

[Although the author of the above is not a student or an ex-student, we gladly accept her contribution, especially on such an important subject. We believe that the reputation of the dairy industry of this Province largely depends upon the interest taken in it by the farmers' wives and daughters.

As the sons of any country are more influenced by their mothers than any other member of the family, and as our worthy contributor's article not only shows that she is enthusiastic along the line of dairying, but that she is also deeply interested in the work done by the O. A. C., we therefore feel safe in saying that if more of the fair sex would follow her example, that the College would in a short time be overflowing with students from all parts of the Province seeking for information. —En.]

Training the Colt.

Usually about this season begins a new era in the life history of the colt. Thus far he has known nothing but scampering in the field for the entire summer, and through the winter feeding in the stall, being turned out in the yard for water and exercise each day. He must now enter school and be prepared for a life of usefulness. The education he receives is ordinarily called breaking, and I am sorry to say in many cases it is such. The correct term and the one which the work, if properly done, deserves is training. Too many colts are broken not trained. The trained horse is one that walks up sprightly, obeys the word, and by his entire bearing seems to say: "I like to work because my driver wants me to" The broken horse is one that slouches along, bites at his mate, is generally disagreeable in disposition and ungainly in appearance, his manner saying as plainly as words can speak: "I have to work because my driver makes me" In breaking a colt the proceedings are somewhat as follows: He is harnessed, or otherwise the harness is thrown on. If it happens to fit, which is very exceptional, all right; but if otherwise this does not alter the case. An equally rational act would be to put a boy into a pair of boots that pinched his toes and skinned his heels, an ill fitting pair of trousers, a shirt too tight around the neck, a coat that catches him below the arms and a cap that would persist in falling down over his eyes and de-patch on a journey of some few miles.

However, the colt is thus harnessed and hitched with an old horse. The driver, armed with a black snake, or what is more common a blue beech gad resembling a rustic fishing pole, gives the word, the old horse goes off; the colt hangs back, the persuader is applied and he leaps forward with a bound, but is as forcibly jerked back. If, after the colt has got properly under way, he sees some unfamiliar object, becomes frightened and shies, he receives another jerk and another cut for this behaviour. The second time he is hitched he does half a day's work, and the next day he is put on a work horse's ration and from this on he does the work of a matured horse. The following few weeks, to use the slang phrase, the heart is worked out of him and he yields himself up to a life of discomfort and drudgery. The feelings of the colt are exemplified in the human species by a man with down-cast head placed between his hands bemoaning his miserably deplorable condition, resolving that life is not worth living and in this way whiling his life away much to the dis-satisfaction of all concerned. Such men and such horses are of little use to humanity. That colts thus treated never become of lasting value is but a natural consequence. The transformation has been too rapid. The colt has sprung up into a horse as a mushroom springs up in the night. Things of lasting durability do not spring up like the mushroom, but steadily grow and develop like the oak. The money that is annually thrown away in improperly training colts, and in developing them into horses, would suffice to supply many of our largest horse markets the year round. A colt going through this course of development may easily be depreciated one-fourth of the value at which it would otherwise have arrived. Some of the readers of the O. A. C. REVIEW may think the above sentiments somewhat strongly expressed, but is it not enough to make one feel keenly on such a point to see, day after day, team after team of those most noble of domestic animals traversing our highways, their ill-fitting harness hanging upon their bony forms, and being almost brutally goaded on as though they were animals of muscle but devoid of either feeling or intelligence. No! the horse is too noble, too kindly and too intelligent an animal for such treatment, and much more can be made of him by an entirely different style of handling which will