



RIVER PIPESTONE, KIM VALLEY.

process, but wheeling right-about face, he followed his nose as he had done safely for sixty years. At the close of the performance, we were informed by one of the civil service, that one man only had retired properly, and that was Sheriff Powell, who won a medal for a carriage team, and who backed out bowing the entire length of the chamber.

While writing of royalty, I am reminded that it was in 1889 that, as an ex-president of the Ontario Agriculture and Arts Association, I attended the semi-centennial exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, held in Windsor Park, opposite the grand avenue of stately elms running out from Windsor Castle. Her Majesty Queen Victoria, of blessed memory, had accepted the presidency of the society for that year. Here I had the pleasure of seeing the Prince of Wales again, then a broad-shouldered, heavy-bearded but handsome man, in company with his beautiful wife, the Princess Alexandra, and their three grown-up daughters, walking among the prize cattle in the show-ring, the well-preserved mother looking nearly as young as the daughters. By courtesy of the officers of the show, from a front seat on the grand stand, it was my joyful privilege to look into the kindly face, beaming with smiles, of

THE GOOD QUEEN.

as, in her carriage, drawn by the six cream-colored horses, she, with other members of the Royal family, passed by, heralded by a splendid retinue of attendants on horseback and on foot. That was a show to be remembered, as apart from the unusual display of royalty, it was the greatest exhibition of select high-class live stock in the history of the Royal Society. Here I saw the Queen's bull, New Year's Gift, done out of the championship by the worst piece of judging I ever witnessed.

My story grows apace alarmingly, and I must hasten to a close, but cannot forbear to mention my humble part in that memorable exposition, the Columbian, at Chicago in 1893, where, as one of the three judges who were entrusted with the awarding of the grand sweepstake prizes for beef breeds of cattle, I had my way and will in the placing of the splendid prize of \$1,000 for the best herd of one bull and four females of any

beef breed, and also of the \$600 prize for the best herd under two years, which latter came to Canada, for the herd of the Russells, of Richmond Hill. As an illustration of the uncertainty of the outcome in show-yard competitions, and the difference in opinion of judges, it may be of interest to relate that we gave the grand prize of \$1,000 to the Shorthorn herd which, by another set of judges, had been placed third in their own class. I have never had a shadow of a doubt that the last rating was right, and it has been well supported by show-ring records since that day. Since that time it has been my privilege to officiate as judge at the principal fairs in every Province of the Dominion, except that of Prince Edward Island, and also at that greatest of live-stock shows, in the estimation of its promoters, the International at Chicago.

It is recorded with feelings of gratitude for good health and good fortune, rather than with



SOURIS RIVER, AT SOURIS.



"WHAT WE HAVE WE HOLD."

any claim to personal merit, that from 1855 (with the exception of 1856), I was privileged to attend, without a break, every Ontario Provincial Exhibition held, up to the time of their discontinuance in 1889, and every Toronto Industrial Exhibition since its inception in 1879, making a record of 46 successive years of attendance at the principal Canadian fairs. In this review, for brevity's sake, I have omitted mention of many

important shows attended, and of many splendid men met, who are, perhaps, equally worthy of remembrance with those named, most of whom have joined the great majority on the other side of the river. I have also omitted mention of two very important expositions which I attended as a visitor, namely, the American Centennial at Philadelphia, in 1876, and the Pan-American at Buffalo, in 1901, the latter, in the design of its buildings and their illumination, the most beautiful of all, its splendor suggestive in some measure of the ideal holy city of our visions, the New Jerusalem.

Couldn't Breathe.

Pat had come over to America with the expectation of finding money lying around loose, only waiting for some one to pick it up. Of course, this was long ago. Pat had soon become disillusioned and was always glad to get hold of odds jobs which would net him a little something to help him to keep body and soul together.

Finally, becoming tired of the struggle, he decided to end it all, and was very industriously tying a rope around his waist when his landlord happened in on him. After watching him curiously for a few minutes, he asked:

"What's up, Pat? What are you trying to do?"

"Trying to choke myself, of course," was Pat's answer.

"Choke yourself? You can't do it that way. You'll have to put the rope around your neck."

"Sure, I tried that, but I couldn't breathe."

Red Ears.

"Sary Ann," sighed the Higgins boy in tremulous tones, "if I git a red ear at the huskin' bee to-night I'm a-goin' to do somethin'."

"Are ye?" asks Sary Ann.

"I be."

"What are ye a-goin' to do?"

"If I git a red ear I'm a-goin' to take a kiss f'm you."

"If you take a kiss f'm me," asserts Sary Ann, giving her head a saucy toss, "you kin be sure that you'll git two red ears right away."—Judge.



PIPE OF PEACE—AN EDMONTON CHIEF.



AN EXHIBIT OF VEGETABLES, GRAIN AND FURS FROM THE YUKON.