

either. Why in the name of reason, we ask, is one class of the community to be protected at the expense of another? Where is the equity in taking from a few cents to a dollar from every wood-drawer and giving it to a citizen simply because a wood measurer with a fragment of a soul, ever ready to sell himself for a glass of grog, and who is anxious to please his employers, so wills it? If citizens are to be thus protected, then let us have an inspector to pass through every grocery and every dry goods house in the land to ensure the farmer that the goods of his purchase are just what they are represented to be, and let that man be chosen by the farmers. But while we chafe at the tame submission that has borne all this on the part of men who have breathed the free air of the country through all those years, the remedy of the injustice need not give us very much thought now, as the days of wood drawing are nearly numbered.

2. Next we take up the *toll-gate* yoke, and an iron yoke it has been. Individuals and companies have, since our country had a history, pressed this yoke upon the necks of our farmers, and pressed it very tightly. In the absence of a better plan we should not so much blame those parties who constructed toll roads, and who, having kept them at all times in a reasonable state of repair, were content with a reasonable toll. But where can such be found, either in the annals of the living or the dead? If one such can be found, he is worthy of a monument in the most public place of our greatest city. The gates generally have been so placed that farmers have been caught and fleeced no matter whence they came, or whatever might be the state of the road. But the glimmerings of day are dawning. Farmers are awakening to the fact that it is a part of their own business to look after the state of the roads and not that of some grasping capitalist or company. Enlightenment will not bear any yoke, and hence it is that the men of a neighboring township not long since arose, and, Samson-like, bore away every vestige of a gate at which they felt toll had been unjustly levied, and left the toll-house sitting in the midst of its deserted loneliness.

3. Then there is the *market-fee* yoke. Thanks to the efforts in great part of the Grangers, this yoke has been greatly modified. Half its weight has been removed, and a little more effort in the right direction will break it altogether. It may be a question for debate as to whether farmers should not pay for suitable accommodation provided for them in a market-place, but for the privilege of sitting or standing in the snow and rain in a certain part of the city for hours at a time, we fail to see where the claim is for compensation. Under these circumstances the farmer can do his own business without the assistance of a fee levied.

There would be more reason in levying a fee upon the idler and pleasure-seeker coming within the corporation, as the farmer coming to market brings what the citizens are waiting, and usually leaves his money with them, too. He surely should not be taxed for such a work.

4. There is also the *weigh-scale* yoke. As things are at present within most corporations, when a load of hay is sent to the market, although previously weighed at home, unless buyer and seller mutually agree otherwise, it must also be weighed at the public scale and at the expense of the seller. So of a bag of potatoes or a piece of beef, etc. We argue that the seller has no right to pay the expense of weighing in such a case, nor should he agree to do so. He has gone to the expense of purchasing scales, and his weight should be taken equally with that of

the grocer or other merchant of the town, and if the purchaser insist on having the same weighed, let it be done at his own expense. If he then finds that the weight has been fraudulent, the law is open. It may be objected that the seller is not *compelled* to weigh at the public scale and at his own expense, as he can make a proviso not to do so in the sale. We answer he is *compelled* by what we regard as the tyranny of custom, and it is just this that we ask our farmers not to submit to. Their right to weigh their grain is not to be disputed, and if the buyer objects, let him pay the honest price of his scruples.

It is often said that every farmer should have weigh scales of his own. And so we think, but not to be used simply as a means of defence, to enable him to detect roguish purchasers at the further expense of paying for an additional weighing, but for the sake of enabling him to do his own legitimate business—that is, to weigh himself the produce he sells.

The practice of selling cattle by the lump is most unwise on the part of most farmers, as they are almost sure to lose by it. The buyer of cattle, who is always handling them, is usually a much better judge of weights than the seller, and hence usually gets the advantage. Cattle should be sold by weight, and weighed upon the farm, or not far from it. This would necessitate on the part of farmers the erection of scales either on the premises or in the immediate neighborhood, but so it should be, as their advantages are very many and the price is not unreasonable. Our advertising columns tell where they can be got, and of first-rate quality. When driven several miles there is a very great shrinkage in fat cattle, which is just so much lost to the seller. If the use of scales were to become quite common in the country, and the farmer's weight to become the standard, unless at the expense of the buyer, it would likely entail the additional expense of an inspector of scales in every two or three counties, but this would be cheerfully borne by men who would thus be enabled effectually to attend to what is their own proper business in this line.

The Best Remedy for Hard Times.

A certain gentleman farmer in England, finding that his returns were dwindling down to almost nothing, adopted the following plan: He gave up his rented house, fitted up a plain one already on the farm, dismissed the steward, and enforced the most careful economy both inside of the house and out of it. Winter and summer he sees his men begin and end their work, and his son, a strong, active, willing worker, leads the work, and proves his father's right arm in the cultivation of the farm. In winter he takes his lantern and goes to feed his cattle at six o'clock every morning, and is of opinion that they have never fattened so quickly as since he has given them their first meal of the day with his own hand. By so doing he has not lost caste, he says, and has saved his fortune. His family are comfortable and happier than ever before, and his own health is much improved.

His ancestors, he tells us, for six or seven generations back, have paid twenty shillings in the pound, and he could not bear the thought of tarnishing their spotless pedigrees in this respect, hence the decisive nature of the step he was led to take, which has been attended with such blessed results.

The *Dublin Farmers' Gazette*, from which the above facts were gleaned, calls him "friend Y." It is too bad that his name has not been given to the world, as we at least shall place him on our catalogue of heroes. He has shown more courage than the bold spirits who took the Redan, or the defenders of Cawnpore, and

richly deserved to succeed. Indeed, it would have been a libel on truth had it been otherwise. He has given to the world the most practical solution of Britain's troubles at the present time that we have yet heard of, notwithstanding that every paper that has reached us since the harvest has teemed with devices and proposals as to the best methods of alleviating the distress.

It is for the farmers of Britain to say how far they shall imitate Mr. Y in his methods, but it is mainly for the benefit of our own countrymen that we have cited the above. We have hard times here as well as the agriculturists of Britain, but not perhaps to the same extent. In the country everybody cries hard times, and in the cities one wide wail is ascending from sea to sea. When the returns are cut down one fourth, if the expenditures can also be cut down one fourth, the loss is met, and the evil days are tided over until the sun shines out again in all his splendor. In some instances the cutting down of the expenditure one-fourth cannot be done, but in very many instances it can. Because our neighbors possess so-and-so, we feel that we must do likewise, and hence moral cowardice keeps us back from doing what our consciences tell us we ought to do. It is taking the world a long time to learn that men can neither be happy nor respected who are living above their means.

Economy, then, and *increased industry*, are the best antidotes to hard times. Men may legislate and teach and lecture till they exhaust themselves in devising means of relief from financial pressure. Unless this remedy is promptly and vigorously plied, they labor in vain. The scribes may be called in, and the wise men consulted, and the representatives of the industries may weary in their deliberations; but, unless these simple recommendations are acted upon, they shall spend their strength for naught. Industry and frugality are the great sources of national as well as individual wealth.

Amongst our Friends.

"I can assure you that I am well satisfied with your paper, and think that every farmer who has an eye to his own interests will at once become a subscriber."—C. F. Kinsey, Woodstock.

"Your JOURNAL needs only to get into the home of the thoughtful family, and it is there to stay."—Wm. Metcalf, Painswick.

"I have been taking the JOURNAL since it first started and am so pleased with it that I would not like to be without it."—Smith Evans, Gourcock.

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