

Who Is In Fault?

We are sometimes reminded by correspondents that certain breeds and strains of live-stock receive more attention in the columns of the JOURNAL than others. This is certainly true, and we now give the explanation. In the matter of live-stock cuts on the first page, those whose herd they represent usually approach us, so that if the owners of certain classes of live-stock are more alive to the importance of telling their neighbors in this way what they possess than others, we are in no way deserving of either praise or blame in reference thereto.

Again, our stock notes columns are open to the world. The owner of but one pure bred beast is just as free to tell us and our readers about it as the owner of one hundred. The matter in those columns is sent to us. If some then are more alive to the wisdom of availing themselves of the chance to advertise their stock in this way, it is to their credit, and it is no fault of ours that others neglect to improve the proffered advantage.

We have paid advertisements in the proper columns. Breeders in some lines advertise much more than in others, and it is an undeniable fact, that the lines most advertised prosper the best. We do not mean that every time a man advertises his stock he gets an equivalent, but we do feel that every judicious, persevering advertiser does in the long run. If some men are more fully alive to their own best interests in this way, they are to be commended for their wisdom. It is not the JOURNAL which keeps others from doing likewise. It is a favorite maxim with some that "true merit in a breed will at length be discovered." Assuredly it will, but *at length* may mean a long time. Many a noble character has lived and died unknown beyond his own township. A little judicious advertising would have made such an one, it may be, a far more useful citizen. Like the owner of some of the good breeds of cattle, he kept his worth under a "bushel," and his neighbors were content to let it stay there.

Then there are the readings given in each number. These are usually in connexion with the sketch on the first page (not always), and are often not of our seeking. The men who desire them are wise in their generation as we see it. They do not wait for some one to come and ask them to do the very thing it is to their advantage to do—let the public know what they are doing.

In the columns of the JOURNAL we know no favorite breeds or strains. To do so would be taking a mean advantage of our position. The little Shetland pony is as welcome as the Clyde, and the Pekin duck as the twenty-six thousand dollar Jersey. Out of the JOURNAL we have our preferences, and they are *very decided*, but they must stay outside, forever. They cannot come within the shrine sacred to the interests of the live-stock breeders of every clime.

It would be very unwise for us to single out any breed apart from the co-operation of the owners thereof, and give it *undue* prominence. We would then be introducing our own preferences to the detriment of some in other lines. A calm review of the whole subject leads us to conclude that if any breed is to flourish it must first have *merit*, and, second, owners who *bestir* themselves to make this known to the whole community.

"I regard the JOURNAL as one of the most readable and best in the country. Its columns are always sparkling with gems of useful information, and I could not afford to be without it."—J. N. Coldren, Iowa City, Iowa.

"This is a paper that stays up to the standard."—Walter H. Stevenson, Fenelon Falls, Ont.

Rambling.

(Held over from April.)

When men are in earnest they usually succeed. It seems a pity that the world has not more earnest men, men who can bring an enthusiasm into almost every thing that they do. At Grimsby we attended a farmers' institute, March 8th and 9th, and on the evening of the 8th a dinner, under the auspices of the Institute and the Fruit Growers' Association. Everything was done in a most creditable way, and things were said at both the meeting of the institute and the dinner that would abundantly repay those who were in attendance for their trouble. The ladies were out in strong force at the dinner, with all their humanizing and softening influences on that wilful animal sometimes called man, who arrogates to himself the title of "Lord of Creation." Woman at the banquet, the ballot-box, the temperance car, and the mission wheel, and a brighter day dawns on this weary, weary world.

Mr. A. H. Pettit, the president; R. W. Gregory, the secretary, and the members generally, seem intent on making this Institute accomplish the work for which it was given a being, in this fruit paradise of Ontario.

Although fighting against a tremendous odds of late years in the form of adverse climatic influences, both summer and winter, army after army of insect pests, and low and fluctuating markets, the fruit-growers are by no means inclined to give up the conflict. On the burial ground of dead orchards they are planting fresh ones in the hope that with more propitious seasons, coffers brim full will come again as in the good old days now gone.

COOKSTOWN,

on the N. and N. W. Railway, but a few miles beyond Beeton, now famous as the base of the huge operations of Messrs. Jones, McPherson & Co., in the production of honey and honey supplies, is located on four corners, representing the township of Innisfil, Essa, West Gwillimbury and Tecumseh, in the county of Grey, if, indeed, we can tell any more which county we are in. It is a stigma on any government to remove the old landmarks of electoral division simply to give them a longer lease of power, let it be Liberal or Conservative. Our children and children's children will be ashamed of the carving of the electorate that we have witnessed in our day. The Institute held here has for president Mr. Thomas Phillips, and secretary Rev. G. Carswell, both of Bondhead. Prof. Robertson gave the people of this part a fair feast of dairy lore on the evening of the 11th March, which was evidently received with a relish. The next day we listened to what has perplexed us not a little in reference to statements made at the Institute relating to the difficulty farmers met with in eradicating June grass from summer fallows. It is either not the June grass that we have in Wentworth, or the soil of Grey is overprolific. We mean to see.

Mr. E. Jeffs, who for some years past has been fighting the battle of the Shorthorns, lives in this region about half a mile east of Bondhead, which is his P. O. and telegraph station. Through the centre of his farm rises one of those high rangy hills peculiar to that country. The steading, a suitable distance from the road, not quite far enough to be out of the way of ramps, reposes in the plain, some distance from the base of the hill, which in its ascent in a southeasterly direction supports tier after tier of pyramidal-topped sugar-maples, which even in their winter nakedness had a strong attraction for the lover of the beautiful. When decked in the gay garments of springtime, looking benignly down upon the

patient yeoman of the valley, busy depositing the seeds of hope in the soil, they must be very lovely. How wonderful it is that the dress of nature is always appropriate! It is only the daughters of Eve who are sometimes too fond of gaudy colors.

The pure herd of Mr. Jeffs numbers 18 head, with several cows still to come in. Two of the cows, Zora 12th and 15th, are descended from Zora 7th, brought by the late John Snell from Kentucky. Myra, calved 1879, by Filigree Duke [5244]—355—, a Kentucky bull, bred by A. J. Alexander, Woodburn, dam Maid of Honor by Lord York 26766, is descended from the stock of the late Geo. Miller, Markham, Ont. Lady of the Grange, by Jupiter 2d, [3419]—540—, an aged cow, dam Countess by Major—802—, traces to Margaret by Snowball. Flower of the Grange, three years, by British Statesman (42847), a Campbell bull, imported by J. Isaac, Bomanton, Ont., two years old, and Grange Princess, two years old, by the same sire, are good representative animals. Oxford Belle, an aged cow, by Fights Oxford 8th, 17085, dam Pride of the Grange by Lord Raglan [2555], is also descended from imported Magnet, and Pride of the Park, two years, and Countess of the Grange, an eleven months calf, both by British Statesman, are full of promise. Isabella 4th, a Kinellar heifer bred by S. Heacock, Kettleby, sired by 5th Fordham Duke of Oxford—719—, and out of Isabella 2d, by Oxford Mazurka 8750, is of the useful sort. These are amongst the principal females of the herd.

There were there three or four bulls, all by British Statesman (42847), and from the dams Lady of the Grange, Myra, and Zora 12th. Prince Arthur—3452—, by Honest Tom—791—, heads the herd. He is a massive roan, a fine handler, with an immense quarter. He was bred by Mr. Geo. H. Caldwell, Crown Hill, Ont., and is a half brother to the sweepstakes Bow Park bull Sir Arthur Ingram. His dam is Sheriff Hutton Queen, imported by W. Linton, Aurora, Ont., and his sire, Sir Arthur Ingram (32490), of prize-winning fame at the English Royal show. This bull cannot fail to prove a great acquisition to the herd. The young crop of calves are by him.

The flock of Southdowns are the special care of the younger Mr. Jeffs, an ex-student of the Ontario Agricultural College. It then numbered some 44 head and 20 lambs from 10 ewes, a grand return. The little black-faced fellows were pushing well ahead, as though conscious their only mission at present was to drink and grow. They are from stock imported by Mr. James Burns, and are bred principally from imported stock.

The Berkshires (pure) are grounded on the stock of W. Linton, Aurora, and that of the Messrs. Snell, Edmonton.

On this fine farm of 245 acres, on the sunny side of the hill, at the other end of the farm, where the steading formerly was, stands, it may be, the oldest bank barn in Canada. It was built by the late Mr. E. Jeffs some fifty three years ago, while the battle of wilderness life was at the thickest. The old stone wall supporting it says a good deal for the sagacity of this son of a British soldier, who for long years was captain himself of the militia of South Simcoe.

Mr. Jeffs wisely concluded years ago that the care of cattle, important as it is, is not the greatest concern that can engage the head of a house. The old homestead on the sunny side of the hill was forsaken long since for a new one on the shady side, that he might be near the Bondhead school. And the liberal education reaped there and in places far away by the household, will, we are sure of it, give him the hand-