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Edward III.

As a Stock Breeder.

THE ROYAL FARMS AT WINDSOR.

A Canadian or American visitor to England who had been prevented by any cause from spending a day at least at Windsor would, on his return, consider that his tour had been incomplete in a most important particular. The Royal borough is the "Mecca" every year of thousands of "pilgrims." Of these, the majority come merely to feast their eyes on the great castle, with its interesting and time-honored immediate surroundings, taking in also, perhaps, that famous public school, Eton, on its low-lying site across the river, or satisfying themselves with a distant view of the Home and Great Parks, as they wander or drive along the beautiful Long Walk, which runs straight as a line from a point near the Castle southwards as far as the eye can trace.

One of the most interesting sights, however, at Windsor, as live-stock breeders and agriculturists well know, is the farm department, which is under the able management of Mr. William Tait. This gentleman, like so many other successful breeders of stock, hails from the "Land o' the Heather," and has for twenty years guided the destinies of the Royal herds, succeeding his father, who had occupied the same position for even a longer period.

There are certain formalities that have to be passed through before visitors can inspect the Royal herds, but permission is readily given when a good reason is shown for the request.

It was a dull, lowering morning when a representative of the "Farmer's Advocate" boarded an express train on the Great Western Railway, that covered the distance between the London terminus at Paddington and Windsor in thirty-five minutes, and by the time the latter station was reached rain was falling steadily, with every prospect of an all-day rain. However, a covered carriage was awaiting us, and the couple of miles between the station and the farms were traversed in good comfort.

THE FARMS.

The farms are divided into two, the Home or Shaw Farm and the Flemish. The total acreage is about 1,500, of which 300 are arable. The Shaw Farm is the largest, comprising about 1,000 acres. On this are kept the Shorthorns and dairy cattle, while the Flemish Farm is the headquarters of the Herefords and Devons.

SHORTHORNS.

The Shorthorn herd was started in 1856 by the purchase of two cows, Cold Cream and Alix, at Sir Chas. Knightley's sale. Additions were made in succeeding years from the herd of Mr. Majoribanks, at Bushey, and various other breeders. Bulls were hired from the famous Warlaby herd for several seasons. About the year 1882 it was thought desirable to bring the herd more into conformity with the type now so popular everywhere, and the well-known sire, Field Marshal, was hired from Mr. William Duthie, Collynie, a transaction which not only immensely benefited the Royal herd, but also proved the prelude to the general demand for bulls of Scotch type now so evident in England, and the re-

modelling of the type of the leading British Shorthorn herds to suit the tastes of breeders in the colonies, the United States, and elsewhere.

Field Marshal was followed, among others, by New Year's Gift, a grand bull, of Lord Lovat's breeding, who, after some years' service, was included in a draft sale of stock in 1892, when he fell to the bid of Lord Feversham at 1,000 guineas. The average of the thirty-six head sold at the same time was £75 8s. This was the last public sale held of the Royal stock, and since that date all sales have been made privately. After New Year's Gift, the pure Cruickshank Violet bull, Volunteer, bred by Mr. Sutton, Nelthorpe, was selected to head the herd, on which he made a good impression. He was the sire of Frederica, the champion at Smithfield and Birmingham in 1895. The Cruickshank Lavender bull, Count Lavender, was also hired from Mr. J. Deane Willis for one season, thus further strengthening the Scotch blood and type in the Royal herd.

Mr. Tait's good judgment was clearly shown when he once more turned to the Bapton Manor herd for further blood, and secured one of the present stock bulls, Prince Victor, a son of the Royal winner, Count Victor, out of Pretty Princess, one of the Princess Royal tribe from Uppermill. To this excellent sire and to Field Marshal the herd is principally indebted for the standard of excellence to which it has attained. Prince Victor is one of the low-set, blocky kind, with grand hind quarters, is straight and strong on the back, and of excellent girth. Most of the younger things in the herd are sired by him, and a really fine lot they are. His great son, Royal Duke, a smooth, even bull, of fine girth, with a splendid back and loin, thick in the hams, straight in the flank and good in the front, has already proved his superiority in the show-ring by winning the championship this year and last at the Royal Show, although he was by no means in very high flesh when shown at Cardiff last June. Our readers will also know Prince Victor as being the sire of that great cow, Cicely, bred at the Shaw Farm, and imported by Mr. W. D. Platt, Hamilton, Ont. Royal Duke now shares with Prince Victor the honor of heading the herd of Shorthorns on the Shaw Farm. It is worthy of mention that the offer of £1,600 was once refused for Royal Duke, as Her late Majesty did not wish him to leave the country.

SHORTHORN FEMALES.

The Shorthorn herd numbers about ninety head. It is under the immediate care of Robt. Wilson, who has been herdsman for the last thirteen years. Wilson learned his trade under the late Mr. Jas. Bruce, Burnside, Fochabers, and the skill with which he fits out animals both for the breeding and fat-stock shows is good evidence that he served his apprenticeship thoroughly. Since he has been in charge, championship prizes at the Royal Show have been won on four occasions and thrice at Smithfield.

The herd is of a uniform character, all the stock being of the deep, thick, blocky style. Among the older cows, one of the best is Forget-Me-Not, a Fanny B., a grand old matron, standing on short legs, and yet general-purpose enough to give an astonishing quantity of milk. Then there are Fragrant 9th (a dam of several champion winners), Spruce and Rose of Scotland, one of Duthie's breeding. Of the younger cows, Festiv-

The King.

BY ROBERT ELLIOTT.

IN days of old, 'mid stormy seas
An island-people, grandly rude,
Caught Freedom's gleam and by degrees
Felt through their stubborn hardihood
'Twas Heaven's light in Alfred's eyes
(Whom Envy harried through the land)—
That great-soul'd Saxon with the wise
Clear brain, true heart and mighty hand.

As Jacob with the angel strove,
So Alfred strove with England till
She bless'd him with her faithful love
And turned to do his gracious will.
His subjects to their honor found,
As painfully he won the throne,
That, far as spread his realm around,
The King's will grew to be their own.

Behold 'neath ever-wid'ning skies
A thousand years have pass'd away,
And, fitted for that high emprise,
A man in Alfred's Seat to-day
Whom we in climes no Alfred knew,
To homes our hands have dearly won.
Now welcome as our Ruler true
Knight, Yeoman, Royal King in one!

At tilt of tourney down the ring
He meets his fellow farmer where
High Honor knows not any king,
For Justice twines the laurel there;
And win who may that wreath of fame,
Let truth be told when all is done,
You cannot hide a noble name—
The Farmer wins—a King has won.

An Empire's Servant, Edward keeps
High watch and ward in earnest thought,
And turning where the sea-tide sweeps,
He listens, as his mother taught,
Through myriad tongues around his throne
To catch that voice—his people's will—
That wheresoe'er his flag is flown
It lights up Freedom's rugged hill.

The Sovereign of an Empire he,
Ingathering as the years unfold,
His scepter rules more nations free
Than dreams of Alfred e'er foretold:
Our own land plays a noble part
On that high stage and so we sing,
With fervent voice and loyal heart,
God Save Our Sovereign Lord, the King.