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Omnium rerum, ex quibus aliquid acquiritur, nihil est agriculturâ melius, nihil uberius, nihil homine libero dignius.—Cicero : de Officiis, lib. I, cap. 42.

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The time fixed for the event of the year—THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION OF AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRY—is rapidly approaching. The preliminary arrangements are making satisfactory, if silent, progress. The grounds have been levelled, and enclosed with a lofty close fence; a long series of covered pens for sheep and pigs has been completed for sometime; there is likewise a row of shelved sheds for poultry coops; extensive ranges of cattle pens and horse sheds must now be nearly, if not quite, ready for their intended occupants; and, within a week from this date, the main Exhibition Building, completing the whole, will be delivered out of the hands of carpenters, glaziers and painters, and will look proudly down from its lofty hill-site, upon the trim town of Truro.

It is not alone at the Railway Hub of the Province, that the work is going on. Whether in Colchester or Annapolis, or any other county, wherever there is a Cheese Factory, one is told of the extra care being bestowed upon the curd and colouring of what is to be the prize Cheese of '76. In the city, Dartmouth, or the Dutch Village, you are shown the Poultry trios already spotted, and in process of luxurious feeding so as to fit them for the public gaze. In Bedford Row and Water Street you meet with Farmers enquiring for oil cake, "feed," and condiment. If we take a stroll through the fields of Cornwallis, so fertile in poetry and potatoes, we find cattle "developing" at a rate that might make

Mr. Darwin's hair stand on end as he realized the terrible possibilities of his theories unlimited. See the big calves of the Eatons and Margesons, swelling out with an importance that calves have never known before, since the happy time when the young pot of Benedict Bellefontaine's herd was indulged with an extra sip out of the gentle Evangeline's evening pail. What kind feeding wrought is told by the poet :

Foremost, bearing the boll, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the riband that waved from her collar,
Quietly pacer' and slow, as if conscious of human affection.

Benedict's snow-white locks, and cheeks brown as the oak leaves, we only read of now in the old tale, and Evangeline also is a cherished vision of the past, with her white Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings brought from old France, and since as an heir-loom handed down from mother to child in long generations; but Evangeline's beautiful heifer has come back again! and have we not this summer the veritable sunshine of Saint Eulalie, that the farmers say reddens the apples, and, in that fruitful valley, who will dare to limit the number of living Evangelines, "bringing to their husband's houses delight and abundance, and filling them full of love and the ruddy faces of children." But it is not in Cornwallis and on Grand Pré alone that bovine beauties are to be seen, or that efforts are being made to improve them into the best places at the Exhibi-

tion. Colchester has been famed for years for its Ayrshires, and Annapolis farmers are evidently preparing to run the Colchester breeders very hard. Six or seven counties can all send good Ayrshires, and several intend to do so. Then again, notice the Devons that one sees gazing out at the passing train from among the natural shrubbery about Grand Lake; they are sleek and wistful for red tickets. Look into the cattle cars as they stop at the stations, and take note of the splendid "specimens" that are being taken home by our farmers to make up Herds, and beat their neighbours, Ayrshires from Framingham, Devons from Oakfield, Jerseys from Rhode Island, Short Horns from New Brunswick, with occasional pens of Poultry from far and near. These are all signs, not of a successful Exhibition merely, but of what we have never had before in this Province, a keen COMPETITION. Live stock will not walk over the course this time, and Judges will have their work to do. See the procession of pedigrees that will line the columns of our little *Journal* next month.

In regard to Vegetable Products, we do not know that the interest is so intense, but it is possibly even more widely spread, inasmuch as many cultivators can produce prize roots who think they cannot afford to go into the "fancy cattle" business, as it is called by people who don't understand it. We know of choice samples of grain being reaped and cleaned. Our Dairy-women are packing butter with the most scrupulous care, lest the magnifying eye, or sensitive olfactory nerve, or delicate