

possessed with the fixed idea that Englishmen were the cream of the earth. That one was equal to three Dutchmen, or to four Frenchmen. Can we blame him when we know that Howe, Nelson, Benbow and others were continually proving it on the seas, while Wellington, Clive, Gough and Napier were rolling up higher victories even upon land. He was entitled to all the satisfaction he could squeeze out of such faith. At home, early morn saw him in the saddle. His flocks and herds were his especial care, and not only England, but every portion of the habitable globe, has to acknowledge his skill in the development of all species of live stock, whether of horses, cattle, sheep or swine.

His public duties were not neglected. As Overseer of Poor and Highways he had scope for his ability to assist the one without offence, and to keep the other in repair by use of the former, thereby averting that last resort, the poor-house, and securing the independence of feeling that the poor ever possess, and which is one of the fine feelings that ought not to be ruthlessly rent asunder by proclaiming the "poor-house is open to you—no outside relief." At marketing his produce he was especially keen—no butcher could calculate nearer the weight of a bullock or wether—and as he had capital there was no need of selling his grain until his judgment told him he had better do so. As I remember him, Tuesday being market day for cattle, promptly on hand at 8 a. m. was he to be seen. Each week were to be found 8 or 10 head of fat cattle during the winter months, and 20 to 50 head of sheep during the spring and summer. The market was over by 11 a. m., and the bargain was consummated by a slap on the hand. I don't know the origin of the strange custom, but there were well-informed operators who clung to the belief that unless that particular form was observed no bargain was made. Friday was the market, and every farmer occupying a farm of any consequence was to be seen. Our particular prototype was of course on hand, and at each large hotel was provided a "market ordinary," at which such as I have been describing presided. At one of these I see my friend. He has been chairman of this especial weekly gathering for over 25 years. His word is law. A generous dinner is provided (as good as can be got now, for the art of dining properly was not originated with this generation), and afterwards a Farmers' Club holds sway; not by membership fees, not by resolution, or by constitution or by-laws, but by tradition and the feeling of freemasonry, as it were, amongst men who are all members of one large order. None but farmers attend, and they grade themselves at the various hotels according to their views and social standing. This club life is the essence of English agriculture. What we are here trying to produce by aid of paid speakers at our Farmers' Institutes, is accomplished in England by practical men conversing weekly upon the requirements of the industry; the values of store cattle and fat are compared, each little experiment is told, and after a certain hour the merchants and agents for cakes and artificial manures are admitted. But the man of whom I write is gone and the mold broken. Is it good for England? I can't say. That it is good for agriculture I must emphatically deny. It is he and his comrades that we have to thank for Shorthorns, Herefords, Angus and Galloways, Devons and Jerseys, sheep and swine, horses, both light and heavy. To him, then, let us pay a passing tribute, and join with me in singing one of his old songs:

"I come of a free and jovial race,
A country squire am I;
With a name that has never yet known disgrace,
And I'll tell you the reason why.
I'm a chip of a block of an ancient stock,
And am loyal, brave and true,
And am one of a race that can go the pace,
Altho' I am seventy-two."

CHORUS.

"Then cheer, boys, cheer, for an old true-blue:
He's one of a race that can go the pace,
Altho' he's seventy-two."

"No sluggard am I in my bed to lie,
I rise at early dawn;
Thro' the meadows I jog with my gun and my dog,
Or mount at the sound of the horn;
A seat in the saddle I still can keep,
With a Hee Tally Ho, Hee Ho.
For my limbs are strong and my wind is long,
Altho' I'm seventy-two."

CHORUS—"Then cheer, boys," etc.

"At Christmas time, when the bells they chime,
I've a welcome as well as a smile,
And a hearty good cheer for peasant or peer,
In a jolly old English style.
I'm fond of good sport, tho' nevertheless,
My passions I always subdue,
For it's only a fool who loves excess,
And he'll never reach seventy-two."

CHORUS—"Then cheer, boys," etc.

The Best Fruits of Agriculture.

"The occupation of farming should produce the best kind of people. It affords agreeable physical exercise; is carried on amid pure air and sunshine. As farmers understand more of the principles that underlie all the operations of the farm, they will have much more enjoyment in carrying on their work. The natural agricultural resources of Canada can be realized on with more advantage to the individual farmer when he co-operates with his neighbors and as far as practicable does his part in neighborhood organization for the production of things at the least possible expense. The co-operative principle as applied to cheese factories and creameries will doubtless be extended into other fields of agricultural effort." — PROF. JAS. W. ROBERTSON, Dairy and Agricultural Commissioner.

Miss Canada Abroad;

OR,

JOHN BULL'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

J. W. BENGOUGH, TORONTO, ONT.



The Star of the London Season, all knowing ones
agee,
Is John Bull's Western Daughter, who, at the
Jubilee,
Captured the gay old city with her beauty and her
grace,
And ever since, in British hearts, has held the
foremost place.

Not the young lady, mark you, whom Tennyson,
the Blest,
Referred to as J. Bull's "Gigantic Daughter of the
West";
But she whom Poet Kipling called "Our Lady of
the Snows,"
Alluding to her dazzling complexion, I suppose.

Miss Canada, in short. Well, London raved about
the girl,
And season after season, she led the dizzy whirl;
The press teemed with her praises, and every move
she made
Called forth admiring cheers,—she threw all rivals
in the shade.

And she enjoyed her triumph—what girl would not
be proud
To reign supreme in such a style o'er London's
surging crowd?
But yet she felt a yearning: tho' the acknowledged
belle,
She longed to have a chance to prove she was of
use as well.



"My face is *not* my fortune," she said to Mr. Bull,
"And if you'll let me have my way, I'll prove it to
the full!"
"Your way?" cried John. "Why, take it, of course,
my pretty dear,
Do anything you please, you know,—we're all your
servants here!"

'Twas close to Christmas: from the throng Miss
Canada withdrew,
And London was agog to know what 'twas she
meant to do,
But none found out till Christmas Day, when,
looking much at ease,



She stood and rang a bell and cried,—"John! Come
to dinner, please!"



And Mr. Bull, with his good wife, Britannia,
his arm,

And all his little colonies—a most prodigious
swarm—
And men of state from foreign lands, and loads of
high degree,
And ladies too, went trooping in to see what they
would see.

Miss Canada, in apron white, and very neat attire,
Bade welcome to her honored guests, and much
they did admire
Her modest, wholesome, cheery ways,—and
whispers soon grew rife
Amidst the company, "By Jove! she'd make a
splendid wife!"

They entered and beheld a room that dazzled every
eye,
The floor of polished hardwood; bright chandeliers
on high;
Artistic furniture in place, rich and of lustrous
shine,
And all that heart could wish for in the decorative
line.

"All made in Canada, my friends," exclaimed the
hostess fair,
"Canadian forests grew the wood for table, side-
board, chair,
Floor, ceiling, wainscot,—timber wealth we have
in endless store
Throughout our half-a-continent from oceans'
shore to shore.

But, "Pray be seated, Mr. Bull," and all the guests
sat down
And had the grandest dinner that Christmas e'er
had known,
Served up by sweet Miss Canada and her provincial
force,
Who in neat waitress-costume brought it forth
course by course.



Miss Maritime first served the soup—a dainty
oyster stew
(Tho' there was bouillon, also, and clear consommé
too);
Then followed a procession of every varied dish
That cookery knows how to make of fine Canadian
fish.

And next came roasts—the Nor'-West girl, from
the wide ranches, bore
Prime beef, the "beat" of which John Bull had
never seen before;
And pork of splendid quality, and poultry of all
kinds,
Turkey and chicken, goose and duck,—for varied
gourmand minds.

And vegetables—every sort, and each the very best,
Boiled, stewed, and pickled,—carried in by girls
from East and West;
With bread, rolls, cakes and pastry, and puddings,
in a shower,
All made from Manitoba wheat ground into match-
less flour.

And cheese and butter, best extant, and fruit the
best on earth,
Wound up the bill of fare. Quoth John, "I'm
known for ample girth,
But hold, I have my limits!" Cried everyone,
"Amen!"
For such a Christmas dinner we've had we don't
know when!"

Miss Canada smiled proudly. "Then, please make
note," said she,
"The entire menu you've discussed I brought
across the sea;
I'm honored when you call me the gem of Britain's
crown,
But I am more than ornament; see, I can feed you,
John!"



John rose and bowed: his ample breast was trem-
bling with a flutterance;
He loosened his shirt and tried to speak, but was too
full for eloquence!