

the very object they are professing to seek. Nor will it do to reckon over-much on a past reputation to sell the stock, as the best known breeders in any country may never have been heard of by intending purchasers, particularly men of large means who have "made their pile," and who intend to spend the evening of their days in doing what was done by the first inhabitants of earth—rearing stock.

As things are in this respect, it is quite impossible to write a full and accurate description of an exhibit of live-stock in our Canadian shows. Oftentimes the compiler cannot find the owner at all. When he is found, sometimes he is so indifferent about furnishing information to the newspaper men that he will rather first attend to the wants of some companion who is out of tobacco. The former is asked to call again, just as if the reporter has nothing else to do than to tramp up and down in front of, it may be, a hundred exhibits, to await the convenience of those who are making them. The show is ended, and next week's paper is out, and when an exhibitor whose name has not been mentioned meets the unfortunate reporter thereafter, the latter may deem himself fortunate if he is not taken by the throat.

During the recent exhibition, on half a dozen different occasions have we called upon some of the stockmen to get a summary of their exhibits, and as often have failed to find any one at hand to give any reliable information. In time to come we shall not do so, as, if the exhibitor locks up his exhibit and leaves no one to furnish information, it should be allowed to remain in the seclusion to which he himself has consigned it.

Horsemen, especially, are notorious offenders here. During a large portion of each day the stable door is locked. Why should locks be used at all except at night? If they bring their horses to exhibit them, why not do so? If they cannot be on hand themselves at all times, why not have some one who can?

The Toronto Industrial has made an advance by posting up the name and ownership of each horse on the stall; but this is not enough. Looking at the bare name of a horse and writing about him without seeing him, is about as interesting as describing individual animals that may have lived before the flood.

Legislative enactments by the managers of exhibitions can never adequately heal this sore. It is a matter that exhibitors themselves must remedy. Until they see it is to their interest individually to leave no stone unturned to have as large a number as possible informed as to the ownership of their exhibits, they will not take the necessary steps, and they must so far suffer loss.

We hope, then, that when the show-rings of next year shall come again, every reader of this article, who is also an exhibitor, shall prepare for himself a sufficient number of cards, not too large or too small, not saving too much nor too little, and shall take them with him to the fairs, along with a goodly number of carpet tacks and a little hammer, and tack one up on every stall or pen as soon as the exhibit is in its place. We are quite sure that by so doing he will make more than will pay the subscription price of the *LIVE-STOCK JOURNAL* for several years to come.

Agents wanted in every locality in Canada to canvass for the "Canadian Live-Stock Journal." Good salary to good men. Sample copies free. Write for particulars, giving former employment, to the Stock Journal Co., Hamilton, Ont.

Not Attainable by Scrubs.

At the opening of Mr. J. C. Snell's sale of Short-horns at Willow Lodge, last April, the auctioneer, Mr. John Smith, of Brampton, who, by the way, won for himself golden opinions as an auctioneer on that occasion, in reminding the farmers present of the advantages of improving their cattle by the use of pure-bred bulls, remarked that he had himself, as a shipper, paid to a farmer within two miles of Willow Lodge, \$110 a head for his grade steers sired by Mr. Snell's bulls. Looking around the sale-ring he appealed to a tall, broad-shouldered farmer in "hadden gray" to say whether what he had stated was true. With a smile as broad as his face the farmer replied, "Yes, and I'm the man as got the money." The quaint reply brought out a hearty laugh all round the ring, and the incident served as a happy hit in putting the company in good humor for leading off in what proved to be one of the most successful sales of the season. It may have been that the thought occurred to some present that such prices for beef cattle were among the things of the past, as prices last spring were lower than usual; but we are informed that the same farmer has since sold three grade Durham steers off the grass for \$300; and what is most remarkable is the statement by the farmer, who, we are assured, is thoroughly reliable, that these steers never ate a bushel of grain in their lives. Their average age at the time of shipment was three years and five months, and their average weight 1,986 lbs. They had been fed only hay in winter (after the first winter, when they had a few roots), were kept in a barn-yard, at an off farm, with open sheds for shelter, and summered on permanent pasture of natural grass.

While this method of feeding may not be the most approved, and it is certain that the same results might have been attained in less time by nearly a year, yet it furnishes a very complete answer to the objections of those skeptical farmers who will not believe that well-bred cattle will thrive and make more favorable returns than common cattle under common treatment. To any one who has had experience with both, it is very plain that scrub steers of the same age under similar conditions, would not have realized more than half the money.

The Dominion Quebec Exhibition.

Those who failed to attend the exhibition, which this year was held at Sherbrooke, September 23rd to October 2nd, missed a treat, barring the unpleasantness arising from the drenching rains that so often fell during the exhibition. The site of Sherbrooke is so beautiful, and the townships amid which it is situated so picturesque in any season, but doubly, trebly so at the time of the fading of the leaf, that it would amply repay one of our more western farmers who has earned a holiday to go down and see it for its own sake. Nature's autumn dyer had just been at work, and his colors this year were unusually rich, the groves, the hills, the forest, being clad in robes far more fitly chosen than ever decked blushing bride on marriage day.

On this side of the St. Lawrence and the other near Montreal, the little narrow farms hold sway, the low fence of which the little lean kine were in no spirit for leaping over, and the crevices of which admitted egress for the ancient-looking sheep, black, white and mottled, but for the huge wooden poles that hung upon their necks.

Leaving the St. Lawrence, beautiful isolated mountains look sternly down, as though frowning on the tenacity with which the farmers cling to old-time

ways. The valley of the St. Francis reached—the pretty picture again unveiled itself as the iron horse went galloping along its basin in the direction of the queen city of the Eastern Townships. Its wooded banks were richly clad in fantastic robes of every hue, from the pale poplar leaf to the blood-red and the crimson of the maple. The hills wore the same and so of the forest; even the lazy old rocks, unconcerned for the rush of waters around them, were grotesquely decked with the tints of the mosses that grew upon them. Whole farms recede in places one succession of upland slopes, on every tree of which the magic painter had been doing his work, and the cattle that grazed upon them, and the sheep that fed among the stony parts of the brown heath, only lent ornamentation to a scene such as our western people do not see in their own land.

Sherbrooke, with its lovely side-hill site, was in holiday attire. Looking over to the exhibition grounds on the side beyond the river, one fancied he saw a scattered village with flags flying and banners waving on every hand, and ever-shifting crowds moving hither and thither on the undulating grounds.

On leaving the train the first sight that caught our eye was that of a building near the station with a prominent sign, which read, "Information Office," where a pleasant lad held sentry, and told fresh visitors where board and lodging could be got. Joining the crowds, as we are prone to do, in everything save what is good, and crossing the St. Francis, which was moving on in a very leisurely way, just as it did last year between its sloping banks, and journeying up the ascending winding way, amid the din and clatter of the fools with their "Aunt Sally's" and "calves with three legs," within and without the grounds, to bait the fools that are passing by, we entered the crowded gate. Many things were new since last year. A spacious and commodious building had been erected for the indoor part of the exhibit, many new cattle sheds had been built, and places of accommodation had here and there arisen in various parts. Before reaching the secretary's office we were requested by one of the officials to act as a judge on Canadian cattle. The man who has sworn perpetual enmity to the doomed race shook his head in a very decided way, and concluded that the official had mistaken the editor of the *JOURNAL* for that of our contemporary further west.

Chancing to look around while making answer, the whole panorama of magnificence in that wide long sweep of lofty undulations that runs up and down the St. Francis, lay before us, and for some minutes we heard not the pleasant din of the machinery on exhibition, nor the ghoul-like voices of the mountebanks and showmen. No pen can adequately paint the glories of a Lower Canada landscape, as seen just when the leaves are newly dyed by the frost-king—we never see anything like it in the west. Our richest forest colors seldom get beyond the hectic flush of a maiden in decline, who is early thus decked out a melancholy offering for the tomb, while those we gazed upon as they beautified the grand old hills that rose like lofty swells of the waters of a troubled sea, were towers of living flame, redder than scarlet, and deeper tinted than crimson. Sherbrooke lay in the valley or sat upon the slope; and the sentinel hill behind it, a chief among the hills, had an unbroken succession of pyramidal-topped trees, each one with distinctive colors and deeper and richer than any fuller on earth can produce. Away up the valley of the St. Francis the eye took in whole townships ornamented by painted forest and pleasant clearing, till in the lofty background the ever-ascending swells of the