



## MANITOBA FARM NOTES.

OUR friends will be interested in knowing that the cut at the head of this page is the reproduction (reduced just one-half in size) of a photograph taken from the medal awarded Dr. Barnardo, by the World's Columbian Exposition, in 1893, for specific merit in an exhibit of butter sent for competition from his Manitoba Farm, in the fall of that year. The diploma accompanying the medal, and which now occupies a prominent place on the walls of the Manager's office, gives the following details, which will, no doubt, be of interest to all our readers who follow dairying in any manner—whether as milkers, for you are all aware that good butter cannot be made from milk which has been taken into dirty pails by unclean hands; as operators at the churn, as I have no doubt numbers of our bonnie cheeked lassies are; or as owners of milch kine, pails, cream cans, churns and all the apparatus that goes to make up the outfit of the modern dairy—a position which I know many of the pioneer lads of Dr. Barnardo's colony now occupy, not only in Ontario, where they have been long established, but in wheat-growing Manitoba where dairying is unexpectedly becoming a most important industry.

The Diploma reads:

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

By Act of their Congress have authorized THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN COMMISSION at the International Exhibition held in the City of Chicago, State of Illinois, in the year 1893, to decree a medal for specific merit, which is set forth below over the name of an individual Judge acting as an examiner upon the finding of a Board of International Judges, to

DR. T. J. BARNARDO, RUSSELL, MANITOBA.

## BUTTER EXHIBIT.

Award.	Maximum Possible.	Marks Obtained.
Flavor .....	45	42
Grain .....	25	25
Color .....	15	14
Salting .....	10	10
Packing .....	5	3

From the above the reader will note that while the boys at the Farm Creamery did not quite reach perfection in this exhibit, the results of their work equalled that of some of the most expert butter-makers in America; and this in spite of the fact that to reach the Fair grounds at Jackson Park, it was necessary to transport the exhibit around by Montreal, a distance of some twenty-five hundred miles, and submit it to the judges nearly four weeks from the churn, so that Mr. Tucker, the then superintendent of the creamery, has occasion to be more than proud of the results obtained.

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As Manitoba has always been looked upon by outsiders, and even by residents up to a few years ago, as strictly a grain-growing country, forced for all time to import from Ontario and Quebec all her butter and cheese, a practice her merchants were obliged to follow up to 1886, it now seems wonderful that in so short a time her exports of dairy produce should have reached such proportions as they have. We must bear in mind, however, that these rich prairie grasses had, long before the foot of the white man trod them under, furnished abundant food of the richest kind

to herds of buffalo numbering thousands, and there is perhaps no country on the face of the globe where finer specimens of cattle can be grown so cheaply; losses, except where gross carelessness is allowed, are seldom heard of; and as regards summer pasture for milch cows, the rolling prairies of north-western Manitoba offer a rich herbage, consisting largely of leguminous plants of great variety. The dairy department at the Farm has from its inception always occupied a prominent position in the work, and for a number of years Dr. Barnardo had the honour of owning the best equipped creamery in the West; however the impetus given dairying by the assistance of the Government has brought about the construction within the past year of some very creditable factories, and has induced some of the best operators of the Eastern Provinces to come West and grow up with the industry. In this connection we must not pass over the good work done last year by the Provincial Dairy School, carried on at Winnipeg by Mr. C. C. Macdonald, who is well known in Western Ontario, having occupied at one time the post of Superintendent of the London Experimental Station, established by the Dominion Government some years ago. Mr. Macdonald in his last winter's work turned out some bright young factory men, who will no doubt be heard of in the years to come.

The work of the Farm has gone on steadily during the month, although field operations and stacking have been somewhat interfered with



CREAMERY WAGGON ON ITS ROUNDS.

through cold, rainy weather. The residents in the institution were much pleased with a visit from Mr. Owen, who came up to us at the close of the month of August and remained over the Sabbath, long enough to visit the fine farm of Mr. Henry Pettitt, where he looked over his neat new cottage and stable, expressing great satisfaction with the appearance of all he saw, going from there to inspect the excellent flock of sheep, now numbering some 350, belonging to Dr. Barnardo and kept by Mr. Blythe in the valley of the Assiniboine river. The great fault with Mr. Owen's visit was, that it was too short. However, we all know that our ever-busy colleague would not even let the rich soil of Manitoba produce grass under his feet, and must away with the writer to take train at Moosomin en route for his headquarters at Toronto.

Old lads will be glad to learn that an "old timer," Horace Calver, has been heard from. Calver, who came out in 1889 on the "Old Polly" with the pioneers, is now a travelling agent for a large manufacturing firm in the United States, and is receiving, I believe, a fine salary, upon which he appears to thrive.

William Boyd Fleming, of the same party, who will be remembered as a leader in the singing of the old days, writes from Medicine Hat, where he married and settled down years ago, that he is still in the road master's office of the Canadian Pacific Railway, keeping the ac-

counts for the division, covering some five hundred miles of track.

Space will not permit even an extract from each of the satisfactory letters received this month from old lads and their employers; however, the writer does not feel that he can close this sheet without asking the old Manitoba Farm boys if they do not think the time has arrived for some systematic effort on our part toward raising a little revenue for our director, Dr. Barnardo. A large number of the early colonists are now earning good wages; and as one of the earnest wishes of our Director is, that a small church may be built on the Farm, let the Manitoba boys start a "Church Fund," each one sending in this fall all he can reasonably spare up to say \$5 to be used for this purpose. Mark your envelope "Church Fund," and send cash or money order to your well wisher,

*C. E. Douglas*

## A LETTER FROM MR. DOUGLAS.

LEOPOLD HOUSE, LONDON, ENG.

MY DEAR LADS,—It is with much pleasure that I have read several numbers of your valuable and interesting paper. I have many times intended to sit down and write off a whole batch of answers to the many letters I have received from old scholars, nearly all of whom conclude by asking me to send the old Exeter Hall or Albert Hall Song Book, or School Songs, Poetry, etc.; but pressure of work, etc., have in the majority of cases prevented my answering individually, and I really am delighted to have the opportunity, through your Editor's kindness, of replying to you collectively instead.

You will be pleased to know that the old school, despite changes of code, etc., still maintains the excellent standing both for the Government and Drawing Examinations, and it is by constantly pointing out to my present lads "what the old boys did" that makes them strive to keep up this result.

Mr. Rigby, who desired to be kindly remembered to all, is still with me. Mr. Brettle is a head teacher in Nottingham. Mr. Diprose and Mr. Key are also doing well elsewhere.

I saw "Dickie Bradley's" likeness. O! my! what a difference between it and the little fellow who left my school for "our kitchen." I hope his throat is well now, 1895-6. I hope this letter meets the eye of "Joseph Harper," who left here in 1885 or '86. I received a letter from him which we all answered, but unfortunately I lost it. I have not forgotten Master Patrick Feeney's letter with the 5 cent piece in it; nor Ritchie's with my old Christmas Text, "'God bless us all every one!' said Tiny Tim;" nor the many other dear fellows (big chaps now no doubt—I dare say I should have some trouble to reach up to give them a "hand" now!) who wrote me so gratefully about our school, and wished it so well.

Believe me! these old boys' letters gratify and encourage me. I dare say you can all guess who acted the King's part with "the Sing a Song of Sixpence and twenty-four Leopold Blackbirds in a large Pie," at the Albert Hall, and before H. R. H. the Prince of Wales too. Many of you remember our Nursery Rhymes.

Old Leopold lads who were formerly Jersey boys, will be interested to know that I go over each year to examine and report on the school there. Now during my holiday, which commences shortly, I intend to have a grand turn-out (you used to call it a "tosh out!") at home, of all my old letters, and then I will send a parcel of the concert-books, etc., to your kind Editor.

I have a small Leopold House School Gazette which I read once a fortnight, and, of course, refer to any news received from Old Boys in the Old Boy's column. May God prosper you all. Don't forget my merit card text, Psalm xx: 1. (These cards are now printed for me at Stepney.)

In conclusion, I may add that dear Dr. Barnardo doesn't seem to age much with his immensely grown work and family; and as for myself, I suppose I am something like Tennyson's "Brook"—though of course I can't help getting older. Thanking your Editor for the opportunity of a chat with you, and trusting he will (there I know he will) not cut anything out of this long epistle.

I am, Dear Lads,

Very affectionately yours,

C. E. DOUGLAS, Head Master.