

in leap year from January 1st to February 29, but after that day it is correct.

Yours truly,

N. B. ZINKAN.

Southampton, 13th May, 1890.

Editor MONETARY TIMES :

SIR,—I have noted the formula given for date-figuring in your issue of last week, and find it is not altogether correct.

Take for instance the tenth day of February, 1884, a Sunday. Take 84, add 21, add 10, add 6. Total 121, which divided by 7 leaves a remainder of 2, indicating Monday.

I take it that the formula requires amending in this respect, that if the year be a leap one, the figure is 5 to be added in the month of February instead of 6.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE M. FURBY.

Port Hope, 17th May, 1890.

A BOOM IN ROUGH LEATHER.

A comparative table of prices of rough leather for a series of years in Philadelphia is given in the *Shoe and Leather Reporter*. It appears that the price of light oak rough leather on May 1st for six years past has been :

1890	19 to 23	1887	26 to 29
1889	18 " 22	1886	27 " 30
1888	24 " 27	1885	26 " 29

Amusing accounts are given of the effect of a sudden rise upon buyers in Baltimore and Philadelphia, which began at the close of April. There was an advance of four cents a pound in one day—April 28th. On the morning of that day four buyers visited Philadelphia. One of them was in the leather stores at 7 o'clock. Another took a cab and got around an hour later; the others came up Third street more leisurely in the horse cars. They got some No. 1 leather at 19 cents. Meantime clerks were picketed out around the corners, who met the proprietors as they came down town with news that buyers were in the market. Thus forewarned they had time to brace up and put on a bold front. As one of them came into the store he was met with the report: "There is a buyer upstairs and another in the counting-room waiting for you to name prices, and Mr. — has just gone up the street and will be back soon." He went in the office and was greeted with the question, "How much light rough have you got?"

"Fifty-eight sides of No. 2—for sale."

Then he was told that another man was ahead of him and asked to come back in half an hour. Going up stairs the proprietor found a person standing over a pile of rough leather.

"What's the price of this?" he inquired.

"Twenty cents."

"I'll take it. What for this?"

"Twenty-two cents."

"I'll take it;" and off he went to buy some more elsewhere.

A hide dealer owned a large lot of light rough stock which he had had tanned for him last winter, when No. 2 cows and steers were so low. On the 24th of April he vainly tried to sell the leather to a dealer for 16c. He got an inkling of what was going on by seeing two or three buyers in a neighboring commission house. Pretty soon a buyer came in.

"Have you got some rough leather?"

"Yes" (showing him a parcel).

"What's the price?"

"Nineteen cents."

"I'll take it." The holder has been regretting ever since he didn't ask more.

Before Monday noon about all there was on hand—some 20,000 sides—had been sold. A day or two later carriers came in for supplies and 23 cents was refused for prime light rough.

UNION STOCK YARDS AT MONTREAL.

If there is one reason there are a hundred why Montreal should have union stock yards, and those interested in the cattle trade propose to have such yards in the near future if they can possibly be had. With this end in view the secretary of the Dominion Live Stock Association, Mr. Cunningham, is busily engaged in collecting information from Chicago and other places preparatory to drawing up a petition which will be presented to the City Council and the two railway companies. The petition, which will be signed by every drover, butcher,

and shipper doing business in Montreal, will ask the railway companies to select a site accessible to both railways, where all cattle, export and butchers', could be delivered. The cattle men say that if the railway companies will agree on a site, any amount of capital will be forthcoming to do the rest. The idea is to have one market for all the butchers' and export cattle arriving here.

At present there are in Montreal five cattle markets, viz., the Grand Trunk yards at Point St. Charles and the Canadian Pacific Railway yards at Hochelaga, the East and West End abattoirs, and the river boats. No man can attend all these markets, and the drover never knows where to go to get the best prices; neither does the buyer either. One central yard would certainly obviate this great difficulty. The drovers who bring cattle over the Grand Trunk Railway are apparently the worst off. If they want to sell their cattle at the East End abattoir, which is the largest retail market, they have to drive them over six miles of city streets through mud or dust. The cattle become heated, making the meat unfit for food, and are generally deteriorated in value. A few weeks ago, while the roads were in such a wretched condition, a cow which had been driven from the Point fell down exhausted near the abattoir gate, and had to be left on the road almost all day. The owner certainly could not be blamed for cruelty. He brought the cattle here to sell, and to do this he had to drive them to the East End abattoir, a distance of over six miles. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty have done a noble work in the past, and it would now appear that another grand opportunity is offered the society to champion the cause of the dumb animals by working hand in hand with the Live Stock Association in their union stock yard scheme. Another great disadvantage, one of which the drovers rightly complain, and one that affects them in a monetary sense, is that they are liable to be called upon at any time for damages caused by an unmanageable beast while being driven through the streets. Any of the preceding is a sufficient argument in itself, but combined they form a strong plea for the cattle men.

The idea is to have this yard on the river front, at Hochelaga for instance, so that steamers could load at the spot and thus do away with the necessity of driving the cattle through the streets from the railways to the side of the steamers. The Union Stock yards have brought millions to Chicago, and there is no reason why similar yards would not do the same for Montreal. The cattle trade is now the largest business of the port, and with proper accommodation there is no reason why it should not increase yearly. The powers that be will have to move quickly in this, for Quebec is making a big bid for what it would appear we do not think worth while holding on to. The Quebec Board of Trade have asked the cattle men to send a deputation to Quebec to inspect the wharf accommodation there with a view of using Quebec as a shipping port instead of Montreal. Whether this deputation will be sent or not will depend altogether on the answer of the Harbor Commissioners to the request of the shippers that a wharf be set apart for the shipment of cattle. —*Montreal Gazette*.

BIG TREES NEED BIG MACHINERY

British Columbia's resources in the way of forest products are year by year getting to be better known. And as the quality of her gigantic trees becomes appreciated, not their dimensions only, but their adaptability for building and decorative purposes is perceived, and their consumption increases. We observe, for instance, that the Brunette Sawmill Co., at New Westminster, is operating on a large scale among the large pines and cedars in the vicinity of that place. They have just procured from the Waterous Engine Works Co., at Brantford, some machinery which is especially suited for the extraordinary length and thickness of the timber on the Pacific coast. For instance, the sawmill carriage, which is one of the largest ever built in the province, is described as consisting of "six girder steel log-seats, extending 76 feet from centre of first to centre of last block. Each block was formed of two 10-inch steel girders, with a heavy steel plate riveted on top of each girder, surmounted by a very heavy knee piece, set forward by three-inch screws

made of steel. Under each log-seat were two 3-inch steel axles with heavy steel V wheels on the front and flat wheels with a flange on the back. These ran on a heavy steel track. This immense carriage was built to take in logs 7 ft. in diameter, 80 feet long, weighing 80 to 100 tons each." The carriage itself without any woodwork weighed more than twelve tons. The setting and receding device on this carriage is a new departure.

On the same car was shipped a "King Edger," made to take in sawn lumber 30 inches wide, using six saws. This edger with its appurtenances, we are told, weighed in the vicinity of five tons. Such heavy machinery as this for cutting lumber is unknown, we believe, to the Ontario trade, but is the only class that will stand the immense timber of the Pacific coast. At the mining district of Nelson City, which is reached over the Northern Pacific to Kootenay, Idaho, and thence by team to Nelson, is to be a sawmill, with edger, planer, and shingle machine, the whole supplied by the Waterous Company. We understand the same firm has received an order from the Northern Pacific Lumber Co. for the engines, boilers, and burner required in their new mill at Fort Moody, B.C.

PHOSPHATES AND FUN.

HOW A GEORGIA CRACKER GOT INTO THE FIRE.

The phosphate beds produce lots of funny instances. A tall, lank Cracker entered a chemist's office the other day with a handkerchief full of rock and sand, and in a husky and excited whisper said :

"Mister, be you alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can I lock this door?"

"Yes, if you wish to."

After locking the door and seeing that no one was hiding anywhere, the Cracker slowly undid his handkerchief and handed some rocks to the chemist for his inspection, and asked :

"What do you think of that?"

The chemist carefully examined it and said: "I do not think much of it," at the same time pouring some acid on it which caused it to effervesce like a seidlitz powder.

Cracker—"What does that show?"

Chemist—"That shows it is a first-class sample of lime, with no bone phosphate about it."

Cracker—"Boss, are you sure about that stuff?"

Chemist—"Yes, very sure."

Cracker—(with a long-drawn breath)—"Well, I've married a widdy with a hill plumb full of that stuff, an' I thought it was phosphate. I'm in fer it, ain't I? Good-bye." —*Gainesville Advocate*.

NO BANK THERE.

There was an eastern man with us in the stage as we were making a route in Kansas, says the *New York Sun*, and at noon, as we stopped at a new town for dinner, he said to the landlord of the board shanty tavern :

"This seems to be a brisk sort of a town."

"Yes. She's gaining right along."

"Is there a bank here?"

"Regular bank?"

"Yes."

"Regular bank, with president, cashier, and so on, where they receive deposits, give drafts on Chicago, and so forth?"

"Yes."

"No, there isn't any such bank here now."

"Then there was one?"

"Yes, but it closed up. The president and cashier are here, though."

"Then perhaps I could have a little talk with them before dinner?"

"Hardly. They are lying underground out here in my back lot."

"What! Dead?"

"As door nails."

"Sickness or accident?"

"Well, sort o' betwixt. The bank tried to fail and pay 50 cents on the dollar, and the boys turned out and hung 'em to that telegraph pole there, and divided the cash, so that we got \$1.10 apiece on our deposits. If you want to start a bank, however, I'll—"

"Oh! no! no! no! I had no idea of it. I'm going on to Emporia to go into business."