

STOCK.

Our Scottish Letter.

Naturally, we here are interested in the formation or recognition of the new Canadian Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, with their capitals of Edmonton and Regina. All that concerns Canada interests the Old Country, and it is a matter of sincere regret to many of us here that we cannot see eye to eye with the brethren across the sea in the matter of what is called the embargo on store cattle. We earnestly hope that the future of the great Northwest Provinces may be as bright as the past history of all British dominions in America warrants us in expecting it to be. Here we meander along in our own old-fashioned way, waiting for a return of prosperous trade, taking courage from the greatly improved board of trade figures published during the past few days. The volume of imports and exports has gone up during the past month, and this decadent old empire seems still to be able to pay its way. Agriculture in all its phases is moderately prosperous, but harvest operations have been seriously retarded by weather conditions remote from favorable. Not that we have not been favored with some good days, or, perhaps, with days when the general climatic conditions were favorable enough, but the season is most irregular, and one never knows what is going to happen next. The features of the past few days have been high winds and tremendously heavy rains. Crops which promised well are "laid" and twisted in all directions, and the harvest of 1905 will, in some places, be very costly. Still we work away, and many are able to make a good living out of agriculture.

Stock is selling well. A remarkably healthy tone pervades the sheep markets, and prices for all classes are remunerative. The most of the lamb and ram sales are over, and the average prices compare more than favorably with those realized during the past ten years. Wool has risen steadily, and now stands at a substantial figure, and mutton is in good demand. The impression amongst flockmasters is that the present favorable conditions will hold for at least six or seven years—until the Australian squatters have recovered from the effects of their long droughts and numbers in their great flocks have again returned to something like normal proportions. Then frozen mutton will come pouring into our markets, and the British flockmaster will need to look out. Another factor in bringing about the present improved conditions is the decrease in numbers of home-bred sheep. Vast tracts of land in the Highlands, formerly under sheep, are now converted into deer forests or grouse drives, and some foolish people are of opinion that this is an improvement. It is certainly not so. Sport is all very well in its own place, but that must ever be subservient to agriculture. Grouse do not thrive alone. They do best when sheep are also fed on the heather. As for deer forests, so-called, they are a blot on the Scottish landscape. The process in some parts of the Scottish Highlands has been displacement of people to make way for sheep, followed by displacement of sheep to make way for deer. The displacement of the men was an appalling iniquity from which some parts of Scotland have never recovered. The displacement of the sheep to make way for deer entails an economic situation disastrous to the State. Happy Canada!—minus game laws and proprietary rights in favor of which the common rights of men as men have to be surrendered!

Horse-breeding is still flourishing, in spite of a certain lack of confidence, undoubtedly due to the motoring craze among rich people. The great Dublin Horse Show in the end of August was as largely attended as ever, and as a social function has to be voted as heretofore—a great success. But the demand for hunting horses has rarely been so slack as on the present occasion, and few changed hands. The Irish do not take kindly to the breeding of Hackneys, and their attitude to driving horses is reflected in the statement of a journalist, that, "Shure no sportsman would be seen with a Hackney about his place." Hackneys are not fast enough for the man of the Emerald Isle, who wants to get there anyhow, and will assuredly attain his goal. Mr. Graeme Galbraith, who has to-day sailed for home, takes out three well-bred Hackneys from the famous Gowanbank stud of Mr. Alexander Morton, and Mr. Robert Beith, Bowmanville, who sailed a month ago, had a good selection of Yorkshire Hackneys. The Canadians do not share the Irishman's contempt for the Hackney, and the rich New Yorker will hardly pay higher prices for anything than he pays for a high-stepping nag. In spite of motoring, we suspect the horse will continue to flourish. By and bye the road hog will cease from troubling, the highways will again be passable, and the villages be inhabited. Meantime, farmers and villagers have to endure many things at the hands of the road hog. Life is scarcely bearable. I suppose it is so with you also. Draft-horse breeding continues in an exceedingly healthy state. We have no boom in

Clydesdales, no fancy prices, but what is better, a grand, steady trade, and good confidence in the future. The shipments to Canada have been heavy and high-class. To-day we received intimation of the success of Graham Bros. at Toronto with several of their recent shipment. Refiner we knew here as champion at the Royal in 1904. He is a handsome horse. Nova Scotia will ere this have judged the merits of the fine selection made by Prof. Cumming, and Mr. Thos. Mercer, Markdale, with the veteran Mr. Wm. Colquhoun, Mitchell, will long ago have reached home. A new firm, McMillan, Colquhoun & Beattie, from Brandon, Man., have made a capital start with horses of an unusually high standard of merit, and Mr. J. H. Johnson, Springford, and Mr. George Stewart, Howick, Que., have made shipments for which Canadian farmers will thank them. The steady demand from abroad is reflected in the vigorous way in which engagements of breeding horses for 1906 have already been made. I do not know how many such there may be, but certainly we have not often seen such a sound tone pervading the Clydesdale market as during the current year.

Ayrshire-cattle breeders have again been discussing the points of their favorites, but without arriving at any decision regarding the standard to be fixed on. Gradually our men are coming to recognize that a milking record is a necessary accompaniment of the show-yard, and that mere show-yard winnings without a record of the actual product of the cow do not constitute a proper basis on which to rear a pedigree. The splendid milking records of America reveal what the Ayrshire can do at the pail, and the value of these lies in the fact that they are so largely herd records, and not mere sporadic returns, taken under more or less favorable conditions in show-yard competitions. While we here are working towards the same goal, the progress is slow, and



Go in' for the Cows.

the attitude of mind of many to the keeping of records comes out in the refusal of some of the pupils at our Dairy Institute to take part in this department of work. Such a condition of things I can well imagine to be unintelligible to you, but it is indicative of much that has here retarded the movement in favor of scientific training in agriculture. A new country has many advantages over an old country, and one is freed from prejudices and prepossessions.

The past few months have witnessed the passing of several noted leaders of agriculture in England and Scotland. Sir Jacob Wilson filled a large place in the eyes of his fellow countrymen. He was a splendid organizer, and the success of the great shows of the Royal Agricultural Society during its prosperous days was largely due to his initiative. He had practically carte blanche in the management of the showyard, and that management was invariably the theme of admiration. Latterly, he became an official of the Board of Agriculture and resigned his office of Honorary Director of the Royal Shows. This year he again took command, and his labors undoubtedly hastened his end. He made the show a success so far as it was within the power of one man can do so. But Sir Jacob Wilson's chief claim on the grateful remembrance of his agricultural brethren does not rest on this semi-public work. As one of the sub-commissioners under the Royal Commission on the state of agriculture, known as the Richmond Commission, he was the originator of a policy of this country in dealing with contagious diseases in live stock which has proved successful beyond the fondest dreams of its most ardent supporters. The policy of stamping out and keeping out was Sir Jacob Wilson's policy, and he employed his wonderful gifts in securing for this policy the support of men of all shades of politics who were interested in agriculture. Associated with him in this work was Mr. Clare Sewell Read, a Norfolk farmer who obtained a seat in Parliament, and there advocated the policy which Sir Jacob had formu-

lated. He, too, has recently joined the majority, a few weeks only intervening between his death and that of Sir Jacob Wilson. Mr. Read resigned high office in Lord Beaconsfield's administration because of the one-sided way in which the cattle-disease policy was being operated. He was held in the highest possible esteem by his fellows, and in that end the policy which he advocated was applied to all parts of the British Isles.

A very notable stock-breeder has been removed in Mr. Philo L. Mills, of Ruddington Hall, Nottingham. This gentleman was born an American citizen, and came to England about thirty years ago in connection with the development of trade. He became a naturalized Englishman, and as a spirited breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Shropshire sheep and Shire horses he enjoyed a wide popularity. He was very successful in all his undertakings, and his colors were frequently victorious in all the great show-yards. He did a big foreign trade in stock, and was an ardent supporter of British institutions. Other notable men with sound local reputations have recently passed away, and the agricultural life of the Old Country is distinctly the poorer.

"SCOTLAND YET."

"Stand Back, Please!"

"Like flies to a jug of molasses," is a homely old simile that has lost some of its force. A more expressive one is "Like guys around a live-stock camera." It is about as easy for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle as for a photographer to take pictures of animals on a crowded exhibition ground without focusing a lot of open-mouthed men, women and children who persist in viewing proceedings from directly in front of the camera. Truly they are an exasperating lot, hard of hearing, and still more incapable of comprehension. Motion with your hand, and they either pay no attention or walk the wrong way, generally straight back. Go over and push them aside and they close in again faster than water over a sinking pebble. They are proof against reason, and more disobliging than they are stupid. Requests are wasted, ridicule is rather enjoyed, profanity is mildly effective, but the poor artist dare not swear for fear of "bad luck" with the picture. They seem to think it surely can't matter if they stand behind the object being taken, and are stoically insulted when told that their presence is not desired. Some of them act as though the photographer should be individually obliged to each and every one for adding another member to his group.

The fact is, people standing behind a beast are liable to be somewhat out of focus, and everybody knows that a blurred object is undesirable in a picture. Then, too, they detract to a greater or less degree from the distinctness of the outline. For instance, when a white-spotted cow is placed against a dark background, people standing behind her detract from the clean-cut effect that is specially sought in photographs for halftone work. One can't stop to explain all the details to passers-by, but they ought to have judgment enough to realize that the camera man has good reasons for not desiring their presence in the range of his lens, and should have common courtesy enough to comply with his requests. Usually he aims to do most of his work when the crowd is not about, but as an early-morning light is unsuitable the time available is limited, and when a large number of animals are to be "made," part of the work must be done while the crowd is on the grounds. A favor that would be much appreciated by the agricultural press would be the setting aside of a certain arena for a portion of each day for the special purpose of animal photography. This would interfere with no one's rights, but on the contrary, benefit not only the agricultural journals, but the stockmen and the shows, which profit every time by this kind of illustrative advertising. Meantime, we bespeak for the long-suffering artist every consideration on the part of our readers who may be exhibition frequenters, so that what they see on the grounds may be reproduced in counterfeit likeness for their further profit and pleasure.

Irish Pig Trade.

The decline in the Irish pig-breeding industry is the subject of much serious comment in the Irish newspapers. The time was when the pig was regarded as the "poor man's friend" in Ireland, but it looks as if in the course of time this description would become a misnomer. A decline of 150,000 pigs in 1904, as compared with the preceding twelve months, is an exceeding serious matter, and means a huge national loss. The result is that we are threatened with an increase in the price of bacon.—[Meat Trades' Journal.]