

shows in England, Canada and the States. And I was glad to hear so prominent a Nova Scotian stock raiser as Jonathan Rand, a large exhibitor at this Exhibition, declare it as his decided opinion that the exhibit of grade heifer calves, in numbers as well as size and breeding, is far ahead of that of any previous show, and that he believed it would bother the best Philadelphia lawyers to decide between some of them.

This is very gratifying to know, and when made public, must restore the confidence of Bermudians in the character of our cattle for beef, which, by a late report from the colony, appears to be somewhat shaken, on account, it is said, "of too many of the venerable parental ancestors of our best beeves having been sent that way." But, high as is the standard of excellence which our cattle have attained in breed and growth for feeding purposes, it is not to be compared with what has been accomplished in other parts of Canada. And our farmers must not rest satisfied until they secure results that have been obtained elsewhere. At the great shows recently held in Toronto and Kingston, H. & J. Groff, of Elmira, exhibited yearling steers weighing from 1300 to 1400 pounds a-piece; two year olds, from 1800 to 1900 each; and three year olds from 2,500 to 2,600 pounds, the largest, fattest and best lot yet raised in the Dominion, and from all I have seen at this exhibition, when compared with others of the past, I am well assured that our farmers are becoming more convinced of the fact that a high standard of agriculture is not attained by cultivation of the soil for immediate profit, regardless of future crops. In the past, quick returns have been too eagerly sought after by our husbandmen, and there is a danger of farming in that direction becoming a fixed habit to the injury of the soil. In the early history of the Province, such a course was almost unavoidable. Grain succeeding grain year by year, is a scourging, impoverishing system, and it cannot long be pursued, till the innate strength of the soil is wholly exhausted. The cotton plantations of the South have in many States ceased to be fertile, while farmers in the Northern and Eastern States have been so impoverished that a yield of from eight to ten bushels of wheat per acre has become general. In this province, under an enlightened system, high manuring, thorough cultivation, and a rotation of crops, is becoming the order of the day in many parts, and this is the system exhibitions like the present are calculated to establish throughout the length and breadth of the land, and make patent to the world that agriculture is our true national policy, and the real basis of our prosperity.

Now, paradoxical as it may appear, I am going to close this Exhibition for the Committee, and ask you to hasten away, by stating the agricultural changes some poetaster has wrung from words diametrically opposite: "Don't be in a hurry to go," which, if observed by the staid young men within the building, will ensure the next Exhibition for District No. 4, to be held in Truro six years hence, ranking among the Exhibitions of the period, as the present does among those of this, like the daughters of Job among the women of the land of Uz—the fairest of them all.

DON'T BE IN A HURRY TO GO.

Come boys, I have something to tell you,
Come near, I would whisper it low;
You are thinking of leaving the homestead,
Don't be in a hurry to go.
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vices and sins;
When once in the vortex of fashion;
How soon the course downward begins!

You talk of the mines of Australia;
They've wealth in the red gold no doubt;
But, ah! there is gold on the farm, boys,
If you'll only shovel it out.
The mercantile life is a hazard,
The goods are first high and then low;
Better risk the old farm a while longer—
Don't be in a hurry to go!

The great, busy West has inducements,
And so has the busiest mart!
But wealth is not made in a day, boys—
Don't be in a hurry to start!
The Bankers and Brokers are wealthy,
They take in their thousands or so;
Ah! think of the frauds and deceptions;
Don't be in a hurry to go!

The farm is the safest and surest;
The orchards are loaded to-day;
You are free as the air in the mountains,
And monarch of all you survey;
Better stay on the farm a while longer,
Though profit comes in rather slow;
Remember you have nothing to risk, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

GENERAL LAURIE'S ADDRESS AT THE OPENING OF THE ANTIGONISH EXHIBITION.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In one sense the adoption of the system of District Exhibitions becomes almost objectionable, in that it has so largely multiplied the number of opening addresses. One almost expects that a competition will be held in this line and a prize offered for the best, and I throw this out as a suggestion for the committee when engaged in making up the next Prize List, but I need hardly say that I do not enter my name as a competitor. When invited to address you to-day, I felt that no oratorical effort was necessary, but simply I might talk with you as farmer with his brother farmer on farming subjects; probably the subject which has been longest discussed in the world, certainly from an earthly point of view the most important. If Adam took any interest in his occupation he must have talked over the prospects of his crop

every evening with Eve, for until the boys grew up, the question of good or bad return for his or her labor, (for I suppose she lent a hand) must have been a matter of absorbing interest; he had, however, immense advantages, he had no store bill to meet, and no trouble about marketing his produce, and thus was relieved from the anxiety which worries the modern farmer as to the best chance for disposing of what he raises.

All these six thousand years farming has been discussed and written about. It would seem that there would be nothing left to say,—it is almost certain nothing can be said that has not already been said over and over, but the matter of providing for our physical necessities, second only to our spiritual wants, may well take pattern from the process pursued by the latter. The "old, old story," is repeated, possibly presented in a new shape in order to arrest attention, and he is the most successful pulpit-preacher who presents his message so that his hearers feel that it is addressed to them personally, and that it is suited to their wants. May I in this way be successful to-day, in enlisting your attention by touching on points which come home to you as really important.

Coming in this direction from Halifax, as soon as the traveller passes the "divide" which separates the Atlantic watershed from the northern slopes, any person gifted with ordinary observation, must be struck with the magnificent opportunities the country offers for farming and the very small use that is made of them. From Oakfield, where I live, twenty miles this side of Halifax, without a break to this point, Antigonish, our traveller passes through land, not one acre of which is unfit for cultivation, and which with ordinary fair treatment will give as fair a return as can be obtained in any temperate climate. The next question the traveller will ask "Is there no market here for agricultural products?" and if he asks his fellow-traveller in the cars, he will probably find him a "traveller" for some Western Canadian firm, who is visiting the Province to sell butter, cheese, flour, oatmeal, pork, or beef, or possible to arrange for shipping these goods over 1000 miles of railway through Halifax, the business centre of this Province, to the European market, which is most accessible from here.

The land, the climate, the market, the means of communication are here. "What is the want" our traveller most naturally will inquire. Are the inhabitants physically or mentally incapable of utilising these great natural resources, which are thus made available? and more than probably this question will fall on the ear of a fellow-passenger, a New Englander, who has run down in this direc-