

Well, this tunnel may do great things. It may work wonders, whether it be built from the Mull of Cantyre to the Giant's Causeway, as some propose; or from Wigtonshire to Belfast Lough, as others would have it; or from London to Dublin, as might please many; it is worth considering even in itself, as a development of the country; as a development of good feeling,—of friendliness,—of brotherliness, it is worth the world of gold.

One thing more:—if it should be built, I hope some of our young Canadians will have a finger in the engineering pie. We have colleges now to train our young men. We have bridges and tunnels enough to boast of. We have brains enough now to go out to the world and show what we can do.

Look out then, for your chance. Remember Shakespeare where he talks about the tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.



The Dominion Government sent Mr. John Sanders of Kemptville, Ontario, to England to enquire as to the prospects of opening up a better trade with our eggs and poultry. Mr. Sanders' own business connection with the trade gave him a great advantage in such an enquiry, and his report, sent into the Finance Minister in December, is full of practical advice, that our farmers would do well to consider and act upon.

The trade in eggs and poultry is carried on in England in a manner very different from with us, and Mr. Sanders wisely advises our farmers to study that manner. Although England in all things is harder to move from ways that have been, by persistence in trade, and by always sending first-class articles, Canadians should look forward to a large and profitable trade being established. He met with the most cordial reception from extensive dealers in poultry and eggs. One large firm that has five hundred licensed meat stalls in various parts of England, offered to take as much as we can ship over on a commission, and to supply cold storage in the event of shipments arriving at a time when the markets were not satisfactory.

Mr. Sanders suggests Liverpool as the best distributing point. Within a radius of fifty miles of that great city there is a population of four millions. From December first to March is the season of greatest demand, and consequently of the best prices, and as our poultry, especially our turkeys, are as fine as any in the world, both in size and in quality, this trade ought to develop immensely in the near future. Valuable suggestions he gives also as to how the poultry should be killed and sent, and in this respect it seems to be a matter for our farmers to take up, even for our own home market. The old-fashioned way of stuffing up the turkey with a regular glut of pease before consigning it to the knife, must long ago surely have been smiled at as too thin by even the most careless of judges. The English connoisseur is more on the alert than we are. Appearances go further with him than

with us. Therefore, the instructions of Mr. Sanders ought to be written in red letters and stuck up in every barn-yard in the Dominion, even on those who aspire no further than the nearest village market:—

"Both turkeys and geese must, before being killed, be starved 24 hours, or at least until the crop is entirely empty. Turkeys should be bled in the neck, and the head and feathers left on and entrails undrawn. Geese should be bled in the same manner, but the feathers should be picked off, excepting those on the wings, leaving the down on the body and the entrails in. Geese must not be scalded, but simply rough plucked. All poultry should be killed the day before delivery to the Canadian purchaser, so that the animal heat may be completely gone."

For our eggs there appears to be an equal inducement for our farmers to send their surplus across. Our cousins in England ate up last year all the eggs that they could produce at home, and ninety-four millions of dozens besides. Of this, almost none have been Canadian. Although we have sent away twelve million dozen, none of them go home to England, which is a pity. Our Canadian eggs would look nice on the English breakfast table, as nice as they would look down in the well-filled larder. Mr. Sanders speaks emphatically on this point. He says that our eggs are as large, as heavy, and as delicious as any that our British cousins buy. Therefore, we want our cousins to get them.

Here again, the envoy gives valuable instructions. Of course, the kind of eggs we leave to the hens. But we must attend to the best way of sending them—of doing our hens justice. The large eggs should be selected from the small ones, and shipped separately. They should be packed in clean cut straw, in cases large enough to contain twelve hundred dozen. This makes a package big enough to require two men to handle it, and, strange to say, heavy packages suffer on the journey less than light ones. The cases should be so arranged that on arrival they may be sawn in two for smaller sales, without the necessity of unpacking.

So we send our best wishes to the little feathered ladies of our barn-yards, and may they and their eggs in future decorate as many inviting tables, and tempt as many healthy appetites in England as they have had the pleasure of doing in Canada in the past.

BYTOWN.

Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done!

Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.

Tho' faint souls fear the keen, confronting sun,

And fain would bid the morn of splendour wait;

Tho' dreamers, mpt in starry visions, cry,

"Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!"

And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,

Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name;—

This name which yet shall grow

Till all the nations know

Us for a patriot people, heart and hand

Loyal to our native earth,—our own Canadian land!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.