the side street few were stirring early in the morning. The fumes of Christmas Eve still polluted the pure morning air of Christmas Day. Mrs. Dennis Regan, who had rooms on the third floor of the tenement house, having heard unusual noises in the next apartment during the night, peered out of her room about eight o'clock. The door opposite was open, and she saw three persons, two ladies and a gentleman, watching there. "The sick woman's dead," she said to herself, "and her rich friends have come to watch wid her. It wouldn't have hurt 'em to have looked after her a bit when she needed it more than she does now, poor sowl."

The news of the death, and the interest taken by the "rich friends," soon flew through the street, which straightway began to be mollified in its usual bitter feelings toward well-to-do people. But at ten o'clock an event occurred which roused the popular indignation to the highest pitch. The undertaker arrived, accompanied by a man muffled in a great coat, under whose directions the body was soon taken away. But Mrs. Dennis Regan, happening to come up the narrow stairs as the muffled man, who seemed desirous of avoiding observation, was going down, recognized him as the much detested miser, "Old Hunks."

The theory of the "rich friends" was immediately abandoned by the street.

"The old skinflint, bad cess to him," abjured Mrs. Dennis Regan, "has garnisheed the dead woman for the rint."

"The Lord save them pore childers!" shuddered her neighbour, as she listened with breathless interest to the story of the miser's heartless action.

"To think of me takin' that deperty sheriff fer a gntleman, and them two brazen-faced things fer ladies," exclaimed Mrs. Regan.

That Christmas afternoon, Old Hunks climbed up to his little room on the fourth floor of one of his own buildings—a room for which no one would pay rent, and which he had accordingly occupied for many years. Do you know what manner of a place a miser's home is? It isn't a very inviting spot to be sure. It has a barren and desolate look, like the life of the miser himself. But some how or other, the old man had become attached to this room through all the years that he had lived there. They were weary years as he looked back on them; years rich in gold, but, oh, how poor in human sympathy and companionship! There was little pleasure that he could remember in them. He had given himself wholly over to money-getting, and his soul had shrunk, and shrunk, until the room had not appeared small and mean to him. That is the worst of a sordid passion; we lose our finer sense of the perspective and relation of things. On this afternoon, somehow, the room seemed cramped and oppressive. He sat down by the table, and leaned his head upon his hand. He was buried in deep thought. The hard expression was relaxed, and there were fine lines in his face. Observed closely, he did not appear so old as his white hair would indicate. He was evidently much distressed, and a nature capable of entire devotion to one object, even though a sordid one, is live, able, also, of intense feeling. At last an expression of pain escaped him.

"O my God! And I never suspected it."

Rising after a while, and, going to an old trunk in the corner, he unlocked it and took out a strong tin box, which he brought back to the table and placed thereon. Producing a small key from his pocket he opened it. On the top were some deeds and mortgages. Removing these he came to a small parcel, carefully tied in a piece of oil-silk. He undid this parcel slowly, and as though every movement was painful to him. It contained two old letters, and a small gold locket with a chain. He took from his pockets the trinket which he had taken from the little boy. In outward appearance the lockets and chains were exactly similar.

The one he had taken from the box containing the picture of a young, and, withal, a handsome man, and bore the inscription:

"O. H. to A. M."

The one he took from his pocket contained the face of a young girl, and in similar lettering was inscribed:

"A. M. to O. H."

The two letters in the box were yellow and discoloured with age.

"Twenty years!" he said, bitterly, to himself. "Twenty years? And we both threw our lives away for a momentary spite—she to become the wife of one she did not love, and I to become the miserable thing that I am. And I hunted her to the death! O my God! If I had only suspected it!"

He paced the floor in agitation. The past rose before him like a hideous specter, grinning in horrible triumph. Even the sweet face in the locket was turned to him sadly, with a reproachful look. A strong nature, capable of utter self-abnegation, of the demolition of every ideal and idol, of the pursuit of a repulsive object not as a matter of choice but of will, is susceptible, upon occasion, of the most bitter and intense remorse. There was no thought in his mind of the contrast between the promise of his youth and the barren and dreary fulfilment of his manhood—only the haunting suggestion of the wrong to another, of the contrast between the sweet face which looked up to him from yonder table and the agonized face which had implored him with dying eyes the night before.

"Heaven is my witness that I never suspected it. I cannot——"

It was too much. His head burned, and he felt a heavy, oppressive pain at his heart which startled him. He went to the table, took a sheet of paper, and commenced to write. After a few lines he tore it up and selected another sheet. Upon this he wrote a few short sentences, then signed his name and affixed the date. Weak and exhausted, he went to the bed and lay his head upon the pillows. The afternoon sunlight came in at the little window and shone upon his tired face. The rays seemed warmer and more rosy than usual. Looking out through the panes, the west was aflame with a glory of colour. And through this radiance of the heavens the sun was sinking slowly into the waters of the limitless sea.

Early the next morning, Digby, still out of work, and still in arrears for his rent, mounted the stairs leading to the miser's room, to beg for a further delay. Digby considered himself wronged in some indefinite way, by everyone who had wealth, and by his landlord in particular. It had so happened that, on a certain day of the week before Digby had been possessed of the money to pay his rent. But the landlord, not knowing this fact, failed to call upon him, having done so without success several previous days insuccession. As a consequence, the money went into the coffers of the saloon situated immediately under the Digby residence, and that worthy, by some irrelevancy of logic, considered Old Hunks principally to blame for this result. Hence it was, as he climbed the stairs, that he looked upon his errand as largely in the nature of a humiliation; and it was a little vindictively, perhaps, that he knocked with such unnecessary distinctness. Hearing no answer, with the usual directness of his class, he applied his hand to the knob, and opened the door.

He stood a moment irresolute. There is one presence which unnerves the strongest. Digby was not a bad man at heart. He took his hat from his head instinctively, and said, below his breath:

"God forgive me for the hard things I've said about him."

A doctor was soon brought, but human skill is powerless in the presence of the awful mystery of death. He pronounced it heart disease. He never knew with what unconscious truth he spoke.

Upon the table they found a holographic will, penned, signed and dated in the well known characters. It lay still open, where it had been written. They took it up, curious to read the will of a miser. After the appointment of an executor, it contained these words:

"I forgive and release all persons in my debt the amounts to which they are severally indebted. To my said executor I give one-half of all my property, real and personal in trust, to be invested by him, and the income to be applied to the relief of worthy people in distress in the city of San Francisco. All the residue and remainder of my property I give, share and share alike, to the two children of my deceased friend, Alice Benton, formerly Alice Marshall. And, with trust in His eternal goodness, I commit my soul unto Him who knoweth and forgiveth."

—Charles H. Phelps in the Californian.

A YOUTHFUL EDITOR.

A story is told of a young sophomore, the newly appointed editor of a college paper in New England, who, on his way home in vacation, some years ago, made the acquaintance of a quiet gentleman on a railroad train. "Englishman, I perceive," airily began our college boy. The stranger bowed. "You must find much to amuse you in this country. We are so very crude; so new!" said the sophomore, who was an Anglo-maniac. "There is one thing, however, on which I flatter myself we compare favourably with John Bull—our newspapers. The journalists of this country rank high, sir, high!" Having received a civil reply, he continued: "I am myself an editor. Like to look at a copy of our paper?" pulling out the small sheet from his pocket. "Now, you have no idea—nobody not in the profession can have any idea—of the labour and mental strain involved in that small sheet. Keep it. There may be a paragraph or two in it that is worth considering, even if it does come from this side of the water." His companion changed his place soon afterward; and the amused conductor, who had overheard the conversation, said to the young man: "Do you know who that was?" "No." "It was Mr. Walter, of the London Times.—"E.

SAYS a Paris correspondent: I met recently, at an afternoon reception, a French gentleman who related to me the particulars of how, when quite a small boy, he went to see the great Rachel act. He was a great friend of her brother, and used sometimes to go to her house, when one day she said, patting his cheek, "Well, little fellow, would you not like to come and see me act some day?" Of course the answer to this query was an eager affirmative, and that very evening he and his comrade found themselves installed in one of those boxes called by the French the *loges infernales*, namely, the boxes situated inside of the proscenium and the curtain, and literally upon the stage. The play was "Phedre," and the child sat entranced and half bewildered while that wonderful panorama of passion was unfolded before him. When the curtain fell on the last act, the prostrate *Phedre* did not rise, but four men, coming from behind the scenes, enveloped her in a large, soft blanket, and bore her quickly from the stage. The boy, in an ecstasy of excitement and terror, half inclined to believe the tragedy a reality, slipped hastily from his place and followed the men till they laid their burden on a large sofa in Rachel's dressing-room. When the great actress opened her eyes she found her child admirer beside her weeping and wringing his hands. "O, Mademoiselle Rachel!" he sobbed, "do grant me just one favour." "And what is that, my little man?" "Never act again—it is too, too dreadful." Probably in all her brilliant-career Rachel had never received a more genuine or appreciative token of admiration.

YOUNG CANADA.

THE YOUNG BEAR HUNTERS.

"Come, boys, I guess you'd better go over to Alfred's barn, and get a bundle of hay; there's a little left. The cows haven't had much to eat this mornin'."

The speaker hobbled to a window and looked out upon the stumpy, snow-covered field, for, though it was the first week of May, a heavy storm had come the night before, giving the landscape a decidedly winterish aspect though the warm sun would soon dispel the fleecy covering.

The two boys, Charlie and Ned, started briskly forth on their errand, tramping across the field through the melting snow, where a few head of cattle were striving to satisfy their hunger by nibbling around the stumps where the snow had thawed away. Charlie, fifteen years old, was a rather slight, delicate lad, resembling his mother, while Ned, two years younger, was active and full of life as a young colt.

They trudged along the rough, narrow road through the woods toward their brother's clearing, Ned's voice ringing out in laugh and song, while his companion walked more sedately, swinging a light coil of rope in his hand with which to bind up the much-needed bundle of hay.

Soon they came in sight of the clearing, the walls and roof of the new barn glimmering through the leafless trees. This opening was even smaller than the other, and, like it, was surrounded by huge forest trees on every side, the barn being as yet its only building. As the boys neared this latter, which sat upon cedar posts or "puncheons" set in the ground, leaving an opening of a couple of feet or more under the sill, they noticed tracks in the snow resembling those of an immense dog, and coming from beneath the barn as though the animal, whatever it was, had sought shelter in the empty building from the storm during the night. The tracks zigzagged about the field, and then led in a more direct line to the northward, in which direction the forest extended miles and miles.

"What do you s'pose it is?" asked Ned, after examining the tracks attentively.

"A dog, ain't it?" returned Charlie, who was not as deeply interested as his brother.

"No, there isn't any dog round here with such big feet," answered Ned, decidedly; "let's see what he's been a-doin' in the barn."

They opened the door and entered, Charlie somewhat timidly, Ned with all the eagerness of a rat terrier scenting game. At one end of the barn floor lay a quantity of loose hay, and in the hay at one side in some oat straw Ned found where the animal had slept.

"Didn't he have a snug place?" said Ned, looking into the round nest in the straw as though he wished the animal still occupied it. "I'll bet it was a bear," he continued, as Charlie drew back with a somewhat pale cheek, for he lacked the true hunter's instinct of his younger brother.

"Oh, I guess not, at any rate we've got to get the hay," returned the elder boy, laying the rope upon the barn floor and preparing to tie up the bundle of fodder, but little Ned was out of doors taking observations of the tracks, his eyes ablaze with excitement. Then he rushed into the barn again.

"Come, Charlie," he cried, hurriedly, "let the hay go. We must have that fellow. You run across through the woods and get Billy Jordan's dog and gun. He ain't to home, but his mother'll let you have 'em, and old Tige will tree that bear. I don't believe he's gone 'er, 'cause he was loafin' down through the woods. I know by the tracks. I'll go over

home and get father's big gun. Come, hurry now."

Little Ned's excitement was contagious, and even Charlie became imbued in a great measure with it, starting off in a southwesterly direction, while Ned hastened home.

"Oh, father, there's a bear slept in Alfred's barn last night, and I want the gun, 'cause me'n Charlie's goin' to shoot him. Charlie's gone over to Jordon's after Billy's dog and gun," and Ned's face was all aglow, as he forced his words out in a bunch.

"Nonsense," said the boy's mother, nervously, "what can you boys do bear-hunting?" but Caleb Strong sympathized with the boy's ardent spirit.

"Let 'em go," he said, "there's ben some-thin' prowlin' round lately, an' p'raps they'll shoot him. Only be careful," he added, as Ned, who needed no second bidding, took down the huge old musket from the hooks over the fire-place and began loading it with the skill of a veteran backwoodsman; "these varmints claw ter'ibly if you git too near too 'em. I wish I was well, I'd go with him, but they won't overhaul the critter," continued the lame man, though the mother looked anxiously after the sturdy little figure that bounded away, gun in hand and powder-horn and bullet-pouch dangling at his side.



THE YOUNG BEAR HUNTERS

When Ned reached the barn again he found no signs of Charlie, and impelled by his eagerness he at once took the animal's trail. It led crookedly through the field and into the woods, only a few rods away, as though the bear, if bear it was, had loitered along leisurely.

"Charlie'll know I'm gone by my tracks," said the boy to himself as he pressed along through the open woods.

Soon he came to where the animal had scratched about the root of a fallen tree, and here the tracks gave evidence that bruin had stopped and turned about, and then on through the woods straight as a line he had bounded away as though scenting danger.

And at this moment a rush of feet came through the woods behind him, and Ned turned to see Tige, Billy Jordan's big brindle dog, dashing along like the flight of an arrow. Straight on he rushed in the wake of the flying animal, paying no heed to the boy and uttering no sound, and Ned hastened along at his best pace.

The boy's breath came thick with over-exertion, but still he sped onward. All at once the deep baying of Tige broke the stillness.

"He's treed him" cried Ned exultantly, and he paused and turned around to see if he could hear anything of Charlie.

Away back in the distance he heard a faint "hello" which he answered loud and long, while Tige's deep voice on ahead betokened that the game was stationary.

In a few minutes Charlie came up panting as he ran.

"Tige's got him on ahead!" cried Ned, all a-quiver with excitement. "Won't father look if we bring home a bear?"

The boys pressed along. They skirted around a low wet place or "bogin" where the ground was flooded and partially frozen over, for the weather had been cold even for that high latitude, though the bear and the pursuing dog had turned neither to the right nor left.

The dog's barking was growing louder and plainer, and soon they saw him capering wildly about at the foot of a tree in the branches of which a dark mass of shaggy fur could be plainly seen.

Charlie stopped irresolutely, but Ned's courage seemed to rise with the occasion.

"We've got him," he said, his eyes glittering as he drew the hammer of the old musket back. "I'll shoot him and you stand ready to finish him if I don't kill him."

The bear was ensconced in the fork of the tree some twenty feet from the ground, and his attention was now equally divided between the boys and the dog. He snarled and showed his teeth in a savage grin, while old Tige leaped around the foot of the tree in a frenzy of rage.

Little Ned's nerves seemed like steel, while Charlie's face was livid and his teeth fairly chattered, and he stood trembling as his cool brother went around the tree hoping to get a shot at the animal's heart. But the limbs of the tree intervened, and he came behind the bear, saying as he steadied the huge gun against a tree:

"I'm agoin' to shoot," and he closed his lips firmly as his eye glanced along the barrel, while even Tige seemed to hold his breath, and Charlie's heart thumped loudly.

Then a cloud of smoke burst from the muzzle of the gun, a crash reverberated through the woods, and a dark object came down with a heavy blow upon the ground, while Tige grappled with the fallen bear only to be hurled back by a stroke of the animal's powerful forepaw, against the trunk of a tree, where he lay half stunned by the shock, while the wounded bear, which had been hit near the small of the back, dragged himself toward the dog to finish his work.

Ned sprang forward with upraised gun to protect Tige, and the bear with a howl faced the boy.

Charlie seemed ready to sink with terror. He saw the white teeth of the bear, and realized the danger of his dauntless little brother, and then his weak, nerveless hands became strong. He brought the gun to his shoulder, again a sharp report echoed among the trees, and the bear clawed and tore the snow-covered leaves in his death struggle.

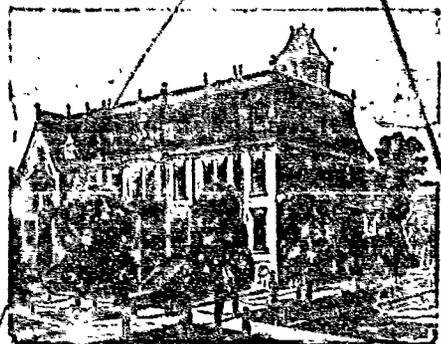
Poor Tige limped sorrowfully home, but the boys, especially Charlie, were elated with pride at their successful bear-hunt.—*The Golden Argosy.*

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A seal-mother gives a curious display of maternal solicitude in teaching her calf to swim. First taking hold of it by the flipper, and for a while supporting it above water, with a shove she sends the youngster adrift, leaving it to shift for itself. In a short time, the little creature becomes exhausted, when she takes a fresh grip on its flipper, and again supports it till it has recovered breath, after which there is another push off, followed by a new attempt to swim, the same process being several times repeated to the end of the lesson.—*From "The Land of Fire," by Mayne Reid.*

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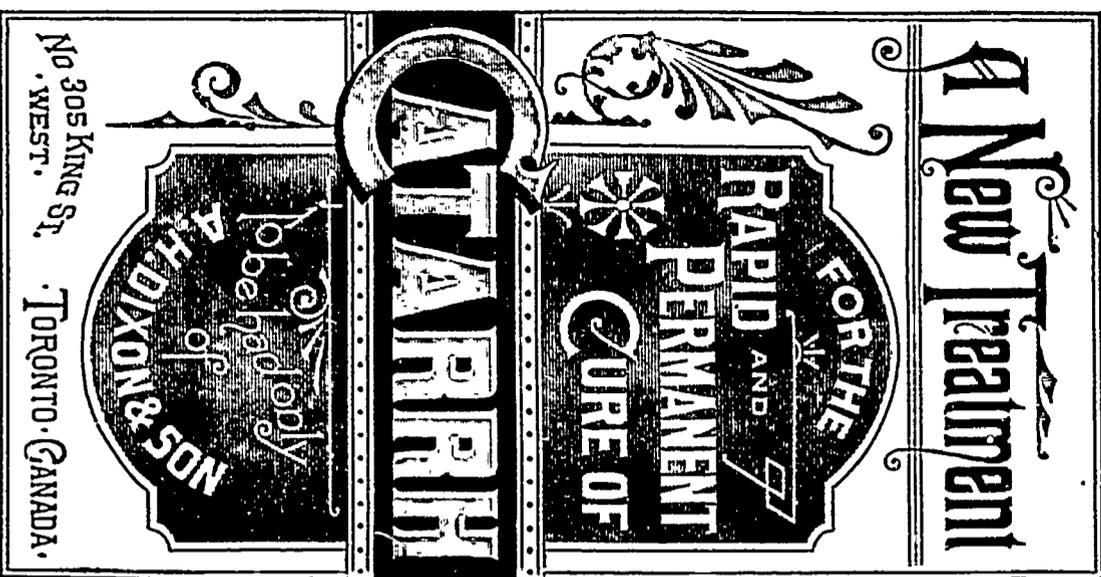
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WHAT IS CATARRH?

[From the Toronto (Canada) "Mail"]



Catarrh is a mucopurulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite ameba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favorable circumstances, and these are: Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of tubercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxemia, from the retention of the effused matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the Eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalents and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucus tissue.

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What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B. A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A. H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment for Catarrh.

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I consider that mine was a very bad case. It was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages, and I thought I would require the three treatments, but feel fully cured by the two sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you.

You are at liberty to use this letter, stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers.
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Wm. E. D. STEVENSON.

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