

FENCES.

Interesting Report on the Subject—Legislation Proposed.

Mr. P. E. Bucke, of Ottawa, chairman of the Committee on Fences, submitted the following report at the Fruit Growers' Association meeting in Hamilton last week: Your Committee on Fences having examined into the subject have the honor to report:

1st. That the existing laws regarding fences are unjust to land owner and occupier, because if he has no need for a fence around his farm, society should not compel him to build one.

2nd. That if a farmer chooses to soil his cattle he should not be required to expend on fences a tax estimated at two dollars per acre per annum, to keep his neighbors' or highway cattle out of his property.

3rd. That no law should compel a land occupier to make a road or division fence to protect himself from the public at large, that the public are just as much interested in the welfare of the state as are the individuals of the public. These last, therefore, should be protected by a public law compelling individuals to enclose their own stock.

4th. That although the public have a right to travel on the roads they have no right to use said roads for a cattle run or pasture ground.

5th. That every farmer or property owner either by paying taxes for road construction or repairs, or by the performance of statute labor, has a certain vested right in the roads surrounding his lands, and in newly settled townships or townships being less than half cleared a majority of owners should say whether the public roads may be used for any other purpose than the legitimate travel or driving of stock when required along them.

6th. That during winter these roads are fenced in such a way that they harbor snowdrifts, thus blocking to a considerable extent the travel along them.

7th. That the maintenance of fences is an excessive burden on the farmer, now that timber is becoming scarce and dear, and it behooves the Legislature to make such provision by law as will assist in doing away with such an oppressive expense.

8th. That in the early settlement of this country when cultivated lands were scarce, and there were no pasture lands for cattle, it was in the interest of individuals to fence in their crops and allow their cattle to run at large. Now the case is different, the principal part of the country is cultivated and the pasture and waste places are in the minority, these, therefore, may be fenced and not the larger tracts of farm lands.

9th. That the owners of stock are the individuals who reap the benefit of such stock, and that, therefore, non-stockholders should not be put to the expense of fences in order that stockholders may make a profit out of their cattle.

10th. Therefore, your committee, taking into consideration the above facts, respectfully suggest that in counties where a majority of the acreage of the soil is arable land, all cattle, horses, pigs, sheep and geese be prevented by legislative enactment from running at large. That owners of all kinds of stock should be compelled to keep them inclosed or pay all damages that may accrue from their depredations; that it may be the duty of any one finding cattle straying along the roads, streets, or any unfenced lot, when not accompanied by a suitable attendant, in such county, to drive the same to pound; that for every head of cattle so pounded the individual who owns such stock shall pay to the pound-keeper over and above all other fees or charges the sum of 50c. per head, to be paid to the individual who puts them in pound; that all damages to trees—whether set on the land of the owner or along the roadside fronting his land—done by animals, be assessed at the full value, having in consideration the age of the said trees and the number of years planted; that such damage be paid by owner of said stock to the owners of said trees; that suitable attendants be employed when cattle are being driven to market, or from one part of the county to the other, so as to keep them from straying off the road; that any one turning off the road into a neighboring field either on foot, in a vehicle or on horseback, shall be liable to be apprehended as a common trespasser, and as such be amenable to the law in such cases made and provided. P. G. BUCKE, Chairman. THOS. BEALL.

A Daring and Perilous Feat at Niagara Falls.

Yesterday afternoon a daring act was accomplished at Niagara Falls. For the last few days Messrs. P. B. Kranz, D. Maloney and G. Whitman, of the Erie railway, have been bantering each other into various deeds of daring. Yesterday afternoon the trio decided to attempt a feat well nigh foolhardy. It was no less than to place a sign on the old log in the middle of the river, about forty rods above the Goat Island bridge. The log lies in the centre of the rapids, and has been there for the last four years. During that time no one has ever been within reaching distance of it. The parties named conceived the brilliant idea of placing a large board sign on the log, advertising the railroad in whose employ they are; and about 2 o'clock they set out on the ice, and after considerable effort they reached their destination. Here a sign 4 x 12 feet was securely spiked to the log, which advised its readers to "Go east via the Erie railway." While the men were busily engaged in the perilous task crowds of people began to gather at all conceivable points to watch their progress, and many speculations were indulged in as to whether the men would be able to get back by the dangerous route they had already traversed. After two hours' labor, and when the work was completed, shouts from the spectators announced that something was wrong. A glance showed the ice to be breaking up in all directions. In doing their work they had moved the log, and an opening being made by that means, the rapid current soon finished the job. Though taken by surprise the three adventurers did not lose their presence of mind, and hastily picking up some loose boards which they had cut from the sign, they started on the floating ice for the shore. By the skillful use of their boards as paddles and a hard struggle they reached the shore in safety. Here they were the subject of hearty congratulations. Mr. Kranz, in speaking to a Courier reporter, said he "would not attempt the feat again for the best thousand dollar bill in the land."—Buffalo Courier.

HOW TO PACK FRUIT FOR MARKET.

The following paper will be interesting to farmers and fruit-growers generally. It was read at the winter meeting of the Fruit Growers' Association in Hamilton on the 18th of January, by Mr. A. M. Smith, an experienced fruit grower of St. Catharines: One would be inclined to think that the association had already discussed this subject till it was exhausted when we remember the number of times it has been before us. But should we visit most any of our markets in fruit time and see the way fruits are brought in, strawberries and other small fruits, for instance, in pails and pans (ready for jam, with the extraction of a little dirt and the addition of a little sugar), peaches and plums in boxes and barrels, apples and pears in meal bags—not particularly well shaken—(the bags I mean, no such imputation would apply to the fruit, as the numerous bruises would testify), we should come to the conclusion that there was a necessity for a little more discussion or missionary work, or something of the kind in this direction. If men are so blind that they can't see the difference between getting 40 cents a bag for their apples, shooed from the trees and carried to market in bags, and 50 to 75 cents per half-bushel for good hand picked fruit in good, clean baskets, or \$2 to \$3 per barrel, I think it the duty of the society to send out a missionary to enlighten them. But to come to the question: the best way of putting up fruits for the market. This depends upon the object you have in view, whether it is to make the most you can out of your present crop, without regard to the satisfaction of your customers or your reputation for the future, or to give satisfaction to your customers and your own conscience, and establish a reputation that will be of use to you hereafter. If the former object is your aim, in the first place, get the cheapest packages you can, as near like ordinary ones as you can, and have them hold as much less as possible and look like them. This you can do by giving special orders to the manufacturers. Then put in all your fruit, good, bad and indifferent—don't lose any of it—but be sure you get the good fruit on top of the packages, put the best side up and make it look beautiful—buyers will think it alike all the way through, especially if they have been dealing with honest men. In putting into barrels have good fruit in both ends, as some folks look at both ends when buying—you can put all the poor stuff in the middle of the barrel. If you are not likely to have fruit enough, put in a pumpkin or two, or a few turnips, to fill up, they will be useful to the buyer, and he will never know who did it, and it will be likely to go to the old country. Don't put your name on and you are safe. This course, carefully pursued, may insure you the most money for the first crop, providing you didn't happen to sell to the same party twice. In that case you could go to some other market where you were not known. But if your object is to satisfy your customers by giving them a good article, and establish a reputation for fair dealing and good fruit, I would recommend the following course: Get the very best packages of the different kinds wanted, and if you get quart baskets for berries and small fruits have them hold as near two pints as possible; and if you get an order for half a bushel of plums, or peaches, don't try to put them in a twelve-quart basket; or, if you are ordering barrels to be made for apples don't tell the cooper to cut the staves a little shorter than for flour barrels, or to draw in the big a little; and when you put in your fruit don't put it in unsorted, just as it comes from the tree. Some of the gnarled and wormy specimens won't hurt the pigs; and if you make two classes after you pick them out they will sell for more than enough to pay for the trouble of sorting, and when you put them in your packages don't put all the best on top, but have it uniform throughout, and then you need not be afraid to put your name on it, or offer it to a man the second time. Pursue this course from year to year, and you will never fail to find customers for your fruit at a fair price.

FEARFUL TRIPLE TRAGEDY.

The Result of Unrequited Love.
Robert Garner (colored), of Plain City, O. reported on Monday that a murder had been committed three miles from that city. Investigation disclosed Mrs. Matilda Scott, a well-to-do widow, aged 40; her daughter aged 20; and her son, aged 14, lying in their house dead, with their brains dashed out, evidently by a bludgeon. Garner told contradictory stories, and was arrested. He had lived with the Scott family, but quarrelled and left them. Garner, who has been arrested charged with the murder of the woman, girl, and boy, loved the girl, but she repulsed him. The indications are that Garner on Monday night outraged the girl and murdered her and her associates to prevent their telling. The murdered family were well-to-do colored people, much respected.

An \$100,000 Advertisement.
The approaching census ordered in England by Government, which frightened all the old maids out of their wits, has no terrors for Mr. Pears, the great London soap manufacturer, who offers to assist gratis in enabling the Government to do its wicked work. The printed form of the census to be distributed throughout the kingdom will cost one hundred thousand pounds, with paper, stamps, delivery, and all included. Now, Mr. Pears, who has not realized his immense fortune by sitting quietly in his store with his eyes shut, appreciates the vast publicity acquired by the census, and asks why he should not share it; and so he proposes to undertake the whole expense of the census document on the sole condition of being allowed to print his advertisement with the woodcut of "You dirty boy" upon the back of the paper. It is not stated whether the offer has been accepted, but it is generally believed that the Government will be afraid of a wrong application by the public of the motto.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey, the evangelists, have accepted an invitation to revisit Great Britain and Ireland upon a second revival campaign during the present year.

Capt. Holbeck, A.D.C. to General Luard, will shortly marry Lady Clay, widow of Sir George Clay, and daughter of Sir John Walrand, of Bradfield.

WOMEN'S FASHIONS.

How the Modern Sex Dress—Their Eccentricities in Costume.

Woman's fondness for dress, her extravagance in gratification of her taste for dress, her fastidiousness in being suited and getting a fit—these are topics upon which man never tires of writing; and he thinks that as long as he writes upon any one of these he is fulfilling a duty to society. But tailors claim that if they would they could tell many secrets about man's vanity and extravagance in dressing, and not of your professional dandy, but of men who are presumed to be above that sort of weakness. A professional "cutter" gave a New York reporter a few hints on these points. He says that when men are finicky about their dress they are more fastidious than women:

The trouble with men is that they do not always know what they want. Women are more apt to know exactly what they want, because they make a study of dress. They think of it from childhood. They see something they like and say, "Make it like that." They know how goods will look when made up. But many men are unreasonably fastidious. One thinks he has a full breast. When you measure him he puffs and swells out to undue proportions. When the coat is finished and he tries it on he says it don't fit, when the real trouble is that he does not swell himself out as he did when he was measured. If a man is punctilious about a very neat, close fit, the chances are that he will complain that his clothes are too tight when he tries them on. Then the man who says he "wants them easy, and is not particular about the fit" is to be feared. When he gets his clothes home his wife or his sisters or his fellow boarders will scrutinize his garments and send him back to the unfortunate tailor.

"Do you find that men are much influenced by their wives as to the cut and material of their clothes?"

"Influenced? Why, sir, it amounts to slavery in many cases. I have had men make me contract to please their wives in the cut of a coat. They come here filled with instructions. They have orders for the style of cloth, the style of cut, the style of buttons, the lining, trimmings and price. When I cut a coat for a married man I know that, in most cases, I have got to please the wife. Frequently a man goes away perfectly satisfied with a garment and comes back the next day running over with complaints. Then I know who has been criticising the work. Sometimes, when I know there is nothing wrong, I put the garment away in a closet, never touch it, and when I send it back in a few days it is pronounced very much better and all right."

Upon the question of extravagance this "professional" thinks that notwithstanding all that is said of the extravagance of women's dress, it costs quite as much to furnish stylish clothes to men as to women. The reason is that a man cannot have his clothes made over as a woman can. If his clothes get out of fashion they are useless to him. But the clothing of women can be made over to suit new fashions year after year. Their laces and ribbons, feathers and trimmings of all kinds, reappear constantly in new forms. If a woman has a splendid wedding dress, for instance, she keeps it for years and wears it on state occasions. But a man's wedding suit must be worn out before it goes out of fashion. Among the poorer classes the women always dress better than the men in the same station in life. They will seize upon a fashionable style and make up old materials in the new shapes with marvellous aptitude.

George Eliot's Funeral.

The rain beat down heavily on George Eliot's coffin as it was lowered into the grave at Highgate cemetery. It was covered with beautiful flowers, and on the plate was inscribed:

MARY ANN CROSS,
("GEORGE ELIOT.")
Born 22nd Nov., 1820; died 22nd Dec., 1880.
Quella fonte
Che spande di parlar sì largo fiume.

Dr. Sadler, the Unitarian clergyman who conducted the services at the grave of Mr. Lewes, made a memorial address which touched to tears many of his listeners. "To those who are present," he said, "it is given to think of the gentleness and delicate womanly grace and charm which were combined with that breadth of culture and universality of power which, as one has expressed it, 'have made her known to all the world.' To those who are present is given to know the diffidence and self-distrust which, notwithstanding all her public fame, needed individual sympathy and encouragement to prevent her from feeling too keenly how far the results of her labors fell below the standard she had set before her. To those who are present, too, it may be given—though there is a large number to whom it is not given—to understand how a nature may be profoundly devout and yet be unable to accept a great deal of what is usually held as religious belief. No intellectual difficulties or uncertainties, no sense of mental incapacity to climb the heights of infinitude could take from her the piety of the affections or the beliefs which were the mother-tongue of her soul."

A meeting of the Berlin Wahlmenner was held there yesterday for the purpose of condemning the anti-Jewish movement. Two thousand five hundred persons were present. Resolutions were adopted declaring that the meeting desired to express its regret and indignation that Berlin had been the scene of meetings, the violent excesses of which tended, by exciting the most disgraceful passions, to inspire the members of different creeds with hatred and contempt towards one another, and were calculated to tarnish the reputation of the city and the honor of the German name. The Wahlmenner protested against interference with the legal equality of religious professions.

On Christmas day Mrs. O'Brien wrote from Roseriville, Ventnor, Isle of Wight: "In my garden here I have in full bloom four different kinds of roses, veronicas of every shade, double stocks, French marguerites, cyclamens, scarlet geraniums, primroses, and violets in profusion. Surely we may go further and perchance fare worse."

THE MORPHINE HABIT.

Delicious Effects but Terrible Consequences of Hypodermic Injection.

(From the New York Times.)
A number of persons more or less prominent in different walks of life have died in this city within a few months from the direct effect, it is said, of hypodermic injections of morphine. Most of them had, according to report, begun the injections in order to relieve themselves from pain caused by neuralgia, rheumatism or some other distressing disorder. The effect was so pleasant, so delicious, indeed, that they were gradually seduced into such use of morphine when they had no need of it, and, soon yielding completely to the habit, were destroyed by it. Physicians say that this has grown to be far from uncommon among persons of wealth and position, particularly among women, who, after having tried it a while, have not had the strength to relinquish the delightful anodyne. Nor is it by any means confined to New York. The evil has spread all over the land, though it is naturally most prevalent in the large cities. It is said to have grown alarmingly during the last five or six years and many persons who would never be suspected of the habit are its irredeemable victims. It has largely usurped the place, with certain classes, of the old custom of taking morphine, laudanum and other preparations of opium into the stomach. The popular notion is that it is not so harmful. But there is very little difference, and the injections are thought to be more dangerous because they are more insidious. They can be self-administered without the least trouble, and are so administered in nearly all cases where serious mischief is done. The effect of the morphine under the skin is described as peculiarly and wonderfully agreeable. A delicious languor steals over the frame, the senses are wrapped up in a voluptuous waking dream, and a most joyous consciousness of perfect yet fascinating repose softly overflows the mind. Even strong men and women have frequently found it hard to resist its allurements, and have not been able to surrender its beatitudes without arousing all their will. On this account some physicians will not administer or prescribe morphine under any circumstances, fearing the consequences to their patients. Not a few women of the finer type have been wrecked by the habit, and many men, professional and commercial, are steadily ruining themselves by its indulgence. It was hailed as a great blessing once, and so it is, properly regulated; but, like so many blessings, it may readily be converted into a curse.

A Verbatim Report.

"We have had in England," writes Mr. Proctor, from Sydney, N. S. W., "some amusing illustrations of the feeling which induces many indifferent public speakers to regard with distaste the abridgement of their speeches by the reporters. And in America some clever burlesques of real speeches have been written to show what nonsense might be expected if verbatim reports were to be published. I do not know, however, that a speech has ever been accurately reproduced precisely as delivered until now, when the reporters in the Legislative Council, moved by the attacks made upon them in a discussion on Hansard, thus literally and exactly reproduced the remarks of Mr. Hay, one of their chief assailants (the report may not be so utterly ludicrous as some of the American burlesques, but it has the advantage of being strictly what it purports to be, a verbatim report):

"The reporters—ought not to—the reporters ought not to be the ones to judge of what is important—not to say what should be left out—but—the members can only judge what is important—as I—as my speeches—as the reports—as what I say is reported sometimes, no one—nobody can tell—no one can understand from the reports—what it is—what I mean. So—it strikes me—it has struck me certain matters—things that appear of importance—what the member thinks of importance—are sometimes left out—omitted. The reporters—the papers—prints are reported—I mean what the paper thinks of interest—is reported. I can't compliment the reporters. It can hardly be denied that by taking him—hum—at his—ha—word, they have—ha—hum—given Mr. Hay—ha—hum—a quid pro quo."—London Gentleman's Magazine.

Mr. John Lewis Eyre, father of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Glasgow, and granduncle of the Lady Arundel of Wardour, has left no less a sum than £200,000 to his son, and another £200,000 to be disposed of by the archbishop and Lord Arundel in trust for such persons as they may appoint. This means, of course, the allocation of four hundred thousand pounds to Roman Catholic charitable and ecclesiastical purposes. Mr. Eyre was a count of the Holy Roman empire. Every child, male and female, of the Barons of Arundel of Wardour is born a count or countess by a special patent granted to the first baron in 1595 for services rendered at the siege of Gran in Hungary.

Three men were committed for trial by the Leicestershire magistrates for being concerned in a burglary near Leicester, England. The prisoners were engaged in ransacking some premises and attempting to carry off a safe when they were surprised by the police, whom they pelted with inkstands, letter-weights and every missile they could lay hands on. When at last they surrendered they did so with good grace, putting their hands through the window in order to be handcuffed; and one of them, by name Danson, uttering a benediction on a police sergeant who assisted in the capture: "God bless you, sergeant!" said the venerable thief, "shake hands; if we are burglars we're not murderers."

Slightly sarcastic was the clergyman who paused and addressed a man coming into church after a sermon had begun, with the remark: "Glad to see you, sir; come in; always glad to see those here late who can't come early." And decidedly self-possessed was the man thus addressed in the presence of an astonished congregation, as he responded: "Thank you; would you favor me with the text?"

It is announced that Mr. Thomas Carlyle, whose health of late has given friends so much anxiety, has recovered strength enough to take carriage exercise again.

The Church.

The bell in the belfry, over the way, In the ancient church, quaint, sacred and gray, Whose mullioned windows of rich stained glass Look wondrously out as the villagers pass And patiently wait the bell to begin its shrill invitation—
"Come in! Come in!
From sin
Come in."

And they reverently enter the ivy fringed door Up the sacred aisle, over the lotted floor Which tells of those who sleep below, While their thoughts o'er Time's bridged arches go And the bell, high up where the stony heads grin, Pals out in the sunshine—
"Come in! Come in!
From sin
Come in."

That bell hath rung the marriage chimes In the days long past in the olden times, When the young and the fair, the strong and the brave, The blessing took and the promise gave To love till the crown of life they should win.
"Come in! Come in!
From sin
Come in."

And again I see that fond young wife In the flush of her joy, the sun of her life Like a beautiful flower on that bright Sabbath morn
When the bud of their promise, their tender first-born, Was held at the font. Through the air clear and thin
The bell rang its welcome—
"Come in! Come in!
From sin
Come in."

Still the last final scene, the saddest of all, The sable throne, the sombre pall— The muffled tread of each mourner sounds As he slowly winds 'mong the grassy mounds In accord with the bell, as from life's busy din It solemnly tolls—
"Come in! Come in!
From sin
Come in."

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

A Tale From His New Book—How France was Rescued From Peril.

In September, 1873, Forbes was at St. Meuse, one of the last of the French cities held in pawn by the Germans for the payment of the milliards. The German troops were about to withdraw, and he had come thither for the purpose of witnessing the effect upon the French population. The feeling between the two races were very bitter, or, at least, was exaggerated by each other into a theory of bitterness, because the intercourse between the common soldiers and the common people were far from unfriendly. But the French had professed great bitterness, and they pronounced a tragic fate upon any German caught lingering after the evacuation. By reason of his light hair and yellow beard and his intimacy with the Germans, it gradually came to be whispered about that Forbes was a German sympathizer, and the day before the evacuation the Mayor sent for the correspondent and expressed a hope that he would ride away with the soldiers. On the contrary, Forbes told him he had come to witness not only the departure of the troops but the deportment of the people afterward. The Mayor persevered. It was critically important that St. Meuse should not give way to riot and disorder; but a spark fired tinder and the correspondent, with his great yellow beard, broad German shoulders, and intimate relations with the Germans, might draw upon him the indignation of the populace. "The truth is," said the Mayor, "I'm afraid that you will be mobbed and that there will be a row, and then the Germans may come back, and the evacuation postponed, and I'll get wigged by the Prefect and the Minister of the Interior and bullied by the newspapers, and the fat will be generally in the fire."

"I had no particular desire to be mobbed," says Forbes. "Once before I had experienced the tender mercies of a French mob, and knew that they were very cruel." Besides, he had sincere sympathy for the position in which the Mayor found himself, and was anxious not to be the cause of any disturbance to the tranquility. At the same time it was wholly out of the question for him to go away with the Germans, or to stay indoors.

"If Monsieur cannot go," broke in the Mayor, "he will pardon the other alternative. It is"—here the Mayor hesitated—"it is the yellow beard that gives to Monsieur the aspect of a German."

"Cut off my beard!" Shear that mane of years; the cataract of hair which had been my oriflamme for years, the only thing of which I was proud and for which I had ever been envied. What was St. Meuse to me, that for her I should mow my hirsute glories? But, then, if people got savage they might pull my beard out by the roots. "I'll do it, sir," said I to the Mayor. He bowed in silence over my head and only spoke to give me the address of his own barber. In twenty minutes I was back again. Tears of gratitude stood in his eyes. I learned afterwards that a decoration was contingent on his preservation of the peace. He circulated the report that rather than be mistaken for a German I had cut off my beard. The French journalists gave me a champagne banquet. The next day the Mayor took me into his own carriage to meet the French troops. The colonel shook me by the hand; the robust vivandiere embraced me, making me suspect that garlic was her principal diet. I was cheered almost as loudly as the colonel himself; the band broke into "Rule Britannia;" at the banquet of the French officers that evening the Mayor, after a long and glowing eulogy on self-sacrifice, concluded by saying that his respected English friend had, by his self-sacrifice, saved France from a great peril. The Mayor's speech was replied to by a perfect whirlwind of cheering, and there was talk even of conferring upon me the freedom of the city.

According to the Imperial budget the German army on a peace footing, as supplemented by the accession of strength recently voted, now consists of 18,128 officers, 427,274 men and 81,629 horses, the addition including 901 officers, 25,615 men and 1,736 horses. Of these Prussia receives eight new infantry regiments and one battalion, with one field artillery regiment, twenty-four field batteries and one fortress artillery regiment, the rest being distributed in small proportions between Saxony, Wurtemberg and Bavaria. The greater part of this new force will be garrisoned in towns nearer the Russian frontiers, an arrangement which is perhaps due to the existence of better barrack accommodation in the east than in the west.

Over 20,000 pupils in the St. Louis public schools are studying German.