THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Seasonable Information for Tillers of the Soil

Educating Horses.

Horses can be educated to the extent of their understanding as well as children can be easily managed or ruined by bad management. It is believed that the great liability comes more from the different management of men than from variance of natural disposition in the animals. Horses with mettle are more easily educated than those of less or dull spirits, and are more susceptible to ill-training, and consequently may be as good or bad, according to the education they receive. Horses with dull spirits are not by any means proof against bad management, for in them may often be found the most provoking obstinacy, vicious habits of different characters that render them almost entirely worthless. Could the coming generation of horses in this country be kept from their days of colthood to the age of five years in the hands of good, careful managers there would be seen a vast difference in the general character of the noble animals.

If a colt is never allowed to get an advantage it will never know that it possesses a power that man cannot control, and if made familiar with strange objects it will not be skittish and nervous. If a horse is made accustomed from his early days to have objects hit on his heels, back and hips, he will pay no attention to the giving out of harness or of a wagon running against him at an unexpected moment. A gun can be fired from the back of a horse, an umbrella held over his head, a buffalo robe thrown over his neck a railroad engine pass close by, his heels bumped with sticks, and the animal take it all as a natural condition of things, if only taught by careful management that he will not be injured thereby. There is a great need of improvement in the management of this noble animal, less beating and more education.—*In door and Out.*

Brain Farming.

Some people imagine that farming requires but little outlay of brain-power to make it successful. But as some one has truthfully said, "Brains make the best fertilizer a farmer can use." Take two men, one of them with half the physical strength of the other, the weaker man of the two will accomplish more than the other if he exceeds the latter in brain-power. We have known large, stout, healthy men, who were hard-workers, and yet always on a "stern chase" with their work; they were always in hot water, always poor, from the simple fact that their bodies were better than their brains. Such a man, if he is doing as simple work as picking up stones on a side hill, will get his stone boat on the upper side of a large bowlder, and then, by stress of mind and muscle, roll it on the drag, while the weaker, but wiser man, would place the boat on the lower side of the stone, unhitch his team, place the chain about it, and in a twinkling have it loaded, and save his own strength for some more important occasion. And so it goes to the end of the chapter, with the man who does not "think;" and this law applies to indoor as well as to outdoor work. If men and women would take time to plan their work, they would secure much better results than to hurry and scurry about without thought or system. We honestly believe if every farmer would have a study and library, like any professional man, with a few good agricultural papers, and spend an hour or two each day in reading and planning his work, he would secure better results than to spend twice that amount of active labor on his farm. This is the time and the hour for labor-saving inventions in every direction, and no farmer can entirely ignore this increased knowledge, and compete with those who keep their eyes and ears open.

Whole Wheat for Fowls.

We find by experiment that it pays to buy wheat for laying hens, even at $2 a bushel. Never buy wheat screenings, unless the wheat in them is of superior quality. Sometimes a very excellent quality can be bought for $1.25 per bushel. Damaged or mildewed wheat is not good for chickens. The *Poultry World* says there is more solid nutriment in whole wheat as a feed for poultry than in any of the cereals, weight for weight. It is an excellent kind of grain for this use, though somewhat more expensive than other sorts, but to much of this hearty feed is detrimental, particularly when carlessly fed to Cochins, Brahmas, &c. Fowls are very partial to wheat. It helps the laying capacity of hens, but it should not be used except with discretion as to the quantity allowed them daily. An excess of this raw grain will induce a looseness in the bowels very frequently. It is easy of digestion, and should be furnished in moderation, as a needful and most desirable variety, in conjunction with other dry grains, such as cracked corn, oats, barley, buckwheat. &c. If not more than one-third or one-fourth of wheat is allowed with the other cereals mentioned, for ordinary purposes in the laying season, hens will do quite as well, and they can thus be kept in better average condition than by a greater allowance. We have proved this by frequent practical experiments in feeding.

Hay as Food for Hogs.

Says the Nebraska *Farmer*:—"But few men are aware of the fact that hay is very beneficial to hogs, but it is true nevertheless. Hogs need rough food as well as horses, cattle or the human race. To prepare it you should have a cutting box (or hay-cutter), and the greener the hay the better. Cut the hay as short as oats, or shorter, and mix with bran, shorts or middlings and feed as other food. Hogs soon learn to like it, and if soaked in swill, as other slop food is highly relished by them. In winter, use for the hogs the same hay you feed to your horses and you will find that, while it saves bran, shorts of other food, it puts on flesh as rapidly as anything that can be given them. The use of hay can be commenced as early as the grass will do to cut, and when run through the cutting box can be used to advantage by simply soaking in fresh water until it sours."

How a Young Horse Can be Spoiled.

When a young horse acts badly in harness, it is because he has not yet been properly taught his business. To whip and misuse him is to spoil him. A horse is naturally willing and docile, if well used, and much may be done by kindness, patience, and judgment, in removing the ill effects of wrong treatment. A colt should be trained when young, and gradually taught his duties; the greatest care should be taken to avoid frightening or irritating the animal, and much patience should be exercised. If the animal refuses to do what is required, punishment will make matters worse; something should be done to distract his attention, when it will generally become docile.

Handling Apples.

With reference to keeping and preserving the fruit nicely: A dry, airy, light cellar, scrupulously clean, is all that is necessary. The sides and ceiling should be cemented with plaster to keep an even temperature of cold, and the bottom of the cellar cemented to avoid dampness. There should be one or more windows, according to its size, on opposite sides of the cellar, to give a free circulation of air when needed. They should be of glass and supported by hinges at the top, so that they may be opened and shut as circumstances require. Bins three feet wide may be constructed around the sides in such a cellar, and wider ones through the centre. These bins may be filled with apples from the bottom to the height of five or six feet without any danger of injury to the lower apples by the weight of those on top. Make the necessary upright partition in each bin to keep each variety separate. Apples keep much better when stored in large quantities than if spread out in layers on shelves. When it is not practicable to construct bins in the cellar, the fruit may be put in barrels and headed up and stored in the cellar. In this way they usually keep tolerably well. Vegetables should not be stored in a cellar with apples. In a temperature sufficient for keeping apples, most vegetables will freeze. On the approach of cold weather the apples in the orchard should be carefully moved to the cellar, putting away none but sound fruit. Apples picked and stored according to these directions may be kept nice and fresh until very late in the spring.

When packing for market new barrels are preferable, but old ones will answer provided they are clean and well hooped. The sale of apples in old barrels is generally effected more than enough to cover the cost of neat, new barrels. The middle hoops must be well nailed to keep them from slipping down, and the nails clinched or hammered down on the inside of the barrel to prevent the fruit from being lacerated. When packing select a half bushel of smooth, clean apples of uniform size. With the hand place a layer in the bottom of the barrel, fitting them closely together, and stem down. Now place a row around the side of the barrel, placing the stems next to the staves; now fill up the centre closely like the first layer, stem down, after which the barrel may be filled by pouring in carefully from the measure. When the barrel is half full share it a little, and as it is filled continue the shaking, giving it a sharp rap on the floor occasionally, which packs the apples close together. When full, level up with *smaller* apples, making the top row half an inch above the barrel staves. Loosen the top hoops, lay on the head, and with a screw or lever-press, force it down gently to its place, tighten the hoops, remove the press, put on the top hoop and nail it fast. Nail cleats on the inside of the staves to keep the head in. Now turn up the bottom end of the barrel and mark it for the top, with the name and quantity of your apples, being careful to give good measure. Then with a neatly-cut stencil mark your name and post office address on both ends. If you wish to ship the apples in the fall or early in the winter, the packing may be done in the orchard, but the barrels must be kept dry after packing. If the apples are to be shipped in the winter or spring, a packing place must be prepared at or near the cellar, and the apples packed as shipped.

If the apples are to be shipped in cold weather, the barrels should be lined, as the apples are packed, with fine, close brown paper; but old newspapers doubled will answer. If the weather is very cold, with two thicknesses of paper being used and the barrels tight, apples may be shipped long distances with perfect safety. Care, however, must be taken that no part of the wood touches the fruit.

The Springfield, Dakota land office, in August, disposed of 38,924,93 acres of land, the Yankton of 37,885,88 acres, and the Sioux Falls office of 24,407 acres.

The soil should be fed so that it in turn may feed plants; for in proportion to the richness of the soil, either natural or artificial, in just such proportion may it be made to yield a heavy crop.

A Maryland farmer says he easily eradicates Canada thistles by sowing the infested land with buckwheat early in the spring, allowing it to grow till it is in blossom, turning it under and again reseeding with the same grain. The last crop is harvested when ripe.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company are said to have good success, from planting the Virginia creeper (Ampelopsis quinquefolia), along the slopes of their embankments and cuts to prevent land slides.

Thick lime whitewash thinned with a strong decoction of tobacco stems, applied to fruit trees just as winter sets in, is recommended as a preventive against rabbits and other animals gnawing the bark during the winter season.

Pennsylvania is reported to have suffered to the extent of $5,000,000 from pleuro-pneumonia since its entrance into the State, and confined principally to the counties of Philadelphia, Bucks, Chester, Delaware and Montgomery.

It is poor economy to keep sheep, whether ewes or wethers, after their teeth become poor, except it may in the exceptional case of some high priced and extra breeder. From five to six years is all that any sheep can be profitably kept for wool or breeding.

Another enemy to wheat-growing is reported in the shape of a weed somewhat resembling cockle. In some parts of the east it has become so abundant as to cause serious alarm; especially so in North Carolina, where it springs up simultaneously with the grain, and nearly smothers it. The people have given it the name of "Dutch cockle."

It is a fat year for the West and South to the tune of 50,000,000 bushels of wheat, and from 80,000,000 to 100,000,000 of corn more than was ever before produced in the West, and 500,000 bales of cotton more than was ever before produced in one year in the South. The tobacco crop will be 12,000,000 pounds more, and the sugar crop 200,000 hogsheads more than ever before produced in one year.

It is estimated that at least 80,000 tons of wheat will be shipped from eastern Oregon and Washington territory this year through Walla Walla alone. This estimate does not include a vast stretch of territory where the farmers must seek another outlet. It is evident that eastern Oregon and Washington territory will, in the future, contribute largely to the grain exports of the Pacific coast.

Industry, enterprise and intelligent observation is what makes the good farmer. Such a man uses every means in his power to keep his land fertile, by clean cultivation, rotation of crops, and the application of such manures as may be adapted to the special wants of the crops he cultivates. He does more, he reads the best journals he can buy, having reference to their practicality in agricultural art.

DRIVING A BARGAIN.

Here is a story constructed on the same principle as the one that told of how a man got the three youngest turkeys in a group of six by telling the market man he was a b-b-boarding house k keeper and wanted three of his t-t-toughest turkeys, and when they were selected the stutterer walked off with the other three. The following yarn is from a French paper:

M. C., having broken an indispensable article of porcelain, goes to the dealer from whom he had purchased the set to endeavor to replace it.

"Have you any objections to breaking up a set?" he says. "I bought one from you last week, and one piece is smashed. It was like this. How much'll you take for that sugarbowl there, without the cover?"

"Well, the price is fifteen francs with the cover, but I'll let you have the bowl by itself for fourteen. You see, the cover doesn't amount to much—in point of fact I may say it is worthless—but it would look absurd not to make some deduction, so I'll knock off one franc for the cover."

"What—one franc only? Surely the cover must be worth more than one franc."

"No sir; in reality it isn't worth more than half a franc, but seeing it's you I'll call it a franc and let you have the bowl for fourteen."

"Why, by Jove, what an ass I've been! It wasn't the bowl that my wife told me was broken—it was the cover. How funny of me—how stupid! It isn't the bowl I want—it's the cover. Here is your one franc—don't mind wrapping it up."

(Vanishes into the infinite azure of the street.)

—They were courting—"What makes the stars shine so dim to-night?" she said softly. "Your eyes are so much brighter," he whispered, pressing her little hand. They are married now. "I wonder how many telegraph poles it would take to reach from here to the stars?" she said musingly. "One, if it was long enough," he growled. "Why don't you talk common sense?"

—A lady sends her laundress a washing list, among which is the following: 1 frilled white petticoat (no starch). On Saturday the washing came home, and with it the bill, among the items in which are the following: 1 frilled petticoat 20 cents, no starch 10 cents.

—When a corner loafer dies in Tennessee the newspaper says: "Another old landmark one."

HIS LAST BALLOON VOYAGE.

Donaldson's Fate Chronicled by Himself.

Old Aeronaut Wise and His Companion Burr Meet with the Same Tragic End which Befel Donaldson and Grimwood.

The uncertainty of the fate of Prof. Wise and his companion, Burr, who ascended in the balloon, Pathfinder, from Lindell Park, St. Louis, last Sunday, and have not yet been heard from, recalls the story of Donaldson's tragic death, as compiled by the missing aeronaut from papers picked up in Lake Michigan, which the two voyagers had thrown overboard previous to their death. Prof. Wise dedicated his narrative as follows:

"To all reckless aeronauts, who run their cloud-scraping coaches with a disregard of consequences, or who, in other words, essay to fly without making due calculations and preparations to alight, this little narrative is dedicated."

Wise then copied, verbatim, Donaldson's memorandum of the trip as follows:

"I had often been excited in my feats of rope walking, but never before did I feel my heart sinking into such despondency as I did when the aerial ship loomed up and out over the lake. It was a dreary sight over the desert of water.

"By a kind of instinctive arithmetic I could still figure out another hour's sail and a reach of dry land. Grimwood hailed me from the car below while I was sitting in my perch on the lookout above, busily engaged writing out my experience that I had more than an hour ago resolved to transmit to the waves below, so that I might leave a memoir of my last voyage in the event of a fatal termination.

"Grimwood now inquired of me: 'How far are we from the Michigan shore?' And he added, 'Our ballast is nearly spun out.' "God only knows," was my reply.

"Balloon-sailing has in it the peculiarity of keeping one entirely unconscious of the speed the balloon is making, or the direction in which it is moving when you are among the clouds, and the clouds are sailing with you, and at the same time nothing but a monotonous waste of water is underneath. It is singular that so limited a sheet of water as Lake Michigan should present to view so few vessels to the eye of the aeronaut."

"Well, it is about 350 miles long, and this gives us an area of 35,000 square miles. Now, if 1,000 sailing vessels were spread over the lake at any one time, it would present on an average, only one vessel for every 35 square miles, or, in other words, one vessel on every plot of six miles square."

"Prof. Wise told me that in his sail down the middle of Lake Erie from one end to the other he did not see half a dozen vessels, and in crossing ninety miles of Lake Ontario only one vessel was intercepted. I fully realized this fact in my own experience over the lakes, and the sparseness of sea craft visible below gave the situation an intensified dreary aspect."

"I now turned my face to Grimwood, and requested him to look out for some lake craft, since we could not expect to remain afloat much longer, as the ballast was so nearly exhausted."

"'Won't the balloon hold out all night?' said my companion. 'You frequently let your balloon stand out all night and reascend with it the next morning,' hopefully ejaculated my cheerful partner. 'Yes,' was the response—'that is, when the balloon is new and in perfect order; but remember this is a leaky old tub.' 'You don't pretend to intimate that we are going to be soused into the lake for want of the balloon holding out to reach the land?' 'Why, certainly,' I said; 'if we don't discover land very shortly, we shall be compelled to take to the water and trust to Providence.' 'Donaldson, ain't you joking!' said Grimwood. 'No,' was my reply.

"I now resolved, at all hazards, to state the situation fairly to Grimwood, as certain destruction seemed to be staring me in the face, and tell him to prepare for a doom that had foreshadowed itself to my mind all day long. I had been sailing under false colors long enough. It only made my anguish of mind greater as I pretended to assume composure, and thought that I had taken along with me a gentleman of culture and talents to be lost to the world, and for the simple benefit of a show spectacle that had so little real merit in it as to be compelled to hang its financial success on the miserable attraction of acrobatic ballooning, and thus, through me, to commit a moral homicide. My heart was throbbing with emotion as I contemplated the whole situation. Perhaps Grimwood will grow desperate if I let out the whole truth. He may become revengeful, and grapple with me for the decision as to who is to take the last chance for life; for what will a man not do to save his own life? One or the other of us must in a very short time leave the balloon, or both of us perish together in the angry waves.

"I had now fully resolved to be a man in every sense of the word, and give Grimwood the little remaining time for a last autobiographical sketch in the event of his going overboard, mine being to the present extent ready for doubtful transmission in the like contingency.

"'Grimwood, are you prepared to hear the worst of our situation?'

"'I am always ready for an item, Donaldson, good or bad, high or low, up or down; pitch in, Donaldson, and give us the news.'

"This good tempered response rallied my drooping spirits again, and I began to hope against hope. I strained my eyes to the East and the West, and the North and the South, in the hope of espying something that should promise a rock of safety for two wandering spirits of the air. Really, I began to feel more like a dreaming spirit than a living man. Grimwood was all this time writing down rapidly our words and the scenes around us, seemingly reliant on a safe ending to the perilous voyage.

"'Ships seem to be as scarce as land, Donaldson,' he muttered, 'but we have life-preservers; and if it must come to that, we will battle for life in the waves.'

"I now proposed to him inasmuch as our time was well nigh spent, that we draw lots for the chance of one of us remaining with the balloon, while the other should take to the water with a life-preserver, so that we should be prepared for the emergency when our ballast should come entirely to an end.

"I am agreed," was the ready reply of Grimwood, prepare the drafts; and as I was never lucky enough to draw a prize in a lottery, I am sure to draw one in this, "either of wind or water. Besides," said he "the prize may be a ship, so let us hold up to the last grain of sand, in the hope of intercepting a craft below; and in the event of falling in with one we will pounce down upon it like a hawk upon a sparrow."

"I prepared a dozen sticks of matches I had in my pocket, all of different lengths, and handed them to Grimwood to dispose of the game as he desired. He said:

"Never mind Donaldson; keep them in your own hands. I will draw one, you another, and he who draws the longest shall have the choice, and I do not care much about the choice, because it is a Hobson to me at best, since I would be as badly off in the crazy old balloon without ballast, without experience and without knowledge in the art of air-sailing, as I shall be in the water with a life-preserver. If the choice falls to me I will sell out cheap anyhow; should Providence send a vessel in sight, and near us, in that event I would sooner take to the "water lot" than the "air plot."

"As he reached out his hand to draw his lot, he remarked: "Your hand trembles," and it did—a thing that seldom occurred to me.

"The sun was now going down behind the cloud bank of a golden-fringed horizon. All nature was still as death, I imagined that the gold and purple colored drapery that appeared to curtail the chamber behind it represented the mausoleum of our approaching resting place.

"Grimwood sat motionless in the car, his hand resting on his notebook, his countenance indicative of deep thought, his face fixed as that of a statue. For the first time he seemed to realize the solemnity of the occasion. He refused to measure lots with me. He said in a very serious mood, 'Donaldson, it is all for the best; I am ready; God be with us.' And his chin sank slowly upon his breast. The scene unnerved me. I turned my eyes once more to the setting sun, and there I saw depicted in the cloud formation an old man with a sickle in his hand.

"Oh, what a solemn scene was before me! I was ready to sink down with grief, for now were flitting through my mind the scenes of my childhood—the happy days of youth, the pangs of despised love, thoughts of the two little offsprings of my own flesh and blood, of the one whom I had won and to whom I was betrothed. All these, and a thousand other things, were flitting through my brain.

"I never before felt such a horror over an approaching calamity. No one can imagine what a desolate wilderness it seems to be where you can see nothing but water underneath you, and that surging and foaming as it were with internal convulsions. To be hemmed in, with such faint prospects of escape, and to be fixed, as it were, in the middle of creation, pinned fast in the ethereal vault, as if some invisible power was holding you there, ready to drop you at any moment, down, down, into the seething, yawning gulf of water, there to drown, and then to become food for fish, and all that without the solace of an attendant and friend, almost drove me to desperation, and made me think it would be better for me to die first, and let my deluded companion have the last thread of safety that was available under the circumstances.

Oh, what a calamity a man can bring upon himself! We had now sunk low enough to hear the dreadful murmuring of the troubled waters. It was the 'Aeronaut's Dead March,' I thought. Again I rallied my spirits as Grimwood sang out: 'Here it comes!' 'What comes, friend Grimwood?' 'A sail, a craft. Cheer up, Donaldson.' With trembling fingers and doubting muscle I pulled the valve. Down, down, we came; we plunged car deep into the water! Not a moment was to be lost; night was cloaking its sable mantle around us.

"Grimwood thrust his life preverver over his shoulders, threw his sealed bottle overboard, and plunged into the lake, never looking whether he had drawn long or short in the lot. But, alas! the vessel had vanished from our sight. In another moment the car was slowly submerging from the ruffled water, and lazily the old leaky hulk was lifting itself up in the somber twilight. I now looked over the car into the water, and there I beheld Grimwood buffeting with the waves that were tossing him up and down. I shouted out, "Goodbye, Grimwood! God bless you!" and he must have heard me, for he raised his hand above his head and swung it around in recognition of my call. I felt like jumping overboard and making an end of my troubles, but my journal must be disposed of first. I do not want to go to Hades and leave no record behind. I will continue to write until the last gleam of hope forsakes me. And now, as the balloon rises, it is getting lighter, so that I can again see to write. I looked out again for my struggling companion, but the shades of night had now so obscured the surface of the water that I could not see anything on its face. Poor Grimwood, as well as the vessel had vanished from my sight, and I could see his manly form no more. I will now finish my journal, and submit myself to the waves that must sooner or later swallow me up, unless some miraculous escape should await me. I will of course, not be able to chronicle the final result of this adventure should I be doomed to die here, so I may as well close up this narrative, seal it up in the water proof case and drop it overboard, as I am sinking down fast now, from gas leakage and the cooling atmosphere of the evening. May God have mercy on my two bereft children, and lead them through the storms of life safely? And finally may it never be the lot of an aeronaut to undertake that which reason teaches him should not be undertaken, although the crowd may clamor and the ignorant cry out 'Coward!' since it is better to have the approbation of one sensible person than the shouts and huzzas of the herd, who ever applaud most when your feats promise self-immolation.

"In the end I ask the world to deal charitably with me. Should my body be found, give it decent burial, and write for an epitaph, "Here lies the body of a man whose reckless ambition and fear of being accused of want of nerve have sacrificed his own life and betrayed another fellow-mortal into the snares of death, with no higher object than to serve the interests of a scheme which, to say the best of it, is but a poor thing in the progress of art and refinement."

"Sealed and delivered. Amen!"

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

Value of Prof. Nordenskjold's Discoveries.

The following has just appeared in the *Weser Zeitung*: "Commercial navigation through the Kara Sea to the mouth of the Ob is being actively continued this summer. From the advantage the Ob possesses in flowing through the most populous and productive portion of Siberia, as well as from the circumstance that its navigation is already fairly developed, it offers far greater facilities in connection with the new sea route than the Jenisei. Every summer now for five years vessels (sixteen in all) have sailed to the Ob and Jenisei without encountering any dangers from the ice. But the hopes founded on this fact have received a great check this year. At the beginning of September the sailing ship Express, bound for the Jenisei, returned to Hammerfest with the report that the Kara Sea was still full of ice, which none of the six steamers despatched to the Ob and Jenisei had as yet succeeded in penetrating. The steamer Neptune again (Captain Rasmussen), which in 1877 went safely to the Ob and back, returned foiled on the 6th of September to Bardoe, and is now on the way home to Hamburg. A second steamer, Samuel Owen, has also returned to Bardoe. The steamer Louise, on the other hand, which sailed somewhat later, not being as yet reported to have returned to Norway, it may be inferred that she had got through the Kara Sea. The three ships which sailed from Tobolsk to England—namely, the Ob the Tjumen and the Nadeschka—are, it is to be feared, in a most unfortunate position. These ships were built in Tjumen and laden with tallow and wheat. They must have made the mouth of the Ob about the end of July and are in the greatest danger of being wrecked in the Kara Sea, a return to the Ob with present changing winds and frequent calms being extremely difficult. That a voyage in these regions with sailing ships unaccompanied by steamers is a most hazardous experiment all captains who have been in those waters are unanimous upon. The fact of the sailing ship Siberia, also built in Tjumen, having safely reached England last year, was entirely due to the exceptional ice conditions of that season. Decades may elapse before it is possible to repeat such a voyage as Prof. Nordenskjold's. Should the three ships mentioned succeed in getting back to Siberia it will be interesting to learn how far the Kara Sea has become clear of ice, for there is a possibility that the three western approaches only—namely, Jugor Strait, Kara Gate and Matoschkin Passage — are obstructed by ice, and that the sea further eastward is ice-free."

—Thirteen tramps, armed with rocks and other missiles, boarded the train from Cumberland, on the Maine Central Railroad, Sunday morning, and defied the conductor to oust them. After running some distance the train halted on the iron bridge here, and help was called for, when the ruffians left the cars. Several arrests were made.

—The insurance companies are very solicitous after the health of James Park, of Pittsburgh. He has $300,000 insurance on his life.

AN IMPERIAL ZOLLVERIN.

How Canada Could be Made the Medium Through Which the Prosperity of Great Britain and Ireland Would in a Few Years Become far Greater than it Ever was, and the Dominion Become a Great Nation.

In the Dominion of Canada there are 750,000,000 of acres of cereal lands uncultivated, a large proportion of which are very rich. Were only 100,000,000 of acres of this land under cultivation—the Dominion crop of cereals, hogs and cattle would be larger than the present one of the United States; and by the time 100,000,000 acres were under cultivation the population of the Dominion would be 50,000,000 of people.

In 1830 the population of the United States was 12,866,000; it is now estimated that when the census is taken in 1880 it will be 50,000,000, or an increase in 50 years of say 37,000,000.

No reason can be adduced why Canada could not advance as quickly as the United States did; on the contrary it can be clearly shown that she could do so far more quickly. Should she now commence to advance even in the same ratio as the United States did, the advantages to Great Britain and Ireland would be manifold and incalculable. It is only necessary to mention the increasing cheapness of foodstuffs from which Great Britain would draw her supplies, and the increasing market for manufactures.

There is only one policy by which this can be accomplished, viz.: By Great Britain and Ireland having free trade with the Dominion, and imposing a duty on imports from other countries, (not their own dependencies and colonies).

Should this policy be adopted, the higher the duty the faster the purpose would be accomplished. The duties so imposed, however, ought to be in moderation, and only sufficiently high to accomplish the desired ends.

The Western States farmer with the present freight facilities, could afford to sell his wheat in Liverpool at 25s. per quarter, and be well remunerated, therefore he could stand a tax of 20s. per quarter and upwards, taking the average range of prices in the Liverpool market, but 10s. per quarter would be sufficient to draw a population to Canada, and would be in *moderation*. 5s. per 100 lbs. and 4s. on hogs and sheep would also be in moderation. Were they double, nay even treble, production in the United would not be retarded.

It must be borne in mind that it will take some time before the *North-West Territories* will have means of transportation as thoroughly completed at those of the United States, therefore some allowance must be made for this.

The production of the United States is now so immense, and increasing yearly, that after supplying their own wants and the European markets they have a large surplus, the control of the prices is therefore in the power of the buyer, more especially so as foodstuffs are perishable in time, therefore whatever duty might be put on by England would be indirectly paid by the foreign producer; besides, in a very few years the Dominion alone could supply all the requirements of Great Britain and Ireland.

The Flour trade is now assuming large proportions, and the export of it from the United States to Great Britain and Ireland is fast taking the place of wheat; in other words England is paying foreign countries to do what she can do herself. Flour can be manufactured in Great Britain and Canada as cheaply as in the United States. Milling is a great industry, it employs many men and much capital. Any industry, however small, is one of the mainstays of any country. Why even the cooperage branch and barrel staves required for this industry, would of themselves be large trades.

90 per cent of the United States flour has heretofore been purchased by England. It seems like utter folly that she should have continued buying it so long, and her own milling population in distress for want of employment. All the flour she requires can be manufactured at home and in Canada, and the way to accomplish it is simply, make the import duty on flour relatively double that on wheat, (the raw material).

Then the Hog trade. This is an immense business, involving in a year a turn-over in capital of upwards of $125,000,000; it employs an army of men, and creates a market for salt, lumber, nails, hoops, etc.

Great Britain and Ireland have heretofore been customers to the extent of 90 per cent. of the whole of the United States production, and here they have again been paying a foreign nation for doing what their own people would be more than thankful to be allowed to do.

By making the duty on dead, cut, packed or barreled meat, double that on live animals the cattle trains that now arrive at the United States packing houses would continue on their journey another twelve hours, and run into Canada. There the hogs would be killed, cut, packed, etc., and thus 90 per cent. of this enormous industry, sufficient of itself to be the making of a large country, would be transferred to Canada.

I could go on and enumerate many more industries: The cattle trade, which promises to exceed the hog trade; the sheep trade, the other cereals, corn, oats, barley, rye, the tallow and lard trade, etc., and the further I went the more clearly England's present policy would be clearly proven to be a fallacy.

The great trouble heretofore has been England's stubbornness. Although it must be apparent that free trade is bringing her fast to destruction, her chronic free traders are not manly enough to acknowledge their error. Many of them would rather see the country fall to pieces than admit that they are wrong.

There are only two courses for her to follow. If she pursues her present policy for another ten years she will be ruined beyond redemption. If she adopts the following policy she will rise from the dreadful abyss into which her free trade craze has plunged her, and again become prosperous

Free trade between her and her dependencies and colonies; duties on imports from foreign countries, high enough to gain the desired ends—not one free article on the list, unless it is something that cannot with protection be remuneratively produced in Great Britain and Ireland, the dependencies and colonies—duties relatively double on everything manufactured or partially so.

In other words, Great Britain and her dependencies and colonies consolidated into a free trade empire, (among themselves), imposing similar duties on imports from other countries.

Canada has already begun to prosper under protection. What strides she would make if this proposed policy was adopted.

The English capitalists have heretofore squandered their money in foreign countries. Let them look to their own dependencies and Colonies. There they will find honest, safe and profitable employment for their capital.

When the Americans want to build a railway, and are asked how they are going to finance for it, they reply, with a smile, "England." It matters nothing to them whether the road pays or not. If it pays there are a hundred ways by which the first lenders are wheedled out of their money. If it does not pay it is wheedled out anyway.

If those railways had in any way been an indirect benefit to Great Britain and Ireland, it would not have mattered so much, but they have been one of the chief sources of their depression and most certainly the direct cause of hindering the progress of the colonies.

The Americans say what is the use of building the Canada Pacific Railway, through what they mis-call a wilderness, and in almost the same breath admit that the British North-west Territories will become the greatest wheat-growing country in the world. Why have they built railroads through hundreds of miles of mountains to the boundary line of this so-called wilderness? And are still going on lining the southern boundary with roads only a few miles from the line? Simply to try and prevent an ingress and egress to and from this British paradise, and compel the exports and imports to be carried by American transportation lines at whatever rates of freight they may choose to exact, or in other words, control the whole trade; and to withdraw attention from the building of this railway, a road that will not only pay of itself, but bring untold wealth to Great Britian and Ireland and Canada, they are advocating the building of a ship canal to cost $100,000,000 before it could ever be finished, to connect the Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario, (called the "Huron and Ontario Ship Canal,") a canal to injure Canada but benefit Illinois and other Western States, and the expense of building this they also try to make England and Canada pay.

There is another canal scheme that would not cost one-fourth the estimated cost of the so-called "Huron and Ontario;" it too was sometimes called the "Georgian Bay Canal," but now the "Ottawa." It would commence at the mouth of French River, at the top of Georgian Bay, connect with the Ottawa river, would pass through and open up vast tracts of valuable Canadian lands, run in almost a direct line from Fort William, (the North-West Territories shipping port on Lake Superior,) to Montreal, and cut off 310 miles of navigation. This is an undertaking that will not only pay, but prove of immense benefit to England and Canada. But the Canada Pacific Railway is the immediate want, and cannot be completed one day too soon. When it is finished capitalists will find profitable employment for their money in completing the "Ottawa Canal."

To show how near these North-West Territories are as compared to Chicago—the water route distance from Chicago to Montreal, via Welland Canal, is 1,261 miles, whereas, from Fort William, on Lake Superior, to Montreal it is 1,276 miles, only a difference of 15 miles. When the Ottawa Canal is built the distance from Chicago to Montreal by that route will be 991 miles, and the distance from Fort William to Montreal 966 miles only.

Look through the vista of futurity. (and a near future at that if this policy is adopted), and we can discern not only Montreal and Quebec great cities, but other sister cities, one at or near "Fort William," and one at "York," on the Hudson Bay, not only rivaling but surpassing the great grain centres of the world.

There never was a people so deceived as the English have been as to what is to their interests as regards Canada. No nation on the earth has ever been so blinded and hoodwinked, and no ten nations put together have ever paid so much for folly, but it is not yet too late; a large proportion may be recovered by the adoption of this policy; and a transfer of England's admiration of America to a love for her own colonies and people would not be amiss. If America is great today she owes the whole of it to Great Britain and Ireland, and if Canada is poor and struggling, it has been England's fault working too long under a Free-trade policy that has proved itself rotten to the core, and has brought the country to the verge of ruin.

England's Colonies have heretofore been her best customers for her manufactures, but she has not in return encouraged purchases from them. Her policy has been to *sell* to her Colonies and *buy* from the United States, thereby depreciating the one, and building up the other.

For the past 15 years and more America's transactions with Great Britain and Ireland have been all "sell" and no "buy," as regards merchandise, and all "take" and no "give" as regards money.

DAVID E. MACLEAN.

Montreal, August, 1879.

COMIC BUDGET.

—Woman's writes—Postscripts.

—When a man owes a great deal "it is greatly to his credit."

—Everybody is after the lion's share; that is the mane thing.

—Growing plants in the windows sweeten the air of the whole house.

—"My love she is a kitten," is a new ditt in the London music halls.

—"What is marriage?" "One woman the more and one man the less."

—It saddens us to see the dissipated mosquitoes hanging around the bars.

—The thump-bang-knock-whack-pound-hammer style of piano playing has almost disappeared.

—When the springs go dry then the milkman looks blue. P. S.—His milk is'nt affected that way.

—"Do unto others as you would be done by," but take precious care that you are not "done" by others.

—The worst thing that was ever said of a dull writer was that he wrote in laudanum and on sheets of lead.

—Brass is an alloy of copper, though many a man shows a plentiful supply of brass with never a copper in his pocket.

—The man who invented the gas-meter achieved the nearest approach to perpetual motion that we will ever see.

—The only safe way to go up in a balloon is to send a substitute.—*Buffalo Express.* That is not the Wise way of doing it.

—A prize is offered for the best conundrum to the following answer: One is a boiled onion, the other is an oiled bunion.

—"By their fruits shall ye know them," was written long before the small boy carried home apples in the legs of his trousers.

—A hotel keeper may entertain angels unawares; but they must have baggage or pay in advance to meet the rules of the house.

—Woman continues enigmatical. When she gets hot she runs at her husband's nose, but when she gets cold she runs at her own.

—Though Col. Robert Ingersoll
Is guilty of some follies,
He makes his queer ideas pay,
And that's his Ingersolace.

—Fullness of the eye sometimes denotes language, and again it denotes that the owner called some one a liar and a horse thief.

—Facetious street car rider: "What! is the old Noah's Ark full?" Second facetious ditto: "No. Just room for the donkey. Step in!"

—*Detroit Free Press:* The Princess of Lorne soon sails for 'ome, and the upholsterers are making her saucy ship a beauty at Montreal.

—Point lace is always in favor. It comes high, but the ladies will have it, though sometimes it is easier to see imitation than it is to see the point.

—There be those who are forever talking about themselves, and yet are extremely sensitive about being talked of by others. Strange, isn't it?

—A young man, hearing that "Silence gives consent," said that he wished Old Silence was his girl's father. But we don't know what he meant.

—Two old friends at Mt. Vernon, Ill., would have had a law suit if one had not shot the other in open court. This is an easy way of preventing law suits.

—The Boston druggist who put up laudanum for tincture of rhubarb was busy telling a friend a funny story, but a verdict for $5,000 damages sobered him up.

—What is the difference between a dairy-maid and a stormy petrel? One skims the milk and the other skims the water. But oftentimes there is not much difference.

—The barber's razor took hold of his beard with a vengeance, when he looked up and said, apologetically, "My dear, sir, I came in to get shaved - not to get a tooth pulled?"

—If children would spend more time on their mother's knee and mothers would use the proper correctives while they are there the world would become better than it is now.

—"Your son, madam, persists in doing nothing," says the director. "Then," replies the woman, by no means disconcerted, "you should give him the prize for perseverance."

—An average dog, with an average tin pan tied where it will do the most good, runs at the rate of fourteen miles an hour. It is easy to figure how long it would take him to reach the moon.

—The somewhat suggestive requests to "name your poison," or "denominate your family disturber," have given way to the polite bar-room invitation to "come and decorate your inside."

—Professor—"What is the fundamental condition of existence?" Student—"Time." Professor—"How do you explain that?" Student—"Very easily. How can a person exist if he hasn't the time for it?"

—Correspondent—"Will the editor please inform me where my family can go on Sundays and be cool and comfortable without being crowded." Answer by the Rochester *Democrat*, "Go to church."

—What are the wild waves saying, saying,
As they beat upon the shore?
They say that business isn't paying,
And there is no use staying, staying,
By the sea beach any more.

—The are lots of people in this world who are only waiting to become angels in the next. During the wait they put in time turning widow women out of house and home and poisoning their neighbors' dogs.

—A ton of gold makes a fraction over half a million of dollars, and when a man says his wife is worth her weight in gold, and she weighs 120 pounds, she is worth $30,000.

—When a man has toothache he thinks the pain of four boils would be a mere trifle. When he has one boil he thinks he could easily stand the aching of a whole jaw full of teeth.

—A precocious youth, prompted by an unpleasant recollection of the last term, says that school teachers are like dogs, because "they lick your hand." This carries off the palm.

—There is something passing strange about human nature. If a man had to support his family by playing billiards at $2 a day, he'd complain that he had to work awful hard for a living.

—An Eastern editor says: "Susan B. Anthony wears lilac stockings." This is not trustworthy, however. The person in pursuit of such information would never come back alive to tell it.

—A correspondent asks us what is good for moths. We don't know much about it, but we should recommend plenty of healthy, nourishing food, with seltzer-water occasionally to aid digestion.

—Things are not exactly right. A careful political economist closely calculates that women in this country might annually save $14,500,000 in ribbons which the men might spend in cigars.

—Mosquitoes have relinquished business for the season, and the boarding-house mistress can no longer deceive her boarders as to the identity of the biters of their bites. Bug-gracious! no.

—A fashion writer tells us that "the buttoning of dresses in