

CAUTION TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

This city is one of the main centres for the introduction of new inventions. Many are very valuable; some are mere pretences to gain money. The best talking and most plausible agents are employed to force them on the unwary. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are mulched from farmers and mechanics, annually. Our office is a main centre. The unprincipled ones avoid us. Still we sometimes watch these things. There are now in Canada, agents that will gull many. There is a patent Roller Company, caution; 3 patent churns of no account; 4 Washing Machines, worthless; one map humbug; patent Butter Maker to double the quantity, touch it not; a patent Seed Drill of no account; a patent Apple Drier—a good thing, but proper registration of patent doubtful—caution; a patent Soap Making Receipt, not recommended by us. We have rejected several swindling advertisements, on which we could have made money at your loss.

Use caution in purchasing new varieties of seeds. Many bogus advertisements appear. We have purchased seed warranted genuine, and found it to contain Canada Thistles, Wild Oats, Mustard, &c. &c. In stock, we have noticed some very scaly operations, even in this city. We know of a person of some pretensions to honor, who has been selling improved Berkshire Pigs to the unwary, and passing them under the name of our stock; whereas, they have only been the first crop raised from common sows, but carrying the appearance of genuine stock. If you want a genuine article, procure it from the most reliable source.

Be very cautious about a Seed Drill and Roller patents. The patent Saw and Horse, we cannot commend. There has been two Patent Pea Harvesters in some parts of the country. Be sure you are right, before you purchase this or any other patent.

The new inventions that we believe to be of value, and patents correct, are McIntosh's Drain Tile Machine, Carter's Ditching Machine, Morden's Pea Harvester and Dunn's Hand Fire Engine.

DON'T WHIP A FRIGHTENED HORSE.—Never whip your horse for becoming frightened at any object by the road side; for if he sees a stump, a log, or a heap of tan bark in the road, and while he is eyeing it carefully and about to pass it, you strike him with the whip, it is the log or the stump or the tan bark that is hurting him, in this way of reasoning, and the next time he will act more frightened. Give him time to examine and smell of all these objects, and use the war bridle to assist you in bringing him carefully to these objects of fear. Bring all objects, if possible, to his nose, and let him smell of them, and then you can commence to gentle him with them.—Ex.

MORAL COURAGE. Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money. Have the courage to speak to a friend in a seedy coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and well attired. Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent. Have the courage to wear thick boots in the winter.

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

The farmer's life is truly a progressive one, and the science of farming is as much a progressive science or art as manufacturing of any kind—as much a progressive science as any other business of life. And the farmer who does not believe in the doctrine of progression, but adheres tenaciously to the old precept and line of practice of his predecessors, with hardly a variation of the *modus operandi* of his farming operations for half a century, begins to look about him with astonishment, to find how much light and practical knowledge science is letting in upon the hitherto benighted course of his neighbours.

The old foggy farmer looks about him and sees one neighbor who has lived by him for years, who used to conduct his farming operations in the same slovenly style; but as his family grew older, and his sons became able to assist in manual labour more effectively, things began to wear a new aspect. Old fences gave way to new and substantial ones; agricultural papers and periodicals began to be taken, their lessons noted and their precepts followed. The old house which stood gable end to the road, moss-covered with age, gave place to the square, white dwelling, upon an eminence near the site of the old domicile, overlooking the whole farm, which was ample in its size and naturally fertile in its productions.

The old man and his boys got out the timber for the house in the winter and spring, and hauled the logs to the saw-mill while the snow was upon the ground, thus doing all within themselves possible, and having the advantage of securing a house of fine architectural beauty, at a limited cost. The walks were then arranged upon the lawn and finely gravelled,—the lawn was sown with red top and clover, interspersed with the more ornamental varieties of fruit trees,—and all this was done at intervals of time by the old man's sons.

The daughters too have their beds of different kinds of flowers, and their groups of ornamental shrubbery, which give the old place a pretty appearance,—arranged with the taste which the fairy hand of woman can always do. Indeed, the traveler, who might have passed that way and seen the place a year before, would not have recognised it now.

Thus a little scientific, or practical knowledge of progression, obtained by means of agricultural papers, added to the solidity of their enjoyments, and incited praiseworthy efforts to improve their social positions.

Meanwhile, the barns and out buildings were renovated, remodelled, and some rebuilt. The land was increased in value by deep plowing and a sacrifice and systematic method of manuring. The old and inefficient tools of husbandry gave way to new and improved kinds. Horses labour was brought more into requisition,—and thus more was accomplished than was possible to accomplish by manual labor. The hay was mown by a patent mower. The grain was cut by horse power, and prepared for market by the same mechanical force—thus making a great saving in time, labor and expense.

Improved breeds of horses, sheep and cattle, were obtained, and their productions and sale annually added to the income of this new and thrifty farmer. He had acquired a habit of doing everything well and in season. His fine sheep and cattle found a ready sale; the productions of his farm was soon sought after, and brought the highest price. The secret of his success was,

that everything that was sold from his farm was superior to the produce of his neighbors' farms, and more pains were taken in its production.

His home was the home of contentment, prosperity, happiness and peace. His was the life of the progressive Farmer.

Meanwhile his neighbor of the old foggy cast and opinion, still adhered to his old routine—extracting from the soil without replacing the constituent elements which it took to produce his crops—forgetting the old adage that "it takes like to produce like."—Consequently, his farm deteriorated in value and amount of production every year, though it was of ample dimensions, and originally as fertile as that of his more progressive neighbor.

His family was brought up in the same style as his father's before him, their moral and social education being sadly neglected. Consequently, the elements of happiness were not in that family.

The sons were dissolute and shiftless, lacking in energy and point of character; the daughters were careless, slovenly and quarrelsome. In fact, the whole family were noted throughout the immediate vicinity, as being in continual contention, feud and broil.

The race course, the card table, and the drinking room too often saw the presence of the sons.

They had no family circle where they could hold social converse, when the toils of the day were over; no tables on which were papers or magazines, either literary or agricultural. They were uninformed as to the current news of the day—knowing nothing of it but what they could gather from the seven by nine village paper, which the old man took because it advocated the politics of his father before him.

He never could see how it was that his neighbor, with the same capital and the same quality of land could sell his produce for a higher price, and was making money so much more rapidly than himself. He did not understand that it was Progress.

Reader, this is no fancy sketch, drawing upon the imagination for materials—no highly colored word painting, existing in the poetic region of fancy and fiction; but the above parallel cases came within the writer's immediate knowledge—and the accuracy of the detail can be vouched for. If you are a farmer, ponder on your course of action: then imitate the example of our progressive farmer, if you would be prosperous and happy.

Blasting Trout Out of the Water with "Giant Powder."

A few days since we copied an item from the Carson Appeal in regard to killing fish with Giant powder. Yesterday we had a conversation with a gentleman who had some experience at this kind of fishing. He says that while stopping at the Warm Springs, near Genoa, last week, he several times went out with parties of gentlemen to blast trout out of the Carson. The way they practice this new mode of fishing is as follows:

They take a cartridge of Giant powder weighing about a quarter of a pound, insert into it a piece of fuse, properly capped, about six inches in length, then, lighting the fuse, the cartridge is thrown into any deep hole supposed to contain trout or other fish. After the cartridge has been thrown into the water, smoke and bubbles of gas are seen to rise on the surface, then in a few moments comes the explosion—a dull heavy report. The surface of the water is seen to bulge up, and the ground can be felt to shake for fifteen or twenty feet back from the water.

Immediately after the explosion, all the fish that happen to be within a circle of twenty-five or thirty feet of the spot where the cartridge fell, come to the surface, either killed outright, or so badly stunned, that it some minutes before they recover. Our informant says that with two cart-