

was to their advantage that it should, but how retentive it would be when it was to their advantage.

Now, Agricola, if instead of saying I had a poor opinion of the prominent men, you had said I had a poor opinion of human nature, you would have hit the bull's eye. I wish to say this that I believe that amongst these prominent men there are some real good men. I mean good in the highest and best sense of the word, but a long lease of power coupled with the flatteries of servile fawning creatures, has in a measure maimed their usefulness as public men. I will make this admission that if men were what they ought to be, it would be for breeders to appoint their own judges, but, alas, they are not, and we must take them as they are.

This is the sum of the whole matter—the prominent men, their judges, and the chief exhibitors are a unit. They have two trusted ones on the Toronto Industrial Board, and one or two on the Provincial Board. Why it seems that Agricola was right after all. Being a member of the D. S. H. A. he should have gone a step farther, and told them to crowd to the front where their power and influence would be felt, and use it with an unsparing hand. Although I am not in favor of the machine, I cannot but admire the harmony of its working. How nicely one part fits into the other, and with what completeness it is calculated to do its work. Never mind if it does slaughter a few outsiders, it will be kind to the combine.

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The Duties of Exhibitors at Our Agricultural Exhibitions.

The above is the title of a paper read by Prof. Thos. Shaw, of the Agricultural College, Guelph, at the recent Canadian Convention of Fairs and Exhibitions, held in the city of Toronto.

Men are often loud in their clamors against the management of an exhibition who are themselves measurably and directly responsible for the results they complain of. It is the old story repeating itself of beholding the mote in the eye of another, while a beam is in the eye of the fault-finder. We have heard a good deal in these latter days about the duties of the directorate, when a few sentences on the duties of exhibitors may not be out of place. The three parties affected by the results of an exhibition are the directors or the board of management, the exhibitors and the visitors, and in proportion as any one of these is remiss in duty, the success of the exhibition will be marred. That some exhibitors are a constant source of trouble to the directorate, and especially to the secretary, is an open secret, and oftentimes without the culprits being aware of it, for were it otherwise they could not in conscience suffer themselves to act so unreasonably.

I can easily fancy the secretaries of large exhibitions so pestered with unreasonable demands from exhibitors who consider themselves the most reasonable of men, until they, like the good old man who, in a moment of forgetfulness, cursed the day of his birth, are ready to curse the day of their induction into the duties of their most trying position.

This tendency on the part of exhibitors to ask favors of the secretary is an illustration of the tendency in human nature to look upon self as an object deserving of especial consideration. If we admit the correctness of this assumption, then the amount of self in the aggregate deserving of especial favors at the hands of the secretary is the sum total of the individual exhibitors, and the application of the principle would then extend to every exhibit made by them, which would include every article on exhibition. Now, a conclusion so completely monstrous is contrary to reason, and yet it only illustrates where the admittance of this principle of granting favors would lead us, were it pressed to its utmost extent.

The disposition to ask favors of this kind is burrowed in selfishness, one of the most hateful excrescences that is constantly rendering character hideous, that, but for its presence, would be an object of admiration. If exhibitors would but consider the unreasonableness of these demands, held up full size in the mirror of honest reflection, they would often, as they view the spectre, wonder what manner of men they were, and shrivel into an infinitely smaller self in their own estimation. If they would but put themselves in imagination in the place of the secretary, they would wonder at the patience and long suffering

of the man whose peace they had (it may be unconsciously on their part) done so much to disturb.

This unreasonableness on the part of exhibitors shows itself in *forwarding entries* after the date of making, these has expired; in asking to be allowed to *remove exhibits* before the time mentioned in the rules; in *non-compliance* with the regulations regarding the exposure of exhibits, and in their *applications* for *passes* and *complimentaries*, and the use they not unfrequently make of these when they are obtained. I can imagine no duty of the secretary so hedged in with difficulties as the reception of entries. The number of entries is an indication of the probable success of the show, hence we can fancy the application of late entries finds the secretary more than half inclined to receive them, in his anxiety to secure a good exhibit, and all the more so when some of the directorate, self-impelled by the same feverish anxiety, not only sanction his thus breaking their own rules, but they rather urge him on in this direction. Now this should not be. When the rules of the show read that no entry shall be received after a certain date, so it should be. When that date arrives they should be refused, unless it can be shown that the application, forwarded on time, has failed to reach its destination. It is doing violence to the good old Anglo-Saxon to say that entries must close at a certain date when they do not. It was not on this principle that the framers of that glorious mother tongue built up the greatness of the peerless Empire, whose rulers speak this tongue. But it is not the Anglo-Saxon that sinks in the estimation of truth lovers so much as the men who put it to such a perverted use. Their reputation for veracity is more than hazarded, and they lose in this way more than they usually know. But it may be objected that all exhibition boards sanction the practice—covertly at least—and that it is the outcome of a necessity arising from the competition of the numerous exhibitions. I answer, if they all do it, directors, look ye to that. That it is a necessity to do violence to truth and to the rules of an exhibition by the framers thereof, is a piece of moral philosophy that cannot be sustained by the sanctions of the grand old Book. Directors must first respect their own rules and adhere to them, or it is not very probable that any one else will. When a rule reads that no entries will be received after a certain date it should mean that, and on the expiration of that time entries should not be received; no, not from the Governor-General, nor should the Governor-General even think of asking such a favor. No person should be so unreasonable as to feel aggrieved because his entries are refused after the proper time, unless in possession of evidence that this species of favoritism has been shown to another.

Unless the principle of promptly closing entries is rigidly adhered to, live-stock catalogues, so supremely useful to the interested visitor, are impossible. All exhibitors of stock, who think at all seriously of this matter, cannot but see the value of such a catalogue to themselves, and should therefore be impelled by self-interest, if by no higher motive, to give the secretary every information in their power, and sufficiently early to enable him to prepare a complete catalogue of the live-stock exhibit. All the facts sought by him regarding pedigree should be most cheerfully and promptly furnished, for it is snappily unreasonable to expect a secretary, or any of his subordinates, to seek information which it is clearly the duty and the privilege of the intending exhibitor to furnish.

Why should exhibitors be so unreasonable as to ask the privilege of removing goods before the time indicated in the regulations? Do they for a moment stop to reflect as to the nature of their request? Do they not perceive that they are asking the management to commit a dishonest act, to break faith with the public? When the management advertise that exhibits will be in their place and accessible to the public until a certain hour on a certain day, they are in duty bound to carry out their promises to the letter, and it is very unfair and unkind on the part of any exhibitor to ask them to do otherwise. Again, admit the principle that some may be favored thus, and the admission becomes applicable to all, which, carried to its utmost limits, means that the flood gates of a disorder shall be thrown wide open that would be disastrous to the success of succeeding exhibitions. Why should any exhibitor show irritation or annoyance because the management refuse to allow him to remove even a portion of his exhibit, or why should he feel it though he may not show it? Wherein has he been aggrieved? He should rather feel annoyed, and could not but feel

thus if he would reflect, with that moral obtuseness within him that could consent to his asking unreasonable things of the board of management.

(To be continued)

Jerseys and Standard Bred Trotters.

A SPIRITED LETTER FROM "FARMER JOHN" OF NOVA SCOTIA, DISCUSSING THEIR MERITS.

DEAR JOURNAL. You ask what has become of me, in consequence of not having heard from me for so long. Well, when the Jersey boom dropped, they fell so hard that they about knocked the breath out of me, but I am coming round again, still helping to milk a good dozen of the golden butter-makers, and still continuing to grow potatoes for them, and on the whole, enjoying life, with as great faith in the true value of a good Jersey as the only family cow that I ever had. True, I don't have as much to say about them as I had on the day I was so noisy, for the reason—public opinion, the jade. She is just as often wrong as right to side against me for a time, and from one extreme I went to the other; for if you remember—and of course you do—once in the height of the boom it cost about as much to buy a bang-up Jersey cow of the "upper tendom" family, as it would a paid-up life policy in a good insurance company, of sufficient money value to keep an ordinary granger the balance of his days in clover. Then they took a turn, and if you said "Jersey cow" to any kind of a sour-looking chap, he would knock you down. Why, there was one time during the depression, so far down in the estimation of the public had they sunk, that when I began speaking, I was told, "Stop now; we don't want to hear any more about them"—at the same time I had no idea of speaking of them. But I am glad to be able now to say that people are getting sane again, and are coming back to their postage. True, I don't ever expect to see fortunes paid for a Jersey, but I am just as willing to own a really good registered Jersey cow as I would a Bank of England £25 note. We can afford to breed them for that price, and the buyer who wants a luxury in the shape of the richest cream and the choicest butter is not against paying that price or about it for one.

During the interval of depression in my favorite breed of cattle, I had to do something to make the pot boil, and after a long commune with my conscience as to whether I was not catering to the gathering of kindling wood for the devil or not, I started breeding standard-bred trotters, and after a few years, experience I am satisfied it can be done with as little danger in the adding to old Beelzebub's chances of successful effort as can the breeding of any other of the farm stock which comes under the head of farm products. We have now on the farm eleven mares, all bred on standard trotting lines, and the oldest of our produce we have sold as they became three-year-olds, for which we have realized prices ranging from \$300 to \$500, sending some of them into western Ontario, and the business seems to be growing, for there can be no doubt the tribe of horses known as Standard-bred, when true representatives of the breed—and breed they may be called now, for not a few of the more advanced family have arrived at that stage when like begets like—are a most desirable road horse, combining intelligence, speed, and a kind and fearless disposition; and as their good qualities are becoming better known in the old world the men of wealth there sigh for them, and many are being sent over there, not only to England, but Holland, France, Italy and Germany. Just now I have an order from a gentleman in Scotland for a pair, and he adds to his order, "Be sure and don't have the tails banded, for when I was over, what I admired most, next to their fleetness and intelligence, was their grand flowing tails." There is a market on the other side, and a growing one, for this class of our horse product, and we Canadian farmers have within our grasp the very material to produce the kind they want.

Some other time, if you think it would be of interest to your readers, I shall be very glad to let them know, through your valued monthly, how we manage our colts, in the way of breaking and fitting, without professional aid.

So far we have had a glorious season for farm work. Crops are looking splendid; and surely this Nova Scotia of ours is a delightful place to live in—climate, moderate; land, fairly fertile; nearly surrounded as we are by the sea; populated by a people who are not given to killing or any of the outrages that we