AGRICULTURAL.

"In Some Way or Other."

In a rickety house, 'mid a garden of weeds
That flourished unhindered, to scatter their seeds,
Where the cobwebs excluded the sweet light of morn,
A woman sat idly, in garments forlorn;
She looked at the holes in the rat-eaten floor,
And the rags, not too clean that, her little ones wore:
Then smoothed her torn wrapper and peacefully sighed;
"In some way or other the Lord will provide."

Her husband sat out by the door in the shade,
With head on his chair-back contentedly laid,
While the briars and weeds did his meadows adorn,
And the grass in his fields was outstripping the corn.
Of rents (in his trousers), there sure was no lack,
And his coat was, just ready to fall from his back,
But he calmly observed, when these facts he described:
"In some way or other the Lord will provide."

"In some way or other," it may be, but sure
The Lord, although patient and love to endure,
Can scarce be expected to stall-feed the man
Who has not the gumption to do what he can;
Although He bequeathes us the fruit of the land,
And scatter his bounties on every hand,
He doesn't put bread ready made on the shelf,
But even a chicken must scratch for himself.

And I think He is far better pleased with the folks
Who tackle life bravely and cheer it with jokes,
Who push and hustle the journey along,
And fill up the chinks with a laugh and a song,
Than those who so solemnly sit themselves down,
In idleness waiting a robe and a crown,
And piously chant, as they drift down with the tide:
"In some way or other the Lord will provide."
—Mortimer C. Brown, in Good Housekeeping.

The Silo.

An excellent bulletin on the silo and corn ensilage, by Mr. C. C. James, the Deputy Minister of Agriculture, has been issued by the Department of Agriculture. The value of the bulletin is especially enhanced inasmuch as it has been compiled from replies received from over forty correspondents who have had experience of from one to eleven years in growing corn and in filling and feeding ensilage and those who have made good, sweet ensilage speak most highly of its value. The following useful information is given as to building a silo:

The Silo.—With a few exceptions the silos of Ontario have been built in the corners of the barn, sometimes utilizing the root cellars in the basement as the lower part. The silo should be from 30 to 35 ft. high and should be built to withstand enormous pressure. The main features of tried silos which have been built in ordinary farm barns are as follows: Upon a substantial stone foundation are laid sills 10x10 inch, firmly imbedded in the foundation or secured to it by iron rods firmly bolted down. The studs should be 2x10 inch, set 12 inches apart, mortised into sills. Leave the two studs 18 inches apart where doors are to be placed. Secure the plates and rafters firmly, so that there will be no necessity for iron rods to prevent or overcome spreading. Board up the outside with one layer of inch lumber, battening the joints. On the inside first place a layer of inch lumber, pine or hemlock, which need not be planed; over that one, or better, two layers of tarred paper; over the tarred paper a layer of dressed inch lumber running up and down, which should be tongued and grooved and jointed. Into the corners should be fitted boards with bevelled edges, the space behind packed with sawdust or grout. Over the entire smooth and perfectly air-tight surface of the interior thus obtained apply one or two coats of linseed oil or if but coal tar and rosin (one gallon coal tar to three pounds resin). The floor may be made of cement of hard-packed clay well drained, and should be made level or a little higher in the centre. Upon the floor spread a little cut straw before putting in the corn. No rough stone should be left exposed but any foundation above the floor should also be covered with sheeting. The walls should be left hollow. The doorway is made by cutting down from plate to sill between the two studs, left eighteen inches apart, hanging close-fitting doors on the outside to close this opening, each door being about four feet long. As the silo is filled the inner wall is boarded up tight, the door closed, and the space between filled with sawdust. If the doors for refilling ensilage are not conveniently placed for filling, a small door will be necessary, situated according to requirements. Ventilate either by roof or gable. If the silo is more than twenty feet long, it is advisable to divide by removable plank partitions. The two most important points to be observed in construction are to have it very strong and to perfectly air-tight.

Cost and Capacity of Silo.—The cost of ensilage will fill about fifty cubic feet. The cost of silo depends upon so many circumstances that it might be advisable to give a few examples:

21x15x8	Separate, brick, four rooms	120	$1,200
	Mows of barn	225	100
12x12x8	Separate, hardy, wooden	57	250
14x14x8	Lean-house 3 sides open	75	40
16x16x8	Bay of barn	120	75
16x12x8	Against barn	72	35
16x12x8	In corner of barn	72	45
14x16x8	In bank barn	100	45
12x12x8	In bay of barn	72	35
	Pit		

It will be seen that where a root cellar or corner of a barn is utilized, the cost may be easily kept under $1 for each ton capacity. A root cellar alone is not deep enough or wide.

'How Shall We Make The Farm Pay?'

BY WM. H. TOWN.

This depends entirely upon knowledge and agricultural training. There is no occupation requiring more varied information, a sounder judgment and more common sense than cultivating the soil and raising stock. Is this saying too much? If it is a strong statement but true. The celebrated Sully said "that agriculture is the breast from which the nation derives its support and nourishment." But it is also an art as "the disposition or modification of a thing by human skill to answer the purpose intended." Arts depending upon the skill of the hands are called acetal, sometimes trades, others liberal or fine.

Now, it is plain that an art becomes more difficult in practice as its rules, and the contingencies which modify them, become more numerous. Estimated according to this standard, agriculture takes more subjects of knowledge and covers a wider field in science than any other art or profession. The physiology and pathology of brute life; the laws of heredity; effects of crossing on breeds; the laws of plant life, and the influence of heat, light and moisture on their growth; the best means for preserving fruits and grains; some degree of skill in mechanism, an acquaintance with the laws of mechanism, an acquaintance with the laws of machinery. Is this too broad? It can be reached in some degree by every farmer.

Good papers and books, agricultural literature, will always be sought and read by farmers who keep abreast of the times. The less education the members of the family possess, the poorer and cheaper will be the papers and books which they read. The man who thinks the most and the deepest enjoys the most. It is true that we now find many ignorant men who make money and a good living on a farm, but they owe much of this ability to educated men who have improved implements of all kinds, modes of cultivation and management of crops and improved breeding of domestic animals. These men take what they have earned no right to. "They look over the fence and receive information without money and without price."

Where agriculture thrives, there we always find a prosperous people. It always has been so and doubtless it will ever be. "Be sure you are right and then go ahead," should be the watchword of every man who would farm successfully. The largest half of the profit of farming labor, and much of its real pleasure, must come out of the vigorous exercise of the worker's brain of which skilled forecast is pretty much the masterpiece. Thoroughly educate the farmer in early manhood, and he will be foremost in every good work. Gray hairs and tottering footsteps will find him strong for truth, and strong in his God. And how gloriously would such a patriarch sink to rest. Where he was born and where he has lived, there he dies. In the midst of the few survivors of his early life and of the youth who had been led by his example to the highest culture, he falls asleep. Reverently they carry his remains to the narrow house and mourn that a great and good man has fallen. Such men there are, fixed with their descendants, on the soil.

Suppose a farmer of the olden time were to come back to earth. What would he think of the ease and rapidity with which the soil is now prepared for the seed? How astonished as he watches the rapid progress of the reaper, hears the quick strokes of its keen blades and sees the waving grain disappear as if swept by surging fire. The strokes of the flail and the pawing of the strong man have ceased, but he hears the clatter of the thresher, the buzz of its wheels and sees the sheaves disappear as if by magic in its insatiable throat. A thousand straw-cutters chop the straw into dainty bits, and the "Little Giant" eats the cob together with the corn. The boy rides his rake, thinks of sweetheart and whistles "Comin' Thro' the Rye," while the grass is left in long windrows. Horses can sow and plant as well as reap and mow. Steam will thresh the grain and saw the wood and dogs churn the butter.

Want of success in farming is due to the fact that the farmer does not appreciate the dignity of his calling. Let us look at some of the considerations which should influence his decision in this important matter: "Experience and observation have taught that crop-growing and stock-breeding are inseparable in the pursuits of profitable husbandry." First the farm must be suited to his means. Many farmers to-day, tired of their calling, discouraged in their efforts to improve and fail to farm at a profit, from the fact that they are in debt. It is the bane of farm life. I do not, by any means, say that a farmer should never incur debt in buying a farm, for the majority of young farmers must do this, but it should be only after the most careful thought and study. It is often wiser to buy a smaller farm than to run deeply in debt for a large one. The question of the size of the farm should be determined by the means of the farmer, the particular branch of farming he intends to follow and his business capacity. Both large and small farms have their advantage. On a large farm it will pay to invest in more labor-saving machinery and this can be kept more fully employed. More help can be kept permanently and this will enable the farmer to concentrate the labor on some particular work in an emergency.

On a large farm there is better opportunity for rotation of crops and diversified farming, and more stock can be kept, which will, under good management, not only keep the farm more fertile, but also give an equal income with less labor than where most of the soil must be cultivated. On a large farm the proportion of fencing to the number of acres may be greatly reduced, and thus one heavy item of investment and expense be materially lessened.

It must be remembered, however, that to conduct successfully a large farm, requires executive ability and business habits, and that many men can successfully carry on a small farm who would fail on a large one. On the other hand there are many advantages connected with small farms. The man on a small farm can largely dispense with hired help and save his wife the extra labor which their board and lodging bring upon her, often when she is already overburdened with the care of children. The man on the small farm can usually control his expenses so that a failure of crops will not be so disastrous to him as to the man with the large farm. On every farm there should be an unfailing supply of pure water, convenient to house and barn. Convenience to post-office, store, blacksmith shop, schools and churches, will add largely to the income of the farm and comforts of the farmer and his family.

All the profits in farming come from maximum crops and taking care of the little details. From the statistics as shown by the census reports of the United States, it appears that the average yield of the corn crop is about twenty-six bushels per acre, and that the average yield of the wheat crop is about thirteen bushels per acre. That these averages will give no profit is evident to every experienced farmer, and as these are the averages there must be many who grow less, for we know that there are many who grow much more to the acre. We might then divide farmers into three classes—those who are growing crops above the average and make money, those who grow average crops and make a living, and those who grow crops below the average and barely keep soul and body together. The man who cultivates a smaller part of his land can do it more thoroughly and can grow it richer.

The cost of grain per bushel is decreased in the exact ratio that the yield per acre is increased. Suppose we take twelve dollars as the average cost of producing an acre of wheat or corn; this sum is to cover preparation of soil, planting, cultivating and harvesting. A crop of wheat averaging twelve bushels per acre will cost one dollar per bushel. Twenty bushels will bring the cost down to sixty cents per bushel, and thirty bushels per acre will cost but forty cents per bushel. Thirty bushels of corn to the acre will cost forty cents per bushel, forty bushels per acre will cost thirty cents per bushel, and sixty bushels will cost but twenty cents per bushel. You may think my estimate of twelve dollars per acre incorrect, but take any other amount you please, and it will not change the principle. Now, the great way out many farms to double the yield per acre and so reduce the cost per bushel, would be to reduce the acres under cultivation one-half.

A careful study of this subject of farm management shows that farms on the farm count for more than muscle, and that success depends more on a systematic plan, wisely chosen and faithfully executed, than on physical labour.

Ocean Travel.

The severe weather experienced by the Fuerst Bismarck on the voyage to New York, which lasted four days, and was so that the season of pleasure travel on the Atlantic has practically closed. During the ensuing months of winter voyages will cross from compulsion rather than choice. It is well that when it is necessary to make the voyage at the period when bad weather may be expected there are ships as stiffly built and as well found as the Fuerst Bismarck to trust to. Moreover, the tendency seems to be to build ships more massive and well provided with engine power as to make considerations of weather of little consequence. It is now 21 years since the tickless experiment of the Great Eastern was completed. She had caused the bankruptcy of more than one ship-builder and her history put a damper for a time on the enterprise of building leviathan ocean liners. She was nearly one-half longer than any steamship then built, and about twice the width. Disappointment from the start awaited the ambitious men who tried to make the vessel a paying investment. But it is now announced that a vessel larger than any which has yet crossed the Atlantic is to be built. The Great Eastern was 680 feet long. The newship of the White Star line is to be 700 feet long and 70 foot beam. A big vessel for the Cunard line has already been launched, which will be known as the Campania, and will be 620 feet long and 65 feet broad.

The name of the new White Star ship has not yet been definitely settled, but from its dimensions and also taking into consideration the favored terminating syllable of the other ships of that line, rumour has christened her the Gigantic. The question naturally arises, why should such an attempt in ship-architecture be made when the Great Eastern was such a dismal failure? The answer is no doubt to be found by a reference to the increased information and experience that have grown up with regard to the engine power of Atlantic liners. Although the unlucky ship was of such enormous dimensions, the ship-builders of that day only thought it necessary to give her engines of 7,350 horse-powder. The Umbria, nearly 200 feet shorter and 22 feet narrower, has double that power. The Teutonic has 18,000 horse-power. If the Fuerst Bismarck had only the steam power allotted in former days to the Great Eastern, we should not hear of her completing a voyage at this time of the year so successfully as she did on Friday last. But she has engines of 16,400 horse-power. The new Cunarder is to have 30,000 horse-power, and even this may be surpassed by the new White Star ship to be built at Belfast. It is plain that our marine architects have arrived at an important conclusion with reference to the relative size of ships and their engines. With a poor 7,000 horse-power the huge bulk of the Great Eastern was unmanageable. But it is now impossible to predict what may be the size of future ocean vessels.

Makes Its Own Trouble.

"That's a mighty poor circular you have to advertise your eye wash."

"Why?"

"It is so illegible it gives a man sore eyes to read it."

"Well, isn't that good for the eye wash?"

A Magnificent Bluff.

Conductor (Alabama Short Line)—Tickets?

Weary Watkins—I gave you my ticket some 40 mile back. I guess you don't recognize me. I've growed these whiskers since then.

Humanity is the great peculiar characteristic of great minds. Little vicious minds abound with anger and revenge and are capable of feeling the exact pleasure of forgiving their enemies.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Katy-Did and Katy-Didn't.

It was a riddle long unguessed, but I will tell
the answer true,
Just what it was that Katy did, and all that
Katy didn't do.
She did go straight to bed at eight, and didn't
want to wait till nine;
She didn't care for party gowns, she did set
stitches neat and fine;
She did sit very still in church, and didn't
creak her little fan;
She did right all vacation time, and didn't fret
when school began.
No wonder this surprising child is sung about
with such delight
Beneath the great round harvest-moon, on
every pleasant autumn night.

The Way to Manage Benny.

Mame Shortledge had a fever, and her mother has sent Bennie over here to Aunt Ann's for fear he'll catch it. Aunt Ann is going to keep him till Mame gets well if it takes two months, she says, because she is sorry for Mrs. Shortledge. He sleeps in the trundle-bed in Aunt Ann's room, and he looks real cunning in his night-gown.

When he first came, Marian and I curled his hair and showed him pictures, and played with him all the time we were not in school. But after a day or two we got tired, and there were so many other things we wanted to do we couldn't be bothered with Bennie.

So when he came hanging around with his picture-book, we'd say, "Oh, run away, Bennie! We can't stop to show pictures now. By and bye we will."

Then in a minute or two he'd come again, and say:

"I'll be bimeby now, Jamarian!" That's the way he makes our names up, because he hears Aunt Ann say "Jane and Marian," when she speaks to us.

Well, of course we couldn't stop to show him pictures when we had all our lessons to learn, and worsted work to do; and besides, I am learning to crochet. So when he kept coming, we'd say:

"Oh, do get out of our way, Ben! Don't you see we're busy?"

And once or twice we gave him a little push. It didn't hurt him a bit, but he went in a corner and cried, and Aunt Ann said we ought to have more patience. I felt sorry myself when I heard him sobbing: "I want my mamma! I want my mamma!" For we had heard that every day that Mame was worse, and her mother was all tired out, but she couldn't leave her a minute.

So then I told Bennie that I would show him pictures if he would let me, a-one afternoon, and Marian said she would give a penny if he would let her alone, and so we got as much as an hour to do our own work in peace. Bennie went and sat down by himself in his little chair, and he looked so forlorn and so cunning I had half a mind to go and play with him, but I just turned away and wouldn't notice him, and got all the work done in the book-mark I was working, beforedark.

After supper he cried again to go home. Aunt Maria had one of her headaches, but she took him in her lap and got him to sleep, and Marian and I had a chance to do our sums. When we went upstairs to bed we agreed that it was really trying to have a child like that in the house.

"It mixes up your duties so," said Marian. "It makes you feel as if you did wrong to learn your lessons and mend your stockings." I know Aunt Ann actually frowned at us when we were ciphering!"

I smiled under the bedclothes, for Marian never does mend her stockings till the very last minute before she puts them on, but I agreed with her that it was too bad to be made to feel selfish when we were doing things we ought to do.

The next morning one of the girls in school lent us a splendid book to read, but she said we must finish it that same day, for she could not let us keep it any longer. So we thought we would read all we could at noon to get a start.

As we turned into our yard, there was Bennie watching for us at the window. He laughed and clapped his hands when he saw us, and we could hear him call:

"Jamarian! Jamarian!"

"There, now!" said Marian. "He won't let us read one word. Let's go up to the garret and stay till dinner is ready."

So when we went in we just laid our books and slates on the table in the front entry, and slipped upstairs instead of going into the sitting-room. We found a nice place up in the west garret by the window, and there we sat side by side, reading as fast as we could for nearly half an hour. It was a fairy-book.

"I wish I could be a fairy," said Marian. "I could make so many people happy. Either a fairy or a missionary."

I thought it was very noble in Marian to want to do so much good, and when Aunt Ann called us to dinner we went down with our arms around each other, and felt pleasant toward everybody.

But the minute we opened the sitting-room door, Bennie ran to meet us, exclaiming joyously:

"See my pretty horses! I drawed 'em all myself. Look, Jamarian!"

We looked down. It was *my* slate! He had got it from the entry table, and rubbed out all my sums. But I worked so hard over them the evening before, and that I was keeping on my slate for that afternoon's recitation! I was so provoked I could have shaken him.

"You naughty, naughty boy!" I cried. "Now you've spoiled my lesson, and I shall lose my perfect card, and I do think it's too mean!"

A cloud came over his bright little face, and his lip quivered. I didn't care if he did cry. I thought he ought to after doing such a thing as that. I expected Aunt Ann would scold him, but she didn't; she only looked sad.

There was no time to spare. Marian and I ate our dinner, and went off to school as quick as we could. Before the bell rang I stepped up to the teacher and told her how Bennie Shortledge had rubbed out my sums, and asked her to excuse my lesson. She was a great deal nicer than I thought she would be.

"Certainly I will excuse you, Jane," she said, pleasantly, "and you shall have your merits just the same. Poor little Bennie! I suppose he doesn't know what to do with himself away from his mother. I am so glad he is with you and your aunts, you can make him so happy!"

I sat down at my desk, thinking to myself that folks didn't know what a trouble Bennie was; but all the afternoon I kept remembering how glad his little face looked through the pane when he saw us coming home, and how timid and sorrowful he was after I scolded him.

When school was out, and Marian and I went home, there was Bennie watching again, but he didn't call out to us. We clapped our hands and laughed, and then he laughed, too, and met us at the door. Something had come over us both, so that we did not want to push him away. We got the fairy-book and finished it, and we let him see all the pictures. Then we wanted to do our sums for next day, and I thought to myself:

"Oh dear, now we shall have a time!" But Marian said

"Bennie, want to do sums, too? There's an old slate in the closet, and I'll give you a pencil."

And then, don't you think, that little mite drew up his little chair and sat down just as sober, and made little marks and lines all over his slate till we had finished every one of our sums, and he thought he was ciphering just as much as we were. Then he trotted up to Aunt Ann for her to see, and she looked as pleased as could be.

Well, just that little thing, that seemed like an accident, has been the greatest help to Marian and me. We haven't had a bit of trouble with Bennie since, and we love him better every day. I wish he was my little brother.

When he wants to hang around us, we let him. When we are writing compositions, we give him some paper to scribble on, too. When we study our spelling, we give him a word to spell now and then. He is so cunning! He spells like this: "B-i-d, cat!"

And when we work with our worsteds, we let him have a needle threaded and a bit of canvas, and he is just as busy as we are. He isn't any trouble at all, now we have found out how to manage him; and when he thinks he has done something pretty well, his voice sounds so sweet as he calls out: "Look! Look, Jamarian!"

For evening dresses those of chiffon over slips of inexpensive silk are perhaps the most fashionable, but there is an inexhaustible supply of spotted laces, embroidered silk mulls, and delicate spider-web organdies.

ROAST DUCKS.—Clean, wash, and wipe the ducks carefully. To the dressing add a little sage (powdered or green), a minced shallot. Stuff and sew up, reserving the giblets for gravy. If the ducks are tender they will roast in an hour. Baste well. Skim the gravy before putting in the giblets and thickening. The giblets should be stewed in a little water and chopped fine, then added to the gravy in the dripping pan, with a chopped shallot and a heaping of browned flour. Accompany with currant jelly.

IN THE DANADIAN WEST.

Views of Mr. Richards of the Liverpool Boys' Brigade.

A correspondent writes:—Mr. Frank Richards, the organizer of the Liverpool Boy's Brigade, has a scheme for populating Canada with industrious people. Mr. Richards has travelled nearly all over the Northwest Territories and British Columbia, with the object of seeing for himself what the country was like and to find out what prospects it actually had before he could conscientiously advocate the sending out of the sons of the artisan class. He fully appreciates the good work done by Dr. Barnardo and other kindred institutions, but he feels convinced that what Canada wants more than anything else is a thoroughly honest, reliable, industrious population. He cannot conceive how it is possible for the English waif to become reformed in a few months, and in a few years be transformed into a reliable settler. There may be, and in fact are, exceptions. It is undoubtedly to the advantage of English waifs that they be sent out to this country, but the question arises, how far is it just to impose upon Canada's generosity in this respect? He maintains that the English Government should take the children in hand and train them in institutions for some years, thus preventing them from becoming criminals and a tax on future generations, and afterwards transfer them to the Dominion of Canada. If there is anything in the theory that the criminal propensities of the child are inherited from the father, then it is doubly unjust to send to Canada only the refuse of our population. That is really wanted is an outlet for the sons of our artisan class and middle class. The sons of gentlemen are as a rule not a success in the Northwest; they are not wanted, and he has heard many complaints regarding them. If one moment's consideration is given to the matter it must be readily admitted that it is absurd to expect a young gentleman carefully brought up and sent direct from the university to the rough and ready life of a western settler to succeed. There is an entire absence of the luxuries of life, they have no use for superfluities. Sure super vias antiquas is not the order of the day out west. The settlers life is one peculiarly adapted to the industrious, strong and hardy man, but the product of our English aristocracy had better remain at home, unless they go entirely in for ranching, when, if their means permit them to indulge in the sport and pleasures of the western country, they can find no other source equal for the gratification of that innate sense which characterises the true Englishman. He says that the people in the Eastern Provinces are, he believes, as ignorant of

THE VAST RESOURCES

of the west as the inhabitants of Great Britain. The Provinces of Manitoba, Assiboia, Alberta and Saskatchewan particularly the three latter, are practically unknown in England, in fact Canada as a whole is generally believed by the people in the United Kingdom to be a frozen and desolate country, except for a few months in the year. They are under the impression that inhabitable Canada consists of a narrow belt of land through which the Canadian Pacific Railway traverses the Dominion, which is a matter of fact the best land is much further south, lying between 52 and 55 degrees of latitude, and west of the third meridian. There are millions of acres of beautiful park-like land lying in the partly inflated balloon-shaped country, having for its outline on the north the North Saskatchewan River, and on the south the Battle River, with the town of Battleford for its base. The whole of this country is intersected by rivers and creeks, and right in the centre on the boundary line which divides the Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan and north of the old trail and telegraph line, which was the original location of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is Birch Lake, to the west of which is the much better known and larger Beaver Lake. Then there are Bitern and the Hay Lakes, and many others too numerous to mention, forming a chain of pure water gems from Victoria on the banks of the North Saskatchewan which are joined together by tributaries of the Vermilion River, which river with its tributaries forms a network of waterways over this delightful country as the cords of a balloon control the silken bag. It must not be understood that this is the only portion of the territories which is so much better than that long strip of country through which the railway runs and lying west of Regina to Calgary, of course Medicine Hat, which is watered by South Saskatchewan, excepted. There is also the land north of the North Saskatchewan, and south of the Pembina River, of which Edmonton is the base. Then again the land north of the Red Deer River, through which it is proposed to run the Buffalo Lake branch of the C. P. Railway, leaving the main line at Swift Current, taking a northwesterly direction to the shores of Sullivan Lake, a large lake in the 52nd degree of latitude. The Red Deer River rises in the Rocky Mountains in about 51 1-2 degrees, and runs in a northeasterly direction when it is joined at "Cash City" a name for which he is at a loss to find a reason, except it be that no cash has ever been seen there) by the Medicine and Little Red Deer Rivers, and taking a northeasterly direction, it is crossed by the new Calgary & Edmonton Railway at the rising town of Red Deer, proceeding then through a fine stretch of country until it is joined at the south of Buffalo Lake by Tail Creek, when it takes a direct southerly course for a considerable distance, traversing the Provinces of Alberta and Assiniboia, until a few miles beyond the fourth meridian, it is swallowed up in the waters of the South Saskatchewan. There are considerable quantities of coal on its banks, as there is also on the banks of both the North and South Saskatchewan Rivers. Hereafter in the future manufactories will be built and the fuel question is really not worth considering when the farmers can take their teams and bring home their own coal from the high banks of the rivers. The hills which abound to the north and south of Red Deer River in the neighborhood of Egg Lake should form first-class winter quarters for cattle.

THE GENERAL PROSPERITY.

This is the country which has most favorably impressed Mr. Richards; he does not deny the claims of Central or Southern Manitoba for wheat growing; the district round Portage la Prairie and Brandon and even north of Alexander, can not be surpassed in Southern Manitoba and the district of Morden.

The climate of the Northwest Provinces is very suitable for English people, and the famous chinook winds from the Pacific Ocean warm the atmosphere, so that it is possible to let the cattle remain out all the winter within full view of the snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains. As for vegetables they are grown which, for size, weight and quality cannot be equalled; the grasses are often six and seven feet high, and, what is more remarkable, they are not coarse toward the bottom and, being soft, all can be used with advantage for the cattle. It is only one year since the railroad was opened to Edmonton and the population has increased by at least 2,000. Edmonton is a beautiful town, situated on the banks of the North Saskatchewan, which is a magnificent river nearly 2,000 miles long, and as the road approaches the ferry a grand view of the old Hudson Bay Company's fort presents itself. Here on the cliffs overhanging the river is the remaining link between the present and the past. Those palisades many an anxious heart has nestled her offspring to, for within hearing of the fearful yarns and whoops of the Blackfeet Indians. Anyone band, 600 strong, came to attack and plunder the stores, but the brave old Scottish and English Hudson Bay Company's officers were equal to the occasion. It may not be generally known that this post was one of the most important ones in relation to the company's transcontinental trade, for it must not be forgotten that long years before the Canadian Pacific Railway Company carried eastern produce to the west the Hudson Bay Company carried English products to the Pacific shores. They were brought by water to this post and then taken overland via the Yellow Head Pass, which was the old Mackenzie route for a railway and which will yet be utilised to the enrichment of share-holders and the prosperity of a people yet unborn who shall inhabit the region. He says that there are places which he has seen in the Northwest where the water never freezes. He has stood upon the banks of a creek which never freezes in winter, and has seen in the heart of summer the ice and snow on the "Rockies." The snow is dry and like dust, and never prevents the farmer from taking out his team in winter; the thermometer may fall to 40 degrees below zero, yet the intense cold will not be felt as much as a few degrees of frost in the damp climate of England. He admits that there are

DIFFICULTIES TO BE OVERCOME

by every settler, but what are such difficulties which can be and are constantly being overcome by the energy and industry of the settler as compared with the constant, ever-present worry of the pecuniary difficulties of an English working-man's every-day life. There he is the servant of a master, the supporter of a union which may any day issue an order which, in effect, means starvation for his wife and family. His position is assured for only one week ahead in England; in these glorious countries his health is better, he is far too busy to indulge his evil propensities, the climate gives him brightness, and he cheerfully goes to work and in a few years is the absolute master of the soil. His children are a blessing, and the more he has the richer he is. This is the place for the hard-working Englishman. If he is willing to work and is strong he need not have any previous knowledge of farming. English style of farming is not useful in this country and he will be the better if he enters upon his homestead with an unbiased mind. If he is a good-natured genuine Englishman and has etho Englishman's privilege of grumbling at everything in "the old country," he will be taken by the hand by old settlers, and they will do acts and say words which will make him, for on no place on earth does hospitality abound more than in our neglected yet brightest gem of our colonial possessions. If any man can find from $300 to $1,000 (equal to £100 to £200 in English money), and has a strong and healthy wife and family, he cannot do better for himself and them, providing they are industrious, then take up a government free quarter section of 160 acres in the early months of the year, break a portion and get in a crop and get a few cattle around. If he is a handy man he can soon build his house, and before the commencement of the first winter he can drive his wife to church behind a spirited animal over the prairie trail, his children can be educated free and he can vote in the government of his locality and country, but the sine qua non is strength, health and industry.

Twenty Thousand Pocket-Knives.

It is always difficult work for a boy to select a new pocket-knife. The trouble is there are so many good ones to select from. Mark Twain has drawn an amusing contrast between a boy's new knife while it is in the store and after he has taken it home. While in the store, beside dozens of other glittering knives, it looks cheap and commonplace; but at home, where it has all the field to itself, it looks so handsome and valuable that it makes the boy grin from ear to ear.

Some of the large outlets in New York keep 20,000 pocket-knives constantly in stock. Think of selecting one knife out of 20,000 lying shining in the cases! There are about 1500 different kinds of pocket-knives in use in this country, and either three or four sizes of each kind; so when the cutler has dozens of each size of every kind, he has 20,000 knives for the customer to select from.

Styles in pocket-knives change just as surely, though not quite as often, as styles in hats and clothes. The cutlers say that a style seldom holds its popularity for more than two or three years. Boys of this generation do not know anything about the Barlow knife, though a few years ago nearly every boy in the country had one. Ask your father about it, and he will tell you that the Barlow knife was one of the best tools a boy ever carried. It had only one large blade, but that was always made of good steel; and the handle was about half bone and half iron.

The great thick knives containing a large number of blades are also entirely out of fashion. They were much in demand at one time; and boys and men too, thought that the more blades a knife had, the better it was. This led the cutlers to increase the number of blades as much as possible, and there were not only six-bladed and eight-bladed knives, but some that contained eighteen blades—nine at each end of the handle. People soon learned, however, that the many blades were only a bother to carry, and that the small tools contained in the handle, such as screw-driver, gimlet, and button-hook, were very pretty to look at, but were seldom of any use. Many bladed knives are still kept in stock, but few people buy them. A knife made for exhibition at the last Paris Exposition by the noted firm of Rogers in England contained 365 blades and tools.

The pocket-knives most used at present contain only two blades. They are thin, but wider in the handle than the blades used a year or two ago, and the handle is usually made of bone, shell, or ivory. The metal tips at the ends are very small, and often there are no tips at all, nothing showing but the ivory and the spring at the back. These knives sell from twenty-five cents to $100. A big price that for a small knife—$100; but it is not the knife that ever costs so much, only the handle. In a $100 knife the handle is made of gold and two or three small diamonds are set in it. Nobody buys such knives except the people who have more money than they know what to do with; and the cutlers say that the blades are precisely the same in the twenty-five cent knife and the $100—the difference is all in the handle.

Many curious things are to be found in the big cutler's shops in a large city, but none more curious, perhaps, than what is called the "knife-fork," for the use of one armed men. A man with only one arm has a great deal of trouble with the ordinary knife and fork, and after using one he has to lay it down before he can pick up the other. The knife-fork is a broad knife blade rounded almost into a semicircle like a garden sickle, but with the cutting edge on the outside. The end of the blade is divided into three prongs like a broad fork. The blade cuts the meat and the prongs pick it up, and with this useful instrument the one armed man is said to get his full share at any table, even when he has only ten minutes for refreshments."

The cutlers say, too, that a pocket knife requires some attention to keep it in good order, and that a good knife well cared for should last for many years. The dirt should be cleaned out of the joints occasionally, and the whole knife be oiled. They are inclined to make a little sport of the city men who go out into the woods hunting in the fall. A New-Yorker going into the woods, they say, wants enough knives to supply a whole tribe of Indians; so at this season they always keep a large stock of knives on hand.

Oh! Eliza!

The counsel prosecuting in a breach of promise case was youthful and fresh, and delighted in showing himself off; but he didn't know what a guy he was until it fell on him with a dull and sickening thud. The defendant had taken the stand.

"You say," said the rising young counsel, after several impertinent questions, "that you never made love to her?"

"Not to my knowledge," replied the defendant.

"Never called her pet names, either, I suppose?"

"No sir."

"Now, as a matter of fact, didn't you call her Lizzie after you had been to see her only three or four times, and always after that, when you knew you should have called her Miss Smith if you had not been seeking to win her young and trusting heart?"

"No, sir, I did not."

The plaintiff pulled the attorney's sleeve, but he paid no attention to her.

"Ah, indeed," very sarcastically. "I presume you never called her Lizzie in your life?"

"I never did, sir."

The man of law sat forward with a sharp crack of the chair legs on the floor.

"I'd like to know why you never did, sir?" he asked, with the air of a man who knew he had the facts.

"Because"—and the witness was as cool as a palm-leaf fan could make him in June—"because her name was Eliza."

Then it was that counsel heeded the plaintiff's wild clutchings, and wanted to hit himself in the neck with a law book, but it was too late.

The Bank of England is at present authorised to issue notes to the value of £16,450,000 on securities (£11,015,100 of which is debt owing by the Government to the Bank). Beyond that all notes issued must be represented by gold coin or bullion actually deposited in the Bank cellars, and held like the securities by the Issue Department. If the Bank increases such deposit of gold it can increase its issue of notes to the same extent. For instance, in the week ending December 18, 1889, there was gold in the hands of the Issue Department to the value of £18,228,805, and in that week the value of the notes issued was £34,428,805, being that amount of gold plus the value of issues against securities, then authorised, of £16,200,00; while in the week ending August the 19, 1892, the gold in the hands of the Issue Department was £26,061,055 (an increase of £7,832,850), and the value of the notes issued was £42,511,655 being that amount of gold plus the value of issues against securities, now authorised, of £16,450,000. The increase in issue of notes to the value of £8,682,850 was met by the additional gold deposited to the value of £7,832,850 plus the additional value of £250,000 authorised to be issued against securities.

THE MURRAY CASE.

Further Details of the Sensation at Gravenhurst.

A Prominent Physician Interviewed—Science Has Its Say—Almost a Resurrection.

(Toronto Mail.)

(From Our Own Reporter.)

GRAVENHURST, Sept. 30.—Further investigation discloses the fact that there is hardly anything else spoken of in this town but Sam Murray's wonderful recovery. His case is considered marvellous, and no cure at the shrine of St. Anno de Beaupre ever startled people like his case has the section of the community. In the hotels you hear his name mentioned, and being well-known along the different towns on the Northern railway, Murray's case attracts unusual interest.

Dr. Cornell is one of the most popular men in Gravenhurst. He runs a large drug store, and has a very extensive practice. He stands high in the medical profession, and is Grand Trunk physician for the section. His drug business is one of the largest in Northern Ontario. He was seen at his office. He said: "I have known Murray for a long time. He was employed on the Grand Trunk railway as brakeman for several years. His fingers were crushed, and being one of the Grand Trunk physicians I looked after his case. One night in June, '91, he was carried into my office. He had fallen down on the street. I found that he was suffering from paralysis. He has been disabled until recently, but I don't care to talk very much of his case. I am not seeking cheap notoriety."

"But, doctor, I suppose you have no objection to answer a few queries to substantiate what Murray says?"

"Well, no; go ahead."

"Was Murray ill for a long time, and is it true that his disability claims were paid by the Grand Trunk. You attended him for some time, you say, and you should know?"

"Yes, I attended him, and he was pretty low. Although I never give up hope, I thought he would never be able to get about again. After he fell the first time he kept poking about and took three or four other spells. He was then confined to his house, and later on took to his bed. Boils and eruptions broke out on his legs and arms, neck and face, and his blood was in a very bad way. He kept gradually getting worse, and everybody thought he would die. He complained of his back very much. I attributed his disease largely to overwork. I believed he would never be able to resume his duties again. He was paid his total disability claim by the Grand Trunk at that time."

"How does it come that he is about and working again?"

"Well, you see as a professional man hardly like to say. It might look as if I were lending myself to some advertising scheme, but I would rather not say anything on that subject.

"But, doctor, that is not fair. Does Sam Murray know what cured him?"

"Well, he says, and everybody says, it was some pills he bought here that cured him."

"What pills, doctor. Do you know the name of them?"

"They are a drugs again. Now, I said I did not want to put myself in a false position before the profession."

"But he bought the pills in your drug store. What pills were they?"

"Well, I'll tell you the truth, they were Dodd's Kidney Pills, and remember, I want you to say, if you say anything about me, that is the truth. Sam got the pills here, and he says they cured him. I have sold a lot of them to others and they all speak highly of them."

"Doctor, would you as a physician prescribe these pills in your practise for kidney troubles?"

"Yes, I would. Knowing the active principle of the pills they are such as I would prescribe for patients suffering from kidney troubles, for they are both a tonic and a diuretic."

"Doctor, is it true that disease of kidneys poison the blood?"

"Yes the blood gets full of uric acid."

"Will the curing of diseased kidneys cleanse the blood of uric acid and impurities?"

"Well, it is only natural to suppose that if you remove the cause of a disease you can expect a cure."

"Do you consider Sam Murray's case a remarkable one?"

"Yes, I certainly do."

A NEWSPAPER MAN.

Fred Harbridge, of the Gravenhurst Banner, was seen. He said: Sam Murray's case is causing a good deal of talk. We used to publish paragraphs that he was not expected to live over night. Every week we expected his death notice. Sam got hold of Dodd's Kidney Pills through a little book that was dropped into his house called Kidney Talk, and he took the pills and is as well as ever. When he was that bad that part of his life insurance was paid by the Grand Trunk you may judge he was pretty low. He recovered so rapidly and miraculously that everybody is talking about his case. We had something in the paper about it. There is no denying that he is cured, and that Dodd's Pills did. Anybody in Gravenhurst will tell you that.

A GRAND TRUNK OFFICIAL.

Mr. J. T. Tor