

THE CHRONICLE.

W. Irwin, Editor and Proprietor.

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FARMERS TO THE FRONT.

Paper Read by Mr. D. Allen, at the Farmers' Institute, Holstein, on February 1st, 1900.

The first part of my subject treats of Agriculture or Farming, the second part of the necessary qualifications of the persons engaged in the occupation in order to make the business a success.

This subject should engross the attention of everyone engaged in the business and I want my statements severely criticised so that we may be mutually improved thereby, and inspired to persevere in the oldest of the Arts and the most recent of the Sciences.

The word Agriculture is derived from two Latin words, "Ager," a field, and "cultura," cultivation, the meaning being the cultivation of the soil, so as to produce the largest crops at the lowest possible cost and the least injury to the soil. It also includes the raising and feeding of stock, and whatever pertains to the farm buildings and domestic economy. Take these four, soil, crops, animals and buildings. They may be divided and subdivided into various heads, all of which are interesting and important in making a complete analysis of the subject and entering fully into its minor details. But limited time prevents an exhaustive treatment.

We notice in the first place, that on the shoulders of the farmer rest the feeding and clothing of the larger portion of the world. He has therefore, a very heavy load to carry. His work is of the highest importance, and he is entitled to the highest honor among his fellow men, and his occupation from day to day is such that it brings him, in constant touch with nature, and by meditation and reflection is designed to lead him up to Nature's God. The husbandman's calling is an ancient and honorable one, it was useful even in Paradise. Nature even in its primitive state left room for improvements for an industry, hence the divine command to Adam was to keep and dress the garden. This was conducive to man's peace and happiness, and it has always been, and always will be, a sense of pleasure in

the business God calls us to and employs us in.

It has been well said, that "the first farmer was the first man," and we read in Genesis XVIII 8, that the angel when he descended to converse with men "broke bread with the husbandman beneath the tree." The Patriarchs of old tilled the soil, Abraham was a farmer, rich in stock, so rich that the land was not able to pasture the united herds and flocks of him and his nephew. The eleven tribes of Israel were all farmers, for the land of Canaan was divided among them by lot, each tribe receiving its own tract of land; but the tribe of Levi was not to be farmers, hence they received no part of the land of Canaan. Gideon too, was a farmer, for he was busy threshing wheat when the angel appeared unto him. Moses and David were also engaged in agriculture, and Job farmed on a large scale, having 7000 sheep, 3000 camels, 500 yoke of oxen, and 500 asses.

In ancient Greece, agriculture was the shame of the great poets, and the various improvements in husbandry, such as the introduction of nutritive grains, and the invention of useful implements for tilling the soil were ascribed to the immediate bounties of the gods. Later the land was the chief article of property, and the farmer who cultivated it was honored above manufacturers, mechanics or traders. Among the ancient Romans in the days of purity agriculture was held in still greater honor than among the Greeks. The proudest patrician and the most illustrious citizens lived on their farms, and worked them with their own hands. Cincinnatus was a great patrician. He lived in very troublesome times. War had broken out. He was called upon to lead the army. A desperate fight ensued, it lasted a long time but in the end the Aequians found they were outwitted by the military genius of the rustic farmer. Having surrounded them they implored his mercy, the commanders were put in chains, and the soldiers laid down their arms and passed under the yoke which meant everlasting slavery. Cincinnatus returned to Rome in triumph, wearing a great laurel wreath, and for his services was rewarded by a golden crown, and offers of great promotion for his loyalty and heroism. But offices of state had no charm for him; he knew something of the sweets of retirement, knew something of the happiness in cultivating his fields and watching his flocks and herds along the banks of the lovely Tiber. He spurns all offers of promotion, and humbly requests liberty to retire to his rustic home.

We visit England and find that down through the ages the nobility shrank from man factories and trades

and even stand aloof from the professions of law and medicine, but Earls, Dukes and even Princes cultivated lands, preside at agricultural festivals, write treatises on the cultivation of crops, culture of roots, raising of stock, and even compete for prizes at agricultural exhibitions. Geo. III is known as farmer George, on account of his great interest and practical knowledge of farming. In fact he had no taste for anything else.

Crossing the Atlantic, we find that the same truth prevails, that the most illustrious men in America have been farmers. We therefore pardon our politicians, in aspiring to the dignity of farmers on the eve of an election.

In this part of my subject I have tried to show the importance of Agriculture and the desirability of a large proportion even of the nobility to enter upon it. I shall adduce a few reasons why this business is of such vast importance.

(1st) This employment was the first assigned to man, and approaches most closely to the works of the Divine Being, who gives to the earth its fertility, and clothes it with beauty. In cultivating the flowers around the home, we should ever remember what is said about them: "That Solomon, even in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

(2nd) This employment is the source of wealth and comfort to the whole country. When crops fail the nation howls its head. Thank God, we never had a famine in Canada, we have had partial failures in certain districts, but we never knew what it was to go to bed hungry. The country declines by reason of failures of crops, cessation of manufactures and commerce, stagnation and bankruptcy prevailing in that case. When harvests are abundant the country prospers, the failure of the crop, for one single year deranges every branch of trade and commerce and causes a general disaster and suffering.

This must be so, because the farmer produces the daily bread for the whole population. It is true, the fisheries yield something, but the produce of the soil is the staple maintenance of both vegetable and animal food, and spreads a table bountifully with the choicest viands for both necessities and luxuries for the whole community. Our materials for clothing are derived from the same source: wool, flax, leather, cotton and silk, are all the productions of the soil.

This employment of the farmer is the essence of independence, freedom and virtuous enjoyment. Time will not permit to enlarge on these three points.

(Continued Next Week.)

MRS. GEO. SHENK, aged 70 years, 1 month and 14 days, died at her home in Normandy on Wednesday, the 7th inst. She had been ailing for a considerable time, so her death was not unexpected. Deceased was born in Germany and came to this country when quite young. Her husband still survives her.

THIRTY-THREE townships in Ontario have decided in favor of the abolition of statute labor.

An error was made when the new post office in Glenora was being arranged for a d the name came out as "Wardby" instead of "Wandby." The latter is the correct way to spell it, and the correction has been made in the stamp accordingly.—Standard.

HIS LIFE WAS SAVED.

Mr. J. L. Lilly, a prominent citizen of Hamburg, Mo., lately had a wonderful deliverance from a frightful death. In telling of it he says: "I was taken with Typhoid Fever, it ran into Pneumonia. My lungs became hardened. I was so weak I couldn't even sit up in bed. Nothing helped me. I expected to soon die of consumption, when I heard of Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle gave great relief. I continued to use it, and now am well and strong. I can't say too much in its praise." This marvellous medicine is the surest and quickest cure in the world for all Throat and Lung Trouble, 50 cents and \$1.00, at any Drug Store; every bottle guaranteed.

THE NATIONAL PRAYER.

The following was originally printed in Rev. Hugh Pontecot's Twentieth Century:—

Oh, Almighty Dollar! our acknowledged governor, preserver and benefactor, we desire to approach thee, on this and on every other occasion, with the reverence which is due thy superior excellence, and that regard which should always be cherished for exalted greatness. Almighty Dollar! without thee in the world we can do nothing, but with thee we can do all things. When sickness lays its palsy hand upon us, thou canst provide for us the tenderness of nurses, and the most skillful physicians, and when the last struggle of mortality is over, and we are being borne to the resting-place of the dead thou canst provide a band of music and an escort to accompany us thither, and last, but not least, erect a magnificent monument over our graves, with a lying epitaph to perpetuate our memory.

And while here in the midst of misfortune and temptations of this life, we perhaps are accused of crime, and brought before magistrates; thou Almighty Dollar, canst secure to us a feeble lawyer, a bribed judge, a packed jury, and we go scot free.

Be with us, we pray thee, in all thy decimal parts, for we feel that thou art the one "altogether lovely," and the chiefest among ten thousand.

We feel there is no true condition of life where thy potent and all powerful charms are not felt. In thy absence how gloomy is the household, and how desolate the hearthstone; but when thou, Oh, Almighty Dollar, art with us, how gleeful the beefsteak sings on the gridiron; how genial the warmth that irradiates coal or hickory wood diffuses throughout the apartments; and what joy continues to swell in every bosom.

Thou art the joy of our youth and the solace of old age. Thou art the favorite of the philosopher and the idol of the bank head. Where an election is to be carried, Oh, Almighty Dollar, thou art the most potent argument of the politicians and demagogues and the umpire that decides the contest.

Almighty Dollar, thou art worshipped the world over. Thou hast no hypocrites in thy temples or false hearts at thy altars. Kings and courtiers bow before thee and all nations adore thee. Thou art loved by the civilized and by the savage alike with unfeigned and unflinching devotion.

Oh, Almighty Dollar, in the acquirement and defence of human liberty thou hast placed armies in the field and navies on the ocean. At the uplifting of thy powerful hand their thunders would break and their lightning flash. Thou hast bound continents together by the telegraphic cables and made the varied products of our country available to all by a perfect network of railroads. The forest has been prostrated and the desert made to bloom as a rose.

We continue to regard thee as the handmaid of religion and the twin sister of charity.

Oh, Almighty Dollar, be with us, we beseech thee, attended by an inexpressible number of thy ministering angels, made in thine own image, even if they be but silver quarters, whose gladdening light shall illumine the vale of parity and want with a heavenly radiance, which shall cause the awakening soul to break forth in exclamations of joy.

Almighty Dollar, thou art the awakener of our energies, the guide of our footsteps, and the goal of our being.

And now, Almighty Dollar, in closing this invocation we realize and acknowledge that thou wert the god of our grandfathers, the two-fold god of their children and the three-fold god of their grand children. Permit us to possess thee in abundance, and in all thy varied excellences, is our constant and unwavering prayer. Amen.

Almighty Dollar, thy shining face bespeaks thy wondrous power; My pocket, make thy resting place, I need thee every hour.

Students Admitted Any Time CENTRAL Business College STRATFORD, ONT. A School that offers advantages not found elsewhere in Canada. Large staff of expert instructors, increased attendance, up-to-date training; scores of students placed in good paying situations; students in attendance who occupy positions in which are located other business colleges. They want the best. It pays in the end. New term now open. Enter as soon as possible. Write to-day for our handsome prospectus. W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal

Saw - Logs Wanted AT THE Aberdeen Saw Mill. For which the following prices will be paid.

Table with 3 columns: Tree Type, Price per 1000, Price per 1000. Includes Maple, Birch, Soft Elm, Basswood, Beech, Black Ash, Pine cut 14ft., Cedar, Spruce, Hemlock, Tamarac.

Logs will be classed according to quality and size, and to be cut as much as possible, 12 ft. long, allowing three inches. J. W. CRAWFORD.

T. MORAN, General Blacksmith. HORSESHOEING A SPECIALTY. Shoes made for all kinds of diseased or deformed feet. A CALL SOLICITED. Mill Street - In Rear of Cabler's Block, Lower Town, Durham.

Millinery! I beg to intimate that I am still in Business, and prepared to supply the public with anything in the Millinery Line. S. GILBERTSON, DURHAM. SHOW ROOMS OVER SCOTT'S STORE.

MONEY; \$\$\$\$ Greenbacks; CASH! CALL IT WHAT YOU LIKE. Everybody seems to want MONEY, and IT IS SURPRISING how many people go for it to B. H. MILLER, THE HANOVER CONVEYANCER. He has recently lent money to borrowers in Walkerton, in Durham, in Holland, near Midway, near Southampton, a short distance from Owen Sound, and WHY do people go to him from such great distances? Because they make money by doing so. If they didn't they wouldn't go to him. They get CHEERFUL, INSTANT and BRIGHTER TONORS. - H. H. MILLER. Has been at the business for nearly 20 years and knows the ins and outs of it, and always studies to give his customers a good bargain, knowing that in the end it pays him as well as them. That is the reason why he today has the best business of the kind in Western Ontario.

GOOD FARMS and Splendid Hanover Properties FOR SALE or EXCHANGE. Properties Bought and Sold on commission. Debts Collected. Old Notes Bought. Ocean Tickets for sale. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, Wills and other Writings carefully drawn. Fire, Life, Accident, Marine and Plate Glass INSURANCES placed at lowest rates, in Good Companies. Business Difficulties arranged. Creditors settled with. Any and every kind of legitimate business attended to and everything kept STRICTLY PRIVATE. ALWAYS PROMPT. Never negligent. CHARGES MODERATE. H. H. MILLER, The Hanover Conveyancer

Pumps. I BEG LEAVE TO INFORM MY CUSTOMERS and the public in general that I am prepared to furnish NEW PUMPS AND REPAIRS. FIG. DRILL. CURB RE CURB & PRESS CURB WELLS. All orders taken at the old stand near McGowan's Mill or at Shop at Charter Smith's Foundry. ALL WORK GUARANTEED at "Live and let live" PRICES. GEORGE WHITMORE, DURHAM, Mar. 23, 90.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c CATARRH CURE... is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcer, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

SEEDS. SEEDS. Import of Seeds Now on Hand. Clover & Timothy Seed. Danish White Oats—40c a bushel. Improved Legowa Oats! H. PARKER, Druggist and Seedsman!

PEEL, The Shoe Man! We here quote you a few of the many bargains we have for you, just to let you know that we will not be undersold. Women's Dongola Oxfords, J. D. King's, \$1.40, now \$1.00. Women's Dongola Oxfords, J. D. King's, \$1.65, now \$1.25. Women's Dongola Oxfords, J. D. King's, \$1.60, now \$1.20. Women's Dongola Patent Boots, \$1.70, now \$1.00. Women's Patent Boots, leather, \$1.40, now \$1.00. Men's Box Calf Boots, \$2.25, now \$1.75. Men's Dongola Boots, J. D. King's, \$1.25, now \$1.00. Men's Cal Booters, J. D. King's, \$1.40, now \$1.00.

Come! AND SEE OUR HANDMADE IN Light and Heavy weights for Men, Women and Children. A first class line of Trunks and T-lescopes always on hand. We are giving some extra bargains now to make room for spring goods, and will be sold at your own price. Peel = The = Shoe = Man.

Grant's Ad! LAST WEEK we advertised a big reduction in all kinds of goods, and this week we quote a few prices so as to convince you that this sale is genuine. Notice these prices: A Man's Whole Stock High Cut Boots, usually sold at \$2.00 to \$2.25, now \$1.25. Men's Split Blucher, were \$1.50, now \$1.00. Men's Split Grainger, were \$1.35, now \$1.00. Women's Whole Stock Laced, were \$1.50, now \$1.00. Misses' Whole Stock Laced, were \$1.25, now \$1.00. All Other Lines of Boots at Same Rate. Men's Suits that we sold for \$8.50, now \$7.00. Men's Suits that we sold for \$10.00, now \$7.50. Children's Suits at same big reduction. A few Ladies' Jackets away down in price. Cash or its Equivalent. C. L. GRANT, DURHAM.

Spring Trade! We want your trade and will guarantee satisfaction in all departments. Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, Hats and Caps, and a fresh and complete line of Groceries, etc. always on hand to select from at right prices. Our 25c Teas are Unquestionably the Best. BOOTS AND SHOES Our stock of Boots and Shoes can't be excelled. They are up-to-date in style and quality. Bring us Your Butter & Eggs—We pay the Highest Price. Call and See us! C. McARTHUR.

The Absent-Minded Beggar

A CANADIAN VERSION—BY MISS E. I. FORSTER.

The phrase, 'absent-minded beggar,' cannot be applied to the Canadian soldiers at any rate to those who sailed to South Africa, leaving sore hearts behind them and taking loving memories with them. The best expression of the sentiment, and perhaps the most powerful appeal yet presented for subscriptions for the National Patriotic Fund is contained in the following verses from a Toronto lady.—Globe.

When we've getting up our concerts, to enrich the war fund's purse, With a programme something extra in its way, We invite an elocutionist to read your little verse, And the audience get wild and want to "pay." But the absent-minded beggar that the story's all about— The chap who left his memory behind him, And went away to Africa—we're very much in doubt Just where we ought to search to-day to find him.

Cook's son, duke's son, son of a millionaire, Plain John Smith's son—study them as they come, Go through the whole official list, you'll find he isn't there— Maybe the doctors rejected him on account of the vacuum.

When we recall that parting day—the earnest look of those Who tossed us back good-bye from trembling lips— He's not my Tommy Atkins, cries Our Lady of the Snows, And he didn't sail in any of my ships. Perhaps he went from England, but we're rather thinking not, For the papers tell when your troops depart, The send-off that you gave them says with you, a tender thought— Goes with them a memory twining round the heart.

Then "the girls he walked with"—why, they say the letters that have Are quite the bulkiest he dares to send, And the sisters, wives and mothers who were left behind at home, Find they have to read an hour to reach the end, Tommy's sweetest keeps her letter in a slyly-guarded spot, For it may be the last message she will get— Not because he's absent-minded, but the battle fire is hot, And the list of dead is not completed yet.

"Let us manage so that later"—ah! you struck the note that time, That's the prose of all this entertaining verse; If we fail in the injunction laid upon us in the rhyme, We're the absent-minded beggars—yes, and worse— Not the soldier with the rifle who is serving in the ranks, Wondering sometimes, is she happy, Are they fed? Should he be too absent-minded to repay us with his thanks, We should ne'er forget his loved ones when he's dead.

We love you, Mr. Kipling, for your clever verses' sake, And we know you only meant it as a joke, But the name is bound to stick, sir, as the poem's bound to take, And we're thinking you'll be sorry that you spoke, But as poet Shakespeare says, a rose by any other name Would be as sweet—of course, you understand, Call them absent-minded beggars, they are soldiers just the same, And the flower and hope and glory of our land.

Cook's son, duke's son, the troopers of whom we sing, You've often dressed up jingly in your fantastic rhyme, Your Tommy Atkins' idol, he'll forgive you anything, But he'd like a better placard for his many breast next time,

Danger Signals! Do you take cold with every change in the weather? Does your throat feel raw? And do sharp pains dart through your chest? Don't you know these are danger signals which point to pneumonia, bronchitis, or consumption itself? If you are ailing and have lost flesh lately, they are certainly danger signals. The question for you to decide is, "Have I the vitality to throw off these diseases?" Don't wait to try SCOTT'S EMULSION—as a last resort. There is no remedy equal to it for fortifying the system. Prevention is easy.

Scott's Emulsion prevents consumption and helps of other diseases which attack the weak and those with poor blood. SCOTT'S EMULSION is the one standard remedy for inflamed throats and lungs, for colds, bronchitis and consumption. It is a food medicine of remarkable power. A food, because it nourishes the body; and a medicine, because it corrects diseased conditions. Sells for 50c and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.