

number of this standard rural annual, and the publishers state in advertising it, that it has "become an established favourite in thousands of rural homes in all parts of the country." We are glad of it, for no home, rural or urban can afford to do without it, or fail to be improved by it. The present number contains chapters on the following topics, illustrated by about 150 engravings:—Cooking food for animals. Roses and their culture; Designs for barns; Outdoor floral decorations; Bulbous flowering plants; Notes on fruit culture; Suggestions in rural economy. Accidents and emergencies; Ornamental planting; Great sale of the century; The farmers' register, revised to Nov. 1, 1873. The entire set of this excellent annual can be had from the office of publication, and we do not know whoso valuable a rural library can be obtained at a cost so trifling. This *multum in parvo* serial is, we believe, now kept in stock by a number of Canadian book-sellers.

"Murray's Perfect Horse."

Under the above heading, "Hark 'Omstock," a noted horse authority, is reviewing in a series of articles in the *Country Gentleman*, a recently published and much-be-praised work by Rev W. H. H. Murray, a Congregationalist minister, of Boston, entitled "The Perfect Horse." Mr Murray is getting some hard knocks from his critic, and by the time the reviewer lets go of him, will probably feel like writing a sermon on the text, "A horse is a vain thing for safety," making special heads of discourse on the dangers of riding the animal, and of writing books about him.

Ontario Veterinary College.

Attention is invited to the advertisement of the above institution, which will be found in our present issue. It will re-open on Monday, Jan. 13th. The examinations for the past session have just closed, and the results of them will appear in our next.

The *North British Agriculturist* announces the death on Tuesday of Mr. Robert Walker, of Portlethen, Kincardineshire, in his 70th year, well known as an extensive stock-breeder and exhibitor. He had been in failing health for some time.

SAWDUST AS MANURE.—A correspondent wishes to know the value of sawdust for manurial purposes. Thoroughly dried, and used as an absorbent of liquid manure, it is of considerable value, but not otherwise, except as a loosener to mix with stiff clay soils, and for that purpose, and admixture of sand is more permanently useful.

A NEWSPAPER correspondent calls attention to the great convenience that would follow if farmers would generally have their names painted on the gates at the entrance to their premises. Strangers often have much difficulty in finding the residence of persons of whom they are in search, which would be obviated by this course. The name may be neatly painted on a slip of tin six or eight inches wide, which could be easily tacked on the gate.

THE LIVE STOCK BUSINESS.—But few readers know the amount of business done at the cattle yards at West Albany, N. Y., every week. On an average, about 6,000 head of beef steers, 8,000 sheep, 800 cows, and calves, 100 horses, and 20,000 hogs, are fed and watered. Usually all the stock changes hands here being sold to New York, and Eastern men, or local dealers. Under the latter head are included butchers from surrounding cities and villages within a radius of one hundred miles, as well as city butchers. From one hundred, to one hundred and twenty thousand dollars are exchanged for stock every week. A large hotel, with a telegraph office attached, and over two miles of sheds and yards, besides an immense barn, are devoted to the accommodation of dealers, and their stock.

Agricultural Intelligence.

Mr. Arch at Bow Park Farm.

The correspondent of the *Daily News*, who accompanied Mr. Arch on his tour through this country, thus chronicles in that journal the visit to Bow Park Farm:—

"Having received an invitation to visit the celebrated model farm of the Hon. George Brown, the proprietor of the *Globe* newspaper, we left Toronto in the morning, and after a ride of some 60 miles by the Great Western Railway, reached the town of Paris. Here a grand agricultural show was being held. These shows appear to be quite an institution in this flourishing Province. We have already attended three or four of them, and from the numbers present, and the extensive display of native products, I take it that their value and importance are pretty well understood by the thriving husbandmen who constitute the main population of the country. After spending an hour or two in the show, and experiencing once more something of the astonishment with which we first beheld a fine display of the fruits, vegetables, and cereals which this prolific soil produces, we accepted an invitation to lunch with the Mayor of the town. This gentleman, who, like everyone else here, is a self-made man, is the owner of extensive flour mills; and we met at his beautiful villa some of the leading men of the district. Each one had his story to tell of early battling with adverse circumstances, and victories won. Mr. Arch found in the foreman of our host an old school-fellow. He had been in Canada about a quarter of a century. Like every other honest and industrious emigrant, this Barford man had done well. He had bought his own house—a house worth some 200*l.*—and had, perhaps, a couple of thousand pounds out at interest. Thus, side by side were flourishing both master and man. In the afternoon, accompanied by one or two of Mr. Brown's friends, we started for a ten mile drive to Bow Park. Our road lay through what must, I think, be called the garden of Canada. All the farms appeared to be, unlike those of the Quebec province, which we first went through, in a high state of cultivation. "Yonder," said a gentleman by my side, a brother Senator of Mr. Brown, "is my farm of 500 acres. I bought it 30 years ago, at 40 dollars an acre; and to-day I should want as many pounds an acre for it. Over yonder," at another point, he said, "is a farmer who came out 20 years ago without a cent in his pocket, and now he has 200 acres of as fine land as is to be found in Canada." Passing by a rather dilapidated looking farm-house, I remarked on its exceptional appearance. "Yes," said my companion, "the man drinks." This seems to be almost the only impediment to a settler's progress here, but I have previously remarked on the happy rarty of this vice in Canada. We have not seen a single drunkard. One of the causes of this happy state of things is, of course, the clear, bracing climate; but another is undoubtedly the general discouragement of the habits of drinking strong liquors in the homes of the people. For instance, at the Mayor's table yesterday, iced water and delicious coffee might be had, but neither wine nor ale. At the hotels few drink anything at dinner stronger than tea or coffee, and it is a universal practice to serve these up at the dinner-tables of private individuals.

"After a delightful drive of an hour and a half, passing on our way through the flourishing town of Brantford—a place of about 10,000 inhabitants, and the county town of the "Brant" district, so named after the celebrated Indian "Brant"—we reached the point towards which we were tending. Bow Park Farm contains 900 acres, all of it, with the exception of the reservations for ornamental timber, under high cultivation. The farm is nearly surrounded by the Grand River, and the soil is alluvial deposit of the most fertile character. The energetic proprietor purchased the estate some few years ago, and has invested a very large capital upon it. Commodious buildings have been erected, one barn alone being about 250 ft. long by nearly 50 ft. broad. There are about 400 head of high-bred Short-horns in the stalls, and no expense is spared in replenishing the stock with the best breeders. The situation of the farm is highly picturesque, and Mr. Brown, like Mr. Mechi, is confident of reaping a pecuniary success, although he has taken to farming as a recreation. It took us the whole morning to go through his extensive range of cattle sheds, and certainly it was a grand display for so young an establishment. A catalogue of the stock, with full details as to pedigree, &c., was placed in our hands; and at the annual sale,

which will be held next week, Mr. Brown expects purchasers from England, Scotland, and all parts of the United States. Not the least interesting part of the exhibition—for such, in truth, the farm is—was the show of Berkshire pigs. It will be gratifying to Berkshire farmers to hear what Mr. Brown said in answer to my inquiry as to whether he had any other pigs. "Of course not," was his reply, "what's the use of having any but the very best?" Some of the thorough-bred Short-horns of Mr. Brown's herd would have won the applause of the severe critics of the great English agricultural shows, and doubtless many of them will yet pass under the review of those gentlemen, as Mr. Brown contemplates a considerable exportation of them to the parent country. It would seem that the climate, or feeding, or something else of Canada, vastly improves the breed. Hence the fabulous prices realized occasionally.

"It has again and again been asked me by Canadian agriculturists, 'Why do not some of your farmers come out here and buy the cleared farms which are always in the market?' The question is easier asked than answered. Certainly it would be the best thing they could do, provided the conditions of success were complied with. One of these is a year's servitude under a good Canadian farmer. Intending emigrants of this class may take this hint as an all-important one. Whenever it is not acted upon, it matters little what may be the capital at command, failure will be the inevitable fate of the farmer. On this there is a marvellous consensus of opinion throughout Canada. 'Did you notice that young man?' said our host, as we were passing along his farm buildings, 'he is an educated gentleman. He and another Eton lad are with me to get a thorough knowledge of farming. They live and work with the other men, and are in every respect just like the rest.' The 'gentleman' was merged in the 'working man.' As Mr. Brown sentimentally remarked, 'He's all right.' Yes, his success is tolerably sure. By and by he will have served his apprenticeship, and then with his two or three thousand pounds capital he will repeat, on a small scale, the splendid success of his enterprising employer. If a few hundreds of those young gentlemen who are hanging about their father's halls in England, trusting to the chapter of accidents, would just follow the example of these young Etonians, they would experience the new sensation of independence.

"After a pleasant day among these high-bred cattle, and the picturesque meadows in which they grazed, we took our reluctant departure for the city of London."

A Chicago Pork-Packing House.

A correspondent of Moore's *Rural New Yorker* gives the following account of a visit to one of the largest pork establishments in that wondrous city:—

While on my way from New Hampshire westward, I found it convenient to stop at Chicago. Having visited the principal packing-houses in the city, and learned their *modus operandi* of taking the porkers from their living state, and converting them into the frying and boiling state, and being very much interested in their manner of procedure, I thought it might be equally interesting to the other members of the Rural family, who, like myself, only annually indulge in this unpleasant occupation for a limited period of time.

The principal firm in the city, under the firm name of the heading of this article, is situated near the Union Stock Yards, and employs about 1,000 men in their two houses; 650 in one, and the remainder in the other establishment. During the packing season, and in favorable weather, the above mentioned number of workmen daily seal the doom of 6,000 hogs; this making an average of six hogs for each employe to kill, dress, salt, cure, and pack. But this is more than is usually done, for the packing and curing season lasts much longer than the killing.

The piggy's first impression of this place cannot be very pleasant, for as soon as he is unloaded from the cars, he is hooted and whipped from one division of the yard into another, and another, until he arrives at the footstool of his final destiny, here, in small squads, they are driven up an inclined plane. If he is a cripple, or adipose porker, he ascends by means of an elevator, where he is shut off from his fellow porklings into a small pen, where a short chain is unceremoniously wreathed around one of his hind legs, and between the twinklings of his eye, he is suspended in the air, and moved along on a pulley so arranged that, after sticking, which is performed by two persons, he drops, head foremost, into the scalding tank, where his bristles are seized with the avidity that hungry wolves devour an unguarded portion of a caravan's rations, and he is constantly