AGRICULTURAL.

Down on the Farm.

When a boy I used to dwell,
In a home I loved so well,
Far away among the clover and the bees;
And the morning glory vine,
Round the cabin porch did twine,
And the robin red-breast sang among the trees
There were brothers young and gay,
A father old and gray,
A mother dear to shield us from all harm,
There I watched life's golden hours,
Running wild among the flowers,
In my boyhood's happy days, down on the farm

Chorus:

Many weary years have passed,
Since I saw the old place last,
But memory steals o'er me like a charm;
Every old familiar place,
Every kind and loving face,
In my boyhood's happy days down on the farm.

But to-day as I draw near
That old home I love so dear,
A stranger comes to meet me at the door;
Round the place there's many a change,
And the faces all seem strange,
Not a loved one comes to meet me as of yore;
My mother dear is laid
In the elm tree's leafy shade
Where the ivy vine is creeping o'er her grave;
In that old familiar place,
There I see a stranger's face.
In my father's old armchair, down on the farm.
Chorus:

An Instrument for Relieving Choked Cattle.

Cattle frequently become choked by attempting to swallow a whole potato, turnip or apple, and unless discovered in time, death often ensues, and the attempt to remove the obstruction is often a failure. If the obstruction can be felt part way down the throat, one man should grasp the gullet and windpipe firmly below where the article is lodged. Another person should run a fork or rake handle, having the end blunt pointed like a four-sided pyramid, down the animal's throat and gently strike the obstruction, each time giving the stick a quarter turn that the obstruction may be broken. After a dozen strokes, press hard on the obstruction, gently turning the stick around in both directions, remove it and if you find small pieces in a hole bored near the point of the stick, proceed as before. It will take but a moment to make a hole through even a hard apple. When this is done, the choking is greatly relieved. The obstruction can be crushed by heavy outward pressure on the windpipe, or by giving a dose of melted lard, or cotton-seed oil. Should the obstruction be far down toward the stomach, it is best to break it up or make a hole through it before trying to force into the stomach, as the latter often takes a heavy pressure to do this, and pressing so hard may cause internal injury. It will be observed that the form of the end of the stick prevents any injury to the windpipe.

Look After That Little Calf.

Not long since a man who was grumbling about his poor luck in growing crops, was taken to do by a neighbor who asked him if it did not cost as much to grow 50 tons of weeds in his corn field, as it did 50 tons of good corn fodder, the first good-for-nothing, the second sufficient to winter ten cows, and take the place of purchased hay, and grain? The care of the calves is something analagous. A little more care and feed results in a good, healthy calf in the Fall, and less care and feed results in a "weed" and no breeding will surmount poor care and feeding. On this point Editor Jenkins has this to say:

Pretty soon the complaint will begin to come in, "What ails the calves?" We can tell you in advance what ails them; it is simply ignorance and carelessness in taking care of them. They are not and should not be allowed to run with their dams, though that would be the safest way to rear them if you are not willing to take proper care of them; but the trouble with the little things lies in one or more of the following causes: Scours from wet beds, cold milk, sour milk, dirty feed pans, neglect to feed at one time and overfeeding at another, cold draughts; an aggravated form of any of these troubles will kill a calf in six hours. It requires absolute system to raise calves by hand. It makes a good breeder sick to go into a calf stable that smells sour and rank, as he knows that means death to the calves.

Muck as Manure.

Not everything is gold that glitters; not every soil is rich that looks black. Muck may be as black as coal, and yet as poor as poverty. Muck is not manure, and mucky soils may need manuring more urgently than ordinary uplands do. Don't imagine you can raise any kind of vegetables without the free use of manures, because you have a nice piece of black, mucky soil. True such soil has certain advantages. It works easily and can be tilled and kept free from weeds with a minimum of effort, and at the same time it is remarkably fitted for holding moisture and withstanding the ill effects of a drought. But don't forget to use manure in liberal quantities if you want good crops of roots, onions, celery, lettuce, radishes, turnips and other garden vegetables. It is not always necessary to use barn-yard manures. Ashes and dissolved bone or chemical, mineral fertilizers (supplying phosphoric acid and potash) will often give you as good result on muck as yard manure. But in any case you must use plenty of these plant-foods. Many muck beds or deposits are but little more than carbon, and almost entirely destitute of potash and phosphoric acid. Others have a good percentage of nitrogen, which, however, is not immediately available for plant-food. While muck, therefore, cannot take the place of manure, where complete manures are needed, its application to stiff clay soil or to clear sands may have the most happy effects. There are clay lands that no amount of harrowing and rolling will get in best mechanical order. They are destitute in humus, and no matter how you treat them, they are and remain lumpy. The lumps may contain plenty of potash and phospheric acid, yet the soil is unproductive, because the plant-food is locked up in the lumps and entirely out of reach of the plants. Add a good quantity of muck with its carbon, and mix it thoroughly with the clay. All at once the soil will pulverize nicely, become as mellow as an ash heap and produce good crops. The plant-food, heretofore bound up tightly in the great lumps, has become available and good crops are grown. Don't imagine, however, that the effect is due to the "plant-foods" which you have added by adding muck. The muck has simply improved the mechanical condition of the clay soil. Clear sands can also be improved in texture, as well as in their capacity for holding moisture, by addition of muck or mold. But as the average muck contains a considerable amount of nitrogen, we can use it directly as a manure, where nitrogen is needed, provided we find means to make this nitrogen available for plant use or can wait until it will thus become available naturally in the course of time. Some samples of muck would have a fertilizing value of $9 per ton for their nitrogen alone, if all of it were available. Owners of muck beds miss a good chance if they refuse to get out a lot of muck and let it become dry. It is an admirable absorbent in stables and hen-houses, and when used as bedding being a rich and effective manure, good for any crop which the gardener grows, and for any kind of soil. Now, while the swamps are dry, is a good time for hauling muck, and in Fall, when men and teams are not crowded with work, a good time to ditch the swamps. There are as yet thousands of acres of such land, partially or wholly under water which, with a comparatively inconsiderable outlay in money and labor, might be made to "blossom like the rose," and bring forth crops worth hundreds of dollars a year to the gardener.

Use the Harrow.

I have noticed that when a new and better implement is invented or method is discovered, many of us are apt to make too great a use of it. While using it largely in place of the old implement would be wise, there yet remains some use for the old implement; but we use the new one exclusively. These are the two extremes, both to be avoided—not using the new or improved method or implement at all, and using it exclusively. Of the two, the first named is the more to be avoided, but the second also is to be avoided. It might be thought (and evidently many of us do so think—this is evidenced by our actions) that if the method or implement is an improved (better) one, the more use made of it the greater the profit. But it may be better, generally is better, not for exclusive use, but for large use only. The reasoning that if a certain amount is good, more is better, is not sound. If it were, then a man should take all the contents of the medicine bottle at one dose. There would not be any room for homeopathy in anything. Not so very long ago the diamond or barshare plow was used almost exclusively in corn cultivation in the West. Some twenty years ago the two-horse, two-wheeled, four shoveled cultivator was introduced, and many farmers use it altogether in cultivating corn. It is speedy, easily managed, does nice work and has wheels. This last clause states a potent reason for its wide use. In these days of running after machinery, the farm hand does not like to use anything that has not wheels. Now, while I use the cultivator much more than the diamond plow, there is good use, I find, for the diamond plow. Generally, I use it only once during the season, but I would not forego that use for a consideration. By using the barshares once, I will make ten per cent. more corn on the average; I will make twenty per cent. more in a late, cold, wet season, such as we have about one year in three. Time was when we thought a good, steel-toothed harrow a very good implement to use. If it was well supplied with good steel teeth, recently sharpened, we did not ask for much else in the way of implements for preparing our wheat ground; and although, when we sowed the wheat, there were many clods to be seen, we nevertheless got a good crop—as good as we get now. True, our land was newer then, but we did not put nearly so much work upon it, and we did not have the improved varieties we now have. While many clods were to be seen on our wheat ground then, the clods were about all on the surface. While the harrow was cutting through clods, or wearing away on their surfaces, it was continually pulling up clods and letting fine earth go down. As a result, when we were done harrowing, we had a cloddy surface, but fine, lively earth beneath for the wheat to germinate and grow in; while the clods, mellowed down by the frost during the Winter, covered the exposed roots of those plants heaved up, and held the snow about the plants until the frost did mellow them (the clods) down. Now, with our improved implements, we are apt to have the reverse—clods below and fine earth on the surface. Nowadays, the disc or smoothing harrow, the roller and the drag, are used by many exclusively in preparing ground for wheat. These are all splendid implements, and should be used in their proper places; but they have their limitations. The roller is strictly a surface worker. It does not go down. If clods are on the surface it may crush them, and it may only push them down; if they are below the surface, it has no effect upon them. This is true in almost as great a degree of the smoothing harrow and the drag. The disc harrow works deeper. But I have found that though it goes over the ground three or four times, many clods below the surface will escape. This is especially the case when the ground is dry. The discs pass over these clods, or they slip between the discs; and the discs lift fine earth, but not persistent clods to the surface. The result of using these implements exclusively is that the seed-bed is apparently splendidly prepared. It is smooth and fine on the surface. But it is full of clods and crevices below. When wheat is sown in such a seed-bed, many grains fail to find the conditions essential to germination, and not a few plants succumb. Such a seed-bed may be known by the drill hoes jumping up and down. Whenever the drill hoes do not run smoothly and evenly, I know the seed-bed is not in good condition, no matter how nice the surface looks; and whenever the drill hoes run smoothly and steadily, and I can kick up fresh, fine dirt with the toe of my shoe, I know that the grain is going into a well prepared seed-bed, though the surface is quite cloddy. And the way to get this well-prepared seed-bed is to use the steel-toothed harrow at least twice, to pull the clods up to the surface, and also to help to fine them.—[J. M. Stahl, in Prairie Farmer.

A GREAT AFRICAN TRIBE.

Mighty Changes Being Wrought by the White Man in the Dark Continent.

What mighty changes the white man is making all over the face of Africa! Millions of natives feel the impulse, for good or ill, of the strange influence; but they do not know yet the tremendous consequences in which the web of new conditions will involve them.

Ten years ago the most dreaded tribe of equatorial Africa were the Masai. Their home is west and northwest of Mount Kilima-Njaro, but their murderous raids covered a vast area from the sea far inland to the springs that feed Victoria Nyanza and the Nile. No Swahili trading caravan, less than a thousand strong, dared venture among them. No missionary risked his life within their borders. No explorer fathomed the geographic secrets of their land. No cattle-breeding tribe for hundreds of miles around, was safe from their resistless forays; and when Joseph Thomson at last passed unscathed through Masai Land to the great lake, the achievment won him enduring fame.

All this is now changed. Even the Swahili porters have lost much of their terror before the once dreaded Masai warrior. English fortified posts are planted in his land. Little missionary bands have safely crossed the lofty plateau where his women and children tend their herds. The apparition of El Moran, in his war plumes, out for a cattle raid, is no longer troubling native villagers hundreds of miles from Masai Land.

Capt. Pringle of the Victoria Nyanza railroad survey, tells us that the Masai are no longer arrogant in their dealings with Europeans. They ask for presents, but do not demand tribute. They treat visitors courteously, do not demand the payment of toll from every passing caravan, and have ceased to force their way into the white man's tent and order him to take off his boots and show his toes.

Perhaps their recent misfortunes, not less than the display of European power, have modified the arrogance and improved the behavior of the Masai. Once they would eat nothing but beef or mutton. But their countless herds have been nearly annihilated by the cattle plague that has swept across Africa, and even the warriors have been compelled to subsist on the despised flour of the neighboring agricultural tribes. Scarcity of food has done something to lessen their pride and make them most amenable to reason.

Capt. Pringle says the Masai are now willing to make treaties with the Europeans, and it is believed they would abide by them. If they treat them properly, the British may yet turn the remarkable discipline and soldierly qualities of this powerful tribe to good account.

A Wonderful Procession.

The most unique procession that has ever taken place in the world's history marked the opening of the world's parliament of religions at the art institute in Chicago on Monday. It was a procession that had a world of meaning in it—one that would have been impossible not many years ago. Jews marched with Gentiles, and Catholics marched with Protestants. The religious beliefs of India, of China and of Japan were represented, as well as those of the English-speaking nations, all attired in their priestly robes and wearing the insignia of their office, marched to the platform while the audience rose and cheered at the sight. First came Cardinal Gibbons, escorted by President Bonney. Then came Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Charles Hennotin, representing the Board of Lady Managers, and then the following with their suites: Archbishop Redwood, of New Zealand; Archbishop Dionysios Latas, of Zante, Greece; Rev. John Henry Barrows, of Chicago; Archbishop Feehan, Count A. Bernstorff, of Berlin; Dr. Carl Von Bergen, of Sweden; Prof. C. N. Chaharar, D. Dharmapala and P. C. Moosomdar, of India; Rev. Augusta Chapin, of Chicago; Rev. Alexander D. McKenzie, Pung Quang Yu, of China; Dr. E. G. Hirch, of Chicago; Miss Jean Siribi and Khersedji Laugraua, of Bombay; Bishop Bwarnette and Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant. Even more inspiring was the scene when the vast audience arose and joined in singing "Praise God from whom all Blessings Flow," and later when Cardinal Gibbons led those of all nations and all religions in reciting the Lord's prayer. The regular proceedings of the parliament of religions were opened auspiciously by an invocation by Cardinal Gibbons and addresses by President C. C. Bonney and religious lights from various parts of the world. President Bonney, in his address of welcome, said they should all give thanks for being able to take part in so grand a congress, one that so fully exemplified peace and progress and which would have so great an influence on the world. Cardinal Gibbons replying said that though all did not agree on matters of faith, there was one platform on which they were all united, that was charity, humanity and benevolence. He said that he could not impress too strongly on everyone that each was his brother's keeper. That was the whole theory of humanity. If Christ had cried with Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" we would still be walking in darkness.

A Terrible Disease.

If England has reason to be afraid that pluro-pneumonia might enter the country with cattle from Canada, we have infinitely more cause to fear that anthrax, a terrible disease fatal alike to man and beast, that has broken out in Northumberland and other northern counties, may cross to Canada. So deadly is the plague, experts declare, that a field in which an affected animal has once grazed can never be safely used for pasture again. On one large and flourishing farm in Northumberland 33 cattle and 100 swine died in a few days, and the farmer and a laborer are in a precarious condition. When some of the stomachs of the animals were examined no trace of poison or other extraneous matter likely to cause disease could be found, but the oder omitted was offensive beyond description. There was no fungi about the farm, while the particular field where the cattle were first seized consisted to all appearance of beautiful pure grass. There is great excitement in the north of England in consequence of the outbreak, the Government experts being nonplused in their efforts to find a cause. The first symptoms are a burning thirst, but before the animals can get to water they usually droop and die, so sudden is the ailment in its effect.

France and Germany.

The review at Metz of a large portion of the German army by Emperor William II., attended by the heir to the throne of Italy, will have, and was meant to have, a profound significance for French observers. The spectacle symbolizes the resolve of the German people to grasp firmly all the German soil recovered from the foreigner, and such a determination may be seen to imply a menace of regaining other lands, which were once German, but which are now held by France. The presence, too, of the Prince of Naples is equivalent to a declaration that no sense of gratitude for the former services of Frenchmen can break the tie of interest that now binds the house of Savoy to the Hohenzollerns, and that with regard to Lorraine no less than to the Rhineland the defiant war song of the Germans, "*Es sollen sie nicht haben*," "No you shall never have it," finds an echo in the Italian kingdom. Metz has been much more thoroughly Germanized since 1871 than Strasburg, although it had been in French hands for a much longer period. It was not until close to the end of the seventeenth century that the free city of Strasburg was seized by Louis XIV., while it was in the time of Henry II., almost a century and a half before, that the Three Bishoprics, of which Metz was one, were incorporated with French territory. The extreme importance of the latter place from a strategic point of view was from the first appreciated, and not even their disastrous rout at St. Quentin could loosen the hold of Frenchmen on their prize. It was the possession of Metz that rendered possible the subsequent conquest of French Flanders on the north, and the still later absorption of the Duchy of Lorraine upon the south. Metz was the keystone of the whole wall of provinces, gradually reared upon the French frontier, and stretching from the towns upon the Somme in Picardy to the southern limits of Franche-Comte. The surrender of Metz to the Germans, after the lapse of some three hundred years, meant not only a grave actual loss, but a portentous prospective danger. Unquestionably, the retention of Metz was, as Von Moltke described it, an indispensable condition of the security of Germany, and, so long as the Germans keep it, they may look upon the Rhine as safe. All the resources of modern engineering have been taxed to make the fortress impregnable, and, no doubt, as Kaiser William II. reviewed his legion under its walls, he exulted in the belief that Metz would never become French again. Yet if there is one lesson that history is never weary of repeating, it is that a preponderance of numbers is no guarantee of success in war, and that no country, however superior in repute is its military system, can hope to retain a monopoly of military genius.

The New Colonial Party.

Whatever name may be given to the new political organization just formed in England for the furtherance of colonial interests in the imperial parliament there is undoubtedly a wide field of useful work before it. In far distant Australia and New Zealand, as well as in the British House of Commons, beneficial movements may be pushed forward. At the preliminary meeting mention was made of the necessity for improved cable communication with the Colonies, the abolition of the postal anomalies, the cessation of the transportation of French convicts to New Caledonia, and reform in the appointment of Colonial governors. Many other matters might be readily suggested as tending towards the realization of the great idea of Imperial Federation towards which Lord Rosebery looks forward. Near at hand, and with a promise of immediate benefit, lies the Ocean Penny Post, which Mr. Henniker Heaton supports so energetically from the fulness of his knowledge of Australian life. Sir John Gorst owes much of his all-round knowledge of men and affairs of state to the diversified Colonial experiences that he passed through. In this country Mr. Blake's failure as a politician was due to lack of sympathy with his party and not to any want of ability. If Sir John Thompson could journey from Ottawa to Paris to take part in the Behring Sea arbitration, why may not a Canadian Minister of the future travel to London to sit with the rulers of the Empire in the British Parliament? Let the door be opened, and we have the examples of Sir Henry Parkes and Sir John Macdonald to prove that men of strong character will not be lacking. This, however, is looking into the future. For the present, we are glad to see that the new party proposes to begin quietly. It will embrace all members of the House of Commons who happen to be connected with self-governing colonies. Instead of interfering with, it will help on any work of the official representatives of Colonial governments in London. Had such a party been in existence a year ago Sir Charles Tupper would not have had to struggle almost alone against the Imperial Board of Agriculture, which continues to forbid the importation of Canadian live cattle. A compact group of Colonial members, acting together for the common good, should be able to render real and lasting service to the State.

Payment of Members.

Now that the Imperial Parliament has resolved upon the payment of its members anything bearing upon the subject is considered interesting over there. A parliamentary paper just issued gives the various amounts paid to legislators in the different colonies. In Newfoundland members receive an allowance of $129 a session, but have neither travelling expenses nor free passes on railways. In Australia and the Cape, where railways are controlled by the colony, members have in all cases free railway passes, and in some cases it is made a condition in the contract for the mails that the mail coaches shall carry members free. In Natal an allowance of 1*l.* a day is paid during the session. Members of the Cape Parliament receive one guinea a day, and to those living at a distance from the Parliament house an additional allowance of 15s a day for personal expenses is paid. Members of the Legislative Council of New Zealand receive 150*l.* a year, and of the House of Representatives 240*l.* a year, with reasonable travelling expenses, but deductions are made for non-attendance. In Queensland, New South Wales, and Victoria, salaries of 300*l.* a year are paid. In Ottawa the rate is about $10 a day during the session; in Ontario it averages $6 a day; Quebec, $600 the session. Payment in Nova Scotia is $500 a session. This rate is also paid to members of the Legislative Assembly of the North West Territories with travelling allowances

HE IS HERE FROM TURKEY.

A Greek Merchant Wants Our Machinery.

Mr. Socrates Seferiades, of Smyrna Thinks Canadian Engines Are the Best in the World—Asia Minor Has Figs, Opium, Rugs and Other Commodities to Exchange for the Manufactures of This Country.

A GREEK FROM ASIA MINOR.

Mr. Socrates A. Seferiades, a Greek merchant from Smyrna, Asia Minor, registered at the Rossin house, Toronto, the other evening. He is a tall, handsome man and speaks English fluently. His complexion is as dark as an Arab's but he possesses all the characteristic beauties of face, head and physique of his race. He has traveled all over the earth and has done business with men of all nations. He spent a month at the World's Fair for the purpose of selecting machinery to send to Smyrna. Though well versed in the mechanical arts he did not trust to his judgment alone, but employed mechanical experts to make tests and give opinions as to the best traction engine to be secured. The experts devoted a month to the work of testing all such engines at the World's Fair, and on Saturday last informed the merchant that in their opinion the engine sent to the Fair by Mr. John Abell, Toronto, was the best in the world. The Greek, who is of the same opinion himself,

STARTED AT ONCE FOR TORONTO

and will visit the Abell works and select the first machines to go to Asia Minor. He says that many merchants will follow his example and send for Canadian machinery of all kinds.

Mr. Seferiades had no idea until he visited the Chicago Fair that Canada could make such a good showing. He found that in farm produce she stood first with no close second. In machinery he thinks she stands first in many lines, including all farming implements. Her timber and minerals astonished him, as did her live stock and manufactured goods.

Asia Minor has in the past sent her surplus of figs, opium, rugs and other products to England and the United States, but Mr. Seferiades is of the opinion that when the Asiatic traders learn of the wonderful inducements Canada has to offer they will exchange their products for machinery, clothing and manufactured goods of various kinds.

RICH IN RESOURCES.

"Asia Minor is rich, very rich, in the soil. There is no limit to her resources. We have no beggars, but we have no protective tariff to enable us to build up manufacturing industries for ourselves. We produce many things which Canadians have now to purchase second-hand through the United States or England. We are anxious as no doubt Canadians are, to deal directly. You have many things we want. Let us hope that many months will not pass before thousands of machines will go westward to the far east from your country, and that in return Asiatic produce will be common in all the shops in Canada."

THE SULTAN AND THE CHOLERA.

When asked if the inhabitants of Smyrna were satisfied with Turkish rule, he said that they were in every way. The present Sultan was a great and good man, much respected and beloved by all classes, including Greeks and Europeans. Cholera had been raging in Smyrna for two months past. The Sultan was not satisfied with sending hundreds of medical men accompanied by nurses and furnished medicines to the rescue of the people, but had gone so far as to send his own medical advisers to superintend the stamping out of the plague. The result was that the dreadful disease had been almost stamped out, only 20 deaths having occurred last month.

Heredity in Crime.

Mr. William M. F. Rounds, secretary of the National Prison Association, says in a paper in the September Forum that heredity has been given altogether too important a place in accounting for the growth of the criminal classes; that moral traits are only rarely inherited and that it is training and environment that makes the criminal in the very great majority of cases. He says: "I wish to put myself on record, after a study of the criminal, and contrary to any previous utterances, as going squarely back to the doctrine of free will as laid down by our fathers, and I wish to be understood distinctly and squarely to hold to the doctrine of moral responsibility as applying to every sane individual. * * * Of the 700 criminals I have examined, I have found that more than 500 had a clear motive and a sane motive, though a perfectly understood dishonest one and a criminal one. * * * I do not believe that one-fifth of this number were ever in a condition when they could not have turned around, had they determined to do so, and lived virtuous and upright lives." The plain interpretation of this is that the great majority of these prisoners were not subjected to the right training, and were not placed under pure and ennobling influences when their characters were being formed. In other words, they lacked the right kind of home influences. When we consider the great harm done to society by the criminal and the drain upon the productive industries necessary to police cities and run courts and imprison the dangerous classes and the misdirected force of even the well-intentioned, the need of strengthening the home influences which form the character becomes strikingly apparent.

No work of apology is due to an appreciative public for giving the sea serpent his due every time he condescends to show himself. Ottawa is now fully converted to faith in him, and Mrs. John Lahey, the wife of a respectable farmer, who lives near the head of Allumette island, is the latest apostle of the famous fish. She was washing on the river bank, when she saw approaching her an object which at first she mistook for one of the great logs for which the lumbering districts of the upper Ottawa are famous. But she altered her opinion when the monster raised its hideous head five feet above the water and deliberately hissed at her in a snakish manner. Then it disappeared, and Mrs Lahey fled to the shelter of her own roof, where she promptly fainted. This distressing culmination of the affair is not believed to have been the cruel object of the serpent in hissing at Mrs. Lahey; his apologists are positive that he merely meant to prove once and for all his true nature