

was established, and a patriotic effort has been made to perpetuate the race.

The Anglesea cattle, claiming to be a distinct breed, very closely resemble the Pembrokes. They are of blacker color, and a trifle larger. They have been raised chiefly for beef, and their milking qualities have therefore been greatly neglected, and consequently they are of little use in the dairy; but their flesh is of excellent quality, and considerable numbers of them are finished off in England for the London market. A herd book has also been established for these of late under the name of the North Wales Black Cattle Herd Book, and as they are extremely hardy, and thrive on the scanty mountain pastures on which most English breeds would starve, it is likely that they will long survive the other native cattle of the Principality. At page 25 is an illustration of a fine cow of this breed—Lady Best, No. 236, Vol. II. of the North Wales Black Cattle Herd-Book. She has been during the past year a frequent prize winner among Welsh cattle both in England and Wales, and inherits, according to the (London) Live Stock Journal, from which the illustration has been re-engraved, "the purest blood of pedigree Welsh cattle."

A breed to be profitable and, therefore, popular among the farmers and dairymen of England must be good for both beef and milk—hence the transcendent popularity of the Short-horns. R. N. Y.

THE HORN QUESTION.

THE story told by the pictures shown at pp. 24 and 27 needs but little explanation. It can be understood at a glance. It may be claimed that both pictures are exaggerated, and yet we believe that there is much food for thought in this drama so graphically placed before us by our artist. Whenever we stop to consider the matter, the utter uselessness of horns upon domestic cattle becomes more and more apparent. Why should cattle carry these deadly weapons about with them? No man has yet been able to give any satisfactory answer, and it is probable that there is hardly a prominent cattleman or breeder in the country who would not gladly let the horns go, if by their loss his cattle would not, for a time, lose value from being different from other specimens of the breed. We fully believe that the public could in time be brought to look upon polled cattle of every breed with satisfaction. One mistake is made by the advocates of polled cattle in ascribing too much gentleness to their favorites. The picture of the little girl leading the great bull by the ear is purely an ideal one. Polled cattle are, as a rule, more gentle than their horned companions, but they are by no means lambs. They can strike a terrible blow with the head, and in many instances have beaten horned animals. Still they are quieter and more easily handled, and far less dangerous, as a rule. R. N. Y.

CORRESPONDENTS' VIEWS

I DON'T like the way pitchfork handles are made. The handles are too large round towards the fork. I had one such and the men all shunned it. I used it and my hand was cramped grasping so large a hold. I could get no others at the store, so I bought two of the usual size and shape. I took them into my shop and with plane and spoke-shave altered one-third of the lower part to an oval, the widest way up and down. These forks are now the favorites in the field, as the hand easily grasps the handle and it will not turn. Try one and you will like it. Some manufacturer might use this idea to his advantage. R. N. Y.

Creedmore, L. I.

H.

PEOPLE complain about our poor country roads. My opinion is that the principal cause for this is the laziness of the men when working out their taxes. They lean on a hoe-handle and talk, as though they had plenty of time. They ought to work for the public as they work for themselves. R. N. Y.

MANY good farmers think they must leave their comfortable homes and move into the town or city, so that the children can have the advantage of city schools and city ways. At first they do not mean to leave the farm permanently, but almost before they know it, the city becomes the home. The farm is rented and runs down. When at last the children grow up to be a little ashamed of father and mother, and the old folks go back, they have to spend their old age in bringing up the neglected farm. This plan is all wrong. Why not improve the country schools so that there will be no need of running to the city for an education? The farmer's place of business is on the farm. R. N. Y.

I KNOW men about me who think they must have their own reapers when they have not work enough to keep such machinery busy, and have to run in debt for it. It would pay them better to have their grain cut by a neighbor, but they have a pride in doing it themselves. They get into debt for the implement, and the note is sure to fall due just at the wrong time. They have no place to house such a machine, and the consequence is that it is about destroyed by the weather. They had better wait till they can buy the implement right out. R. N. Y.

MANY farmers who complain of lame horses have themselves to blame. They start into town and forget to oil the wheels. Before they start home they oil themselves up with a little cider or something stronger, and home they come too fast for the horse. In the morning the horse shows a little stiffness in front. They hitch up the old mare in his place, and throw a foot of straw under him to induce him to lie down. Such treatment is all wrong. Better take him out and exercise him a little. His stiffness is likely to become permanent if he is left too long. I like a medium-sized horse. I don't want one so small that he has to strain every muscle to keep end his up, nor one so large that he never has to make an effort. R. N. Y.

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