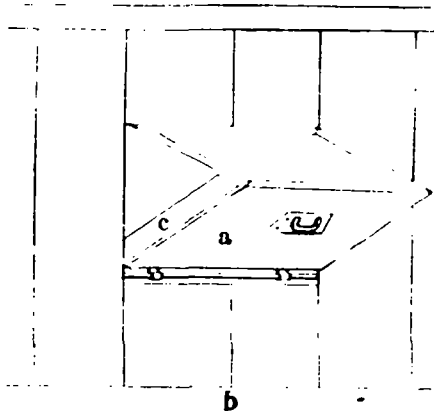


cided in undertaking to champion any breed is to thoroughly study your own conditions and requirements, and then choose the breed, tribe or strain that best conforms with them. In doing this the old though apt saying heading our article is acknowledged, and a just value placed upon its truth.

Swinging Manger for Box-Stalls.

In the barn of the Dominion Experimental Farm at Ottawa we saw a manger in a number of box stalls that commends itself for such purposes. In the sketch below the manger (a) is shown pulled out into the passage (b) to be filled. As will be seen, it swings at the bottom on an iron rod, which is firmly attached or run into two uprights of stout scantling, one on each



side. On each of these uprights a cleat is nailed, of such a breadth so that when the cleat (c) nailed on the outer edge of the manger catches it the outer side of the manger is even with the wall of the passage. Another cleat running up the inner side of the end, as (c) on the outer, catches when the manger is open, in a similar manner to the outer one, on the cleat nailed to the upright. The manger is made wide enough at the mouth and the angles at the opposite side large enough, so that when either opened fully or closed, the manger is held firmly in place by its own weight. A wooden button on the passage wall would shut out the possibility of the box being thrown back to the passage by the feeding animals. This same idea could be made much use of in the construction of pig troughs. Anyone who has experienced the trouble in shutting and fastening doors to box-stalls and pens to get at the mangers or troughs will readily concede that the above is a great advance on the old method, and especially so for bull stalls, when the bull is very often inclined to be fractious.

For the CANADIAN LIVE STOCK AND FARM JOURNAL.

The Duchess Tribe.

By RICHARD GIBSON, Delaware, Ont.

(FIFTH PAPER.)

It is impossible to estimate the value of the Duchess blood in building up and elaborating the present Shorthorn, there being but very few tribes but what have more or less of that blood in their make-up.

The limits of this paper will only allow the mention of a few of the most prominent of the Duchess bulls. As for prices realized, both at public auction and by private sale, we shall not attempt to quote; suffice to say, that since the time they have been on the market, viz., 1850, the highest prices realized at auction each year, with scarcely an exception, have been made by Bates breeders.

What this tribe has done towards popularizing the Shorthorn in lands distant to the valley of the Wharfe cannot be told. What bull did so much missionary work on this continent as the old Duke of Airdrie? Look at McCulloch with the blood in Australia, and the rage for the same sort in South America at the present time!

Of the Duchesses we shall not write at present, except to mention (in case there are some who would ask, "Why don't you fellows show?") that they have seldom been exhibited. Mr. Bates showed but little With Duke of Northumberland and Oxford Premium cow and two Duchess heifers he took every prize he showed for at the first meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society at Oxford in 1839. At Cambridge Royal next year his Red Rose cow won, and he was first also with a bull calf and Cleveland Lad at Liverpool closed his show-yard career. Whenever they have been trained and shown they have always acquitted themselves creditably. At the Leeds Royal, Captain Gunter about swept the boards. In the cow class over three years, he was first with Duchess, 77, beating Mr. Booth's Queen Mab, Lady Pigott's Duchess of Gloucester, and twelve others. In the two-year-old class, he was first with Duchess, 78, beating R. Booth's Soldier's Bride and eleven others. In yearlings, he was first with Duchess, 83, in a class of 31 entries. Much would we enjoy writing of James Knowles and the Wetherby Duchesses; how he made a successful foray on the Booths at Warlaby and captured three females and a bull, but at a sacrifice of about \$10,000, at a time when Warlaby was at the height of its prosperity and glory; when Commander-in-Chief was lord of the harem, and amongst his placid-eyed hours were ladies Fragrant and Gaiety and Gratitude and Patricia and others, in show trim—such a grand lot of show cattle as had possibly never before been got together by one man, of his own breeding. We say after spending two days at Warlaby and having almost a surfeit of good things in colors of white and roan and red, the next day at Wetherby was indeed a surprise, when Duchess, 84, with her four daughters, 92, 94, 101, and 104, were turned out together for our inspection. We scarcely could realize what this meant. We had read "Carr," and the Booth fever was at its height. "Long legs," "wasp-waisted," "papery hides" were continually floating before the mind's eye. Yet here were mother and daughters. Never before or since have we seen such a "galaxy of bovine beauties." 4th Duke of Thorndale was in chambers, assisted by 2nd of Claro.

Would space permit we could write enthusiastically of each, as well as of Duke of Gloster, and Grand Duke; also of the Duke of Airdrie, and of the 2nd Duke of Airdrie, a prize-winner in England; of our old favorite 22nd; of 24th, of whom a noted exhibitor and often judge at the Royal wrote us: "Have just seen 24, the best Duke in England. How you can afford to let such a bull leave America I can't understand;" also of 26th.

Then of the Thorndales: 1st was McMillan's pet; 2nd, an English prize-winner; 4th, the big fellow died at Wetherby, 10 years old; 6th, the show bull; 10th, long the pride of Wright at Woodburn; 13th, one of the very best, but completely thrown away in Wis. Who has not heard of the 14th certainly proclaims he has not been to Kentucky or made the acquaintance of Mr. George M. Bedford: "The best bull on God's green earth, sir!"

Of the Genevas, 1st was exported and did great service at Penrhyn. He was H. Stafford's favorite, and eloquent would he wax over him. 3rd was exported and was a very popular sire for Mr. McIntosh, he got

several Royal winners; 2nd and 5th were both show bulls and will ever be associated with the name of Mr. E. G. Bedford, as will 4th with that of Abe Renick. Long will it be before Kentucky can boast of having such a lot again within her borders. 6th, 8th and 8th also were exported to England.

1st of Hillhurst went to Britain, and there sired the most noted bull of modern times, Duke of Connaught, long the pride of Berkeley, and when ten years old he looked not over four. It was amusing to watch him do his hornpipe when his lordship and Piers entered his box-stall. That his memory will ever remain green with them all who have ever seen the three, together will readily believe. 2nd was for a time the pride of Lyndale, and we have heard many big boasts of his wonderful powers as a sire by one who had every opportunity to judge, and one who "knew 'em when he saw 'em." The Grand Dukes have been so numerous that to describe even a tithe of those we have seen in the flesh and known personally would be to spin out this yarn too long. Those who desire to see for themselves what they really are can do so, we have no doubt, by applying to the manager of the Niagara herd, who praises a Grand Duke very highly. Modesty prevents us saying more, as we assisted in his purchase.

We cannot conclude without, in justice, mentioning one bull that is well-known to most of our readers and to many others, one that has not been afraid to trail the tail of his coat through the fair, but has been ready to meet any and all comers in the show-ring. I refer to the well-known 4th Duke of Clarence, a bull that when ten years old could hold his own with any aged younger rival. He was long the pride of Bow Park, and we have no doubt, if it be true that the "gould" Queen Mary had Calais engraved upon her heart, Clarence will be found upon that of James Smith.

We have said nothing of the Gunter Dukes, or of those of York, of Leicester, of Underley, or of Ormskirk. To an American reader it would probably be but a jumble of names, but to us, as they pass along before the mind's eye, they recall most pleasant days. For example: In the spring of the year. A cherry orchard in Kent. The grass is green and fresh, the trees in full bloom, and beneath their shade fifteen or twenty massive cows. A most genial, open-hearted host, one of nature's noblemen. Other Shorthorn breeders. Can we ever forget that day? or the white Geneva Duchess, the red Oxford, the old Grand Duchess, the 4th Duke of Thorndale, *charmers*, or the Waterbury Countesses? Such days and such company will ever make man think this is a very pleasant world, and that Shorthorns have a place therein and exercise a benign and salutary influence.

For the CANADIAN LIVE STOCK AND FARM JOURNAL.

Association Judges.

It is with pleasure I read that Mr. Nicholson did not intend to cast any personal reflections on the prominent men of the D.S.H.A., although it is unfortunate that he did not express his meaning more plainly, as other readers of THE CANADIAN LIVE STOCK JOURNAL besides myself were equally misled by the wording of his letters, and even his last letter appears to contain an innuendo of a similar kind, or what does the statement that "a long lease of power, etc., has in a measure marred their usefulness as public men" mean? Does it not imply that the gentlemen referred to are, from a long lease of power, etc., not quite as upright now as they were when they first came into power? I confess I do not admire Mr. N.'s opinion