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THE EXHIBITION OF 1881.

We are certainly improving; not in one branch of our agricultural pursuits, but in several. Those of us who remember the miserable displays of 20 years ago, will bear me out in saying, that in every breed of stock, in every style of implement, and in every article of farm produce, the present exposition is so far superior to the earlier ones that the wildest anticipations of the most sanguine prophet are more than realised.

There have always been, among the cattle, two or three good specimens; but it was reserved for this year to show herds of four different breeds that would with difficulty be equalled in Britain. The Shorthorns, the Ayrshires, the polled Angus, and the Herefords, were worthy of a place at any exhibition in any country. The glory of the yard, however, were the Angus-cattle. I am not about to impugn the correctness of the Judges' decisions. The polled stock are not commonly seen, and it is not every one who is capable of appreciating their peculiar merits. Very few people are conversant with Devons; Herefords are almost strangers to the Province; Jerseys are in the hands of only three or four breeders, and not one in a hundred is capable of distinguishing between a Galloway and a Polled Angus. And so with sheep; the short-wooled breeds are little understood, though Leicesters and Cotswolds are familiar objects enough. But what a lesson was taught, to all willing to learn, at our show! It was as if the Royal of England had combined with Highland of Scotland, and the Irish Agricultural, to hold one grand united Exhibition. Every one of the principal breeds was represented; and the specimens were of such a sort, that a good idea might be formed, if plenty of patience were exercised, of their points and relative value.

There was one fault, however, and a great fault it was: the cattle in the eastern row of stalls were so mixed up that great difficulty existed in contrasting one animal of the same breed with another. Here, was a Hereford bull, there, a Kerry cow; and I can fancy an inexperienced eye being rather puzzled by the phantasmagoric changes. All the breeds should be arranged in lots: bulls, cows, heifers, and calves; for no comparison can be made, in any reasonable time, if one has to run about from one part of the ground to another.

And what on earth was the meaning of putting Galloways and Polled Angus in the same class? They differ from one another as much as Sussex cattle differ from Devons, and I am sure that 99 people out of 100 went away convinced that Mr Hickson's animals were Polled Angus, as the prize-cards stated.

The Shorthorns, taken as a class, were as good as we often see them. Mr Cochrane's *Barringtons*, deep red in colour, took the eye at once. Royal Lind I never did like, and I do not find he grows upon me. Mrs Whitfield's white bull has become a fine beast, and always makes me regret the existence of the absurd prejudice against his colour on this side of the Atlantic. Most of the Rougemont cows are from deep-milking strains, and naturally did not make so fine a display of themselves as if they had been dried off shortly after calving.

There was a bull, 3rd prize two-years old, I think, which ought to have been expelled from the yard. He had every bad point a bull can have, and was fortunate in meeting no competitor in the ring. I do not see why brutes of this sort should be decorated, as it cannot possibly do any good to the country to have a lot of big-bellied, lumpy-shouldered, flat-sided, goose-rumped mongrels as the parents of our future herds. As a rule, the Eastern Townships' people are very careless about their male animals. It is a pity, for the land would not make default if a higher class of cattle were aimed at; and the universal opinion of the witnesses at the Agricultural commission at Ottawa was, that it would never pay to export the common stock of the country.

Mr Cochrane won the *Herd-prize* for Shorthorns, and I did not hear any remarks as to the justice of the decision.

Among the Herefords, I was very much pleased with Mr Cochrane's 3 years old. His rounds of beef, or steak-pieces as the Canadian butcher would call them, were superb. He is very like Mrs Edward's cow Leonora, a picture of whom was given some time ago in this journal, and, I imagine, must come from the same stock. The new importations of Messrs Dawes reflect great credit on their enterprize. The first prize for yearling bull, 2nd for 3 year-old cow, and one or two more, fell to their lot: an encouragement for the future. Mr Hickson's bull, 4 year-old, has good thighs, but his crops are poorish, and his under- and side-lines a great deal too soda-water-bottleish. Cochrane, again, *Herd-prize*.

In Devons, the Whitfield 3 year-old bull was preeminently