AGRICULTURAL.

Raising Calves on Skim Milk.

Professor E. W. Stewart, author of that most excellent work "Feeding Animals," that should be in the hands of every farmer, gives the following advice to an enquirer in The Country Gentleman, relative to the best method of raising calves:

The calf will suck the dam for the first six days, or the milk to be drawn and given to the calf warm. As bran and linseed meal now cost about the same price, let him mix four pounds of bran and three pounds of linseed meal together, and for the first two weeks he may mix half a pound in a gallon of warm skim-milk, and for the next three weeks three-quarters of a pound for each gallon of warm skim-milk. From the sixth to and including the eighth week he may mix one pound with each gallon of warm skim-milk. Let the calves have what they wish of this warm skim-milk and mixed feed. The calf will constantly take an increased amount of skim-milk, and in that way get an increased amount of grain food. At the beginning of the ninth week one and a half pounds is mixed in each gallon of skim-milk. This proportion of grain food and milk may be continued till the calf is 3 months old, and if the calf has plenty of skim-milk the same ration may be continued to 6 months old. But it must be understood that the calf is to have clean, bright hay within his reach after he is two or three weeks old, so as to develop its first stomach. From 9 to 8 months old the fattening calf may have the following mixture: One pound bran, one pound corn meal, one half pound oil meal. The calf would do better if the skim milk is continued up to the slaughter, and, if this is the case, one and three-quarters pounds of the mixture may be put into each gallon of warm skim-milk.

2. For the calf to be kept for breeding purposes let the mixture be one pound bran one and a half pounds oil meal, and the same proportion mixed in skim milk as before—one-half pound for first three weeks, three quarters of a pound for the next four weeks one pound for the next five weeks one and a quarter pounds for the next eight months—using no corn meal for the calves kept for breeding. These calves are supposed to have all the skim-milk they will take, in which is this mixture and if the skim milk is fed warm and the calves are fed regularly each day there will be no doubt about their rapid growth.

SPECIALTIES IN FARMING.

BY T. B. TERRY.

The farmer necessarily grew a little of everything forty or fifty years ago. He kept all kinds of stock, a few of each, as he needed the wool to spin and wear, the butter to eat, and the oxen to draw his loads. This was wise then. He could not do much in any particular line, for lack of markets and means of communication. Times have changed greatly. The farmer has not changed accordingly, to the extent he might, with perfect safety and with profit. I do not advise specialty farming, strictly speaking, that is, the growing of only one crop. There must be enough for a good rotation. On my farm this is potatoes, wheat, and clover, and there we stop. The sum and substance of the special farming I practice and preach is to undertake and to do it it better. Half-way work no longer pays. Thorough, well-directed work does. The world is running over-full of the ordinary. Experts are not crowded in any line. Common labour brings $1 a day, that of experts $5 or $10. I have tried both ways, and like the latter the best. Use the pencil and know what you are doing. You will find some things pay better than others. Wouldn't it be business-like to do more of what paid best, and less of what did not pay at all, or none at all of it? That is special farming. Find what you can do best, and then do enough of it to amount to something. No money in fussing with five or six cows. Get twenty or more and a silo, and the best butter cows, and all the best implements needed to make up the best article, and take time to hunt up a fancy market. You can afford to. You are doing enough to amount to something. The mixed farmer with a few cows gets a low price generally. No money in it. The specialists can make a fine profit. I say "can;" special farming will not make a man over; simply gives him a better chance to do something.

More business ability required for special farming? Yes. But that is what the farmer of the future wants. He must learn what his farm and himself are best fitted for, and then do it. He must find where his products are wanted, and send them there. He must find where he can buy to the best advantage, at wholesale, what he wants, and again skip over the middle man. Then he will become more like other business men. Then will he make more money. The special farmer can, in many ways, reduce the cost of production, thus increasing his profits. Let me illustrate briefly in the line of my specialty. I ride while the machine plants potatoes, an acre in two hours. I hoe by horse power, at the rate of twelve to twenty acres a day, with one man's labor. I dig thoroughly well while riding another machine, drawn by four horses, which does the work of fifteen men with forks. I use bushel boxes in handling the crop, and thus greatly reduce the labor bill, etc. Now what possible chance has the common farmer, raising an acre or two in the old way, to compete with me? He must grow poorer, while I make money right along, about 100 per cent net, one year with another. He is behind the times. I am simply running my farming on business principles. I can get better prices because I can furnish large lots that run uniform, and have enough so I can afford to hunt up the best market.

Dangerous to have eggs all in one basket? Might be for some, but the truth is when a crop fails, nine times out of ten man is to blame for it in some way. He puts in a crop not suitable to the soil, or on land that needed drainage, or did not give perfect care all through, on time exactly, etc. Man can do almost anything, or at least the specialist can. He has a chance to concentrate his efforts and do something. Thousands of our farmers undertake so much that they simply can not do perfect work in any line, if they would. It is the perfect work that pays. Under this special, concentrate farming, I have seen my own income increase from five to ten fold, and the worry is far less, and the pleasure greater. The man who is heard from in the world is the specialist, not the one who scatters his energies, trying to do a little of everything. I could buy one of your cheap farms, and by special effort in one line soon become independent.

Clover does not make a good pasture. Its roots run deeply and there appears to be a rule that no grass is sweet and rich until the soil around its roots is thoroughly warmed. Hence early in the spring stock pastured in a field where any variety is afforded will eat close to the ground the natural grasses whose roots run near the surface, while the clover is left uncropped. About the time it begins to blossom, the clover increases in richness, but a good deal of it is concentrated in the sweetness of the blossom itself. It is not until half the clover gets out of blossom that it makes really good hay. The clover changes rapidly in quality at this stage of growth, especially if the weather be dry. Its roots are pumping water from the soil, and as the water comes out warm air follows down and takes its place. For this reason we do not believe in cutting clover until it is at least in full blossom. If rejected by stock at pasture at this period it is reasonable to suppose that it makes poor hay.

The second growth of clover makes a rich and nutritious hay, even though it does not get into blossom. It grows at a season when the soil has become thoroughly warmed. There is still another reason. We have often noticed in passing over fields of new-mown clover in June that in curing many of the clover leaves would be broken off and lie upon the ground. When a rain came much of the soluble portion of these decaying leaves is washed into the soil. It is a powerful manure, and undoubtedly has the effect of increasing the nodules or warts on the clover roots, whereby it appropriates the nitrogen from the air, as is now the belief of those who have most thoroughly investigated this subject.

It will thus be understood why it is that cutting a first crop of clover for hay, and allowing a second crop to grow, is better for the land than plowing the first crop under. The first crop is apt to be plowed too early, for after the plant gets full growth the soil dries out rapidly and in a very few days becomes so hard that it is almost impossible to plow it. Hence there is a temptation to plow the crop under before it has reached full growth, though that for obvious reasons is not the time when it is most beneficial to the land. We have often heard old farmers say that clover was of little benefit to land if plowed in before it was in full blossom, and was best of all when its growth had made the soil so hard and dry that to secure good plowing required a new plow point every half day, or every day at farthest. The clover then was full of nutriment, both for stock and for making plant food.

But the recently discovered fact that clover late in the season adds largely to the fertility of the soil makes the plowing in of crop in spring a ruinous waste. We must cut both first and second crops and feed to stock. This on most farms will make it necessary to feed more clover hay, and so to keep more stock. Of course not all the feed will be clover hay. That would not be good economy, while corn and corn fodder can be so cheaply grown. But corn and corn fodder are not a perfect ration. Some clover with both supplements the deficiencies of the corn. It can be grown without interfering with the corn. A clover ley from which two clover crops have been cut is fit for almost any crop the farmer may wish to grow.

The dairy interest of today receives more interest from science than the whole department of agriculture in this country received fifty years ago. The improvement of scrub stock by infusion of blood from registered cattle, the addition of new and economical systems of feeding and the general use of business principles in marketing the products have brought dairying to such a high state of perfection that the success of the average farmer in this work is doubtful. Dairying has become a specialty in which average skill, facilities and perseverance will hardly assure a profit. The improvements in the industry extend along certain lines which cannot be emphasized too much.

Breed is the first starting point, but it is not everything. The dairy cow must possess merits for the work it is intended to do. Native stock has been bred for general purpose cows, and they give a little butter and milk, ordinary beef, and are prolific enough to satisfy the breeders. None of these points, however, are emphasized, but by the introduction of new blood by great milkers the progeny is improved, and certain characteristics transmitted from parent to offspring A full blooded animal may not be needed, but animals that have been improved by crosses are certainly demanded on the dairy farm. As farming land is dearer in the east than in the west, the improved cows pay better here than in the west, They give more for the feed allowed them. Economy in food is also aimed at, but not at the expense of the animal's health and suffering. Food that is nourishing and easily assimilated by the animals is generally more profitable than that which, costing less, may tax the strength of the cow to eat and digest. A reasonable mixture of coarse and fine food is desirable to produce fat, muscle, bone and milk. The coarse food prevents the fine meal and bran from going into the stomach in a pulpy mass and causing indigestion.

When a dairyman has achieved success in these lines the most important point to take up next is how to dispose of the butter in the most profitable way. Private customers undoubtedly pay more for butter than the wholesale dealers, and when one can find enough people to take all he can make the profits are large. It may not be policy for all dairymen to try to get private customers for the butter, but there are many who could dispose of their products better in this way than by sending them to the city dealers. To do this samples of the butter should first be sent to the customers, with printed circulars stating how the butter is made, the cleanliness of the manufacture and other information. Advertisements in the papers to supply private customers with fresh, unadulterated butter might result in the building up of a business that would be very profitable. The point is to make the finest butter and to get a name for it and then keep it up to the standard.—[E. P. Smith.

Sound is said to travel over seven hundred miles an hour, yet we have known the sound of a cat yawping on the back fence to remain right in one spot for five maddening hours.

"And do you doubt my love?" he asked passionately. "No, George," she answered with admirable tact; "but when you say that the day you call me yours will usher in an era of lifelong devotion and tender solicitude, you pardon me, dear—you put it on a trifle too thick. You seem to forget, George, that I am widow."

FISHING IN LAKE ERIE.

A Trip With the Boats to the Nets.

THE VARIETIES OF FISH AND THE MEANS EMPLOYED IN THEIR CAPTURE—PROTECTION OF GAME—THE STURGEON IS BECOMING SCARCE.

It is not alone as a highway of an enormous commerce that the great lakes are of value to mankind, for stored in their depths is a food supply from which thousands have drawn nourishment. It is a fact to be regreted that no really accurate statistics have even been collected and kept as to the amount of capital invested in the lake fisheries and the value of the cotch from year to year. Thousands of pounds of white fish, lake trout, yellow perch, herring, sturgeon, pike, and pickerel have been drawn up in seines, and have been shipped either in cold storage cars or as cured fish to all parts of the world.

The process of fishing upon the lakes is radically different from that employed by ocean fishermen, and the fresh-water fishermen are literally "casters of nets and drawers of seines. Early some Summer morning, after the ice has floated away on the current and dashed itself in thousand fragments over

THE NIAGARA PRECIPICE,

if one chances to be in a hamlet upon the shore of Lake Erie, an early riser and fond of marine scenery, a walk to the shore will be well worth the trouble. A fleet of white-winged boats, too wide of beam to be yachts, and lacking sail measurement for purely pleasure craft, will spread their canvas to the first puffs of the off-shore breeze and glide away in company till they are gray specks upon a sharply-defined horizon. The shimmer of the blue and green as varying depths of water define themselves, the curling and foaming of the white caps, the jerky dip of the rather uncouth fishing boats as they make their way over the tiny swells are sure to arouse whatever latent sentiment may exist in the beholder for "a lite on the ocean wave."

If the Captain of one of the boat is well favored and the visitor has a change of exterior raiment of which he is not especially particular, it is possible that a trip to the nets can be arranged. But don't go with good wearing apparel, for, however delicious fresh-water fish may be as an article for the table, they, like their ocean neighbors, are invested with an odor that is clinging and not as pleasant as that of the attar of roses, The Captain and crew of a pound-boat—for so a lake fishing about is called—are scarcely picturesque figures, viewed from the broadest and most liberal standpoint of art. Perhaps all the men are old sailors, but quiet as likely not one of them knows any more about the rudiments of sailing than is necessaay to navigate the boat from the dock, to the nets and back again. Clad in oilskins of a tawny yellow, which, in addition to being thoroughly water-proof, are excellent overalls, the men sit carelessly on the windward side of the boat and trim sail and retail town gossip between puffs of their hardy pipes, while the Captain with a hand on the rudder, makes the shortest possible cut for the nets. If the wind is favorable and strong a half hour's sail will leave the land behind misty and dim, while ahead

A MOST PECULIAR SIGHT

is visible. Sticking up from all parts of the waters like guant reminders of skeletons are numerous stakes or poles that appears as though they might be the top masts of a fleet of vessels that had met disaster and ship wreck during some bitter northwest blow. They stretch in long lines from shoreward to lakeward, now and then clustering in a peculiar manner as though two or three vessels had met in collision and gone to the bottom in close proximity. They are not masts, however, nor the wrecks of masts, but the pound stakes to which the nets of the fishermen are fastened. Yard after yard of the best fishing twine is attached to these mast-like appearing poles and the unwary inhabitants of the clear blue water is lured into a cul-de-sac that eventually proves his death.

Two kinds of fishing are employed on Lake Frie. One method is that known as pound net fishing, and the other is the cruel use of the gill net. The pound net is a peculiar device which is so often employed in the capture of animals as well as fish. A line of stakes is driven into the bed of the lake at intervals of forty feet. At the further end of this line a number of stakes are driven in a circular cluster. When the fisherman takes his twine out to fasten it, he stretches a long, straight line of netting to the stakes until he comes to the circle. There he fastens a net capable of being lifted. The long net is called "leader," and the circle is the "pound." The fish that come swimming along in schools, of hundreds encounter the leader and, in their alarm at the obstruction, swim toward deep water. They pass into the entrance of the pound, which is narrow, and once inside swim aimlessly about seeking an exit. But few escape through the narrow aperture by which they made their entrance.

The gill net is decidedly less complicated, and to the minds of a great many people a barbaric sort of torture, which, if justifiable at all, is to be excused on the plea that the end justifies the means. Stakes are driven at somewhat closer intervals in a straight line. From these is suspended a long line of netting whose meshes are a trifle closer than those of a pound net. As the schools of fish pass

UP AND DOWN THE LAKE

they try to swim through the net. The opening will admit their heads, but is too small to permit their bodies to pass through. The natural impulse is to back away from such a dangerous locality and the moment the fish undertakes to do that he finds that his gills catch in the meshes and hold him. There he must remain a prisoner, able neither to advance nor to retreat, until the fisherman comes and lifts him into his boat.

Before proceeding further it is not out of place to note that these pound nets and gill nets are the special annoyance of the Captains of the big freight and passenger ships, who are ever on the anxious seat for fear their vessels will run between the stakes, break the twine, and pick up the line in the screw or paddle blades. That may mean a session in dry dock and an annoying and expensive delay. The Captains must know the fishing spots well, for there is not a harbor on all Lake Erie, and probably the other lakes, which is not flanked on either side with the spectral pound stakes.

If it is a good morning when the novice makes his first trip to the nets, he will see a lift of fish that will not only surprise him but fill him with envy to think that from some skiff anchored safe ashore with hooks and line he could not have drawn the handsomest of these shining beauties to the surface, and out-Waltoned Izaak of old. There will be lake herring, sparkling with a metallic steel blue that makes them quite the handsomest of the lower lake fish; then yellow perch, for which orange would be a more accurate appellation; blue pike, sand pike, and all other kinds of pike, with sharp teeth and savage looking noses; whitefish, fat and languid, the daintiest of all fresh-water fish for the table, and impossible to be caught with hook and line; some bass, perhaps among them a few black bass, but as the net nears the surface of the water Mr. Bass concentrates all his energies and with a mighty leap clears the net and its unwilling prisoners and

VANISHES FROM SIGHT.

He is the John L. Sullivan of the fresh-water fish. In former years mammoth sturgeon were often lifted by the fishermen, but they are rapidly becoming extinct, and the fact is looked upon with considerable alarm, since the American sturgeon, smoked and cured, has been found to look very well under a foreign label, and those partaking of the meat knew nothing of the imposition. Instances have been reported of the capture of a muskallonge now and then, in a pound net, but at such rare intervals that it is believed the fish wandered into Lake Erie by mistake.

In the large cities the fishing industry is monopolized by concerns with much capital invested in cold-storage plants and curing houses. All the picturesqueness of the industry has been ruined, however, by the substitution of steam tugs for pound boats, and black, sooty, puffing, and self-asserting craft run daily to the nets and back again to the fish houses with the wealth of the lake.

The law limits the fishing to certain seasons of Spring and Autumn. These laws are rigidly lived up to, as the fact is appreciated that there must be stringent regulations adopted and observed to prevent the ultimate extinction of the different kinds of fish. However, thousands and thousands of pounds of fish are caught during the legetimate season, more than are necessary for present consumption, even taking into consideration the fact that large shipments are made in refrigerator boxes to all parts of the country. A portion of the surplus supply is put away in cold storage houses, and frozen fish are found to be quite palatable some months after being removed from the water. They lack the exquisite firmness and delicacy of fish

CAUGHT IN THE MORNING

and eaten at evening, but they are decidedly better than no fish at all. Another portion of the surplus supply is cured, and lake herring and perch find their way in small boxes to every portion of the United States and even to foreign countries. Indeed, if one could recognize a fish after it had passed through smoke and a salt bath, it is not improbable that now and then we should discover an old friend in some of those cases so profusely labeled with wrappers bearing a foreign trade mark. During all the winter the mammoth packing houses along Lake Erie are unloading their stores and despatching "fresh fish" to the markets of the East and West.

Fishing for profit in the other lakes is carried on in the same general way. In Lake Superior are found the finest food fish of all the lakes. The water is colder and clearer and the fish appear to grow in larger proportions. A species of trout is caught in Lake Superior which is not found in the waters of any latitude further south.

Never Forget a Kindness.

A gentleman complained once that of all the children to whom he had sent presents, only one boy wrote to say "Thank you." If boys and girls do not cultivate good manners in the morning of life, they cannot expect to grow up courteous and agreeable. Why, even, pussy purs a "Thank you" when you stroke her, and the little daisies seem to look up to Heaven with faces full o' praise and thankfulness for the sun and the dew. We know a little canary that does not dream of receiving fresh seed and water without a cheerful twitter of thanksgiving, and yet yet children will often let people do things for them, and give them presents, without the least sign of gratitude of appprecia-tion.

"These are for you," we once said to a boy, handing him some sweetmeats his grandmother had sent him.

"Yes," was his answer, taking the present quite as a matter of course. These bad manners often come from want of thought, so let all our little readers beware, lest they become as unthankful in manner as that disagreeable little lad.

Forget all about unkindneses or injuries if you like, but never forget a kindness or let it pass unnoticed. Even the poorest children may, in their behavior, be little gentlewomen and gentlemen; and be sure there is something very wrong in the breeding or the character of boys and girls who coolly receive all favors and benefits and never look up with the bright smile so pleasant to see, saying "Thank you" for the favor, whether small or great.

A Cheap Silo.

Professor Whitcher, of New Hampshire makes the following suggestions relative to the building of a cheap silo:

A silo built independent of the barn can built for $1 per ton of capacity, if the capacity is above seventy-five tons. If built in the corner of a barn the cost of labor and material will be about half that sum. A silo 16x16x25 feet will hold 100 tons.

As stated in a bulletin of the station above mentioned if built in the corner of a barn, it will require forty pieces studding 2x8 25 feet long—680 feet; four pieces basement sills 8x8, 17 feet long 360 feet; boards for inside walls 3,500. The boards should not be over seven inches wide, planed on one side and the inside course made to break joints with the outside course. Matching the boards is useless. Common covering boards, free from loose knots are good enough, and in many cases the barn frame and studding can be partly utilized and the above quantity of lumber considerably reduced. A cement bottom, though not necessary, is desirable.

Teacher—"Do you know the difference between right and wrong?" Boy—"Naw." "If you were to take your brother's cake from him what would you do?" "Eat it up."

WINTER WRINKLES.

Faithful to the end—a dog's tail.

You can't measure a girl's love by its sighs.

What kind of robbery is not dangerous? A safe robbery of course.

Why is the letter K like a pig's tail? Because it is the end of pork.

Who was the first æsthete? Balaam's ass, when it was made "to utter."

You can flatter any man by telling him that you know him to be a man who is not easily flattered.

"You say your present boss treats you better than Mr. Smith did?" "Yis, sorr, and oftener."

De Smithers—"Do you object to colored waiters at the club?" Bjones—"I only object to green ones."

The female spiritualistic medium never exposes herself. That is to say, she never goes out without her raps.

"Papa," said a little girl, "am I made of dust?" No, my child. If you were, you would dry up once in awhile."

Our government is making a diligent search for a smokeless powder. Has its emissaries never attended a fashionable ball?

First Irishman—"Pore Flanagan has jist been drowned.' Second Irishman—"He's a lucky boy. Oi always thought he'd be hanged."

One of the specimens of Italian art conspicuous in this country is the facile dexterity by which short measure is given in a nickel's worth of peanuts.

Edith (reading)—"'Ocean freights are dull and no engagements are reported.' H'm, I don't think I'd care to go across on a freight steamer."

I put outside my window a large box, filled it with soil and sowed it with seeds; what do you think came up? A policeman, who ordered me to remove it.

"Heh, you feller! Come back und settle for dot beer!" The "Tough Customer" (making his exit)—"Ah, come off! Didn't yer say de frot' 'd settle?"

Miss—"Pa has just returned, my dear Count. See him at once and relieve me of this suspense." Count de Treble—"I vill vait until he gets on ze slipper, my luf."

Jessie—"We missed you in our box at the opera Friday night." Jack—"I should have felt out of place there. I had such a cold I couldn't speak above a whisper."

Her Mother—"I saw him kiss you. I am terribly shocked. I did not suppose he would dare to do such a thing." Herself—"Nor I. In fact, I bet him he didn't dare."

"Oh, Arthur, how happy I would be alone with you on a quiet island in the distant ocean!" "Have you any other wish, dearest Ella?" "Oh, yes; do get me a box for the opera."

"I've got an idea for a play," said Spivvins. "Well I'll tell you what to do with it if you want your play to succeed," replied Muffins. "What?" "Leave the idea out."

"Marriage has not changed him much," said Mrs. Potts. "Before we were married he would not let me carry the lightest bundle—and he does not now. He lets me lug the heavy ones."

"Do you know," said a young woman, "I think that Johnny Jorwiggle must be a wonderfully clever conversationalist." "Clever?" "Yes It's wonderful to see he gets along without any ideas."

Clergyman (showing a lady visitor round the church)—"So, madam, you have now seen the organ and the nave; I should like next to conduct you to the altar," Lady—"Oh, this is so sudden."

Mother (to the bride)—"There, there, dear, have courage, then. Think of your poor mother, who has gone through it three times already. You'll soon get used to it, like me, poor dear."

Boy (breathlessly)—"Oh, dad! There's a man been here and ran away with her!" Father (in alarm)—"What! With the colt?" Boy—"with mother." Father (more calmly)—"Oh, well, he'll fetch her back."

"Why did you never marry, Colonel?" "Well, it was a curious thing; but the only woman I could have been brought to marry labored under a very serious drawback." "What was that?" "She was never born."

A gentleman ordered for dinner the highest ornament of a woman roasted, the best part of a man fried add temptation baked in a puff. What did the dinner consist of? Roast hare (hair), fried sole (soul) and apple tart (temptation in the Garden of Eden).

Electric Lighthouses Useless in Fog.

The pilots of Havre complain of the lack of penetrating quality observed in the electric lights in the harbor. They say that during foggy weather the brilliancy of the electric light is much more reduced than that of oil lamps—so much so that in very foggy weather, while the light from oil lamps was plainly visible, it was impossible to discern that of the elecric light.

The London Electric Review states that the electric light in some of the lighthouses, especially near the entrance to the Thames, sometimes become invisible, while at the same time the lights from the lightships and lighthouses burning oil, and even the gas lamps in towns, on the neighboring coast, are plainly visible.

The Dominion Government will make extraordinary efforts to attract immigrants this year. According to a despatch from Ottawa, "the immigration policy of the Dominion Government has been reconstructed and will be vigorously utilized." Parliament will supply the necessary funds, the inducements to new settlers will be made more attractive than ever, agents will be stationed at various European ports, and lecturers will be sent to Europe and even to the United States. It is reported in Ottawa that many Americans are anxious to settle in Canada, and that a large number of the settlers in the Dakotas have deserted their farms and moved across the line into the province of Manitoba. The Legislatures of the various provinces, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, are to co-operate with the Dominion Parliament in booming immigration, and the Legislature of British Columbia will, this very month, hold debate over a bill appropriating $750,000 to promote the immigration of Scotch crofters and fishermen to a province in which crofters can become landowners, and fishermen can get full creels every day.