

"That the Dominion government be requested to modify the existing immigration laws so as to allow harvest hands to enter the country without unnecessary monetary restrictions."

Both the boards of trade and those who formulate immigration laws have the interest of Canada at heart. Both realize that population is wanted, and neither wants paupers. Whether the intelligent and strong man who agrees to farm should have privileges not granted to equally intelligent and strong men following other occupations is a matter on which there always will be a difference of opinion.

Already newspaper reports contain forebodings of shortage of farm hands on the prairies for 1910. It is to be hoped that able-bodied men with a desire to help to relieve the situation will not be held up by officious officials on railway lines who think they are important units of the human race when they attempt to obey some law respecting immigration that they do not understand. When harvest comes men are needed in all parts of this great grain producing country, and the men who want them do not look for a purse full of money. What they want is an intelligent man of muscle—the more intelligence found in the individual, the better.

#### MY OPINION ON SOME MATTERS NUMBER I

##### I ATTEND WINNIPEG HORSE SHOW

While in Winnipeg a couple of weeks ago the making of arrangements to write a few paragraphs for THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE was not the only interesting item in my life history. I attended Winnipeg Horse Show.

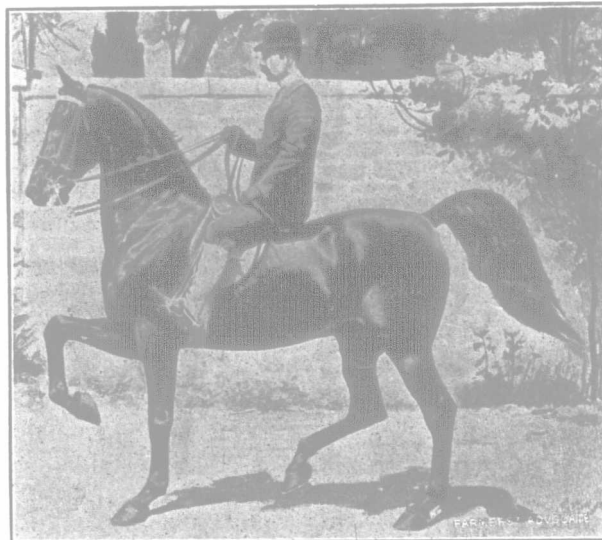
I had never been to an affair of that kind before. Of course, I have attended many agricultural shows and even horse shows—the kind that please the lover of utility horses of all classes, and at which expert judges place the awards in accord with real merits. Perhaps all this is true of Winnipeg show. However, after one or two classes had been sent out with ribbons placed, my natural interest in horses caused me to forget the splendor of the surroundings, and I decided that for the balance of the week I would spend some of my valuable time in finding out something about the exhibitors and how they were satisfied with the treatment accorded them. I was forced to conclude that some of the smaller exhibitors were disgusted, and that while those who had entries in many classes were disappointed time and again they made a good average before the final session was at an end. The real lover of horses, however—the one who could attend only one performance, or perhaps two, to admire equine perfection—wondered on what basis the judges made their decisions.

I am not what can be designated an expert horse judge—at least I am not eligible to enter the ring at Winnipeg Horse Show in the capacity of judge. For one thing I could not be cajoled into donning the toggery that no doubt contributed largely in befogging the judgment of those who officiated. It is not boasting, however, to say that my experience in the judging is as extensive as that of some of those who officiated at Winnipeg. And, to be candid, I would hate to lend my services to the placing of ribbons as they were carried away in some classes. Whether it was due to incompetence, undue excitement under existing conditions, or pre-arrangement is a matter of conjecture.

I do love a utility horse with some style. Furthermore, I don't care a fig who owns that horse. When I am judging cobs I want one with speed and action, but I also want one with

substance; when I am called upon to pass judgment on a pair of park horses I want clean limbed, smooth goers, with style and bottom; when I call for a heavy delivery horse I want one that will do the work, one that is suited to his job, one that is without blemish, one that looks well and carries himself right, and if I am supposed to give consideration to the outfit to which that horse is attached I do not fail to do so.

These few hints no doubt will recall to ringside enthusiasts the fact that surprises were handed out in at least some classes. Of course, it is possible that I am in error when I object to sacrificing substance and style for speed. In the delivery classes, however, I could not guess what reasons would be suggested by my friends in the ring. I took special precautions to find out. An acquaintance of mine, who has a stand-in with all the judges, learned that our expert friends objected to hairy legs on a delivery horse. This is a new line of dope to a practical horseman, who admires a handsome piece of horseflesh that can do his work. What difference does it make if he is of Thoroughbred, Hackney, Percheron or Clydesdale breeding? If he has Clydesdale blood in him must I not expect more hair on the legs than if he happens to be from one of the other breeds? If the presence of that hair is going to injure my chances of winning a prize, am I not going to make judicious use of the scissors? Other things being equal, the absence of hair is preferred, but hairy legs surely



STYLISH KENTUCKY GAITED HORSE

should not disqualify a utility horse in a delivery class.

But, honestly, no one could hope for absolute satisfaction in regard to ribbon placing when the work had to be done under such conditions. It is only fair to state that after the judges became accustomed to their dress and their surroundings they did considerably better work. Our local friends who undertook this responsible task have my sympathy. When I gazed on our educated and enthusiastic professors from the agricultural college, I could easily imagine them to be so sensitive of their own conspicuousness as to hamper them in passing judgment on well-fitted and admirably-handled equines. However, as more than one ring-side observer remarked, it is just questionable if our local agriculturists can afford to act as officials at such shows.

I am glad I attended the Winnipeg Horse Show. I saw many excellent horses. But I also saw something new in the line of human attire. An observant farmer will find this society show a treat of a life-time. I always enjoy studying human nature. As I scrutinized some of the city swells I almost concluded the show was given over to haberdashery and vanity. I like to look at fine toggery, but I sincerely trust I never shall weaken to such an extent as to submit to having my frame clad in such as I saw at the show.

"AIRCHIE McCLEURE."

Volume XXXII. of the Clydesdale Stud book has just been received from Arch. MacNeillage, secretary of the Clydesdale Horse Society of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. It contains mares numbered from 21,998 to 24,470, and stallions from 14,889 to 15,466.

## HORSE

### Observations on Horse Subjects

\* Back in Ontario where we lived in our youth, was an old fellow named Dunn, working a two hundred acre farm with the aid of an upstart son. The neighbors, to distinguish son from sire, had the habit of designating the former as "Dunn's Pup," thereby reflecting upon the intelligence and character of every respectable dog in the community. It was generally prophesied that "Dunn's Pup" would die with his boots on, but he fooled the prophets and died in bed of Bright's disease. However, that's aside from the point. We were driving down the concession one sultry afternoon, and passing the Dunn farm noticed that the "Pup" was busily hewing down a crop of oats in the front field; or rather a couple of jaded-looking horses fastened to an old-fashioned binder, of which it was quite a chore to hold up the tongue, were doing the "hewing," while the "Pup," comfortable on a cushion and shaded by an umbrella, which he had rigged up as a canopy, was working the persuader and sending his equine victims around that oat field at as lively a clip as the half-dead brutes could go. An hour or so later when we passed that way again one of the horses was dead, and the "Pup" was trying to explain to his old man and a few of the neighbors that he "couldn't think what could have happened to old George; that he had eaten alright at noon and then suddenly about 4 o'clock had begun to stagger a little and right away had collapsed, kicked and pounded his head awhile and then died." A quack veterinary made a "post-mortem examination," carefully inspecting the stomach, liver and "lights" and gave his guess that the cause of death was "unknown." There being no society for the prevention of cruelty to animals in the neighborhood, the "Pup" was not interfered with, and lynching not being known to the natives he got off scot-free and died as aforesaid in bed.

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"Old George" had died from over-exposure to heat and from over-exertion, inspired by the liberal use of the black snake persuader in the hands of the canopied "Pup." Quite a number of horses each summer go the same way "Old George" went. We begin to hear of them about the time the hot weather begins, and a heat wave of some intensity having broken over prairie Canada within the past few days, it is likely we shall be hearing of horses succumbing to heat, and can pretty nearly always make up our minds whenever we hear of a dead nag that there was a "Pup" in the case and that "Pup" was more responsible for the animal's death than was "Old Sol."

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We believe strongly in the use of hats on horses in hot weather, believe in it as strongly as we believe in protecting our own cranium. Horse hats have been laughed at by veterinarians and laymen much as we imagine our forbears, the cave dwellers and raw meat eaters of the earlier epochs laughed when the first of the human species equipped himself with a sky-piece. The man who rigs his horses out in hats doesn't need to offer the neighbors any apology for his being a freak. He has probably looked further than they have into the question of how to make his horses more comfortable in hot weather, and how to reduce to a minimum the chances of having some of his animals turn up their toes from heat exhaustion, apoplexy or sunstroke. Probably, too, he will get more work out of his animals, not because they're wearing hats, but because a driver who is human enough to protect a horse's poll from the sometimes terrific heat beating down upon it by the summer's sun, as a general rule has given some thought to the care and feeding of his animals in summer, ends up the season with his horses in better shape than the "rip-tearer" who mauls his jaded brutes along day after day with little thought, aside from getting as much work out of them as possible. There