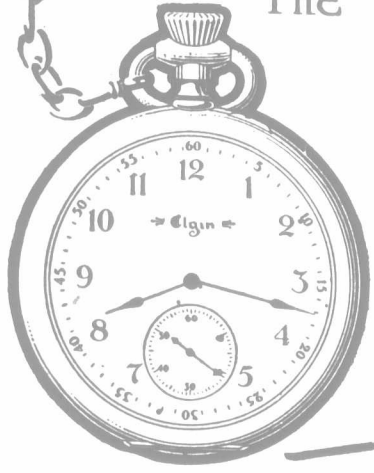


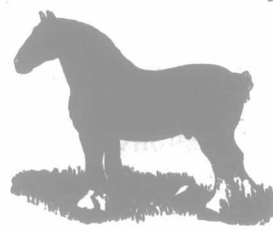
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A Big Shipment of Shires Coming



JOHN CHAMBERS & SONS, HOLDENBY, ENG. will ship to Canada 40 to 45 head of choice Shire fillies and stallions on September 21st, due to arrive about October 5th at the Company's American branch in St. Thomas, Ont.

TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION

The lot will comprise 30 to 35 fillies and about 10 stallions, the fillies being all bred and mostly from two to three years old. They include a number of matched pairs. This will, without question, be the best lot of Shires that have ever sailed in one bunch shipment. Parties interested should write for catalogue, particulars, and exact date of sale.

C. K. Geary, St. Thomas, Ont., Mgr. American Branch.
L. O. Chambers accompanies this consignment.

W. C. KIDD, LISTOWEL, ONT.

Importer of Clydesdales, Shires, Percherons, Belgians, Hackneys, Standard-breds and Thoroughbreds

of highest possible quality and richest breeding. Have sold as many stallions the last year as any man in the business, with complete satisfaction in every case. I have always a large number of high-class horses on hand. My motto: "None but the best, and a straight deal." Will be pleased to hear from any one wanting a rare good one. Terms to suit. Long distance 'phone. **LISTOWEL P.O. AND STATION.**



CLYDESDALES

At Columbus, Ont., the home of the winners, this year's importation just arrived. The pick of Scotland's best. For size, style, conformation, quality and royal breeding, they eclipse any former importation we've made. Look them up in our barn on Exhibition Grounds. Over 30 head to select from.

SMITH & RICHARDSON, COLUMBUS, ONTARIO.

CLYDESDALES



We have imported more Royal, H. A. S., Toronto and Chicago winners than any other Canadian importers. This year's importation has just arrived, and we think are away the best lot we ever imported; leading Scotch winners among them. Look up our stable on Exhibition Grounds.

GRAHAM BROS., CLAREMONT, ONTARIO
Long-distance 'phone. **C. P. R.**

IMPORTED CLYDESDALES



Just arrived: One 4-year-old mare, two 3-year-old mares, seven 2-year-old fillies and three yearling fillies, two 2-year-old stallions, and one 1-year-old. The 4-year-old mare is due to foal. Six of these fillies are high-class Scotch winners. No richer-bred lot. No more high-class lot was ever imported. They have great size and quality. The stallions will make very large show horses—full of quality. They will be sold privately, worth the money.

CRAWFORD & BOYES, Thedford Station, Widder P. O., Ont.



Graham & Renfrew's CLYDESDALES and HACKNEYS

Our Clydes now on hand are all prizewinners, their breeding is gilt edged. Our Hackneys, both stallions and mares, are an exceedingly high class lot. We also have a few high-steppers and carriage horses. Young Street cars pass the door every hour. 'Phone North 4458.

GRAHAM & RENFREW, BEDFORD PARK, ONT.



SIMCOE LODGE CLYDESDALES

Our stable of imported and Canadian-bred Clydesdale stallions and fillies was never so strong in show stuff as now, although we have had some very strong lots. Look up our stable on Exhibition Grounds. **HODGKINSON & TISDALE, BEAVERTON, ONT., G. T. & C. N. R.** Long-distance 'phone.

Best Results are Obtained from Advertising in The Farmer's Advocate

How to Treat the Shying Horse.

From the columns of our Western contemporary, "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Journal," of Winnipeg, Man., we reproduce the following sensible correspondence on a subject of quite general interest:

Shying is not only one of the commonest of equine faults, but it is also, especially if persistent in a horse of mature age, one of the most difficult to eradicate. Yet, there is perhaps no vice which, as a rule, is less intelligently, and, therefore, less successfully, combated. The one essential feature in treatment of shying, from whatever cause arising, is patience, patience, and, again, patience.

Fear, especially in young horses, is the most frequent cause of shying, and in the opinion and experience of the writer, shying from fear is the easiest to deal with, and the most certain of cure; for there is nothing to which a horse will not become accustomed and indifferent if handled with patience and intelligence.

The utter disregard of flying, snorting, smoking motor-cars by city horses is now so much a matter of course as to attract attention only when its absence in country horses compels one to pull up, and frequently to show the driver how to pass the car without accident.

The sight of trained cavalry horses lying down while volley after volley is fired from rifles resting on their bodies is another example of the adaptability of the equine mind to abnormal environment. The overcoming of fear in a horse is, in the writer's opinion, at least, simply a matter of patience and gentleness. When in the West, I bought several Thoroughbreds that had never been in a city, and proceeded to break them to saddle.

The chief difficulty was to accustom them to the trolley cars, which came along the roads at any speed up to thirty miles an hour.

My plan was to ride quietly to the terminus, and wait, at a respectful distance, the advent of a car. When it was stationary, I spent the ten minutes of its stay in riding round it in circles of gradually diminishing size, but never trying to force the horse nearer than he could be coaxed to approach. Generally, in less than an hour, the horse would go right up to the car and accept caresses from the conductor.

The next step was to follow the starting car, which, luckily, went slowly for the first mile, trotting behind and alongside, till the horse took no notice of it whatever. After that it was merely a matter of meeting cars at points where they moved slowly, till gradually the horse grew accustomed to face them at any speed.

In teaching a horse to be fearless of any strange, and, therefore, to him, alarming object, there are three rules of conduct to which there is no exception: NEVER speak sharply, NEVER use your whip, and NEVER urge him forward with a tight rein. A frightened or nervous horse is psychologically the equivalent of a frightened child. Would anyone in his senses expect to cure his child's timidity by scolding or whipping him, or by yanking him suddenly by the arm?

The horse that shies, not from fear, but apparently from sheer good spirits, or from some cause not intelligible to the human mind, is much more difficult to treat. Complete cure is frequently impossible, though great improvement may be expected from careful handling.

The best Irish hunter I ever possessed I bought for the ridiculous sum of twenty-five guineas (about one hundred and thirty dollars), owing to the fact that he was the worst shier I ever threw a leg over. The suddenness with which he would stop when going fast, and wheel round, was, especially in harness, positively dangerous.

My first experience with him in harness and under saddle was not encouraging; all my efforts to cure his shying were vain, till I put him as leader in my tandem-cart, and found that in that position of comparative freedom from control he was much steadier.

Acting on this discovery, when next he showed signs of shying under the saddle, I just dropped my hand, and gave him a free head instead of taking a firm hold of his mouth in order to try to keep him straight; the result was that the shy never developed, and that by a continuance of this treatment, the horse, though

never wholly cured, became, to me at least, comparatively comfortable to ride and drive. This was not a case of shying through fear, as the horse shied worse and most frequently at familiar objects, of which, on many occasions, he took no notice whatever; nor was his sight in any way defective.

The shying seemed to be his idea of a joke to be perpetuated most effectively on the way home after a long day with the hounds, when I was and he should have been too tired for such frivolity. The moral of this incident is purely negative; it must not be understood that simply giving a horse his head will invariably, or even generally, cure shying, though it will often, as in the above case, minimize it; but it may be taken for granted that no treatment of shying without the free head will be permanently successful.

That this is even more important in horses that shy from fear than in others, I am convinced by years of experience; and it is, after all, as I have explained above, the only rational method of dealing with nervousness.

It is impossible to condemn too strongly the pulling of a horse's mouth, and laying the whip smartly across his back, which is the practice usually seen and popularly advocated "to distract his attention," when a horse shows symptoms of alarm at an approaching object, such as a motor-car; a greater mistake, or one more productive of future trouble for the driver, was never made.

The ancient superstition that a horse can think of only one thing at a time, and that, therefore, the whip will divert his attention from the object of his fears, is neither logical nor tenable in practice.

"Put yourself in his place," is a good motto when dealing with horses. A sudden curtailment of his usual freedom of movement, by tightening the reins, when a nervous horse is looking suspiciously at some strange, approaching object, naturally increases his alarm; while use of the whip engenders a fear of the object, which it will take no end of time and trouble to eradicate.

The fact that the approach of the alarming object was quickly followed by punishment naturally produces an association of the two in the equine mind, and a logical objection to face that object again.

The psychology of the free hand in the non-frightened shier is not so easy to follow, but I can vouch for its success. Do not go to the extreme of letting your reins fall loose; hold them so as to have instant control of your horse's head, but just relax whatever pull you have on his mouth. If he knows you, talk to him soothingly, a horse will pass with a rider or driver whom he knows, many an object that no stranger can persuade him to face.

If riding, never leave your saddle; if driving, you may be compelled from reasons of safety to lead him; when you do so, walk between him and the cause of his alarm.

Song of the Press.

Here I stand, the bounteous giver of the latest word, forever
Am I listening to the whisper of the wire; near and far,
Good and bad the news—no matter—in an instant I will scatter
A most marvellous translation through the crowded streets afar.
Banks may fail and bonds may falter, and on ancient hearth and altar
Strange new fires may burn, unbidden—creeds may crumble, swords may rust,
All the rack and change of ages doth but number me fresh pages,
While the slow red tide of freedom humblyeth sceptres to the dust.
I alone am tireless, deathless; day by day the starved crowd, breathless,
Wait for me to feed and fill them, for new falsehoods ravenous—
Hence, with truth perforce I mingle harmless fictions and the jingle
That the multitude call poems—jest and fable dolorous—
Banal narrative and hollow cant of Pharisees they swallow,
Mixed with modicum of knowledge, here and there a saving grain—
Here and there a crystal holy, and Truth's essence are slowly
Conquering the world's black blindness, driving out the old blunt pain.

—William Hurd Hillier.