WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE?

Statistics That Tell the Extent and Value of the Ontario Crops.

The Ontario Department of Agriculture has issued a bulletin dealing with crops, live stock, etc. It is ascertained therefrom that the area of fall wheat is 102,000 acres less than last year and barley 174 000 less. Spring wheat is greater by 203,000 acres, peas by 73,000 and hay and clover by 76,000. The estimated yield of wheat exceeds that of last year by 5,700,000 bushels, that of peas by 2,500,000 bushels, beans by 470,000 bushels, and of hay and clover by 577,000 tons. Compared with the annual averages of eight years past, there is a decrease of 2,400,000 bushels in wheat, 4 000,000 in barley and 500,000 in oats, but an increase of 3,000,000 bushels in peas, 4 000,000 in beans, and 1,264,000 tons in hay and clover. The wheat area is less than the average of the past eight years by 176,000 acres, and the barley area by 71,000 while the oats area is greater by 269,000 acres, peas by 137,000, hay and clover by 225,000, corn by 41,000, buckwheat by 29 000, and roots by 122,000. The fall wheat through most of Western Ontario is of good quality and unusually fine crop. Spring wheat will probably be better than fair, but unsafe to predict certainly. Barley is light and not a great deal will rate first class. The oat yield is expected to be light to the acre. The rye crop has given a fairly good yield and is generally well secured. There is a fair and uneven crop in peas. The hay crop is magnificent, save in a very few of the eastern counties. Corn is good in Kent and Essex and some neighboring localities, but not so good in the southern central counties and the western peninsula. There is abundance of fodder corn, particularly in the east. The promise of the fruit crop is not fulfilled. Apples will be less than a third of a crop and pears poor. Plums will be a failure, save here and there. Grapes promise a glorious yield in the Lake Erie region.

Mental Kitchen Scales.

Ten common-sized eggs weigh one pound.

Soft butter the size of an egg weighs one ounce.

One pint of coffee A sugar weighs twelve ounces.

One quart of sifted flour (well heaped) one pound.

One pint of best brown sugar weighs thirteen ounces.

Two teacups (well heaped) of coffee A sugar weigh one pound.

Two teacups (level) of granulated sugar weigh one pound.

Two teacups of soft butter (well packed) weigh one pound.

One and one-third pints of powdered sugar weigh one pound.

Two tablespoons of powdered sugar or flour weigh one ounce.

One tablespoonful (well rounded) of soft butter weighs one ounce.

One pint (heaped) of granulated sugar weighs fourteen ounces.

One tablespoonful (well heaped) granulated, coffee A or best brown sugar, equals one ounce.

Four teaspoons are equal to one tablespoon. Two and one half teacups (level) of the best brown sugar weigh one pound.

Miss Parloa says one generous pint of liquid, or one pint of finely-chopped meat, packed solidly, weighs one pound, which it would be very convenient to remember.

Teaspoons vary in size, and the new ones hold about twice as much as an old-fashioned spoon of thirty years ago. A medium-sized teaspoon contains about a drachm.

Pointers on Advertising.

"By their newspapers shall ye know them," was the very apt reply of a successful merchant relative to the standing and enterprise of the business men of the community.

There is no safeguard like a local newspaper. Nothing can do more to help keep up a town and help business; and merchants, above all, should give them the preference. Yet, frequently the only return the papers get for their enterprise is depreciation from those whom they have benefited both directly and indirectly. As long as this is the case newspapers will be prone to welcome new comers in the field, even if their visits are brief.—*Printer's Ink.*

This is the day of printers' ink, and the prizes are for those who use it. Your traditions and your prejudices may be to the contrary, but the world doesn't care a fig for them. The man who sits and waits for his trade in these days generally gets left. Don't advertise—but if you do see that your own local papers get none of it—don't stand up manfully alongside of those who are continually fighting for yours and the town's best interests, and there can be but one result—shrivelling up. Good salesmen, first-class articles, gilt-edge credit are not enough. They are excellent, necessary, but not enough. Printers' ink beats them in the long run. In the fierce competitions of these days old habits and associations simply cannot stand the pressure. The trade is for the man who makes liberal use of printers' ink.—*Grocery World.*

Profitable Investments.

It is not to be wondered at that people are anxious to go into manufacturing companies and that the stock of various inventions is easily floated. Details come out occasionally about some of the widely advertised patent medicines and special methods of making such staples as baking powder, soap and the kitchen necessaries which cause conservative investors in real estate and similar things to stare in amazement. A short time ago it was revealed in the course of a lawsuit that stock in a big baking powder company in this city had reached the enormous value of $4,200 a share, the original value of such shares being $100. Yesterday a patent-medicine man sued his wife, and incidentally it was stated that forty-nine shares of the patent medicine had paid the enormous dividend of $49,000 in one year. The real estate boomers of the Western cities, when they glance at such investments as these, are taciturn and crushed for hours at a time.—*New York World.*

It has been observed that the skin of Arctic travellers has a yellowish green tinge after the long winter of six months, and the effect has been generally attributed to faulty eyesight. Dr. Gyllenorenz has studied the matter, and declares that it is due to changes in the pigment of the blood.

TERRIBLE FIGHT WITH A BEAR.

A Story Which One Can Believe or Not Just as They Like.

The correspondent of the Arnprior *Chronicle* at Missanabie Station, Algoma, sends the following: A man by the name of John Gibeault, employed working on bridges for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, started out after dinner to regale himself with a dessert of blueberries, which were growing in abundance a short distance from the camp. After eating his fill he started back to where the gang were at work, and while wandering slowly along his gaze fell upon a very large bear which was ambling along a few paces in front of him. Bruin was seemingly taking no notice of John, but he being a very brave fellow picked up a small stone and threw it at the animal to attract his attention. It had the desired effect, for his bearship stopped and looked up at the intruder. John was unarmed, having nothing to defend himself except a butcher knife that he carried to eat his dinner with. He and Bruin stood confronting each other for several moments, the bear seemingly being determined to get to the opposite side of the track, and John being equally determined to prevent him if possible. Bruin finally thought he had lost too much time and started to climb up the railway bank to where John was standing—between the rails. When within a few feet, the bear rose on its hind legs ready for fight. John grasped his knife tightly and with clenched teeth waited for Bruin to begin the battle. The animal advanced until Gibeault could feel his hot breath in his face, which made him feel very nervous. The bear then made a sudden charge, when John stepped quickly to one side and drove his knife into the bowels of the bear, which caused him to howl with rage. He turned and seized John in his powerful jaws and began hugging him until his ribs cracked. John tried to free himself, and in the struggle he got the bear down, and then began a rough and tumble fight, during which bear and man rolled down the bank. At the bottom of the ditch the fight was renewed, and John getting the advantage drove his knife into the animal's body several times. The hot blood gushed from the bear's wounds in streams, and soon Gibeault was covered with gore. The bear fought with desperation, and for a time it was a difficult matter to say which would succumb, but as the bear was getting weak from loss of blood his struggles grew feebler, and taking advantage of an opportune moment Gibeault drove his knife to the hilt in the beast's heart, giving him his quietus. John then got up and made his way up the bank, feeling proud of his work. He had a few acres to go to where the rest of the men were working, and on arriving there he began to tell them of his encounter. His comrades only laughed at him, but John told them to go and see for themselves. Three of them started to the scene of the battle, and to their surprise found that John was not lying, for there lay the bear stretched on the grass dead. A hand-car was procured and the carcass brought to Missanabie Station, where it was viewed by a large number of people. It was the largest bear ever killed in this section.

Good at Guessing.

Everybody knows the Dominion Immigration Agent is good at guessing, he has to do so much of it in connection with his department. The *Mail* gives the following: A good story is being told here by Immigration Agent John Smith, which is worth repeating. Whilst coming up in the train some days ago with Messrs. Stiff and Hobson, the Superintendent and Engineer of the Grand Trunk Railway, and when between Port Credit and Oakville, a discussion arose as to the rate of speed at which the train was running. Each gentleman thought he could guess the rate of speed more accurately than his neighbor. Mr. Stiff guessed twenty-five miles, Mr. Hobson said thirty, and Mr. Smith jumped up to forty-two. After registering their guesses watches were produced, and the rate of a mile was timed between telegraph poles. It was found that the speed was between forty and forty-four miles an hour. "That," said Mr Smith, "makes it just forty-two. "Yes," said the railroad experts, "but how did you guess it so close?" "Because," replied the immigration agent, "I have the time card in my pocket and know just what the train has to do here."

National Greetings.

"How is your stomach? Have you eaten your rice?" That's Chinese.

"Be under the guard of God." That's the Ottoman's.

"How do you do?" That's English and American.

"How do you carry yourself?" That's French.

"May thy shadow never grow less?" That's Persian.

"Thank God, how are you?" That's Arabian.

"How do you find yourself?" That's German.

"How do you have yourself?" That's Polish.

"How do you perspire?" That's Egyptian.

"How do you live on?" That's Russian.

"Go with God, senor!" That's Spanish.

"How do you stand?" That's Italian.

"How do you fare?" That's Dutch.

"How can you?" That's Swedish.

Met his Match.

A fellow thinking to appear smart entered a notion store on Sixth avenue the other day and said to one of the saleladies: "Have you any call for husbands here?"

"O yes, occasionally. Are you looking for a market?"

"Yes," said Smarty.

"All right. Step right up on the 10 cent counter."

His Lesson in Adipose.

"Mamma," said Master Henry, "how fat Amelia has grown!"

"Yes,' replied his mamma, "but don't say 'fat,' dear, say 'stout.'"

At the dinner table next day Harry was asked if he would take any fat meat. "No, thank you," said Harry, "I'll take some stout."

—Love may be blind, but he skips the girl with the squint.

OLDEST MAN IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Sketch of Hugh MacLeod, the Widely Known Scottish Crofter.

Hugh MacLeod, crofter, Morefield, parish of Loch Broom, county of Ross, Scotland, was born in the adjoining parish of Assynt, township of Elphin, Sutherlandshire, Nov. 24th, 1783, so that he is now in his 107th year. He is still "as straight as a lamp-post," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He says he gets up in the summer between 5 and 6 a. m. and goes to bed at 9 p. m. In winter he rises at 8 a. m. and retires at 10 p. m. "I had," he says, "to drop the croft, as I could not cultivate it at last, but I still cut my own fire (peats), and I carried home on my back a creelful of peats (84 pounds) yesterday." Continuing, he states: "I take porridge and milk for breakfast, as I always did throughout my life; potatoes and herrings, and fish and mutton (salt) when I can get it." While in this humor he observed that he had grown fond of tea, which was absolutely unknown in his young days, and that he was very heavy on chewing "thin twist." That extraordinary vitality and strength are still left to him is proved from the fact that he carries home his turf in loads of three-quarters of a hundredweight, a distance of nearly a mile, one fourth of which is up a very steep ascent and over a stony, rugged footpath. Like his father, who was a weaver, he was himself a craftsman also—a carpenter and joiner, and in this capacity he went much about the western isles, where he heard a great deal about British empire-making from the mouths of men fresh "from the fields of battle gory," from amidst the toils of war, and bearing on their bodies, this evident marks of that proud fact. So the first seventeen years of his life, being also the last of the last century, as well as the most eventful period of European history, he is a veritable walking encyclopædia of historic lore. "You have also met many men who had been pressed into the navy?" "Yes," he said, "I have. Men who were afloat with Rodney, Duncan and Nelson—lads of my own acquaintance. They, or some of them, were present at St. Vincent, Camperdown and the Nile. But the most of people whom I met then were those who were taken away to fill the ranks of the 78th, 72nd and 71st Highlanders, all from the county of Ross, to contend with equal success against Turk, Tartar, Hindoo, American, Indian, or Frenchman—many thousands of them, where not as many tens could be got now." He has ever been a man who pursued a transparently blameless and honest course of life; and as a theologian, which every Scotsman must necessarily be, more or less, just as an Irishman must be a politician, he has and had few equals. That he is, and ever was, a fine specimen of his class, clan, and race—broad-shouldered, and six feet in his stockings—goes without saying. There are three other centenarians in the same parish, but Hugh is the patriarch of them all, which fact proves beyond doubt that Loch Broom is the finest sanatarium in the British Isles. It is thirty miles from a railway station.

A Woman Suffragist Crushed.

"Is there a man in all this audience," demanded the female lecturer on woman's rights, fiercely, "that has ever done anything to lighten the burden resting on his wife's shoulders? What do you know of woman's work? Is there a man here," she continued, folding her arms and looking over her audience with superb scorn, "that has ever got up in the morning, leaving his tired, worn out wife to enjoy her slumbers, gone quietly down stairs, made the fire, cooked his own breakfast, sewed the missing buttons on the children's clothes, darned the family stockings, scoured the pots and kettles, cleaned and filled the lamps, swept the kitchen, and done all this, if necessary, day after day, uncomplainingly? If there is such a man in this audience let him rise up. I should like to see him!"

And away back in the rear of the hall a mild-looking man in spectacles, in obedience to the summons, timidly arose. He was the husband of the eloquent speaker. It was the first time he had ever had a chance to assert himself.

Her Sunday Lover.

"Mabel," faltered the youth in the gorgeous blazer, "I am deeply disappointed. The partiality you have shown for my society during the many little excursions we have taken together and the delightful little evening—er—lunches we have had since the summer season began led me to expect a different answer."

"Because I have looked upon you as an agreeable escort to picnics and lawn tennis parties and for summer evening promenades you have regarded yourself as my accepted lover, have you, George?"

"And it is because I have been available for these things," he said indignantly, "that you have accepted my attentions, is it? You regard me merely as a summer lover, I presume?"

"That is about the case, George," replied the maiden, as she dug a hole in the sandy beach with her parasol. "I have looked upon you as a lover in a picknickian sense only."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Curious English Statistics.

In his official report just published the chief inspector of factories gives some curious details of the commissariat departments of some of our great trading establishments. Messrs. Shoolbred, it appears, feed between 800 and 900 assistants and heads of departments, who consume among them from 4 500 to 4 800 pounds of meat a week and 2 tons of potatoes, besides disposing of 140 half-quartern loaves every day. The "factory hands" buy their own food, but are provided with means of cooking it. Mr. Whiteley's great industrial town in Westbourne-grove boasts of 1,215 assistants on full board, 425 who receive dinner and tea, and 99 women who receive tea only. There are at this establishment alone, without counting the numerous branches, 1,739 persons who are partially or entirely boarded. Mr. Gorringe provides a free tea and a room in which to prepare the food of 160 dress and mantle-makers.—*London Daily News.*

Charles W. Hamilton, a naval surgeon says of sea sickness: "In the few cases which I have lately had to deal with I have found the internal administration of the seed of the kola a most successful remedy."

THE SEA OTTER.

How the Natives of the North Kill This Valuable Fur Animal.

The spearing surround is the historic and orthodox native system of capture. A party of fifteen or twenty canoes, with two men in each, set out in pleasant weather and spread themselves in a long line, slowly paddling over the waters. When any one of them discovers an otter asleep he makes a quiet signal by lifting his paddle, then dashes his canoe toward the animal. Of course the alarm is taken by the sensitive creature, but the hunter keeps right on and stops his canoe directly over the spot where the otter disappeared. The other hunters instantly deploy and scatter, forming a circle of half a mile wide round the place, and patiently wait for the animal's reappearance to breathe, which must take place in fifteen or twenty minutes. As soon as this happens the hunter nearest to it darts forward, while all hands shout and throw up their spears. The animal then dives again, without a chance to recover itself and expel the surcharged air from its overloaded lungs. A sentry is again placed over this second diving spot as before, the circle is drawn anew, and thus the game is kept up until the poor sea otter, from oft interrupted respiration, becomes so filled with gases that he cannot sink and forms an easy victim.

The clubbing is a gamy undertaking and is only carried on in the winter season at the end of some tremendous gale. Then the old natives set out and scud down to the far-outlying rocks just protruding above surf-wash, where the sea otter are lying with their heads pushed into and under the beds of kelp to avoid the fierce pelting of the spray. The noise of the tempest covers the stealthy approach of the hunters, who each armed with a short heavy wooden club, despatch the animals one after another without alarming the whole body.

Hunting by the use of nets is peculiar to the Aleuts of Atkas Altoo. These people make little nets from sixteen to eighteen feet long and from six to ten feet wide, with a coarse, diamond-shaped mesh. The nets are taken out to the kelp bed and spread carelessly here and there over a floating mess of the "sea cabbage." After a few days' absence the hunters return and frequently find sea-otters entangled, having, as they say, died of excessive fright.

Canadian Natural Gas for Buffalo.

"When is Buffalo to have Canadian natural gas?" asked a *News* reporter this morning of Secretary McManus, of the Buffalo Natural Gas Fuel Company.

"The contract with the Ontario people has been closed," he replied, "and just as soon as they get it piped to Buffalo we will be ready to distribute it. In their own interests they will not delay matters."

Advices from Pittsburg yesterday were to the effect that the price of natural gas had been advanced 25 per cent. Mr. McManus was asked about the advance, and said: "The Pittsburg people have been selling their gas at ridiculously low prices, but I do not know that the price has been advanced"

"What is the price of gas in Pittsburg?"

"That I do not know, but I do know they have been selling the best fuel in the known world in competition with the poorest (soft coal) at such low rates as to close the market against the coal.—*Buffalo News.*

The Fashion in Flowers.

There is an increasing tendency to arrange distinct flowers in masses and with their own foliage as far as possible. No one will deny that the effect is infinitely better than the old fashion of mixing any number of promiscuous blossoms of different kinds and colors. Take roses, or carnations, or sweet peas, or any other brilliant flower now in bloom. Fill your vases with one variety only, and your dining-table or drawing-room will have a far better effect than if you had a whole greenhouseful of the rarest blossoms crowded indiscriminately together. Nature is a very true artist, and the more naturally the flowers can be arranged, the better they will look. Ferns and grasses may, of course, be used with advantage in some cases, but generally the foliage of the plant itself will be all the green necessary.—*New York Tribune.*

Hebrew, Israelite and Jew.

Our broad national distinction gave us the name Israelite in the time of our ancient greatness, a greatness to which all people may at some time in the long future rise, and then we may again—together with all God-fearing people—adopt the name of Israelite. Before our ancestors were—in a national sense—Israelites they were Hebrews—a name which was, and is to-day, a distinction. Nothing could be plainer to us. Hebrew refers to the race. Israelite refers to the nation, Jew to the religion.—*Hebrew Journal.*

They Were Safe.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the biblical editor of the *Mail and Express*, "we printed a text yesterday that wasn't from the Bible at all!"

"Well," replied the city editor scornfully, "do you suppose there's a soul in New York would detect it?"—*Life.*

Rather Ambiguous.

"I see by your sign that you are a dispensing druggist."

"Yes, sir."

"What do you dispense with?"

"With accuracy, sir."

"I was afraid you did."

English as She is Spoke.

The English language sounds funny to a foreigner.

"I will come by and by and buy a bicycle," said a traveller, and the shopkeeper had an attack of brain fever trying to make out what he meant.

Speaking of dancing the Bishop of Chester recently said that, he himself not being a dancing man, he left it to the archdeacons and the junior clergymen of the diocese. At the same time he did not think it paid in the long run to fight against it. Dancing was natural and was most pleasant. His Lordship also took occasion to condemn the finicky fashion of shaking hands, as it is done now, with an awkward sort of touch instead of a strong and manly grasp.—*New York Sun.*

WARMLY GREETED.

An African Baboon Welcomes a Scientist as a Friend and Brother.

The officers of the man-of-war Pensacola, which recently returned from South Africa with the scientists who went to observe the eclipse of the sun in December, take much pleasure in recalling many of the incidents connected with the voyage, says the New York *Tribune*. One that brings forth a laugh, even at the most serious moments, is an experience that Professor Cleveland Abbe had at Barbadoes. He went, with a number of the officers, to visit the museum, and took copious notes of the peculiarities of the various species of monkeys, there, especially the "blue monkey." The manager specially cautioned him against the danger of approaching too close to an immense baboon, because of his "extreme playfulness" at times, but the professor was overconscious of his own powers of persuasiveness, and went toward the fellow with a cracker in his outstretched hand, and kindly asked: "Tommy, want a cracker?" The baboon made a sudden spring, caught Professor Abbe about the waist, and in a second was literally wiping the floor with the learned scientist. The manager came to the relief of the professor, who as soon as liberated made a hasty retreat, and did not push the inquiry into the habits of the baboon family any further.

Reverence for Rascals.

The fact is that there is altogether too much reverence for rascals and for rascally methods on the part of tolerably decent people. Rascality is picturesque, doubtless, and in fiction it has even its moral uses; but in real life it should have no toleration, and it is, as a matter of fact, seldom accompanied by the ability that it brags.

One proof that the smart rogue is not so smart as he thinks and as others think is that he so often comes to grief. He arrives at his successes through his knowledge of the evil in men; he comes to grief through his ignorance of the good in men. He thinks he knows "human nature," but he only half knows it. Therefore he is constantly in danger of making a fatal mistake. For instance, his excuse to himself for lying and trickery is that lying and trickery are indulged in by others—even by some men who make a loud boast of virtue before the world.

A little more or less lying and trickery seems to make no difference, he assumes—especially so long as there is no public display of lies and tricks—for he understands that there must always be a certain outward propriety in order to ensure even the inferior kind of success he is aiming at.

But having no usable conscience to guide him he underrates the sensitiveness of other consciences—and especially the sensitiveness of that vague sentiment called "public opinion"—and he makes a miscalculation, which, if it does not land him in the penitentiary, at least makes him of no use to his respectable allies; therefore no use to his semi-criminal associates; therefore a surprised, miserable and vindictive failure.—*Century Magazine.*

The Lepers on Anticosti.

The following despatch was received from Mgr. Bosse, from Esquimaux Point, Que.: "Captain Marquis has just arrived from English Bay, Anticosti. He saw the Guignard family, who arrived there this spring from Shippegan, and who were reported to be afflicted with leprosy. The father died a natural death three weeks after his arrival at English Bay The family is in excellent health, Mr. Marquis states, but very poor. No leprosy anywhere there. Rev. Father Thibulot never said so, nor authorized the use of his name. His people are so poor that a part of them must shift their quarters. It is hoped that the Napoleon Third has received orders to take those people and also call at Natashquan in October. The above family is willing to go elsewhere."

What the Grand Trunk is to Chicago.

It is now quite a long series of years since the Grand Trunk became one of the great trunk lines of this country. Although a Canadian road originally, and still such in the greater part of its mileage, it is a very important part of the United States railway system, for all practical purposes. Ever since it reached out as far as Chicago it has done an immense business in supplying New England with western grain and provisions. The dressed beef business was antagonized by the other lines for a good while, the Grand Trunk being its main reliance. All this has been done without any injustice to the railroads of our own country.—*Inter-Ocean.*

Judging Good Silk.

How to judge a good black silk is an accomplishment made easy by a contemporary in the following directions: Pull out a thread of the filling and see if it is strong. If it stands the test, then rub one corner of the silk in the hands, as though washing it. After this operation, if it be good silk it will, upon being brushed out, look as smooth as ever. If, on holding it up to the light and looking through it, you see no traces of the rubbing, be sure the silk is good. The warp and filling should not differ much in size or it will not wear well. If you choose a figured silk, let the figure be small and well woven, else it will soon present a frayed appearance, and you will have to pick off the little tags of silk that will dot the breadths.

Disillusion.

"Why, Hettie," said her mother, coming in to see her newly married daughter unexpectly one evening, "how is it you are alone? John certainly didn't let you pass your evenings alone by yourself when he was courting you."

"No, mamma; but ever since we were married I'm beginning to find him out more and more."

An Inconsiderate Chap.

Hotel Clerk (excitedly to proprietor)—The guest in No. 151 has committed suicide.

Proprietor—Cut his throat, I suppose, and ruined the carpet!

"No; he turned on the gas and suffocated himself."

"Great heavens! Doesn't he know that gas costs money?"

—Love is blind, and the best looking girls do not get married first.