

Miscellaneous.

The Grain Exchange of the World.

No two syllables are more familiar in every grain-growing country of the four continents than Mark Lane. They head a column of all British newspapers; are quoted in French, German, Spanish and American journals. The corn exchange takes the name of the street in which it stands. It is the only market in London for corn, grain and seed. England is always a buyer of grain. The 77,000,000 acres in the United Kingdom never produce a sufficiency of cereals in the most abundant harvest to fill the mouths of the 32,000,000 people through the year. Hence the price that England pays for grain, settled tri-weekly at the corn exchange in Mark Lane, rules the prices not only at home, but slightly decreasing in the ratio of distance, all over the world. Mark Lane stands in the heart of mercantile London. It is close upon the Thames. On every side are vast warehouses, crammed with the freights borne in by every tide. Pendulous bales swing from fifty feet aloft. Casks plunge and duck headlong into cellars. The street is jammed with loaded wains. The wayfarer dives beneath nosebags, and rubs shoulders with dripping tires of broad-wheeled wagons.

The Corn Exchange stands in the centre of Mark Lane, on the eastern side. It was built soon after 1747, when the present system of factorage commenced. In an open Doric colonnade, sheltered, well lighted, roofed in from the weather, and covered by a large and handsome dome, stand before stalls filled with samples of every variety of grain and pulse productive of food for man and beast, factors and millers, lightermen and granary-keepers, bluff country gentlemen and Kentish farmers. There are more than seven hundred independent places of business. The counters are polished by the friction of grain. They are covered with open canvas bags, containing samples. All responsibility rests with the principals; who, if they do not deliver goods according to the sample, must abide the disagreeable consequences. Grain lies in heaps everywhere. It is under the stalls, on the seats, over the counters, and ankle deep covering the floor. The ever moving crowd are grinding it under foot. A hundred hands are taking samples from the bags, rubbing and comparing and "palming" them, and then throwing them upon the floor. "Why is not the grain returned to the bag?" was the question put to a friend. "That would never answer," he replied. "Suppose I were buying oats. I take a sample; try its dampness or dryness in my hand; shift it to my other, move it about, and examine its colour, smell, and taste. It has lost its dryness or dampness, is no longer a sample; and to return it to the bag would be to deceive the next comer. Of course I throw it on the floor. It is somebody's perquisite."—*The Independent*.

The Wool Product of the World.

We have before us an enquiry from a patron of the *Western Rural*, as to which is the heaviest wool-producing country in the world, and will answer by giving the following estimates of German statisticians, presuming them relatively correct:—

	Pounds.
Great Britain.....	260,000,000
Germany	200,000,000
France	123,000,000
Spain, Italy and Portugal	119,000,000
European Russia	125,000,000
Australia, South America, and South Africa	157,000,000
British North America	12,000,000
United States	95,000,000
North Africa	19,000,000
Asia, very general estimate	470,000,000

The aggregate production of the wools of the globe, by these estimates, is 1,610,000,000, or a pound and a quarter to each inhabitant, reckoned at 1,285,000,000 people.—*Ec.*

Two men in Boston have invented a device by which a horse is unhitched at once from a vehicle of any sort. A touch of the foot upon a treadle near the dash board releases the animal with a certainty, and applies a break which stops the carriage within a rod.

The California State Board of Agriculture have awarded State premiums to Mrs. E. M. Weston, Sacramento, for 626,000 silk cocoons; A. Packard, of Santa Barbara, for 150,000 cocoons; H. G. Ballow, of Yolo county, for 100,000 cocoons; and to several parties for mulberry plantations.

As an evidence of the extent of the cattle trade around Elora, the *Times* states that during the past week there was shipped from the Elora station nineteen carloads of cattle; each car would contain on an average twenty-one head, or a total of say four hundred head. In addition to this, several droves were driven to Guelph.

EXTRACTING WHEEL GREASE, ETC.—I have cleaned wheel grease from a nice silk thus: Laying the silk on a clean sheet folded to eight thicknesses, I rubbed the greased part with a soft cloth dipped in lard, moving the silk to a new spot frequently. After a time the wheel grease all went through, leaving only clean lard. This was then cleaned out in the same way, by rubbing it with some nice soap and alcohol, using a clean cloth to rub with, and frequently changing to a new spot on the under-laying sheet. The silk was then laid on a clean cloth, and rubbed dry with a soft cloth. A friend cleaned white Canton crape in this way, and you cannot find a place where it was greased.

DENOMINATIONAL OXEN.—A gentleman travelling in Texas met on the road a waggon drawn by four oxen, driven by a countryman, who, in addition to the skilful flourish and crack of whip, was vociferously encouraging

his horned horses after this fashion:—"Haw, Presbyterian! Gee, Baptist! Ahoh, Episcopalian! Geet up, Methodist!" The traveller stopped the driver, remarking to him that he had strange names for his oxen; he would like to know why he thus called them. Said the driver: "I call this ox Presbyterian, because he is true blue and never fails, pulls through difficulties, and holds out to the end; besides, he knows more than the rest. I call this Baptist, because he is always after water, and seems as though he'd never drink enough; then, again, he won't eat with the others. I call this Episcopalian, because he has a mighty way of holding his head up, and if the yoke gets a little tight he tries to kick clear of the traces. I call this ox Methodist, because he puffs and blows and bellows as he goes along, and you'd think he was pulling all creation, but he don't pull a pound unless you continually stir him up."

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