

LORD ABERDEEN INSPECTS THE MODEL FARM.

HE TALKS TO THE STUDENTS.

Practical Remarks on the Value of the Agricultural College.

During his visit last week to Western Ontario the Governor General visited the Guelph Agricultural College, and was given a luncheon by the authorities.

His Excellency was greeted with a storm of applause as he rose to speak. He said:—Mr. Principal, ladies and gentlemen,—The Principal has just remarked that I would probably be glad to have an opportunity of addressing a body of students. That reminds me that my present visit to this part of the Dominion is, as I have already stated elsewhere, of an academic character, and certainly with reference to a visit to Guelph Agricultural College, I include it in that expression in the strictest sense of the term. You can easily understand that Lady Aberdeen and I have looked forward with great interest to this visit, for like most tolerably well-informed persons, we have often heard of Guelph, and especially of Guelph College. (Applause.)

One cannot help feeling that apart from the actual and practical benefits which you, and others through you, derive from the opportunities here afforded of acquiring a real scientific acquaintance with the great pursuit of agriculture—one cannot but recognize that there is an indirect influence to be gained in this respect, namely, that it will induce the public generally more and more to recognize the dignity as well as the useful and practical character of this great profession of farming. (Great applause.)

A gentleman in England was once traveling in a railway train for a considerable distance, and one of his fellow-passengers was a gentleman with whom he fell into conversation. He found his companion well informed, and a man of considerable ability; they conversed about many things, and, after a time, the gentleman first referred to said to his companion:—"May I ask you what profession you belong to?" "Oh I have no profession," said the other. "I am only a farmer." "Only a farmer," said the first gentleman, "Why, sir, what more useful and honorable profession could you wish for?" (Loud applause.) I think there is a great deal of suggestiveness in that remark, and it may enable you to understand what I mean when I say that the indirect influence of such an institution as this college is of value apart from its immediate effects. (Applause.) There is also another influence which will make itself felt more and more. The science of farming is brought practically before you in this college, but we know many farmers of the older school who have a sort of misgiving, amounting almost to a suspicion, about scientific methods of farming. (Laughter.) They have an idea that there is more theory than practice in them. They say, "How can these learned gentlemen teach us to know our business?" (Renewed laughter.) I remember once—the incident I am about to relate occurred in this Dominion, but in a locality remote from this, so no harm can come from telling you about it—I had a long drive, and we came to a little town where there had been an agricultural show during the day. I was going out of the inn for a short walk, when a gentleman came up to me and said:—"Are you 'the northern farmer'?" "Well," said I, "I come from Aberdeenshire—(laughter)—which is pretty far north, and

I DO A LITTLE FARMING.

so perhaps I may be termed 'a northern farmer.' (Renewed laughter.) But what is your objection to the northern farmer?" "Oh," he said, "I mean that newspaper chap, who publishes a paper apparently to teach farmers their business." (Loud laughter.) Evidently the gentleman had taken offence at the advice given in some of the articles in question. There is a saying in Scotland "that a hungry man is an angry man," and as I had not yet had any supper, while my acquaintance was evidently in a contrary condition, perhaps I answered him somewhat shortly. (Laughter.) But the incident showed me that there is even in Canada occasionally a tendency to a want of appreciation of the latest developments in scientific methods of farming, such as I have met with often in the old country—on the other hand I am aware that in the Dominion there is a vast amount of recognition, not only on the part of the younger generation of agriculturists, as to the value of the latest developments of science, but also that among the general mass of farmers there is a widespread appreciation of the splendid advantages they may derive from the opportunities afforded them of learning the results of the experiments carried on at this college, and in the various experimental farms throughout the Dominion. (Applause.) I am glad to know that you have in connection with this institution an experimental department ably conducted by Mr. Zavitz, of which advantage is taken by the farmers throughout this part of the country. (Applause.) But I understand that experiments for that purpose are not the primary, but rather the secondary, aim of your institution. This is in fact a college, and its fundamental object is educational. (Applause.)

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES DOING GOOD WORK.

As to the other aspect alluded to, we see the advantage taken of the existence of the Dominion Experimental Farm at Ottawa, and those at Brandon, Indiana Head and Agassiz, in British Columbia. So I say it is an indication of the intelligence of Canadian farmers, that as a whole they make use of the opportunities they have of obtaining instruction and getting samples and results of the scientific operations conducted at these farms. (Applause.) It reflects great credit on the Government of the Dominion that no expense has been spared in getting good men to put at the head of these farms, and a good equipment for the work. (Hear, hear.) I know some of these men, and I can say from personal experience that the Government and the country are to be congratulated on having secured their services. (Applause.)

I wish further to offer my respectful congratulations on the remarkable influence which this headquarters of agricultural research and learning has exercised recently, especially in the remarkable success, the illustrious success, of Canada, and especially of the Province of Ontario, in the case of the agricultural exhibits at Chicago. (Loud applause.) Now, of course that has been a subject of rejoicing and satisfaction throughout the Dominion; but it is well that we

should remember the influence which this particular institution exercised in this matter. This is no matter of mere inference or opinion, for we know that the Government of Ontario recognized from the outset the opportunity which was before this Province and the Dominion generally on the occasion of this great World's Fair, especially in the matter of agricultural exhibits, and we know how well this foresight has been justified. I refer to this for the purpose of noting especially

THE SPLENDID GUIDANCE which was exercised in this matter by the Minister of Agriculture for this Province—the Hon. Mr. Dryden—(great applause)—and the immediate and practical co-operation of the Principal in carrying out every detail bore excellent results. And I might mention the names of others who have done grand service in this matter, such as Mr. Aubrey and Capt. McMaster, whom we have the pleasure of seeing here to-day. (Applause.) The action of the Government and Parliament in taking hold of this affair, has been more than justified; it is an encouragement to all concerned that so large a success has attended the efforts put forth on this occasion. (Applause.) We all know that the awards in dairy produce, especially cheese, have been by a vast majority in favor of Canada—(great applause)—and it is interesting to know in this connection of the immense exports of cheese especially to Great Britain. I am sorry to say I have not the reports for the last year with me, and I forget the exact figures, but this trade has increased greatly, and has now reached a very high figure, about \$13,000,000 in 1893. This is a splendid advertisement for Canada. What is now needed is that, by the increased care and attention in the making and packing of butter, the farmers of this country may make that department more successful. (Applause.)

Speaking of the advertisements, I am afraid I have shown how one can perform the strange feat of attending a celebration at which ice and snow form the principal features, and yet finding oneself in hot water. (Laughter.) I refer to the carnival at Quebec. I was warned that I would be doing harm if I helped in this way to make known the fact that there was much ice and snow in Quebec, but I think we ought not to be too sensitive on this subject. (Applause.) We must remember that there is a much better way of correcting any mistaken ideas about the climate of Canada than by ignoring an ice carnival, and that is to let the world know what Canada can produce. (Loud applause.) We could not produce fruit, grapes, apples and the rest in a country where there is a perpetual reign of ice and snow. (Renewed applause.) The people of other countries judge by these things of the capabilities of this country. (Hear, hear.) Formerly apples sent from this country were too often exposed in the British markets as being American; that is too wide a term; but now, largely, I believe owing to the exertions of Sir Charles Tupper, more care is taken to get a proper classification, and your exports in this line are properly described as Canadian apples. (Applause.) To go no further, the existence of this college, and what it is doing, and the fact that it is bringing men from distant countries to receive a scientific training in the profession of agriculture, is a most conspicuous advertisement in respect of the productiveness and resources of this land of which we are all justly proud. (Loud applause.)

INSULAR PREJUDICES CONDEMNED.

One word more, suggested by the fact that students come here from the mother country and other lands. Of course, when a number of young men are brought together from different parts, you cannot expect always to have uniformity of opinion and feeling, but yet there may be harmony among them—just as in music you do not expect to hear one note always, but a variety of notes blended. So we should learn a great deal of each other and not allow ourselves to be influenced by prejudices such as sometimes exist when people come from different parts of the globe. I have sometimes observed that men coming from the old country, perhaps unconsciously adopt a somewhat criticizing attitude, and that those in the younger country are apt to resent anything which seems to savor of an assumption of superiority. On the other hand, the latter being in the majority, may fairly be appealed to to make an allowance for the traditions and habits of thought which prevail in an old and long-settled country, and which are apt to appear to those coming from such a country at first as not admitting of alteration or modification. (Applause.) That is merely a suggestion. (Renewed applause.)

There is one other obvious remark in connection with that, and that is that Canada must be a very good place to come to when we find young men coming from such great distances to get a good education in agriculture. I want also to say that it is of the highest importance that it should be recognized in an especial degree that this profession of agriculture is, as I hinted at the outset, to be looked on as a fine field for distinction. There is no doubt a tendency, more particularly in a country where great educational facilities are afforded, to look upon certain departments of work and labor as less distinguished than others. That is a mistake, and especially in a democratic country like this, it ought surely to be a recognized thing that every department of work in life is equally to be admired and respected, according to the manner in which such work is done. (Loud applause.)

The subjects suggested by an occasion like this are many and various, and unless I curb the natural inclination to make further observations I may detain you too long. (Laughter.) I desire, however, to express our great appreciation of the manner in which we have been received to-day—our thanks to the Principal and to his colleagues, who have made the occasion so instructive to us, and, lastly, our thanks to Mr. Dryden for the invitation which has led to this visit, which we shall always remember with great pleasure. (Continued applause.)

His Excellency when on the point of leaving rose and said, referring to the manner in which his carriage had been drawn by the students:—"I don't like to allow the gathering to separate without offering a more deliberate and a second assurance of our warm appreciation of the manner in which we were escorted to the dairy building this morning. (Laughter.) You could not have paid us a greater compliment, and I can assure you, we watched the proceedings with the utmost interest. (Renewed laughter and applause.)

PIERRE LATOUR'S HEAD.

A STORY OF THE GUILLOTINE.

In a little flat on the second floor of No. 3 Rue Vioq d'Azir—a small little street within a short walk of La Roquette Prison—resides a man whom to know is to shun; a quiet, retiring person, a one-time tailor, who mended clothes for the workmen of that quarter, but is now employed, to use his own ghastly joke, as head-cutter in the Government shop.

M. Deibler, otherwise Monsieur de Paris, is the executioner of France. He cuts off heads with the guillotine.

Upon a certain day of the year 1880, from its soft red lining in a black leather case, Monsieur Deibler, with a strangely reluctant hand, took a knife of oblique shape, its back heavily weighted. Before La Roquette Prison at the same time two black vans arrived; one contained the "woods of justice," the other a rough pine box in the form of a coffin.

Mons. Deibler, otherwise Mons. de Paris, as you may perhaps surmise, had an execution on hand.

Upon five stones outside the central door of the prison the instrument was presently "installed," to the cross-beam of which the executioner, with his own hands, affixed the glittering blade. A toppling over of a plank, a neck brought within a half circular ring, the pressure of a button in one of the upright posts, the swift descent of a knife, and—well—

Mlle. Guillotine was now ready.

To the Abbe Faure, who shrived him, Pierre Latour, the condemned man, protested his innocence. To the assistant who brought him from his cell down the stone staircase to the Depot—where his last toilet was made—Pierre Latour protested his innocence. Before le bon Dieu, as they strapped him to the fatal plank, he protested his innocence; and as the knife fell, and his black head rolled into the vessel of sawdust below, his pale lips—those who saw them say—convulsively murmured: "Je suis innocent."

Not since his initial performance, when, as the saying goes, he had lost his head as well as the man he had executed, did Mons. de Paris, the executioner of France, feel so averse to shedding the blood of a fellow-creature. The criminal, an humble herbalist of Saint Denis, through the whole trial had seemed denied almost to the point of imbecility. Though in the name of justice Mons. de Paris had shed the blood of his fellow-men, custom had not hardened him to the extent of being unable to distinguish between one criminal and another. Other men, to be sure, had protested their innocence at the very foot of the guillotine, but not in the manner, he felt, in which this humble herbalist had done it.

And then the evidence. As the black van trundled off with the body—its head between its legs, presumably, as is customary—Mons. Deibler fell to recalling some points of the trial. Upon insufficient evidence he had heard more than one say Pierre Latour had been convicted of murder. Conclusive proofs there had been none, but—*ma foi!*

What a devil of a pleader was Monsieur Despard, the public prosecutor! What a genius had he for turning the very lack of evidence to his own advantage; for twisting and turning adverse testimony to his own purposes! Ah, such eloquence, such logic! Never since the days of d'Aguesseau had such brilliant oratory been heard before the criminal court of Paris. The pictures he drew of society shaken to its foundations should poor Pierre Latour go free of communities wronged and desolated should Pierre Latour go free! of the responsibility which every member of the jury must assume should Pierre Latour go free!

How they shuddered, bench, bar, and jury! bench, bar, and jury, how they wept! And the father of Mons. Despard, what tears of joy trickled down his furrowed cheek as he contemplated his noble son, this incomparable orator, whom he, poor humble citizen, had given to an admiring world.

A verdict of condemnation, that was all the public prosecutor asked, only the head of poor Pierre Latour, and, as we have seen, by his masterly eloquence, he won it.

A month had passed since the body of Pierre Latour had been trundled to the Cemetery d'Ivry, and again Mons. Despard, the public prosecutor, had a capital indictment to sustain.

For days, indifferent to food or rest, had his mind been given to his subject, but now, so they say in France, his "system" was complete. Into a perfect ensemble his facts had been grouped; facts, theories, and sophisms, when—malediction!—a deposition of a witness hitherto overlooked, suddenly presented itself. That system, which he had been so many days erecting, collapsed; that peroration, which in eloquence was to eclipse the last, fell to the ground.

The last!

For the first time since his eloquence had won him a head did the public prosecutor think of Pierre Latour—Pierre Latour, whose stupid look of amazement at his masterly speech he recalled to-night with a pleased smile.

The clock in a neighboring tower at this point tolled "two."

To fail with his present system of indictment would, in a measure, weaken his pride in the last. To convict! Was that not his duty! To bring all the powers of his logic and skill toward enlisting that adverse testimony among his arguments against the prisoner; to—Mons. Despard, the public prosecutor, paused for a moment to gaze wearily out upon the stars.

Stars! What stars were those that like two staring eyes glared angrily at him through the window?

Mons. Despard turned pale; then he laughed.

"The reflection of the light," he thought "doubled by a flaw in the glass," and shifted his position.

Diabolical! Only more distinctly was presented the glare of those angry eyes. Then Mons. Despard waxed angry. What intruder was this who dared at this hour of the night to spy upon his labors; to glare upon him, the public prosecutor, so menacingly! Though devoid of conscience, as we have seen, he was not devoid of courage, and the next instant he had raised the sash and reached out to grapple with the intruder.

Mons. Despard met with no resistance, encountered nothing more formidable than air.

Thirty feet from the ground, a perpendicular

wall unbroken just here by any window below, pierced by no window above. Mons. Despard reflected. No mortal being could have reached his balcony, and, smiling at the hallucinations which thus visit men in the night, the public prosecutor returned to his desk again.

Nothing disturbed the stillness for a time, save the scratch, scratch of his pen; then he laid down the latter to listen.

That rustling in the corner! What could occasion it?

Hop, hop, hop!

Mons. Despard shaded his eyes from the glare of the lamp, and peered into the shadowy corner. Had all his senses conspired this night to deceive him? That dusky object which, like some uncanny bird, came hopping toward him! Was it—could it be—Mon Dieu! it was a head, a ghastly head, with jet black locks and wide staring eyes; a head that with one bound gaped upon the desk, and with fiendish see rolled and tumbled over his papers, belabouring the public prosecutor's "system" with great drops of blood.

"Pierre Latour!"

Frozen with horror Mons. Despard sat, then, with that name upon his lips, fell in a swoon upon the floor.

For those who found him the next morning insensible, a pool of blood beside his head, the same crimson drops flecking his desk and the leaves of his pleadings, there could be but one solution of the matter—hemorrhage of the lungs—and the public prosecutor was too wise a man to deceive them.

As time wore on, and the head of Pierre Latour failed to return, Mons. Despard's pride of intellect began to assert itself. The more he thought of the matter the less confidence did he place in the testimony of his senses. The learned Doctor, to whom only he had confided that night's experience, pook-pooked the whole affair.

"Over-tension of the cerebral fibre, followed by congestion and evacuation of blood. The invariable cause, Monsieur, of people seeing things which they do not see," and the able Doctor who, in his many examinations of the brain, had failed to discover the slightest trace of a soul, laughed cheerfully.

Reassured by a theory agreeable, Mons. Despard at once proceeded to adopt the remedy prescribed.

"Less brain work, recreation, amusement," and thus it came to pass that, in the pursuit of the latter, the public prosecutor found a bride.

Young, handsome and well-endowed Mlle. Duse was a rare prize for any man. So thought Mons. Despard, so thought all concerned, and, calculating more particularly upon the practical value of the latter qualification, the public prosecutor began at once to fall in love.

No less eloquent were his pleadings before the fair than before the criminal court of Paris, and thus it came to pass that their nuptials were set for an early day.

A prettier wedding than theirs, 'tis said, was seldom witnessed. Magnificent the presents, brilliant the ball, and Mons. Despard, the public prosecutor, forgot for that night at least, the head of Pierre Latour.

As is customary in France, the guest, stayed late, and it was long after midnight ere the happy bridegroom felt free at last to seek his vanished bride.

As he crossed the threshold of the bridal chamber a tiny clock upon the mantel chimed "two."

The stillness, how profound!

For a moment Mons. Despard stood contemplating by the feeble light of a lamp, suspended from the ceiling, the marks of graceful disorder about him. Here a piece of the wedding dress, here a slipper, there the blossoms which had adorned her hair.

"Etienne!" he whispered, softly approaching the couch about which the curtains were closely drawn, "dors tu?"

Receiving no response, Mons. Despard with a strangely beating heart drew back the curtains.

Upon the lace-draped couch, in profound slumber, lay his beautiful bride, and beside her, his face turned from him, lay a head, a black head calmly usurping his own pillow.

"Sacre mon dieu!"

At the sound of his voice the black head turned, the eyelids opened, and once again Mons. Despard, the public prosecutor, gazed into the staring eyes of Pierre Latour, filled with that look of stupefied amazement with which he had listened to his eloquent speech before the court and jury that day.

Anger rather than fear took possession of Mons. Despard; with an imprecation upon his lips he leaned forward to grasp the intruder by the hair. As though diving his motive the lips of the head, like a ferocious dog's, curled back, and with a vicious snarl sank its gleaming teeth deep into the public prosecutor's hand.

Maddened with pain and rage, Mons. Despard looked about him for a weapon. A bar of steel upon the fender caught his eye; he grasped it, and with all his strength brought it down upon the glib head. Now here, now there the hideous object rolled, until at length with a bound it sprang to the floor and suddenly disappeared in the darkness.

Exhausted by the conflict and realizing, now that the spectre had vanished, all the horror of the scene, Mons. Despard sank into a fauteuil by the bedside.

The slumbers of the bride, how profound! Through it all she had not stirred, and longing for the sound of a human voice he put forth his hand and tenderly stroked her hair.

Horror! hastily he withdrew his hand; those fair locks were moist with the blood of that detested head.

Muttering maledictions upon the day he had prosecuted Pierre Latour, Mons. Despard arose to shed upon the bed more light.

Peste! In his haste and agitation he had turned down the wick—the room was plunged in darkness.

The night was now far advanced, and Mons. Despard, concluding to wait for the dawn, groped his way back to the chair. From a fitful doze he at length awoke and by the light of day gazed upon his sleeping bride.

Then he laughed, how he laughed! certainly Mons. Despard, the public-prosecutor, had never expressed such merriment before.

That head!

The more he reflected upon it the merrier he grew. Such a joke, such a capital joke!

The household presently became aroused.

"Qu'est ce que cela?" said one to another in startled tones. "Qu'est ce que cela?"

The mother of the bride hastened to see.

At the sound of her imperious knock, Mons. Despard, her brilliant son-in-law, at once opened the door.

"Voilà!" he cried, with shouts of laughter, leading her to the bed. "Voilà!"

One glance at the awful spectacle and the unhappy mother fell in a swoon to the floor.

Still the bridegroom laughed, still he pointed with insane glee to the fair head crushed by the blows he had aimed at the phantom's;

Within the hour they bore him to La Roquette prison, and, singular as it may seem, to the very cell in which had been confined poor Pierre Latour; thence, after due examination, to an asylum for the insane.

"Overstudy, excessive application to business." So said the learned doctors, so said—but two.

One of these was Mons. Deibler, the executioner of France; the other a woman, who, in an agony of grief and resentment, had upon the day of the execution hung for a moment over the decapitated body of Pierre Latour.

After the tragedy, that ghastly head, which for some mysterious reason she had carried away in her shawl, was buried, and strange as it may appear, from that time Mons. Despard, the public prosecutor, began to mend.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADIAN.

Mr. N. H. Davis, an old resident of Hamilton, is dead aged 88.

Total fire losses in Canada during January were \$391,000 and insurance losses were \$269,600.

Mr. J. H. R. Molson, of Montreal, has donated five thousand dollars to the General Hospital.

A scheme is on foot in Ottawa to form a park on the Rideau canal bank within the city limits.

A young Englishman named Ingram, who has been working about Windsor, Ont., for the past three years, has purchased his ticket and will start at once for England to claim a fortune of \$50,000 left by his father, who died recently.

BRITISH.

The London Globe makes the unqualified statement that the Government has become seriously divided on the question of the maintenance of the navy. Mr. Gladstone is said to be decidedly opposed to increased expenditures.

The London Standard says:—Adrian Hope, one of the largest depositors in the Bank of England, was permitted by that institution to overdraw his account to the amount of £120,000, Hope having lost all of his deposits in speculation. Subsequently the bank made a demand upon Hope for £250,000, which was not forthcoming, and finally settled with him for £150,000 to protect Hope against absolute bankruptcy, which would have involved the total loss to the bank of his indebtedness.

UNITED STATES.

A bill to abolish the consular sealing system on foreign goods passing through Canada has been introduced in the United States Senate.

A cyclone destroyed dwellings and barns and caused the death of an aged colored woman near Warren, Ark, on Saturday night.

The natural gas supply obtained in Buffalo from Canada is said to be running short, and Buffalo people who have been using it for fuel are becoming uneasy.

The United States warship Bennington has been ordered to Behring sea to enforce the provisions of the Paris arbitration. E. H. Linder, of Boston, a Harvard student, who was injured in a friendly boxing bout last Tuesday, died on Sunday.

A New York paper publishes despatches from all over the States going to show signs of an industrial revival.

Matthew Ashton, a convicted murderer, has died of smallpox in jail at Madison, Wis. He was worth \$350,000.

The British steamer Beker Standard, which arrived at Philadelphia on Tuesday from England, crossed the Atlantic using oil residuum for fuel, which, it is reported, proved very satisfactory.

Erastus Wiman was arrested yesterday in New York on a bench warrant for forging notes on R. G. Dun & Co. for two hundred and twenty-nine thousand dollars, and committed to the Toms without bail.

The salvage of the World's Fair is bringing more money than the financial experts expected, and it is now calculated that the stockholders will be given a dividend of about thirteen and a half per cent.

While the freshmen of Cornell University in Ithaca, N. Y. were having a supper on Tuesday night, some parties introduced chlorine gas into the room by tubes from a room below, where it was generated. As a result of this outrage a coloured woman was killed and several of the students were overcome, and are in a critical condition.

A Port Huron paper says United States officials have discovered that the St. Clair Tunnel Company smuggled through from Canada a large amount of material for the completion of the work on the United States side, and that Uncle Sam's Government was defrauded of a heavy sum of money. The paper says that it is likely action will be taken against the company in the United States courts.

Mr. W. L. Land, of Au Sable, rafted about 2,500,000 feet of the pine lumber from Michigan for Tonawanda, N. Y. The late blizzard and accompanying gales broke up the rafts and now the timber is a part of the great ice bridge below the Falls. Mr. Land will try to capture the lumber when the bridge breaks up, and thus save some of the \$40,000 at which it was valued.

GENERAL.

Yellow fever is increasing in Rio Janeiro at an alarming rate, from eighty to a hundred new cases being added daily.

A despatch from Montevideo, by way of Lisbon, which is not generally credited, has reached London, stating that all the vessels of the fleet of the Brazilian Government except the Nitrothery have joined the squadron of the insurgents, and sailed away from the harbour of Rio.