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## OFFICIAL PART.

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### DE OMNIBUS REBUS.

Box 109, Upper Lachine—February 18th, 1888.

*The Hackney.*—There is a vast difference between what is now known as the *Hack*, and what used to be known forty or fifty years ago as the *Hackney*. A *hack* is either a *coverthack*, which means a well bred, moderate-sized horse, used to carry its master to the *fixture*, i. e. the place when the hounds meet; or a showy, fine-acted, otherwise useless beast, only fit for the Park and Rotten Row.

The *hackney*, a stamp of horse now almost extinct, was quite a different thing. The term denoted a strong roadster, of great bone and sinew, with a long, lean head, deep neck, round barrel, deep chest, short forchard, big broad feet, game to go his five-and thirty miles almost without a break, in one round, strong, steady, ground-covering trot. A stallion of such a stamp, were it procurable now, would be almost in-

valuable. It was on such animals as these that, about the beginning of the century, my father and his brother used to ride every autumn from Chislehurst to Wenvoe Castle, Glamorganshire, a distance of 175 miles; sleeping three nights on the road, and carrying their changes of clothes in *saddle bags*. As they reached the Castle on the fourth day, this was equivalent to about 44 miles a day, and as they were both heavy men, the horses must have been made of pretty good stuff to stand such work. A picture of my father's *hackney* is still extant, and answers in every point to the description above given. I take it, a good Canadian mare, crossed with a fine, sloping-shouldered, close-built, thoroughbred stallion, would make about as good a *hackney* as could be found. Only, here there would be hardly any sale for such a beast, as Canadians never get on horse-back as long as they can find wheels of any sort. The more's the pity, say I!

*Shorthorn bull-calf.*—My friend, Mr. Bickford West, wants to buy a shorthorn bull calf, fit for service this summer, that is, about eight or nine months old now. Price not more than thirty dollars. Mr. West's cows are grade dairy-cattle, but what he wants is to have two-year old steers for the States' market, and he thinks, very wisely, that the shorthorn-cross will give him that. He complains dreadfully of the American duty on the importation of animals not intended for breeding.

*Coal-oil cooking-stove.*—I have always disbelieved in the roasting-power of a coal-oil stove until the force of ocular and gustatory evidence convinced me of my error. The old *two-burner* stove hardly supplied heat enough to cook a joint briskly, but the new *three-burner* I got this autumn does in work perfectly. Bread cake, beef, and turkey, are baked or roasted to a turn. Not flabby, but crisp and brown. After