

AGRICULTURAL

A Mare's Ceiled Mouth.

A Morgan brood mare of vigorous appetite wouldn't eat. For two days I thought her sick. I finally turned her out and she played so much I concluded she was well and that her teeth were troubling her.

Respect the Stomach.

Having abundant exercise in open air, and choice of the most wholesome and nutritious products of the earth, fresh from garden, orchard and field, farmers possess the main factor of healthful growth and longevity.

Now the farmer during the busy time of the year (which generally lasts all through the growing season and much longer) does not take time to eat and digest food.

Cheap Ice House.

The Farmers' Journal says that Mr. James McMillan, of Fairport, Monroe County, N. Y., has on his farm an icehouse which is nearly perfect. It is 12 feet square.

One Ear Enough.

In saving seed corn the aim is naturally to select ideal ears and such as are found on ideal stalks. While in exceptional cases it may be desirable to select from stalks bearing two or more ears, to the mass of farmers one good ear is enough; and it is easier to obtain such an ear than to get two poor ones.

suggest the plan of putting twice as many hills on an acre. In both cases the results are likely to be disappointing, and for similar reasons. We need not try to cheat Dame Nature, nor expect "something for nothing" even from her hand.

An Illinois Working Dairy.

Hon. A. B. Hostetter, Superintendent of the Dairy Show, at Chicago writes: At a meeting of the Illinois State Board of Agriculture to arrange for the American Fat Stock, Horse, Poultry and Dairy Shows, a proposition was received from a number of enterprising dairy implement and supply firms to run a working dairy during the American Dairy Show.

About 3,000 pounds of milk will be used daily during the show, to illustrate the practical working of the latest approved methods of testing the milk, separating the cream, ripening the cream, churning, salting, working and packing the butter.

The Suffolk Sheep.

It is the opinion of some of the leading judges in Europe, who are acquainted with the wants of the Canadian trade, and who have no personal interests in the matter that the Suffolk sheep will, in the future, meet with great favor in Canada.

The Suffolk sheep may be described as about thirty per cent. larger than the South-down, with black, glossy faces, hornless and clean, black legs, long back, with well developed legs and loins; wool of fine texture, thick, and of moderate length.

The Finest Cemetery in the World.

The chief cemetery of Paris, and probably the finest in the world, is that of Pere la Chaise, the prototype of the garden cemeteries of Western Europe. It has an area of 200 acres, and contains 16,000 monuments, including those of all the great men of France of the present century.

Mountains may not have mouths and noses but we have seen a mountaineer. It is as easy to tell a lie as it is to tell the truth, but it is not half so lonesome. A woman's glory is in her hair, but it is a good plan to tie it up when cooking.

Fast Horses.

There are few men in this world who do not enjoy the sensation of sitting behind a fast-travelling horse. To all such as do appreciate what Dr. Johnson calls "the pleasure of motion," the following list of horses that have entered the 2.30 list of trotters this year in Canada will prove interesting:

Table listing various horses and their owners, including Blanche, Ben B., Balmoral Boy, Captain Hammer, Fides Stanton, Forest Boy, George S. James, Boy Jun., Gold King, Geneva, Howard H., Honest Billy, Little Belle, Lizzie Gibson, Minnie, Maud M., Prairie Belle, Prince, Rockburn, Silver Star, Silvertown, Volunteer, Wildbrino, Woodstock Belle, Young Bon Air, Zembra, Trotting Records Reduced from 1890, Blackstone, Black Prince, Colonel Kip, Called Back, Henry R., Major A., Stanford, Maxey Cobb, Annie B., Axtell, Bay Fly, Cornercracker, Cyclone, Capheaf, Charley G., Gerie B., Jack the Ripper, Joe Mowat, Mollie Clark, Ethan Allen, Sir John, Texas Mike, Texas Jack.

Every-Day Thoughts.

Monday—Who hath his life from rumors freed; Whose conscience is his strong retreat; Whose state can neither flatterers feed, Nor ruin make oppressors great; Who God doth love and early pray; More of his grace than gifts to lend; And entertains the harmless day With a religious book or friend. Tuesday—Time is the most undefinable yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past even while we are trying to define it, and like the flash of lightning, at once exists and expires.

Friday—What is self-denial? Is it sackcloth on the loins? Is it a wooden block for a pillow? Is it lentil pottage for the daily meal? Is it a crypt or kennel for one's lodging? Ah, no; in all this flesh-pinching there is often a self-pleasing. But when the temper is up, to rule the spirit, and over a "manly revenge" to let Christian magnanimity triumph—this is self-denial.—James Hamilton. Saturday—Would there be great trials to endure? Should I die in following the doctrine of Jesus? This question did not alarm me. It might seem frightful to any one who does not realize the nothingness and absurdity of an isolated personal life, and who believes that he will never die. But

know that my life, considered in relation to my individual happiness, is taken by itself, a stupendous farce, and that this meaningless existence will end in a stupid death. Knowing this, I have nothing to fear. I shall die as others die who do not observe the doctrine of Jesus; but my life and my death shall have a meaning for myself and for others. My life and my death will have added something to the life and salvation of others, and this will be in accordance with the doctrine of Jesus.—Count Tolstoi.

PRETTY FAIR APPETITES.

Some Astonishing Feats of Gluttony in the Olden Time.

The first condition of gastronomic enjoyment is undoubtedly a good appetite, and Brillat Savarin gives us several stories of heroic performances at the table. One of his friends devoured thirty-two dozen oysters before sitting down to dinner, and then ate his meal with the vigor of a man who had been fasting for some time.

Nothing that we have read in history equals this gargantuan feat, except, perhaps, the performance of the "Glutton of Kent," whom Fuller places among his worthies, and who devoured at a single meal "four-score rabbits and eighteen black puddings, London measure." Coming down to more recent times, there is the probably apocryphal story of a Scotsman who ate a whole goose by way of a whet for dinner, and of a Welsh nobleman who devoured a covey of partridges for breakfast every morning.

There is also a well-known legend, which found its way into Punch, of a certain eminent politician who entered an eating house near the Old Bailey, and after putting away seven pounds and a half of cold boiled beef, observed cheerfully to the landlord: "Capital beef, this! One may cut and come again here." To which the landlord, regarding him grimly, made reply: "Sir, you may cut, but I'm — if you shall come again!"

We are tempted to add one more story, which we believe has not as yet found its way into print. On the Derby day a few years ago a well-known man of business—let us call him Mr. X.—went down to Epsom with the rest of the world, and after the great race was over, bethought himself of lunch. It was then 4 o'clock, and he was ravenously hungry. Seeing no friendly coach or carriage at hand, he entered one of the refreshment booths, where a three-and-sixpenny meal was provided for all comers. He attacked some ribs of beef and soon cleared them to the bone; then he "went for" a chicken, which also disappeared; finally he espied a pigeon pie at the other end of the table, which had not yet been touched, and ordered the waiter to bring it to him. But the waiter, after a whispered conference with an individual in black, who had been observing Mr. X.'s performances with suspicion and alarm came and said confidentially: "If you please, sir, the governor says as how he won't charge you nothing for anything if you'll go away at once." Mr. X., however, insisted on his rights, and declined this obliging offer; then he proceeded to make a vigorous onslaught on the pigeon pie.

The Hunter's Plight.

A hunter lived near woodcock swale Where he hunted oft without avail, Tho' at times coming home with a fishy tale He wasn't in it. He would run through the woods for a week before The opening of the woodcock law To locate the bird that he might kill the more. But—he wasn't in it. With friends he'd planned where best to go To hunt this tract and that, just so, That at night they'd have full bags to show But—he wasn't in it. 'Way down in the swamp a little bush grew And it was there, far busier than I, For it poisoned the hunter till he turned blue, He wasn't in it. Then he was in an awful plight, He lay and fished and scratched all night And painted his face with lead real white, Yes, he was in it. The first of July came 'round at last, The hunter in his house was fast, With face looking like a plaster cast, He was in it.

The Sabbath Chime.

On Zion and on Lebanon, On Carmel's blooming height, On Sharon's fertile plains, once shone The glory, pure and bright. From thence its mild and cheering ray Stream'd forth from land to land; And empires now behold its day; And still its beams expand. Its brightest splendors, darting west, Our happy shores illumine; Our farther regions, once unblest, Now like a garden bloom. But ah! our deserts deep and wild See not this heavenly light; No sacred beams, no radiance mild, Dispel their dreary night. Thou, who didst lighten Zion's hill, On Carmel who didst shine, Our deserts let thy glory fill, Thy excellence divine. Like Lebanon, in towering pride, May all our forests smile; And may our borders blossom wide Like Sharon's fruitful soil.

Admirers of Lord Dufferin in Canada, and they are many, will be glad to learn of his appointment to the position of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. The Lord Wardenhip is one of those sinecures reserved by the Government as a reward for statesmen and commanders who have performed eminent services to the nation, and was formerly an adjunct of the Premiership. The Cinque Ports are Dover, Sandwich, Romney, Winchelsea and Rye, to which are now added Hythe and Hastings. These parts have various privileges as to pilotage, issuing of writs and other judicial matters. They are supposed to have been incorporated previous to the Conquest, by Edward the Confessor. Their ancient organization has, however, been broken up by the Municipal Reform Act, and assimilated to that of English municipalities in general. The jurisdiction of the Lord Warden has been curtailed by acts of Parliament during the present reign.

ENGLISH ENGINE DRIVERS.

Educated For the Business.

Must Know How to Build an Engine Before They Are Allowed to Manage It—A Long Term as Fireman Completes Their Training.

We all travel nowadays, and we are all interested in engines and engine-drivers. There is a readable article on the subject in the current number of Chambers' Journal. Before a man can become a driver he has, it seems, to spend some years in the locomotive works of the company, where he learns all the parts and fittings of an engine; he is then eligible for the post of fireman, and if he is made a driver within three or four years he is fortunate. It will therefore be seen that the engine-driver is always competent.

A man on being appointed a driver will try his hand at first with a slow goods train; and having shown himself competent and careful he will then have charge of an express goods or slow passenger train, and the height of his ambition is generally attained when he is called upon to drive such trains as the Flying Dutchman. An express train often travels at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and then signals will be passed about every four minutes, and it can readily be understood that an engine travelling at that high rate of speed will require constant attention. The strain on a man's mind working an engine a long distance without stopping is very great, and could not be endured for many hours together; besides, it would not be safe for an engine to travel more than 180 miles without being examined, and that distance is about the maximum any engine runs on the journey. Two such journeys are a good day's work for both man and engine. The average time on duty for the men is nine hours a day, beyond which they are paid overtime. When they are not running their time is devoted to examining the engine.

Engines are very much like racehorses—they have little tricks and peculiarities of their own and require humouring; for this reason, every driver keeps his own engine as much as possible. The express engines of most lines cost between £3,000 and £4,000. Their working career depends very much upon the road they have to travel. Steep gradients play sad havoc with them and will shorten their lives by two or three years. The speed of engines is regulated by time-tables, but there is such a thing as making up lost time. This depends on the driver. If he is of a cautious and steady turn of mind he will act up to the time-table and be late rather than travel beyond the authorized speed. There are many men, however, who delight in the speed of their engines and who glory when they have the chance of a little fast running. This can only be indulged in when trains are late and a long distance has to be run without stopping.

As the question is often asked, "Which is the fastest train in the world?" it would be well to give it here with the particulars. The honor belongs to the Great Northern Railway Company. Their train, which leaves Grantham at 4.18 p.m., and runs through to London (King's cross) without stopping, arriving there at 6.15 p.m., is the fastest train in the world, covering the distance of 105½ miles in one hour and fifty-seven minutes—averaging fifty-four miles an hour the entire distance. The speed of this train at certain places will exceed the rate of sixty miles an hour; but the passenger is unconscious of this unusual celerity, as the train oscillates very little.

THE RAVAGES OF PLAGUES TO-DAY.

Cholera Among Turks and Chinese—Yellow Fever in Brazil—The Grip in Russia.

The continued ravages of the cholera on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean are raising alarm in Constantinople. By a despatch from there it appeared that the epidemic had become even more violent in Damascus and some adjacent places than it was a few weeks ago, and it has steadily advanced northward since the early summer months, when it wrought destruction along the Arabian shore of the Red Sea. It first broke out among the pilgrims at Mecca, many thousands of whom succumbed to it. The exact number of deaths by it there cannot be given, as the statistics of mortality are not kept; but it may be inferred from such facts as have been gathered that it was between 12,000 and 15,000. It advanced northward, and in June was as far north as Aleppo, where the death list became enormous during that month and afterward. Many people on the Syrian coast fled toward the Euphrates, but sanitary cordons were established there and they could not proceed further. The most recent reports about it are those from Damascus. It is on account of the large amount of travel between that region and the southern parts of Turkey in Europe, that apprehension has been raised in Constantinople. It is reassuring, however, to recall the fact that the infection did not reach Europe at the time of the last epidemic of cholera in Asia Minor.

In another part of the world, the eastern coast of China, the epidemic has prevailed extensively during the past few months, and it was spreading at the time of the last accounts from there. In the month of September it was still prevalent to an alarming extent in Canton, Hong Kong, Amoy, Foo Choo, Shanghai, and other cities. The mandarins and other officials have striven to allay its ravages by their efforts to improve the sanitary condition of their cities, but the measure of their success has not been encouraging.

In Brazil and in several of the other countries on the eastern coast of South America the plague of yellow fever has existed for a half year, and still exists; but even in Rio and Bahia it is not worse than it has usually been in other years.

The existence of various infectious maladies has recently been reported from the famine-stricken districts of Russia. The influenza has become especially prevalent and fatal. It has also, within a short time, been spreading westward from Russia, as it has spread in other years, and it is heard of in Vienna, Berlin, and several cities of the principalities of the Danube.

The prayer of the Connecticut clergymen who said, "O, Lord, we thank Thee that Thou art orthodox," has been equalled by an old lady in Saline, Kan., who prefaced her petition with—"O, Lord, Thou hast probably read in the newspapers how Thy day was decorated yesterday."