

THE WORLD'S WHEAT SUPPLY.

In a recent issue, the *Corn Trade News*, of Liverpool, England, has published statistics giving detailed estimates of the world's wheat supplies for the last six years. These are as follows :

1889.....	2,174,500,000 bushels
1890.....	2,293,000,000 "
1891.....	2,461,900,000 "
1892.....	2,442,600,000 "
1893.....	2,453,300,000 "
1894.....	2,522,100,000 "

In two years only out of the six have North and South America contributed more than half as much as Europe. In 1892, the figures were : America, 720,800,000 bushels ; Europe, 1,205,700,000 bushels ; and, in 1891, America was 812,100,000 bushels, against Europe's 1,535,600,000. In 1894, Europe supplied 1,420,000,000 bushels ; America, 709,000,000 bushels ; Asia, 310,000,000 ; Africa, 42,000,000 ; and Australasia, 40,900,000 bushels. The subjoined comparison of the respective yields of Canada and the United States, when the respective populations are considered, will not be regarded as in any way unfavorable to the former, and we have vast fields suitable for grain culture, which have never yet been traversed by the cultivator or reaper.

	Canada.	United States.	Total.
1894.....	50,000,000	520,000,000	570,000,000
1893.....	43,000,000	475,000,000	518,000,000
1892.....	54,600,000	580,000,000	630,600,000
1891.....	55,300,000	685,000,000	740,300,000
1890.....	44,000,000	430,000,000	474,000,000
1889.....	31,000,000	491,000,000	522,000,000

With the exception of 1893, France has been uniformly the heaviest producer, the respective products of that year being : Russia, 305,000,000 bushels ; France, 278,000,000 bushels ; Hungary following next with 150,000,000 bushels ; Italy, with 131,000,000 bushels. In their order during 1894, the great wheat producing countries of the world were : United States, 520,000,000 bushels ; France, 334,000,000 ; Russia, 288,000,000 ; India, 230,000,000 ; Hungary, 140,000,000 ; Italy, 117,000,000 ; Germany, 100,000,000 ; the Argentine, 100,000,000 ; Spain, 95,000,000 ; United Kingdom, 60,000,000 ; Caucasia, 60,000,000 ; Canada, 50,000,000 ; Austria, 46,000,000 ; Turkey in Asia, 43,000,000 ; and Roumania, 40,000,000. The crops mentioned are those harvested prior to September 1 in each year, except in the cases of Australasia, the Argentine, Uruguay and Chili, which are those of the December and February following. For Chili and Uruguay, however, the figures which have not been previously brought forward are only 24,000,000 for 1894. It may be remarked, that the increase for 1894 over 1893 is about 64,000,000 bushels, or about 40,000,000 bushels more than is required for human consumption ; but this, it is expected, will, be fed to animals, both on this continent and in Europe.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

AN individual signing himself R. J. M. blossomed out in the columns of the morning paper last Sunday, as an authority on pheasant shooting generally, and as my instructor in that respect—particularly. The information this sapient individual conveys would be indeed startling, did it not bear the too evident stamp of having been gleaned from some "instructions to beginners," or some other elementary work. Therefore, it is hardly worth while noticing the vaporous effusion of this poor fellow, who took "some weeks" to think about what was meant by the remarks that were made about the "pheasant shooting party," while any one with ordinary common sense understood it at once. In any event, I know that this great authority on shooting (from books) is not the only "gun" in that famous party that got the only bird that was shot that day, and even that unfortunate bird was not a long-tailed "old cock" flying over a tall tree at the rate of "40 miles an hour ;" therefore, he may have been "sore at heart," if he happened to be in that "party." But then his portrayal of myself sneaking round a covert and taking a pot shot at a feeding pheasant is so graphic that really it sounds too much like a man writing about something he is an expert at himself, than a description of another's actions. Of course, our friend of the three initials is such an honorable sportsman that he always gives the birds a week's notice before he goes out shooting, and then goes out accompanied by a brass band. Now, for the sake of this being of exceptional density, I will explain a little more fully the point which everyone else seems to have understood at once, and this without professing to condescend to the level of this man to argue with him in any sense.

In the first place, the pheasant is an imported bird here. This may be news to him, but I am putting it plainly as possible, and so that it will not take more than a week at the outside for it to get through his head and dawn upon his understanding. Since its immigration into this country, the pheasant, like most, if not all, other importations from the Old Land, has become possessed of many advanced ideas not natural to it in its native country. Being inherently a very cunning bird, that characteristic has been developed to an extreme keenness in a country where the bird has been turned loose to depend on its own resources, and where it has none of those protections in the shape of pheasant gardens, preserves and game keepers, which are such a feature of its life in the Old Country. Thus the bird being naturally inclined to run some distance when disturbed, and

not to fly, unless taken unawares, this instinct has been abnormally developed since its advent to British Columbia, so that any one who goes hunting here will testify to many a long chase after a wary old cock pheasant, for a distance that would be impossible on any English "preserve." Consequently the use of beaters here would, I submit, have a tendency towards obliterating the birds, which, having run as far as they could, would rise frightened and fluttering at the feet of the waiting "sportsmen," only to fall half shot, wounded and mutilated, as thousands do every season in England, to say nothing of the innumerable "accidents" to the unlucky beaters. Yes, R. J. M. (shall I spell out your name ?) I attended a party with "beaters" a few times when in your country, and I was so "sore at heart" seeing the wanton slaughter of birds by "sportsmen" firing point-blank into coveys of them, that I was altogether disgusted at what was called "sport." I would, therefore, ask any "real" sportsman which of the two birds he values more, the crafty old cock pheasant that has dodged and doubled on a perfectly trained dog, whose temper and training have been strained and tried to the utmost limit as he and his master have been led across logs and through thickets until Mr. Bird gets up forty or fifty yards off and only gives the most difficult shot ; or the bird that has fallen with perhaps a dozen other mangled ones from a frightened covey into which both barrels have been fired indiscriminately, as is the case nine times out of ten in "beater parties?" R. J. M., of course, will indignantly deny this, but that does not make it any less the fact. This slaughter, it cannot be called sport, is not so irreparable in its effects in England, where birds are bred and carefully preserved by thousands each year, as it would be here where the birds have only the farcical protection of a game law that is seldom or never enforced. It is only too plain that with this instinct for running so exceedingly developed, the use of beaters here would drive the birds into the very gun muzzles of the "sportsmen." There is only one redeeming feature, and that is the terribly thick character of our brush, which affords the birds a shelter from the most persevering beater.

Having a bad argument, or rather no argument at all, R. J. M. flies to the school boy safety valve of "having it out" with the gloves, but safely adds the proviso that he thinks he would have a bit of sport in that line if he were an Englishman. Well, I am not in the fighting line, but if the occasion should arise, I've no doubt whatever, judging of this pugnacious creature's calibre, but