

THE NEW WESTMINSTER SHOW.

Flying along the polished rail, in a Great Northern train, we crossed the imaginary line that divides Canada from the United States, on our way from Seattle to New Westminster, B. C., on Tuesday afternoon, and speeding along I could not help but hear the frequent ejaculation, "How much better the roads are on this side than on ours!" "Why?" was the thought that would not down, as there is no apparent good reason for this difference, which if it exists at all should appear in our favor, as we have a far larger population, relatively, than our cousins on t'ather side. When the train stopped to go no more, we saw the great bridge commencing to be built across the Fraser—giant dredges doing the work of many men in founding the great piers that are to hold the superstructure for rail and wagon roads, thus bringing the great corporation of Uncle Sam to lock horns with the Canadian Pacific at its Vancouver and Victoria termini. Does this mean war or peace? The unification of earth's grandest nations or their irretrievable separation? Surely these weapons of industry will lead to general good will. New Westminster is a clean, quiet town, it has excellent improvements since the fire, many imposing brick and stone structures grace its clean, mostly well graded streets. The public utilities are of an advanced kind, and comprise fine municipal buildings, including a very excellent fire hall. To these we may add a first class river ferry, public market and municipal electric light and power plant and water works. However, the provincial fair is New Westminster's pride, and glory, and for 359 days in the year some heads in this quiet burg are planning how to make the remaining six days of show time a complete success. This year the manager of the show had, very wisely, catered to the whims of the weather clerk, so that dignitary smiled on them with that radiance which only the Pacific coast has witnessed. Bathed in sunlight lay the landscape, but no heat dismayed us, and as we read of the boys in Kansas playing at war's gruesome game midst sleet and rain and wind and all things cold and wet and nasty, we took in a still greater amount of satisfaction from the evidence of agricultural activity all around us ministering to human comfort under circumstances so fortuitous. From the river up to Queen's Park is a pleasant walk past many beautiful homes, often surrounded by fine lawns and the most beautiful variety of trees, plants, shrubbery and flowers; the glowing tints of Autumn lent enchantment to the view, which the background of forest and mountain—skirting the noble Fraser river—set off to perfection. The park itself is well adapted for exhibition purposes, containing many excellent conveniences. A nice race track, well provided with grandstand and bleachers, surrounds an excellent lawn for playing games of all sorts. The main hall is quite an imposing structure, with its balconies and turrets, waving the Union Jack on the gentle breeze. Several smaller halls, buildings and restaurants are conveniently scattered around, and ample stable room and

pens accommodate the livestock; but everywhere indications are visible of a future shortage if patronage will maintain its rate of increase. Four years since but a few head of horses and cattle were shown, which, but for notable exceptions, were very commonplace. Now all this has changed, and the man who desires to take home a ribbon must toe the mark. Neither is there a chance to slip out, for it is the same story inside the buildings as it is in the yard: excellence prevails. The finest of horse flesh was seen on one hand, the best of cattle were found on the other, while pigs, sheep and goats were simply grand. It is my personal opinion that the Shannon boys of Cloverdale, B. C., had the most perfect livestock exhibit on the grounds in their swine—winning all the champion prizes they could take, including "best herd, any breed" which was an honor indeed. With a large exhibit on hand there was that superiority of quality visible all through, which can only be effected when the best of skill and the best of stock are arrayed together. An imported sow "English Lady," bred by P. L. Mills, of Roddington Notts, England, was as fine a pig as I ever saw. She not only won the champion sow prize, but the judge proclaimed her extra good, and said her pedigree showed her to be of the best blood known to breeders at present. They are typical Berks, long and deep. The herd is headed by the two grand boars—"Plumper," winning honors at the Toronto Industrial of 1900, and "Champion," full brother to the sweepstakes sow at Toronto, the Pan-American and New York State fairs. As I have commenced with Shannon, I will give his winnings which included his solid color Jersey bull, Hammer Stoke Pogis, who was champion at London, Ont., and first out here in his class, and champion over the large number of dairy bulls shown against him. An extraordinarily fine bull calf of his won first also. In sheep they were also strong, considering that they had to show against many importations from Ontario and England, but they had a first yearling ram, second ram lamb and champion ram, first aged ewe, first, second and third shearling ewes, first and third ewe lambs and champion flock of ewes. Such Oxforddowns as they showed against too! Many classes had seven competitors in the ring. Mixing quite a little amongst the exhibitors I heard practically no complaints against the judging, for which very competent men were engaged. The clerical work in recording entries had been rather careless in some instances, causing some men to be ruled out of the classes they were entitled to, but as such is of very uncommon occurrence and the judges helped out where they could there was surprisingly little complaint. In Durham cattle there was a really fine show, and Reeve Ladners' grand bull "Squire Whimble" C. D. H. B. 33006, was fit to meet any competition. Three years old last August, he was not nearly so fat as he might have been, weighing 90 pounds less than his former weight of 2,200 pounds, but he showed his quality none the less markedly. His "handle" was superb and his upper and underline irreproachable. Beef to the hocks, he was faultless in the crops and full in flank and loin. His



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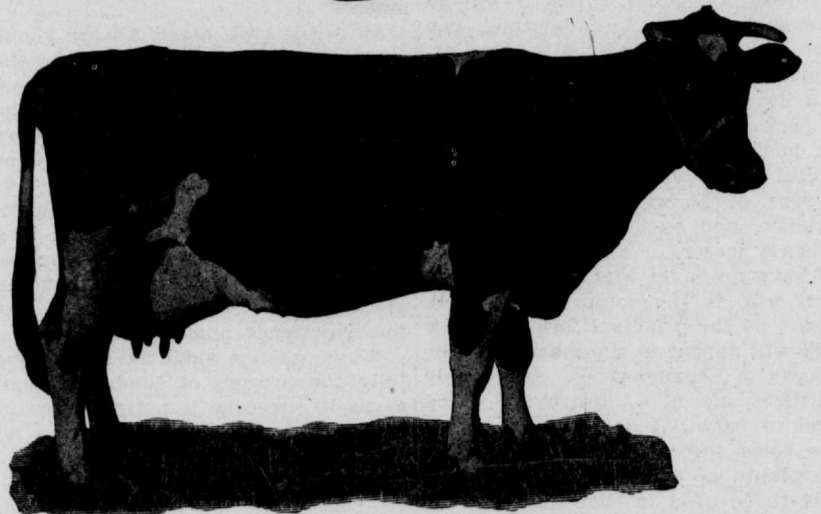
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