

dearer; and that is more than can be said of any thing else which the farmer has to sell.

The sales of Shorthorns by Mr. Thornton, in the month have been steady, if at a low range of prices, but Shorthorns are still at least as salable as all other varieties of beef cattle; and the classes for them, at summer agricultural shows (which are now in full swing, every week having its fixture), are as numerous as usual, and of fully average merit. Indeed, the yearling heifer, shown from the Havering Park herd, at the Bath and West of England show, at Brighton, is one of the most remarkable exhibition animals of any variety, in the present season. She weighed alive—when a week under 23 months old—14 cwt. 2 qrs. 22 lbs., and with all this flesh she was brisk in her movements and keen in her appetite. There seems no reason why she should not breed as freely as any Shorthorn of her year. Her sire was a Gwynne bull with a pedigree by no means line bred; her dam was of the old Lincolnshire Nonpareil tribe, which goes back to animals held in high local repute before the Messrs. Colling had won pre-eminence for their Shorthorns. This heifer is called Havering Nonpareil 2d. She combines in her veins an infusion of the blood of the Airdrie Duchesses, and of the Telemachus group at Burleigh, with that of the Scotch-bred Shorthorns of Mr. A. Cruikshank—from whom the g. g. dam was obtained. She is thus quite exceptional in her breeding for show-yard honors; for, of late years, by far the largest proportion of prize-winning Shorthorns have been mainly of Booth blood. Havering Nonpareil has indeed some Booth blood, but it comes in indirectly, and in a very diluted condition. She is in fact—like Mr. Outhwaite's Lord Zetland—the bull of Mr. W. Handley's breeding—good evidence to show that the virtue of the Shorthorn blood is not confined to the representatives of one or two herds, but extends to the whole breed. There has been shown a disposition, this season, to institute here what it is believed is an American device *i. e.*, champion prizes at the shows of breeding-stock for "groups of any pure breed of cattle." We believe that although such competitions may provoke a certain kind of interest, they neither, in the long run, benefit the shows nor the students of stock-breeding. In order to do any good, such contests must be impartially and efficiently conducted. At present they are neither. Were the rival groups of cattle to be all made up of animals of one age—*i. e.*, yearling heifers or three-yearling, of either sex—there would still remain the difficulty that it is all but impossible to find men who are equally competent to pronounce opinions on three or four different varieties. As the trials have hitherto been conducted, the groups have not been all of one age. A group of two full-grown bulls with a small calf, has been pitted against a full-grown bull and two yearling heifers; or a very old bull and two full-grown cows; and men who never have bred two out of the three varieties are supposed to be able to weigh up exactly all the merits and demerits of the discordant groups, and to strike a correct balance. As may be supposed, the decisions in these competitions have rather provoked ridicule than respect. There really are, in our modern show-yard system, influences at work which those who regard agriculture as a noble employment for men's fullest powers, would do well to discountenance. Any collection of choice animals of various strains of blood upon terms wherever none gets unfair advantage, is such a valuable opportunity of acquiring trustworthy information that it should not be allowed to be wasted. The chances of comparative examinations, are such as do not recur for twelve months at least. As mat-

ters are managed the show-yards are filled and emptied and the occasion passes away without one single fact of importance having been elicited which can be put on record for future use.

Still, it must be accepted that, in spite of the depression, the summer shows, so far, have been well-sustained, both by the number of persons who visited them and in the number of the entries for prizes. No doubt the fact that the same exhibitors now go over the whole country, and show the same specimens of the more generally cultivated breeds everywhere, forces itself upon one's notice. Exhibiting has become a distinct profession, of which the prizes are very considerable.

By the publication of the Hackney Stud-book, vol. ii., it transpires that a very successful hackney has already won above £1,500 in prizes; and some Shorthorns have put from £300 to £400 into their master's pocket. Of course it will be understood that to get anything like these returns much has to be expended, and more risked. But it accounts for the very high prices asked for animals up to show-mark in condition. Brothers and sisters in blood may be had at half, or even a quarter of the money, in better condition for breeding, if the buyer visits breeders' farms, and buys himself therefrom.

At the local sales lambs of all breeds are fully ten to fifteen shillings per head below last year's prices. The sales of red polled cattle show that good in calf heifers have been obtainable under £25 per head. The sales of Jerseys have been really brisk; better than for any of the beef breeds. Except for very choice young colts and fillies, all the heavy cart-horse varieties are showing a decline. But it is obvious that the sole cause is a want of ready money. For a good foal, a good calf, a good pair of lambs, or anything which does not take one into the top range of prices, whilst it does take one into the choicest blood—is very salable. Even the change of Ministry, which is commonly believed to indicate some change in the attitude of the Government toward foreign stock-breeders, does not make men hesitate here.

At the sale of Lord Braybrook's Shorthorns at Audley End, the best calves were scrambled for. This was because they went at from 60 to 80 guineas, whilst the two and three-year-old heifers of same origin went at three times the money. Probably no one now living ever saw agricultural property in England of every kind in land, buildings, live-stock, so hampered to find a purchaser who can pay "money down."

G.

Mr. Rennie's Seed Farm.

The name of Mr. Wm. Rennie, of Toronto, the owner of this one hundred and twenty acre silver medal prize farm, is fast becoming a household word in rural homes throughout the entire Dominion. Although he only engaged in the seed business in 1870, in the line of grains, grasses, and tuberous roots, he has come to the front, and his seeds, from the excellence of their quality, are now eagerly sought by farmers of every class, particularly by those of them who are anxious to excel in the character of their products. His trade in seed grains is particularly large. To enable him to keep up the supply a large number of farmers in Markham and Scarboro' and other parts are regularly engaged to produce for his warehouse. These men are no less noted for the superior quality of the produce, which they grow on soils kept scrupulously clean, than for their integrity of character, hence Mr. Rennie is enabled to place upon the market a succession of seed grains of the purest character that is practically unlimited. The supply from other

quarters is similarly produced, as large lots of seeds are grown under contract in various countries of Europe and other lands, and by men who have made a business of growing specialties. For instance, the bulbs come from Holland, the vines from the United States, and seeds of vegetables from Britain, which enables him to keep up a supply of pure seeds that is practically unlimited.

In the busy season—the months of March, April and May—the seed warehouse, situated on the corner of Adelaide and Jarvis streets, Toronto, presents a scene of much animation. To give an idea of the enormous extent of the work done, we may mention that as high as forty tons of seeds of various kinds have been shipped in a single day. Small quantities of seed are sent by parcel-post to any part of the world. Any order of any size whatever, will be filled, which is accompanied by the remittance as stated in the catalogues, which are furnished free. The postage on seeds alone is often as high as \$25 per day.

The debt that a community owes to a thoroughly reliable and enterprising seedsman is very great. Owing to the endless commingling of grains in threshing, through careless sweeping of barn floors, etc., were it not for the painstaking offices of the seed-merchant, we would look in vain for separation amongst our seeds. Our fields would indeed present a strange medley, and men, disgusted with the general confusion reigning everywhere in the vegetable world, would anxiously ply the question, "Where is purity?"

THE DRIVE OUT.

Our visit to the "Seed Farm" was made on one of those early July days, when our hearts cannot but be elated at the joyful prospect which the earth presents of a most abundant harvest. It is usually so in this happy country in which we live, but particularly so in Markham, where this seed farm is located, within sight of the fruitful domain of the Messrs. Russell & Marsh, both shining lights in the stock lore of our country. Nature has been very bountiful to Markham and its sister township, Scarboro', in the deep clay loam which it has thrown upon their levels, and deposited in layers so deep that the rain of centuries has not sufficed to wash it off the uplands.

Mr. Rennie conveyed us to the farm, some fifteen miles distant from Toronto, and not far from the Yonge-st. road, a duty undergone by him, with, we fear, too oft recurring frequency in these latter days, but this is one of those features attendant upon success, for which it seems no remedy has been discovered, as it would not be a graceful thing to reject that tribute which strangers bring sometimes from foreign lands to lay upon its altar.

Some ten miles from Toronto, and near the pretty village of Thornhill, in the valley, a lovely scene arose to view. A depression, some miles in extent, stretched out before us, which gradually rose on its further side till it culminated in the Ridges, which lay over against the sky twenty miles away, and form the watershed between Lakes Simcoe and Ontario. Beautiful homesteads sat peacefully within the adjoining shades of ornamental tree and forest. The joyful hum of bees arose from the pink alsike meadows. Immense fields of wheat just a little golden, waved in gratitude to the passing breeze. Everywhere the earth had responded bountifully to the labors of the husbandman, and the grateful smell of new-mown hay filled the senses with a satisfaction which was very pleasing. The sun shone brightly in the heavens, benignantly looking down on the abundant labors of the inhabitants of those townships, who were busily engaged in securing the fruits of the earth.