

ardson knew that the identity of the horse was in doubt. No interest whatever would suffer by putting the matter right. None of Braidlie Prince's colts would be disqualified, he would not himself be disqualified, and Sir Henry and he are by the same sire. It would be difficult, indeed, for your Board to satisfy an impartial tribunal that their action in this matter is not a breach of the honorable traditions which have long held sway among breed societies throughout the world.

I have further to point out that your sending a copy of your letter to the president of this society is capable of the construction that you did not trust the bona fides of the secretary of this society.

Yours faithfully,  
ARCH'D. MacNEILAGE,  
Secretary.

### The Farmer's Driver.

The growing demand for good horses, shown by the high prices, is a strong inducement to farmers to raise more colts than formerly. And while I quite agree with all who claim that the draft colt is the one for farmers to raise, still, the demand for good roadsters must be met in some way, and the farmer can raise the light-harness horse cheaper than anyone else can, and, therefore, has a bigger profit than have others. No matter which class of horses a man intends to raise, he requires a good knowledge of the type of sire and dam to use, and the liking for the kind that he selects. Of course, if he has a good knowledge of draft type, he can raise good draft colts (not the best), even if he would rather handle the light ones, because they do not require the attention and handling that the light ones do. But he who is to raise the roadsters must have a natural liking for them. If he handles them as he would a Clyde, his venture will prove a failure. Another circumstance that adds to this list of failures is the fact that many people do not know roadster type at all. Many think that a horse a little too light for farm work is a roadster, no matter if he is a little chunk that cannot travel six miles an hour. Others style all ponies and bronchos roadsters, while still others call any horse with some "blood" in his pedigree a roadster. And I think the man who is worst mistaken of all is he who thinks that a roadster is a race-horse. The farmer who makes up his mind to raise race-horses should in the first place put all of his property in his wife's name, and appoint a couple of guardians for himself.

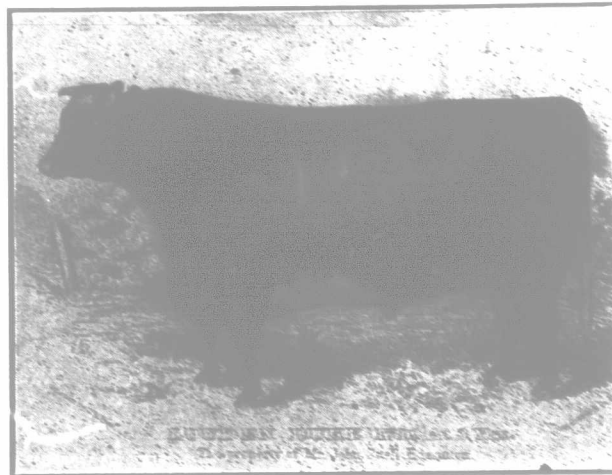
In all this mongrel herd we may chance on a horse that is a good "roader," but even then he is not a roadster. Roadsters have a type of their own, and the pedigree of these animals is usually rich in the blood of the Standard-bred, the Thoroughbred stock being the ancestry of the balance. It is true, a few good roadsters have been bred from the Hackney or Coach horse, but these are the exception, not the rule.

The Roadster, like any other horse, varies in size. He is a horse 15 to 15½ hands high; though if he is a trifle under that, but at the same time well built, and a fast traveller, he is still a roadster, but not of first-class. There should be no coarseness about the head, and the ears should point forward. Avoid a horse with a large part of the white of his eye showing, but insist on a large eye and full forehead, and also a nose that is as near the straight line as possible; i. e., neither a dish-face nor a Roman nose. A clean-cut throat and an arched neck are the next in order, and a mane fairly thick and long adds to the appearance. The shoulder should stand well back from point to top, and, while the chest must be wide and full, the fore legs must be set under it—not set on the outside, like a bull-dog's. Just back of the shoulder he should be deep enough from top to bottom of body, that, with the essential well-sprung ribs, his girth should be 5 ft. 8 in. to 6 ft., according to condition. A short back, with well-developed muscles over the kidney, is very important. Hips (pinbones) should not stick out, and should not be more than about three inches from the last rib. A flat top on the rump, if it slopes slightly towards the tail, is to be desired. The tail itself should be long and thick enough to require trimming occasionally, and the perfect roadster carries it slightly raised and straight behind. There must be plenty of muscle on the arms and thighs—"the breeching should always be well filled with horse." A roadster which has big, well-developed muscles on the thigh does not care whether you ask him to go five miles or thirty-five miles. About the proper measurement for the arm is 18 inches in circumference, and the bone below the knee should be flat, and 8 inches around; while, below the hock, 9 inches is about the proper circumference. The long pastern should be avoided, as it is, without exception, a point of weakness. Just enough length to give it a slight slope, and thus avoid knuckling, is the kind to look for. A round hoof, which does not spread enough to be flat, but which is about twice the size at the shoe that it is at the hoof-head, is the most desirable foot. It should be straight in line with the animal's body, but "toeing in" is much to be preferred

to "toeing out." A horse which "toes out" is almost sure to interfere.

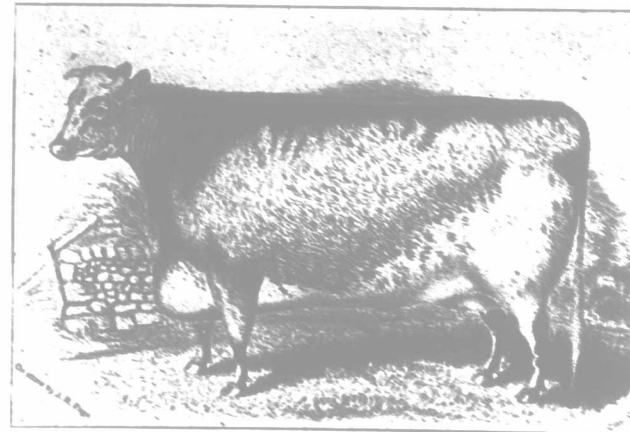
I am well aware that many a good roadster is built according to this pattern, only on a smaller scale. In that case, all I have to say is that, good as he is, he would be better if he were bigger—big enough to weigh 1,100 pounds. That does not mean his weight by guess or the "weight on his bill"; it means just what it says—his weight. It is true that many of our winners are small. The reason for this is that they have the proper conformation, and perhaps the speed, and there is no bigger animal in the ring, or, if there is, he is faulty in his make-up. The 1,100-pound roadster, if rightly built, and a well-made, good-gaited horse, will always win over a smaller horse, if the placing is done by a competent judge.

A farmer who is intending to raise roadsters for profit should select his mare according to the above type. The stallion should be a little bigger, and both should be well bred and good movers.



Louden Duke.

I do not mean that the mares should be registered Standard-breds, or any other breed, but that they should not be of mixed breeding. The sire should be pure-bred. Both should have good clean action, and, while they should step high enough to clear obstacles such as dust, snow, mud, etc., we do not look for high-steppers among the roadsters. "Chin-knockers," as a rule, can trot only at a slow rate for about half an hour, and then you must not ask them to do any more until the next day. But the man who goes out to buy a serviceable roadster, and pays a long price for him, wants one that can go more than "once around a half-bushel, and then quit." The big, strong roadster that does not waste both time and energy swinging his feet up and down in the same place, can pull a buggy ten miles an hour or more, and can do it for three or four hours in the forenoon, and go home again the same way in the afternoon. If you are in a hurry, he can take you at a three-minute clip for half a mile, or perhaps the full mile. He must be a trotter to be at his best. The pacer has his place on the race-track, but in deep mud, deep dust, deep snow, or a deep sleigh-track in the snow, he is hopelessly handicapped. In addition to this, so many of them are not really pacers at all, but "rackers,"



Rosedale.

(swinging sideways), which makes them unsightly. Therefore, avoid the pacer.

With all due respect to the smaller animals, if they are well built and good movers, they are not the kind for the farmer to raise. Unless they are fast enough to race (the sport of kings is not a farmer's game), they will bring only small prices, and are more likely to be blemished as the result of accident. But we can always find a ready market, at good prices, for the big, smooth ones.

The breeder who, either for the money, pleasure or glory that it affords, takes his colts to the show-ring, should try to have them come early in the spring or the latter part of winter, and he must have a suitable place for their reception. If, on the other hand, the breeder is not a follower of the show-ring, he will do well to have his mare run on the grass a few weeks before she

foals. For that reason, he should breed his mare about the last of June or the first part of July. Or, if he can manage it, a better time is about the end of October, and then the colt, coming about the last of September, is not handicapped by the hot weather, and has the very great advantage of remaining with its mother during its first winter, the time that, as a rule, is hardest on foals, because, if they are weaned in the fall, that hardship is at once followed by a worse one, that of being put on dry food. But if the youngster comes in the fall, both these obstacles are avoided, as the colt will not miss the milk nor have to eat dry hay (or straw), as the fresh grass will be all he will look for, or need. Then it is just like any other good crop that has encountered no setback.

A. DOUGLAS CAMERON.

## LIVE STOCK.

### Honor Roll of Shorthorns.—III.

By J. C. Snell.

In 1867, Hon. M. H. Cochrane, of Hillhurst, Quebec, made one of the most notable importations of the century, selected by Simon Beattie, and including the model red-and-white yearling bull, Baron Booth of Lancaster =1216=, and the magnificent roan cow, Rosedale =2243=. The bull was sired by Baron Booth, of Booth blood, and his dam was Mary of Lancaster, of the Cruickshank tribe of that name, in high standing in the present era. Rosedale was bred by Lady Pigot, who in those days was an enthusiast in the breeding of Shorthorns, and Rosedale was sired by the Booth bull Valasco, her dam also being of Booth breeding. These were a sensational pair—symmetrical, wealthily fleshed, and breezy-looking in every lineament of their make-up. Probably a more perfect bull has not been shown in America since his day. Both were easily first-prize winners the year of their importation, but their stay with us was short. Show-yard competition in the Western States being at that time exceedingly keen, before another year both had crossed the border, the bull going to J. H. Pickrell, of Illinois, at the price of \$1,550, where, in the hands of herdsman Davie Grant, a Scots-Canadian, he won everything he competed for at State fairs for years. Rosedale went into the Lyndale herd of Col. W. S. King, of Minnesota, where, under the capable management of our John T. Gibson, now of Denfield, Ontario, she achieved new victories galore.

In 1866, the year after the close of the Civil War, I was sent, a boy just out of my 'teens, to look for a herd bull in the blue-grass section of Kentucky, where, at that date, love between political parties was not without dissimulation, and every other man carried a gun in his hip-pocket for protection. Shorthorns, previous to the war, had a fine reputation in that State, Bates-bred families being very popular, largely owing to the remarkable prepotency of the imported bull Duke of Airdrie, owned by R. A. Alexander, of Woodburn. The craze for red color was also then at its height, and many breeders considered it of first importance that the service bull should be as nearly pure Bates as possible, and as nearly all red as he could be had. I bought from George M. Bedford, of Paris, for \$750, Duke of Bourbon, the first-prize yearling at the Bourbon County Show that year. He was all red, sired by a pure Bates bull, and very stylish, having been fitted and trained by John Hope, the young Englishman, who was then head manager for Mr. Bedford, who later on made famous the Bow Park herd in Canada. At the same time, I visited the far-famed Woodburn farm of R. A. Alexander, famous for Thoroughbred horses, as well as Shorthorns, where I saw the great sire of race-horses, Imp. Lexington, in his twenty-first year, blind, but breezy-looking and beautiful. Here I also saw a two-year-old bull, priced at \$400, that my judgment told me was far and away a better individual than the one I had in view at Paris. But he was not all red, and his breeding was not all Bates, but largely Booth, and I was persuaded to stay with the all-red and Bates-bred one. With good care, in the hands of Johnston, our good herdsman, he was kept in fresh enough condition to win first the next year at the Provincial Fair, and his calves being mostly red, and stylish, sold well to farmers who were looking more for style than substance; but he was no longer a show bull, and never sired a calf good enough to win in respectable company, while the bull I left behind me, named Muscaton, was soon after secured by that wise man and prince of Shorthorn-breeders, William Warfield, of Lexington, Ky., and proved a remarkably successful show bull, and the sire of numerous first-prize-winning animals at State fairs for years in succession. It was my first lesson from experience on the folly of following a senseless fad.

Two years later, on my second visit to Kentucky in search of a bull, I spent a few days with the veteran breeder, Abram Renick, whose then famous herd of nearly 100 head of Bates-bred Rose of Sharon, closely inbred, was the most