

To the Hon. John Carling, Minister of Agriculture.

SIR,—You are in receipt of \$5,000 per annum for services rendered to the country, for superintending our Agricultural interests. We have confidence in your honor, and in your desire to promote the prosperity of Agriculture. We know that you are over-burdened with labor—having to attend to all the Asylums, Canals, &c., now in course of construction—and much of your valuable time is occupied by other business besides that of the departments over which you are the Minister.—Consequently, you have to employ subordinates, and hearken to such council as you may deem the best. Your Agricultural bill was placed in the hands of Rykert, and has never done any good to the country, but on the contrary a great deal of injury. Had the whole public expenditure for agriculture been withheld, and agriculture left to its own resources, it would have been much more profitable to the farming community. We well know that the farmers of Canada do not desire to be led, driven or ruled by the old Board of Agriculture, which has done such an irreparable amount of injury. Why, then, should a number of the old members be allowed to take their seats at the board,—we particularly mean those that are not agriculturists, and those that have not been elected by the farmers,—to oppose and nullify the votes of really practical men who have been elected by the farmers. This is the case now, but it should not be so. We do not wish to blame, or impute neglect to you. We are well aware that you are truly loyal to Canada and British institutions; but we also believe that you have been misguided, and have placed too much confidence and reliance on such persons as those we have already alluded to, who are not agriculturists, but mere office-seekers, who know nothing, nor care nothing, of the requirements of the country, and who would spring to anything so they could be supplied with some office.

Now, sir, we wish to bring under your consideration the false position in which Agricultural papers are placed under the new Postal Act. Papers devoted to Agriculture are rated at about four times as much postage as those devoted to politics. This does not show that your counselors have any interest in Agriculture, or regard for farmers. A political paper can be mailed for half a cent; an agricultural paper is charged one cent. Political papers are sent from the office of publication unpaid, agricultural papers must be prepaid. Why should this be so? All nations admit that Agricultural papers are of immense advantage, as affording to farmers a vast amount of useful information, respecting the art of cultivating the soil, which is the basis of the country's prosperity. It is the far-

mer who pays for everything—for every dollar that is borrowed, for every salary that is paid, for every cent expended on public works. One short crop; lo, the wheels of commerce are clogged, and the national pulse throbs responsive. Why then should an unjust tax be placed on that information which should be as free as air, and which is so essential to the prosperity of the country?

Are the doctrines taught by the agricultural papers of this dominion at all subversive of law and order? Do they scout at what is good, virtuous and true? Are they at all likely to inculcate lessons of disloyalty and treason? Is the information which they spread throughout the land of such a nature that it should be trammelled by the weight of an unjust and excessive tax—a tax upon the dissemination of knowledge? Why, then, in the name of common sense, should the agricultural

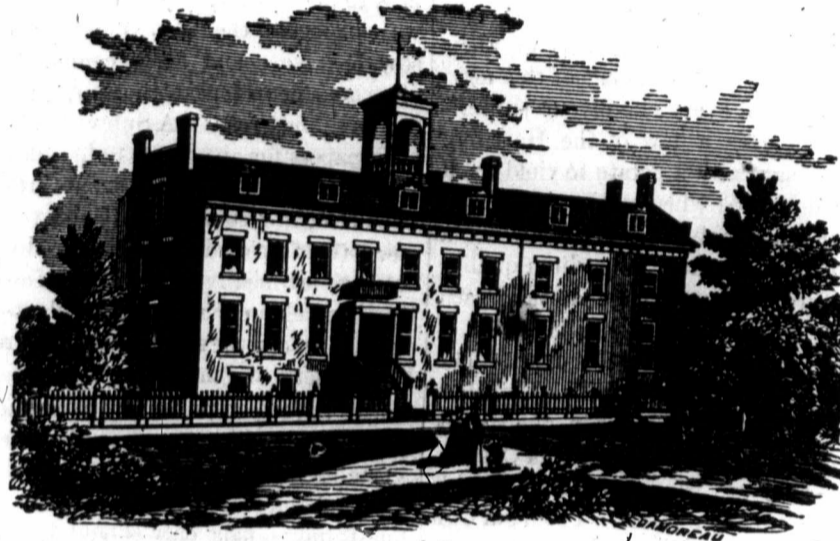
press be placed in such an anomalous condition?

We seek no favors; what we desire is equal rights. We merely ask that all papers be placed upon the same footing, and receive the same consideration. We believe that if you were to press this matter upon the consideration of the government it would soon be rectified, and injury averted. You might as well pass a law prohibiting the publication of Agricultural papers, as to kill them by the slow process of an oppressive tax.

The present policy of the government in this respect is a manifest injustice—and tends to flood the country with the American Agricultural papers. These sap the loyalty of the rising generation, weaken the love of British institutions, and foster a desire for annexation,

Yours truly,

WM. WELD.



Canadian Collegiate Institute.
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

The above cut represents one of our Canadian Institutions, where some of the coming men of the Dominion are now receiving their finishing course of studies. We hope more of our farmers will expend some of their hoarded wealth in fitting their sons to represent the agricultural interests of the country in Legislative halls, instead of borrowing men from the legal profession. Remember, we farmers are but as dumb, driven cattle, under the control of others. Prepare your sons to be the leaders.

The Distrikt Schoolmaster.

There iz one man in this basement wurd that I alwus look upon with mixt pheelings ov pity and respect.

Pity and respect as a general mixture, don't mix well.

You will find them both traveling around amungst folks, but not often growing on the same bush.

When they do hug each other they mean something.

Pity, without respect hain't got much more oats in it than disgust haz.

I had rather a man would hit me on the side of the hed than pity me.

But there is one man in this world to whom I take oph mi hat, and remain unknovered until he gits safely by, and that is the distrikt skoolmaster.

When I meet him I look upon him as a martyr just returning from the stake, or on his way there tew be cooked.

He leads a more lonesum and single life than an old batchelor, and a more anxious one than an old made.

He is remembered jist about as long and affectionately az a gide borde is by a travelling pedlar.

If he undertakes to make his skollars luv him, the chances are he will neglect their learning; and if he don't lick them now and then pretty often, they'll soon lick him.

The distrikt skoolmaster hain't got a frend on the flat side ov the earth. The boys snow-ball him during recess; the girls put water in hair die and the skool committee make him work for half the money a bar-tender gits, and board him-round the naberhood, where they give him rhy coffee sweetened with molassis tew drink, and kodfish balls three times a day for vittles.

And with all this abuse, I never heard ov a distrikt skoolmaster swearing anything louder than—Condemn it.

Don't talk to me ov the pashunce of anshunt Job. Job had plenty of biles all over him, no doubt, but they were all one breed.

Every yung one in a distrikt skool is a bile ov a different kind, and need a different kind pouatiss, to get a good head on them.

A distrikt skoolmaster who does a square job and takes his codfish bawls reverently, is a better man tew hav lieing about loose, than Solomon in all his glory.

Solomon was better at writing proverbs and managing a large family, than he would to navigate a distrikt skoolhouse.

Anna man who haz kept a distrikt skoolhouse fur ten years, and boarded round the naberhood, ought to be made a majur general, and have a penshun for the rest of his natral days and a horse and wagin to go round in.

But a general consequence, a distrikt skoolmaster hain't got any more warm frends than an old fox-houn haz.

He iz just about as welcome as a tax getherer iz.

He is respectked a good deal as a man iz whom we owe a det of 50 dollars, and don't mean tew pay.

He goes through life on a back road, as poor

as a woosled, and finally is missed—but what bekums of his remains I kant tell.

Fortunately he is not often a sensitive man; if he wuz, he couldn't enny more keep a distrikt skool than he could file a kross kut saw.

Whi iz it that these men and wimmen who pashuntly and with crazed brane teach our remorseless brats the tejus meening of the alphabet, who lay the stepping stones, and enkourage them to mount upwards, who hav dun more hard and mean work than enny klass on the futstool, who have prayed over the reprobate, strengthened the timid, restrained the outrageous, and flattered the imbecile, who hav lived on kodfish and vile koffee, and hain't ben herd to sware—whi iz it that they are treated like a vagrant fiddler, danced to fur a night, paid oph in the morning, and eagerly forgotten.

I had rather burn in a coal pit, or keep flys out of a butcher's shop in the month of August, than meddle with the distrikt skool business.

We cheerfully copy the above from the *Prairie Farmer*. We have often thought with wonder and surprise, that in all the offices where good fat salaries are paid for little or no work, it rarely happens that an aged schoolmaster finds a resting place. We believe if our Legislature were not to allow any office to be held by, or a salary of over \$200 be paid to, any person unless they had taught a public school for three or five years—allowing a period of years to elapse before such law would come into force, and holders then to be allowed to retain their offices, it would throw some of the best talent in the country into our school rooms. Teachers would be more plentiful and they would have a prospect of retiring to some easy situation in their declining years, as they deserve it. Ed.

Stagers in Pigs.

A correspondent asks information regarding the cause and management of pigs suffering from what appears to be staggers. The symptoms are as follows:—The pig stands and works his mouth, and froths at the mouth, then staggers and falls as if in a fit. After remaining in that state for a time it recovers, but at last the symptoms prove fatal. Some pigs force their noses against the wall or into a corner, but the symptoms are always nearly the same. The disease which is popularly termed staggers, in medical parlance is called epilepsy. It depends usually upon imperfect nutrition of the brain and nervous system.

In pigs as well as in other animals, epilepsy is often hereditary. Frequently it is developed by breeding in and in. Continued feeding on poor, unnutritive fare, such as brewers' wash or Indian corn, or even on such unduly stimulating food as beans or peas will favor the production of epileptic fits. Wet, foul, uncomfortable beds also lead to epilepsy amongst young and delicate pigs. In preventing further losses we would advise the attending carefully to cleanliness, comfort and liberal feeding; supply the small pigs with some good milk and a daily mess of boiled linseed, which is particularly good, as containing a large proportion of oleaginous matters. A few cabbages, grass, dry peas, and barley flour will help to vary dietary.

If the pigs are weakly, ten or twelve drops of tincture of the chloride of iron may be given twice daily in beer, water, gruel or mash. For the next litter secure a strong, sound, vigorous sire, of a strain of blood entirely different from that which has been hitherto used.—*Vet. Ed. North British Agriculturalist.*

A CHEAP PAINT FOR FRONTS OF HOUSES, which only needs one coat, stands all kinds of climate; weather, rain, snow, or frost will not affect it:—

Take one pound of flour and make paste; add one pound of boiled glue to it, and boil slowly; when hot put 1½ pint of oil to it and stir until it is well mixed. Then soak 25lbs. of whitening in water; put size and whitening together and give it any desirable color. The mixture should not be thicker than common whitewash, it is laid on the same as whitewash

What is the likiest thing to a man on horse-back?—A tailor on a mare.

Who is the happiest man in the world? He who thinks himself so.