

Human Nature at the Big Fair.

By Agnes Deans Cameron, Victoria, B.C., at the Dominion Exposition, Winnipeg.

The first day I spent among the horses and in the cattle-sheds, my guide, philosopher and friend being a lady stock-expert. Here everything is of vital interest. One looks at big heavy draft horses, the clean-limbed racers, Ayrshires, Galloway herds, and chocolate-colored Tamworths (the mortgage-raisers of the corn-belt), and listening to their herders and breeders, our thoughts go out to the ranches, ranges and homesteads where these animals are bred. If we took one tithe of the trouble to develop "all-round" children that we give to the selection, care and training of prize stock, what a race we would soon have! The contrast between the superb racers and the flotsam and jetsam of humanity who rub them down and work them out must surely give us pause.

The stable-boy entrusted with the toilet of such aristocrats as Woodend Gartley, Wire In, War Whoop, Sandy Andy and Limb of the Law has his charge as fine as silk, not a spot of dust on his noble hide, nor must the wind of heaven visit him lightly. The pet racer is fed with canned peaches out of a spoon, and sleeps on selected straw, his girths, and garters, and stockings, are adjusted with care, and his robe de nuit hangs at just the right angle; then the "roust-about," this lady's-maid to a racer, grabs a Coney Island red-hot and a crust of bread, and seeks slumber in a stable corner, out under the blue sky, or where the long lines of cots in a tent annex lie like beds in a city morgue.

The non-sunset Scot reigns in the cattle-sheds. His name is McPherson, McGregor, Mackenzie, Cameron, Fraser, McIntosh, McAndrew, "Sandy," "Big Aleck." He grasps your hand as if he never would let go, and tells you that those other breeds are verra weel if you're no par-tic-lar, but if you want the best, you'll find it north o' the Tweed. In each of their homes you find, three books, leather-bound and well-thumbed: the Bible, Bobbie Burns and the "Farmer's Advocate." A Scot is your true Conservative. He looks with an open suspicion, which is nearly aversion, upon the Red Polled Wisconsin herd of J. W. Martin. "The Duchess of Wisconsin" of this herd is a magnificent animal. She was the first-prize cow in the farmers' cow class at the International Exhibition, Chicago, 1903, carrying off the ribbon for the cow that gives the most milk, makes the most butter, and has the best steer calf. But do you think you can get McPherson, or McGregor, or McIntosh, to even look at her as she goes down the sheds? Robert Louis Stevenson says that it is the grandest boon in this world to be born a Scot. Maybe so, but it has its disadvantages. You have to learn the Psalms and Shorter Catechism, you have a predilection to strong drink, and, like the leopard, you can never change your spots.

The cattle are to be judged next day, and the queens of the herdbook are (tell it not) being "made-up." These burly, big-hearted breeders are making my lady's toilette. Tails are being laundered, horns and hoofs carefully manicured, and the whole herd shampooed. Men who have never, by direct circumstantial evidence, since the days they went courting, spent five minutes on their own finger-nails, polish up a rough horn with sandpaper and strips of glass, carefully standing back to view the effect, quite unconscious of the larger picture I see, of which the cow is not the central figure. One class in the next shed has just been judged, and as the bulls of Bashan are returned to their stalls, one outclassed owner swears roundly as he brings his fist down like a pile-driver on a post: "Ye may tak yer ribbon, but I'll bring a bull next year, McPherson, that wull beat you, dom ye!" This is the spirit that makes the Scot respected at home and abroad. It is not drawing-room language; no, but you could write "man" large over this personality, which you could scarcely do over his English cousin of the remittance order, who, driving his team afield, is heard to exclaim, in tones of culture: "Gee up, Buck; O', I beg pahdon, Bright!"

To my eyes, the fair is, in its proportions, all out of drawing. There is too much tail, and too little dog; too much outer coating, and too little cocoon. If the Midway faker element were put back of the white staff peristyle, and made to "sit down," and the vendors of foodstuffs and tawdry ornaments banished to a convenient corner, the ordinary sight-seer who wished to see the fair proper could do so with greater comfort, and the exhibition would gain in dignity.

It is difficult to get, even at such a half-way house as Winnipeg, an exhibition which could with truth be called representative of the Dominion; still, in some department or other, every Province of Canada is represented. The Maritime Province send their quota, and British Columbia sends across the Rockies and the plains fruits, race-horses, patent medicines, sheep, tobacco, and portable houses. The B. C. fruit, although it is just between seasons, is a feature of the exhibition. Indeed, it would be hard anywhere to beat the Royal Anne, Lambert, Novelle Royal, Olivet

and English Morello cherries here shown; views of B. C.'s big pines, the Fraser River fishing fleet, the swimming races at English Bay, and the fruit of the Okanagan ranches, hold the attention of the North Dakotans and Minnesotans, who are flocking by thousands across the 49th parallel.

"Ready-made houses" is a new feature of Canadian homesteading. One would wish that the cost price, all ready set up, were attached. There is no telling how many half-halting



Breaking on the Homestead in Assiniboia.

marriage ventures it might have hastened. A Bible display hints at the cosmopolitan character of the wheat belt of the Empire's granary. Here we see the Holy Book in Polish, German, Hungarian, Icelandic and Bohemian editions, besides the more familiar French and English. Juxtaposition is a great wag. Overlapping the good man's Bibles is the sign: "Save your money. Be your own dressmaker. It is important that you should be well dressed. Our system teaches you in two weeks for \$7!!"

Canadians are supposed to have evolved from the savage state. Why should crimes against art and taste be allowed to lift their unshamed heads in a fine-arts temple? Why, for instance, should people make cushions out of cigar labels, and stick hairpins and toothbrushes and tobacco pipes into ginger-jars covered with putty, and call it a "novelty, any other kind"?

It is a relief to turn from these abortions to a wonderfully fine-colored topographical map of Manitoba, by Louise H. Savade. It is the center of an admiring group of schoolmates, who hover round the school exhibit with wise criticisms, and eagerly drag their mothers to see the best things. You get a good idea of a child's observing powers by asking him what he saw at the fair; he generally gets his money's worth. Query—Is what the side-shows have to teach him an elevating influence?

Clydesdales for the World's Fair.

Mr. Tom Graham, of Graham Brothers, Claremont, Ontario, has concluded a sensational deal with Messrs. A. & W. Montgomery, by purchasing a large number of tiptop prizewinning Clydesdales from the Netherhall and Banks studs, Scotland. A considerable number of the animals in question are destined for exhibition at the World's Fair at St. Louis. Among the lot are the



Taking a Dip in the Good Old Summer Time.

following: Royal Baron, five years old; winner of first prize at Ayr as a three-year-old, where he beat the 620-guinea colt, Silver Cup; winner, also of second prize at the Carlisle "Royal," and first at the Aberdeen "Highland"; Duns premium horse in 1903 and 1904. King's Crest, four years old; winner of first prize at Port William as a foal; first at Wigtown and Dalbeattie as a yearling; first at Castle Douglas, Edinburgh, and the Carlisle "Royal" as a two-year-old; Lanark premium horse in 1903, and Auchencrain premium horse in 1904. Baron Stirling, three years old; winner of first prize

and championship at Edinburgh, and second at the Aberdeen "Highland" as a yearling; first and champion at Edinburgh as a two-year-old. Fairy King, two years old; bred by Messrs. Montgomery, and got by Baron's Pride, out of a Macgregor mare; winner of first prize this year at Castle Douglas, where he beat Refiner, the male champion at the "Royal." Baron Bertram, a splendid yearling colt, bred by Mr. Wm. Hood, Chapelton, and got by Baron's Pride, out of a Flashwood's Best mare. Moncreiffe Baronet, an exceptionally promising yearling, bred by Mr. McIntosh, Knowehead, and sired by Moncreiffe Marquis, the sire of the champion gelding at the Chicago International last year. The other animals in the lot purchased from Messrs. Montgomery include two very good two-year-old colts, one by MacMeekan, and the other by Baron Robgill; a capital three-year-old mare, bred by Miss Jardine, of Dryfeholm, and sired by King of the Roses; and a capital two-year-old filly, bred by Mr. Hood, Chapelton, and got by Baron's Pride, out of a Prince Romeo mare. Of the above animals, no fewer than six, namely, Royal Baron, Baron Stirling, Fairy King, Baron Bertram, and the two females, are all destined for exhibition at the World's Fair, St. Louis. The Messrs. Graham are evidently determined that the Dominion, which aspires to be "the Granary of the Empire," shall be represented at the World's Fair in a style commensurate with the ambitions of the Dominion and the enterprise of her leading stock-owners.—[North British Agriculturist.]

Our English Letter.

The wheat market continues to maintain a very firm attitude, and values may be called about 12 cents higher on the week, with little disposition to sell for shipment.

In Mark Lane the supplies have been very liberal this week, but the quantity afloat for this port has been greatly reduced, and the prospective supplies during the next month are decidedly below the current requirements. Manitoba spring wheats have realized high prices this week, viz., \$8.28 c. i. f. for No. 1 hard, August shipment, and \$8.16 c. i. f. for No. 1 northern, afloat.

There is more firmness in the flour markets, the improvement in wheat and the political uneasiness probably combining to bring out more numerous buyers, and prices generally may be quoted 12c. up. Bakers, however, are very slow to move, the consumptive demand being just now probably at its lowest.

Maize is very firm, and is, in fact, rather dearer, owing to bad crop reports from S. E. Europe, and in spite of the fact that Argentine shipments remain very liberal.

The American beef strike having assumed serious proportions, its ultimate effect on the London market is regarded with apprehension. The supply of chilled beef is now short, and the market is in an excited condition, but the attempt to make 15c. for hind quarters resulted in butchers leaving the meat alone. There is, fortunately, a plentiful supply of town and Liverpool-killed beef, which sells readily at prices ranging from 10½c. to 12c. A choice lot of Canadian heifers killed at Manchester was put on the market on Thursday, and made 10½c. per pound for sides.

At Deptford last week, prices reached the high-water mark, Yankee cattle making as much as 14½c., and Canadian 13½c. per pound. This week the demand has been very moderate, and prices have dropped all round.

On Monday trade was exceptionally slow, the 889 States cattle making 12½c. to 13c., and 829 Canadians 12c. to 12½c. For Wednesday's market the best States cattle made 13½c., and the remainder 12½c. to 13c. U. S. sheep on this market are making from 12½c. to 13½c.

At Deptford today (July 30th), 1,429 U. S. cattle were sold at 11½c. to 12½c., and 285 from the Dominion at 11½c. to 12c. Trade was exceptionally slow, and 800 beasts were withheld for next week. Four hundred and thirty-two Canadian ewes were readily disposed of at 13c.

Reports published by the London corporation state that the imports of frozen mutton and lamb last year into the port of London consisted of 5,665,351 carcasses; 440,090 came from Australia, 4,566,257 from New Zealand, and 650,004 from the River Plate. This is the largest quantity received in one year in the port. The imports into the U. K. from all sources during 1903 showed an increase of 960,380 carcasses over the aggregate of the previous year.

BACON.—The London trade, as is customary at this season, is very quiet, but in the country there is