Our Boys and Girls.

A BOY'S SUCCESS. — Nearly a hundred years ago, a stout freckle-faced, awkward boy of eighteen years dressed in a ragged waistcoat and short breeches, without stockings or shoes, rapped one evening at the door of an humble cottage in northern England and asked to see the village school-master. When that person appeared the boy said very modestly:

"I would like to attend your evening school, sir."

"And what do you wish to study?" asked the teacher roughly.

"I want to learn to read and write, sir," answered the lad.

The school-master glanced over the boy's homely face and rough clothes scornfully and said: "Very well, you can attend, but a grit, bare-legged laddie like you would better be doing something else than learning his letters." Then he closed the door in the lad's face.

If that "grit bare-legged laddie" had said to the school-master, "I mean to become a great inventor, to be the friend of rich and powerful men, to hold conversation with kings and to write my name among the great ones of the earth," it is likely he would have called the boy a fool to cherish such wild dreams. Yet this poor ignorant lad, who did not know the alphabet at eighteen, accomplished all these things before he died.

He did it by hard work and because he made up his mind to do the best he could. He kept pegging away. His ignorance was a misfortune, not a fault. His parents were too poor to send him to school. He was the son of a fireman of a pumping engine in a Northumberland colliery. His birth place was a hovel with a clay floor, mud walls and bare rafters. When he was five years old he began to work for his living by herding cows in the daytime and barring up the gates at night. As he grew older, he was set to picking stones from the coal, and after that to driving a horse which drew coal from the pit. He went half fed and half clothed; but for "a' that" he had a man's brave soul in his sturdy little body.

For several years he was assistant fireman to his father; then he was made fireman himself. Subsequently at the age of seventeen, he was plugman of a pumping engine, a post superior to his father's.

But all this time, though ignorant of books, he had been studying his engine. Gradually he acquired so complete a knowledge of his machine that he was able to take it apart and make any ordinary repairs. The "grit, bare legged laddie" was smarter than he seemed, and this fact his teacher was not long in finding out after he began to teach him.

At the end of two years, by attending evening school, he had learned all that the village school master could teach him. This brought his school life to an end, but he still kept on studying. He bought books on engineering and mechanics, and spent his leisure in learning what they taught and experimenting. At last he began to think about making better engines than those around him.

Meanwhile he had secured the appointment of enginewright at one of the great collieries of northern England, and he gradually applied his plans for an improved locomotive. He was not entirely successful at first, but he was not discouraged. He saw his mistakes and corrected them. Before he was thirty-five years old he had constructed several locomotive steam engines, and five years afterwards he had become known as a successful and energetic engineer, and was called upon to build long and difficult lines of railway.

But his locomotives were too slow; he wanted them to run faster. He proposed to build one that would run at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Everybody laughed at him. Some thought he was going crazy. One gentleman, who considered himself very wise, said to him:

"Suppose you invent an engine capable of running nine or ten miles an hour, and suppose, while it was running, a cow should stray upon the track; would not that be a very awkward circumstance?"

"I should think it might be very awkward, indeed—for the cow," he answered.

Well, he succeeded in making his locomotive, and at a trial which took place near Liverpool it attained to the unprecedented speed of fourteen miles an hour. By making certain improvements, the same engine the "Rocket" was made to attain the speed of thirty miles an hour. People laughed no longer but admired.

He was invited as a consulting engineer to foreign countries, and wealth flowed upon him. Philosophers sought his friendship. His king offered him knighthood, but he refused a title, preferring to remain plain George Stephenson.

HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE.—A pitiful story is told of Barrett, the famous actor. It is good for young people to know something about life — what a fearful, tragical, beautiful thing it is—before they experience it. And so we think the following incident, told by Clara Morris, in her reminiscences published in the September number of "McClure's Magazine," must be interesting as showing something of the great pitifulness of our poor human existence.

Miss Morris is telling of Lawrence Barrett and his brother Joseph. Joseph had inherited a tendency to drunkenness, and time and again had he tried to cure himself, only to fall back; time and again had Lawrence Barrett received and comforted and encouraged the poor sick soul.

At last Joseph disappeared; no one saw him or heard of him. During his absence his mother, of whom he was passionately fond, sickened and died. Lawrence Barrett made every effort to trace his brother, to tell him of their mother's death, but in vain; Joseph could nowhere be found.

"Then," writes Miss Morris, "the funeral took place. White as marble, Lawrence sent us all home, and waited himself till the last clod of earth was piled upon the grave; then waited till the men had gone—waited to kneel and pray a moment before leaving the old mother there alone. And as he knelt he noted how dark it was growing, and thought he must not linger long or the gates would be locked against him. As he rose from his knees he was startled to see through the dusk a tall form coming toward him. It would dodge behind a monument, and after a moment's pause would come a little nearer. Suddenly the drooping, lurching figure became familiar to him. With a groan he hid himself behind a tombstone and waited—waited until suspicion became certainty, and he knew that the bent, weary, unkempt, unshorn funeral guest was his unfortunate brother Joe.

"He held his peace until the wanderer found his way along the darkening path to that pathetic stretch of freshly broken earth, where, with an exceeding bitter cry, he flung his arms above his head and fell all his length along the grave that held the sweetest and the holiest thing that God had ever given him—an honest, loving mother—and clutched the damp clods in his burning hands, and gasped out, 'O mother! I have hungered and I have tramped, with the curse upon me, too; I have hungered and tramped so far— so far — hoping just to be in time to see your dear face once more, and now they've shut you away from me — from the bad boy you never turned your patient eyes away from! O mother! whatever can I do without you—all alone! all alone!'

"At that child-like cry for the broken-man prostrate on the grave Lawrence's heart turned to water, and, kneeling down, he lifted to his breast the tear-stained, drink-blemished face of his brother, and kissed him as his mother might have done. Thus they prayed together for the repose of the soul of their beloved, and then, with his arms about the wanderer to steady his failing steps, Lawrence led him home, and as they entered he turned and said, 'Joe can't you take back those words all alone—can't you?' and Joe nodded his head, and, throwing his arms about his brother's neck, answered, 'Never alone while my little brother Larry lives and forgives.'"

LED INTO LIGHT.

(Continued from Page Six.)

IV.

As the hansom neared the Church of Saint Anthony of Padua in the heart of the Italian district, the boy looked out curiously. He saw a dirty, narrow street, shut in on either side with frowning tenements and swarming with half-clad children who tumbled over each other on the car-tracks and in the gutters.

When they alighted before the door of the basement or lower church where the Tuesday night devotions are held, he drew his father after the people who were entering. They were late, the services having been in progress for some time. An usher piloted them into a pew in the middle aisle, not far from the altar. Anthony could not see over the heads of those before him, but he listened eagerly to the preacher who from the altar-steps exhorted the congregation.

Dr. Ross listened too, but with very different sentiments. He felt an impatient desire to rise and combat those dogmatic statements relative to the great truths of Christianity. And he scoffed inwardly on hearing the long list of favors asked for and received through St. Anthony's intercession. Then, too, his fastidious nature rebelled against the enforced contact with the sweltering mass of humanity around him.

Meanwhile Anthony's anxiety to see the preacher grew too strong to be repressed. He climbed on the seat and looked towards the altar. As he did so his heart gave a great throb, for he saw there a strangely familiar figure clad in a long brown robe with a girdle around the waist.

Nearly everyone present knew that the wearer of this Franciscan habit was Father Paola, the gentle pastor who had labored in that parish for many years; who was familiar with the names and occupations of his people; and their sorrows and their joys, and who smiled on them now from the altar with the same love and benignity he brought into their poor homes.

But Anthony did not share their knowledge. He had seen just such another face, figure, and seraphic smile when Peggie brought him to kneel before the statue of St. Anthony in the Dominican Church near his home. And he drew his own conclusions.

He waited until the voice ceased, then scrambled from the seat, and rushed down the aisle, his fair hair floating around him. Straight through the sanctuary he sped, and falling at the priest's feet grasped the coarse robe, while his clear treble sounded through the church in the earnest appeal: "Oh, good St. Anthony, make my Daddy see!"

The blind man started up and would have followed only that some one caught his arm.

The priest saw and recognized the famous infidel whose writings and lectures had done incalculable harm. Impulsively he fell upon his knees, and putting his arm around the child, repeated in vibrant tones: "Oh, good Saint Anthony, make his Daddy see!"

The people were stirred to the depths. In very truth, "their hearts were moved as the trees of the wood are moved with the wind," and from every corner of the church there rose the spontaneous, thrilling cry, "Oh, good Saint Anthony, make his Daddy see."

The volume of mighty sound swept upward to the Great White Throne, and died away in a sobbing whisper.

Father Paola murmured something to the child who nestled confidingly against him. The little fellow trotted back and slipped his hand into that of his father.

For a few moments Mr. Ross sat bolt upright, but when the strains of "Tantum Ergo Sacramentum" floated through the church, some power stronger than his own will or inclination forced him to his knees.

The choir of trained voices rose and fell, piercingly sweet:

"Down in adoration falling,
Lo, the sacred Host we hail!
Lo, o'er ancient forms departing
Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith for all defects supplying
Where the feeble senses fail."

Around him he heard men and women praying. The belief and adoration in their whispered words thrilled and awed him. A germ of faith sprang up in his heart and quickly sprouted. A great wave of emotion swept over him. He buried his face in his hands and for the first time since childhood, hot tears streamed down his cheeks. Suddenly he felt a sharp pain shoot through his eyes. He hastily raised his head. A second later, he was on his feet clutching wildly at the pew. Before him there seemed to spread a reddish cloud,—waving—flickering—breaking here and there. In the midst of it appeared myriads of sparks, whirling, dancing, and changing into points of colored light. Then, all at once the cloud melted; the shifting mass steadied, and he saw!

For a second he gazed wildly at the altar with its twinkling lights; at the priest in his gold-hued vestments holding aloft the shining monstrance, and at the bowed heads of the worshippers. Then he turned swiftly and beheld his little son looking at him,—the sweet brown eyes and beautiful face full of love.

With a rapturous exclamation he snatched him to his breast and hurried down the aisle. When he reached the Communion rail, he prostrated himself on the ground, his haughty head bowed in the dust, and through the length and breadth of the church his voice rang out in the tremulous cry: "Oh, Lord, Oh God, I believe! Help Thou my unbelief!"

Then he staggered into the air, the boy clinging to his neck.

During the rapid homeward drive, he only removed his eyes from his child's radiant face to glance at the starlit sky, and once again the prayer of thanksgiving in his heart found its way to his lips. In that moment he registered a vow to undo so far as possible all the mischief he had done by his writings and false teachings, and to devote the remainder of his life to disseminating the light that had come to him.

As soon as they entered the house Anthony's ringing cry, "My Daddy b'lieves in God an' now he can see—can see!" brought the servants flocking to the hall. Peggie led the way.

"What did I tell, yeze,—what? she asked joyously, "Now glory be to you, my God, shure this is the happiest minit of me life!" And having wrung her master's hand she retreated, sobbing and laughing in the same breath.

The good news travelled fast, and long before the eye-specialist arrived on the scene, breathless and excited.

"I have been expecting this for some time, Mr. Ross," he cried, and forthwith he plunged into a scientific explanation of the how, why, and wherefore.

Mr. Ross heard him to the end, then he said unsteadily:

"I cannot follow your arguments. I am dazed with joy. I can understand and realize one thing only,—that I have been led into light."

Household Notes.

A CURE FOR GOSSIP.—We have all an inclination to indulge in a little gossip about our neighbors. The following story may help us to form good resolutions to overcome the habit:—

Once upon a time there lived in the famous old cloister of Ottobeuren, a very dear old priest. His name was Father Magnus, and he was the favorite of the whole monastery and of the parish as well. He was utterly incapable of speaking severely of any human being.

One day he started to go to the next village, to visit a sick priest, and as he left the priest's house on his way home, a woman tripped down the steps of the adjoining house. He knew her for one of his own villagers and when asked if she might walk along with him, he cordially agreed.

After a bit, the woman broke out, "Oh Father! I can not tell you what a wicked woman—you know her — my neighbor is!" "Is that true? then let us make haste to say the Rosary for her, that she may turn from the error of her ways. In the name of the Father"—and so on through the fifteen decades, Frau Anna Maria making the responses.

This carried them about a third of the way home, then the woman again took up the grievance. "Oh dear, Father! how can I ever have patience with that woman." "It is hard to be patient; let us say the Rosary for you; In the name of the Father"—and the threefold Rosary was told again. The poor woman had to pray whether she would or no.

But when the last Hail Mary had been told she felt that her chance had come, and she exclaimed: "Really, Your Reverence, if you could see the way that woman makes her husband suffer!" "Ah, the poor man! We will say the Rosary once more for him." By the time this was finished, they stood before Frau Anna's door and the baffled gossip made up her mind that it would be some time before she joined Father Magnus in another walk.

CHILDREN'S MEALS.—A Catholic magazine offers the following hints to parents in regard to order and regularity of meals for children. Of course, there are one or two suggestions beyond the means of many households, such as delivery of milk at schools. We give them in full as follows:—

Now that the school season is in full swing, both children and teachers must be watched to make sure that they take sufficient nourishing food. Neither should be allowed to leave home in the morning without a substantial breavfast—substantial in being nourishing but not indigestible. A generous dish of well-cooked porridge, with a liberal supply of cream, one or two poached eggs on toast, a cup of coffee for the elders, and cocoa or hot milk for the children, or some other equally satisfying menu must be insisted upon.

If the session is a long one, the parents must see to it that a sufficient interval is allowed for a light lunch, and that milk is delivered at the school, or that sandwiches or fruit are taken from home. No cake, pastry, or confectionery should be tolerated.

If the pupils reach home at two o'clock, a hot meal should be ready for them then. All this may be a "bother." Right living is more or less of a "bother," but the further we are removed from the savage state the more we must expect to be "bothered."

Insufficient and irregular meals during the period of growth are the cause of more breakdowns in health than all the books in all our libraries. If the future health and usefulness of our children are of value, we should not be indifferent to the means for securing them.

A DOCTOR'S VIEW.—"Why do so many women have melancholia?" repeated the doctor, who has a large practice among the "depressed" and "nervous" feminine population. "Because they don't care to avoid it. Because they absolutely disregard the rules of mental and physical well being. Because they would rather eat what they like and suffer indigestion and the blues afterwards than to eat what is good for them but doesn't tickle their appetites. Because they'd rather sit about on soft cushions than take a tramp six miles through the open air. Because they haven't enough to occupy their minds and their hands."

Then the doctor paused to take breath, and began again somewhat less agressively: ...

"It is never the women who have cause to feel blue," he said, "who indulge in blues. The women who have shiftless husbands, hard-hearted landlords, sick babies and all the usual accompaniments of poverty never grow so depressed that they have to be treated for it. They are too busy. It's the woman with an adoring family, social position and comfortable income who doesn't find life worth living. It isn't the servant girl who gets up at six to kindle the fire and who slaves all day who indulges in melancholia, but the daughter of the family, who arises at eight, dawdles over her breakfast, reads a little, practices a little, shops a little, craves excitement with all her heart, and is melancholic because she doesn't have it.

"There is no habit which grows upon one so rapidly," went on the doctor. "It becomes a disease in a very short time. My own plan, whenever I feel an attack coming on, is to put on my walking boots and tramp vigorously as far as I can. It is simply impossible to exercise and feel blue at the same time. Of course, a general care of the health is necessary, and work is the chief factor in effecting a cure."

NOTES FOR FARMERS.

The New Year Book of the American Department of Agriculture contains some interesting facts regarding the potato, which is now the king of garden products. In 1900 the crop in that country reached, in round numbers, 211,000,000 bushels, worth on the farm almost $92,000,000. This was the largest value since 1894, although the crop was about 19,000,000 bushels smaller than in 1899. The decrease in yield was more than made up by an advance from 39 cents to 43.1 cents in the average farm price. The great potato States are, in the order named, New York, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, and Maine. The New York crop is twice that of any other State, and represents one-eighth of the money value of the total. The potato areas in the States outside of New York run from 100,000 to 200,000 acres each. Says the Year Book, continuing a discussion of this question:

The increased acreage in 1900 was due mainly to an increase of 12,000 acres in New York, and 9,000 acres in Pennsylvania. The yield declined in New York from 88 bushels an acre to 81, and in Pennsylvania from 85 bushels to 58, the farm price at the same time advancing from 40 to 45 cents in New York, and from 43 to 53 cents in Pennsylvania. Notable changes were made also in Minnesota, where the acreage decreased 7,000 acres, the yield per acre from 96 to 81 bushels, and the price advanced from 25 to 30 cents; in Wisconsin, where the acreage fell off nearly 5,000 acres, and the price advanced from 26 to 28 cents; in Iowa, where the decrease in acreage was 4,000 acres, in yield, from 100 bushels to 72 per acres, and the advance in price from 23 to 37 cents; in Missouri, where the acreage was 3,000 acres greater, the yield increased from 83 to 93 bushels per acre, but the price fell from 40 to 35 cents; in Illinois, where the acreage increased by 3,000 acres, the yield fell from 96 to 92 bushels per year, and the price was unchanged; in Michigan, where the acreage decreased by 1,500 acres, the yield advanced from 66 to 97 bushels per acre, and the price fell from 32 to 26 cents; and in Nebraska, where the acreage increased 3,000 acres, the yield fell from 94 to 66 bushels per acre, and the price advanced from 25 to 49 cents a bushel.

The Year Book thows out a hint to housewives that to secure the greatest nutritive value potatoes should be peeled before cooking, placed directly in hot water, and boiled rapidly. When they are placed in cold water, which is slowly brought to a boil, they suffer a serious loss of food material.

LIVE STOCK.—During the past summer the Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, accompanied by F. W. Hodson, Liver Stock Commissioner, and J. H. Grisdale, agriculturist at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, says the "Free Press," visted Great Britain, one of the chief purposes of the visit being to secure some pure-bred stock for the Experimental Farms, where more and more more attention is being pais to such matters.

The importation, secured in various parts of Great Britain and the Channel Islands, consists of 6 Shorthorns, 10 Ayrshires, 7 Guernseys, 10 Shropshire sheep, 2 Berkshire pigs, 1 Tamworth gilt, 1 Large Yorkshire gilt, 4 Large Black pigs, 2 trios of Buff Orpington fowls, and two trios Salmon Faverolles.

The Shorthorn cattle were selected for their milk and beef points. Cattle of some of the most famous milking strains were secured. A bull calf, "Lord Dinsdale," roan, calved 20th June, 1901, bred by the Rt. Hon. Lord Fitzhardinge, Berkeley Castle, Gloucester, sire, "Baron Blanche" 76,089; dam, "Darlington 65th," a cow of magnificent proportions and great worth as a milk producer, having given with her first calf in 1900 over 6,000 lbs. of milk.

Cow, "Lunesdale Marchioness," roan, calved November 7th, 1896, bred by Edmund Potter, Esq., Lowfields, Kirkby, Lonsdgle, Westmoreland; sire "His Excellency," 67,193; dam, "Marchioness of Kirklevington 7th." This animal combines milk with beef and is of superior quality and beautiful Shorthorn character. She has given birth to two as beautiful heifers as can be found in England, and Mr. Potter considers them the gems of his herd. Mr. Potter's herd is one remarkable for combining milking and beefing properties, and there may be found many beautiful animals of the old Bates strains. Another female has been more recently secured from Mr. Potter about which full particulars are not yet available.

Cow, "Darlington Lass," red and little white, calved April 15th, 1893, bred by Mr. Henry Webb (bought from Mr. Scott Murray, Hambleden, Henley-on-Thames); sire, "Shorham Gwynne," 59,916; dam, "Darlington Duchess." This cow has left some good stock and is a very exceptional milker, giving last year about 9,000 lbs.

Cow calf, "Jessica Elmhurst 2nd," red and white, calved July 25th, 1901, bred by Mr. Scott Murray, Hambleden, Henley-on-Thames; sire, "Hopeful Fred;" dam, "Jessie Elmhurst 24th." A cow of magnificent proportions, good Shorthorn character, and a heavy milker, giving last year over 9,000 lbs. of milk.

Cow calf, "Janet," roan, calved October 4th, 1900, bred by Richard Stratton, Esq., of The Duffryn, Newport, Mon.; sire, "Union Jack," 75,801; dam, "Jubilee." The heifer is a model Shorthorn and was the mate of, and in every way equal to Mr. Strattons's yearling which won the first at "The Royal" Cardiff this year. "Janet's" dam, "Jubilee" is probably the most remarkable milking Shorthorn in England to-day, in 10 months, from October 10th, 1900, to August 10th, 1901, she gave 11,000 lbs. of milk of good quality. Mr. Stratton's herd is probably the oldest in the milk and beef business and includes many excellent "dairy and beef" cattle.

Cow calf, "Duches of Vittoria 39th," roan, calved 11th October, 1900, bred by James A. Peter, Berkeley, Gloucester; sire, "North Star," 75,152; dam, "Duchess of Vittoria 34th." This heifer is of exceptionally find quality and great beauty. She is from a cow of grand scale and good dairy form. She offers to make a rare good one.

The Ayrshires secured were selected on account of milking properties rather than for record in the ring.

Bull, "Twin Beauty," brown with some white, calved 1st March, 1899, bred by Robert Wallace, Auchenbrain, Mauchline; sire, "Daniel of Auchenbrain;" dam, "Old Beauty's Last of Auchenbrain," was secured from Andrew Clement, Netherton Mearns, Renfrew Co., Scotland. The dam of this bull is a cow of rare milking qualities, having given over 70 lbs. of milk in one day on grass alone, while the dam of his sire has an equally remarkable record.

Two cows, "Jessie A. of Culcaigrie," white and brown, and "Maggie of Culcaigrie," red and white, 6 and 3 years old respectively, were secured from the breeder, William Streyan, of Culcaigrie, Twynholm, Scotland. These two animals participated in the winning of the famous Queen's Hill cup in 1898 and 1901 respectively. This cup, now the property of Mr. Streyan, has been for some years the goal of Galloway Ayrshire breeders' ambition. These animals are models of Ayrshire form and combine showing qualities with milk production.

Three cows were secured from Robert Woodburn, of Holehouse, Golston, Ayrshire. They are:

"Trim 2nd of Holehouse," white and brown, 4 years old.

"Soncy of Holehouse," mostly white, 6 years old.

"Nora's Last of Holehouse," mostly white, 8 years old.

None of the above three cows has ever been in the show ring, but are quite worthy of honors.

From Mr. Robert Wallace, of Auchenbrain, Mauchline, Ayrshire, were secured 4 two-year-old "queys" all by Daniel of Auchenbrain and from "Flecky 4th," "Denty 8th," "Kirsty 5th," and "Bloomer," all of Auchenbrain. They are a promising lot.

The Guernseys secured were as follows:—

From England—Bull, "Golden Rule," fawn and white, bred by H. M. Ozanne Castel, Guernsey, bought from Sir H. D. Tichborne, Bt., Alresford, Hants. Calved August 18th, 1899. An animal of splendid form and great apparent worth.

Three cows were secured from Sir H. D. Tichborne, in addition to the bull, viz., "Lily of the Gachere," 5 years old; "Itchen Lady," 3 years old, and "Clatford Spot," 6 years old. These three cows have never been in the show ring, but are all good, strong cattle with good records as milkers.

From Guernsey Island were secured two cows and a calf:—"Deanie IX.," fawn with white markings, dropped July 2nd, 1898, bred by M. McCulloch Castel; sire, "Loyal des Runguets," 978 P.S.; dam, "Deanie," 1869 P.S. The cow "Deanie" is a most remarkable producer, and the daughter, "Deanie IX.," promises to equal her.

Cow, "Honoria VII.," fawn with white markings, calved Feb. 14th, 1897, bred by A. Lepatourel La Ramee, St. Peter port, Guernsey; sire, "Masher II.," 858 P. S.; dam, "Honaria 2nd," 2243, P.S." "Honoria VII." did splendidly with her first calf and is offering well with her second, a fine bull by "Francis Masher II." dropped on ship board.

A Shropshire shearling ram was secured at the annual sale of T. S. Minton, Esq., Montford Bridge, Salop. This is one of the most famous ram breeding flocks in Shropshire and the ram secured was one of four toppers.

Five shearling ewes and four ewe lambs were secured from the recently dispersed flock of A. E. Mansell, at the now historic sale at Harrington Hall, Shipnal, where an average of over $43.00 was secured for shearling ewes, and over $165.00 for rams, some of which sold as high as $2,100.00.

A Berkshire boar and a gilt in young were secured from P. L. Mills, Esq., Ruddington Manor, Notts.

A Large Yorkshire gilt in young was brought from the famous herd of Sanders Spencer, St. Ives, Hunts.

A Tamworth gilt of exceptional merit from the sow winner at The Royal last year and by the boar winner at The Royal two years ago, was also imported. She was in young.

Four pigs, 2 boars and 2 gilts, of the South of England breed, "large Blacks," were brought over to test the value of this breed as bacon producers in Canada. This is supposed to be the first importation of the breed to America.

The Salmon Faverolles, 2 trios of which were brought over, are a French breed said to be the result of crossing Dorkings on Houdans, and then crossing Light Brahmas on these cross-bred fowls. They are highly esteemed in France and wherever tried in England for their superior fattening qualities and the excellent quality of their flesh.

The Buff Orpingtons are the favorite breed in the North of England, and appear to be one peculiarly well fitted to the needs of the Canadian farmer as a meat and flesh producing bird.

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