

even those who are older, to evince keener interest in agricultural papers, and agricultural institutions that spend their energies in an attempt to help them.

MY OPINION ON SOME MATTERS NUMBER 10

I THINK OF WASTEFULNESS DURING THRESHING TIME

Perhaps I am safe in stating that 90 per cent. of the farmers of the Canadian West lose from \$5.00 to \$50.00 every year because of carelessness during the threshing season, and particularly around the separator. Those who lose as low as \$5.00 have not more than a day's threshing, and many who can run their crop through a thresher between daylight and dark have an avoidable loss running up to \$50.00.

This leads me to intimate that it would be a profitable investment to secure the services of a careful man of intelligence whose sole duty at threshing time would be to look after details that will avoid this loss. Some of it is due to gross neglect on the part of the men in charge of the machine, but, generally speaking, *these men are competent if they know that the man for whom they are working insists on them displaying that competency.*

Grain threshing is not simply running so many sheaves of grain through a separator. It is a science, if one has in mind the economical separation of grain from straw and chaff. Every machine has a *capacity*, and that capacity can be reached only when it is carefully handled, and when some degree of *steadiness* is maintained in feeding. Lack of attention to details and irregular feeding will turn bushels into the chaff and straw in a short run.

But losses over which the owner of the grain has full control are in evidence under the machine, around the wagons and at the granary. He seems to consider that where bushels are being garnered a handful or a pailful is of no consequence. No one is free to look after these seemingly insignificant losses, and, before long, bushels are scattered around and destroyed.

It is forgotten that even the inferior *tailings* could be gathered, run through a grinder and used to advantage in feeding stock—cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry, etc. Every farmer can find some profitable use to which he can put what can be gathered up around a threshing stand.

The trouble is many have not seen the advantage of keeping stock and more refuse to buy a fanning mill. The latter in most cases would pay for itself in one season. It is impossible to avoid having some choice grain so mixed with chaff and dirt that it is not fit for market. The consequence is it is left for wandering herds to devour, or mixed with cleaner grain, giving the buyer an opportunity to take dockage on a whole car.

It should not be necessary to refer to torn bags or holes in wagon boxes or granaries. These are sometimes seen, but it is a mark of slovenliness, except in case of accident—and then a remedy should not be long delayed.

Hire a man specially to look after details—or to take your place and leave you free to see that there are no avoidable losses. When wheat is worth one dollar a bushel, and other grains at like figures, it pays to garner every pound.

"AIRCHIE McCURE."

"Bonds of Empire"

The Scottish Lord Advocate, Alex. Ure, has been speaking in England, on the colonial preference policy as a "bond" of empire, and his remarks are of special significance, in view of the big memorial from Western farmers to Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Mr. Ure said that he was not going to defend Free Trade, which could defend itself. They were not going to provide old age pensions by tariffs. He tested the promises of tariff reformers

by the board of trade returns, rather than by bodies of workmen, personally conducted trippers to Germany. All that tariff reform would yield them was three-fourths of the cost of one dreadnought. Tariff reform was the most colossal fraud that was ever attempted to be perpetrated in Britain.

Tariff reform last week had suffered a resurrection, after many months of suspended animation or burial, in the form of colonial preference, which was quite the silliest and most foolish of all the forms which it had ever assumed.

It was said that the self-governing colonies wished to break away from the mother country, and that colonial preference would save them from the dreaded evil. But the fact was that there never was a time in the history of the country when the self-governing colonies were so closely knit to this country. What was it that these mad and muddle-headed people who preached colonial preference wanted?

They wanted to give to Canadian farmers an increased price in our markets for their produce—a price which was increased by artificial means, and which they did not receive to-day; but the Canadian farmers themselves, on the very day that this gospel was preached in the house of commons repudiated it, and said plainly that all they wanted was not preference in the home markets at the expense of the British working classes, but fair play in their own market to get rid of protection in Canada.

The loyalty and affection of our great self-governing colonies rested rather upon a common race, a common religion, a common blood, common aspirations and common ideals.

F. DEWHIRST.

HORSE

Observations on Horse Subjects

Ever and anon someone rises up to state that the end of the Clydesdale reign draws nigh; that the Canadian West has all but entered upon the road American horse users have been pursuing for the past fifty years or so, and that when we get good and going the West will quickly pass into the domain of the horses of the Perche and Scotch drafters will be about as common here as fur coats are in the tropics. Which prospect is rather uninviting to those who have their thousands, yea millions, invested in the Clyde, but if they are wise men they won't lose any sleep over it. The experience of the United States in the matter of draft horses in the past fifty years is not to be duplicated here in the next half century, not by a long shot, if our estimate of the future is anywhere near correct. The Percheron will increase and as the years roll by will strengthen the proportion in numbers which he bears to the Clydesdale; so will Shires increase and Suffolks and Belgians, but the Clydesdale has obtained a foothold here that cannot be easily shaken, and we look for him to hold the premier place in drafters in 1960, as he holds it in 1910. This is taking a rather far look into the future, but the conclusion



HAPPY WITH HER PONY

seems justified by facts and by the sentiment for breed that is so strongly characteristic of the generation of horsemen that is molding for the West its ideas and ideals in draft horses.

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It is interesting to consider the circumstances that contributed to the upward course of the Percheron in the United States. French draft horses were first imported to America early in the nineteenth century, the first importation on record being to this country about 1816. It was nearly forty years before the breed gained a foothold in the United States. About 1850 the first Percheron stallion was brought into Ohio, a rather celebrated stallion in his day, Louis Napoleon by name, and his advent seems to have started the movement in favor of the breed, a movement that has continued to the present and seems unlikely soon to be directed to any other breed. The Percheron popularized himself rapidly and inside of thirty years became the draft horse of the central and western states.

The Clydesdale and the Percheron started in the United States on an even footing. The first Clydesdale stallion was imported in 1856. The breed was at the zenith of its popularity in the eighties. Since then it has been second to the Percheron and in some sections superseded by other breeds, notably the Belgian and the Shire.

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One reason for the growth of Percheron popularity in America is in the apparent inherent desire in the Yankee for a horse that can "get up and go." The average American horse user is not content to walk his horse when the horse could just as well be on the trot. He figures that life's too short to waste any of it on the walk, and wants a horse that will travel at a faster clip than the plodding drafters of the British Isles. He is not unmindful of the fact that draft horses were not intended for working off the walk, and in the end doesn't gain anything by pounding to pieces his heavy horses in the desire to "get there"; but he thinks he does, and the "think" in this case turned one of the tricks that made for the popularity of the French drafter.

Another factor in the up-growth of the breed turns on another idea in the mind of the average American horse user. He wants an animal that doesn't require too much attention in care and feeding, and fancies the Percheron will get along and thrive and do his work with less attention in these respects than will his Scotch rival. Probably he is right; experience, at any rate, seems to bear out the conclusion. He wants a horse that will feed on corn as well as on oats and keep thrifty; that will stand work without being cleaned and looked after too closely; that is hardy, little subject to digestive disorders or the ailments of skin, bone and foot, common where little grooming or stable care is given, and in the Percheron he believes those qualities most nearly exist. The belief may or may not be capable of substantiation. That is neither here nor there. It exists and that is sufficient for the continued popularization of the breed.

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For all this, however, the Clyde would have held his place in the United States, had the Scotch breeders of a quarter of a century or more ago been onto their jobs and less dogmatic in their ideas about what the type and color and size of their horses ought to be. The Americans wanted solid colors; the Scotchmen didn't give a hang. They simply went along breeding white-splashed bays, browns, blacks or sorrels, and the American buyer with a particular trade to satisfy couldn't buy in Scotland the color in demand at home. The old country breeders were busying themselves, assiduously in lengthening and increasing the slope of the pastern. The "quality" craze was started and buyers from the United States turned in increasing numbers to France, where the Frenchman, whatever he may have thought of the Yankees' notions in horses, was shrewd enough to take advantage of the business and ready to sacrifice any ideas he may have had of breed type, draft size and color and to breed for America what the Americans were tramping on each other's toes to exchange their long chunks of money for. The Percheron got his foothold