

Barrington.

This very fine illustration represents one of the most noted and very possibly the best Holstein-Friesian bull living. It will be of special interest to our readers inasmuch as many of the heifers offered at the public sale of Holsteins at Toronto, Ont., March 30th, (see advertisement on page 76 of this issue) are in calf to him.

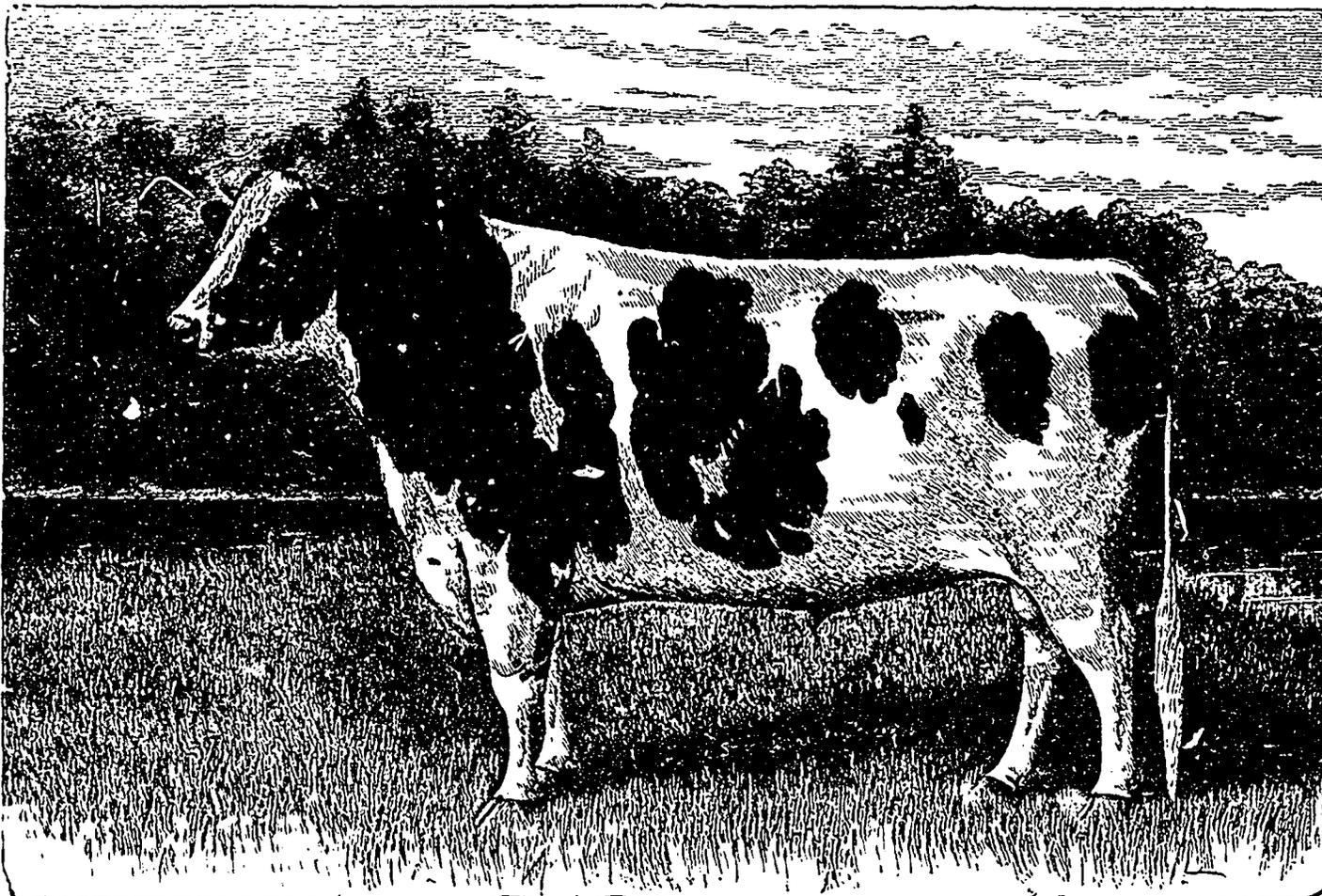
Messrs. B. B. Lord & Son, of Sinclairville, N. Y., are well known to our people as importers and breeders of first-class Holstein-Friesian cattle, and owners of one of the finest herds of these beautiful animals on the continent, at the head of which stands Barrington, a magnificent specimen of one of the best types of dairy cattle in the world. He is now three years

Bellevue.

The names of some places are misleading, giving one occasion to expect more than is found when the place so named is brought under review, but it is not thus with Bellevue, the extensive and picturesque domain of Mr. A. Hagar, M. P. P., which lies above and below and around the pretty little village of Plantagenet, on the banks of the Nation, some six or seven miles above its junction with the Ottawa. The name is singularly appropriate, for not only is it a land of natural beauties, but the inhabitants, like the name, which represent the French and English languages, also represent these two nationalities. May the day speed on when the differences of language, race and religion shall disappear, and the two peoples blended

tillage that all at once appeared, and so it proved—characteristics of all the field operations that passed under review during the whole half day that we spent with its proprietor in driving through some portions of this extensive domain.

Turning to the right within its borders and driving toward the midday sun shining in the fulness of his strength, we paused at the side of an outlying barn on the crest of a hill, which commands a magnificent view of this land of eastern Ontario glories. Look which way we would, the eye in its nearer view rested upon some portion of the 1,500 acres which make up this pleasant, fertile farm. In the resplendence of the fulness of the late summer richness, the wide valley of the Nation un-



HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN BULL BARRINGTON 278 N. H. B., 2103 H. H. B.

Imported and Owned by B. B. Lord & Son, Sinclairville, New York.

old, and weighs 2,200 lbs. His services are held at \$100 per cow, and his owners have twice refused \$3,000 for him. Many of his get, while yet calves, have sold for \$500 each. His dam Hamming 3851 H. H. B., has a milk record of 99 lbs. in a single day. She is one of the finest and most perfect cows living. Her dam has a milk record of 90 lbs. per day, and the dam of her sire 88½ lbs. of milk in a single day, and a butter record of 20¼ lbs. in seven days. The dam of the sire of Barrington has a milk record of 86 lbs. per day and 18 lbs. 9 oz. of butter in seven days. This herd includes, not only Barrington and Hamming, but many others of the very best quality, and many of them will be offered at the coming sale.

"Your JOURNAL in my opinion is one of the best I have ever read, and would recommend it to every farmer."—Samuel Beamist, Bothwell, Ont.

like the name of the domain of the largest landowner in the locality, shall unitedly labor to build up our northern Dominion, and to make it more and more worthy of the praises and the esteem of our great forefathers, dwelling so securely in their island home beyond the Atlantic.

We reached Bellevue late in September, just before the days were in the yellow leaf, although here and there some were tinged, carrying home to one the truth of our mortality, in spite of our natural reluctance to dwell upon this, which is too often looked upon as the grim spectre of the inevitable; coming from Ottawa city by boat down the majestic Ottawa river to Brown's wharf in north Plantagenet. Ascending the river bank and driving inland some three or four miles through a neglected country, we suspected the limits of Bellevue had been reached by the strength of the crops and the cleanness of the

folded its beauties one by one as we had time to take them in.

There lay at our feet wide fields (little farms in extent) of silver yellow oats falling before the reaper, and numerous herds grazed in the meadows of the valley, which had already furnished a supply for winter. Years ago these strong bottom lands in places were so swampy that it was thought they could never be tilled. Immense rafts of pine and oak were sent from these in days gone by, which long ago have perished in British ships of war and peace. In the centre of the valley run the waters of the Nation, a mighty flood in spring-time, but now a modest river, the waters of which were making their way through shallows where the stones lay confusedly in the river bed or congregating in deeper and wider basins to rest awhile in their onward journey. On the farther bank stood clumps and lines of trees, on this silent autumn