CELESTIAL HELP

EVERY CHRISTIAN HAS A LION IN THE WAY TO FIGHT.

But There Is One Always Ready and Willing To Assist Him in the Combat-Some of the Wild Animals That



MAGE preached this stirring discourse to a very large congregation, texts: I. Cor. 15,32: "I have fought with the beasts at Ephesus,"and Hebrews 12, 1: "Seeing we also are compass-

ed about with so great a cloud of wit-Crossing the Alps by the Mont Cenis Pass, or through the Mont Cenis Tun-nel, you are in a few hours set down a: Verona, Italy, and in a few min-utes begin examining one of the grand-est ruins in the world—the Amphitheatre. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run and, on all sides the seats rise, tier above tier, until you count forty elevations or galleries, as I shall see fit to call them, in which sat the senators, the kings. and the twenty-five thousand excited spectators. At the sides of the arena, and under the galleries, are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food, until, frenzied with hunger and thirst, they are let out upon some poor victim, who with his sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place, and that it was not only figuratively, but literally, that had "fought with beasts at Eph-

The gala-day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona. Men. women and children. orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands come, until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifthall the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way the fortieth. Every place is filled. Immensity of audience sweep-ing the great circle. Silence! The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword, with firm grip, into his right hand. The wenty-five thousand sit breathlessly watching. I hear the door at the side of the arena creak open. Out plunges the half-starved lion, his tongue athirst or blood, and, with a roar that brings all the galleries to their feet, he rushes gainst the sword of the combatant. Do you know how strong a stroke a man will strike when his life depends pon the first thrust of his blade? The vild beast, lame and bleeding, slinks back toward the side of the arena; then, rallying his wasting strength, he comes up with flercer eye and more terrible roar than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke until the monster is dead at his feet, and the twenty-five thou-sand people clap their hands and utter shout that makes the city trem Sometimes the audience came to see a race: sometimes to see gladiators figh each other, until the people, compassionate for the fallen, turn their thumbs down as an appeal that the vanquished be spared; and sometimes

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"We are compassed about with so great a crowd of witnesses." The direct reference in the last passage is made to a race; but elsewhere, having discussed that, I take now Paul's favorite idea of the Christian life as a combat. The fact is, that every Christian man has a lion to fight. Yours is 2 bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened, and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you ave arisen to drive it back. I verily believe you will conquer. I think that the temptation is getting weaker and You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die, and you shall be victor,

the combat was with wild beasts.

To one of the Roman amphitheatri-

cal audiences of one hundred thou-

and people Paul refers when he says:

the blood of your soul! Your lion is the passion for strong drink. You may have contended against it twenty years; but it is strong of body and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wine-flask. Nay! that is not the weapon. With horrible roar he will seize thee by the throat and rend thee limb from limb. Take this weapon, sharp and keen—reach up and get it from God's armory; the sword of the spirit. With that thou mayest drive him back and

through Christ. Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink

But why specify, when every man and woman has a lion to fight. If there be one here who has no besetting sin, let him speak out; for him have I offended. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have het the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Tra-jan celebration, where ten thousand gladiators fought, and eleven thousand wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many a soul. The combat was for the life of the body, that is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jungle; this is with the roaring of

Men think, when they contend against an evil habit, that they have to fight the alone. No! They stand in the center tt alone. No! They stand in the center of an immense circle of sympathy. Paul had been reciting the names of label, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon and Barak, and then says: "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Before I get through, I will show you that you fight in an arena, around which circle, in galleries above each other all the kindling eyes and all the other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages; and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude that no man can num-"Being compassed about with so

great a cloud of witnesses."
On the first elevation of the ancient ampitheatre, on the day of a celebration sat Tiberius, or Augustus, or the reigning king. So, in the great arena of spectators that watch our struggles, and in the first divine gallery, as I shall call it, sits our King, one Jesus. On His head are many crowns! The Reman Emperor got his by cold-blooded conquests; but our King hath come to His place by the broken hearts healed, and the tears wiped away, and the souls redeemed. The Roman Emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordsman or the lion beat: but our King's sympathies are all with us. Nay. unheard-of con-descension. I see Him come down

he gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting until all up and will help thee! I will strengthen thee by the right hand of My power!" They gave to the men in the arena,

their blood, so that it would flow slowly, and that for a longer time the peo-AND SYMPATHY. ple might gloat over the scene. But our King has no pleasure in our wounds for we are bone of His bone, flesh of His flesh, blood of His blood.

Once in the ancient amphitheatre a lion with one paw caught the combatant's sword, and with the other paw caught his shield. The man took his knife from his girdle and slew the beast. The king, sitting in the gallery, said: "That was not fair; the lion must be slain by a sword." Other lions were turned out and the poor victim fell. You cry, "Shame! shame!" at such meanness. But the king in this case is our brother, and He will see that we have fair play. He will forbid the rushing out of more lions than we can meet; He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. Thank God! The King is in the gallery! His eyes are on us. His heart is with His hand will deliver us. "Blessed

are they who put their trust in Him." I look again, and see the angelic gallery. There they are: the angel that swung the sword at the gate of Eden, the same that Ezekiel saw upholding the throne of God, and from which I look away, for the splendor is insufferable. Here are the guardian angels. That one watched a patriarch; this one protected a child. That one has been pulling a soul out of temptation! All these are messengers of light! Those drove the Spanish Armada on the rocks. This turned Sennacherib's living hosts into a heap of one hundred and eight-five thousands corpses.
Those, yonder, chanted the Christmas carol over Bethlehem, until the chant awoke the shepherds. These, at creation, stood in the balcony of heaven, and serenaded the new-born world wrapped in swaddling clothes of light. And there, holier and mightier than all, is Michael, the archangel. To command an earthly host gives dignity; but this one is leader of the twenty chariots of God, and of the ten thousand times ten thousand angels. I think God gives command to the archangel, and the archangel to the seraphim, and the seraphim to the enerubim, until all the lower orders of heaven hear the command, and go forth

on the high behest. Now, bring on your lions! Who can fear? All the spectators in the angelic gallery are our friends. "He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt

thou trample under foot." Though the arena be crowded with temptations, we shall, with the angelic help, strike them down in the name of our God, and leap on their fallen carcasses! O bending throng of bright angelic faces, and swift wings, and lightning foot! I hail you, to-day, from the dust and struggle of the arena! I look again, and see the gallery of

the prophets and apostles. Who are those mighty ones up yonder? Hosea, and Jeremiah, and Daniel, and Isaiah. and Paul, and Peter, and John and James. There sits Noah, waiting for all the world to come into the ark: and Moses, waiting till the last Red Sea shall divide; and Jeremiah, waiting for the Jews to return; and John, of the Apocalypse, waiting for the swearing of the angel that Time shall be no longer. Glorious spirits! Ye were howled at, ye were stoned, ye were spit upon! They have been in this fight themselves; and they are all with us. Daniel knows all about lions. Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus.

ple got so excited that they would shout from the galleries to the men in the arena: "At it again!" "Forward!" "One more stroke!" "Look out!" "Fall back!" "Huzza! Huzza!" So in that gallery, prophetic and apos-; tolic, they cannot keep their peace. Daniel cries out: "Thy God will de-liver thee from the mouth of the lions!" David exclaims: "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved!" Isaiah calls out; "Fear not! I am with thee! Be not dismayed!" Poul exclaims: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" That throng of prophets and apostles can-not keep still. They make the welkin ring with shouting and hallelujahs.

I look again, and I see the gallery of

the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh Lati-

In the ancient amphitheatre, the peo

mer, sure enough! He would not apologize for the truth preached; and so he died, the night before swinging to the bed-post in perfect glee at the thought of emancipation. Who are that army of six thousand six hundred and sixtysix? They are the Theban Legion, who died for the faith. Here is a larger host in magnificent array—eight hundred and eighty-four thousand—who perished for Christ in the persecutions of Diocletian. Yonder is a family group, Felicitas, of Rome, and her children. While they were dying for the faith she stood encouraging them. One son was whipped to death by thorns; another was flung from a rock; another was beheaded. At last the mother became a martyr. There they are together—a family group in heaven! Yonder is John Bradford, who said in the fire, "We shall have merry supper with the Lord to-night! Yonder is Henry Voes, who exclaimed as he died, "If I had ten heads, they should all fall off for Christ!" The great throng of the martyrs! They had hot lead poured down their throats, horses were fastened to their hands and other horses to their feet, and thus they were pulled apart; they had their tongues pulled out by red hot pincers; they were sewn up in the skins of animals and then thrown to the dogs; they were daubed with com-bustibles and set on fire. If all the martyrs' stakes that have been kindled could be set at proper distances, they would make the midnight, all the world over, bright as noonday! And now they sit yonder in the martyrs' gallery. For them the fires of persecution have gone out. The swords are sheathed and the mob hushed. Now they watch us with an all-observing sympathy. They know all the pain, all the hardship, all the anguish, all all the hardship, all the anguish, all the injustice, all the privation. They cannot keep still. They cry: "Courage?
The fire will not consume. The floods cannot drown. The lions cannot devour! Courage! Down there in the

arena."
What, are they all looking? This night we answer back the salutation they give and cry, "Hail! sons and daughters of the fire!"
I look again, and I see another gallery, that of eminent Christians. What

strikes me strangely is the mixing in companionship of those who on earth could not agree. There is Albert Barnes, and around him the Presbytery Barnes, and around him the Presbytery who tried him for heterodoxy! Yonder is Lyman Beecher, and the church court that denounced him! Stranger than all, there is John Calvin and James Arminius! Who would have thought that they would sit so lovingly together? There is George Wakefield and the ministers who would not let him come into their pulpit because they thought him a fanatic. There are the sweet singers. Toplady, Montagomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts and Mrs. Sigourney. If heaven had

had no music before they went up, they would have started the singing. And there, the band of missionaries: David Abeel, taking of China redeemed; and John Scudder, of India saved; and David Brainard, of the aborigines evangelized; and Miss Adoniram Judson, whose prayers for Burmah took heaven by violence! All the Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs! Do we, in Christ's cause, suffer from the cold? They walked Greenland's icy mountains. Do we suffer from the heat? tains. Do we suffer from the heat. They sweltered in the tropics. Do we

get fatigued? They fainted, when none to care for them but cannibals. Are we persecuted? They were anathematized. And as they look from their gallery and see us falter in the pre-sence of the lions I seem to hear Isaac Watts addressing us in his old hymn, only a little changed:

Must you be carried to the skies flowery beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize Or sailed through bloody seas.

Toplady shouts in his old hymn: Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from their willows take; Lend to the praise of love divine, Bid every string awake.

While Charles Wesley, the Methodist, breaks forth in his favorite words, a little varied

A charge to keep you have, A God to glorify; A never-dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky!

I look again and I see the gallery of our departed. Many of those in the other galleries we have heard of; but these we knew. Oh! how familiar their faces! They sat at our tables, and we walked to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life. Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And those children, do they look on with stolid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle for eternity? Nay; I see that child running its hand over your brow and saying, "Father, do not fret; "Mother, do not worry." They re-member the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last fare-well. Though years in heaven they know our faces. They remember our sorrows. They speak our name. They watch this fight for heaven. Nay, I see them rise up and lean over, and wave before us their recognition and encouragement. That gallery is not full. They are keeping places for us. After we have slain the lion, they expect the King to call us, saying, "Come up higher!" Between the hot struggles in the arena I wipe the sweat from my brow, and stand on tiptoe, reaching out my right hand to in rapturous hand-shaking, while their voices come ringing down from the gallery, crying, "Be thou faithful until death and you shall have

My hearers! shall we die in the arena or rise to join our friends in the gal-lery? Through Christ we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier, dying in the hospital, rose up in bed the last moment and cried, "Here! Here!" His attendants put him back on his pillow, and asked him why he shouted "Here!" "Oh! I heard the rollcall of heaven, and I was only answering to my name!" I wonder whether, after this battle of life is over, our names will be called in the muster-roll of the pardoned and glorified, and, with the joy of heaven breaking upon our souls, we shall cry "Here!

A TALK ON TABLE MANNERS.

Sense for the Overbred as Well as the Underbred.

There are many tests in society of good breeding, but truly there is no surer one than that of table man-

So just a word as to those tell-tale attributes. All the world, knows that, primarily, the knife was not intended as an implement to convey food to the mouth; that it is an unwritten law that soup should not be eaten from the end of the speen, and that the use of a to pick at table is an abomination in the sight of polite society. Too obvious are these branches to dwell upon for one instant. And yet there are so-called minor faults of etiquette quite as glaring in their way.

Who does not know the agony of sitting at the table with one who gives audible evidences of the enjoyment of his food? Or-and this, perhaps, is the gravest crime of all-who has not suf-fered from being obliged to sit with one who does not realize that the use of the handkerchief is a rite of the toilette which requires privacy as much as does the manicuring of the nails, or the dressing of the hair.

Emerson, a perfect type, always and under every circumstance, of a true gentleman, has not disdained in his essay on "Manners" to say a word as to table etiquette. "I pray my comparion," says the philosopher, "if he wishes for bread to ask me for bread, and if he wishes for sassafras or arse-nic to ask me for them, and not to hold out his plate as if I knew already.

Again says the sage: "The maiden at her first ball, the countryman at a city dinner, believes that there is a ritual according to which every act and com-pliment must be performed or the failing party must be cast out of this presence. Later they learn that good sense and character make their own forms every moment and speak or abstain, take wine or refuse it, stay or go, sit in a chair or sprawl with children on the floor, or stand on their head, or what else soever in a new and aboriginal way; and that strong will is always in fashion, let who will be unfashionable. All that fashion demands is composure and self-content."

Is not that a whole chapter on good manners? What does it matter if we do not know the use of this or that fork or spoon in the perplexing array to left and right of our cover? A favorable mistake, the use of the salad for the fish fork if it be accompanied by

serene self-composure!
The law of table etiquette is fundamentally the law of all good-breedingthat we do unto others as we would

Again I agree with merson, who says: "I could better eat with one who did not respect the truth or the laws than with a sloven and unpresentable person." And if it was worth while for the greatest philosopher of our age to give time and contemplation to such matters as table manners is it not worth while for us, too, to give them some thought, so that we may fulfill the first law of good breeding, which is none other than the union of kindness, independence and gentleness?

An Island Composed of Chalk. The English island of Thanet (forming a part of the county of Kent) is almost wholly composed of chalk. The island is ten miles in length and about five in breadth, and has more chalk exposed on its surface than any other spot of equal area on the globe. British geologists say that there are not less than 42,000,000,000 tons of chalk "in sight" on Thanet, and that it would take 10,000 men and 5000 horses and

Mrs. Wagg—So the poor fellow was blown into fragments in an explosion?
What a terrible death!
Wagg—Not to him, my dear. Don't you remember he was always afraid of being buried alive?

CAN FARMING BE MADE TO PAY?

A PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE THAT PROVES THAT IT CAN.

Average Results Quadrupled by Wise Efforts-Suggestion for Co-operative Effort-How It Would Affect a Whole

How can the ordinary farm be made to pay? This is the pertinent question to which Mr. D. M. McPherson, M.PP. for Glengarry, essays a reply in a letter published in The Farmer's

"I shall strive," says Mr. McPherson, "to give you a few details of the results of work done on my farm seven years ago, and last year, and how it is done. The nature and kind of soil is light and sandy on the south end, tending to loam, sand and clay to-wards the north; had been cropped with grain, hay and pasture from 50 to 60 years. It would, seven years ago, pasture twenty head of milk cows, grow 800 to 1000 bushels of grain and about 40 to 50 tons of hay; the crop value produced would be about \$1000, and the cash sales approally would be and the cash sales annually would be about \$500 to \$600. This would be from 125 acres of cleared arable land. The crop products and value in 1896 were as follows: Milk cows pastured, 75; milk produced from May 1st to October 31st, 236,921 pounds; pork produced (200 pigs fed and pastured on six acres), 24,000 pounds; veal calves sold, 60; cured hay (from 39 acres), 115 tons; corn ensilage (26 acres), 750 tons; grain (oats and barley, 13 acres), 659 bushels (straw 18 tons).' The values produced in this way are

tabulated in a business-like state-Milk, net at factory......\$1506 25 Pork 984 00 Veal calves 150 00 Total from May 1 to Oct, 1.....\$2640 25 Loss paid for heavy feed...... 600 00

The total value of the hay, corn, grain and straw was \$3386, making the net value of the summer's work \$5,-426.25. In the winter a good deal of the crop saved was used in supplying food for unproductive cattle and horses. Not all, however, as a net profit was derived from feeding cattle for beef, from hogs and from the sale of milk, of \$2300, making a cash profit for the year of \$4340. In addition to this Mr. McPherson demonetrates that whereas in the old days he would deprive the farm annually of about \$60 by reducing its fertility that much, now by feeding all his crops on the farm and selling only milk, beef and pork, he is able to add, because of heavy foods purchased and fed, a value in fertility of \$1396 annually. The farm did not pay a cash dividend the first five years, as all profits and some additional capital went into fertility account to enrich the land, but a gradually increased dividend can now be withdrawn, besides adding to the fertility. The maximum crop value sought to be obtained is \$40 an acre, and the

cash sales realized from beef, pork and milk \$30 an acre. Extraordinary Results. The significance of this last statement of Mr. McPherson naturally arises from the fact that he has attained the object toward which he has labored. But its full bearing can only be understood when a comparison is made between the results obtained per acre according to this showing the averages in his own and other counties. It will be seen that 39 acres produced 115 tons of hay, or 2.95 tons to the agent the average open in Clento the acre; the average crop in Glengarry is 1.55 tons to the acre, and for the province 1.38 tons. Of corn for en-silage 26 acres produced 750 tons, or 28.85 tons to the acre, whereas the average for Glengarry is 14.15, and for the province 11.85. The Glengarry average for oats is 31.4 bushels, and for barley 23 bushels. There were 14 acres under these crops. Assuming ten to have been of oats, the average yield for both would have aggregated 406 bushels. Mr. McPherson obtained 650. The net encouragement for having kept the farm in a good state of fertility was therefore a surplus over average crop of 54 tons of hay, 383 tons of corn, and 244 bushels of grain, repre-

summer months. A Suggestion Offered.

Having these results in mind, and mindful, too, that only a few years ago his farm was one of the average class, Mr. McPherson suggests that, either serarately or in combination, the On-tario and Dominion Governments institute experiments along the lines that he has adopted for the improvement of

senting \$1692 on 79 acres, to say no-

thing of the other 46 acres, which pro-

duced a net revenue of \$2000 in the

his own property.
"Some may be inclined to ask the question, Can these results be made general, and how can it be accompanied." olished? My answer to such a question is that it can be generally practised, but it takes a long time, large capital and high skill. The practical method I strongly advise is for the two Governments—Provincial and Federal Leavening and form a scheme to eral-to unite and form a scheme to undertake to operate a few farms throughout a small section of the country, supply the capital and skill, and control the workings of these farms (not own them, only direct the work of the owner). If these prove successful, then undertake to control a number more, and so on, until the whole section (say one county) is built up, and sufficient time and experience would be obtained, not only as to direct results, but as to the ultimate value of the undertaking in regard to the nation's welfare. If such would prove saisfactory in a small section, and sufficient to warrant its extension, then a new and larger scheme could be devised, more perfect in every way, as experience would cause the correcting of error and the upbuilding of sound principles of finance and business execution. The experiment the Canadian farmer wants to-day to be solved is how can he be put in a position to make his farm pay, and increase in value from year to year."

Applied to a County. Looked upon only as an illustration of the possibility of individual success in farming Mr. McPherson's letter would possess elements of interest to many whose struggles have been unremunerative, says The Globe, but when to this is added the suggestion that the aggregate wealth of the prowhen to this is added the suggestion that the aggregate wealth of the province might be developed and increased by similar means one is prompted to compare the known present conditions in a limited area with what they would be were these enriching methods. applied to that area with similar suc-

The County of Halton is one whose The County of Halton is one whose land is of average fertility, and one which is a good deal below the average of size. Its principal crops in 1895 were fall wheat, oats, hay, peas, corn, potatoes and barley. The total area of assessed land is 224.833 acres, of which 168,423 are cleared.

Of these 111,392 were under crops of various kinds and produced in that year an aggregate yield worth at market prices \$1,250,298, or an average of

;\$11.22 an acre. Of the dairying intdustry in the county there are no adequate results attainable, but the fact that only \$3000 worth of cheese was reported as having been made there, and as no returns were made by the

four creameries that were in the county, the probability is that the revenue from the 33,921 acres of pasture lands did not exceed on the average the returns from the area under crop. As the cost of seeding, working, harvesting, feeding unproductive stock and transportation of product would much greater proportionately than where the average yield was \$40 an acre, the net return for a farm of 125 acres in this county was more probably below than above the \$600 mark. The total assessment of the townships for real and personal property is \$7,-540,000, say, \$50 an acre of land now under crop or pasture. It would, therefore, mean something to the 13, 000 inhabitants of these townships, and

obably to the 7000 in the towns, if

the annual net cash return could be

brought up to \$30 an acre, or 60 per

cent. per annum on the present farm

Assuming, then, that either by the intervention of Government or by vol-untary co-operation in carrying out the suggested plan of scientific supervision and enrichment of lands, this county had been brought to a par with Mr. McPherson's farm for productiveness, and assuming that Hon. Mr. Fisher's cold storage system had established a market for Canadian produce in the Englih market, these would be the results. Keeping well within the mark there would be 1200 farms of 125 acres each. These would produce in the sum-mer season 129,230 hundredweight and in the winter 86,155 hundredweight, of butter, reckoning 22 pounds of milk to one of butter. Selling this at 104 shillings the cwt., a low estimate, would return \$5,384,625. Pork and veal fed and sold in summer would bring a further return of \$1,360,800, after payfor purchased feed, more, it wil observed, than the total present op value. Winter feeding of beef d pork would yield \$1,800,000 more, and, to crown all, \$1.680,000 would be added to the productive power of the

Advantages of Co-operation. In addition to the enormous addition

to the fertility of the soil the gross output reaches eight and a half millions of dollars a year, or a little better than \$7000 a year for each 125-acre farm, whose present total value is from \$5000 to \$6000. It will be observed that the return for butter exceeds ver considerably Mr. McPherson's figures His are based upon cheese factory re turns, which yield him two-thirds of cent a pound of milk. But it must be plain that if such a county as Halton were organized into dairy farms there would be a further co-operative system involving cream separators at short distances and butter factorie near the railway lines. The cost of pro duction would be reduced to the lowest point, and the farmers themselves would share the profits of the enter-prise. Such, in a measure, would also be the case with the sale of the pro-ducts. It would be absurd under such conditions to be at the mercy of com-peting middlemen. Selling agents would be kept in the English markets to dispose of products. In Denmark and in Ireland this plan has been tried, with the best results. So, too, has the plan of co-operative manufacture and sale of bacon, and the probability is that under favorable circumstances enough could be added to Mr. McPher-son's sale prices of pork and beef to allow of the vast totals given in the foregoing estimate being net results without deducting from the sum indicated as the return for butter.

If, either by the guidance of Govern ments or by the voluntary efforts and If its an co-operation of farmers within such an area, results like this could be obtained by the thousand men as well as by the thousandth man, there would soon be an end of the agitation against educating boys to leave the farm for the city. Property such as this would bring the advantages of city life to the front door of the farm homestead.

IDLENESS ENCOURAGED.

Failure of a Picturesque Industrial

Switzerland has attacked the problem of socialism, and the provision for the laboring man in an extremely novel manner; namely, in a scheme of state industrial insurance, mention of which has already been made. Recent consul reports from Switzerland give the details of the plan. Originally the scheme of insuring against the loss of employment was brought before the national Government, but was not acted upon definitely. This has not deterred two Cantons, Berne and St. Gall, from going ahead, they having adopted the plan over a year ago. Basle, Zurich and Lausanne are very much interested, but what action they will take is not known. The Berne plan differs essentially from that at St. Gall. In the former Canton it is left to the will of the laborer to insure or not as he pleases; in St. Gall each must insure. The basis of the Berne system is as follows: The working people, laborer and professional men are all united under one head. Each person insured pays eight cents a month. Each city in the Canton contributes 7000 francs (\$1351). Members must have been enrolled six months, paid dues regularly and be out of work 14 days at least before being entitled to a pen-sion. The aid given is one franc daily for unmarried men, and 1.5 francs for married men. The money is paid over during December, January and February. A workingman who refuses to take any work offered him, or loses his work through his own fault, in a strike loses all rights to the pension. Most of the men supported or aided belonged to the building occupations which are necessarily more or ess idle each year. In St. Gall each person, citizen or

stranger earning under five francs (96 1-2 cents) per day is compelled to contribute. The payments are graded according to the amount earned, the highest premium being six cents a week. The pension rates are similarly varied, running from 1.8 to 2.4 francs, but in no case can anyone get a pension for more than 60 days in one calendar year. This scheme has proved unsuccessful, and is to be abandoned in June of this year, by common consent of the workingmen themselves, as determined by popular vote, because among other things it was found that the knowledge of the existence of this system of insurance had drawn to St. Gall a considerable number of unemployed from other parts of Switzerland.

Why should a person make himself a

Why should a person make himself a muisance? What gain is there in grimness, and sourness, and unsociability? Few people care to listen to whining and complaint. On the whole, the world uses us as well as we deserve. It is very hard for the defeated to admit this, but it is a fact, nevertheless, and, if only admitted, one of the chief reasons for defeat is removed. A cheerful philosophy is an important element of success. He who is perpetually suspecting others of ill-treating him and keeping him down is not a welcome companion. Every man is of less importance to the world around him than he likes to think. But he can easily test it by asking how much he himself dwells upon the condition of others. By as much as their grievances do not particularly concern him, by so much his own are matters of indifference to them. So let him be pleasant, bury his sorrows, pocket his affronts, make himself agreeable, trust to Providence and thankfully take what comes,



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