

in England are willing to pay a good price for the right article, and discriminate very severely against the wrong. For months past, with the exception of the last few weeks, there has been a discrimination against fat sides of this character, running from 8s. to 12s. per 112 lbs. This means that, given two hogs out of one pen, one running stout and thick with fat on the back, and the other somewhat lean and fleshy, the product from the fat hog has sold at from 2c. to 2½c. per lb. less on the English market than the product of the best.

4th. Q.—Having in view the probable tendencies of the most profitable market demand of the next few seasons, what points in breeding, such as character of side, back, belly, ham and shoulders, are deserving of special attention?

Regarding the most profitable market demands of the next few seasons, it is likely to be for long, lean sides, and they can only be made from long, lean hogs, and the animal when standing, or hanging after killing, should hardly show where the shoulder ends and the ham begins. Thick shoulders are an abomination, and thick, unwieldy hams would be objectionable, but we have very little trouble from the latter. We are of opinion a good deal of nonsense has been said and written about the desirability of thick hams. Of course, with the greatest care in breeding, there will occasionally turn up an animal of abnormal shape; but as a rule, if a pig is well-bred his hams will be all right. We have often seen a hog with a heavy, thick shoulder and a miserably thin belly and flank, and such an animal is objectionable and unprofitable in the highest degree. At the last Markham fair we offered a money prize for the best pen of bacon hogs, and our foreman was the sole judge. They afterwards came to our bacon factory, and they were a pleasure to look at. A line stretched along the back and sides would have touched along the whole length. Thick bellies are very desirable. We are a little diffident in advising how this can be attained; but that it can be is certain, because we get thousands of that description.

5th. "Would you emphasize any points useful in regard to feeding, age when sufficiently matured, pure-bred or cross-bred, etc.?"

In replying to this question, we will take up the last point first, whether we prefer pure-bred or cross-bred. We prefer Tamworths, pure-bred, but don't want pure-bred Yorkshires on any terms. The hogs of which we spoke so admiringly were cross-bred Yorkshires, and that is the prevailing style in Ontario now, and we want nothing better than pure-bred Tamworths or cross-bred Yorkshires. Regarding feeding, there can be no doubt that a mixture of meal with dairy slops makes the sweetest and richest pork. Peas alone have a tendency to make the meat, both fat and lean, rather hard. Lastly, as to the age at which they are sufficiently mature for our purpose, that will depend very much on the way they are cared for, but with proper attention they should be in good shape at six to eight months old. In the former part of this letter we have laid stress on the young pigs getting plenty of exercise, at the same time plenty of coarse food, so that they will grow into long, rangy stores.

Far too many pigs are sent to market weighing only 130 to 140 lbs., and many of them thin. They are a nuisance to a pork packer and often entail a serious loss, and drovers should not buy them. In one word, pigs weighing 120 to 140 lbs. are very undesirable. They will be discriminated against more severely in the future. The future of the bacon trade is in the hands of farmers as much as in the hands of packers; hence we have a right to ask for co-operation.

Hoping the above will be of service,

Yours truly, THE WM. DAVIES CO., Limited.
Toronto, Nov. 4th.

P. S.—Since writing the foregoing the expected decline in England has come. It is worse than a decline—it is a crash; and this simply because, as we have said in our letter, farmers will persist in giving us hogs so irregularly.

An investigation by Prof. Duggar, of the Cornell Experiment Station, showed that certain mold on butter was due to the use of improperly seasoned or young, porous wood in making tubs, or tubs stored in a damp place before using. Trouble may also arise from inferior parchment paper used in lining the tubs.

The Views of a Hamilton Packer.

To the EDITOR FARMER'S ADVOCATE:

SIR,—1st. This is the first year in which we have found the number of hogs sufficiently numerous for our wants, and even this year they have not been regularly so. The only way that we could suggest to remedy this, is for the farmers and breeders of hogs to have them ready to market at different seasons of the year, instead of their having them come in at one time; for instance, during the last few weeks there has been a large supply of hogs, while at some times during the summer it has been difficult to get them. The supply is, however, a great deal better than it has been in our experience.

2nd. We should say that the demand for Canadian meats would warrant an increasing supply of hogs.

3rd. There is now very little difference between the style of hog wanted for the English trade and that wanted for the bulk of the Canadian trade. The only difference is that the lumber and mining trade of Canada demands a larger and fatter hog than is wanted for the English trade, but this is now not nearly so large as it has been in former years.

4th. The English trade and the bulk of the Canadian trade demands a hog weighing from 150 to 200 lbs., lengthy, lean, and with small head and shoulders.

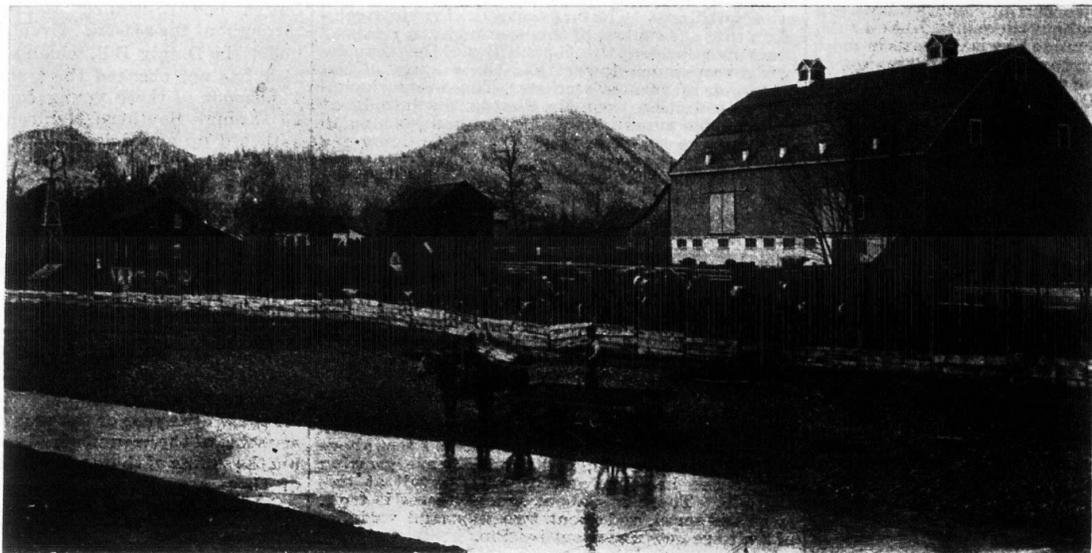
5th. We would make no suggestions regarding the breed of hog, except that it should be one possessing the qualities which we have already mentioned. We find of the present breeds that the Tamworth and Yorkshire have these points, but there are other breeds which are furnishing the kind of hog wanted, and we find the bulk of our supplies come from the cross-breeds.

Yours truly, F. W. FEARMAN.
Hamilton, Ont.

Woods, set with ideal islands, the summer resort for weary Winnipeggers, passes through the kaleidoscope on our left, and turning to the right we see the massive granite flouring mills of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, grinding day and night fine flour for the trade east and west. A breathing spell of two hours at Winnipeg, and the iron horse pulls us out over the Prairie Province, where, the harvest home and the threshing done, the farmers are plowing long furrows in preparation for the spring seeding and the coming crops, cogitating, no doubt, on the satisfactory price realized for the last, and the bright prospect for the future. The Manitoba farmer heaves a sigh of relief, feels that he has been helped over a hard place by the upward turn of the markets, and is now "on easy street." The long line of elevators at the stations, filled to the roofs, give the key to the situation, and the Western farmer smiles at the thought that he is getting as much for his wheat as his Ontario competitor, whose crop costs him so much more to produce. The long haul does not seem to count, though, as a matter of fact, it does, but it is *quality* that wins for the Westerner.

Rolling over the prairies of the Northwest Territories day after day reminds one of sailing across the sea, where the outlook is limited only by the horizon. One can form no conception of the vastness of the country till he has gone over it, and a run through by rail gives but a very imperfect conception, for one sees only the length of it, while the width thereof seems bounded by the extent of his vision. The rolling prairie country would be beautiful but for its bareness of trees, which gives it a

lonely aspect that becomes monotonous, and one would wonder what it was good for if it were not for the full trains of fat bullocks bound for the British markets which we passed side-tracked at the stations along the road, which remind us of the existence of the ranches of Southern Alberta, where high-class beef is made from the buffalo grass, which costs nothing to produce, but which comes to him who patiently waits; while a band of sheep here and there on the north side of



"EDEN BANK" FARM BUILDINGS OF A. C. WELLS & SON, CHILLIWACK, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A Trip to the Pacific Coast.

[EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

A trip to the Coast in October is an enviable treat, and one which marks an era in the lifetime of one who may not have the privilege of repeating it. Leaving Toronto at midday, the remaining hours of daylight give us glimpses of the fertile fields of the fine old counties of York and Simcoe, fair samples of the best of the farm lands of the banner Province, and the evening shades find us skirting the lovely lakes of the Muskoka district. Retiring to our berths at North Bay, we are rocked to sleep to the tune of Westward Ho! Waking, the outlook reveals the sunbeams shimmering on the shores of Lake Superior, studded with islands, evergreen, while our road runs over rocky ridges on a rugged shore. The land side here has no charms for an agriculturist, but the man intent on mining associates Sudbury with copper and nickel, and Michipicoten with gold, and dreams of the mighty possibilities bound up in these rocky fastnesses. Bedtime finds us under the shadows of the mammoth wheat elevators at Fort William, filled to overflowing with golden grain from the farms of Manitoba. We waken in the Wabigoon district, and sipping our coffee in the dining car, view from the window the pioneer farm at Dryden, and marvel at the sight of nearly a hundred houses where two years ago we saw but two log cabins and an unfinished barn. Here are indisputable indications of immigration, a country rapidly filling up and a home market growing as the result of the rush to the mines in the Rainy River district hard by. Rat Portage, beautifully situated on the Lake of the

the track indicates that the wool-grower has claimed the ground where the wolves used to hold carnival, and heaps of whitened bones at the stations tell of the departure of the buffalo to the happy hunting-grounds, where his old-time enemy, the Indian, is fast following him, and is seldom seen where he used to assert himself. The great bands of horses that constitute another feature of the marvellous ranching country did not come within range of our vision.

IN THE ROCKIES.

Sunrise on the fourth day finds us at the foothills of the Rockies, humming—
"Morn amid the mountains,
Lovely solitude,
Gushing streams and fountains
Murmur God is good."

We shall make no attempt at the impossible task of describing the matchless mountain scenery passing in panoramic view for thirty-six hours, presenting a continuous variation of towering monuments of mighty convulsions in nature in the long ago, some of them snow-capped the year round and having their heads in the clouds and their bodies clad with evergreen, interspersed at this season with variegated autumn-tinted leaves of the annuals which go and come to give variety. These, with the succession of glittering glaciers, gushing fountains, foaming cascades and thundering canyons which come into view as the train winds its serpentine way between the mountains, must be seen to be appreciated, and they are never tiresome and never disappointing. There is no monotony here, for the scene is ever changing and always beautiful.

THE AGRICULTURE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Much has been said and written, and justly, of the wonderful mineral resources of British Colum-