

LIVE STOCK.

THE CATTLE THAT TOPPED TORONTO MARKET.

In reply to your letter in regard to the 62 head of cattle fed by me during the winter of 1906-07, would say that I bought part of them on Toronto market and part from the farmers in our locality. They were Shorthorn and Hereford grades. The 30 head bought on the Toronto market ranged in price from \$2.75 to \$3.60 per cwt., with only one at the latter price. The itemized account of the cost of these cattle, 62 head, 58,280 lbs., \$1,908.80, brings the average price at a fraction over \$3.27 per cwt. They were stabled Nov. 20, 1906, and remained unchanged throughout the whole period of feeding. They were tied in single stalls and were fed three times a day, viz.: 6 a.m., 1 p.m., and 8 p.m. The first six weeks they were fed clover hay and turnips, and after that equal parts of silage and cut straw. The last month they were fed clover hay twice a day and silage once a day.

The grain ration consisted of two parts oats and one part corn, but were not fed very heavy on account of the silage being well matured, until the last month, when they got about ten pounds each a day.

They had plenty of water before them all the time, so were not out of their stalls until shipped on June 29, 1907.

Below is a statement of the cost of feeding the cattle:

Cost:	
62 cattle weighed 58,280 lbs.	\$1,908 80
715 bush. of corn, at 51¢.	366 40
21 tons of hay	160 00
Hired help	800 00
Grinding	35 00
Expenses of shipping	113 00
	\$3,883 20
Sale:	
62 cattle, 76,800 lbs. (sold June 30th, at 6½¢, less \$50.00)	\$4,942.00

This shows a gain of \$1,558.80.

Besides these cattle, there were fed on the farm, 3 cows, 12 horses, 25 sheep. There is 100 acres of land under cultivation, 20 acres of this is corn. Lest the figures \$800 for hired help may appear to be an error the items are given as follows:

One man, cash, per year	\$300 00
One man, seven months	180 00
One man, board seven months	70 00
Extra men, by the day	45 00
Harvesting corn	150 00
Threshing	30 00
Blacksmith acct.	25 00
	\$800 00

We do not live on the farm ourselves, but depend entirely on hired help, which will account for that item being so high.

J. B. SHIELDS.

York Co., Ont.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SHEPHERD.

(Continued.)

One of the earliest importers of Southdowns, Shropshires and Hampshires, and for many years a successful showman at leading Ontario fairs, was Herbert H. Spencer of Brooklin, near Whitby, father of J. B. Spencer, formerly of the editorial staff of "The Farmer's Advocate," now Deputy Live-Stock Commissioner at Ottawa. H. H. was a modest Englishman with a slight impediment in his speech, who winked both eyes while waiting for a word, but he was a born shepherd whose sheep knew his voice and came at his call of "Co-nan, co-nan," which differed from any other I have ever heard. A fine figure among the importers and exhibitors in the later fifties was James Petty, of Hensall, in Huron County, a burly Yorkshireman who knew the value of money and how to ask for a beast all it was worth. It was he who sold the first-prize Cotswold shearling ram at Brantford in 1857 for \$250 to John Snell, of Edmonton, and to him is due the honor of importing the Shorthorn cow Fanny, progenitress of the invincible champion sisters Fair Queen and Queen Ideal. Jim was, and is yet, fond of a joke and can tell some good ones, for he is hale and hearty yet, (though the light is failing him), and he is in more than comfortable circumstances financially, having proved to the full the saying if a Yorkshireman once gets a halter he'll find a horse. A jolly good fellow among the exhibitors of Leicesters in those days was John Robson, of London Township. Strong, well built and ever cheerful was John, who showed good sheep and who yet survives, though I believe in the eighties, and severely handicapped by rheumatism. He is the elder brother of Captain Tom, the genial and popular

auctioneer, the singing pilgrim of the fraternity of Canadian stockmen, who on retiring from farming, less than a year ago, dispersed a good flock of Lincolns. What appears to me a lamentable feature in the record of successful stockmen, past and present, is that so many of them have finally resisted the charms of the fair sex and chosen to walk the pathway of life alone, as did two of the last three named, failing to realize the true philosophy of life which is that "it is not good for man to be alone." The captain himself went a long way on the Jericho road of celibacy, but was at length felicitously captivated, has made good, and is now as happy as a big sunflower. A verse in a hymn that used to have a place in the psalmody of one of the churches in this country puts this phase of life in about its proper setting, as it reads: "Two are better far than one, for counsel or for fight, how can one be warm alone, or do life's work aright." Prominent among early exhibitors of Leicesters at Provincial fairs were three other London Township men, all English, I believe, namely, Christopher Walker, John Long and Tom Friendship. "Kit" Walker I should judge was a Cumberlander, and he had the appearance of a patriarch among the shepherds, as he was a graybeard from my earliest recollection of him, and must have measured considerably over six feet when straightened up, for I had to look up to his face, though he walked at an incline of 45 degrees; but he was a skillful feeder and fitter of sheep, and always cut into the prize-list pretty deeply, although he used to declare that his sheep "never got nout to eat but what they picked off't ground." John Long could generally be heard before he was seen, as, in common conversation, he pitched his voice near the key of G. Friendship was his opposite in that respect, being of a quiet disposition, and speaking in a minor strain, reminding me much of John C. Ross, of Jarvis, who figured later as an importer and successful exhibitor of Cotswolds, and who, though meek as Moses, was yet a good judge and a worthy man, who bequeathed his initials, his disposition and his flock and farm to his son, who worthily fills



Hampshire Shearling Ram.

First at Bath & West Show, 1907. Owned by James Flower.

his father's place and has imported some first-class sheep in recent years, winning a good share of the prizes at principal fairs.

In 1871 I first crossed the ocean for an importation of sheep, in company with Joseph Kirby, a Yorkshireman, who was for many years manager of Mr. F. W. Stone's Moreton Lodge Farm, now the College Farm at Guelph. A good fellow was Kirby, and a faithful manager of a heavy undertaking, where each year half a dozen carloads of stock were fitted for showing, consisting of two breeds each of cattle and sheep, and one of pigs. Together we visited the Bath and West and the Royal Show, and many of the principal flocks of Leicester, Lincoln and Cotswold sheep in England, securing selections which made their mark at leading Canadian fairs. Joe and his brothers, Mathias and Robert, were first-class shepherds. Along with us, on that trip to the Old Country, went James Main, of Milton, a Devon, who was after swine, and called a pig a "peg," but he knew a good hog or a good sheep when he saw it, and he crossed the ocean many times afterwards, bringing out excellent selections of both, paying good prices for the right sort. On that first trip of ours he had an unfortunate experience in the purchase of a Suffolk sow, of marvellous make-up, a sure winner at the Royal, but excessively fat, and he discovered too late to mend that her jaws were so large and her face so short and deeply dished that she could not feed herself, and that her food had to be made up in balls and dropped into her mouth as she lay with a pillow under her head at the show. He rode in the freight car with her up to Liverpool, with a view to watching her carefully, but both he and his charge fell asleep, and her pillow having slipped from under her head, she died of suffocation, and all that was left for forty pounds of good money, plus the

freight bill, was dumped on the dock, a total loss and a big disappointment. The next day the sailors threw overboard my best Cotswold ram, that had cost more money, and Main and I were comrades in distress; but there were others, three or four high-priced cattle and a horse or two going the same way on the voyage, and, saddest of all, the ship's doctor, who died in delirium tremens, though quite a young man, was also committed to the deep. A solemn ceremony was that, when for a few minutes the ship was stopped, while the captain read the burial service, at the conclusion of which the body, wrapped in sacking with a weight at the feet, was slowly slid from a plank over the deck railing and descended to the unknown depths of the sea. It was during that trip, and while in England, I first met that redoubtable stockman and ever versatile scribbler, Richard Gibson, now of Delaware, Ontario, near London the less, who was then looking up show Shorthorns for Col. King, of Minneapolis, and it was with his feet under the breakfast table of John Lynn, of Lincolnshire, that he was introduced. Like myself, on the return trip, on board the same ship, he contributed a share of his consignment to feed the fish, but it seemed not to worry him, as in many a subsequent rebuff, he always came up smiling, and merrily danced with the ladies on deck, as if all were serene. Later I sold him a show flock of Lincolns, with which he swept the boards at the New York and other State fairs, and once he sold me some of the same breed, with which I won at Toronto. This was while he was manager at New York Mills for Senator Campbell, where he manoeuvred the round-up of the Duchesses and worked up the record cattle sale of all the centuries, when, in September, 1870, a cow sold for \$40,600, four others at \$25,000 to \$35,000, and 109 head, old and young, for an average of \$3,500. Later still I became acquainted with Gibson's brothers, John, William and Arthur, whom, with himself, complete a quartette of skillful breeders, feeders and winning showmen of sheep at State, national and international exhibitions, unequalled by one family in the history of the business, Richard and Arthur handling Shropshires; John, Lincolns; and William, Southdowns. My space is full, and I must again mark my scrawl "to be continued."

"SHEPHERD."

RESERVE THE YOUNG EWES.

Now that sheep are so scarce, and the demands for breeding stock so great, farmers who have flocks will be wise in reserving their yearling ewes and ewe lambs in order to increasing the breeding flock and improving its quality and character. The weeding out should be principally at the other end of the flock, among the old or unsound, or those that have proven indifferent breeders. This is the principle on which flocks are kept up to a high standard in the Old Country, where sheep are regarded as the sheet-anchor of successful farming, the weeding being done mainly on the record of the teeth, which, to an experienced shepherd, indicate the age and the term of usefulness in the flock. The temptation to part with the young ewes is often strong, as that is the class buyers are most anxious to secure and most urgent in efforts to persuade owners to sell, but flockmasters should reflect that if they continue to sell their young ewes, they will soon have only toothless old matrons to depend upon for the increase, and these are the most expensive to keep, as they often require extra feeding to keep up their strength, and are the most liable to drop out at lambing time, leaving orphan lambs to be hand fed, to become stunted runts, and hardly worth the trouble involved in raising them. The best policy is to pay special attention to pushing the ram lambs forward, so that they will be in condition to sell to advantage early in the fall, and culling out the ewes that have failing teeth or unsound udders, or that have proved inferior breeders, fattening them for the butcher or disposing of them as best can be done, and keeping the best of the ewe lambs to take the place of these in keeping up the strength of the flock. Then, by exercising care in selecting a vigorous and typical ram of the same breed to mate with them, the flock will continue to hold its own in character, and should improve, rather than deteriorate.

Presuming that the lambs have been weaned by this time, as they certainly ought to be in flocks where the lambing was in March and early April, the rams should have the run of a clover aftermath if available, and if not, then the freshest and sweetest pasture on the farm, with clean water supplied, and salt in a covered place, where they may take it at will. If a patch of early rape has been provided, the ram lambs, at least, should have access to it, and, to make the best headway, should have a light feed daily, or, better, twice a day, of oats and bran, though, when once accustomed to rape, and it is a good strong crop, they will grow and fatten fast on rape alone. The ewe lambs to be kept to maintain or increase the breeding flock will do well enough on clover or fresh-grass pasture. There will be a