

On the 15th inst. we listened with pleasure to an able and eloquent lecture on the North West Territories, by the Rev. Mr. Pitblado. No tract on the face of the earth has been more loudly praised as a luxurious, fertile field for the ambitious Agriculturist; none more heartily condemned as a bleak, barren, hopeless, wild-beast wilderness. But on Tuesday evening we were told a plain tale of the great lone land, and the beaming countenances of so many grey-haired men, no less than the hearty applause from the general audience, bore willing testimony to its power and truth. The lecturer did not present a finished picture. He is too old a traveller, too experienced an artist, to do that. He brought us before his easel, like a painter explaining the secret of his art. He showed us the model, and how the model might be copied, conventionalized, touched up, improved, made beautiful, made ugly, monstrous. First the country was shown in outline, a bare skeleton, as it were, an architect's plan, without light or shadow or sign of life. Here the fertile region, there the barren wilderness, and everywhere vast uncertain wilds. An instructive comparison was made of the country with the land in the United States lying immediately south, which was stated to be several thousand feet higher, with a drier but not warmer climate. After giving many details, the lecturer took the traveller's brush, filled in the glowing tints, brought them to the brightest sunset of an autumn day. All is beautiful now, the wheat fields wave in the balmy air, the heart swells with gratitude, the eye looks fondly to the land of the setting sun. But then another brush is brought—the picture is toned down by the sober evening tints and shadows, and it now looks blurred and gloomy with the stern actualities of truth—just as a truthful picture looks of any other country; the great lone land lies before us with its treeless prairies and ague swamps and hard work and poor camps and shanties, and immigrants sick and weak; and we hear the splash of the horses' feet in the mud-holes, and the cracking of wheel-spokes, and the "see" of the settler's constant friend, mosquito. And yet with all its faults it is a great and wondrous country, a goodly heritage, a Land of Promise. That its fertile tracts will be rapidly filled up with immigrants, that the difficulties they encounter will develop them into a hardy, independent race of loyal citizens, and that the North West will become one of the greatest wheat growing and stock raising countries of the world, long before the close of the present century, are results as certain as any human probability. It is a good place to go to, for those who are able and willing to work, and whose temperament, mental resources

and habits of life are such as to enable them to overcome the great loneliness inevitable to the first settlers in a new country, where alike the beneficent and baneful influences of society are unknown, where even the excitement of a quarrel with one's next door neighbour can be realized with difficulty, where the want of the luxuries and many necessities of civilized life has to be silently endured, and where there is neither a Pitblado to stir the blood, nor Pintos of Penzance to cast a glamour over the asperities of life.

Apart from every question connected with the North West,—it is of great importance to Nova Scotians to study carefully, and to strive to perceive clearly, the relations which that country is destined to bear to our own, and to so guide our own affairs, and, as far as we can, influence theirs, as to lay firm foundations for future, permanent, national prosperity.

The officers of the Sydney Society, Co. Cape Breton, have nominated W. H. Moore, Esq., to the Central Board of Agriculture. This is an addition to the votes printed in list of nominations last month.

MILFORD, Feb. 4, 1881.

Dear Prof. Lawson:

Mr. Green is just up from Oakfield, and tells me the cow Duchess of Warwick calved on Sunday last, heifer calf.

Truly yours,

H. L. YEOMANS.

IN COOKING ASPARAGUS a serious practical difficulty presents itself, which is got over in a very simple way by continental European cooks. Asparagus-eaters generally know that whilst the green tip is always tender, the lower part of the stalk is tough as tussack grass, and often as hard. To remedy this, in boiling, the tips are left an inch or so out of the water, so that the lower hard part may be thoroughly cooked without spoiling the tender tips. Asparagus if cut when very short gives only an inch of edible top, by allowing it to lengthen before cutting long tender stalks are got. It is only the part underground that is tough and defiant of the cook's efforts.

In the old Nova Scotia Register of Jersey Cattle there is an animal entered as follows: "110 Marchioness of Bristol, 2763 Am. Dam 130 N. S., Regina 2nd, 2475 Am." Information is sought respecting this animal. Any one who knows anything more than the above of her history will confer a favour by communicating with the Secretary of the Central Board. An opportunity occurs for sale of the cow or her stock, if still in existence.

CONTROLLING SEX.—My plan is simply this:—When a heifer calf is desired from any given cow, I note the date of her entry into period in my register. The season is allowed to pass unimproved. I immediately begin, however, to prepare for its return. The cow is allowed to run at pasture, and is but slightly fed upon feed. My bull is subjected to a rigid restraint, being allowed to serve no other cow under any circumstances, until the chosen animal has been disposed of. He is also fed the while upon rich heat-producing feed. As a consequence, I seldom fail to have, at the proper time, a very demonstrative bull and a moderately excited cow. The animals are coupled under these circumstances, and the issue of the union has invariably proven to be the desired heifer calf. When a bull calf is wished, I reverse the treatment. The cow is the well-fed and well-attended animal. The bull is allowed to exercise his powers by serving every chance cow presenting an opportunity, from which no particular sex is desired. In fact, I seek such opportunities from among the cows of my neighbours. As a consequence, when the cow's frenzy returns, I have an exceedingly demonstrative cow, and a bull by no means rampant. Coupled under such conditions the calf invariably proves to be the desired bull. While science has been ransacking every nook and corner of the universe to discover this law, it has been plainly legible all the while. It is a fact to be observed any day upon these prairies of ours. An overtaken bull begets bull calves, while in those localities where young and vigorous bulls abound heifer calves prevail. The simplicity of the matter has seemingly been its mystery, viz, Nature supplies her own demands.—D. D. Fiquet, in the "American Dairyman."

On 15th January, the recently imported Short Horn Heifer "ROSELEAF" calved a bull calf. The calf is sired by Burgundy 37926 English Herd Book. All the imported stock are doing well. In a recent letter, Mr. Thornton writes:—"I rejoice to hear that the animals have arrived safely, and given so much satisfaction, and further trust that they will do well in the country, and into whose hands soever they may fall." It will be seen by a communication in another column that the cow Duchess of Warwick has also calved.

THE Short Horn Bull, LORD BEACONSFIELD, bred by C. F. Eaton, Esq., No. 67, N. S. Register, has been transferred to Eddy Tupper, Esq., Meadowview Farm, South Branch, Upper Stewiacke. He was purchased for Mr. Tupper at the Provincial Exhibition in Halifax, October 1879.