

—THE—
DAIRY OF THE FUTURE,
OR
THEORY AND PRACTICE COMBINED.

—BY—

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Mr. President and Gentlemen of the N. S. Diaryman's Association :

You can imagine an urchin guilty of a misdemeanor and arraigned before the Dominie, who, with uplifted hand is prepared to castigate: Metaphorically I am in the position of the urchin, but, as the Dominie permits the culprit to enter his plea, so I will ask you to accord me the same privilege and withhold the punishment until I have had my say—unless I take too much time in doing it. The crime is the cool assumption that places me where I am with the design to address you on an *art* in which you are professionals and I cannot even claim to be an amateur. Yet I am not wholly to blame, your Secretary, Mr. Black, has much to account for.

I must retract a little, however, as I can recall the time when not much taller than the old dasher churn I unwillingly exercised my muscles on it; but even this thorn had a rose attached—for when the operation was completed I had all the buttermilk I wanted; a delicious drink of which I can scarcely recall but a memory.

Neither have I the honor of being classed as a farmer, the man who may look upon no master except the ruler of the universe—unless he has a mortgage round his neck. Who is courted by the omnipotent politician, at whose nod small fry tremble. The man who is courted—flattered—and often fooled, but yet the only man on the *footstool* that can be *independent of pride, place, or power*.

I am only a public servant and at any ones command, but I have a fair prospect of getting experience in farming if knowledge comes with financial expenditure.

As to the Dairy business my interest is that which every one in the community has—to wit: getting first class dairy products at a reasonable rate, and we grumble not so much at the cost as the quality that is offered us.

You can easily conceive a presumptuous person perched owl like on a high pedestal of ignorance and calmly surveying what takes place amongst the