

AGRICULTURAL.**Bee Catering.**

An exchange asks the following bit of information be sent rounds of the papers, giving it an equiboom" with the bogus honey stories.

What is the chief end of bees?—To get out patent hives.

What is the best patent?—The best hive is not patented.

But don't some of these patent hives fool the moth?—No; they fool men who buy them.

What patent hive is the most useful?—The new one in the barn, a hen's nest in.

But is there not more in patent hives than in bees?—Yes, but that time is almost over.

But how are we to keep poor hives?—It has a great many drawbacks, hinges, cracks, crevices, nooks and corners which look like conveniences, but which the bees stick fast.

Who are the great benefactors of this country?—The men who use patent hives.

Are bees profitable?—No, those who buy patent hives.

AYSHIRE CATTLE.

A well known breeder of shire cattle tells how he came to look at that breed as the most valuable for his. He sells milk and butter. He starts with a herd composed of good grades, and Ayshire heifers were introduced and was agreed that the cows giving the best yields of milk should go—let them be shire, grade or scrub. Many an Ayshired to reach the mark set by the grades; slowly the best of the Ayshires triumphed until the stable contained nothing else, was a fair and practical test of superior. Would it pay to make such a test in ordinary dairy? Weighing and recoging the milk from 25 cows would require at least an hour per day. Would it pay? Well, you can't get to the bottom facts arding the value of your cows until you to it, that's sure.

WHY IS THE FARMER EASIDUPED?

The answer is not far to seek; the people continually deal with other men and learn to be always on their guard against treachery. But the farmer deals on one hand with Providence, and on the other, only occasionally with his fellows. In man as he is, he occupies the rare and high position of intermediary between the sator and the Ruler of the earth, and all kind who derive their food and clothing in its soil. He finds God's rain descending like upon the just and the unjust, and his promise of an annual yield as sure as the thundral and the rainbow. There is no mistle on that side, and he has difficulty in leang to mistrust man. It is a bitter expeuce when he finds his confidence made hisane, and that he must be wise as a serp on one hand while harmless as a dove on the other.

WARPA.

COVERING VINES.

Prof. Henry of the Wisconsin. E. S. says that all the strings of the grape vines are cut about the middle of October and the vines are bent over, after pruning and held down by the foot until a couple of weeks of earth are thrown on the top, he whole vine is covered up with earth at deep enough to be out of sight, even if it should wash off a little earth. Two mperfom the work very rapidly. The u of the earth is to keep the vine frozen winter instead of freezing and thawing at night if left uncovered. Don't listen, says, to any one who says there is no need of covering. Covered vines start off vigly in spring, while uncovered vines armore or less weakened, even if they are all.

WOODEN COMB.

Recently we had the pleasure examining wooden honey-comb made by a in use in the hives of the inventor and stenter, Mr. Aspinwall. If the wintering qts bees in this comb is as successful as thumner experience, it will prove quite an iovation in bee-keeping. After making, the wooden combs are treated in hot wax, and are readily accepted by the bees, while the treatment prevents any effects of moisture on them.

The maker claims for them great strength, freedom from inroads of moths, easiness and much greater control of the bees, both in regard to numbers and increase of size.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

Complete cleanliness of poultry hives and yards is one of the essentials to success to poultry keeping.

"To deepen and enrich the soil, better than to enlarge the farm, for while the crop is increased, the cost of producing it is decreased."

Farm Journal: "It is poor policy to keep heavy, slow motioned fowl in the same flock with the light and nervous Spanish breeds. They each require different feeding and treatment."

When large quantities of roots are to be stored, and there is no root cellar, it is far better to construct pits than to fill to cellar of the dwelling house with them, to vitiate the air of the entire house.

Sheep are now being successfully housed by machinery in Australia. The wool-mower can be run by either steam or horse power. There is now very little poetry left in farm operations—if there ever was any poetry in the hard work that peraturely wore out the old-time husbandman.

Mr. Hoard knows of large dairyma who, instead of letting each milker, as some do, milk till he gets two pails full, an then carry them to the dairy house, partly shilled before setting, have a carrier who goes past each milker, with his carrying pails, and the milker empties his pail as fast as it is full, into the high and large carrying cans; and the milk then gets set in the quickest time, with all the natural heat as nearly retained as it is possible to do it.

"Many farmers lose because they do not feed enough. What would you think of a man who owned a saw-mill and kept just enough to make steam to run the machinery? He might tell you 'Bring your horse you see the mill is running.' You say: 'Yes, but there is no force to work; the mill cannot cut lumber because steam is applied.' Well, that

is the way many farmers feed their cattle—just enough to run the machinery, and the whole is wasted. By this method there can be but one return—loss. More steam—more food—is the only way to profit."

Small fruit-growing is becoming every year more popular among progressive, wide-awake farmers. Every farmer should have plenty for home use, and all that is needed is that the determination to do so should be kept up for twelve months in the year. The time required is very little, but too many only get the small fruit fever in berry time, and have a chill in hoeing time. This intermittent kind of attention never made a success of any kind of business.

The farmer, because of the credit system, indulges in many luxuries that would be denied if they were to be paid for at the time. It is an easy matter to give an order with the suggestion "to charge this," and if paid at the time would be easy; but it is the accumulation of these little charges that soon confront the debtor in the shape of an enormous bill that causes the trouble and inconvenience. It would be far better for all farmers if the rule of paying as one goes could be adopted, or else not to go.

"I have never seen better pastures than I saw in England last summer, but the cows on those pastures had daily rations of grain, roots, cotton-seed meal, or something to supplement these fine pastures, always something more than was supplied by the grasses. That addition gave profit in the products; and another point of great importance is that liberal feeding makes the land rich. There is something to put back. I noticed, with a sense of shame, that those English farmers had great quantities of cotton-seed meal that we are so short-sighted as to send abroad when there is real need of every pound of it for home consumption."

A New England paper claims to have full returns of the potato crop of the world, and says the yield of New England is a fair average; in New York, below the average; in the West, not a full crop; in the provinces Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Islands, large, and in Europe, very short. This may be tolerably correct, but all the same we have an unusually large crop of potatoes in the West, and prices are firm. In Nebraska the crop is reported as being particularly fine, and a dispatch from O'Neil says that potatoes are being shipped from that place by the car load. The facetious reporter adds: "They are the finest in the land, raised on Holt county soil and weigh on an average about a pound apiece."

The Insanity Plea.

Efforts, we see, are being made in Montreal to save Kehoe, the murderer from being hung, on the plea that he is insane. This was to have been expected. It is coming to be mere use and wont now to try and exculpate every ruffian whom liquor or his own unbridled passion, has led to destroy a fellow creature's life, on the ground that he is non compos mentis, and by implication therefore not responsible for his actions. The insanity plea is part of the regular stock in trade of every criminal court lawyer, and the very frequency of its employment discounts one's sense of its moral value, however efficacious it may prove as a technical quibble. Of course it is not desirable to hang a madman, at least it shocks our sensibilities to destroy the life of a human being, because of an act for which presumably he is wholly irresponsible. We would of course destroy a mad dog under such circumstances, but a mad man we think ought at the worst to be imprisoned for the rest of his earthly existence, or at any rate until there are good grounds for believing him cured of his malady. Without going more deeply into the subject, it may be said in passing that, even on grounds of mercy to the unfortunate wretch himself, apart from the question of protecting the community, something might be urged in favour of putting even an undoubted madman out of existence as speedily as possible. And in cases where the insanity is only possible or probable, it is easy to push the theory of irresponsibility much too far. How would it work in the case of the Whitechapel "fiend" for example? Suppose that being arrested, tried for murder and sentenced to execution. In no case probably has the insanity plea ever been set up with greater plausibility than it could be set up in his case. The creature is undoubtedly mad with a madness born of hell. Would anyone say on that account that he is so irresponsible that his life should be spared, and refuge in an asylum granted him for the remainder of his days? Would there be many deprecating voices raised even were such a being executed within twenty-four hours of his condemnation? This is only an extreme hypothetical case of course of what this insanity plea may issue in. In Kehoe's case no doubt all reasonable enquiry should be made. It would seem indeed that he should hang while a brutal wretch like Buckley gets off with the penitentiary; but such are among the anomalies of justice that puzzle us all.

Immoderate Dancing.

That old, old, question—is dancing morally right, wrong or indifferent? has again cropped up in New York, owing to the energy of a newspaper correspondent. He collected a great many opinions on the subject, but it is doubtful if a single person will alter his or her mode of looking at the subject by one iota for all the trouble that was taken. The opinion of one physician is worth quoting in part. He said:

More young women are made chronic invalids through immoderate dancing than through any other cause except roller skating, and almost every physician has cases due to the abuse of what under favourable circumstances is a pleasant exercise. A normally healthy woman can dance with impunity just as she can ride a horse or play tennis, but comparatively few American women are normally healthy. Moreover, a woman in a ball dress is almost invariably laced too tightly, and I never knew a woman who danced who did not dance too much. The overexertion, combined with the tight lacing, is apt to produce functional trouble of the heart, increasing, as it does, the action of the heart with diminished scope. Women who dance ought not to lace at all, and married women should dance seldom, if ever."

"Do you mean to tell me, Miss Gushaway, that you popped all this corn yourself?" "I did, Mr. Spoonamore. The work was done in a good cause. Besides, I really enjoyed it." (Gendly) The sound of popping is—is not disagreeable to you, Miss Gushaway?" (With cold, business-like manner) "Not when it comes from popcorn. How many bags will you have, Mr. Spoonamore?"

MISCELLANEOUS.

The best thing to polish eyeglasses and spectacles is with a bit of newspaper. Moisten the glasses and rub dry.

Salt and vinegar, applied hot, are good for cleaning brass, which should afterwards be polished with fine ashes.

The last census of India indicates a population of 268,982,000. There are 6,000,000 more males than females.

Smith (deaf)—"What's the matter, Jones?" Jones—"I've got the headache." Smith (who mistakes it for toothache)—"Why don't you have it filled?"

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

Teacher (rhetoric class): "Miss Purplebloom, you may express the thought, 'Necessity is the mother of invention,' in different words." Miss Purplebloom: "'Invention is the daughter of necessity.'"

The Times-Parnell case continues to drag its weary length along, accomplishing no good end, and taking up newspaper space that might better be filled in some other way. It is safe to say that the only people not heartily sick of the whole thing are the lawyers who pocket the enormous fees.

Miss Florence Nightingale is now a confirmed invalid, and is a patient at St. Thomas's Hospital, London. Her services during the Crimean war injured her spine, and she has never recovered from the effects thereof. This illustrious philanthropist is nearly sixty-nine years old.

Gen. Louis E. F. Salomon, the fugitive President of Hayti, is six feet four inches tall, weighs 300 pounds, and is perfectly proportioned. He is of pure African blood and his skin is almost jet black, while his hair is white with age. He is finely educated, and is noted for his charm of manner and brilliancy of conversation.

Among the almost numberless methods of removing particles from the eye, the following is recommended as an efficient means:—"Make a loop by doubling a horsehair; raise the lid of the eye in which is the foreign particle, slip the loop over it, and placing the lid in contact with the eyeball, withdraw the loop and the particle will be drawn out with it."

The Queen of Portugal, besides being an artist and a philanthropist, is one of the best-dressed women in Europe, and possesses some of the most beautiful jewels. Her parures of rubies and diamonds are famous. She is, above all things, however, a devoted wife, and during the king's late serious illness she was his indefatigable nurse, helping the doctors by her intelligent and zealous care of the patient.

A pretty way to make an afternoon dress is to form the overskirt of three widths of cashmere, this as long as the underskirt. Shirr or pleat this to a belt, but open it the entire length of the front, and wear a petticoat beneath of watered silk. Let most of the fullness of the overdress be massed at the back. Make a Russian jacket of the cashmere, or for more dressy use, velvet, this open over a vest or blouse of the moire.

Judges and counsel connected with the Parnell Commission are the victims of threatening letters. Both sides are being treated to threats of this sort from cowards who are afraid to sign their names. It may safely be concluded that the perpetrators of the outrages are no friends to any cause they may pretend to advocate. The most hopeless cowardice is that which is not ashamed to display itself in a threatening letter and which shields itself behind the impossibility of discovery of anonymous attacks.

Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, the poet, essayist and novelist, is not, as is generally supposed, a southerner; she was born in Philadelphia about sixty years ago, and age sits so lightly upon her noble face that she does not show her years by a decade or more. She is the daughter of the founder of Lafayette College. The last work published by Mrs. Preston was "Colonial Ballads," the most charming of all her volumes. It is a remarkable collection of ballads, sonnets and verses, treating of early colonial traditions and incidents.

The total number of suicides committed in France during the year 1887 was 7572, of which 2168 are attributed to mental affliction of different kinds, 1228 to physical suffering, 975 to domestic troubles, 800 to drunkenness, 483 to poverty, 305 to pecuniary difficulties, 202 to the desire to avoid imprisonment, 100 to the loss of employment, 89 to the fear of exposure, 56 to the loss of relatives, and 25 to the dread of military service. Among the other causes specified in the returns, 227 suicides are put down to jealousy and crossing in love.

Elijah Halford, President elect Harrison's Private Secretary, is almost as artistic a whistler as Mrs. Shaw. He has no other musical accomplishments, but he can whistle the most difficult music in a manner which astonishes his hearers. He is very apt to employ this gift when engaged upon an important piece of work. At such times an observer would think that Mr. Halford had nothing on his mind, but the fact is that when he whistles his prettiest he is absorbed in the most weighty mental problems. "Whistling Lije" is his nickname in Indianapolis.

The modes of salutation in Thibet and Bhootan are curious, if not ludicrous. The Thibetan mode of salutation to a superior is in taking off the cap from the head and protruding the tongue, and then backing a few steps; it is called "chabul." The Bhootaneses sling several yards of narrow silk (two feet wide) to their superior, retaining one end in hand; the other end is then held by the person honored, and after a short interval the whole is withdrawn. Thibetan priests remove the red "chadder" from their shoulders and present it to the person saluted.

Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than that which is false—the one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do anything that is repugnant to right; reason; false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposite to the harmony of those with whom the party converses. True modesty avoids everything that is criminal; false modesty everything that is unfashionable; the latter is only a general, undetermined instinct: the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence.

Mr. William Black is pictured tightly built, lithe of limb, strong in the arm, capable of great physical endurance, nevertheless below the medium height. Short, black hair, a thick brown moustache,

dark hazel eye, a firm mouth, a square forehead. Black gives you the idea of compact strength—a small parcel, so to speak, well packed. You might sooner take him for an artillery officer who had seen service, a yachtman, or a man who spent most of his life in outdoor sports and pastimes, than set him down as an author, and particularly as a novelist.

The Hartford "Times" says: A South Norwalk man owns a hen that is doing her level best to give her half-dozen chickens a decent start in life. Late one afternoon a little orphan muskrat, which had probably strayed from its own kin in the neighboring fields, appeared in the coop and tried to get under the old hen. Biddy objected for some time, but the muskrat was so persistent that her objections finally ceased, and the forlorn little orphan slept under her wing that night with the chicks. And what is stranger still, the little animal was so well pleased with its warm quarters that it sleeps there every night, and the old hen and her chicks seem to like it immensely.

It is surprising certainly to find a journal of America's aspirations and attainments cavilling because some Scotchmen in Chicago think of decorating Lincoln Park with a statue of Robert Burns. America is of opinion that to do so would perpetuate "alien sentiments" and retard "the Americanizing of foreign-born citizens." Surely this is know-nothingism in the seed, for if ever there was a poet whose genius was the reverse of alien to republican sentiments and to honour whom would do anything but retard "the Americanizing of foreign-born citizens," that poet was Robert Burns. America should try to reach the higher plane of realizing that a genius like Burns belongs to the world, even to Chicago, and not merely to Scotland.

Here is a good recipe for pickling peaches:—To seven pounds of peaches take one quart of vinegar, to which, if it be very strong, add one pint of water, four pounds of brown sugar, and a few sticks of cinnamon. Rub the fuzz off the peaches with a flannel. Boil the peaches, with two cloves stuck into each, in the vinegar, &c., until they are soft, but don't let them break. Then put them in jars and pour the boiling vinegar over them. Boil the vinegar again the next day, again pouring over the peaches. The third day boil the vinegar syrup until it is quite thick, pour over the peaches, and seal the jars. If the peaches are green or hard, boil in water before boiling in vinegar.

There is hope for the individual who feels that his strong point is not driving horses, the man who holds the reins wide apart with his feet braced firmly against the front of the carriage, and yet has no confidence that the dignified and deceptive animal before him may not land the whole affair in the ditch. Mr. Edison, the inventor, was driving home the other evening from his laboratory, when the horse he drove ran away, the vehicle was upset and the distinguished scientist thrown to the ground. Necessity is the parent of invention, and now that the manipulator of mysterious forces has had brought home to him the need of a new and effectual method of controlling a horse, some results of experiments with that deliberately deceptive animal may be looked for.

Great interest is felt in the forthcoming election at University College, London, on account of the candidature of a lady for the Professorship of Classical Archaeology. Miss Jane Harrison, who was graduated at Newman College, Cambridge, is already well known as an enthusiastic student of Greek archaeology and has paid several visits to Greece, where she is very highly thought of. Miss Harrison has delivered brilliant courses of lectures at South Kensington and at Oxford, and, besides a number of papers in the Hellenic Society's Journal, has written "The Myths of the Odyssey" and "Introductory Studies in Greek Art." This is the first time that a lady has attempted to enter the London University in a professional capacity, and naturally enough the election is eagerly looked forward to by the champions of "woman's rights" and the "higher education of women," especially as Miss Harrison has men like Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole, of the British Museum, and Mr. Farnell, of Exeter College, Oxford, to contend with.

The Coming Eclipse.

The eclipse of the sun which will occur on January 1, 1889, is looked forward to with a great deal of interest, as it will present another opportunity for astronomers to establish by observational proof the probable existence of an inter-mercurial planet. The line of totality will pass through the northern portion of California, the point of greatest duration being a short distance to the north of San Francisco. Already active preparations are being made to view the phenomena. Prof. Pickering of Harvard College, will have charge of one party. The astronomers from the Lick Observatory will also be on hand, and it is understood that Dr. Lewis Swift, of Warner Observatory, will be located within the limits of the line of totality and be prepared to search for inter-mercurial planets.

Story of Lincoln.

Stories of Abe Lincoln always pass as coin everywhere, and it is not too late for one told by his son to a friend in Washington. "My father," said Robert Lincoln, "liked to stroll about Washington without any escort or show of distinction, and he sometimes strayed into curious company. One day, as a lad, I accompanied him down a back street, where we encountered a regiment of soldiers marching past. My father was curious to learn what particular body of troops this was, and as soon as he came within hailing distance he inquired without addressing anybody in particular, 'Well, what's this?' Quick as the word came a reply from somewhere in the detachment, 'Why, it's a regiment of soldiers, you old fool you!'"

Gladstone and Divorce.

Mr. Gladstone does not agree with Mrs. Caird—who, by the way, has concluded in the "Westminster" her dissertations on the marriage question—that husbands and wives ought to be able to divorce themselves. He "holds by the law of the whole Western Church, which teaches marriage to be indissoluble." It is refreshing to find that one question, at all events, Mr. Gladstone remains immovable as a rock to the divorce law. "I don't see any ground for more than a leader of

Dogs and Elk.

The world is full of tragedies, not only in cities and villages, but in field and wood. Indeed, they are most numerous in the most out of the way places; of all wild animals, it is the dog that only here and there one dies a "natural death," so called.

A stockman from the Wind River Range, Wyoming, reports a fierce and exciting battle between a brave old elk and the wild dogs that infest the region.

The river escapes from the mountains and hills into what is known as the basin district, over high and beautiful hills named the Maiden Hair. While riding near these falls, the stockman's attention was attracted by a deep baying. Recognising the sound as coming from savage dogs, and realizing the necessity of getting out of the way, he rode rapidly to the top of a neighboring hill, which commanded an excellent view of the falls, and also of the surrounding country.

He had scarcely reached the top of the hill when he saw, dashing along a high ridge running parallel to the river, a magnificent buck elk, hotly chased by a dozen or more mountain dogs. The race had evidently been going on for some time, for the elk appeared to be nearly exhausted, and the dogs were not in the best of condition.

On swept the pursued and the pursuers, every bound bringing the dogs nearer the haunches of the tired elk. Suddenly the elk changed his course, and plunged down the side of the ridge, making straight for the falls. Overhanging the edge of the river, and towering directly above the pool at the foot of the falls, was a huge rock. On this rock the bull made his way, and planting himself within a few feet of the edge, with lowered antlers, awaited the attack.

He did not have to wait long. The dogs came with a rush, and hurled themselves at their prey. First one and then another dog was caught upon the elk's antlers, and sent howling into the depths below. Just when the fight was hottest the rock suddenly gave way, and, with a crash, the combatants dropped into the water at the foot of the falls, and their bruised and bleeding remains were swept on down the stream.

INFIDELITY AND ORTHODOXY.

THE REV. DR. BARROWS COMPARES THE WORK OF UNBELIEF AND CHRISTIANITY.

The Rev. Dr. J. H. Barrows of the First Presbyterian church, Chicago, delivered a triangular discourse yesterday morning. He began with infidelity, touched on liberalism, and ended with orthodoxy.

Infidelity, the minister said, was not a new light that had risen before the eyes of the world to guide it to truth, but an old flame that had been shining in its way for a great number of years. It rose to about the same height and shed as much luster centuries ago as it does to-day. The old arguments were the same, and the chief effort has been to reduce Christ to the level of other men and the scriptures even below the level of other books, and coupled with their endeavor have been various efforts to blot out the conviction of God's existence and government.

The best way to get at the merits of infidelity, the minister thought, was to ask of its adherents a few questions. He wanted to know what savage notions it had blessed and lifted into purity and freedom. What far-reaching schemes of philanthropy it had carried out. What hospitals it had built in London, Paris, New York, or Chicago, or any other large center. He wanted also a list of the colleges which infidelity had endowed. The minister could recall Girard university in Philadelphia and a memorial hall in Boston, but it ought to have hundreds of others to offset Christianity.

Dr. Barrows recalled several illustrious names among the preachers of infidelity, but he knew of none who could hold a congregation for forty years as Dr. Storrs of Brooklyn had done, or of an infidel lecturer who could come to Chicago and gather 6,000 people for three months as Mr. Moody had done. As to the future of unbelief the minister thought it would be busy at its work of attack and destruction, misleading many people here and there, but would accomplish nothing for the regeneration of men.

Toronto the Good.

The Aberdeen Evening Express says: Toronto, in Canada, would appear to be the beau-ideal of an abode for the Sabbatarian. Amusement enters not on Sundays into that city, with its 140,000 inhabitants, with distances as great from centre to circumference as we find in much larger towns. Still the Toronto Sunday is the baker's Sunday, the butcher's Sunday, and the right to rest is taken not even from the conductors or drivers of street cars, post-office employes, or printers on the staff of the daily papers. Grocers, tobacconists, confectioners, telegraphic operators, druggists, and milk-sellers rest most of the day. Sunday papers, Sunday cars, Sunday trains, Sunday boats are at a discount in Toronto, as well as Socialism. It has been undoubtedly found, although we have no wish to encourage Puritanical dreariness, that Sunday observance is more attended to where religious grounds come in. A thoughtful American divine writes:—"The working men of the United States and of Europe are demanding a stricter Sabbath observance. Socialism is leading a renaissance of Puritanism. Christians tunnelling from one side of the mountain for the glory of God, and working men tunnelling from the other side for their own good, meet at the Fourth Commandment." It is satisfactory to note, however, that in Toronto the people are tolerant. Those who profess Hebrew, Mahometan, or other doctrines are not overlooked. Such private work is proposed to be allowed in their case as will neither interfere with the general rest nor with the public worship. And, generally speaking, we suppose the cause of the public will not suffer by the recent reduction of the Sunday train service in Connecticut, America, ten thousand railway men having thereby been set free from Sunday toil. The attitude of many of our clergy with regard to the newspaper press, Sunday labour, and Sunday observance is not very consistent, but the prohibition of all works on Sunday except those of religion and real necessity and mercy should receive some attention from the cloth. They must not be allowed to eat their bread for nothing."

Judge Hilton, according to a statement made in a court concerning the Stewart probate in 1885 \$14,347,526.06 to his wife Mrs. Stewart had to borrow from him to her husband's estate more than a leader of