

first-class butter and cheese out of milk that is made foul by the filthy habits of certain of the patrons. And there we stand. We simply cannot make such goods unless we have clean milk. If we ask the patrons to unite for the sake of their own profit, and force the dirty ones to reform their course or leave, they will not do it. They seem to act as if they had rather lose a good bit of money every year than to offend some of these dirty fellows who are lowering the value of the general product all the time."

The above is the burden of complaint that we have heard from thousands of butter and cheese makers for years, and it is still being uttered. The Wisconsin Dairy School is one of several in the nation that is turning out hundreds of bright, neat and capable young butter and cheese makers. But what can they do with dirty milk? What can they do with a patron who is naturally nasty in his habits and practices? The fact is, the patrons of every cheese factory and creamery ought to form a solid body of sentiment and resistance against the dirty members of their own flock. It is these men that keep down the prices of butter and cheese.

"Hoard."

## The Flock

### ABOUT SHEEP.

Although this has nothing to do with politics, I may venture to use an illustration which is not without significance to politicians. Those who assume that the rural population is homogeneous—that all farm folk are of one inclination, sure to be moved by similar appeals and arguments, and to be relied upon to throw the whole weight of the class into the same scale—are invited to spend a short time, in making themselves acquainted with the diversity of types which exist among the most serviceable of all domesticated animals, the sheep. Because what the sheep of a country are, the men generally are. (Of course, this does not refer to the same extent to new countries as it does to Eng-

land). In saying the above, I do not at all intimate any acceptance of a too common phrase: "Oh, the labourers will all follow their leaders like sheep."

In point of fact, when they have the chance, sheep choose the leaders whom they follow. Though sheep follow leaders implicitly, each flock grows its own, and is by no means disposed in a hurry to accept any substitute. I am not now speaking of a frightened mass, driven by shouting men, and barking dogs through a gateway. That simile fits no class of labourers now, more especially in Canada. I mean, of course, sheep having been accustomed to a certain amount of liberty. Not so much as they have in the bush, or on a ranche, but rather more than those enjoy which are habitually squeezed by hurdles into so many square feet per sheep like the beds in a ten cent lodging house.

In England the flocks of any genuine agricultural district, and its native population are alike historic survivals, or living evidences of past history. "Slowly," as Pope wrote in "The Dunciad," "universal dullness covers all," still the process is a slow one. The towns in England have not yet ground all individuality of character out of the villages; nor all the traces of remote and curious crossings out of the local flocks. Each quarter of the "Tight little island"—almost every county—has its own type of sheep, and, what is still more odd, has its own taste in mutton too.

In Devonshire, Gloucester or Lincoln, no butcher would object to "white features" in the sheep offered here for sale. But in many a town in East Anglia, and the Midlands, a leading member of the craft would almost as soon think of labelling a carcass "cow-beef," as of allowing a sheep that has not a dark face and trotters to be seen hanging in his store. And strange to say, the customers of one will find their main grounds for satisfaction in the very points to which the other takes the most exception. In Lincolnshire, the breakfast chop will be held to be all the sweeter from