

curing of hams, that for a mild-cured article a day should be allowed after the first three days for each pound in weight, and for a ham to be kept any length of time, two days should be allowed per pound after the first three days.

THE FARM

What an Amateur Farmer Saw on a Trip. — II.

In Dublin, as afterwards throughout Ireland, we found donkeys, little patient beggars, small out of all proportion to the carts and loads they drew, much more commonly used than we had expected, notwithstanding all we had heard of Irish donkeys. Upon the streets of some of the smaller places they were more numerous than horses. At Drogheda, on the Boyne, some three miles from where King William crossed the little stream and made history and romance, a young farmer of the neighborhood told me that donkeys commonly sold at from one pound ten to three pounds. One of his neighbors had recently sold one to an Englishman for seven pounds, but it was an extra-fast and good animal and was, moreover, well sold. The same informant told me that wages paid an adult farm hand in that part of Ireland were about five shillings a week with board, or twelve shillings without. This was confirmed by another farmer of Wexford county. The Wexford farmer, living near Ferns, told me that a good farm horse there would sell for about thirty-five pounds, and a good horse of the hunter type (and the Irish hunter is a type rather than a breed) for eighty to one hundred pounds and up. There are, however, many "misses" in breeding hunters. At and around Glengariffe in the south west of Ireland we were surprised to see the high, luxuriant, blossom-laden fuchsia hedges, and palm trees twenty-five to thirty feet high, growing splendidly in the open without having had any winter protection. Even in the more northerly part of Ireland fuchsias grow all year out of doors, but not so luxuriantly as in the south. From Glengariffe we travelled by motor about sixty-five miles by a tortuous course through the McGillicuddy Reeks, and other mountain ranges to Killarney. But little of the country was or could be cultivated. It did, however, yield peat, and peat bogs were everywhere, and cattle, sheep, donkeys and goats pastured upon the hillsides, with some tilled land in the valleys. At Killarney we were in the home of the pretty little Kerry cattle, most of them black, some of them red and all of them highly prized by their owners, as are also the little black Dexter cattle, popular in the same district, not any higher than the wee Kerrys, but somewhat more blocky and better beefers.

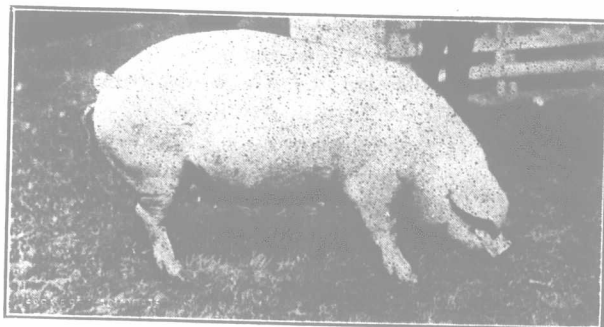
From Killarney we went, by Tralee, to Limerick, the "City of the broken treaty." At Patrick's Well, near Limerick, we visited a farm of somewhat over fifty Irish acres, (eleven Irish acres being equal to fourteen English or Canadian acres). Here I saw, ready for the mower, a meadow that looked as though it would yield a good two tons of cured hay to the acre—it was high and very thick. The very capable widow lady who owned and managed the farm, assured me that she had been upon the farm forty years, and that this field had been in grass during the whole of the time, and for probably twenty years before. No re-seeding had been done, but the field had been frequently fertilized, sometimes with barn-yard manure and sometimes with commercial fertilizer. Some years the field was pastured, other years it was mowed. Speaking of the thatched roofs, which many of her neighbors used, she said they were warm in winter and cool in summer, but expensive to keep in repair. She told me that they sold their lambs in September for 28 to 30 shillings, that their land being rather light they followed dairying, and the raising of store cattle and sheep, but did not fatten cattle.

At Limerick, after visiting the harbor on the Shannon, the largest river in the Kingdom, the castle, the treaty stone and other sights, we spent a short time at a pig fair. It was well attended, they were trading as is only done at an Irish Fair. Our jaunting car driver told us we would only see "boniffs" offered for sale, and he explained that a boniff is a small pig purchased by one who wants a pig not for immediate killing but to feed. Men and women were there to sell and buy, though the buyers pretended a great deal of indifference. I noticed one woman standing in a small cart with three chunks of pigs at her feet on the floor of the vehicle. It made a full cart. With great enthusiasm, a vendor would grab a prospective buyer by the lapel of his coat, and dwell earnestly upon the merits of the animals he had for sale. One shouted to another with whom he had been haggling—and who was walking off—"Just in a whisper now, we'll make it four pound five." Another cries to a probable buyer "a decent luck penny now at twenty-eight." No

need for hurry, much need for patience, and for knowledge too, when dealing in such a market.

At Athenry we visited the public schools. I asked one of the teachers about the peat they burned. He said coal would cost them about 28 shillings per ton and peat only about 5 shillings, and that a ton of peat would be equal in fuel value to about a half ton of coal. Some peat leaves a red, some a grey ash. Some leaves a great deal of ash, and other peat very little. The lower the depth from which dug the better the peat. The Irish "bog oak" from which is made various Irish ornaments, as crosses, pipes, harps, towers, etc., is from oak trees found buried in the lower depth of the peat bogs.

In Ireland meadow sales are very common, often keeping the local auctioneer of a neighborhood busy for a long season, for their having is much more prolonged than ours. The following



Chester White Sow.

First in class, and champion, Western Fair, London, 1912. Exhibited by W. E. Wright & Son, Glanworth, Ont.

is a copy of a poster I got at an auctioneer's office in Mullingar, for a sale on July 17th. I got other posters from him for similar sales on the 19th and 22nd of the same month.

MEADOWS.

J. DONOHUE has been favored with instructions from Mrs. Anne Kiernan

TO SELL BY PUBLIC AUCTION

On Wednesday, 17th July, 1912,

AT FAIR GREEN ROAD, MULLINGAR,

14 acres prime Old Meadows, in lots to suit purchasers. Terms and Conditions at Sale.

Sale at 5 o'clock.

JAMES DONOHUE,
Auctioneer, Mullingar.

Examining the farm implements in a Mullingar agency wareroom, I saw that some of their stock had come from American, and some from English and Irish shops. Noticing a mower made in Wexford, I remarked that I did not know that any farm implements were made in Ireland. The agent replied that the Wexford foundry sent its machines not only through Britain, but also to Italy and other parts of the continent, and even to the Argentine.

We sailed from Larne, up the coast from Belfast, to Stranraer, Scotland. We rather marvelled at the mahy very large potato fields on the way from Stranraer to Ayr, and were told that potatoes are now the most important agricultur-

al product of Ayrshire. Many large fields had already been dug to supply early potatoes to Scotch and English city markets. We sailed from Ardrossan to Lamlash, on the Island of Arran. The island is about twenty miles by twelve, and is a miniature Highlands, with some good farming land, especially towards the south. We were told that less land is cultivated on the island than in former years, because of the greater depredations of the deer.

From Edinburgh we travelled north by the Highland Railway going for sometime through manufacturing, farming and coal-mining country, and then into the mountains, the peaks of the highest of which were here and there ornamented with patches of snow, lying in the more sheltered places, still bidding defiance to a July sun. The scenery was fine, but there was but little attempt at soil cultivation. The rocky mountain sides gave little chance. Some cattle and many sheep pastured upon the heather-clad hills. The red or "bell" heather was in bloom, and added much to the beauty of the mountains. The "bog" heather (occasionally white) blooms somewhat later and is more highly esteemed, for its blossom does not as soon fade as does that of the bell heather. It is said that fire often runs through and destroys the heather, whose place is then taken by a fern or bracken which nothing will eat. A short distance south of Inverness, the chief town of the North Highlands, a better country is reached, and I saw there as good fields of oats as I ever saw. We went further north to Fowls on Cromarty Firth, through fairly good farming country all the way. The kindly Scotch station agent at Fowls told me that the country continues good for about 25 miles further north, then more mountain country is reached, with level land, but a bleak and unkindly climate beyond. From Inverness we travelled by steamer down the Caledonian Canal south-westerly, to Oban, the pretty and beautifully situated commercial capital of the Western Highlands. It was a most enjoyable day, made more interesting by views of old castles all the way. Here again we saw neat stacks, and much hay and pasture, many cattle and black-faced horned sheep, but not many grain fields. I was surprised not to have seen more of the Highland cattle, but was told by one of the officers on the boat that they had taken thirty head of them into Oban on their morning trip, and a butcher in Oban told me that many of them are marketed there, and that on the Island of Skye and along the mainland west coast scarcely any other cattle are kept, none other being able to stand the severe climate and scanty feed. They are worthless as dairy cattle, but make prime beef. The butcher said the sweetest and best flavored mutton they had was from the black-faced horned sheep, a carcass of one of which was then hanging in his shop. He had last year sent two of them to Egypt for stock purposes. They are very hardy and yield a fair fleece. Next day, as we went from Oban through the Trossachs country by rail, steamer and coach, we saw several fine herds of the Highland cattle—proud fellows with bright, bold, outstanding eyes, long, regular and pointed horns on very erect heads, coats of red, dun, brindle and sometimes white hair, four or five inches long, hanging about them, broad-chested and with a fearless and dignified bearing and mien equal to that of the proudest Highland soldier; these splendid, heather-feeding



Violet 3rd of Congash.

Senior grand champion Aberdeen-Angus female at Toronto and Ottawa; also champion at many Western shows. Owned by J. D. McGregor, Brandon, Man.