

and presented to the Ladies by a missionary priest, about ten years ago, and are very rare if not unique on this Continent.

Altogether, the whole collection bespeaks that the utmost skill, judgement and care are continually lavished upon it, and the flower, fruit and vegetable gardens are equally creditable.

Smilax is extensively grown for decorative purpose, and a variety of floral designs, tastfully and artistically made, add to the attraction of the display. The venture to hold such an exhibition was a bold one but a capital idea and greatly to the credit of all concerned. It is gratifying to add that the public appreciation of it was such as to maintain the hope that it may be continued annually.

The Farm.

IS A MODEL FARM.

*Visit to Mr. Robert Reford's Stock Farm
at St. Anne's.*

*By Members of Ottawa Experimental Farm
Staff and Gentlemen Farmers.*

There are more things in the world than are dreamed of in most anybody's philosophy, not only Horatio's, and the party of newspaper men who went out to Mr. Robert Reford's stock farm at St. Anne's yesterday, saw and heard of things that were quite entirely revelations to them, even if one or two of them did come from the country in their youth.

The science of farming and stock raising has become a science indeed, and if it doesn't thrill the world at periodic intervals by discoveries of the phonograph, verascope and wireless telegraphy, it at least goes ahead in a quiet methodical and positive way of its own, which is not to be despised.

That much, at least, was impressed by a tour of Mr. Reford's farm, and if any still remained not altogether convinced of the efficacy of certain methods of feeding to produce twins and triplets or only single calves (as was left to be inferred from the bucolic disquisitions of Superintendent Jas. Boden), they at any rate were not prepared to deny that it might be so. And certainly Mr. Boden's practical application of his scientific ten-

ets, in a stock-raising way, had results to show—for such cattle and hens and sheep and pigs as those which browse and cackle and nibble and root on the Reford farm at St. Anne's are not to be seen every day.

There was quite a gathering at the farm in question yesterday. Mr. A. G. Gilbert and Mr. G. S. Grisdale, of the Government Experimental Farm at Ottawa, came down from the Capital to take a look over it and see what there was to see—and they saw. Mr. Jenner Fust, editor of the JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE, also dropped in to get a few subjects for the editorial pen—and he got them. Mr. George Muir, Mr. D. Fraser and Mr. Adams, gentlemen farmers all, like-wise came over to gather in a pointer or two—and they gathered. Mr. Boden, the superintendent, was uniform in his courtesy and ubiquitous in his solicitude, and every-body saw whatever his individual curiosity led him to want to see, and heard all there was to hear about it.

Mr. Reford's farm is certainly a model establishment. It is now about six years since he acquired the three hundred and odd acres which now make up the farm, and in that time the process of evolution from a more or less desert wild into one of the best appointed stock farms of the Dominion has been rapid and constant. The cattle are all pure-bred Ayrshires—there are 64 head of them—and there is not the equal of the exhibit in Canada. Last year they took no less than 34 prizes at the exhibitions in Toronto, London and Ottawa, seventeen of which were firsts. While the cattle are the chief attraction of the farm, there are all some very fine Shropshire sheep, and pure-bred pigs and poultry.

All the buildings of the farm are of the very latest and best construction, and excited the admiration of the gentlemen from the Experimental Farm, who quite candidly admitted that Mr. Reford beat the Government. Not a vestige of dirt escapes the eagle eye of Superintendent Boden, and cows and hens and sheep, even the mud-loving pig, have veritable little parlours and drawing-rooms to lounge in when they're inside.

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