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2nd. The production of poultry—ay, smile if you will—can, with proper management, let us emphasize the words—proper management—be made largely remunerative, and we will draw a line under the word largely.

3rd. Pisciculture, where one has the location for it, will we are assured by the Hon. Mr. Roosevelt, rapidly roll in the sockola, and make plethoric the money bags of the farmer. Trout-raising, at any rate, we will subscribe to, from a very limited personal experience.

4th. Arboriculture will always pay; but, of course, here the question of time is an important factor; yet we may say, neglect not to set out trees, for they grow while we sleep, and are over things of beauty and utility.

5th. Fruit trees, as a specialty, we cannot too strongly urge upon you, for with intelligent care and nursing they will reward you with golden fruit. The saturnine idea of our worth and well-meaning but distressingly narrow-minded Puritan progenitors we have happily grown out of. They, dear, good souls, taught that through the apple, in the days of old, came "original sin;" and through the apple of latter days comes the cider mill, and from the cider mill to the gin mill the transition is an easy one. So our good uncle, for once with a fanaticism commendable for its honest self-sacrifice, cut down his orchard.

6th. Viniculture has not received the attention it deserves, and probably—we may say probably—on account of the same grim Puritan rigidity in regard to wine drinking.

We would remark—in *passant*—that the most luscious grapes it has ever been our good fortune to meet with on this continent, were presented to our enraptured gaze and our pampered palate, in Canada (on the Vermont line), and the most glorious orchard of apples, pears and plums we found near Brattleboro, Vt., and all these both vines and trees, had been in bearing for years. Why not profit by such rich experiences? Why not export 1,000 barrels of apples where we now send one?

Then, too, we have been told from this platform, in language positive, if not strictly classical—that silk culture can be successfully carried on in New England, but upon that point our opinion is a little shaky.

We insist upon it, however, that the other industrial pursuits herein mentioned, whilst being refining and elevating to a degree, may also be made remunerative beyond the dreams of advice.

Relinquish then the unequal contest between the plow and the rocks, the hoe and the potato bug, and let your "Jerseys" and your "short-horns" regale themselves in sweet fields and pastures green, and they will do their part to enrich your tables and your coffers, bring a wealth of bloom into the cheeks of the bonnie little folks, and help keep your boys prosperous and contented at home. But don't forget the fruit trees.

All this, however, falls short of our purpose, which was, and is, to direct attention mainly to another and still more lovable industry, and so our thesis is: The apiary, or bee culture, as a source of profit to the New England farmer.

Why the New England man in particular? Because that part of the country was the original habitat of the bee, as it was the home of the kind of trees and flowers which seem to have been made for its special delectation, and whose sweets it takes the most particular delights in ravishing.

Our beloved friend, Dr. Trimble, has so thrilled and delighted us with his exquisite delineations of insects life and habits, that it seems rude temerity to venture into his special field of investigation; but, from our heart of hearts, we love our dear little dumble-friends, the bees, who so faithfully play their part in the divine economy.

Excuse us if we do not go into any wild æsthetic craze over the doctor's fantastic measuring worms and his hairy caterpillar, but for us the honey bee sufficiently fills the bill.

As amateurs in entomology, we have found infinite pleasure in the study of other humble creatures of the insect world, but chiefest of all commend us to the little winged elf that goes about doing so much good, that not only aids to fructify the blossoms, but gathers honey all the day from every opening flower.

It, of all God's beautiful creation, most and best justifies its existence, patiently and untiring working for prosperity, and content with a bare subsistence for itself.

With it, it is ever work and worship. The merry little thing tells it all in its cheery hum. Does it need a vivid imagination to find in its pleasant buzz a doxology? An anthem of gratitude, welling ever from a sur-charged heart, for the gift of life and joyous sunshine? If you think it does, then you have not, as we have, enjoyed an intimate friendship with the happy fellow. Its brief life is a sermon, (and we know what a good sermon is, for have we not been fortunate enough several times to hear our friend and brother farmer, the Rev. Mr. Light-bourn.) Yes, the bee's life is a good practical sermon, and its creed should find ready acceptance in every well balanced mind.

In it we find the realization of our ideal communist. It is not so, Mr. Sharp? for its efforts are always for the good of the whole phalanstery and for generations to come after. Its own life is ephemeral, but six weeks at the most, while engaged in active business life: six weeks of cheerful toil and its work is ended; but its children may well rise up and call it blessed.

Let us for a few moments contemplate its model home. What does it reveal? Contentment, order, immaculate cleanliness, brotherly love and industry; no dissipation, no staying out o'night. Bah! we leave this wretch to the enjoyment of his own billious captiousness.

But true it is that the lady of the house, albeit a lady of high degree, is an exemplary wife and mother. A short bridal tour; this, of course, is the correct thing, *en regle*, and then a return to the home of her youth to receive the congratulations of her numerous, admiring friends; no cards, no cake, no refection but plain bee bread, with honey syrup and an unanimous psalm of rejoicing. Ever after this ever to be praised royal matron remains at home and attends to the family, with whom (and with society in general) she is ever kind, gentle and amiable, wisely or unwisely, preferring, however, not to have any other ladies in the house.—*Am. Bee Journal.*

That prophet of evil, Mr. Vennor, is at it again. He now predicts a stormy fall and a severe and early winter. He might at least have had the decency to wait until we had some summer, but the fact of the matter is that we shall never have any more reasonable weather until the people rise in their might and destroy him.

LADIES' DEF'T.

PRIDE IN DRESS.

If the Creator were in love with fashions and luxury in the adornment of creatures here upon the earth, He were never better served than in this age; for our world is too much like a pageant, where ever man's apparel is better than himself. The good old linsey woolsey, tow and linen, mush and milk, pork and potato times of our grandfather's have long since gone by. There are a great many young men, gentlemen idlers, who pass along the stream of life at the expense of somebody besides themselves. They live well, dress well, drive fast horses, and smoke twenty-five cent cigars as long as possible, by borrowing and sponging, and then take to gambling, swindling, stealing, and robbing, and often pass on for years, but justice overtakes them, as witness the young clerk arrested in Boston last week. So long as these persons keep in the tide of fashion and elude the police, they are received into the company of the "upper ten." Many an idle knave, by means of a fine coat, a white hand and a graceful bow, has been received into the circles of polite society, and walked rough-shod over a worthy young farmer or mechanic, who had too good sense to make a dash, or imitate the monkey shines of a professional dandy. A fine dress in the eyes of some covers more sins than charity.

We profess to be a Christian people, and to despise the pernicious doctrines of Ingersoll and less noted infidels, and yet Hindoo priest never showed more zeal in the worship of an idol god than the American people show in the abject worship of the god of Fashion. Once Christ said that "soft clothing is in the king's courts," but now it has crept into every house; then, the rich glutton clothed himself in purple every day, but now the poor imitator, who cannot afford it, decks himself out as bravely as the glutton. Our best ladies of worth and refinement cannot walk the streets with more jewels and laces, nor carry more trappings about their persons, than the wanton and abandoned of the present day. At every watering place, and even in the groves where religious meetings are held, these things have been seen during these summer days.

If the tyrant Fashion would be content with leading the rich from the path of common sense, only for a short time, and would leave them something for old age and exigencies, when she can no longer receive their adulation, she might have more claims to generosity; but she not only often strips them as clean from feathers as a turkey on a spit, but searches the cellar and the garret, the cottage and the hovel, for victims. She takes fools by storm, the wise by deception and bribery, and makes the Mordecais and Daniels tremble at the sound of trumpet-tongued ridicule. Not only the vain and giddy, the thoughtless and rattle-brained, dance attendance upon her; but many a statesman and philosopher, moralist and christian—more or less from all classes—pay tithes into the treasury of this transatlantic, Americanized, aristocratic, brazen-faced goddess, who is constantly importing the trappings and extravagancies of European courts to smother republican simplicity.

If we love freedom more than slavery, liberty more than thralldom, happiness more than misery, competence more than poverty, we shall find higher objects of thought and worship than brazen, tinsel Fashion.—*Maine Farmer.*

WOMAN AS A COMFORTER.

Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender woman, who had been all weakness and dependence while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy tree is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so woman, who is the dependant and ornament to man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden and irretrievable calamity.

DUST, DUSTERS AND WIPE.

Do not dust, but wipe. Who would believe it? The duster—that peaceful emblem of domestic toil—may, under certain circumstances, become more dangerous to handle than a six shooter.

We are in deep earnest. An eminent scientist declares it to be a fact. Do you know just what you are doing when you brush away dust? You disseminate in the air, and consequently introduce into your own interior, into your tissues and respiratory organs, all sorts of eggs, epidemic germs, murderous vibiones which dust contains.

One movement of a feather duster may be enough to poison you and your neighbors—to inoculate you all with typhus, varioloid or cholera—strange as it may appear.

Instead of a feather duster take a cloth and wipe away the dust instead of stirring it up. In short, wipe—never dust!

The wide white mull neckties that ladies have abandoned, are now worn by little girls with their street dresses.

A GENTLEMAN named Page, dropping to a lady, sent to her a pair of gloves and wrote:

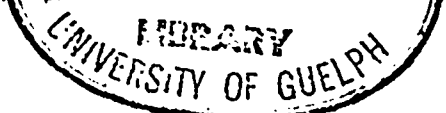
If you from glove will take the letter G. Then love remains, and that I send to thee. She replied:

And if from Page you take the letter P. Then ago remains, and that wout do for me.

Min dying make their wills, but wives Escape a work so sad. Why should they make what all their lives The gentle dames have had

KATE FIELD, lecturer, singer, actress, journalist, author, woman of society and business is, says a correspondent, very slight and graceful in figure, and has a piquant, pictorial face, radiant with animation. Her hair is a soft and silken brown, her eyes are gray, of the clarivoyant order, and her features well proportioned. She does not appear a bit as a literary woman, according to the accepted notion, for she dresses very elegantly and expensively.

A CALIFORNIA paper tells of a party of charming tramps, consisting of six young ladies, who were pushing through Redwood City on a pedestrian excursion. They were robust, good-looking, full of life and energy, and bent on a frolic. Dressed in uniform style of walking habit, slightly shorter even than the prevailing fashion, made of excellent and durable linen; plain but pretty hats, easy shoes, with high ankles for dust, they were the personification of comfort. Each wore a knapsack upon her back, soldier style, and was armed with a revolver and bowie knife. Their trip is to take in the Southern coast counties. Some nights they camp, and others they pass at hotels, as humor or convenience may happen.



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- T. O. Robinson, Owon Sound.
- C. L. Whitney, Lecturer Michigan State College, Muskegon, Mich.
- P. H. Henderson, Bertie Vineyards, Stevensville, Ont.
- POULTRY.
- Geo Elliott,—a taker of eight prizes at the Provincial Poultry Show—Port Robinson Ont.
- APIARY.
- D.A. Jones, of the Beekeepers Association of Ontario, Boston Ont.
- H. McKnight, Soc'y-Treas. Beekeepers Association, Owon Sound.
- M. Richardson, a large exhibitor at Provincial Shows, Port Colborne, Ont.
- MAPLE SYRUP, SUGAR, & CO
- Levi R. Whitman, an extensive manufacturer, Knowlton, Quebec.
- GRAPE CULTURE.
- Dr. Joy, Tilsonburg, Ont.
- GENERAL FARM SUBJECTS.
- M. McQuade, Edmondville, Ont.
- S. T. Pettit, Belmont, Ont.
- E. S. Crook, Newport, N. S.
- George Creed, South Rowdon, N.S.
- LADIES' DEPARTMENT.
- Mrs. S. H. Neices, Grimsby, Ont.
- YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN
- Children of our numerous subscribers from every part of the Dominion, under the supervision of "Our Little Folks' Editor."

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W. P. PAGE }  
S. W. HILL } Editors.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 23, 1882.

EDITORIAL.

THE NEW RUSSIAN RED.

Parties wishing to secure this wheat are requested to send in their orders at once. Cash at the rate of \$2.00 per bushel to accompany the order. Be sure to send plain directions regarding station to send to etc. along with order also.

CROP, STOCK, ETC. REPORT

The report of the Bureau of Industries for August contains statistics of the live stock of the Province as returned by school section districts on the 31st of May, and tabulated by counties and county groups. It also reviews the condition of crops on the 1st of the month, the progress of haying and harvesting at that date, farm labor and the rate of wages, and the state of pastures and live stock in relation to meat supply and dairy produce.

The month of July was very favorable for hay-making, the weather being steady and the temperature moderate, and the bulk of the crop has been saved in excellent order. Clover recovered to some extent from the serious damage done to it by winter exposure and spring frosts, but in the most favored localities the yield does not exceed one ton per acre, and the general average is much less. Timothy and mixed grasses were very heavy, and the uniform report from all sections is that no better crop has been gathered in twenty years.

Throughout the western half of the Province fall wheat has been remarkably heavy, but it has not escaped the dangers incident to a late season of ripening. Owing to a rank growth of straw and occasional rain storms, the crop lodged badly in many localities just as the grain was beginning to harden, and about the same time, unfortunately, it was struck with rust. As a consequence the sample is not generally as good as we looked for; it is lacking in plumpness and color. The worst effects from these causes are reported from the loamy lands of the south-western counties—from Essex, and the basins of the Thames and Sydenham rivers. In some sections the whole crop has been reaped and saved in good condition, but the bulk of it was either standing or in shock when work was interrupted last week by a rain storm of several days' duration. Late reports say that in many fields the grain has sprouted, but the full extent of the damage will not be known for some time. The storm was local, and confined chiefly to the western counties. In the Georgian Bay counties a large acreage has been saved in good order, and the sample

is prime. In the Lake Ontario and St. Lawrence and Ottawa counties the crop was badly winter-killed, and what remains will yield less than an average. In the East Midland counties a good crop will be harvested, but not equal to last year's. In the Lake Erie counties, where some grain has been threshed, it is found to yield from 20 to 30 bushels per acre, and correspondents in all counties west of Toronto estimate the yield at not less than 20 bushels per acre. Spring wheat in the eastern half of the Province, where it is extensively grown, gives promise of an abundant harvest, but in some districts it is being attacked by the midge, the Hessian fly and rust. It will be ready for reaping generally about the 20th of this month.

Barley is everywhere a heavy crop and a large acreage has been grown, especially in the Lake Ontario and East Midland counties. The grain is uniformly plump and of good color, with a few exceptions where it ripened too rapidly owing to the drought, or where it lodged and rusted. In the western countries the yield is good, but the harvesting season has been unfavorable.

There is a large area under oats, and with the one exception of the Georgian Bay Counties, the crop is reported good all over. The estimates of correspondents range from 35 to 60 bushels per acre. Peas are a good crop in all the northern counties, but elsewhere they have been injured by the bug.

The corn crop is everywhere pronounced a failure. The season has been too wet and cold for it, and though it has made good growth during the past three weeks there is little chance now of its attaining to half an average crop. Beans are chiefly grown in the counties of Kent, Norfolk, Brant and Renfrew. They are generally reported good, but in some localities the crop is worthless.

Potatoes were injured by too much rain early in the season, and later on by the drought. The beetle, too, is about as troublesome as ever. Turnips, mangolds and carrots have only partially come up, and a good crop is rare; turnips especially are late, and are badly injured by the fly.

The fruit crop is poor in all the best fruit-growing districts. Apples are good only in the Lake Ontario and River St. Lawrence counties, and there they will not be more than half a crop. Peaches and plums are almost a total failure, pears and grapes are fairly good, and small fruit alone is abundant.

Pastures were good throughout June and the first half of July, but recently they have become parched and bare in many parts of the Province. This has been especially the case in the Lake Ontario counties, where in some districts cattle had to be given extra fodder. For this purpose soiling is good where it could be availed of. Fat cattle are scarce, particularly in the finer classes suitable for export, and there is a disposition to force young cattle prematurely into the market. The dairying interest is less flourishing now than it was earlier in the season, and the milk supply is falling off. The recent rains, however, will doubtless make the pastures good again.

Farm labourers have been scarce, and the demand for them was increased by the general heaviness of the harvest. Wages ran from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day, and from \$25 to \$40 per month with board, and even at these high figures it was difficult to procure men.

The statistics of live stock are as complete as they could be obtained. No estimates have been made of thoroughbreds for sections for which returns were not received, owing to the difficulty of finding an average. It is certain that the full number has not been reported, but it is almost equally certain that some animals entered in the schedules of farmers as thoroughbreds would never obtain registration in a Herd Book. Following are the returns for the Province and for the County of Welland.

	HORSES.	
	The Province.	The County.
Working horses	335,481	5,753
Breeding mares	72,025	995
Unbroken horses	100,505	1,530
CATTLE.		
Thoroughbred	23,257	581
Working oxen	11,215	210
Milch cows	680,552	7,740
Store cattle, over 2 years	273,851	4,750
Other cattle	617,001	8,705
Total milch cows, all breeds	687,037	7,812
Total cattle, all classes and breeds	1,008,050	17,715
SHEEP.		
Coarse woolled, 1 year and over	911,741	11,313
Coarse woolled, under 1 year	666,610	8,084
Fine woolled, one year and over	183,022	2,818
Fine woolled, under one year	151,401	3,245
PIGS.		
One year and over	257,406	2,581
Under one year	659,589	10,224
POULTRY.		
Number of Turkeys	317,781	6,197
Number of geese	538,922	7,151
Number of other fowls	4,521,809	79,350

The Weather Report, which is furnished by the Meteorological Office, is a register of important facts for the farmer. The addition of eight sunshine recorders to the two heretofore in use will add materially to the value of future reports.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

After travelling through a beautiful valley for quite a distance, and gaining some prominence, where, wearied with our journey we stop to rest, and turning our eyes backward, how we are astonished as new objects of beauty meet our gaze; and we wonder how they escaped our notice while passing through. So it is with this life of ours; while gliding through the happy days of childhood and youth, how much of good and blessing escapes our grasp, only because we do not realize the blessings with which we are surrounded. In the happy days of childhood we are not content, but long for a more advanced stage—for the time when we will be men and women, and can throw off the restraints of childhood, which will, as we foolishly think, increase our happiness. But when we reach that long-desired period it brings with it its own share of trials, perplexities and cares, and in our world-weariness how often we long to rest, and taking a retrospect of the past, live over again those happy days of childhood, when our life was so joyous and gay. Living in the past, especially if that past be a pleasant one, is one of our greatest pleasures; so far as this life is concerned—and we often find ourselves dwelling upon past scenes of enjoyment. Who can dwell upon the scenes of their childhood without feelings of emotion? Oh, those merry, jolly days, when free from care and sorrow, our hearts were light and gay! How we wandered through the fields and plucked the wild flowers that grew in such rich profusion around us! The blue and white violets, the buttercups, of which we made bouquets, and thought them so lovely in our childish simplicity. And then those romps in the dear old barn, tossing the new mown hay, hunting hens' nests, chasing the swallows from

beam to beam, often climbing in our childish recklessness where our lives were endangered, and where in after life we would scarcely dare to venture. Yes, the scenes of our childhood's days are endeared to our hearts; the house in which we were born, the barn where we frolicked, the fields over which we roamed, the trees on which we swung, the brooks in which we bathed, the nooks and corners in which we made playhouses, all are cherished as things never to be forgotten. What pleasant recollections we have of that old school house to which we tripped along through summer showers and winter storms! What games we played on that dear old play-ground! But how many changes we have seen since then! Where now are our schoolmates? Many of them are beneath the daisied sod, some are upon the great world of waters, others are preaching the glorious gospel of Christ, and in the various avocations of life we may find them to-day. Every season brought new joys to us. In spring came the beautiful May flowers, then what strolls we were wont to take over fields and meadows in search of those lovely little flowers. How we almost danced in our childish glee as we discovered them hiding away so modestly under their green leaves! Next came summer with its rice profusion of flowers, strawberries and other fruit. How we loved to gather them, and returning home with our dishes full, how proud we felt! And in Autumn, when the trees put on their dress of red and golden hue, and the luscious fruit hung ripe upon the bough, and the time came for nutting in the woods, how busily we were occupied. Next came old winter with his snowy mantle, and then our fun was unbounded. What coasting on the hillsides, skating on the frozen ponds, sleigh riding, with the jingling of the merry bells making music for us, with the snow glistening like polished silver under the light of the unclouded moon. Surely the winter enjoyments of our childhood will never be forgotten! But while dwelling upon past pleasures, we must not forget that every time of life has its blessings; and that it is our duty to nobly perform our part, and act in the living present so that the world will be better for our living in it. Although it is pleasant to think of the happy past, let us not dwell too frequently upon it, but make the best of the present, and leave the future with God.

ADA M. SUTHERLAND.  
Hodson Grange Pictou Co., N.S.

#### NOTE FROM WOODBURN.

Written for the CANADIAN FARMER.

The crops around Woodburn promise well, including hay, oats, barley, peas and fall wheat; corn and roots late nearly total failure. Fall wheat, as far as threshing is completed, yields well. I realized over 500 bushels from fifteen acres, and other products of this farm promise well.—JOHN C. SHAW.

#### ON THE WING.

WINNIPEG, MAN., Aug. 3rd.

ED. CANADIAN FARMER—As I promised to write you occasionally I again endeavor to fulfill that promise. On Monday July 31st I had the pleasure of a drive of 14 miles over the prairie from Grafton, and yet one can scarcely call it prairie, as for miles on either side were great fields of wheat and oats, each farmer having from 100 to 500 acres in crop, and all having the appearance of yielding an abundant harvest. We called at Mr. Honey's postmaster at Kensington, D.

T., and lately from near Oshawa, Canada, and with himself and family, attended a S. S. picnic near by, and although no village is here the gathering would have done credit to many a larger place, over 200 partaking of a bountiful spread, and of all those that were there only 3 or 4 were Americans, the rest being Canadians, and who appeared to be prospering very much. Here I saw as fine a farming country as any place I had seen, and one of the finest and most thrifty settlements (as you would expect, they being all Canadians). Having passed a pleasant afternoon with them we returned and enjoyed a splendid drive home. Having concluded my visit at Grafton I hied away for new scenes, and my next stop over was at Grand Forks, where I had the pleasure of meeting our late townspeople, R. B. Griffith and sisters, with whom we spent a pleasant evening, and who are delighted with that section of the country, and have no desire to return to Wexland. We leave our young friends enjoying peace, plenty and good health, and resume our journey. Having resolved to pay Winnipeg a visit we took rail from Grand Forks to Crookston, Minn., and between these places we found the country in a prosperous condition, the crops being splendid. Arriving at Crookston at 10 a. m. we were obliged to lay over for 7 hours. We found this thrifty little town finely situated on Red Lake River and having good buildings and doing a splendid business. Leaving this thrifty place we hied away to Winnipeg, the great metropolis of the great Canadian North-west, where we arrived at 3 a. m., being 7 1/2 hours behind time. I need hardly describe this wonderful city of the west, as your readers have often read about it and of its wonderful growth and prosperity. It certainly is a great city of its age; a city destined to grow in importance as it already possesses many branches of business and manufactures, which are calculated to bring wealth to any city which possess them. There are many places of interest about the city which I will not tire your readers by reciting. The streets are wide and possess many fine business blocks and residences. I was however surprised that a city of 30,000 inhabitants did not have a street railroad, or had not any system of sewage whatever, but that the sewage from houses were allowed to lie in the ditches of the streets, and causing a great amount of stench, and with the heat 104 to 112 in the shade I found the stench in many places almost unbearable. I had intended going as far as Brandon, but the weather being so extremely hot, and the trains so crowded going west, I concluded to return and take a run over the Northern Pacific R. R. as far west as Bismarck D. T., of which trip I will write you in my next letter.

GEO. H. BURGAR.

FARGO, D. T., Aug. 9th.

In my last letter I promised to write you of my trip over the Northern Pacific Ry. Saturday night found me at Bismarck, a town of 3,000 inhabitants, situated on the bank of the Missouri River, and two hundred miles west of Fargo. It is the county town, and a busy stirring city, and quite a headquarter for land speculators. It is situated on a high bluff, overlooking the river, and opposite which is situated old Fort Lincoln. Near the town the N. P. Ry. Co. are building an elegant and massive iron bridge across the river, at a cost of over \$500,000. It is at an elevation of 75 ft. above the water, in order to allow steamers to pass under. It has four spans from 150 to 300 ft. in length.

the height of the iron work from the floor is fifty feet, and it has nearly 1000 ft. of trestle work approach ranging from 25 to 75 feet in height. This bridge is a very fine and exceedingly strong piece of mechanism.

In this neighborhood I saw some very fine farming lands, mostly rolling prairie. The crops were good, and farmers had just commenced harvest. Having made a stay here of three days looking at points of interest, we return eastward. The next point of interest was Col. Clark's farm of several thousand acres; and still eastward we pass the Steele farm. Both of these farms were finely situated, and crops very good. Coming east we passed through several thrifty towns, among which were Jamestown, Sanborn, Valley City and Tower City. We passed through the great Dalrymple farm, upon which are 30,000 acres of grain, but which were not up to the average. Mr. Dalrymple informed us that his harvest would commence in a day or two and would last 10 days. Upon the line of this road we saw much fine looking land. The land was dry and watered here and there with beautiful little lakes surrounded by the green waving grasses of the prairie, looking like crystals set in emerald green. Arriving at Mapleton at 7 p. m. we stopped over a day and a half to see our old friends Mr. Ed. Box, Norman Box, Eli and Joseph McIntyre, "Billy" Flagg, Mr. Vannatter, Mr. Green and others, with whom we passed a very pleasant time, and who with their families were enjoying good health and their share of prosperity. Leaving Mapleton we arrived at Fargo, the "City of the North-West," at noon on the 10th. Here we find an ambitious city, with many fine buildings, street railway and Park (we are sitting in the cool breeze of the park writing this). This city is quite the centre of the great farm machinery and implement business of Dakota. We now strike our homeward trail via Northern Pacific to Minneapolis, and will conclude this letter upon our arrival home.

GEO. H. BURGAR.

THE Manchester, regarding which we have hitherto restrained any positive expression of opinion, is one of the most desirable strawberries we have ever raised, and we have tested not less than 250 different kinds. The only thing that can be said against it is that it is a pistillate, and must be grown near perfect-flowering sorts, which for many farmers is attended with trouble or perhaps inconvenience. Our plants are exceedingly vigorous and productive. We have just examined them and find that each plant, on an average, bears 10 peduncles or flowering stems, and that each flowering stem bears, on an average, 10 berries—giving 100 berries to a plant. We beg to emphasize that we are speaking of average plants. On one plant we counted 22 peduncles and 220 berries in the various stages from ripe to just set. This berry is firm, very uniform as to shape, which is roundish conical;—it ripens in every part and averages above medium as long as it remains in fruit. The quality when ripe is good, though, like the Wilson, it is sour when it first colors—a characteristic, it seems, of all excellent market berries. It ripens with the Sharpless and after the Bidwell. \* \* \* It thrives in a light, dry, sandy soil. With us it thrives in a moist soil inclining to clay. Several years ago, from our own tests, we spoke highly of the sharpless, and soon after its introduction, of the Cumberland Triumph. We have never had occasion to regret this, and we have now little fear that we shall regret

commending the Manchester to our readers as the best market berry at present known. Strong pot-grown plants of the variety for sale by D. C. Willey, Albany, N. Y. at \$5 per 100. —*Rural New Yorker of July 8th, 1882.*

#### HOW IT WORKED AT THE MURRAY HOUSE.

Among the costliest hotels in Ontario, is the Murray House of St. Catharines, kept by Mr. Thomas Sculley, where the writer always stops when in that city. Upon a recent trip, the writer was speaking with Mr. Sculley concerning his old ailment, weak back, when Mr. S. observed: "I take sincere pleasure in recommending St. Jacobs Oil to all sufferers. I have found it a most excellent remedy myself, and I know of others who have used it with great success. I would not be without St. Jacobs Oil, nor do I believe any sensible man ought. I caught a cold about three years ago, which settled in my back and sorely afflicted me between my shoulders. The pain was almost unendurable at times, especially at impending changes of the weather, and at such times, I used to be incapacitated for attending to my business. I tried electric baths, salt baths, various strengthening plasters and other such means without success. Finally I tried St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, and was cured at once and permanently. St. Jacobs Oil is a most excellent remedy and I would not be without it at any price."

#### AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY EXHIBITIONS FOR 1882.

Provincial, Kingston, Sept. 18, 23.  
Western, London, Sept. 25, 27.  
Great Central, Hamilton, Sept. 26, 29.  
Industrial, Toronto, Sept. 4, 16.  
Permanent, Montreal, P.Q., Sept. 14.  
Canada Central, Guelph, Oct. 3, 4.  
North Lanark, Almonte, Oct. 4, 5.  
Welland, Welland, Oct. 10, 11.  
Lincoln, St. Catharines, Oct. 3, 4.  
Southern Counties, St. Thomas, Sept. 18th to 23rd.  
Lanark Agricultural Society hold their annual fall exhibition, in Middleville, on Thursday, Oct. 12th, next.

#### AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

The Welland Printing and Publishing Company is prepared to do all kinds of printing for Township, County or District Agricultural Societies. We can print to order all sizes of show bills, such as 1 or 1/2 sheets, whole sheet, or two or three sheet size, either in plain black or in different colors, or on colored paper; and illustrated with stock or other cuts at the discretion of parties ordering. We will also furnish Prize Lists in pamphlet form, Prize Tickets in colors, Membership Tickets, Entry Tickets, (plain or painted), Gate Tickets and Badges for officers and judges. Estimates will be furnished on application and work turned out promptly. Orders by mail will receive special attention. Our work is of the best, and our prices as low as work can be turned out for.

YOUNG MEN suffering early indiscretions, lack brain and nerve force. Mack's Magnetic Medicine, advertised in another column, supplies this want and thus cures when all other preparations fail.

\*Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cures all female complaints by removing the cause.

# EGYPT.

## A DARING RECONNOISSANCE.

Alexandria, Aug. 15.—Lieutenants Smith and Dorian, of the Invincible, and Hamilton, of the Alexandria, on Monday night waded across the Mahmoudieh Canal and Marout Lake. The water was only ankle deep. They advanced within 600 yards of the enemy's line and then retired to report upon the result of the enterprise. The report is as follows.

"Lieut. Hamilton and myself, after proceeding cautiously about seventeen miles without escort, arrived at 2.30 o'clock Tuesday morning within three hundred yards of the enemy's cavalry camp. The night was very dark. We were unable to get details of their position, and therefore decided to find a point which would enable us to see the camp when daylight broke. We had not moved thirty yards when the enemy's picket saw us, and showed a bright light, which was directly answered all along the line. We ran about a mile, and entered the lake about a hundred yards. The enemy pursued us and spread themselves along the lake, completely cutting off our retreat. Their horses were afraid to face the water in the dark. The enemy's system of signalling with lights is excellent, our movements being flashed by the nearest man and answered along the line. I presume the enemy did not fire in order not to alarm any forces we might have near. We tied a white handkerchief to a pole in expectation of being captured, but afterwards decided to make another attempt to escape. At four o'clock in the morning we went a hundred yards further into the lake, and lay down in two feet of water. The enemy losing sight of us retired. At 4.45 we rose, having made a long detour, and returned to the English camp."

## SKETCHING THE ENEMY'S POSITION.

Alexandria, Aug. 15.—Col. Gerard rode out this morning on a reconnoissance, and succeeded in making a sketch of the enemy's position. Major Gordon, Chief of Police, handed over his office to the native authorities. The European residents consider the proceeding unwise.

A Constantinople despatch, received in New York, says it is now announced that the Porte has declared its intention to send no troops to Egypt, and issued instructions countermanding all preparations in that direction. The Sultan is preparing a formal protest for presentation to Dufferin and the Conference, in which he energetically opposes the occupation of Egypt by British troops. The proclamation declaring Arabi a rebel, has not been promulgated, and there is no likelihood of the decree being carried out. The forthcoming protest against English occupation creates a profound sensation.

## THE FIRING COMMENCED.

Alexandria, Aug. 19, 4:40 p. m.—Heavy firing in the direction of Aboukir has just begun. By information from headquarters, a prominent person has been discovered to be in constant communication with the rebels. He will be confined on an Egyptian man-of-war. It is reported the person is Hossam Pasha Cherei, Minister of Works. Generals Wolseley and Adye accompanied the transports in the despatch boat Salamir. Admiral Seymour will hoist his flag on the ironclad Alexandria to-day.

## THE AMERICAN CONSUL ATTACKED.

Long, the American Consul, was

attacked yesterday, inside the Gabani gate, by about forty natives. Some of the soldiers arrived and dispersed the crowd. The ringleader assaulting the party was arrested. It appears the natives had attempted to stop Long as he was driving. He became annoyed and urged on his horse, inflicting injuries on some of the party.

## NICHOLSON DENIES.

Washington, Aug. 19.—Admiral Nicholson, in a letter to a prominent officer of the Navy Department, denies the statement that when the bombardment of Alexandria began he notified the Egyptians if they fired on his vessel he would return the fire. He also denies that after the action he steamed around the English fleet and cheered the vessels upon their work.

## SUNDAY'S BATTLEFIELD.

On two occasions in modern warfare Aboukir has been rendered famous and historical. It is probable that before long Aboukir will be famous and historical a third time. Following the railway line which skirts the Mediterranean shore from Alexandria, the traveller proceeds through Ramleh and thence past several insignificant fishing villages, the chief of which is El Mlandara, until he reached the point of Aboukir, and a distance of between thirteen and fourteen miles, from what was once the Grande Place of Alexandria. Close to the promontory stands the village of Aboukir, and not far from that somewhat squalid spot of habitation the inquisitive traveller may find the ruins of the ancient Canopus, though few strangers ever take trouble to find these, notwithstanding that once upon a time they formed a conspicuous feature of the former Delta. From the promontory of Aboukir the bay of the same name stretches in a north-easterly semicircle, and terminates in a sharp horn at the rosetta mouth of the Nile. The bay is not a pleasant place now days for the navigators of big ships. Its waters are clear and blue, and in the more open portions of the bay contain a depth varying from six to eight fathoms; but here and there are treacherous shoals, which, to avoid, require the mariner's skill and caution. Running in shore, not far from the village of Aboukir, there is a formidable sandbank; then, again, there is a reef of rocks known as the Culloden reef, and the next obstacle is an island, sometimes called Aboukir Island and sometimes Nelson's Island. This island is now strongly fortified, and at intervals around the circumference of the bay there is a line of four forts and several new earthworks.

It was in 1798 that the British fleet set out to look for Napoleon Bonaparte. Lord Nelson, then Sir Horatio, hoisted his flag in the Vanguard, seventy-four guns, and was despatched by Lord Vincent from Gibraltar to Toulon, where Napoleon was believed to be fitting out his expedition for Egypt. On the way the Vanguard was disabled in a gale; had weather continued, and Rear Admiral Bruceys was enabled to escape successfully from Toulon, together with Napoleon and his troops. Nelson set off in chase, along the Mediterranean, accompanied by the ships Culloden, Goliath, Minotaur, Defence, Bellerophon, Majestic, Zealous, Swiftsure, Alexander, Orion, Theseus, Audacious, and Leander, all 74-gunners. The chase was a long one, but on the 1st August, 1798, the English Admiral came up with his French antagonist at Aboukir, though not in time to prevent the landing of Napoleon with his troops close to Alexandria. Admiral Bruceys was unable to enter the coveted harbor of Alexandria, so he brought his ships, consisting of one first-class,

three second-class, nine 74-gunners, and four frigates, to an anchor in the Bay of Aboukir. Both fleets made ready for action, and at six o'clock on the night of the 12th of August there commenced in these same waters of Aboukir, which ere long will be resounding with British cannon, one of the most desperate battles known in the annals of modern naval warfare. By noon on the 13th the French fleet was badly crippled. One ship had blown up, eight had surrendered, two had set sail and bolted, and two were aground, one of which was immediately destroyed by fire by its own gallant crew. The ship blown up was the Orient, and Bruceys and many of his officers were hurled into destruction with her timbers. The French Admiral, before his death, was wounded three times on the face from a long range shot. Nelson himself received a severe wound. The British ship Culloden grounded near the island to which it has since given its name, close to Aboukir village. This was the celebrated Battle of the Nile, almost as celebrated in song as it was through its results. Aboukir, in but a few months after witnessing this sanguinary struggle in her bay, was destined to see another desperate battle fought in her vicinity on shore. Here, on the 23rd of July, 1799, Napoleon, fresh from his great victory over the Mamelukes at the Pyramids, encountered the Turkish army under Mustapha Pasha, who had 18,000 men under his command. The Turks (who were full of a righteous indignation and enthusiasm at Napoleon's audacious invasion of the territory of their sovereign, the Sultan) had entrenched themselves close upon the sea line of the bay. At one time during the battle Mustapha Pasha's force threatened to be successful. Full of confidence they sallied out of their intrenchments with so much impetuosity that they fell into disorder. This was the chance which the great tactician of the age desired. He rallied his men, drove back the promiscuous Turks in front of a wall of bayonets, and let loose his cavalry (of which the Turks had none) among the scattered crowd. The result was that the Moslems were forced back into the entrenchments, where such a terrible slaughter ensued that many of the Turks desperately threw themselves into the bay and perished in a vain attempt to reach their ships, which were riding at anchor on the spot where in the previous year Nelson had destroyed the French fleet. The water was said to be covered with turbans and tinged with blood, and 10,000 men perished there at Aboukir either by the bayonet or the equally inexorable sea. The remainder of Mustapha Pasha's force surrendered. Shortly after this victory at Aboukir the French General escaped from Alexandria, evaded the English cruisers which had gone to Cyprus, where he was not, and arrived safely in the Gulf of Frejus, in the vicinity of Toulon.

## THE EGYPTIAN PREMIER.

The Khedive has decided to entrust Cherif Pasha with the Presidency of the new Ministry.

## THE ATTACK ON THE AMERICAN CONSUL.

Alexandria, Aug. 19.—Long, the American Consul, when attacked by natives was unarmed, but seized a large club and, backing into a corner, made such an effective defence that none of the assassins cared to get near enough to hurt him. The ringleader, who had been arrested, assert they have been lying in wait for Long several days and nights, and meant to kill him. They allege as a reason for the

attack that Long recently drove over and seriously injured several Egyptians who were in the way of his carriage on the street, and who refused to get out of his way as quickly as he insolently ordered them.

Long asserts he never was guilty of the outrage alleged by his assassins. He says one day, while driving toward the Grand Square, he was surrounded by a rabble of natives who attempted to stop his carriage. He ordered them to desist, when they refused and pressed more closely upon him. He whipped up his horse to escape what he believed to be mortal danger. He acted purely in self defence.

## THE SUPPORTS.

Alexandria, Aug. 19.—Generals Willis and Graham and the Duke of Connought have gone to Aboukir. Of the whole fleet of ironclads, the Invincible and Inconstant alone remain. The 49th, 75th and 79th regiments at Ramleh will probably support the movement at Aboukir by an attack on the left flank of the enemy.

## ARABI'S POPULARITY IN TURKEY.

Constantinople, Aug. 19.—The Sultan is understood to be more averse than ever to the assurance of the proclamation against Arabi and acceptance of the proposal for a military convention. The fanatics are for the moment in the ascendant. The growing sympathy of the people here with Arabi is daily causing the Palace increased anxiety. Several arrests have already been made of persons slightly too outspoken in support of Arabi. Inflammatory religious preaching has been prevalent in the mosques, notoriously in Sofia, during Ramadan, or the annual Mahomedan Lent, which is now being observed.

## A COMPROMISE.

A special cabinet council was held to-day at which Assym Pasha was present. It is understood that the Porte is willing to modify the Turkish draft for a military convention by the addition of the following three clauses: First, an English general shall be attached to the Turkish camp, to facilitate interchange of communication between the Turks and the British. Second, manoeuvres of English and Turkish forces shall be mutually carried out in such a manner as to avoid interference of one with the other. Third, a date shall be fixed for the evacuation of Egypt by the English forces. It is believed that England also has consented to certain modifications in her draft for its convention, and an understanding between the two governments is therefore regarded as probable. It is stated that Said Pasha the Turkish prime minister, intends to resign.

## A WARM RECEPTION.

General Wood and staff made a reconnoissance from the outposts at Ramleh to-day without any intention of engaging in serious military operations. When near Arabi's outposts the enemy sent a steady shower of bullets, accompanied by rockets and shells, amongst our men from batteries masked by trees. Ironclad trains proceeded to Mahalla Junction and opened fire with a forty-pounder, pitching four shots into the enemy's quarters. It is reported that four English soldiers were wounded during the afternoon.

## THE TWELVE-TON GUNS.

Alexandria, Aug. 19.—The firing heard in the direction of Aboukir this afternoon, was the British twelve-ton guns.

## ARABI TO BE ATTACKED TO-DAY.

Alexandria, Aug. 20.—It is rumored that Arabi's outrenchments will be attacked Monday morning at six o'clock.

(Concluded from 1st page).

front in a rounded margin, and behind in an obtuse short spine. The body is smooth, with no distinct spined popu-

Fig 4.—THE SOUT PINE-BORER—Dendroctonus rufipennis—Boring irregular galleries under the bark of the pitch pine, somewhat like those of Tomiscus pini, but much less regular and twice as wide and deep, a reddish brown bark-borer.

This beetle, abundant in the New England States, is not uncommon in Colorado. It is met with at Blackhawk and at Manitou. It probably bores in the pines and spruces of the Rocky Mountains. It is short and stout, reddish brown, the head and prothorax smooth and shining, though finely punctured, while the wing-covers are coarsely punctured and dull-colored, being a little darker than the rest of the body. Length 0.35 inch.

Leconte states he has received specimens from Alaska, Canada, and Anticosti. It is a common northern species. It is only to be distinguished from D. similis, says Leconte, by the declivity of the elytra being smoother and more shining, and almost without asperities; and by a slight difference in the punctures of the prothorax, which are of unequal size. The dorsal line of the prothorax is sometimes narrow and elevated, sometimes obsolete. Length 6mm (.24 inch). The distinctive characters given by Leconte are these: prothorax punctured, with smaller punctures intermixed; hairs of elytra long. It has been found at Providence, R. I., in its burrows under the bark of the white pine.

Allied to these two species of Dendroctonus, and undoubtedly infesting coniferous trees, are the following:

Dendroctonus similis Leconte, Colorado. "A smaller and somewhat more elongate form occurs in Canada, Texas, and Colorado, but not capable of being separated as a distinct species."

Dendroctonus punctatus Lec. New York.

Dendroctonus simplex Lec. Canada. Dendroctonus brevicornis Lec. Middle California.

Dendroctonus frontalis Zimmerman. Lake Superior to Georgia.

Fig 5.—THE SKIFF CATERPILLAR—Limacodes Scapula—Order Lepidoptera, Family Bombycidae.—This is a singular boat-shaped triangular caterpillar, green, spotted above, with a pale beneath, the sides raised, and the dorsal surface flattened; forming in the autumn a tough rounded oval cocoon, covered by an outer thin envelope. The Moth appears in June; it is light cinnamon brown; on the fore-wings the costo-median region is filled in with a large tan-brown triangular spot, ending on the tip of the wing, and is lined externally with silver.

This insect is an enemy of the hickory. A number of other Bombycidae also inhabit the hickory, and besides these the American silk-worm sometimes occurs on the hickory, as well as the Goldsmith Beetle, which is said by some to feed on the leaves.

Fig 6.—THE BELLED GRUB—Chionocinctus—Order Coleoptera, Family Cerambycidae.—This worm, an enemy of the hickory, is like the "Common Hickory Borer," has similar habits, forming long galleries in the trunk in the direction of the fibres of the wood, producing a flattened, long-horned beetle, from within two-thirds to a little over an inch long, of a hazel brown color, with a short, dull straw

color band placed obliquely forward of the middle of each wing cover, and with a small, sharp spine on each side of the prothorax, and two slender ones on the tips of each wing cover; the antennae of the males is more than twice the length of the body.

Fig 7.—THE LOCUST SAW-FLY—Nematus Similaris—Order Hymenoptera, Family Tenthredinidae.—Description of cut—a, eggs; b c, worms; d, tail of same; e, cocoon; f, fly. This insect attacks the black locust, eating the leaves. The worm is small, soft, and of a green color, is two-fifths of an inch long, with 20 legs, and has a brownish head; appears in Washington, D. C., from late in August until October; transforming in a dark brown oval cocoon, and two or three weeks later issuing as a saw-fly, nearly 1/2 inch long, of a dirty yellow color, with a squarish black patch on top of the head, the sides and front of the thorax black, and a transverse band on top of each abdominal segment.

This saw-fly inserts its irregularly semi-ellipsoid eggs in a crescent-shaped cut made on the under surface of the leaf by the "saw." In a few days the larva hatches. Professor Comstock thinks there are two, and possibly three broods in a season, that the insect may hibernate both in the adult and pupa stages.

TEACHING BOYS TO COOK.

If girls are taught how to drive horses, and manage the reaper or the mower, and fill many other places of labor on the farm, heretofore given to the boys, it is only fair and proper, and, it seems to me, very sensible, that boys should be taught to cook.

It is often convenient for a man to know how to prepare a meal. If he can do it well, he is in a measure independent of female help. If the wife falls sick, or the girl goes away, he can turn his domestic knowledge to account, and there is not a complete stagnation of household affairs, as is usually the case under similar circumstances.

Most boys imbibe the idea that cooking is a woman's occupation, and the man who attempts it is belittling himself with "woman's work." Now I do not understand why woman's work should be any more belittling for a man, than a man's work is for a woman, and the fact is patent that women are rapidly fitting themselves for, and securing, many positions which have been considered the especial property of men. These women do not belittle themselves in doing this, in our opinion, and if they do not, we certainly shall not be relaxing from our masculine dignity in learning how to perform one of the most important branches of labor necessary to the welfare of mankind. To know how to cook and cook well, is to have an accomplishment to be proud of. At the West, where so many phases of society are lacking in the feminine element, the man who can cook can command almost any price for his labor. In the mines, the pineries, and on the advance posts of civilization, the cook is one of the most important persons, and he rules the camp by the sway he maintains over men's stomachs.

I would teach boys to cook, along with the girls. Instil the idea into their minds that it is just as manly to learn to cook as it is to stand behind the counter and measure off silks and ribbons. Show them wherein the advantages of such a knowledge may be turned to good account in many ways. Get them interested in the science—for good cookery is a science—and they will not find the work a distaste.

ful one. Stimulate a healthy rivalry between the boys and girls in the acquirement of knowledge.

I hold to the belief that every man should be able to take care of himself if necessary. If he can not cook his own food, nor fashion his own clothes, he is not the independent man he should be. The knack of cooking and sewing is so easily learned, or acquired, that no one has an excuse for being without at least a fundamental knowledge of what it is necessary to do in getting up a simple meal. I always pity the man who knows nothing about cooking when left to his own resources in this direction. Of all helpless persons he is the most helpless. Teach the boys to cook and these helpless men will die out in a generation.—Farmers' Review.

COMMERCIAL.

TORONTO, August 21st, 1882.

Since our last report wheat has declined slightly in the Old Country market, and markets on this side the Atlantic are somewhat lower also although still comparatively firm at ruling prices. Montreal was quiet and fair & steady. White winter wheat is at \$1.17 to \$1.20, red at \$1.25 to \$1.30, and spring at \$1.20 to \$1.28. Flour is quiet at \$6.05 to \$6.10 for superior extra, \$5.55 to \$5.60 for spring extra, \$6.50 for strong bakers, and \$4.60 to \$4.75 for fine. Regarding the Dairy market, the "Gazette" says:—

In butter there were no new developments to-day, transactions being of a limited jobbing character. Choice fresh dairy is scarce, and jobbers complain that they have great difficulty in securing it, prices being firm for this class of goods. Upon the bulk of the offerings, however, the dull phase of the market is as prominent a feature as ever. In the large cities of the United States we notice a growing scarcity of cash and fancy creamery and dairy brands, fully in advance having occurred on these qualities in Boston and New York, but no improvement is discernible in the average run of stock. Even in Chicago we notice a better feeling in choice dairies and creameries at an advance upon former prices, while common qualities are dull and not wanted. The shipments of dairy produce from this port to the United Kingdom during the week ending August 19th were as follows, with comparisons:—

Table with columns: Cheese boxes, Butter pkgs., Circassian, Liverpool, Quebec, Liverpool, Lake Manitoba, Liverpool, Lucerne, Glasgow, Tlanta, Glasgow, Concordia, Glasgow.

Table with columns: Total, Week previous, Corresponding week last year, Corresponding week in 1880, Corresponding week in 1879.

The decline of 1s 6d in the price of cheese in the Liverpool public cable to-day was a surprise to the "bull" element, and an effectual check to the rampant advance in values which has been going on for some days past. A private cable from Liverpool to-day quoted neat colored 56s and finest white 51s. It also stated that stocks in dealers' hands were not large. Although the tone of the market there is less firm, we make no alteration in quotations.

Table with columns: BUTTER—Wholesale prices: Creamery good to choice, per lb. 22 @ 23 1/2, Townships, per lb. 21 @ 22, Morrisburg, per lb. 18 @ 20 1/2, Brockville, per lb. 18 @ 21, Western dairy, per lb. 16 @ 18.

Table with columns: CHEESE: July, August.

The egg market was firm at 22c, with sales reported at that figure. In ashes there is a firmer feeling, and sales have been made at \$5.12 1/2 for pots. We quote \$5.00 to \$5.12.

Here matters are quiet on the Produce Market. Quotations for wheat for No. 2 fall at \$1.15, and spring at \$1.19 to \$1.22. On the Street grain has not been offered, though fall is quoted at \$1.14 to \$1.15, and spring at \$1.20 to \$1.24. Oats are at 20c. to 20c., and peas at 80c. to 85c. Butter is at 25c. to 28c. for lb. rolls, and dairy at 18c. to 20c.

Table with columns: PRICES AT FARMERS' WAGONS. Wheat, fall, per bush. \$1 12 \$1 15, Wheat, spring, do 1 20 1 23, Barley, do none, Oats, do 99 99.

Table with columns: Peas, Rye, Clover seed, Dressed hogs, Mutton, Chickens, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, Butter, Eggs, Potatoes, Apples, Onions, Cabbages, Celery, Turnips, Carrots, Beets, Parsnips, Rhubarb, Asparagus, Hay, Straw, Wool.

BY TELEGRAPH.

Montreal.

Aug. 19.—Flour—Receipts, 1,300 bbls. sales, 700 bbls.; market quiet and unchanged. Quotations—Flour—Superior, \$6.10 to \$6.20; extra, \$5.80 to \$5.70; spring extra, \$5.55 to \$5.60; superfine, \$5.00 to \$5.10; strong bakers, \$5.20 to \$5.00; fine, \$4.10 to \$4.25; middlings, \$3.80 to \$3.90; Pollards, \$3.50 to \$3.60. Ontario bags, \$2.50 to \$2.75; city bags, \$3.50. Grain—Wheat—spring, \$1.20 to \$1.25. Corn—85 to 87c. Peas—85c. Oats—50c. Barley—65 to 75c. Rye—70 to 71c. Oatmeal—\$5.00 to \$5.70. Cornmeal—\$1.25 to \$1.30. Provisions—Butter—Western, 16 to 18c. Lard—15 to 16c. Eastern Townships, 20 to 21c. Cheese—11 to 12c. Pork—\$25 to \$26. Lard—15 to 15 1/2c. Bacon—14 to 15c. Hams—15 to 16c.

New York.

Aug. 19.—Wheat—Firm; No. 2 red, \$1.14 for cash, \$1.14 to \$1.14 1/2 for August and September, sales, \$1,000 bush. at \$1.15 for October; \$1.16 to \$1.16 1/2 for November; \$1.14 asked for year; No. 1 white, \$1.13 1/2 to \$1.14 for September. Corn—Quiet, firm; 89c. Oats—Irregular. Receipts—Flour, 21,623 bbls.; wheat, 101,000 bush.; corn, 52,000 bush.; oats, 54,000 bush.; rye, 288 bush.; barley, none; pork, 18 bbls.; lard, 235 tes.

Chicago.

Aug. 19.—The following table indicates the fluctuations of the market to-day:— Wheat—Opened, Closed, High, Low, etc. Corn—Quiet, firm. Receipts—Flour, 21,623 bbls.; wheat, 101,000 bush.; corn, 52,000 bush.; oats, 54,000 bush.; rye, 288 bush.; barley, none; pork, 18 bbls.; lard, 235 tes.

Toledo.

Aug. 19.—Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.06 1/2 bid for cash; \$1.07 1/2 for August; \$1.04 1/2 for September; \$1.04 1/2 for October. \$1.01 1/2 bid for November, \$1.03 1/2 bid for year. Corn—79c. bid for cash; 79c. for August; 77c. for September; 76c. bid for October; 65c. for year. Oats—49c. bid for cash; 45 1/2 bid for August; 38c. for September; 36c. bid for year.

Oswego.

Aug. 19.—Wheat—Unchanged; white State, \$1.15. Corn—Steady; rejected, 86c. Barley—Nominal. Rye—Scarce; Canada, nominally in bond. Canal freights—Wheat and peas, 4 1/2c; corn and rye, 4 1/2c. to New York.

English Markets.

The following table shows the top prices of the different kinds of produce in the Liverpool market for each market day during the past week:—

Table with columns: Flour, S. D, W. F., White, Club, Corn, Oats, Barley, Peas, Wheat, Lard, Bacon, Tallow, Cheese.

# The Canadian Farmer

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 23, 1882.

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Published by the Welland Printing and Publishing Co., incorporated October, 1881. N. B. Colcock, General Manager.

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## THE GRANGE.

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### Dominion Grange Secretary's Notices.

All matters of business connected with Grange should be addressed to Toronto. All matters connected with this paper to Drawer A., Welland, Ont. Patrons will confer a favor by keeping the Grange and newspaper business entirely separate as above

Patrons answering or in any way corresponding with those advertising in these columns will oblige us by saying they saw the advertisement in these columns

### HOW CAN WE BEST OVERCOME THE PREJUDICES OF THOSE OUTSIDE THE GRANGE.

There is a great deal to be said on this subject, but just what to say puzzles me. We are often asked "what are you Grangers doing? I do not hear that you are making or saving money? I hear the Grange is dead?"

It will often open their eyes when told, we meet twice a month in the Subordinate Grange and once in the Pomona; that we have essays, select readings, recitations, discussions and good social times at each and every meeting, thereby improving our minds by getting the experience of others in their methods of farming, gardening, dairying, keeping house and raising children; getting rare treats in hearing some one that is a natural reader read some fine poem, or some good selection that is of value to us all.

We make money by buying direct from the manufacturer; by selling direct to the consumer; by shipping our stock and grain to the best markets ourselves.

It is not generally known that we can buy our sugar and coffee from 2 1/2 to 7 and 8 cents cheaper on the dollar's worth from our Supply-House than in our neighboring towns.

Our social times consist in talking and exchanging greetings with each other, for we see friends and neighbors at the Grange that we probably would not see oftener than once in a year. It is an excellent place to take our children as they are now admitted into the Order at the age of fourteen, in fact, I think it is our duty to take them with us, for at that age they begin to want to go into society, and if we allow them to go without us we do not always know what kind of company they are in, but if they are with us we know they are in proper company.

Tell them our benefits are great, and that our charges are reasonable considering the benefits derived from the outlay.

Doubters always want to know what is done with the money we put into our treasury. For reply say, a Grange has its expenses the same as all well regulated farms and households, and any surplus we have is devoted towards buying a library, building and furnishing a hall, and having lectures.

The Grange is an excellent place to be drilled in parliamentary rules, and one soon learns to express his views and not be afraid to do so either. I know a number of persons that could not begin to express his views satisfactorily to themselves nor to others at a church, school-board, or agricultural board meeting, until they had been in the Grange awhile, and now they can do so with credit to themselves and their calling.

If they are fond of music, tell them what delightful songs we have; show them a copy of the "Glad Echoes," or any other good Grange songs. Music in the Grange has great attractions for the young, and we try to interest the young as well as the old.

Also that the ladies have equal rights with men, and are eligible to any office.

Let scoffers know that we thoroughly enjoy all the rights and benefits of the Grange, and that we intend doing so as long as the Order exists: and it is our firm opinion that the Grange has come to stay.

They will often say (when asked to join the Grange) that is a secret society and has forms and ceremonies to go through with, and they are opposed to such. So is the family a secret society; also the church. Whoever heard of a family telling all it does to outsiders. The church has its forms and ceremonies; it does not proclaim to the world all it does in its trustee, vestry and session meetings. To become a member of a church one has to obligate himself to abide by its laws, regulations and rules; and he has to go before a committee, as it were, to be examined to see if he is in a proper frame of mind, and has all the necessary knowledge of its rules and needs and is well versed in the Bible and catechism, and so on.

So it is in the Grange. A committee is appointed to investigate the character of the applicant, and he has to obligate himself to abide by the constitution, by-laws and rules of the Grange to which he may belong. But it does not interfere with his moral, religious, or political belief or duties, but if he lives up to all the teachings of the Grange he cannot help being a better citizen.

It is often said if the Grange is such a good thing, why not open your doors and admit all?

All are not admitted into the churches unless they are qualified, and of certain beliefs. To be admitted into the Grange one has only to be a farmer, or be more interested in farming than any other branch of industry, and be of good moral character.

All other branches of business have their associations, and why not the farmer?

We must be careful how we transact business, for outsiders are watching us closer than we think they are. They will be very quick to notice if we vary in our price after we have made a bargain, or any thing of that sort. They will be apt to say if that is the way with you Grangers I do not want to belong to the Order. We must treat each other as well outside the gates as we do inside, thus showing that we mean to practice what we preach. Remember that in all our dealings we must be honest; be just, and fear not.

I have tried to tell of some of the ways and means by which we may overcome the prejudices of the misinformed and induce them to join with us.

We must always be moving onward and not be standing still or we accomplish nothing.—C. K. WILSON, in American Grange Bulletin.

### THE GRANGE AND EDUCATION.

The Order, with its clearly defined objects, and well defined methods, has encountered no more grave obstacle to its progress than the want of proper early education. The system in vogue is better calculated to make of the brain a storehouse simply for fixed facts, than to develop it into an active, live, working organism. There are many farmers who read for amusement and even for information, and who readily absorb practical knowledge from those around them, who will not make an effort to acquire it through study and enquiry, though the trained mind as naturally seeks it as necessary to its growth and expansion, as the stomach food for the growth and development of the body. Out of this difficulty has been evolved the Grange idea of teaching agriculture in the schools, and it is very fit that being organized in the interest of agriculture, it should have become in our country the pioneer of a step that is destined to become most important in its relation to the future prosperity, happiness and elevation of the American farmer.—T. B. HANCOCK.

### OBSERVATIONS.

ED. CANADIAN FARMER.—As it is raining to day and farm work at a stand-still I thought I would drop you a few lines from our Grange—Hodson, No. 761. Last quarter we had no increase, nor did we lose any. This quarter two are being initiated and another knocking at the gates, with the prospect of more. We have very interesting meetings, discussions on farm questions, recitations, essays, etc. We meet every Monday evening. They missed one meeting last winter on account of a storm. Some one says, "How do you find time to meet so often?" I reply we are well paid for our trouble, and instead of meeting once a month would rather meet twice a week. We have several brothers over sixty years of age who hardly ever miss a meeting, and they take their wives and families. I believe this to be the secret of success, namely, regular attendance of officers. All put their shoulder to the wheel and meet every week, punctual at the hour. Enclosed you will find an essay delivered at a recent meeting by one of our sisters. Please publish it.

GEO. L. SELLERS,  
Sec. Hodson Grange.  
River John, N. S., Aug. 9th.

"TEABERRY" whitens the teeth like chastened pearls. A 6 cent sample bottle.

EVERY stranger should consider that he and his family—large and small, are enlisted for the war, see to it that his children are brought up to the idea that they are to join the Grange when old enough, and take up our staff when we can no longer carry it. See to it that when they do enter the Grange, it is pleasant, agreeable and cheerful, so that they will stay with it. The Grange must be made attractive to our young folks, or they will shun it, and the Grange will fossilize. When we hear of a young man of about sixty wedding a lass of sixteen, we think of December and May, and make no bones of saying: "W! it an ill-astorted match! Two to one she don't get up and run away some fine day." Now where is the difference between such a case and a lass of sixteen, for instance, joining a Grange? Where everything is business; where we open in due form, and questions of debris, railroads, and rings are vehemently discussed, while we sit around and listen, as solemn and dignified as a lot of judges. After we have hammered away, we close in due form, and go home, and congratulate ourselves on having had a good time. But how has it been with our young sister or brother? It was like wedding December to May; and the chances are, that after a few of such meetings, she will get up and run away, and you will never see her again.—California Patron.

THEY ALL DO IT.—Everybody uses TEABERRY for the teeth and breath, the newest, brightest, cosiest little toilet gem extant. Try a five cent sample.

### AN INTERESTING LETTER.

RIDGEVILLE, August 13, 1882.

ED. CANADIAN FARMER.—My letter of July 22nd gave a list in brief of those nations who in their day and generation were the leading powers. I will now, with your permission, dwell a little more on the first three, in particular the third, Egypt, Israel, Babylon, Persia, Greece, Rome. A little sentence and quickly said, but those half dozen words comprise 26 centuries of time, that little sentence summarizes the rise and fall of mighty empires; some of whose armaments make the armies of modern days look like a corporal's guard in comparison. Fancy one wealthy citizen feasting Xerxes' army of 1,700,000 men. Many chapters of ancient history have more thrilling interest than any modern novel, romance and intrigue held high carnival, the light of the glorious Gospel had not yet shed its beneficent on the face of the earth to control the passions and growing ambition of men, might made right and the weakest went to the wall. Take for instance the page of Egyptian history relating to Cleopatra, how her father Ptolemy Auletes had left her and her younger brother of 15 joint rulers, under the guardianship of the Roman Senate, as she was only 17, 37 years before Christ. How her reign commenced in struggles with her brother, each at the head of an army in which she had the worst of it. How Pompey was basely assassinated to appease the Romans, while landing in Egypt. How Julius Caesar, as guardian, went to Alexandria, then the Capital, to decide between them. How Cleopatra, wishing to tell her story first, and depending on her charms to influence him; to go incognito through the city, had herself done up in a bale of dry-goods, and carried by a single follower from the landing to the palace; how the sudden display of the beautiful syren had all the effect intended; how the young prince while advocating his cause the next day, saw that Caesar was prejudiced against him, and left in a rage. How half a year passed in

struggles between the Egyptian army and populace, and Caesar's small force, during which the library of 700,000 volumes was burned, and many valuable records lost. How the Egyptians were finally defeated, and young Ptolemy drowned in the Nile. Cleopatra and her younger brother were then declared rulers of Egypt, he was only eleven, 4 years after she poisoned him and ruled alone. For 3 months after, Caesar passed whole nights feasting with Cleopatra, and she had one son by him, he then left for Rome, where he was assassinated. A triumvirate followed, and Anthony, who was one of them, after defeating Brutus and Cassius (the assassins of Caesar) at Philippi, marched into Asia and summoned eastern princes to appear before him. Cleopatra sailed across the eastern Mediterranean to Tarsus to meet him; never was equipage more splendid and magnificent than hers, the stern of her ship flamed with gold, the sails were purple, and oars inlaid with silver, a pavilion of cloth of gold was on deck, under which appeared the Queen, robed like Venus, and surrounded by the most beautiful virgins of her court, some representing Nereids, others the graces, flutes, hautboys and harps warbled the softest airs, to which the oars kept time, perfumes were burning on deck spreading their odors far and wide, and the whole population of Tarsus turned out to meet her. Anthony fell in love at once, each feasted the other alternately, and they vied with each other in the cost of their entertainments, spending one quarter of a million dollars on a single supper. To win a wager as to which should give the most costly supper, she dissolved one of her pearl earrings, worth a million dollars each, in vinegar and drank it off, and was about to do the same with the other, but the umpire awarded in her favor. Anthony neglected his conquests in the East and passed years in sailing the Nile with Cleopatra, in feasting and licentiousness to the disgust of his friends in Rome. In one of his journeys to Rome he married Octavia, sister to the young Caesar, and afterward renounced her. Cleopatra spoke most of the languages of the known world, seldom needing an interpreter in speaking to ambassadors of other nations; she re-established the libraries of the Ptolemys, Antony sending her 200,000 volumes from Pergamos for that purpose. It ended in open war between Antony and Caesar, at the battle of Actium Antony was defeated, though he was getting the best of it till Cleopatra got terrified at the tumult of battle and fled with 50 of her galleys from the engagement. As the end approached she got worse, not hesitating to poison anyone in her way, and plotted to give up Antony to save her throne. After she was a prisoner, and to avoid the indignity of being compelled to grace Caesar's triumph, she had an asp brought in in a basket of figs, with which she killed herself.

Of the greatness of Israel under David and Solomon the book of Kings and Chronicles give the best accounts; when the Queen of Sheba came with costly presents to see the wisdom and greatness of Solomon, the stories of which she could scarcely credit, and lo! the half had not been told her. She gave him at her departure a royal present of 120 talents of gold (over 300,000 dollars), besides spices and precious stones. His fleet in the Red Sea brought him the wealth of the east, and his fleets from Tyre and Tarshish came every three years with gold and silver, ivory, apes and peacocks. But the glory of Israel departed; about 400 years after they were carried captives to Babylon. Babylon had been but a minor town in Syria till the reign of Nebuchadnezzar. It was built in the form of a square; each side of which at the outer wall was 14 miles in length, en-

closing an area of nearly 200 square miles; the walls were 200 cubits or 340 feet high and 85 feet wide; the Euphrates ran through the centre; 100 gates of brass gave access to the city, quays lined the river, communicated with also by gates of brass. On one side of the river stood the King's palace, on the other the temple of Belus or Baal, country houses with parks and gardens were within its walls, canals carried verdure and fertility into every quarter. Without the walls, trenches and reservoirs received the overflow of the Euphrates in times of flood, thus preventing floods and retaining a supply for the dry seasons. The hanging gardens were a series of terraces raised one above another to a great height and planted with rare trees and shrubs, and were a gift of Nebuchadnezzar to his queen, a Median princess, who pined on those vast Babylonian plains for something to remind her of her native hills. Inscriptions tell how the Monarch prided himself on his palace home. Silver, gold, and immense treasures were collected there, among which was the plunder from Jerusalem. Of this glorious building, still called the Kasr (or palace), nothing is left but a mass of loose bricks, tiles and fragments of stone. From the centre of which rises a solid mass of masonry, still entire and retaining remains of architectural ornament. It was of this city that Nebuchadnezzar spoke, when he said: "This Babylon that I have built, by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty; and the same hour he was driven from among men, and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds claws, until seven times passed over him. After that he was reestablished in his kingdom, and more excellent majesty was added unto him, (see 4th chapter Daniel) and he had cause to acknowledge God to be King of kings and Lord of lords. His son Belshazzar so abused the Jewish captives that God doomed Babylon to destruction, see Isaiah 13-19 to 23.

"And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of Chaldea's excellency shall be overthrown as Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there; but wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; their houses shall be full of dolesome creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there."

All this has literally come to pass, the site of Babylon is an abomination of desolation; the overflow of the Euphrates instead of running into canals runs into marshes and lagoons, spreading miasma around; but the embankments of the former canals can be traced for miles through the yellow sands.

The means of its destruction were foretold 200 years before, Isaiah 45, 1 to 3:

"I will loosen the loins of kings, to loosen before him (Cyrus) the two leaved gates; and the gates shall not be shut. I will go before thee, to make the crooked places straight; I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron; and I will give thee treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places, that thou mayest know that I, the Lord, which call thee by name, am God of Israel."

Cyrus with the Persian army was before the gates, but he didn't attempt to scale those high walls, he used the same tactics Arabi Pasha is using now, he dug trenches above and below the city, and on that dread night, when Belshazzar was holding his great feast, and had crowned his wickedness by bringing the vessels of gold and silver that had been taken from the Temple at Jerusalem, for his guests

and concubines to drink wine out of at their pagan revels; when lo! the handwriting on the wall! "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," pronounced his doom (see Dan. chap. 5th). On that night Cyrus was well acquainted with what was going on inside the city, and after dark drained off the river into the reservoirs, and his army above and below in two columns marched up the bed of the river. The gates from the river, to fulfill prophecy, had been left open by the negligence of the guards; the two columns reached the King's palace without opposition, and Belshazzar coming forth to enquire the cause of the commotion was slain, (see Dan. 5th and 30th). Who can paint the horrors of that awful night better than the prophet Jeremiah (51st 30 to 32) in foretelling it:—

"The mighty men of Babylon have foreborne to fight, they have remained in their holds, their might had failed; they became as women: they (the enemy) have burned her dwelling places; her bars are broken. One post shall run to meet another, to show the king of Babylon that his kingdom is taken at one end, and that the passages are stopped, and the reeds they have burned with fire, and the men of war are affrighted."

Never indeed was the doom of an empire more distinctly traced than by those fingers of a man's hand, which wrote the words which only the prophet of Jehovah could interpret. For a moment it seemed as if that doom were to be averted, by a monarch greater than the Babylonian, Mede or Persian, undreamed of when Cyrus was at the gates. 200 years after, when Alexander had carried his conquests beyond the Indus, he formed the design of creating a large eastern empire, with Babylon as its capital. It was to be revived with more than its former glory. Returning to Babylon to complete his plans, he had already commenced the repair of the canals, when he was feasting in the palace halls; he had twice drunk a huge goblet of wine which held six bottles, when he fell to the ground and died shortly after. The dream was gone. No successor of Alexander ever attempted the reconstruction of Babylon. Babylon is fallen! is fallen! her stately palaces and temples now heaps of ruined brickwork, have become the hair of wild beasts. "Their houses are full of doleful creatures, the wild beasts of the islands cry in their desolate houses and dragons in their pleasant palaces." What more complete answer can the sceptic have, than the narrative of Babylon. I will speak of other Syrian cities in another letter. Yours, etc.

A. B. GREENWOOD.

COMELY! ATTRACTIVE! WINNING! —These expressive words are often and properly applied to the fair ladies of our favored land, who keep their hair abundant and natural color and lustre by the timely use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. The Vigor is safe and agreeable; and its effects are very lasting, making it the most economical, and at the same time the most beneficial and elegant of toilet preparation.

At the opera in Dublin a gentleman sarcastically asked a man standing up in front of him, if he was aware he was opaque. The other denied the allegation, and said he was O'Brien.

Mr. R. A. HARRISON, Chemist and Druggist, Dunnville, Ont., writes: "I can with confidence recommend Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure for Dyspepsia, Impure Blood, Pimples on the Face, Biliousness and Constipation—such cases having come under my personal observation."

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.  
[From the Boston Globe.]



Messrs. Editors:—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhoea, irregular and painful menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will act in all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only \$1 per bottle or six for \$5, and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaint of either sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.

"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are the best in the world for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity."

All must respect it. It is an Angel of Mercy whose sole ambition is to do good to others. Philadelphia Pa. Mrs. A. M. D.

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**KIDNEY-WORT**



## LITERARY.

## JOHN WILLOW'S GHOST.

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP

"Well, John, what's the matter?" exclaimed Peter Nasserol one morning, showing his polished countenance through the partly opened door, whose handle he had noiselessly turned after a light knock.

John Willow raised his pale face to look at his friend suspiciously. With the favorable opportunities for perfect isolation which, a poor young man in a large city enjoys, he could boast of but one friend, or even acquaintance, and that one was Nasserol. But this morning Willow had received a severe shock. Everything upon his heavily-laden writing-table had been moved from its accustomed place overnight. Manuscript, newspapers, books, and blank paper were all neatly separated, and piled in orderly fashion upon the broad mahogany. But as the young writer who controlled all this material did not believe in superficial order in regard to it, but in the order which, for deep thinkers, underlies the medley of a composing desk, he could hardly be accused of having set the table to rights with his own hands. The question was, had Nasserol got into his writing room early in the morning, and in the fulness of that humor for which he was noted, taken upon himself to pay a practical joke in this form? But as Nasserol stood at the door he looked so entirely innocent and good-natured that Willow said, albeit coldly, "come in."

"Have you any malady to day?—cramps for instance?" asked Peter, coming in slowly, and taking a chair, as if he begged its pardon for the liberty. This was mere latest fun on his part, for his gayety leaped and flickered alternately like the flame of a hearth fire, now un-suppressed, and again subdued as a lamb. His bright eyes, rather prominent, observed restlessly the orderly writing paraphernalia, and the dejection of his friend. Willow's whole figure, which was strongly outlined by the light from a large window on one side of him.

"You are always here before I am quite awake," said Willow shortly, but with a more gentle glance. He was naturally the very soul of hospitality.

Peter stroked his chin and whiskers looked at him, at the great window, and back again at the table. He read Willow's thoughts, and remarked, "The janitor—"

"It wasn't the janitor!" cried Willow, banging his thin white fist upon the table angrily. "I never allow him to come into this room but once a week, and then I stand over him. He would not dare to put anything in order on this table any more than if it was covered with hot lava. Besides, this is not all."

"Not all?" repeated Nasserol with a start.

Willow rose, made a slight motion, which induced Nasserol to rise also, and went over to the darker side of the room. Over the clock standing on the mantelpiece, was slung a rich lace handkerchief. It was one which the young writer had bought for its exquisite delicacy, at the expense, of course, of considerable comfort, but it was like him, he possessed the large hearted recklessness of a lonely being. As Nasserol's eyes rested upon this dainty object, a thousand fancies hurried through his mind. He transferred his gaze to his friend's face with a bird-like scrutiny, which seemed to see nothing in particular, but lay in wait for it.

Willow reached out, not very steadily, and lifted the ethereal covering from the clock's face. He

sprung back, his lips parted. The hands of the clock had been removed.

"Nasserol!" he cried, striking his friend roughly upon the chest with the back of his hand. "how dare you mock me?"

"I" exclaimed Nasserol, in astonishment, color and vivacity flushing his face.

"You must play your merry tricks upon a less lonely man," said Willow bitterly. "I am in no mood to bear them."

"Then you think I came in here over night and touched things up all around, do you?" asked Peter, beginning to smile roguishly. "My dear fellow, I was sound asleep, I assure you."

The young writer stood looking at him sternly, with his hands upon his hips.

"Who did it, then?" "The janitor—or—I don't know." Nasserol looked at the handkerchief, hanging at Willow's side from his hand. The latter held it up, and then stepped to the table and dropped it upon it.

"I bought it myself for myself," he said. He half sat upon the table as if exhausted.

"I have done with time, have I?" he queried sadly. "But I never had any youth worth speaking of, so I suppose I must be rather old by this time. A pretty dry story mine. First born into a circus troupe, and then an obscure literary man. I might as well have done with time. See my pen turned in its sheath, and lying upon my unfinished page, as if I were already dead!"

Nasserol sank into a chair, and assumed an expression of sympathy which was genuine.

"I have always borne the time-piece a grudge," Willow went on, his full lips curving sadly. "It either measured out too much of life, according to one mood, or struck my hours away too mercilessly, according to another. But silent it is like a corpse."

Willow's visitor interrupted with a deep groan. Then he said, "I am persuaded, John, you are indulging in instalments of opium. Listen to the words of mother, and make those instalments beautifully less, or I shall have my darling boy ill of brain fever on my hands."

"You call me a misanthrope and all that," continued the young writer, "but you know very well I have no means for going into society. You do not know how much sympathy I have for the world about me, how every kind of interest which the world feels—the ambition, the joy of success, the love—seems to glide past me, or even through me, as if I were a ghost. I am so human, so lonely, so buried, that I am haunted, Nasserol—haunted!" He covered his face with his hands, shuddered, and ran his fingers up through his dark hair.

"By Jove!" muttered Nasserol, and beat his toe with his cane.

"I suppose you are just playing upon me as you would upon an old musical instrument," said Willow. "My jangling notes amuse you, and are no doubt sufficiently ridiculous to make it worth your while."

They looked at each other for half a dozen breaths. Then Nasserol calmly replied: "Do you think I could come through the keyhole, John? even if I wished to make game of your den here? The playful camel may pass through the eye of a needle, but I should not attempt it."

Willow walked away toward the window. "It is as if I were a waste of snow," he said, "freezing to death, slowly losing my instinct of self-preservation, and soon to be buried forever in this unutterable singleness."

"Oh, now I understand these tremendous blues better," ejaculated Nasserol. "It is that Miss Graeme in fatuation again."

"That is my greatest cause of desolation, certainly," said Willow. "I love her, and she is as unapproachable as the sky. Nasserol, if you would only make her acquaintance! You are so much in society that I should think, with some effort, you might meet her. Then you could introduce me into her family."

"You might as well talk of the Queen of Sheba!" cried Nasserol, angrily, or as angrily as the most genial man in the world could. Miss Graeme's father—they are all alike, these rich merchants. Their daughters must marry follows made of gold to the very teeth. Go into the country, you moil about the candle, with your one grain of gold dust. Marry some village beauty."

John Willow glanced upward through the high window, which was a picturesque one, crossed with fantastic traceries of metal, and opening down the centre like a French casement; for the room had originally been constructed for a studio.

"How you always gaze at those walls opposite!" said Nasserol. He looked quite stern and displeased, as he addressed the following question to Willow's back: "Do you ever see her at those windows?"

The other did not answer. "If any one wants to know a good way to fall in love," Nasserol went on, trying to console himself for a disagreeable thought with a dash of ill-humor, "I'll give him a letter of introduction to the eminent Professor John Willow, Fellow of Venus College, and Master of Amatory Arts. You will tell the novice to pick out some exquisite girl to be met daily on the promenade, and then to make the most of utterly hopeless conditions."

"You are very facetious," assented Willow, with a shrug of his shoulders, still staring out of the window. He now saw a figure at one of those across the intervening enclosure.

"One of the most exciting diversions in your college course," continued Nasserol, "is the purchasing, at the expense of dinner for the day, a bunch of passion flowers like those I found you gloating over the other evening. But I must be going to business."

"My passion is beyond these humorous allusions and attacks," said Willow turning. "I could wish the only man I know and care for in this city—that is to say you—were more interested in my most vital concerns."

"I'm afraid I'm not strong enough; I suffer from a malaria of the sympathies," replied Nasserol, pursing up his mouth; and saying "Good-morning," he departed.

"How can it be Nasserol who has done this thing?" thought Willow, half aloud. He sat down before his unfinished page of manuscript, and then rapidly changed his position to one full of fierceness, as if ready to spring upon some invisible being, whom he imagined to be confronting him. "If I could only lay hands upon you!" he growled, in the deep hollow tones of a trembling dog preparing to leap forward.

"Persecutor and demon, who has come to me when my courage has reached a human ardor, and remind me that a curse has stamped me for its own! I wish I could tear you limb from limb! But," he added, thoughtfully, "can it be that my strangely secluded life and introverted musings have rendered me susceptible to the visits of ghosts—disembodied spirits—and that their communications find a medium in my fading vitality and thin-spun mental imaginings? Can they come nearer to life through me, an unwitting medium, and even touch and move what is real in their mad strange way?"

These suppositions cooled Willow's anger, at the mischievous interference of some human fellow-being as effectually as if a spirit from the unseen world had in fact laid a chilling hand

upon his shoulder sarcastically reproving him.

He went again to the church-like window, and laid his burning forehead against the cool pane. The gray light without made his gray eyes gleam with an unearthly light. How strange it was, thought he, that, already suppressed by poverty and inherited obscurity, he must be crushed down still further with a persecution which he could only explain by the deadly means of spiritualism.

It was because his room was in a block of buildings which adjoined at an angle the one in which Miss Graeme lived that the young man never changed his abode for sunnier quarters.

He could sometimes see her in an attitude of meditation at the window, in contrast to the swift encounter upon the street, which came more frequently, and was the one full enjoyment of his life. He had first seen Miss Graeme a year before, emerging from a florist's shop with a fresh bunch of violets at her, so fragrant, so full of the beautiful pale blooms, that he wondered if she would ever need flowers again. It is so hard to believe that beautiful things will pass away! He loved the girl with the intensity of a wholly undivided interest. His literary work clustered about thoughts of her, as bees about a garden. Sometimes he had found her eyes resting upon him, with a growing responsiveness, a responsiveness so ethereal that it brought her no nearer to his life, but enabled him to understand her life with a touch of reality.

With set lips and stormy thoughts he now turned back to his unaccountably invaded chamber, and braving the uneasiness which he felt, he endeavored to pursue his work.

That night he spent in watching, but with no disturbance or discovery. The next night he again watched, falling asleep with the table for a pillow. He had the third night decided to give his peculiar intimate another chance. He slept deeply. In the morning he awoke terribly fatigued—terribly fatigued. Anxiety and unaccustomed hours of rest had given his sleep a poisoned heaviness. He dragged himself eagerly and fearfully to the curtain which shut off his sleeping alcove from the rest of the room. Could he believe his eyes? His invisible guest had made the best of his opportunity.

Confusion instead of order had this time been the prevailing motive. Most noticeable among the debris were the unhinged sides of this lofty window, which opened, as has been said, perpendicularly. They stood phantom-like against the table, between Willow and the gray light without. And upon the window-sill, taken from the open hearth in uncouth jesting, hung the iron fire-fender, bent nearly double by unusual force—perhaps the last feat of Willow's ghost or spirit: before it dissolved into the congenial atmosphere of the early dawn.

No one saw the young writer that day. At the first rush of horror he lay senseless upon the floor, and then, recovering, shrank into the darkest depths of his room in utter despair. Several knocks at his door, which summoned him to admit both Nasserol and the janitor, were like dreams of sound to him. He did not respond even by a movement of his eyelids. At evening as he fell back in his chair in the presence of the gaping window, overcome by fasting and excitement, but prepared to rouse himself to the attack of any one who should enter to torment him, he murmured: "O lovely girl, a look, a touch of yours might kill the demon in me!" Then he slept. Before his sleeping form lay a letter which he had written during the day.

Nasserol had become much alarmed for his friend. His inability to rouse Willow gave him increasing anxiety. The afternoon of the next day he de-