

We do not say that every person with a few acres of land and a limited number of cattle should have a windmill, but we do say that assuredly every large farmer should. The cost is not very great—not more we think than \$100. Parties who may wish further light on this subject can refer to the announcement of the Ontario Pump Co. of this city, elsewhere in THE CANADIAN BREEDER.

As to the durability of windmills, we cannot say. We would like to hear from some one who has used them a long time, not only regarding this, but also regarding their liability to get out of order. Our impressions are that they wear well and are not liable to go wrong.

What a pleasant vision, the almost universal introduction of windmills, on the farm presents to the eye as it looks adown the vista of the future! The stately trellis work and strong, surmounted by the fans of the brightest colors, all busily revolving obedient to the farmer's will, affording pure and constant supplies to his contented flocks and herds, while he himself is undisturbedly engaged in furnishing winter supplies for these during the precious days of our brief Canadian summers. His little children have abundant leisure for gathering wild flowers in the meadows, companions of the bumble-bees and butterflies, and the larger ones no more have weary tramps after coming home from school in watering flocks tormented with thirst. His experience of stumbling through the fields after a jading journey to the market amid the evening shadows are a thing of the past, and his wife, whose cares are all too numerous at the best, has no more vexing questions to ask the children or servants regarding the watering of the flocks. Farmers, it remains with yourselves to say as to whether this vision shall ever be realized.

How abundant the resources that a kind Providence has placed within our reach! The winds of heaven, that idly sport among our shade trees, that take pleasure in shaking the ripening grain stocks, or mischievously toss our hay-heaps, are saying to us every time they fan our cheeks, "We are your friends: we want to help you: we take nothing for our services. Only allow us, and we will pump all your water and grind your corn."—Ontario Pump Co's. Catalogue 1885.

Correspondence.

OUR MARKET REPORTS.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN BREEDER.

SIR,—I am highly pleased with your weekly market reports. To farmers and stock-raisers they are invaluable. Indeed, they are the best that I receive.

Your's truly,

D. S. ROBERTSON.

Wanstead, March 31, 1885.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN BREEDER.

DEAR SIR,—I am very much pleased with the general make-up and cheerful appearance of THE BREEDER, and find it full of valuable information for all classes of agriculturists. I wish you every success, and would like to see my neighboring farmers take it *en masse*.

Very truly yours,

D. E. HOWATT, Manager.

Bay View Farm, Deseronto, Ont., Apl. 3rd, 1885.

THE "FASHIONABLE" OBJECTION.

Geo. W. Rust in Chicago Breeders' Gazette.

Col. W. A. Harris, who owns a magnificent herd of Shorthorns in Kansas, which would be universally admired if they were only Seventeens, or "woods cattle," or something of that sort, has had occasion to write the Kansas City *Indicator* in the effort to counteract what seems like an unfavorable impression growing up in that section as regards his cattle, because they are "fashionable." And he indignantly asks what has made cattle of such breeding fashionable, and gives in answer to his own quest on an account of prize winnings, and claims to excellence quite convincing. But it will do no good. These Cruickshank cattle are "fashionable," and it does not make any difference on what this fashion is based, or what degree of individual excellence they may display, *they are henceforth under the ban*. No animal is by natural right a good one unless he be a Seventeen or something of that sort, and no one will take him then because his pedigree is not "good." If by "chance" there should be good ones of other sorts they must be hooted at because their pedigrees are not "bad." "Fashionable!" Of course the Cruickshanks must be sneered down, with the same sneers which have been directed against every other kind of cattle that have achieved anything above butcher's prices. Bates selected certain cattle from contemporary herds and bred them according to his ideas, using bulls of his own breeding or going outside for fresh bulls, according to his judgment, and the descendants are known as Bates cattle. The Booths were made up also from selections from other herds, and the combination of their bloods in the same manner according to their proprietor's ideas. And Cruickshank follows in the same line, making selections according to his own judgment, breeding them together, using bulls of his own raising and sometimes buying fresh ones, and giving the world the Cruickshank cattle. Practically they are all in the same boat, so far as I can see, and as their cattle have all become "fashionable" why should they not be "whistled down the wind" together by those who cannot tolerate "distinctions" in this democratic country? Not every man can select animals of mixed ancestry and so combine them as to develop or give any degree of permanence to their better qualities—to make, in other words, Bates, Booth or Cruickshank cattle. But if every man cannot build up, any man can tear down. "One man is as good as another," and if his work cannot be made to appear equal in one way it can in another way; if one man cannot bring his work up to another's level he can bring the estimation of the other's performance down to his own. So if a few people, or many people, think that one kind of cattle are more valuable for any purpose than the average, it is the duty and the privilege of the "democratic crowd" to sneer at them because they are so preferred. If an animal has a good pedigree it stands to reason he can have no merit, or if he happen to have it must be very grudgingly admitted, as one of those surprising and altogether exceptional and mysterious circumstances, which sometimes occur, but for which no one can imagine any possible cause, not even the accident of having been begotten in dry weather, "when all signs fail." Clarence Kirklevington achieved the highest honors ever won by a Short-horn, but as he happened to be of straight Bates lineage, instead of running to the Patton stock or the Gough & Miller importation, there must be some mistake about the award. But how grand and good a one he would have been in everybody's estimation, and what untold lustre he would have shed upon

the Shorthorn name if he had only had a pedigree through which one could throw a hat.

But the levelling down process is all right, since it is the sovereign will, and so large a number take such an infinite delight in it. After a while things will reach the bottom, and everybody will recognize that 't is improper in a democratic country like this for any man to have better cattle than his neighbors, and if a calf comes, giving better than usual promise, send the "born aristocrat" to the butcher. And if any men should arise, promising to repeat here the work of a Bates, a Booth or a Cruickshank, hoot them out of the profession for presuming to be better than the rest of mankind. They would make "fashionable" cattle, and furnish a basis upon which to build invidious distinctions quite inexcusable to our democratic tastes. We will reach the "Seventeen" level after awhile, and I guess a good many people will be suited. There are among the Seventeens the Gough & Miller and Patton stocks, and others of this kind, a goodly number of good cattle—individuals of the highest order of excellence will not be difficult to find among them. At the same time I believe that in proportion to their numbers there are fully twice as many indifferent cattle among them as can be found in any other sorts, a result which I believe is due largely to the fact that they have been very generally neglected, and mainly in the hands of people who cared little for pedigree or anything beyond a tolerable degree of individual merit. But if anyone wishes to breed cattle which will not be stigmatized as "fashionable," and which will command the unreserved commendation of the "crowd," he should start with these stocks, and then "mix 'em up," and "mix 'em up." There is nothing aside from the "idle fashion" in blood or pedigree, and there will be no difficulty whatever in securing at once just the sort of animals wanted—indeed it will be practically impossible to breed anything save the most desirable.

I shall not venture upon extending any sympathy to Col. Harris, for he is getting into precious good company. He has expended a good deal of care and money in bringing together an excellent herd of cattle in Kansas, the product of one of the most skilled breeders in the world, and must expect that some people will declare that he could have done better with the common kinds nearer home, and can only repair his first error by frequent "mixtures" with those near-by sorts. But he can console himself with the reflection, that as "big fleas have lesser fleas to bite 'em," so his neighbors who have such very *mild* ideas of what constitutes real stock improvement, are likely worse plagued in turn by another set of people, who are continually declaiming in their presence of the superlative excellence and superior quality of the unadulterated scrub. And perhaps these in turn are "infested" by neighbors who don't believe in any stock at all, and who restrict their vision and effort to grain-raising. And these in turn are badgered by those who don't believe in a farm—but there is no use in following the successive lower levels which finally ends up in the poor-house.

The spring time has come in Central Illinois, but as yet there has not been enough warm weather to make the bright flowers blossom over the lea; not even enough to tempt any one to set out early cabbage or tomato plants. Doubtless when these are put out this season they will be out to stay, for the indications are that not a vestige of winter will be left over of which to make late spring frosts.