

guineas, Mr. Pitt; Echo 6th, 100 guineas, Mr. Pitt; Myrtle 3rd, 110 guineas, Mr. Farr, Linton; Newton Amaze, 110 guineas, Mr. Cave; Kimbolton Princess, 110 guineas, Mr. Weston, Much Marcle; Newton Baron, bull calf, 105 guineas, Captain Heygate, Buckland, near Leominster; Newton Ruby, 110 guineas, Dr. Cranston, Aston-on-Clum; Dorothy 3rd, 105 guineas, Mr. Powell, Lulsley. The cows and calves realized 4,309 guineas, fourteen two-year-olds, 1,046 guineas, and ten yearling heifers, 404 guineas.

Those who declare the Hackney is a spent force are wrong. At the Adbolton sale of A. W. Hickling's Hackneys, a record average of £238 8s. was made for fourteen head, of which four were foals, one a mare nineteen years old, and another a cripple. For the yearling colt the "highest yet" price of 570 guineas was paid by J. Chivers for the stylish Adbolton Forest King. This colt is related to Judge Moore's one-time famous Forest King. Mr. Putman paid 540 guineas for Towthorpe Iris, the great brood mare, and Walter Briggs gave 650 guineas for the London champion stallion Adbolton Kingmaker. The London champion mare, Adbolton St. Mary, went for 460 guineas to W. R. Lysaght.

For the last three seasons the Crewe (Cheshire) Shire Horse Society have paid £1,000 for the hire of the stallion King of Tandridge, and they sell nominations to him at 20 guineas and 15 guineas to members. The Society have actually cleared a profit of £50 on the deal, but the good the King of Tandridge does is reflected in the prices his youngsters make. All the small tenant farmers in that part of the county are using him and getting big money for his "babies." For instance, at Crewe, on October 20th, a King of Tandridge colt foal, bred by T. Prescott, Kinderton, Middlewich, after winning several cups and specials, was sold to Denby Collins for 300 guineas, highest price of the sale. A filly foal, Rowton Fine Feathers, by the same sire, and bred by another tenant farmer, J. Beech, at Bowton, near Chester, was sold for 200 guineas, and that, too, was the price paid for Mr. Egerton Orme's colt foal Ash Childwick, the champion at the show, bought by another tenant farmer, R. Evans. Ash Childwick is a son of Childwick Champion. The Shire is undoubtedly the English farmer's sheet anchor.

High figures were realized for Suffolk horses at Spurling and Hempsen's sale of Suffolk horses in Ipswich. The top figure was obtained by Pearl, a fine filly foaled 1913, sire Sudbourne Abbot, consigned by R. V. Pain, of Bricklesham, which changed hands at 125 guineas, the purchaser being M. G. Hale, of Akenham. Another Suffolk filly by the same breeder was sold to Sir George Agnew, M. P., for 120 guineas. The Suffolk "Punch" appears from this and other recent sales to be increasing in popular favor all over Eastern England.

Some good prices were realized at the dispersal sale of W. W. Poll's herd of very short pedigreed dairy Shorthorn cattle at Hetherst, Norwich. The top price was realized by Lacy Ringlet 2nd, a six-year-old cow bred by M. & P. Perkins, sire Coleshill Ranger, Captain Wills, of Bristol, being the purchaser at 320 guineas. E. Wills gave 310 guineas for Hindlip Dorothy 3rd by Northern Star, and bred by G. Gerrard, and Mr. Wills also secured Hindlip Dulce, which had given an average of 10.36 lbs. of milk for four years, for 180 guineas. Captain Buxton bought Hetherst Barrington Bates by Eva's Prince for 200 guineas, and gave 120 guineas for Honeydew (seven years). Hetherst Milkmaid (three years) fetched 135 guineas, and a two-year-old heifer, Eva's Princess by Eva's Prince, went to J. B. Dimmock for 110 guineas. Altogether £3,996 6s. was realized for fifty-two cows, giving an average of £76 16s. 2d., and five bulls fetched in the aggregate £177 9s.

The London Smithfield Show, which is to be held at Islington, from Monday, December 4th, to Friday, December 8th, will be—so far as fat stock and dead meat are concerned—practically the same as in recent years. The schedule, in fact, shows a small advance, as 144 classes are provided for as against 143 last year. In every section, however, the value of the prizes is somewhat reduced, the aggregate amount offered being £2,509 against £4,439 a year ago.

The Thoroughbred and Hunter Shows will take place on the last days of February next, and, with the National Pony Show, will occupy five days of a week, whilst the Hackney Horse Show will be held on three days of the following week. Presumably the Shire Horse Show will be held first in February as usual, and that being the case there will be, for all practical purposes, a return to the normal in our spring shows.

"Records" in Shorthorn breeding in Britain are, just now, as plentiful as leaves in Vallambrosa. Scotland, with its Collynie sales, of course, leads the way with many individual records, but England is piling up Shorthorn "stories" in the way of tall figures. George Harrison, the Gainford Hall, Darlington, expert has just got 1,100 guineas at auction for a bull calf, Gainford Ringleader, a roan calved January 9, 1916, and sired by Collynie Mandarin, out of Gainford Warfare by Pride of Tees. This young bull calf has six first prize Royal Show winners in his pedigree, and Mr. Harrison considered him the best bull calf he ever bred or owned.

George Harrison's herd was founded 34 years ago, and, as the result of good management, soon took a foremost place. During the last 22 years nearly 3,000 prizes, more than half of which were firsts or championships, have been annexed at the Royal, the Highland, the Royal Dublin, and other shows. In addition, animals purchased from this herd have distinguished themselves in the British and Canadian show-yards and foreign countries and colonies.

Mr. Harrison having definitely decided to retire from the show-ring, all the young stock suitable for show were included in the sale.

The nine heifer calves were first disposed of. They realized 723 guineas in the aggregate; the top price of 200 guineas being paid for the handsome roan, Gainford Laurel 2nd, by Matthew Marshall, for export to the Argentine. She is also by Collynie Mandarin, out of Pierrepoint Laurel, and is own sister to Gainford Emperor, recently sold in the Argentine for 3,060 guineas. Another useful roan heifer calf is Gainford Grand Duchess, purchased by Mr. J. Harris, of Carlisle, for 110 guineas. The six yearling heifers averaged exactly 68 guineas each. Four two-year-old heifers made 574 guineas, an average of 143½ guineas each.

The eleven cows with ten calves aggregated 1,699 guineas, an average or close upon 154½ guineas each. William Duthie paid top price for Gainford Rosemary, a four-year-old rich dark roan by Proud Broadhooks, and again in calf to Proud Victor. Her white cow calf, by Collynie Mandarin, was knocked down at a 100 guineas to J. Durno, of Tarves. The five bulls sold collectively for 1,593 guineas, an average of 318 3-5 guineas each. The total sale realized 4,997 guineas, an average of roughly 142¾ guineas each for the 35 lots sold.

Hereford cattle are selling like hot cakes. John Bourne, who had built up a herd from Stocktonbury and Chadnor blood sold 85 head off at Burghill, Hereford, on Oct. 26th, for 2,874 guineas, or an average of £35 10s. The auctioneer, Frank Russell, got 63 guineas for a yearling heifer, and that was top price. He stated that he had sold over 100 Herefords at an average of 100 guineas each this year.

John Bounds who is giving up The Lowe, his farm at Penbridge, Hereford, has sold off his whitefaces, the 54 head making an average of £49 12s. The stock bull, Conway, fell to Lord Rhondda's bid at 260 guineas. This is the highest individual price paid for a Hereford in 1916. The cow, Pansy 8th, made 66 guineas herself but she is one of the unwritten heroines of the whitefaced breed. She has produced 14 calves, and Lord Rhondda secured two of her heifer-offspring, Pansy 24th, for 75 guineas, and Pansy 18th for the same figure. Three of her bull calves have been sold to P. & G. Hughes for exportation at 130 guineas, 100 guineas and 50 guineas apiece. Another bull son of hers has made 70 guineas, so the old lady has done her duty nobly to the breed.

W. G. C. Britten, the Secretary of the English Hereford Cattle Society, is in U. S. A., and has sent over some of his impressions. At a few of the leading fairs he has attended there, he declares that he has been struck with the splendid general average quality of the stock. He was impressed more with the female cattle than the male. With regard to the bulls, he believes the English males at home are superior to the American tops. The latter lack size and bone. They are beautifully made, level, symmetrical, full of quality and boast an excellent color, and markings, and good horns and heads, but lack those very essential points—size and bone. Britten was impressed with the group classes and thinks they would be an object lesson to the English breeder. He advises Englishmen to stick to their cows and concentrate all their efforts on producing the best bulls. They must continue to breed for size and bone. He thinks America will have to go to England for some further fusions of blood with which to repair the bone and size of the original type. ALBION.

THE FARM.

Lest We Forget the Fire Tragedy.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

Saturday, July 29, 1916, will long be remembered by all who lived in the North Country. It is only those who had the experience who can possibly realize how utterly powerless a bush fire can render all human effort to escape by flight—unless timely warning comes, which is almost impossible to expect. The climax comes too suddenly, and this is arrived at when there are sufficient smouldering and isolated fires burning in innumerable places during a dry time ready to be fanned into activity by the first strong wind. Rotten logs, stumps, dry vegetable matter, spruce bark, roots, are not the only inflammable substances. The Evergreen trees are loaded with resin and their needles charged with highly inflammable material. Every condition favorable to rapid combustion is here, and, a good start being made, fire quickly creates its own wind by using up the oxygen, causing an enormous rush of air increasing in volume and speed the larger the fire becomes, until the flames travel with incredible speed.

I well remember July of this year. My home was in the township of Glackmeyer, some five miles north of Cochrane. Every settler for miles around seemed to have thrown off all restraint in the matter of burning their slashings, and although it was after the middle of June, which is looked upon as the end of the lawful burning time, the lighting of punk and other dry material went gaily on every time it became dry enough to start easily, and by the middle of July fires burned and smouldered throughout the country. Occasionally one could see dense volumes of smoke rising high above the tree tops far and near as the breeze roused into life enough flame to catch the limbs of the green trees, which flared up to the top instantly and usually ignited a neighbor, dying out for want of wind to carry it on to another. These incipient fires occurred everywhere, in some cases running a considerable distance into the green bush from tree to tree, Spruce and Balsam burning as if steeped in oil, smoke of course being around every-

where, growing each day a little denser and at times obscuring the view beyond a few hundred yards.

The settler soon becomes used to this kind of thing, and it arouses little comment. The more observant, however, could not but notice the state of affairs as the memorable 29th approached. It was sometimes necessary to get past stretches of road on the gallop because of the dense smoke from fires burning above and below ground, occasionally culverts and corduroyed portions of the road would catch fire and burn slowly considerable distances. Showers would quench but not extinguish; in fact, as soon as things dried after a rain a slight wind would soon prove the fire had taken even a better hold by attacking the roots underground, and the heart of decaying logs and stumps glowed with suppressed fire, bursting into flame with greater vigor immediately the wetted outside had dried.

On the fatal 29th of July I did not notice any particular difference in the atmospheric conditions, less smoke if anything, but towards noon the wind was blowing fairly strong from the west and the smoke was much thicker. My family, with the exception of one little girl, had gone to Cochrane, and I was speculating on the possibility of their getting back without trouble, but, when two o'clock came, felt sure they would not attempt to get through as the wind had greatly increased and the smoke was much worse; even in the house it was very unpleasant. Having a creek some few yards distant on the west of the house, I had made a dam so that plenty of water was always to be got above the dam.

Filling every receptacle and saturating all around the house and outbuildings, and soaking the logs with water as far as possible, there was not much danger from sparks, as the buildings were plastered with cement between the logs and the roofs were covered with a good felt. All around was green clover and no stumps, so that no fire could reach the house along the ground. The clearing was about twenty acres, including a "slashing" to the west, which had been burned in May but had got on fire some days ago and was burning at this time again. It was from this and a long log bridge on the road near, close to which six thousand feet of lumber was stacked, that danger threatened. By two o'clock the sun looked like a small, red ball, and the light had changed from yellow to deep orange and was greatly diminished. This was alarming, and I decided to go to a lake half a mile east, as the safest place, not knowing how much worse things might get.

Running over to the neighbor across the road, where there was a woman with five small children, and another nearby family, I endeavored to get them to come but they absolutely refused and with wonderful faith elected to stay, apparently assured of their safety. There was no time to lose if the lake was to be our refuge, so, telling them to get into the clover field if they had to leave the house, my little girl and I hastened to wet a towel and started along the road towards the lake. It was half past three, the wind was momentarily increasing in violence. Running with our backs to the wind we got only half way when the roar of the flames and burning stumps on each side of us compelled us to give up all idea of getting to the lake. We could see the bush a mass of flames, and the road ahead and behind us was beginning to burn where culverts and corduroy formed it. We got into an oat field which was yet green, but even here stumps were on fire. It was with the greatest difficulty we could find the direction towards a house on a hill. The wet towel proved its value and we got to the house, where several, including women and children, had taken refuge. Four men were busy running with pails of water, trying to keep the fire back, putting out burning stumps as fast as possible, but only to have others catch and fire break out in a dozen places around them. It was given up after another hour of blinding, suffocating work. The heat was intense, the hot wind furious, and could no longer be borne by the panting fire-fighters. From across the road, fifty rods or more, the green bush was a mass of flames and huge sheets appeared to be ripped off by the wind a hundred feet above the trees and hurled ahead, and a slight shift of wind brought one of these masses over our heads. A rush was made for the house; women and children bundled up, and, seizing a couple of big, grey blankets, all ran back some distance to a potato patch, dipping the blankets in a barrel of water in passing. Choking, blinded, parched and suffering from intense heat, the women and children fell in a heap amidst potato tops, and the wet blankets were quickly spread over them. There was not room for more than the men's heads underneath, but we managed to make a kind of tent which protected them to some extent from the flying sparks and strangling smoke. In half an hour the blankets were dry, but they had saved us so far from fire as well as smoke. The boards on a near-by fence became ignited and had to be kicked off and thrown farther away. Several stumps close by also caught fire and had to be smothered with loose earth and green tops, under great difficulty, for it was impossible to remain uncovered more than half a minute and almost impossible to open an eye, but each did his best. It is bad enough to hear the cries of suffering women and children, but to my mind the heart-breaking sobs of strong men is the most unnerving. Can you blame them?

Two brothers, bachelors, had for six years strenuously worked clearing their farm. At first undergoing great hardships, living in the bush, carrying everything they required five miles over a rough trail, not properly fed, suffering from cold, for they had no capital to buy comforts and had to get work to earn a grub stake, but brave of heart and strong of arm they had labored on for six years and this year they had seen the fruit of their labors. Good crops, oats, hay, roots in plenty to feed their small stock through the long winter. They