

FARM AND GARDEN.

Seasonable Hints for our Rural Friends.

(Compiled by a Practical Agriculturist.)

Fruits for Canning.

Since the preservation of fruits by the process of canning has become so general, it is desirable to know which varieties are best adapted to the purpose. As a rule, those whose taste is sweet or insipid are not desirable, while those that have a decided flavor are to be preferred. Black cap raspberries, sweet cherries and blueberries are among the poorest small fruits for canning, as their flavor is insipid when they are in their best estate, and is impaired by the operation of heating. Strawberries, though most delicious when fresh, become somewhat insipid when cooked. Red raspberries are excellent when canned, but they should, to preserve their flavor and aroma, be put up as soon as they are gathered. Blackberries are inferior to red raspberries, but if canned shortly after they are picked they will come out in very good condition and be well relished. Red and white currants contain too many seeds to be very desirable. It is better to extract their juice and to convert it into jelly. All who relish black currants when fresh will like them after they have been canned. They form an excellent sauce without further cooking, and are in good condition to use in pies and tarts. Gooseberries, if gathered before their skins become tough, are excellent after they are canned. They are especially desirable for eating during the spring, when the appetite craves acid fruits. Early Richmond cherries, all things considered, are the best of all the small fruits for canning. If managed with skill they will retain the color, form and aroma they had when freshly picked from the tree. Most kinds of plums are good, but owing to their size and the firmness of their flesh they require more cooking. Of the sweet fruits there is none better than pears. Even the inferior varieties are excellent when canned. The quince is admirably adapted for canning purposes, being almost the only kind of fruit that is improved by cooking. Being scarce and expensive, there is economy in putting them in the same jars that contain apples or pears of inferior flavor. The larger varieties of crab-apples form a valuable addition to the stock of canned fruits.

To Tell the Age of Cows.

The age of horned cattle may generally be known by rings on the horns till their tenth year; after that time they give no indication of age further than that the animal has passed its tenth year. The first ring appears on the horn after the animal is 2 years old—soon after, as a general rule, though sometimes before that age. During the third year the ring gradually increases, and at 3 years of age it is completely formed. The second ring appears during the fourth year, and at the fifth year it is completed. After that period an additional ring is formed each year. This rule is sufficiently plain and even a young farmer needs but little practice to enable him to read a cow's age on her horns. A cow with three rings is 6 years old; with four rings she is 7 years old. No new rings are formed after the tenth year; the deeper rings, however, and the worn appearance of the horns are pretty sure indications of old age.

Beef vs. Butter.

Says a correspondent: I beg to submit the following figures as the relative cost and profit between dairying and fattening:

Beef side: First, suppose a farmer of 100 acres to have 5 cows to start with; he then raises 5 calves yearly, which would aggregate 20 cattle, viz: 5 calves, 5 yearlings, 5 2-year-olds and 5 breeders. Now, after the first three years he turns out 5 heaves coming 3 years old, at \$60 each. Total.....\$ 300
Now he has lost three years to get 5 cattle coming 3 years, worth.....\$ 300
Therefore in 10 years he has 7 sales of 5 cattle, at \$60. Total.....\$ 420
Then he has on hand 5 calves worth \$5 each. Total.....\$ 25
Five calves 1 year old \$15 each.....\$ 75
Five calves 2 years old \$30 each.....\$ 150
Total.....\$2,340
Dairy side: Take 15 cows at an average yield of \$25 per cow for 10 years, equals.....\$3,750
Deacon skins of 15 calves yearly at 50 cts.....\$ 75
Total.....\$3,825
Leaving a balance in favor of butter of.....\$ 485
Suppose the beef cattle bring \$75 each, then the balance in favor of butter would be.....\$ 950

What Kills Fruit Trees.

Sometime ago Joseph Hoopes, in an address before the Pennsylvania Fruit Growers' Association, made the following excellent remarks on planting fruit trees: Deep planting is one error—to plant a tree rather shallow than it formerly stood is really the right way, whilst many plant a tree as they would a post. Roots are of two kinds—the young and tender rootlets, composed entirely of cells, the feeders of the tree, always found near the surface getting air and moisture; and roots of over one year old, which serve only as supporters of the tree and as conductors of its food. Hence the injury that ensues when the delicate rootlets are so deeply buried in earth. Placing fresh or green manure in contact with the young roots is, he tells us, another great error. The place to put manure is on the surface, where the elements disintegrate, dissolve and carry it downward. Numerous forms of fungi are generated and reproduced by the application of such manures directly to the roots, and they immediately attack the tree. It is very well to enrich the soil at transplanting, but the manure, if to be in contact with or very near the roots, should be thoroughly decomposed.

Firm Butter Without Ice.

In families where the dairy is small a good plan to have the butter cool and firm without ice is by the process of evaporation, as practiced in India and other warm countries. A cheap plan is to get a very large-sized, porous earthen flower-pot, with a large saucer. Half fill the saucer with water, set it in a trivet or light stand—such as is used for holding hot irons will do; upon this set your butter; over the whole invert the flower-pot, letting the top rim of it rest in and be covered by the water; then close the hole in the bottom of the flower-pot with a cork; then dash water over the flower-pot, and repeat the

process several times a day, or whenever it looks dry.

Miscellaneous Notes.

Dynamite is a capital thing to blow up stumps of trees. By careful handling a little dynamite will send a stump skywards. But we cannot recommend its general use among farmers. It is too dangerous. Dynamite requires to be delicately touched. A cross look will almost cause an explosion. It is worse than a virago's temper. It sometimes goes off on its own account, and it might be inconvenient for farmers to find their own limbs, instead of those of the stumps, taking an independent excursion.

The best deodorizer in stables is ground plaster. It may be sprinkled about the stalls and over the manure heap daily. It will absorb the ammoniacal odors and retain them, thus increasing the value of the dressing.

Thousands of farmers with small or moderate means have been seriously financially embarrassed by an inordinate desire to possess more land. Every acre of land that a farmer owns that pays him nothing, and is not increasing in value, is running him behind, because the taxes must be paid.

Among insectivorous birds the swallow is worthy of great encouragement. An examination of the stomachs of eighteen swallows killed at different seasons of the year showed that they contained an average of 406 undigested insects each, and not a single grain of corn or any kind, or the least particle of fruit or a trace of any vegetable.

Never allow any variation of time in feeding stock. Say half an hour after sunrise, feed and put another load of corn on the wagon for afternoon feed; then feed at 3 o'clock p.m. and put a feed on for morning. In this way there is no trouble in feeding at stated times. Let your stock have daylight to eat in, then they will lie down and rest and take on fat.

Memory Knocked Out by a Blow.

Dr. Robert G. Stanwood mysteriously disappeared while spending a vacation from his duties as the Principal of the Waterbury High School. It was not until a month ago that he was heard from. He was at Brunswick, Ga. Mrs. Stanwood hastened south, and has been with her husband ever since. Mrs. Stanwood found her husband so changed in appearance that she hardly knew him. His memory is gone, and, having apparently forgotten his learning, he is at work in a lumber yard. From all that can be gathered from his disjointed recollections, on the day when he disappeared from Maine he was out sailing and, going further than he intended, attempted to catch a train. While hurrying with all his might a yacht came round from among the island and seemed bent on running him down. He raised his oar to ward them off, when one of the villains struck him on his head, completely paralyzing him and rendering him senseless. Brain fever must have supervened. This is the last that he remembers. The probability is that they robbed him and then landed him in a helpless condition. When he knew his identity and realized anything, or, in other words, came to his right mind, he found himself in Savannah, as destitute as the poorest tramp, living from hand to mouth.—*Waterbury American.*

Proving a Negative.

Proving a negative and performing a miracle are considered by most persons as being in much the same category; but the English Lords Justices of Appeal have lately ruled that one class of persons at all events shall be compelled to go through the ordeal of proving a negative. A bankrupt, ten days after committing an act of bankruptcy, executed a bill of sale. The trustee in bankruptcy asserted, but did not prove, that the holder of the bill of sale had notice of the act of bankruptcy. The question before the Lords Justices was whether the trustee was bound to prove that the holder of the bill had had notice, or whether the latter was to prove that he had not, and they ruled that the appellant (the holder of the bill) was bound to prove that he had not had notice of the prior act of bankruptcy. This novel addition to the tenets of the law may reasonably give rise to the question: within what limits may judges exercise a discretion in applying the principles of law and evidence in such cases as these and by what means may suitors learn the principles upon which such cases are to be decided? Once imposed the necessity of proving a negative, either in civil or criminal cases, and it is impossible to say where it will end.

"Practically," a very experienced physician tells us, "there are for people with constitutional liability to catch cold just two efficient remedies, and, as a rule, unless really ill they will take neither. One is to confine themselves for forty-eight hours to a single room with an equably warm climate, and the other is to stupefy themselves with quinine. Most people reject the former, because confinement is inconvenient or irksome, and will not hear of the latter because quinine 'disagrees with them,' or 'gives them headache,' or 'makes them giddy,' or is 'quite too disagreeable, worse than the cold.' Consequently, they bear the annoyance or swallow rubbish until the cold has run its course, and they are quite ready, if circumstances are favorable, to catch another."

A SENSELESS CENSUS TAKER.—A Montreal despatch says: From the evidence adduced before the Recorder to-day, W. M. Mooney & Co. seem to have had good reasons for refusing information to the census enumerators. It appears one of Mooney's clerks had no difficulty in finding out statistics of a rival establishment from the census man, and concluding that others could in the same manner discover particulars concerning the wages paid, capital and profit account of his own establishment, Mooney would give no such information. A decision will be given in the case on Wednesday.

—A dry subject—An Egyptian mummy.

"ACROSS THE ATLANTIC."

Our Emigrant Vessels Floating Sinks of Iniquity.

MISS O'BRIEN'S REVELATIONS.

The Question to be Investigated by Parliament.

Miss Charlotte G. O'Brien, daughter of Smith O'Brien, of "Young Ireland fame," sends to the *Pall Mall Gazette* a letter entitled "Horrors of an Emigrant Ship," which creates a profound sensation, and will be the subject of a question in the House of Commons by Mr. O'Donnell. Miss O'Brien visited Queenstown in order to examine the mode of life of emigrants on a steamer, which vessel, however, she does not name. The following are the main points: "It is unnecessary to say that wherever the foot of wealth trod in this ship all was gold and silver, shining brass, cleanliness, comfort and decency. We had come on board, however, to see the emigrants, and we were determined to see their quarters first. When we saw the quarters of the single men, descriptions of slave ships flashed across me. Below this place our guide showed us a deep hole, saying, 'I could not take you down there, it is much worse than what you see;' but my business was with the women's quarters, and we went there. Between two decks, better lighted than the women's quarters, was a large space open from one side of the ship to the other. From either side of a long central walk to the outer walks of the ship were slung three enormous hammocks, one suspended about three feet from the floor. What was going on in the two other hammocks above I could not see, but I presume they were the same as those below. I suppose each of these hammocks would carry about 100 persons. They were made of sail cloth, and being suspended all around from hooks were perfectly flat. Narrow strips of sail cloth divided this great bed into berths. These strips of cloth, when the mattresses were out, formed divisions about eight inches high, when the mattresses are in it must be almost in a level. Now on these beds lie hundreds of men and women. Any man who comes with a woman who is, or calls herself his wife, sleeps as a matter of right in the midst of hundreds of young women who live in his presence day and night. If they remove their clothes, they must do so under his eyes. If they lie down to rest, it must be beside him. It is a shame even to speak of these things, but to destroy such an evil it is necessary to look at these abodes of misery. In daylight, and when open for inspection, they are empty, swept and garnished; but think of the scene in the darkness of the night, the ship pitching in mid ocean, where a glimmering lamp or two makes visible to you this mass of moaning humanity. Look at that young mother with two or three helpless babes in the agonies of sea sickness, unable to move but over the prostrate bodies of her fellow sufferers. Look at this innocent girl-child lying among dissolute men and abandoned women half stifled with suffocation and sickness, amid curses and groans of hundreds. If she arises and flees to save her soul whether shall she go? Again she must tread on the writhing bodies of men and women. But the picture is too horrible to be looked at, the sound too dreadful to listen to. This is no brutal or impure dream, it is the truth. It is a living horror, menacing the lives, honor and souls of hundreds and thousands of our fellow country-women, the ship in which I saw these things being supposed to carry in this manner one thousand passengers. She carried last year, on an average, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five emigrants. I was grieved to see the American flag floating over a whited sepulchre like that beautiful boat, haunted by the memories of sin, full of wickedness and all manner of uncleanness.

Scientific and Useful Settings.

At a recent soiree in Paris Observatory M. Trouve showed a live fish with its body lit up from within by his polyscope, a minute form of which, with the conducting wires passing to the hands of the operator, the animal had been caused to swallow (comfortably, let us hope). The whole body became transparent in the dark, so that the vertebrae could be counted, and all details examined.

The Newcastle wing of the 1st Newcastle and Durham Engineer Volunteers underwent a practical test the other day. Amongst other things thirty lines of a newspaper column, equal to 240 words, were flashed across the Tynes by means of lamp signals, and read off in thirty minutes. The lamps were the same as used in the army, and this rate is said to be the average of the regulars.

L'Electricite says that the Telephone Company in Belgium have inaugurated a very ingenious and at the same time practical system. Subscribers can, by leaving word the previous evening, be awakened at any hour in the morning by means of a powerful alarm.

Colonel Paris, the head of the Paris fire brigade, has concluded his report on the destruction of the Printemps Establishment, by proposing that large warehouses be compelled to light by electricity. The burning of the Nice Theatre, which was occasioned by gas explosion, has given a new importance to that movement.

Henry Seifer, of Belle Fontaine, Ohio, and his help cut down a large ash tree a few weeks ago for saw-logs. Embedded in the heart of the tree, thirty feet from the ground, they found, while sawing through, a well-preserved bone. Scientists, after examining it, say it is the thigh bone of a male humane being, which has been in the tree for ages.

In the latest batch of Canadian knight-hoods ordered by Queen Victoria is included the name of Principal Dawson, of McGill University, one of the grandest minds of the Dominion, and one of the foremost scientists of the time. Principal Dawson's writings upon geology have made him famous. He has taken up the lines where Hugh Miller dropped them, but, unlike Miller, he has been able to reconcile advanced scientific research with the principles of revealed religion.—*Buffalo Telegraph.*

AN AFFECTING RECORD.

The Illness and Death of Rev. William Morley Punshon, LL.D.

Rev. Hugh Johnston, formerly of Hamilton, writes a long letter in reference to the last illness of the late Dr. Punshon. It is a most affecting narrative. It appears that Mr. Johnston had been travelling with Dr. and Mrs. Punshon. At Cannes Dr. Punshon spent two or three days with the Rev. William Arthur, and the communion of these kindred spirits was a reciprocal blessing and delight. From Nice he, with his wife and son, started to drive by carriage over the beautiful road to Mentone, when the dreaded "mistral" came upon them with great fury, in clouds of dust and blasts of wind, and they were obliged to turn back. That night, at Mentone, he became alarmingly ill. His diary bears the following:

March 23rd.—How little we know what is before us! Retired to bed restless and out of sorts, yet no worse than I had been a fortnight; but about half-past 2 in the morning was seized with a most severe attack of difficulty of breathing, with crepitation, which lasted in its severity for nearly three hours. I don't think I could have lasted much longer, without relief. Got a little relief about 6, but suppose I have not for a long time been nearer the eternal world. There was (the doctor said) a good deal of bronchial congestion, and there was some blood coloring the expectoration, accompanied, as was the attack at Walsall, with heart disturbance and intermittent pulse. Alarmed the whole party—my poor wife notably.

Mr. Johnston was suddenly called to go and see the doctor at Geneva. He says: "I found him very, very ill. His nights were occasions of great suffering. The physician who was called in said that he had organic disease—enlargement of the heart—and that the trouble was aggravated by dyspepsia. As there were no signs of improvement, his London physician was telegraphed for, and, on the arrival of Dr. Hill, he expressed his great desire to start homeward. He seemed to have a presentiment that he would never recover. We endeavored to persuade him that it was merely the peculiarly depressing character of his disease, but his instincts were true, and he dreaded to die in a foreign land. On Friday, the first of April, we started for Turin. He bore the five hours' journey well for one so ill, but on reaching Turin he complained of pains in the back of his lungs. His physician made an examination, and found that there was congestion there. Saturday and Sunday he rested, and was quite cheerful in the midst of his sufferings. On Sunday night he had another terrible paroxysm. O, that long, weary, suffering night, when the seconds lengthened into minutes, and the hours seemed like days. In the morning we assisted him to dress; but his whole system was prostrated, and I shall never forget his suffering look as he turned to his beloved wife and said, 'O, I am so ill!' Still he could not give up the idea of making another stage homeward. He longed for the comforts of his much loved Tranby, and for nearness to his dearest friends. Home was reached after a tedious journey and thanks were given to God for His preserving care." Mr. Johnston continues: "His mind at rest and surrounded by familiar, loved objects, for the first day or two symptoms of improvement appeared; but the disease which was manifesting itself all along (congested pneumonia) now reached its height. Dr. Radcliffe was called in as consulting physician, and he was getting what he himself styled 'heroic treatment.' All this time his mind was in full activity, and in the intervals of rest from his oppressive breathing and extreme nervous depression he was bright and cheerful. There was the glow of sympathy, the flickering fire of humor, and he showed the kindest interest in all around. He manifested the most delicate consideration for the comfort and feelings of others. Yet, withal, there was a deep undercurrent of spiritual feeling that turned continually heavenward and Christward. The shadow of eternity was upon his spirit, and he longed to rise above all doubts, and questionings, and mistiness, into the unclouded light of God's countenance. I said to him one evening, 'Why do you talk so despondingly about the future, you are not afraid to die?' 'No,' he answered, 'but I have a love of life.' 'But you have had the highest human satisfaction—you have had the deepest sorrows, why should you wish to live?' After a moment's pause, the characteristic reply was, 'It is the rapture of living—I do not like to think that my work is ended.' Noble man! He had consecrated all the energies of his great mind and heart to the service of the Church, and to the glory of that Lord and Master who had joined together so many gifts in one life and lent that life to the world. On Sunday special prayer was offered for him in the Brixton Chapel, where he was wont to worship, and in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, where Mr. Spurgeon prayed for him as his beloved brother, and said, 'Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick. Make haste to help him.' And when I brought him the message of love and sympathy from Mr. Spurgeon, who bade him be of good cheer, and sent him word that his own seasons of sickness were times of deepest despondency, he seemed to be cheered and strengthened. He could not be brought to say that he was better. But while alert as to his physical condition his spirit was ever tender, and he was always ready for prayer and the Word. He would say, 'It is such a comfort.' He disclaimed all goodness in himself. He would say, 'I feel utterly unworthy, but my trust is in Christ.' The blood of Jesus was a constantly recurring theme. A favorite niece said to him, 'Uncle, perhaps after this illness your health will be better than ever.' He answered, 'Yes, I have heard of persons being better than ever after a serious illness.' Then after a pause he added, 'but it may lead to an entrance into the better world, for which I am very unworthy; but I expect, through the merits of Jesus Christ, to enter in.'

Mr. Johnston thus describes his last interview: There was failing heart-power, and the sound of the Bridegroom's approach fell on his quick and watchful ear. As we gathered round him he asked for prayer, and himself joined in supplicating grace and strength according to his need. He then said: 'You have come to see me die.' We all sought to cheer him with assurances that he would soon be better. I said, 'Never fear, dear doctor, you will have an abundant entrance into the kingdom.' His mind turning to death-

bed triumphs, he replied, 'I do not ask that. Let me only have peace. My testimony is my life.' The physician had been sent for, and when he arrived he sought to arouse the heart's activity. He was suffering from cardiac dyspnea—difficulty of breathing from enfeebled heart action—still no immediate danger was anticipated. Our eyes were held. My steamer was to sail from Liverpool next morning at 9. I had delayed leaving London till midnight, that I might be with him to the last. The time of parting came and as I kissed his forehead he said, 'Good-bye; I shall be translated; when next we meet it shall be above,' and he looked upward. I said, 'Oh, no, doctor, I hope you will get well and that we shall see you again in Canada.' He indicated by look and gesture that he dissented. As I left the room he waved his hand and said, 'Bon voyage.'

Prior to his sailing, however, Mr. Johnston received word of the death of his friend, and he hurried back. He narrates his impressions as follows: There was the bed on which he had lain, the chair on which he had sat, the portraits he had loved to look upon, and the books he loved to read; but the brow of that massive intellect was cold, palsied the eloquent tongue, the lips so often touched with living coals from off the altar, sealed; the eyes, those windows of the soul of the orator and faithful ambassador of Christ, closed:

And Death upon those features pale and still had laid the impress of his fingers chill. I learned that after I left, Rev. M. Osborne, his associate in the Mission House, called and offered prayer, in which he most fervently joined. Still there was no apprehension for his life. Shortly after midnight he had become suddenly worse, and the heart that had always rallied before refused to do its work, and he asked, 'Am I going, doctor?' His physician, with a sigh, answered, 'Yes.' And then his heart turned to the human in love and to the Divine in trust. His devoted wife, who had watched over him with unspesakable affection day and night through all his illness, with breaking heart, asked, 'Have you a message for me, my darling?' And he said, 'I have loved you fondly; love Jesus, and meet me in heaven.' Morley was with them, but she thought of his absent and youngest son and said, 'And Percy?' 'Tell him to love Jesus, and meet me in heaven.' 'And yourself, how do you feel?' 'I feel that Jesus is a living reality—Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!' One heavenly smile, one rapt and upturned glance, and the head dropped—there was silence broken only by the sob of a widow—and William Morley Punshon was no more—his spirit had passed upward to the bosom of God. In conclusion, Mr. Johnston says: "His closing hours were linked with holy memories of his joys and sorrows in Canada. I love to recall every word spoken during my stay with him, every pressure of the hand, every token of endearment, every glance from

The sweetest soul

That ever looked through human eyes. I give thanks to God that I have been permitted to call a man of so great, and noble, and royal a nature, my friend. And I know his friends in Canada who revered and loved him, and now mourn his irreparable loss, will take comfort in knowing that their sorrow was represented at his grave. As I look upon the casket in which is enshrined all that remains on earth of this "polished shaft," and weep my farewell, I desire to cling afresh to God and to the compassionate Christ. There is no hope for any of us but in Him.

Use of Lemons.

For all people, in sickness or in health, lemonade is a safe drink. It corrects biliousness. It is a specific against worms and skin complaints. The pippins, crushed, may also be mixed with water and sugar, and used as a drink. Lemon-juice is the best anti-scorbutic remedy known. It not only cures the disease, but prevents it. Sailors make a daily use of it for this purpose. A physician suggests rubbing of the gums daily with lemon-juice to keep them in health. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft and supple by the daily use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers mixed with strong hot black tea or coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a lemon. It is valuable, also to cure warts, and to destroy dandruff on the head, by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. In fact, its uses are manifold, and the more we employ it externally the better we shall find ourselves.

Busy Business Men.

The services of successful directors of corporate companies in Great Britain are much sought after, and their labors are well rewarded. Sir Edward Watkins, who recently visited this country, is chairman or director of nine railway companies, from which he derives about £20,000 a year income. Sir Henry Tyler is chairman or director of fifteen companies, embracing many and varied interests. The Hon. Thomas Bruce is director of fifteen companies, Sir James Anderson (formerly of the "Great Eastern") of ten, Mr. William Valentine of twelve, Mr. George Cavendish Taylor of eight, Mr. Gurney Shephard of eight, Mr. Bate of ten, Mr. Henry Pochine of nine, Sir W. Miller of nine, Mr. Robert Melburn of eight, Mr. J. Maclere of twelve, Mr. J. Greig of nine, Sir Daniel Gooch of fourteen, and General Starn of seven. Sixteen individuals hold 167 directorships.

A Canadian Artist's Success.

A despatch from Tilsonburg, Ont., says we are pleased to learn that Canada is still well represented in the art circles of foreign countries in the person of Miss Id. Joy, of Tilsonburg, Ont. She has just been a successful competitor out of nine artists and artists in having a portrait in oil hung in the Great Salon Exhibition at Paris, France. It will be remembered that Miss Joy was the recipient of a similar honor some two years ago at the Royal Albert Hall, London, England.

At the Victoria Theatre, Berlin, on Friday evening, the performance of "Walkyren," the second part of Wagner's Nibelungen Trilogy, was even more successful than the first part. The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany sent a special message of congratulation to Wagner, who was cheered on leaving by the crowds in the street.