

we have an instrument by means of which we can induce him to come forward. Pull the halter rope and tell him to "come," then when he settles back draw the rope tight about his body. This surprises him so that he hops forward to us—just what we want. Tell him so, caress him. Try again; pull the halter gently, telling him to "come," and be ready with the surprise rope. This done four or five times will teach the youngster what is wanted, so he will follow. There has been no fight or hard feelings. Lead him for a few minutes every day for three or four weeks, and he will never forget it.

Now, to back. This is not a natural direction for horses to travel; they must be taught how. Stand close in front of the colt, pull the halter back, and say "Back." He will not obey, for he does not understand. Press the fingers firmly against his breast. He then naturally steps back to free himself. Let the halter slacken, caress him. Repeat the action and word (not words); he soon understands and obeys willingly.

How to move forward at command, or, in other words, to "break" the colt to drive: Put on the halter, checkrein, surcingle and lines, passing them from the sides of the halter through loops in the sides of the surcingle. With this the colt can be prevented from turning around. When ready, get the colt's attention with a sharp, stinging little cut on rear end with a light whip. The colt goes. Three or four such experiences will teach him that the word is to be followed by the pain, and he goes to avoid the pain. Never strike first; it is not fair or sensible. A whip has a place, though a small one, in the school of the colt.

To stop at command: When he has learned how to go at command, teach him how to stop at the single word, "Whoa." Speak the word plainly and at the same time snub the colt short. Soon he will connect the word with the event and obey at command. Be sure to teach him to obey the word without a tug at the lines. Later in life it may save a runaway.

During all the lessons accustom the colt to strange objects—rustling paper, umbrella, bicycle, and street cars, if convenient. All this does, of course, take time, but not so much nor so hard work as would be required to do the same amount of teaching at two or three years of age, and it must be done some time.

This done early, and the colt will never need to be "broken."—[Successful Farming.]

### Thoroughbred Types.

A well-directed argument, is advanced under the above caption in "The Farmer's Advocate" of September 26th. "At almost every exhibition and show-ring we have attended," the writer begins, "the question of types in Thoroughbreds has been raised. Winnipeg shows are peculiarly prolific of such discussions on account of the fact that the representatives of two distinct types generally meet there. The one type was well represented last exhibition by Copper King, a smoothly-turned, well-muscled, snug, clean horse, calculated to get decidedly useful stock, but not built upon extreme racing lines. The other type was represented by Central Trust, a horse that is a bundle of nerves and bone. To those who admire a horse simply for his racing qualities, such a representative as Central Trust is handsome, but to those who place extreme speed among the

minor requisites of the Thoroughbred, he is decidedly unattractive.

"These two horses are mentioned here because they represent distinct types that are struggling for most recognition, not only in Canada, but in other countries. The admirers of the Copper King type claim that such horses are just as good racers as the other kind, and can cite numerous performances to support their contentions, while as stock-getters of ordinary driving horses, there is no comparison between the two types. The admirers of the Central Trust type are strong on the contention that the Thoroughbred is essentially a racing horse, and that the best representatives of the breed should be built upon purely racing lines.

"Recently, in conversation with a gentleman who has all his life been in close touch with the breeding operations of the English stud farms, we asked him plainly which type was most in favor in the Old Country, and his reply was that the smooth type was the ideal, but that it was too often sacrificed to the greyhound sort. The shorter and faster races had tended much to establish a racing type, and, in fact, horses of this class usually won such races, but in show-rings and in trials of staying powers the racing type very seldom was successful. In some cases the extremes of the two types are well blended, as, for instance, in Mr. Dale's (Qu'Appelle) Kelston.

"To our mind, judges should take more into consideration the objects for which Thoroughbreds are raised in this country, and award the prizes at exhibitions to the type that conforms most closely to the utility horse. In this country we use Thoroughbreds for getting road-horse stock, and a road horse in this country must first have staying powers. No phenomenal speed can take its place, nor should have much weight in influencing judgment. Of course, the opinion of a judge in a show-ring does not materially affect the value of a horse, but it tends to fix standards and foster ideals, and when these point to a racing type of Thoroughbred, neglecting the smooth, strong, utility horse, they are not operating in the best interests of the breed, even though the racing type of horse can run a mile ten seconds faster than his opponent.

"The purchase of the Thoroughbred stallion Anchovy, by the Transvaal Government, again drew our attention to this subject. Anchovy is after the artist's model type of horse, well muscled, and with clean-cut lines, very far removed from the extreme-speed type. His record is first reserve at the Royal Commission Horse-breeding Show, at London, 1905, first in the catalogue of 107 horses exhibited as the longest to stand training, and the highest winner on the flat and over country. His winning races include the Free Handicap, 1 mile; Spring Handicap, 1½ miles; Christmas Handicap, 1½ miles; Ludlow Club Open Flat, 2 miles; and five other two-mile races. This goes to show that the horse with the most stamina and a good amount of speed is not of the wind-splitting style of architecture.

"It will also be remembered that in an illustrated article in "The Farmer's Advocate," some eighteen months ago, numerous celebrated Thoroughbreds were described; all of them, especially the great sires, being of the smooth, strong, long-staying type. Let us see the Thoroughbred encouraged to sane ends—not debauched into a mere racing utensil."

At the Canadian National they have a class

for Thoroughbred stallion best suited for getting half-bred stock, but there is much the same diversity of opinion as in the West. This year Judge Bratton emphasized the special need for quality in a horse bred for that purpose. To a certain extent, he was doubtless correct, but it seems to us the chief lack of the average Thoroughbred is substance and conformation—for the type of a racer or even a hunter is hardly attractive in point of contour. We believe our Western Editor is right in calling for the smooth, strong, utility horse, and the more earnestly Thoroughbred breeders address themselves to the task of producing this stamp, the more successful will they be in popularizing the English blood horse in Canada and relegating the Standard-bred to a less predominant place.

### The Yeast Treatment.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I note in a recent issue of "The Farmer's Advocate" an inquiry re the yeast treatment for barrenness in mares. I will give you my experience: Mare 16 years of age never had a foal. Had been breeding her to all kinds of horses for last five years. Noticing the yeast treatment in your paper, I decided to give it a trial, with the result that she held at first service and produced a good strong colt. SUBSCRIBER.

Simcoe Co., Ont.

We do not object to trials of speed, but to the trappings of racing, such as betting, and the undesirable element that travel with the horses. Racing is in disrepute for three things—crookedness, betting, and the caravan of human wrecks it takes in its train. Can an aggregation be found anywhere of more fluent swearers, liquor-drinkers, cigarette and morphine fiends than constitute the major part of a race-horse string?—["The Farmer's Advocate," Winnipeg.]

## LIVE STOCK.

### An Epoch in Beef-raising.

Watching the men at the stock-market at Winnipeg ride into a yard, "cut out" sixteen steers, hurry them down the long alleyway with the cattlemen's "hay ho!" lashing them with a short whip as they slacken pace or shy at the spectators lined up on the rails above, and then to see these cattle run into a funnel-shaped corral whose small opening ends in a car headed for the East, poked with goads by men on the fence above, one naturally wonders what the poor steer would think of it all if he were gifted with the faculties of reason or imagination, says "The Farmer's Advocate," of Winnipeg.

Some of these steers were born far south, "in Texas, down by the Rio Grande," and, after two years of contented grazing, with no other vicissitudes than the branding iron and the intensity of the southern sun, were trekked north to the invigorating climate and luxuriant grasses of the Canadian foothills, where a souse in a big vat, full of water and lime and sulphur, reminded them of the hot iron, and the occasional nor'-western blizzard recalled, by its very antithesis, the blistering sun of the south.

Others of these steers are Canadian-bred, and born either upon Manitoba farms or ranches, and have grown and grazed and sweltered and shivered, as other animate objects have done and will continue to do to the end of time.

All these cattle, as they come in their three- or four-year-old form, are the product of the range. Only the range—that great bounty of nature next in immensity to the forests—the mountains and the wheat belt could produce them, for they are the sunshine and the green grass animated and crystallized.

Meat, the crowded European cities must have; but a steer to them is no more than live beef. To the rancher it is more. If he is sordid, the steer is thirty or forty or fifty dollars, and should be more; but if he is imaginative also, he sees in him as well Nature's wonderful plan of providing for her highest final creatures.

The sun above comes out warm, the grass grows, the cattle mate, the young calves bask in the sun and drink their mother's warm milk, and steers are produced and fattened—which is the method of producing sustenance for man, with the minimum of his efforts or interference.

Such is the range and its product, and those of us who know it now, and have through it been drawn closer to nature, will regret that it and its associations are passing. Immigration literature, dry farming science, transportation facilities, overcrowding in cities, and the fascination of the range itself, are forces that are operating to dot the range with homesteads, and the raising of beef must again revert to the humdrum system of raising.



Claret Princess 2nd. Lady Leaflet 4th. Sweet Lady.

Heifer calves, bred by H. J. Davis, Woodstock, Ont., and included in his sale, Oct. 23th.