Business Directory.

Bottled Ale Depot,
65, YORK STREET,
TORONTO, C. W.
M. MORRISON, Agent.
Toronto, June 12th, 1857. g1-wy.

J. W. GIBSON,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
Opposite J. K. Falconbridge's,
YONGE STREET, RICHMOND HILL.
June, 1857. g.1.wy,

JOHN McDONALD,
Chemist and Druggist,
IMPOTTER of English Drugs, Soaps, Perfumes, Brushes, &c.
No. 169, Yonge Street. (Opposite Shuter Street. near Green Bush Tavern, TORONTO.
June, 1857. g.1-dm.

P. CROSBY,
DRY GOODS, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, &c.
Richmond Hill, June, 1857. g.1-wy.

CHARLES DURRANT,
(Late M. Teefy.)
IMPORTER of British and Foreign Dry Goods. Wine and Spirit Merchant, &c., &c.
Richmond Hill, June, 1857. g.1-wy.

ROBERT J. GRIFFITH,
FLAG, Banner and Ornamental Painter, Elizabeth Street, Toronto.—Over W. Griffith's Grocery Store.
☞ Coats of Arms, and every description of Herald Painting, executed with despatch, and at reasonable charges.
June, 1857. g.1wy.

IF YOU WANT
CHEAP
Dry Goods and Millinery,
☞ *Go to R. Cathron's,*
82, Yonge Street, Toronto.
June 12, 1857. g.1-wy.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL,
Opposite the Post Office, Yonge Street,
AN Omnibus leaves the above Hotel every Morning. (Sundays excepted,) at 7 o'clock, for Toronto; returning the same evening
Horses and Buggies kept for hire.
RICHARD NICHOLLS.
Proprietor.
Richmond Hill, June, 1-57. g.1.wy.

W. C. ADAMS,
DOCTOR
OF
DENTAL
SURGERY,
66, King Street, East, Toronto, C. W.
Particular attention given to the regulation of Children's Teeth.
Consultations Free, and all Work Warranted.
Toronto, June, 1867. 1-wy.

GO TO
MORPHY BROTHERS
FOR
GOOD Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Melodeons, Electro Ware, Silver Spoons, and Spectacles to suit every sight.
☞ Watch Clubs in Operation. Warranted Clock from 20s. upwards.
Toronto, June, 1857. 1-3.

Richmond Hill
BAKERY,
C. E. PERRY,
IN returning thanks to the Inhabitants of Richmond Hill and Vicinity for their past patronage, would also inform them that he is now prepared to supply them with every article in the line, on his usual liberal terms.
☞ The necessary Varieties for Pic Nics, and Soirees prepared on the shortest notice.
CHARLES E. PERRY.
Richmond Hill, June, 1857. g1-wy

VICTORY HOTEL,
And Masonic Hall,
YONGE STREET.
EXTENSIVE Stabling, and obliging Hostlers always in attendance.
ROBERT WISEMAN,
Proprietor,
Richmond Hill, June, 1857. g.1-wy.

THE WHITE SWAN
Inn, and Livery Stables,
YONGE STREET.
HORSES and Buggies in readiness at the Shortest Notice.
JOSEPH GABY,
Proprietor,
Richmond Hill, June, 1857, g.1-wy.

G. & B. BARNARD,
IMPORTERS of British and American Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Oils, Paints, &c., &c.
Richmond Hill, June, 1857. g.1-wy.

J. W. MILLAR,
IMPORTER and Dealer in Gold and Silver Watches, Fine Jewellery, Electro-Plate, Fancy Goods, &c., &c.
No. 80, Yonge Street, Toronto.
June, 1857. g.1-dm.

Boarding and Day School
FOR YOUNG LADIES.
MRS. & THE MISSES CAMPBELL,
CONTINUE to give Instructions in the usual branches of a solid and useful English Education.
Also, French, Music, and Ornamental Needle Work.
A Vacancy for One Boarder.
Blink Bonnie Cottage,
Richmond Hill, June, 1857, g.1-tm.

York Ridings' Gazette.

AND RICHMOND HILL ADVERTISER.

WITH OR WITHOUT OFFENCE TO FRIENDS OR FOES, I SKETCH YOUR WORLD EXACTLY AS IT GOES.—Byron.

Vol. 1. **RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1857.** **No. 1.**

Select Poetry.

THE WORKS OF CREATION.

I praised the Earth, in beauty seen
With gralands gay of various green;
I praised the Sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield,
And Earth and Ocean seemed to say,
"Our beauties are but for to-day."

I praised the Sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the Moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky;
And Moon and Sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered."

O God! O good beyond compare!
If thus thy meaner works are fair,
If thus thy beauties glide and span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee!

THE BACHELOR'S BURIAL.

Two old maids at shut of day,
A bachelor's carcass bore away,
With wrinkled brow and matted hair,
And heart that never loved the fair.

Bring briars, they groan'd, bring weeds unblown,
Bring rankest weeds of name unknown,
Bright withered boughs from dreary wild,
To strew the bier of error's child.

And make his grave where the lizards hide,
Where nightshade strews the swamp creek side.
Far out of sight—where genial spring
Shall send no gentle birds to sing

His old jack-knife lay with him low,
To cut the string of cupid's bow;
The sad house-cat shall whine around
His lonely grave in grief profound

Low lay him who was often "high"
Here where shall fall no pitying eye
For him—for him no loving heart
Shall ache, for him no tear shall start.

His bloodless lips shall fall to dust;
His old jack-knife shall waste to rust;
He whom we hide from light of men
Shall never fright the babes again.

For we have laid him from the light,
Beneath the ground and out of sight;
But his rude epitaph shall stand—
"He who to no one gave his hand!"

INFLUENCE OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

The times of which we are writing are remarkable for the extension of periodical literature, especially for the ubiquity of the *Newspaper*. The authors of the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, the *Rambler*, had no conception of the modern newspaper. It seems like putting the gravity of our readers to the test when we name this as the most wonderful and powerful agent of our times. It is made of rags, ropes, rushes, and lampblack. Great pains are taken in fitting up the visitant to make a respectable appearance in our mansion; but in its best trim, its pretensions are very humble. It is dumb but it tells us of all which is done upon the earth. It bears in its own name the initials of the four points of the compass, N. E. W. S.—news. Reeking, in hot haste, as if out of breath, it delivers it message and then is crumpled up and thrown into the waste paper basket to ignite the morning's fire. Yet is there nothing more worthy of preservation; for it is the great dial-plate on the clock of time. Go to the archives of an historical Society, and consult an old newspaper; let it be a file of the *Boston News Letter*, commenced in April, 1704, the first ever published on the Western continent, supposing it to be complete, and extended to the present time. Read of African slaves in the town of Boston,—perhaps a fresh cargo of stout-limbed Guineamen have arrived in a Newport ship in Virginia; turn rapidly over the leaves of the volumn; your eyes catche a succession of great names and events.—Benjamin Franklin resisting the censorship of the press, and making the lightening of the skies a pastime for himself and son,—the stripling surveyor, George Washington, roaming over the spurs of the Alleghanies and along the banks of the Shenandoan,—tribute money, unjust taxation, mutterings and rebellion, Lexington, Bunker Hill, revolution, independence, confederacies and constitutions, Fulton's humbug, commerce, art, peace, prosperity, enterprise, expansion. May we not rightly call the smutty chronicle the index finger of Providence pointing to the hours on the chronometer of history? An artist expends great time and labor in painting a panorama, and crowds find delight in gazing upon the canvas; yet it is of a limited space,—a river, a city,—Thebes, or Jerusalem, the Hudson, or the Mississippi. But a newspaper is a daguerreotype of the whole world,—its warrings and diplomacies, its buyings and sellings, its governments and revolutions, its marryings, partruitions and dyings. A newspaper is a real microcosm.—the world made smaller, held in the hand, and brought under the eye. The huge telescope of Sir John Harschel is so swung that it reflects all the distant wonders of the sky, sweeps across its lenses, upon a small horizontal table under the eye of the observer; and analogous to this, a newspaper brings all the occurrences of remote continents, incidents at the North Pole and the antipodes, under the light of your reading lamp, and within the space of our parlor table. The evening has come, the damp sheet is spread out before you, and with an ill-concealed impatience you sit down to see what new spectacle "Time, the scene shifter," has prepared for your astonished and delighted eye. The whole world is in motion before you. This is no small gossip about what took place under your own windows in Cock Lane; but as Isaiah, in the vision of prophecy, beheld the great concourse from all quarters of the earth, the dromedaries from Midian and Ephah, the ships of Tarshish, and the forces of the Gentiles hastening to the rendezvous, so, in sober fact, the most remote and improbable agencies, from the four winds under heaven, are hurrying through the air and over the sea, to deliver their separate tidings, in that small sheet of paper which you now hold in your hand.—Camels, those "ships of the desert," are now traversing the arid wastes of Egypt and Arabia; steamers are now entering or leaving the harbors of Bombay, Odessa, Constantinople, Suez, Naples, Genoa, Hamburg, Cadiz, Southampton, and Liverpool,—ponderous engines of speed and power instinct with life,"

"Tramp, tramp, along the land they ride,
Spash, splash across the sea."

the Laplander with his deer, the Esquimaux with his dogs, the electric wires at Paris, Berlin and London, every instrument that can convey thought, every agent that can convey intelligence, in every land, on every sea, in every city, and in every wilderness, on every road and every river, all are in motion, at the top of their speed, to open their budget, and entertain you, an humble looker-on at home, with the shifting panorama of the whole earth. Sometimes we weep, sometimes we laugh, we pity, we are indignant, we fear and we hope by turns, and are always wondering what will come to pass next.

The newspaper, then, is the peculiarity of an age of intercommunication, an agent of human sympathy. What else lies at the bottom of conception but a just idea of man's fraternal relations? It is the cheap correspondence carried on between all members of the human family. What a man puts into a newspaper on the other side of the globe, is on the supposition that it will interest the rest of the family on this continent. As we learn more of our fellow men, we feel a kindlier interest in them.—We rejoice in their prosperity, sympathise in their calamities, and cheer on their struggles for the right and the good. There are now too many newspapers abroad to allow a man to live like a snail. They enlarge the world to our knowledge and our love. Why is anything made public but on the belief that it will be of interest to many others? Why is it announced in your paper that Isaac and Rebecca were married on a certain day last week, but on the supposition that it will give you pleasure to know it? And when, lower down on the sheet, under that startling word *Deaths*, your eye runs along, always with apprehension lest it fall on some well-known name, and reads that the aged father, the young child, the beloved wife, the rich, the poor, the admired, the honored, and the beautiful are gone, is it not taken for granted that even strangers will heave a sigh for the afflicted, and the world respond in sympathy to the incursions of a common foe?—Read in this light, the commonest advertisements which crowd our papers have a kindly odor about them. Say not with a cynic sneer, as though you were doubtful whether there was anything honest in the world, when a store-keeper advertises his wares, that it is all sheer selfishness; for if it is pleasant to one to announce a fresh supply of tallow or wool, hardware or muslins, is it not just as pleasant to some other one who wishes to know it? When a brace of young partners in trade insert their virgin advertisement, informing the world how happy they shall be to wait on customers, can you read without entering into their fresh hopes and giving them your blessing in their new career? Business advertisements! Waste paper! You know not what you say. Those ships that are to sail to every harbor in the world, those fabrics which have arrived from every commercial market on earth, this iron from Russia, tea from China, wool from Smyrna, fruit from Malaga, coffee from Cuba, cotton from Georgia, sugar from Louisiana,—do they not preach to us at the corners of the streets, at the entering in of the gates, on our docks, and in our custom-houses and exchanges, sermons on the mutual dependencies of mankind?—*Rev. Dr. Adams, of New York, in the "Christian Review."*

THE PLEASURES OF AGRICULTURE.

With many, agricultural life is a life of ceaseless and unending toil. No higher aim or object is seen in it, save to plough, to sow, to reap, to "do business and get gain;" so that the dollar be made, no matter whether the soul is buried beneath the body's toil or not. Lost in its toil, we think not that it has a pleasure. But let us pause a moment and look around us; there are things that come to us in the way of our business, that to other men in other occupations, would be looked upon as luxuries. It is in the power of every farmer to have a good garden; from his garden, during the season of vegetables, his table can be supplied at a trifling expense, with the choicest and freshest of them;—so too of fruits, apples, pears peaches, cherries, plums, and a variety of others, all can appear at his social board. During the summer months, the inhabitants of the city fly to the country for health and fine air, whenever opportunity offers; but the farmer and his family, if health and fine air are to be found in the country of his abode, will be sure to possess them. Contrast the pale and sickly appearance of many children inhabiting our large cities, with the rugged and healthy look of the farmer's boys and girls, and tell us if we have not cause of rejoicing. Need I tell you of the many rides you enjoy through the still, sweet summer morn, which to the mechanic or man of trade, would be so welcome? Need I point to the sweet flowers around your dwellings, growing there almost spontaneously, whose perfume greets your senses? Different, ah! different indeed is your abode amid fruits and flowers, to the abode of him who is hemmed in the busy mart of trade. There is not a busy time or season but that hath its joy for us. From the first note of the peepers in the early spring time, though the flowery summer, the rich and golden autumn, and the social hearth of winter, each and all in their good time bring to us cause for rejoicing. What we stand in need of most, are contented hearts and refined minds, to respond to the soft influences of nature that ever around us. Let us not be so wrapt up in the toil of our life, as to forget the pleasures in our path.—*Cultivator.*

THE AGE OF THE GLOBE.

For those who are disinclined to enter into the abstrusities of general chronology, it may be sufficient to notice that the age of the world and the number of years which have elapsed from the nativity of Christ, are involved in difficulties from which they appear inextricable. Some fix the epoch of the nativity in the year 3616, while others go back to the year 6484, and others adopt intermediate years. The variations in the principal copies of the old Testament, has occasioned this diversity of opinion. The Hebrew codex, to which preference is generally assigned, fixes the deluge in the year 1656, the Samaritan codex in 1307 and the Greek codex, or Septuagint verision, in 2262. The period which follows the deluge for nine generations, the number computed for the creation, does not offer smaller variations; the Hebrew codex gives 202 years, the Samaritan 942, the Septuagint 1972. The system most accredited in the present day is that of Archbishop Usher, which is founded on the Hebrew codex, and fixing the epoch of the nativity in the year 4000. After all Moses himself, the inspired historian of the creation, to whose authority it is futile to expose the half-hazard conjectures of his annotators, makes no attempt to give any date; it was sufficient for him, one of the wisest of men, and possessing divine information, to state that the world arose "in the beginning" of all things, and that "beginning" the discoveries of modern science have placed far beyond the hypotheses of European chronologists.—*Medi Æv. Kalendorium.*

HOW TO PRESERVE HEALTH

Keep the bowels open, the feet warm, the head cool, and a fig for the physicians."

"Eat in a measure, and defy the doctor."

Rise early in the morning, wash the whole body that you may be clean, vigorous, elastic, joyous. Take a draught of pure water, and then walk, ride, exercise, or better, labor in the open air, at least for a short time. Afterwards go to a plain meal of brown bread, milk, potatoes, and the like healthful articles, such as a King should be thankful to partake of. Do not eat in a hurry; better to take the water and omit the meal altogether, than eat in haste. Haste makes waste, here as elsewhere; not only of the food, but of that which is far more important, of that which is better than riches and fine gold—health.

NEW DEFINITIONS OF A MODERN DICTIONARY.

Account—A ctious annual that blooms at Christmas.

Beauty—An ingenius man trap.

Canting—The art of producing musical sounds by means of that popular instrument called the proboscis or nose.

Charity—A science, so difficult to acquire, that few people can get past its first proposition, which is, "Charity begins at home."

Directors—People appointed by the share-holders of a public company to read newspapers in a back room made for that purpose, and at dine the public expense.

Excuse—An Athenian term for a lie.

Freedom—An animal of a chamelon nature, which appears white or black according as it is looked up to, or down upon.

Friend—A sort of horse leech, which sticks to you as long as it can get anything to draw.

Genius—An animal with long hair, very fond of dining at the company's expense.

Gentleman—A thing made by tailors.

Honesty—A vile weed, which at one time overran all Britain. It is now almost eradicated.

Honor—A principle in human nature which sometimes makes a man shoot his friend.

Intellect—A thing which keeps its possessor in poverty. It seldom has connection with aristocracy.

Key—An instrument, by means of which lodging house keepers make the best part of their livlihood.

Knowledge—The art of cheating.

Lead—The material with which the heads of some are lined. It is frequently a substitute for brains.

Loquacity—A substance in the composition of M. P.'s, women, and parrots.

Man—An animal composed of nine tailors.

Milliner—A substance much used in experiments on starvation.

Nobody—A thing which does most of the mischief in the world.

Obituary—A place in newspapers, where are advertised people's last move. In this place eminent virtues are discovered to have been possessed by the dead which were not known when they were alive.

Phenomenon—Colonel Sibthrop without his whiskers, or Joseph Hume moving a grant for a pension.

Pump—An instrument for extracting secrets.

Reason—That which rises man above the level of the beasts; it is rarely to be met with: *ergo* most men are on a par with them.

Sub-Editor—A person who writes with a pair of scissors instead of a pen, using paste instead of ink.

Tar—A substance with which some people rub their fingers.

Verdure—A substance seen in the eyes of most people.

Wisdom—A thing which every body [excepting those who have] think they have got.

Yeoman—An armed man troubled with a palpitation at the heart

Zoophite—A substance which partakes of the nature both of animals and vegetables, such as potatoe-headed or cabbage-headed individuals.—*Punch.*

SNUFF-TAKING.

Yet snuff is an old custom. If we came suddenly upon it in a foreign country, it would make us split our sides with laughter. A grave gentleman most unconcernedly takes a little casket out of his pocket, puts a finger and thumb in, brings away a pinch of a sort of a powder, and then, with the most serious air possible, as if he were doing one of the most important actions of his life [for even with the most indifferent snuff-takers there is a certain look of importance], proceeds to thrust—and keeps thrusting it—at his nose! after which he shakes his head, or his waist-coat, or his nose itself, or all three, in the style of a man who has done his duty, and satisfied the most serious claims of his well-being.

It is curious to see the various modes in which people take snuff; some do it by little fits and starts, snd get over the thing quietly. These are epigrammatic snuff-takers, who come to the point as fast as possible, and to whom the pungency is everything. They generally use a sharp and severe snuff, a sort of essence of pins' point. Others are all urbanity and polished demeanor; they value the style as much as the sensation, and offer the box around, as much out of dignity as benevolence. Some take snuff irritably, others bashfully, others in a manner as dry as snuff itself, generally with an economy of the vegetable; others with a luxuriance of gesture and lavishness of supply, that announces a moister article, and sheds its superfluous honors over neckcloth and coat.—*Leigh Hunt's Journal.*

HINTS ON MORAL INSTRUCTION IN COMMON SCHOOLS.

It is much to be lamented that more attention is not given to moral instruction in all our common schools. Committee and school-officers, in employing teachers, should consider it of paramount importance that they be possessed of the right principle, spirit, tact, and manner for interesting and judiciously feeding the delicate, plastic mind with wholesome moral instruction. A teacher may discourse fluently upon the many ologies, osophies &c., and at the same time lack capacity and tact, for faithfully instructing in theoratical and practical ethics. How to read, write, play, sing and so forth, our children are continually being taught; but why not occasionally, yes, regularly, teach them the *object* for which these and numerous other accomplishments are bestowed, viz., how to live good and useful lives.

Teachers, yours is the duty and sacred responsibility—

"To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit and to fix
The generous purpose and the noble thought.

Every earnest, faithful, enthusiastic teacher can find sufficient time in his school-room to appropriate daily for general exercises in the first principles of ethics, and the simple, familiar, practical parts of natural theology. If he has not the acquired ability and aptness to attain such daily exercises, he can, by a little fore-thinking, reading and preparation on the previous evenings, acquire sufficient to successfully interest and benefit his pupils, at the same time materially improve himself. He can adapt the instruction to their several capacities for comprehending such solitary and sober lessons.

To be sure it implies no very low standard in a teacher to effectually and happily succeed in this two-fold office of instructor of heavenly minds, germs of immorality; but a qualified professional teacher is nothing short of what we need, and must have in this nineteenth century, to properly educate our youth. We are wholly opposed to this system of school-keeping quackery, so long practiced and palmed off on us.—Had we the prerogative we should feel that we were doing a great service to the rising generation and humanity, by snatching from the spoiling tutition of the many untrained, and unqualified quacks who creep into the peculiarly responsible business of giving instructions in schools, every child who is under their baneful influence, and turn these miscalled teachers themselves out of the profession, to prosecute other callings more congenial to their tastes and talents.

A lady on entering her kitchen the other day, found the oven swimming with grease. On asking the servant, a Welsh girl, the cause, she answered, with the greatest simplicity, "Look you, missus, the candle fell in the water, and I put her in the oven to dry."

Law Respecting Newspapers.

SUBSCRIBERS who do not give express Notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

If Subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them till all arrearages are paid.

If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are responsible till they have settled their Bills, and ordered their papers to be discontinued.

If subscribers remove to other places, without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

THE GONG.

We find the following "rib-tickler" in an exchange:—

Speaking of gongs, a trio of old ladies, delegates to the Womans' Rights Convention, lately stopped at the Burnett House, Cincinnati. They had never heard a gong, and we give Mrs. Trodwell's own description of it: "We hadn't been in our own rooms very long, till, jeminy crimeny, of all the noises that ever did noise—growlin', bellerin', howlin', screechin', and thunderin', all rumblin' up in one infernal muss of a sound!—We thought the day of insurrection had come, sure enough; all were awfully frightened. Miss Saffron vowed that it was Gabriel blowing his last trump, and that he was a little hoarse. Miss Skinflint, she bounced into her bed, crying out, 'feathers is non-conductors!' Directly the all-fired howlin' shut up, and then there was a sound of folks runnin'down stairs fit to break their necks. We were all makin' for the door to run, too, when something knocked at the door. We were afraid to open, but at last Miss Saffron, bold as a lion, advanced and peeped through a keyhole. There we stood, shivering with fright—just at this minute the door opened, and what in the name of flog-gins do you think it was?—Why, nothing but a poor, mean, good-for-nothing, deceitful, yaller nigger, wanting to know if we'd come to supper! 'Has the teligraphic magnetiff exploded?' asked Miss Skinflint. 'Ma'am,' says he again. 'Then,' says I, 'What was that infernal howlin' about, you great, stupid, silly nigger?' 'That noise just now! oh, nothing but the gong, I reckon, says he, and the critter went off grinning. What a gong was couldn't tell but from its voice we guessed it was some astonishin' wild beast they had tamed and let run loose about the house to skeer decent people out of their sense."

POTATOES.

Some experiments have lately been made, as to the best mode of *cutting potatoes for seed*, one of which was as follows:—'Last spring,' says a correspondent of Granite Farmer, I planted four rows of equal length side by side, with two varieties of potatoes; in one row I planted nothing but the seed ends including about one third of the potatoes; and in the next row I planted the butt end of the same potatoes. I had one row of seed-ends and one row of butt-ends of a variety called Peach Blows. The yield of these four rows was as follows.—Pink Eyes, but ends, 217lbs.; Seed-ends 170lbs.; Peach Blows, butt-ends 225lbs. The potatoes cut from the butt-ends appeared from a week to ten days earlier.

The result corresponded with his former experiments. Had the whole field been planted with butt-ends, the yield would have been more than 500 bushels to the acre. He also planted two rows next to the above, in one of which he only put large potatoes, *half a tuber in each hill cut length-wise*, so as to divide the eyes equally; and in the other he dropped only small potatoes, one in each hill; from the former he dug 181lbs., and from the latter he dug only 134 lbs. The average yield of the field was about 180lbs. to the row, the large (not the very largest) potatoes were used for seed, cut lengthwise, with half of a tube in each hill.

The above experiments, so far as their truthfulness may be relied on, prove two things, which are of importance to every farmer; first, that the butt-end is the best end of the potatoe for seed. It gives a much better return, both in quality and size; and second, the *large potatoes* are preferable for seed to small ones. The prevailing opinion in Britain seems to be that whole potatoes of ordinary size are the best of all.

Experiments such as these are simple and easily made; why then will not our farmers put their truthfulness to the test, by experimenting for themselves.—*Miramichi Gleaner.*

A HINT TO ADVERTISERS.—Warren's celebrated blacking manufactory has now ceased to be. The business has "died" out simply from a resolution taken by the proprietors who succeeded the spirited original of the firm 'to discontinue advertising in the newspapers as a useless expense.' The consequence might have been forseen. The firm of "Warren" has ceased to exist within one generation.—*London Atlas.*