

in the centre of the can until the cans are nearly covered with water. Ice water is best, as it is upon the coldness of the milk that the rapidity of the rising of the cream depends. When properly attended to the cream rises off the milk in four hours. There is a glass gauge and a measure placed on the side of each can, so that the buyer and seller can both see how much room there is. The size of the can is computed so as to give on an average one pound of butter for one inch of cream. We believe this plan of raising cream rapidly in hot weather will be a beneficial one for many to adopt.

The farmers at Kirkton united and erected the factory. The cream is only gathered at this factory, and the farmers have the sweet milk at home for pigs and calves. The price procured for the factory butter was 22c. per pound, while the farmers' butter sold at the same time only realized 17c. There are some patents out on different cans for the rapid rising of the cream. Our opinion about them is that excepting in our hottest weather or in hot climates, the old English plan, 36 and 48 hours' setting in shallow pans will be found the best. No doubt we have much to learn. We may be called old fogies, but despite all the new plans we do not produce better cheese or better butter than were produced in our youth, half a century ago. But to handle large quantities to the best advantage in this climate, the factory system has done us good service and will still do better. Perfection is not yet attained either in our cheese or butter factories, but incomplete as they may be, we think them infinitely superior and more profitable than the old rule of thumb. We would like to see more of these creameries in the country.

#### A Drive in Westminster Township.

On the 6th of July a king of Canadian veterinary surgeons called at our office and invited us to take a ride to see the state of the crops. A shower had laid the dust; the rapid, luxuriant growth of everything at this season of the year is unsurpassed. The red cherries look tempting; the fragrance of the new hay and the fine fields of standing grain was pleasant. In some places the winter wheat is beginning to show a golden tinge, while the oats are just beginning to head out. Just the right time to see the country in its glory.

We called at Mr. W. Walker's. Mr. W. had been a country blacksmith and has ferged himself into a first class farm. The sight of his crops showed that although a blacksmith, he could produce crops and keep his place in such order that he was a pattern to the old slow coaches. Mr. W. is a native of Scotland, and the Lowlander set a pattern and is in reality a good school-master for farmers in his vicinity. We entered his house; the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise decorated his walls in place of the miserable red and yellow cheap chromos that are found so often in Canadian houses. Mr. Walker was in the act of putting a steel point on his gang plow when we went there. He felt proud in the success he had attained over his neighbors in getting a fine grove of pines to grow. The slow coaches had said they would not grow in clay land, and that he was a fool for planting them; but he had by practical demonstration convinced them of their mistake. It will be only a matter of time, and this township may yet be as well planted with trees along the road side as some of the concessions in other parts of Canada. On the whole we consider Westminster one of the finest agricultural townships in Canada; and taking into consideration the position of the township, it is the worst for road decorations. Let any one drive along the road from London to St. Thomas and they will be satis-

fied of this fact. But Mr. Walker has set them a pattern to follow in this respect.

After attending a sick cow at Mr. Walker's, Mr. Rudd (our veterinary friend) drove to his farm. Mr. Rudd takes some pride in his farming also; he has an excellent farm of 147 acres, which he got when in a rough state—we may say doubly rough state, for the former proprietor had received it and other property to the amount of about \$20,000, from his father. He was talked into the lightning rod business, went in with the sharpers, and was fleeced. The farm was purchased by Mr. Rudd from the Sheriff, and also the household effects. Perhaps this should caution some of our young readers to avoid patent-right men.

There is a little rivalry in Westminster among some of the best farmers. Mr. Rudd thinks he has a little the start on his neighbors with his Centennial Oats, as he thinks them earlier. He feels satisfied with his wheat, hay and meadow land; but his barley, we must admit, looked heavier than any other barley crop we have seen this year. The land had been in root crop last year, but he attributes considerable of the success of this and other crops to the use of gas lime. This he purchases at the gas house in the city at the rate of about 25c. per ton, and applies it at the rate of about three tons to the acre. This he considers the best and cheapest manure he can procure. Perhaps some of our subscribers may profit by this hint.

Mr. Rudd considers he has as useful a Durham cow as anybody else. His favorite cow is a very large coarse-boned animal. She is capable of carrying a lot of beef, and as for breeding, we might expect to see as large an ox from her as ever was exhibited. Perhaps the most remarkable point about her is her immensely large muzzle, or mouth and nose. We believe in this point, though many fancy breeders will condemn it. We believe her muzzle is larger than that of any bull exhibited at any exhibition in Canada that we can remember. No fancy breeder would have her on that account, but Mr. Rudd prefers beef and milk to symmetry, and he says these qualities should be the first qualification for animals, and paper pedigrees the second. But by far too many have built or tried to build too much on pedigree without the animal, and instead of building up have tumbled down. He says that from the dam of this cow they have sold 14 lbs. of butter per week, from the end of May until the middle of August, besides supplying a family of five persons with all the milk and butter they consumed.

We next drove to Mr. Frederick Shore's. Mr. Rudd had a sick horse to attend to there. As we approached the residence there was an evident touch of refinement to be seen far in excess of the majority of the places we had passed. The approach to the house was through fine pasture land, through which runs a small stream. Fine old trees were growing here and there in clumps or singly, giving a fine park-like appearance to the place, under the shade of which were seen some fine large sheep and lambs; the top knots and length of wool indicated that greater care had been devoted to their breeding than the sheep we had seen on many other farms. On passing through the park we enter another gate and drive over the gravel road to the house, a comfortable brick residence. In the verandah we notice Coleuses, Fuchsias, Geraniums, etc., etc., making as fine a show as in a city conservatory. A fine mound surrounded with rock-work and filled with flowers graces the lawn, together with rustic seats and rustic flower-stands, the latter drooping with a profusion of flowers. A neat rustic seat below a hawthorn tree

reminded us of England's homes of beauty. In the entrance hall we noticed a nice engraving of our Queen. The comforts of life were plainly visible in all the surroundings. Such places as this is where peace, plenty and happiness appear to be found in the greatest profusion, and well might we say, "Who would not be a farmer?" A visit to such a place must do good to all who see it. The calm, peaceful, retiring comforts of such a home are not surpassed by all the glitter and gild of city display.

We leave this enchanting spot and call at the adjoining farm, the property of Mr. Thomas Shore. Here is another scene; the park even looks more beautiful. Here is a fine herd of large, well-bred Durham cattle—some standing in the stream, others lying, and others contentedly grazing under the shade of the old elm trees, each animal apparently rivalling the others in beauty.

Well, such a luxuriant scene reminds us more of the home of the Kirkleavington stock at Berkeley Castle, in Gloucestershire, England, than any farm we have yet visited in America. The old latticed, ivy-covered castle may be absent, but the old loyal British spirit of honor and admiration reigns in each of these homes that we have just described, just as strong as in the hearts of those who occupy the old Baronial homes of Britain at the present, and they are just as strong and as firm as they were in the days gone by.

Mr. Frank Shore, his fork in hand, is helping to secure the fine hay crop. Near by is a large field of corn, perhaps the largest and best in the locality; in this field we notice the Sulky Corn cultivator, the only one in the township. By this implement Mr. Shore is enabled to do twice as much cultivating in a day as any other man can in the township. Well, brains will tell. Adjoining this field is a field of winter wheat which is claimed to be the best in the township; the seed of this was imported from the States last year. Some farmers have not learned as much about the advantages of the change of seed as Mr. Shore has. Some old fogies say that they know just as well about farming as anybody else; agricultural papers are no good to them.

On each of the farms we noticed a good crop of apples. We also noticed that none of them took near the pains to prune their orchards that the farmers in the Annapolis Valley, in Nova Scotia, do. All through this western section the trees are allowed to have nearly double the quantity of wood on them that the orchardists in Nova Scotia allow to remain. The Nova Scotians are celebrated for their apples, and say that one bushel of fine fruit is worth more than four bushels of scrubs. The climate and richness of our soil may be offered as an excuse for the density of wood on our trees; but it is our impression that the pruning knife might be used to a greater extent than it is with profit to Middlesex farmers. Quality is what we should aim at.

#### Fall Wheat.

The usual questions are poured in on us—Which is the best kind of wheat to sow? Any new variety this year? etc., etc. We have heard of no new kind to be introduced this year; in fact many of the varieties that have been introduced as new varieties in previous years have been old wheats that have been in cultivation previously, and have run out or become apparently extinct. But they have been cultivated in some localities perhaps thousands of miles away, perhaps in another country, and thus with apparently a new vitality given by the climatic change, have been brought into general cultivation again. This climatic change has a most astonishing effect on