

the best animal in the yard. He is, as are his harem, of the true *North Devon* breed, and would do honour to any show.

As I have said before, I am not learned in Ayrshires, but I have always had a *penchant* for Mr James Drummond's cows, and I was glad to see that they won the prize for the *best herd*—an honour, indeed, against such competitors as the Irvings, Dawes, Mousseaus, &c. (1)

Jerseys were a numerous, and, considering that they are so recently established, a good lot. I think Mr Reburn must have slept pretty comfortably after winning five prizes in the company of the Rougemont and Compton herds. The first 3 year-old cow (Whitfield) won last year as a two year-old, and a pretty blowing up the judges got for the decision. They did not care much, though. There was a coarseish *half-bred Jersey* shown that ought to have been kept at home. Diploma for Herd—Cochrane once more; and he was equally successful in the fat heifer and working oxen contest.

In the sheep-classes every thing yielded to the Compton flock. The Shropshire two-shear ram, and the shearling Oxford Down, were good enough to make all the other short-woolled muttons look poor by their side. I give one piece of advice to all intending future exhibitors: your sheep won't show themselves. Against such shepherds as they have at Compton you are too heavily handicapped, and you will find that the skilful use of the shears, and a little extra care in feeding, will add vastly to the appearance of your stock. At present the contest is like a trial in cookery between a country tavern and the Windsor: you have good stock, but you don't know how to prepare them. It is a fine, manly thing, to say: "I send my sheep in a natural state", but it won't fill your pockets with prize-money.

I remarked two new names in the South-down classes. M. Phaneuf has imported several rams from the College, at Guelph, Ont., and was the fortunate winner of first prizes for shearling and two-shear rams. Mr. Dawes, of St. Anne's, and Mr Moore, of Moore's Station, with Mr Featherstone, of Credit, Ont., took all the rest. If the ewes of this breed were better kept during their first winter the size of the lambs would be increased in a very short time. Mr. Casgrain, one of the judges of sheep, was taken ill just before they arrived at the Southdowns, and he informed me that he utterly differed from many of the decision of his brother judges. I do not wonder at it. I hope, some day, to see two sets of judges—one for short-wools and another for long-wools.

I have, at last, a commission to import a small flock of Hampshire Downs. We shall see, next year I hope, what sort of an animal it is. He won't *show* against the Shropshire, but for hardiness and general utility I will back him against all comers. Besides he is thorough bred, which they are not. Mr. Phaneuf, not contented with beating all his rivals in the South-down ram classes, takes first prizes for shearling ram, and for ewe lambs, in the Cotswold list, as well as second for old ewes, and third for two years old ewes, in the "other long-woolled" sheep.

As usual, in the classes of white pigs and Essex, Mr. Featherstone, Credit, Ont., carries every thing before him, winning every first prize in Essex, six out of seven firsts, in Suffolks, and most of the Yorkshires. In Berkshires, however, he only took one prize—first, between six and 12 months old. A good many Berkshires looked unlike the true breed, and one had a coat of hair as red as my own. He got a third prize, strange to say—I take him to be one of the Red Cheshires, a breed not uncommon in Shropshire and the

(1) Mr Drummond won 3rd prize, for three year-old cows; and the herd-prize, besides those with which he was credited in the papers.

neighbouring counties. They are sometimes called *Tamworths*.

There were multitudinous complaints about the difficulty of obtaining judges. Men won't come three hundred miles for five dollars, even to oblige the Province of Quebec. There was, too, a good deal of carelessness in the prize tickets hung up in the stalls. Two lots of *China Poland* pigs were labelled *Berkshires*.

The machinery exhibition contained some very useful articles. I was happy to see that a silver medal was granted to the *Universal Grinder* of Messrs Newell and Chapin—25 bushels of corn per hour into fine meal. It is also suited to the crushing of linseed or other grain, which, after crushing, never turn stale or sour; a blast of air cooling the meal as it is made. I saw the mill at work, and tasted meal eighteen months old which was perfectly sound and sweet. The rollers, or discs, are very easy to adjust, and breakage is almost impossible. Price \$150

I was fortunate enough to be shown over the *Working Dairy* by Mr. Jones himself, who gave me every information possible. I confess I was disappointed. What is the lesson to be taught by it? I saw no butter made, and I do not believe any was made during the week. An empty churn kept in motion by a steam engine does not teach much, and I can't see a great deal of good to be derived from the retailing of a two day old cheese at ten cents a pound. It might have answered as an advertisement, but it could have served no other end. It was a complete failure, and I hope will serve as a lesson against another year. I really think Mr. Jones must have been in error when he told me that the milk was brought in such a state of sourness, on the Friday, that no use could be made of it. This, if it really were the case, argues most reprehensible carelessness on the part of the purveyor. It is no light thing to excite the expectations of a number of people, deeply interested as our people are in all that concerns the proper working of a dairy, and then disappoint them. The low but deep growls of dissatisfaction audible throughout the annexe proved that they felt themselves to have been deceived, and the very thing that, properly managed, would have been the most popular part of whole exhibition, was a most consummate failure.

Mr. Jones is a strong advocate for allowing the cream to sour before churning. Now, Dr. Voelcker, in his last lecture in the working dairy at the Derby meeting, takes the opposite side. Something ought to be done to settle the question, for until it is settled, we are all working in the dark. I fancy we make about as good cheese, considering the quality of the soil, as can be found, but, as regards butter, we have still a good deal to learn. We have very little chance of beating the superior classes of cheese in England; but butter, requiring a very moderate amount of richness in the grass from which it is produced, may be made quite as good in flavour, here, as in Europe. In fact, the butter from Mr. Hare, Barrington, Que., was as fine as need be—a little salt, it is true, but the flavour was good, and the grain perfect. Mr. Reburn, St. Anne's who took second prize for two tubs of dairy butter, was accused of artificially colouring his exhibit. Now almost all that gentleman's cows are pure Jerseys—the rest are half-breds—and as he offered to pay for an analysis of his butter by Dr. Girdwood or Dr. Baker Edwards, I think we may fairly conclude that the colour, though almost orange, is perfectly natural.

Most of the cheese looked well. It was intended, I presume, to represent the Cheddar make, but it was too new to found a good judgment upon. Cheese less than six months old is too raw to be well flavoured, and too new to be digestible.

Mr. Irving, of Logan's farm, took the first prize for Fall