AGRICULTURAL.

Breed the Best.

It is well established fact that the improvement of the common herds of the country by means of judicious crossing with animals of superior race will add from one fourth to one half to the value of the progeny and their produce. This is a simple and easy way of increasing the value of the stock, and, fortunately for the Canadian farmer, he is not compelled to experiment with his cattle through many generations in order to develop and establish desirable qualities. We are largely indebted to the persevering labor of English and Scotch graziers for the valuable points which have already been thoroughly established for the Canadian farmer to take up. The power of transmission of cultivated qualities is one of the marked possessions of these thorough bred animals, and it is simply a question of good crossing for the farmer to improve his flock.

No class of agriculturists need good animals more than the small farmer, and especially where there is carried on a diversity of farming. The matter stands thus: Their land is usually highly cultivated and very valuable, and it does not pay to have animals grazing on it that do not yield the highest return possible. Common cattle and improved breeds, side by side, may consume the same amount of food, but when the selling time comes one will weigh a fourth heavier than the other, and command perhaps one-fourth or third more per pound for the superiority of beef. While there may be some profit in growing scrub stock, lean, voracious swine, and coarse-wooled and thinly-coated sheep, on large tracts of prairie land that is worth only a few dollars an acre, there would certainly be absolute loss for the farmer with the small farm, highly cultivated and expensive, to attempt to raise the same animals. There is only one salvation for him, and that is to raise only the best breeds—those which will give the highest returns.

Ontario's Bountiful Harvest.

Ontario—the garden of Canada—has surpassed itself. Every eye, it is true, is turned with anxious gaze just now to the great grain-bearing areas of the mighty north-western region; and to a very large extent the commerce of the Dominion for the coming twelve months hangs in the balance.

The reported frosts of the past week have a painful significance to the most vital interests of the country; and although to the ordinary dwellers in our populous cities and towns the appearance of an extra degree of frost one way or another may appear of the smallest trifling moment, to the serious student of social and national economy it presents a problem big with fateful importance. The failure, or even partial failure, of the Northwest crop involves a question of millions. Canada has long since entered the lists as a potent provider of the bread-stuffs of the whole world. The old markets of Europe are practically played out, and it is to the fertile valleys of the new world that its peoples now most largely look for their daily food to eat. What is Europe's misfortune is essentially Canada's opportunity, and, in conjunction with her big neighbour to the south she may hope to command a position of primary importance in the feeding of the nations of the earth. In the absence of any serious calamity Canada will this year be blessed with a harvest beyond all precedent. The farmers of the west will find themselves with bursting granaries, and the whole world clamouring for the product of their fields. Good prices are assured, and while speculators may perhaps reap an undue proportion of the profit, the farmer cannot fail to receive a liberal reward as the fruits of his labours.

The harvest in Ontario is entirely removed from the sphere of speculation. Never in the history of man have the fair broad acres of old Ontario yielded such magnificent returns. The harvest of 1891 will stand as a record that has never yet been approached. Providence seems to have smiled on the sunny lands of Ontario; and the cold figures of the statisticians fail to give any adequate idea of the bountiful prospect which confronts the farmer in these highly favoured regions.

Approximately it has been reckoned that the area and average yield of crops in Ontario this year will work out something as follows:—

Crops.		Acres.	Bushels.	Yield per acre.
Fall wheat	1891	852,433	20,833,986	24.4
	1890	720,101	14,267,383	19.8
Spring wheat	1891	510,631	9,603 666	18.8
	1890	601,753	7,683,905	12.8
Barley	1891	553,166	14,910,750	27.0
	1890	701,326	15,600,169	22.2
Oats	1891	1,840,636	68,305,213	37.1
	1890	1,882,366	52,768,207	28.0
Rye	1891	67,865	998,686	14.7
	1890	103,061	1,563,345	15.2
Peas	1891	752,453	17,827,885	23.7
	1890	781,206	15,389,313	19.7
Beans	1891	42,842	785,489	18.3
	1890	39,456	761,341	19.3
			Tons.	
Hay and Clover	1891	2,549,975	2,362,798	.94
	1890	2,462,002	4,305,915	1.75

These are figures which tell their own tale. The total area under cultivation in fall and spring wheat is 1,363,067 acres, as compared with 1,321,854 acres, in 1890. The area in fall wheat was increased by 132,332 acres, while the area devoted to the spring varieties was diminished by 91, 119 acres. The estimated yield of wheat is very large, being 30,437,652 bushels, as compared with 21,951,288 bushels harvested in 1890, or 26,315,367 bushels for the nine years 1882-90. Fall wheat promises 24.4 bushels per acre, or 5 bushels above the average. Spring wheat is expected to produce 18.8 bushels per acre, or 6 bushels more than last year. Three-fourths of the 16,340 acres of fall wheat ploughed up are found in the four eastern groups of counties. The area in barley has been diminished by 148,160 acres, but the yield per acre will be 1.2 bushels over the average. The area in oats is a little less than last year, but the yield will be enormous, being estimated at 37.1 bushels per acre, or 2.7 bushels above the average and 9.1 bushels higher than last year. The area in rye has been reduced by one-third. Less peas were sown than last year, but the total production will be 2½ million bushels more, which means an increase of four bushels to the acre. The acreage of field beans has been again extended, but the prospects are a bushel per acre less than last year. Kent county claims three-quarters of the bean area. Although the area in hay has increased there were nearly two million tons less cut than in 1890. Last year's was, however, an exceptionally heavy crop. The crop averaged less than a ton per acre, but was not as small as in 1888.

The total area in crop was 7,838,081 acres as compared with 7,912,297 acres in 1890. There were also 3,721,281 acres of pasture on cleared land, an increase of 179,189 acres over last year.

Beyond this there is a heavy yield of crops other than those mentioned in the table above. Corn, for instance, has 241,086 acres against 223,836 in 1890; buckwheat has 107,879 acres against 90,111; potatoes 160,218 acres against 158,094; mangels 22,961 acres against 25,953; carrots 9,858 acres against 11,977; and turnips 126,075 acres against 111,055. Mangels and carrots show decreases, and the latter drops below the annual average. The reduction occurs in the West Midland and Lake Ontario Districts. Nearly two-thirds of the increase in corn is to be found in the St. Lawrence counties, while the same proportion of the increase in buckwheat is found in the Lake Ontario and East Midland groups. The increase in turnips has been uniform.

It is most interesting to note the amazing increase which is taking place in the material wealth of the Ontario farmer. The farm and live stock is increasing at a rate that is fairly astounding. It is estimated that employed in agricultural pursuits throughout Ontario there are 678,479 horses of all classes, or an increase of 18,823 over the previous year. There are 1,978,815 head of cattle, an increase of 84,103 over 1890. The milch cows now number 773,234, or 4,604 less than last year; of sheep and lambs there are 1,693,751, being a large increase of 354,056 in the year, but is still 196,982 less than in 1884, since which year there have been regular decreases. There is a further increase of 15,757 in the number of hogs, the present number being 1,156,316. The number of poultry is 7,006,090, an increase of 151,225. The total clip of wool is 5,498,141 pounds, as compared with 4,574,800 pounds in 1890.

Adapting Breeds.

The English have a plan of allowing the flock of sheep to harvest root and rape crops. How well this practice would do in this country is not positively known, but one writer says: "We have had a flock do exceedingly well on white turnips sown in a corn field after the last cultivation of the crop, and fed off with the sheep after the corn was harvested." And Prof. Shaw of the Ontario Agricultural College says that 500 lambs were fattened on some 50 acres of rape grown on the Ontario experiment farm in 1890 and fed off in the fields. This method served a threefold purpose, the cleaning of the land from Canada thistles by thorough culture of the rape crop, a profit of about $1.50 per head on the lambs, or $15 per acre for the crop, and the even distribution of the manure without any extra labor. He concludes that what was done there can be done elsewhere, adding: "The sheep industry of Canada may be easily doubled without encroaching seriously on other lines of production, and this may be done without any further actual outlay than the investment required to increase the foundation stock." The preceding is one of the methods to be used in doing this.

Probably few wool-growers pay sufficient attention to the quality of the soil on which they keep their sheep; yet this has an important bearing on the quality of the wool. This is true in regard to other products. For instance, as the *Sheep-Breeder* says: "Black hogs are thought to be better adapted to low, rich, alluvial lands or prairies, while white hogs are better suited for light upland soils. The thin soil of the Western Reserve will do for the manufacture of cheese, but for butter, the deep, strong prairies about Elgin, Ills., are preferred. On the other hand this butter soil makes coarse, inferior wool, while the more sterile lands of Northern Ohio, where it is often only two or three inches down to hard-pan, yield a superior fleece. But the purest staple of all is grown on the well-drained hillsides of the Appalachian range, where the water is pure and the grass is sweet and tender. So also these hill and mountain ranges are best for small breeds of sheep, such as the Merino and Southdown or the Welsh Mountain breed or the Cheviot. The heavy Lincoln or Cotswold or the Shropshire require, or at least do better on, lands which are more level and fertile."

Weed 'em Out.

Weed out the colts that toe in or toe out, that are long and weak in the back, crooked and faulty in the legs, that can't move without being booted from tip to tip, those with big heads and without brains, or having them don't know how to use them. Get rid of the ugly blood, and so lift the standard of stock and add to the dollars in the business. No man ever kept a poor animal entire and for service but that in the end there was loss rather than gain. Go to the fairs this fall and examine the one and two-year-olds shown, and see if there is not a lesson in this for everyone. It is true in breeding as well as in growing crops, the man who weeds the closest and most intelligently is the one who grows the largest crop and at the least cost.

The wheel of the world turns round and round;
Those who are uppermost soon may be
Down in the dust or under ground;
The king in chains, the serf set free.

At the opera.—"I can't explain the success of that singer." "Neither can I." "She sings through her nose most atrociously." "Perhaps that is the reason why everybody is waving a handkerchief at her."

Jinks—"Have you selected a trade or profession for your boy?" Winks—"I shall make a plumber of him." "Has he a bent that way?" "He's born for it. Tell him to do a thing immediately and he won't think of it again for a week."

The "Black Watch"—that is, the famous 42d (Highland) Regiment—obtained its fancy name from the tartan worn by certain companies formerly employed to "watch" the Highlands of Scotland, and who dressed in a "black" or dark tartan.

An idler boasted to a farmer of his ancient family, laying much stress upon his having descended from an illustrious man who lived several generations ago. "So much the worse for you," replied the farmer; "for we find the older the seed the poorer the crop."

Customer (severely)—"Do you sell diseased meat here?" Butcher (blandly)—"Worse than that." Customer (excitedly)—"Mercy on us. How can that be possible?" Butcher (confidentially)—"The meat I sell is dead—absolutely dead, sir." Customer (sheepishly)—"Oh."

THE MOUNTAIN WAS NAMED FOR HIM.

Strange Story of the Selkirk Hermit as Told to an English Tourist.

The C. P. R. train had stopped near the heart of the Selkirks, under the shadow of a great bare crag, which the guide book said was the Hermit Mountain. The rock rose almost precipitously, culminating in a crest extending for hundreds of feet to the north, and the top of the crest seemed almost as sharp as a razor. With arms akimbo on the rail of the observation car was an English tourist, who wore a monocle and a stare and seemed very much bored by the scenery. Near him stood a commercial traveller of Toronto, who was explaining how the mountain got its name.

"Follow the edge of the mountain from its front to the rear," he said. "Right where the edge breaks off you see a solitary pyramid. From here it seems to be only about 6 feet tall, though in reality it is about 30 feet high. Don't you see it bears some resemblance to a man? That is the hermit and it is this solitary pillar that gave name to the mountain."

The English tourist suddenly showed indications of interest. He edged a little nearer, and remarked:

"Beg pardon, did I hear you say something about a hermit?"

The commercial traveller gave his comrade a dig in the ribs. "Why, yes he said to the tourist. "didn't you ever hear the remarkable facts about the hermit here?"

"No," said the tourist.

"Well, I'll tell you the story." said the drummer. "It's a remarkable one, and every traveller ought to know it. You see, about the time of the gold excitement in the Frazer River country, "way back in 1856, a man came here to make his fortune. One of the miners had brought into this wild region his little family, and among them was his daughter, a very pretty girl, with whom this other fellow fell madly in love. He had a hated rival, of course, and in a few months this rival carried off the prize, and life became a hollow mockery to the disappointed lover. He became not only a woman hater but a hater of his kind, and he made up his mind he would spend the rest of his life as a hermit.

"So he came up to this mountain and he clambered up to that brush you see alongside. and he built him a hut of stones and branches, and there he began his new life. He had a gun, and lived on what he could shoot, a little flour he got from the settlement, and the berries and roots he gathered. He lived that way a good many years, bringing down from the mountain an occasional fur or bearskin, which he sold for provisions. For years now he has been old and unable to hunt well, but nothing has ever induced him to give up his queer life."

By this time the English tourist was all eyes and ears. "You don't mean to tell me." he said. "How on earth does he live now?"

"Well, once a week the people who live in this little hamlet you see here fill a basket with provisions, and one of them takes it up to the top of the mountain. When the hermit hears anybody coming, he leaves his hut and retreats into the woods. The man with the supplies leaves the basket at the door, and the next fellow who comes up with provisions leaves another basket and takes back the empty one. The hermit never speaks to anybody. Early in the winter, before there is danger of a big fall of snow, a lot of provisions is taken up to him, for fear that a heavy snowfall will prevent any one from reaching the top."

"Why, doesn't he get sick and need a doctor sometimes?" asked the tourist.

"Nobody knows that he ever had a sick day. He is old, but he's well. You see the air up there is magnificent, and there's no reason he should be sick. There he is now," continued the drummer, in a state of wild excitement. "There he is; near the edge of that rock. Don't you see him?"

The Englishman looked, but could see nothing. He borrowed a field glass and was adjusting the focus when the man exclaimed:

"There, he's gone. I just caught a glimpse of him. He's up so high he didn't look bigger'n a speck, anyway."

"Remarkable," said the Englishman, as he lapsed into a seat. He rolled it all over in his mind for a couple of hours. Meanwhile the story of the Englishman's interest in the hermit had been told by a number of choice spirits, and there had been much hilarity. One of the men who shared the fun was standing near the Toronto drummer when the English tourist sidled up to him again.

"Now, look a-here," he said, "honest, is that really all true about the hermit?"

"Certainly, it's true," said the commercial traveller. "Most all tourists know it, and any one who lives in this country can tell you all about it. Ask this man here."

The Englishman turned to the other man, who told the story of the hermit over again, with some graphic and circumstantial additions. The Englishman will probably prepare an account of the wonderful hermit for the British press.

Tale-Bearing.

It is much easier to start an evil report than to stop it. Even after a rumor has been proved false, the harm it has done cannot always be undone. Before repeating a bit of gossip, it would be well to ask ourselves three questions: First, "is it true?" Second, "is it kind?" Third, "is it necessary?" This practice would be sure to save us from many bitter memories and regrets.

The pious Philip of Neri was once visited by a lady who accused herself of slander. He bade her go to the market, buy a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers, and walk a certain distance, plucking the bird as she went.

The woman did as she was directed, returned anxious to know the meaning of the injunction.

"Retrace your steps," said Philip, "and gather up, one by one, all the feathers you have scattered."

"I cast the feathers carelessly away," said the woman, "and the wind carried them in all directions."

"Well, my child," replied Philip, "So it is with slander; like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions. Call them back now if you can: Go, sin no more."

Sunday-school Teacher—"Now tell me what do you understand by a 'moveable feast?'" Pupil—"A picnic."

A man who will read a newspaper three or four years without paying for it would pasture a goat on the grave of his grandfather.

The Sabbath Chime.

Jesus! my Lord, my God, my All!
How can I love Thee as I ought!
And how revere this wondrous gift,
So far surpassing hope or thought?

O earth! grow flowers beneath His feet,
And thou, O sun, shine bright this day!
He comes! He comes! O Heaven on earth!
Our Jesus comes upon His way.

He comes! He comes! The Lord of Hosts,
Borne on His throne triumphantly!
We see Thee, and we know Thee, Lord,
And yearn to shed our blood for Thee!

Our hearts leap up; our trembling song
Grows fainter still; we can no more;
Silence! and let us weep—and die
Of very love, while we adore.

LYRA CATH.

Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday.—The most prosperous people are not always the most thankful. There is danger that, like a bough broken from the parent stem by the weight of its own abundant fruitage, the prosperous person will allow the very blessings so richly bestowed upon him to divorce his heart from him who gave them.—[E.C. Sweetser, D.D.

Tuesday.—

My cherished plans and hopes may fail,
My idols turn to dust,
But this I know my Father's love
Is always safe to trust;
These things were dear to me, but still,
Above them all I love His will.

Oh, precious peace within my heart;
O blessed rest to know
A Father's love keeps constant watch,
Amid life's ebb and flow;
I ask no more than this; I rest
Content, and know His way is best.

Wednesday—It is right for you, young men, to enrich yourselves with the spoils of all pure literature, but he who would make a favorite of a bad book, simply because it contained a few beautiful passages, might as well caress the hand of an assassin because of the jewelry that sparkles on his fingers. —*Joseph Parker.*

Thursday—It is not to die, or even to die of hunger, that makes a man wretched; many men have died; all men must die—the last exist of us all is in the fire-chariot of pain. But it is to live miserable we know not why; to work sore and yet gain nothing; to be heart-worn, weary, yet isolated, unrelated, girt-in with a cold universal laissezfaire; it is to die slowly all our life long, imprisoned in a deaf, dead, infinite injustice as in the accursed iron belly of a Phararis' bull! This is and remains forever intolerable to all men whom God has made. —*Thomas Carlyle.*

Friday—

Life is too short for any vain regretting;
Let dead delight bury its dead, I say,
And let us go upon our way forgetting
The joys and sorrows of each yesterday.
Between the swift sun's rising and its setting,
We have no time for useless tears or fretting,
Life is too short.

Saturday—There is something very touching in the condition of those children and youths whose parents have no education nor tastes, and who, therefore, can not open to their children any gates except those of hard labor and rude usage and vice. There are millions of these in the Christian nations for whom there is no church, nor school, nor book, nor hand of elevated friendship. In all their early years, there is no one to point them to the beauties of nature and art, no one to teach them to read the pages of knowledge, no one to teach them a song of pathos and kindness, or and of the holier hymns of religion.—*David Swing.*

Never Too Busy to Pray.

Jesus appears to have devoted himself specially to prayer at times when his life was unusually full of work and excitement. His was a very busy life, there were nearly always "many coming and going" about him. Sometimes, however, there was such a congestion of thronging objects that he had scarcely time to eat. But even then he found time to pray. Indeed, these appear to have been with him seasons of more prolonged prayer than usual. Thus we read: "So much the more went there a fame abroad of him; and great multitudes came together to hear, and be healed by him of their infirmities. And he withdrew himself into the wilderness and prayed." Many in our day know what this congestion of occupation is. They are swept off their feet with their engagements, and can scarcely find time to eat. We make this a reason for not praying; Jesus made it a reason for praying. Is there any doubt which is the better course? Many of the wisest have in this respect done as Jesus did. When Luther had a specially busy and exciting day he allowed himself longer time than usual for prayer beforehand. A wise man once said that he was too busy to be in a hurry. He meant that if he allowed himself to become hurried he could not do all that he had to do. There is nothing like prayer for producing this calm self-possession. When the dust of business so fills your room that it threatens to choke you, sprinkle it with the water of prayer, and then you can cleanse it out with comfort and expedition.

His Coming.

BY DR. HORATIUS BONAR.

They tell me a solemn story,
But it is not sad to me,
For in its sweet unfolding
My Saviour's love I see.

They say that at any moment,
The Lord of life may come,
To lift me from the cloudland
Into the light of home.

They say I may have no warning,
I may not even hear
The rustle of His garments,
As he softly draweth near.

Suddenly, in a moment,
Upon my ear may fall
The summons loved of our Master,
"Answer the Master's call."

Perhaps he will come in the noontide
Of some bright, sunny day,
When, with dear ones all around me,
My life seems bright and gay.

Pleasant must be the pathway,
Easy the shining road,
Up from the dimmer sunlight
Into the light of God.

Perhaps He will come in the stillness
Of the mild and quiet night,
When the earth is calmly sleeping
'Neath the moonbeams' silvery light.

When the stars are softly shining
O'er the slumbering land and sea,
Perhaps in holy stillness
The Master will come to me.

"If there is one time more than another," says an experienced married man, "when a woman should be left alone, it is when a line of clothes comes down in the mud."

PRESERVES, JELLIES AED PICKLES.

CANNED GRAPES.—Carefully pick from the stems and wash the grapes. Remove the skins, dropping the skins in one vessel and the pulp in another. When all are thus prepared, put the pulps in a preserving kettle over the fire, and stir constantly until the seeds come out clean. Then press the mass through a colander, add the skins to the pulp, weigh them, and to one pound of grapes allow one half pound of sugar. Boil one hour and a half and put in glass jars while hot and seal. Thirteen pounds of grapes and six and one half pounds of sugar will fill six quart cans.

CANNED PEARS.—10 pounds of fruit, peeled, halved and cored, 5 pounds of sugar, 1 lemon, sliced, 1 teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful of grated nutmeg. A piece of ginger-root, three inches long.

Tie the cinnamon and nutmeg loosely in a thin muslin bag. Cook all together till the pears turn pink, then bottle and seal hot.

CANNED PEACHES.—Pare the peaches with a silver knife, if possible; cut in halves and lay in cold water till ready. Put on the stove a pound of sugar, with a quart and a half of hot water turned over it; let it cook to a sirup. Set your jars on a cloth in hot water. Fill your jars with the cold peaches putting a layer of sugar between the peaches; when the jar is full of peaches, fill up with the hot sirup and seal immediately. The water the jars set in should come nearly to the top.

WATERMELON PRESERVES.—Select one with a thick rind; cut in any shape desired; lay the pieces in strong salt water for two or three days; then soak them in clear water for twenty-four hours, changing the water frequently; then put them in alum for an hour to harden them. To every pound of fruit use a pound of sugar and a few small pieces of white ginger root and one lemon, sliced; take out the lemon and root, after the sirup has been boiled, and add the watermelon; let it boil until transparent; carefully lift it and put it in the jars, pouring the sirup over it.

CITRON PRESERVES.—Select sound fruit, pare it, divide into quarters, carefully take out the seeds and cut in very small pieces, any shape you desire, and weigh it; to every pound of fruit allow one half a pound of loaf sugar. Put the citron on to cook in water until it is quite clear. then remove it from the kettle, where it can drain, and pour out the water it was cooked in; then put on the weighed sugar with water enough to moisten it through; let it boil until very clear, and before putting in the citron again, add to the syrup, two large lemons, sliced, and a small piece of ginger root to give it a fine flavor; then add the citron and let all cook together about fifteen minutes. Fill the jars with citron and pour over the hot sirup, then seal up.

CITRON AND QUINCE PRESERVES.—Pare and cut the citron in inch pieces, boil hard in middling strong alum water thirty minutes, drain and boil in fresh water till the color is changed and they are tender; wash carefully the quinces, pare, quarter, core, and halve the quarters; boil the cores and parings in water to cover them, one and one half hours; remove them and add the prepared quince to the liquid; boil, and when they begin to be tender add the citron and three fourths of a pound of white sugar to every pound of the fruits.

SPICED GRAPE JELLY.—Take grapes half ripe, crush all the juice out well and strain. Take equal quantities of juice and sugar; to each quart add one half a teaspoonful of cloves and one tablespoonful of cinnamon. Cook hard twenty minutes, then remove from the stove and pour into glasses.

PICKLED PEPPERS.—Select large, green peppers (those called sweet peppers are the best), cut a small slit on one side so as not to cut off any part. Take out all the seeds carefully. Soak the peppers in salt water for six days, changing the brine several times. Chop onions, red cabbage, tomatoes small cucumbers, green grapes, beans, okra, a few slices of carrots, some green corn cut from the cob, some horse-radish, whole mustard seed, celery seed and a little curry powder. Regulate the quantity of each ingredient by your own taste. Prepare as much of the stuffing as will fill to the natural size all the peppers you desire to pickle. Before filling the peppers, sprinkle all over the inside of them a little ground cinnamon, cloves and allspice; then fill in the stuffing, all well mixed. Sew up the slit neatly: place in a stone jar; cover with cold, spiced vinegar; cover up the jar closely and set aside.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—Take three water-buckets of good, ripe berries; put them in tub and mash well. Let them stand in a cool place for three days, mashing them well two or three times a day. Then strain through a coarse sieve, let it set half an hour and strain through a thin sack. To every bucket of berries put four pounds of white sugar. Stir until the sugar dissolves, strain, put in a jar, tie a thin cloth over the top and let stand until October, when it is ready for use. This makes five gallons.

CANTALOUP Sweet Pickle.—Take seven pounds of melons, not quite ripe, lay them in a weak brine over night. Then boil them in weak alum water till transparent. Lift them out and put them in a jar. 1 quart of cider vinegar, 2 ounces of stick cinnamon, 1 ounce of cloves, 3 pounds of granulated sugar. Let this boil and add the fruit, cooking it twenty minutes longer. Pour it in a jar and cover closely. Scald it over for two mornings. Then seal it up tight.

How He Lost His Place.

Ignatieff, Prime Minister of Russia, has just taken up his residence in Prague. The story of his dismissal is interesting, as it illustrates the autocracy of the Czars. Ignatieff one day presented some papers to his imperial master, saying: "Your Majesty may sign these without reading them, as they are not of much importance." The Czar handed the papers back with the answer: "Keep these for your successor. I never sign papers without looking at them."

"The consumption of intoxicating liquor in this country staggers me," exclaimed a temperance orator from the platform. "Me, too," gurgled a man at the rear of the hall trying to hold himself up by the plastering.

"What did papa say?" "He showed me the door." "And what did you say?" "I said it was certainly a very handsome door, but not what I had come to talk about. That made him laugh, and a minute later you were mine."