



THE MIDWAY AT THE HORSE SHOW, 1902, BALLSBRIDGE, DUBLIN, IRELAND.

was, I think, at that same show that Mr. Miller showed his imported bull, Prince of Wales, of which he was so proud, that on being asked the price on him he snapped out, "Six hunner dollars—no an inch less."

It was at the first Toronto Exhibition that I saw the first illustration of the tricks of the show-yard, and that from Uncle Geordie Miller. He was showing Leicester sheep. The first prize for a ram lamb was \$20. An inexperienced farmer had entered a lamb that was better than he knew. Uncle Geordie, seeing that his own would surely be beaten, asked the newcomer the price of his lamb. "Five pounds," was the answer. "I'll take him," said the man of experience, suiting the action to the words, and, handing over the money, he slipped his own entry ticket on the back of his new purchase, secured the first prize, and sold the lamb, five minutes after, for more money than he paid for it. There were not so many rules relating to term of ownership, etc., then as now, but I have lived to learn that, as with acts of parliament, so with fair rules, there are few through which some people cannot, by hook or by crook, drive a coach and four. A Saul among the people around the cattle ring at Toronto exhibitions in these later years, known as

"LONG JOHN,"

is the eldest son of the late Geo. Miller, "the Laird of Riggfoot farm," and in facial features resembles his sire, but stands about a head and a half higher, and inherits the milder manner of his mother. He was a lad of about my own age at the fair of fifty-two.

My first experience as an exhibitor at the big shows was at the Provincial at Cobourg in 1855, where my father showed sheep with gratifying success. We went by steamboat from Port Credit. It was at Cobourg I first saw a railway locomotive. It came in by night on the short line from Rice Lake, and with its glaring headlight was even a greater wonder to me than Old Clyde. It was here I first saw Cotswold sheep shown, and fell in love with their stylish appearance and flowing forelocks. They were imported and shown by the late Mr. Stone, of Guelph, that year, but the Millers had brought out a few the year before, and my father paid them \$240 for a pair. The year previous, he paid Jimmy Dickson, of Clarke, the same price for an imported Leicester ram, which lived only six weeks after being placed in the flock, but left over one hundred lambs of such superior excellence that he was considered a good bargain. These would be considered good prices for sheep even in these advanced and prosperous times.

Pages might readily be filled with a recital of reminiscences of the experience of one who for fifty years, as visitor, exhibitor, judge, director, and journalist, has followed the leading fairs of two continents, but the limits of space demand brevity for the balance of this brochure, hence only cursory mention must be made of a few of the many interesting men and incidents met with at the annual fair gatherings during this long term.

Prominent among the men must be mentioned another Miller or two, for John, the son of William, and now in his 87th year, known as the

sage of "Thistle Ha," the oldest living importer and exhibitor in Canada, was in those days always the life of the company he was in, cracking jokes by the bushel with a Scotch "burr." His brothers, Robert, of sober mien, now of Pickering, and "Atha Will," the brightest of the bunch, now of Storm Lake, Iowa, the light of whose eyes has failed, but who yet has the vision of prophecy and an itch for scribbling, but has to be content with dictation—these also turned up at the "Provincial" with about the regularity of the season.

Simon Beattie, an importation of 1855, put in his first appearance at Canadian shows at Cobourg in that year, in charge of Geo. Miller's Shorthorns, a ruddy-faced young man with a cheerful smile and a broad Scotch accent. I well remember his jubilation over the success of his charges in winning the best prizes, and hearing him declare as he swung the red ribbons over his head, "I wouldna' carry a second or a third in my pooch." Like Jacob of old, Simon, after several years' service, became son-in-law to his employer, and afterwards confidential manager and conductor of show herds for

THAT PRINCE OF STOCKMEN,

Matthew H. Cochrane, of Hillhurst, Quebec, now Senator Cochrane, who, in the seventies, bought and sold individual Shorthorns for prices running into twice ten thousand dollars, imported them by the ship load and exported a consignment of 32 head in 1877, which sold for fabulous prices at Wintermere, in the home country of the breed, realizing for two of the females \$44,000. In his show herds will be remembered such phenomenal animals as Baron Booth of Lancaster, Rosedale and Queen of Diamonds, stars of the greatest magnitude and models of their kind. In 1871, at the Royal Show at Wolverhampton, I met Mr. Cochrane, Simon Beattie, and that other star stockman, the ever-versatile Richard Gibson, who still shines as a winner in sheep sections at international shows. On that occasion Richard and I each bought a bull from that past-master in the fitting of show stock, Joe Culshaw, manager for Col. Towneley. These bulls were Baron Hubback 2nd and British Baron. The former, secured by Richard for Col. King, of Minneapolis, was first-prize yearling, and Mr. Cochrane got Cherub, from Lord Sudely's herd, the second winner in the same section, the best of the three by odds, sold afterwards by Ed. Iles, of Illinois, for \$6,000. Culshaw, of whom an English rhymster once wrote, "He whom the gods call Culshaw, and men on earth call Joe," still lives, though close to the mark of four score and ten, if he has not crossed it.

Mention of Gibson recalls the record cattle sale of all the centuries, the Duchesses at New York Mills, in 1873, where I saw and heard him, without a tremor, bid, on the order of an English breeder, \$26,000 for a six-months calf, but another \$1,000 took her to Kentucky. That was

THE CRAZIEST CROWD

I ever saw, outside of an asylum for lunatics. Inside of four hours, with \$10,000 as the first bid for the first animal offered, 109 head were knocked off for an average of \$3,504, one cow selling

IN ELM PARK, WINNIPEG.
A fallen elm over the bicycle path.

AWARDING THE RIBBONS AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.