

the known in Canada, was the stellar attraction of the National. Numerically, individually and qualitatively it made a wonderful showing. M. H. Tichenor, Oconomowoc, Wis.; F. L. Ames, N. Easton, Mass.; W. W. Marsh, Waterloo, Ia.; Maple Farm of Midlothian, Tinley Park, Ill.; John Henry Hammond, Mt. Kisco, N.Y.; Chas. L. Hill, Rosendale, Wis.; and Iowa State College, Ames, Ia., were the chief exhibitors. Ames and Marsh were generally found fighting every inch of the distance for premier honors, and winners of either the blue or the red would be top-notchers in any company; in fact, many left outside the money were of a very high order.

Eleven aged bulls were headed by Ames' Yeoman, afterwards grand champion male, Maple Farm getting second on Geo. Washington of Fairfield Farm, neither having the quality of the fourth-prize King of the May, Ames' great stock-getter. Thirty-one made up the other male classes, all of which were strong.

The class for aged cows brought out nineteen entries, and in it was the grand champion of the breed, Marsh's Glencoe's Bopeep, a wonderful cow, combining substance, quality and producing ability, and breed type, that stood at the head in the final reckoning. Imp. Itchen Daisy 3rd, the greatest Guernsey breeding cow in the United States, was second. She is the dam of King of the May and also of several other sensational prize-winners. She is owned by Ames. To one accustomed to seeing the commoner type of Guernsey this show was a revelation. For size and shape of udder, nothing in the ring outclassed these cows, and the Guernsey breeders might well feel proud of their showing. Ames landed the junior championship on a very typical heifer. From fifteen to eighteen head were forward in nearly all the female classes, and the judges, F. S. Peer, Ithaca, N.Y.; Prof. Geo. C. Humphrey, Madison, Wis., and J. L. Hope, Madison, N.J., had their work cut out for them from the drop of the hat.

BROWN SWISS.—Two herds of this breed were out, those of Allynhurst Farm, Delevan, Wis., and E. M. Barton, Hinsdale, Ill. These cattle are little known in Canada, and appear to be more of a dual-purpose breed than a milk breed. Some very good individuals were forward, although some of them appeared rather coarse. The money was very well divided between the two breeders. Barton took the male championships, and Allynhurst Farms the female. The breed was judged by W. James, Hillsboro, Ill.

DUTCH BELTED AND DEXTERS completed the breeds. These have little place in the economy of American dairying. The former, with their white belt and black ends, are not heavy producers, and the latter are too small for profit, although they are very pretty, and some of the cows have extremely large udders for such small animals.

The dairy-products exhibit was small, but the quality was high. A feature worthy of mention was the exhibit of the Fox River Butter Co., who had Woodrow Wilson caressing a donkey, emblematic of the Democratic party, President Taft astride a huge elephant, and Roosevelt fondling a huge Bull Moose, all done in the best of creamery butter. It was, to say the least, unique, and each face had the true expression of the man it was modeled after.

Every known device for silos and silo construction, stables and stable fittings, all dairy appliances, including milking machines, separators, vats, pasteurizers, coolers, bottlers, ripeners, churns, workers' scales, and every conceivable invention to lighten and facilitate dairy work, were on exhibition. A campaign for pure-milk was waged by an exhibit, showing graphically the loss of human life from infected milk, and this end of the exhibition was well upheld.

Canada was represented by a small Alberta grain exhibit. This seemed rather strange at a dairy show, yet it received a due share of the attention of the visitors.

The crowds were not as large as the importance of the show warrants, and it is a pity that more farmers and dairymen on each side of the line would not avail themselves of the opportunity of visiting this educative exhibition. The management are courteous, and show a general interest in all departments. Let us hope that our Canadian breeders will next year journey to the National at Chicago, and win laurels in the best of competition.

Dr. J. F. Snell, Professor of Chemistry, Macdonald College, Que., has engaged a graduate of Queen's University, J. M. Scott, to assist in maple-sugar investigations, under the Dominion grant for the encouragement of agriculture, of which the college receives \$10,000.

Banking Accommodation for the Grain Grower.

One of the boasts of our banks is the way in which they handle the financial end of the grain crop, with the support of the Government, and it is true that from the viewpoint of the elevator companies and grain men, the banks probably do handle the financial end of the business very well, but when we refer to the producer we find he is given no consideration whatever, in so far as financial aid is concerned, in handling his grain. If he will raise money for the time it must be with some other commodity as security. The bank becomes absolutely useless to the farmer who finds difficulty in shipping his grain, and he is forced to make sacrificing sales and buy on credit at extremely high prices. One would think that the logical way would be to turn at least a share of attention to the producer and relieve a portion of the pressure in that direction, but this is not the case at present.

It looks as if the system of financing the wheat crop could be rearranged with a marked advantage to the grain grower, and yet with no lack of security in any way to the banks.—Farmer's Advocate and Home Journal.

Hurrah for Chicago.

Inspiring and marvellous as an educative force is the International Live Stock Exposition, held annually at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago. No farmer can visit it without being stirred to larger ambitions and more worthy achievement in live-stock husbandry. The best that a continent affords is there on display, and every opportunity is provided for visitors to watch the judges' work. Canada always figures prominently at this show, through the achievements of her stock-judging students, exhibitors and official judges. And one feels especially proud to acknowledge his country there, for to mention Canada as one's home during the Chicago show is to receive from his American acquaintance an extra tribute of cordial respect. The Chicago International is truly cosmopolitan, recognizing merit independent of state or national boundary lines. A considerable number of Canadians annually visit this show, and more should do so. The dates this year are November 30th to December 7th, and with bumper crops and a spirit of agricultural optimism across the line, a big show and large attendance are anticipated.

Excitement.

By Peter McArthur.

It is a mistake to suppose that art and poetry are dead because there is nothing left in the world to inspire masterpieces. The primal passions and emotions are still flowing under the surface as strongly as ever. The trouble is that our lives have become so well-ordered, so "decorous and qualified," that we have few inspiring moments. The great forces have been so tamed by routine that we seldom see a flash of dramatic that underlies art. I am moved to make these observations by the fact that yesterday I had one vivid half minute that made me see all kinds of possibilities. We were prosaically loading a car when an engine and tender came along unexpectedly. Instantly our quiet toil changed to the wildest excitement. The team of colts that had been standing dreaming in the Indian-summer sunshine suddenly reared on their hind legs, and their necks were "clothed with thunder." At one bound their owner reached their heads by a flying leap from the car door. He had no time to climb into the wagon for the lines, and had to control them by their bridles. Before the madly, frightened animals could be mastered they had dragged him across the yard, and before anyone could think what should be done to help, it was all over. After the first feeling of relief at finding that no one was hurt, and that no damage had been done I could not help reflecting on the vigor and wildness of the scene I had witnessed. The horses in their madness of fear were for a moment as wild as their ancestors of the wilderness, and the man who was struggling with them showed all the primal courage of a primitive man grasping for mastery. Not even Nimrod, who was a "mighty hunter before the Lord" could have had a more tense moment than that of the young farmer in the modern and uninspiring railway yard. As I recall the scene it resolves itself into a series of powerful groupings that carry me back to an afternoon I spent in Borglum's studio, studying his sculptured group of Hercules overcoming the mares of Diomedea. There were moments when the upflung heads with dilated nostrils were as vivid with life as those rising from the sea on the pediment of the Parthenon. It must have been from such scene as this that Phidias caught the fire that guided his chisel in shaping those immortal masterpieces. I might go on indefinitely suggesting the scenes of poetry

and art that were illuminated in these few seconds. But all I wish to do is to show that under the greyneess of our everyday lives there is still the same fire and color as of old. After the excitement was over the owner of the team asked "What went by? I didn't have a chance to see!" All of which goes to show that when the divine moments come they pass so quickly we hardly have time to appreciate them.

Those few days of Indian Summer did much to raise the curse off the season. Not only did they make it possible to husk corn and harvest sugar-beets in comfort, but they put the world in good humor again, and gave us something pleasant to look back to when the winter closes in. I wonder what kind of a winter we are going to have? I don't think I have heard a single prophecy so far. Anyway, the wild geese and wild ducks do not seem to think that it is very near. Last year several great flocks of geese went over on Thanksgiving Day, but so far this year I have not seen them by day nor heard them by night. One morning we saw a few ducks, but instead of flying south they were flying due east. Evidently nothing has happened in the great lone country to the north to convince the wild-fowl that hard weather is at hand, but it will not do to take any chances. I have about fifteen hundred bunches of celery a-blanching and I must get them pitted before the frost comes, for the potatoes have almost all rotted, and celery will have to be the chief winter vegetable. I have an idea that somewhere among my papers there is a bulletin telling just how celery should be handled, but I am not going to hunt for it. Two years ago we had celery, and we cared for it according to the methods advised by Peter Henderson in a book published about forty years ago, and that method was so simple and satisfactory that I am going to stick to it even though it may be behind the times and very unfashionable. He advised digging a trench in a hillside, about the width of the spade, and packing the celery in this trench right side up as it grows. While the frosts were light the celery was simply covered with straw, and then as the weather became more severe the earth was heaped over it in the ordinary pit style. The celery that was put away in this way blanched perfectly, and came out as sweet as a hickory nut. I want more celery of that kind, and although there may be up-to-date methods of handling it that are better I shall do my trenching and pitting first, and read up the new methods afterwards. This way of doing things may show an unprogressive spirit but it is very human, and just now it is my humor to be human. Still I may as well tell the whole truth. There is one objection to this method of handling celery. Along in January the mice got into the trenches, and spoiled what was left, but I haven't seen many mice this fall and perhaps I'll escape. Besides I may have a cellar ready to move the stuff into before the mice get at it. Anyway it is going into trenches to begin with, and during the next couple of days, if the weather holds good.

I hear considerable talk about literary societies this fall, and I hope that something will come of the plans that are now being discussed. The young people need entertainment and places to meet, and if the literary societies do not become too profound, they should be a great help in making the winter pass pleasantly. But before such meetings can be made enjoyable and improving, there is great need of a sweeping reform of the town halls where gatherings of this kind are usually held. As a rule they are the most cheerless, and neglected buildings in the community. There are usually cobwebs on the walls and ceilings, and the tobacco juice of the last political meeting on the floors and stove. Next to the railway stations the town halls are about the most insanitary buildings in the community. It surely would not cost so very much to make them clean and comfortable, and the councils that control them might do worse than spend part of the money they take in for rent in keeping the buildings respectable. The people need a cheery place in which to meet, and I think it would be hard to discuss high thought and dainty poetry in surroundings that are not in keeping with such exercises. The Women's Institutes should get after the councils, and have the town halls put in order for winter entertainments.

Wants Stricter Rules for Free Live Stock Importation.

A delegation, comprising the National Live Stock Records Committee, waited upon Hon. Mr. Burrell, Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa, last week, to recommend certain changes in the Canadian Customs regulations by which animals for the improvement of stock are admitted free of duty.

The present regulations, the delegation pointed out, allowed a person "domiciled in Canada or a British subject" the duty-free privilege. As a consequence, it was contended, many United States firms interested only in the trafficking of stock "domiciled" an agent in Canada, who was able to bring in live stock, which in some cases

were not improved proposed only to

Another recorded to bear have Jo known i pointed now fill General,

Price

The s United 15, 191 made by tics of shown k

Beef Veal Hogs, Sheep

Lamb, Milch, Horse

Wool, Honey, Milk,

Apple, Peach, Pear

Beans, Cabb

Onion, Tomato, Peanut

Hops, Broom, Sweet

J. K. statement

"Dun ers hav but by ing str a few cceeded conditio quire to

"A threshes ity, fo son's.

"Th fully si prime in such urgentl

ling to basis shipme

"If the tr we loo days,

To The lower sideral of livi the co milk a vice fo Minnes course the c farmi A sug Chicag idle la boys c implan the so to the them the ex ing at tinent.