

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE.

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DOMINION.

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JOHN WELD, MANAGER.

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THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE
is published every Thursday. (52 issues per year.)

It is impartial and independent of all cliques or parties, handsomely
illustrated with original engravings, and furnishes the most
practical, reliable and profitable information for farmers, dairy-
men, gardeners, stockmen and home-makers, of any publication
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matter. Criticisms of Articles, Suggestions How to Improve the
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THE WILLIAM WELD COMPANY (LIMITED),
LONDON, CANADA.

bucket-shop in a Middle Western States town,
thus comments in the World's Work upon its
malign influences and sinister results:

"When in his slack time a farmer visits the
village to meet his neighbors and talk over fam-
ily 'doin's' and crop returns, he sees a newly-
opened 'office,' with spacious entrance, double
doors, and a plate-glass window. He stops and
looks. Within he hears, 'Wheat, 82½ . . . 83½
. . . 84½.' He enters, and is greeted by a
neighbor seated in a comfortable leather chair.
The place begins to fascinate him; its smoking-
room and free cigar are a seductive bait. He feels
good, and finds himself at home among neighbors.
The blackboard and its columns of changing
figures is entertaining; his neighbor tells him of
a neat turn he made; and as he watches the
fluctuations in wheat, oats and corn he thinks,
'What's the harm in taking a try myself?'

"He buys wheat; wheat rises two points and
he sells. From that hour the man is changed.
His spirits are light that night, and as he sits
at the family fireside he takes out an extra cigar
and smokes with the enjoyment of a man who
feels that the days of 'easy money' have come.
The drudgery of farm life seems a huge mistake—
too slow for one who can hire help and pay
them out of the easy profits of the trading-
room. Yet his thoughts find no expression that
his wife may share his anticipations. All his
life she has been his safe counsellor, but this lit-
tle venture is his own, and he gloats over it as
if it had made him rich.

"There is a change coming over that home.
No longer is there an exchange of ideas at the
fireside as to how 'the stock' looks or how the
wheat is heading out, yet wheat and stocks are
in the brain of the man who has been a pattern
to his children and the pride of a devoted wife.
The farm machinery rusts in the barnyard, the
grain grows overripe, the stock becomes thin, and
the once faithful man is buying and selling in
the trading-room wheat that is not his and never
will be his—pursuing a phantom, playing a game
that no man can beat in the long run, a game

the dealer dares not play himself, for he knows it
will break him as it does his dupes."

"When the telephone rings he dare not let
his wife answer it. The message is, 'Send down
\$500 to sustain your margins. Wheat is off two
points.' He lies to his family about it. The
farm must carry a mortgage at last.

"Months pass; the interest is not paid; the
foreclosure notice is in the weekly paper. Six
months more, and the family look for the last
time, broken-hearted, on the old home. As they
stop to gaze back at it, he wonders why such a
fate should overtake him when the speculators of
the 'Exchange' and the 'Street' heap up
wealth by the same process. He does not know
of the unremembered tens of thousands whose
ruin, like his, has been courted in listening to
'Wheat, 82½ . . . 83½ . . . 84½.'"

Thus it is that the rugged character and sea-
soned moral fiber of a rural community may be
warped and splintered by the seduction of "easy
money" and the coming nearer of the Wall Street
of the farm.

Perhaps You Are Not Aware

of the fact that it costs us about \$2.00 to send
"The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine"
to your house for one year. Perhaps you will not
credit the statement. Nevertheless, it is a
fact. Then, how do we exist? you may ask.
Well, of course, we are not working for our health
alone, that is true; but did you never notice the
hosts of first-class advertisers who are constantly
using our pages as a medium through which to
introduce their various wares to our readers?
This, then, is the explanation, and you are re-
ceiving the direct benefit of their advertising by
being able to secure "The Farmer's Advocate"
for one year at the remarkably low figure of
\$1.50. Every issue is full of spicy, up-to-date
articles, of vital importance to every farmer. One
number alone may be worth to you many times
the price of the paper. Can you afford to be
without it? No, certainly not. Then, how
about your neighbor who is not aware of the
value of "The Farmer's Advocate"? See him
at once, send in his name and secure some of our
valuable premiums, which will be as nothing
when compared to the debt of gratitude which
that neighbor will feel toward you.

HORSES.

Ancestry of Shires and Clydes.

A writer in the Mark Lane Express says:
"There is no need for English and Scottish Clydesdale breeders to fear that they will encounter
any serious opposition in foreign lands. South
America and other countries will be able to take,
and will, indeed, require, our stallions and mares
as they have always done, for the tendency in
most countries to which our island acts as a stud
farm is for our breeds to lose both size and sub-
stance and character in a very few generations,
unless recourse is frequently had to our native
strains. Indeed, it would appear as if the more
successful an English or Scottish breed is in a
foreign country, the better it is for English or
Scottish breeders, and the better market there is
for their stock.

"Professor Ridgeway, speaking of the Clydesdale horse, says that he is derived from the same
source, and is practically of the same breed as
the Shire. I am afraid this will arouse the ire
of some of my Scottish friends, but it is, never-
theless, a fact that there is no gainsaying. The
history of both breeds show distinctly that their
size and power is due in a great measure—if not
entirely—to horses imported from Flanders. Nor
is this all. In the early years of what I may,
perhaps, call the Clydesdale movement, and in the
years immediately preceding the formation of the
Clydesdale Horse Society, there was a large im-
portation of the heavy type of Shire mares into
the valley of the Clyde. Lincolnshire, indeed,
was thoroughly exploited by Scottish dealers, and
the best customers for weighty mares at the Lin-
colnshire fairs were Mr. David Riddell and his
conferees.

"It is unnecessary to enter into particulars of
the facts which led up to the formation of the Select
Clydesdale Horse Society of Scotland, a society
which was formed some six or seven years after
the formation of the Clydesdale Horse Society of
Great Britain and Ireland, which latter society
was formed in 1877. The late Mr. Lawrence
Drew took a leading part in the formation of the
society, and Mr. David Riddell and other breeders
of eminence gave it hearty support. So far as I
know, the society only published two volumes of
a studbook—at any rate, that is all I have—and
after Mr. Drew's death it languished, and eventu-
ally was dissolved.

"At the time it was in being, however, it ex-

cited a considerable amount of attention. Able
writers upheld the contention which has since re-
ceived the support of Prof. Ridgeway, that the
Clydesdale and Shire horse were identical, that
they had been developed on different lines, and
that the best possible cart horse was the produce
of a cross between the two. This being, as they
maintained, fully established, they urged an amal-
gamation of the two societies. It was, however,
scarcely likely that this would take place. There
were too many conflicting interests, and the two
societies had been established too long to admit
of any amalgamation. So, though the contro-
versialists had the best of the argument, their
efforts had no immediate practical result.

"That they had a practical result, however,
will, I think, be admitted by those who remember
what the Clydesdale and Shire horses were like
twenty years ago. The Clydesdale had the best
of legs and feet, but was light on the back, de-
ficient in back ribs, and unless his immediate an-
cestors contained a large proportion of English
blood—which was generally the case in horses
that came to the front—he was wanting in size.
Nowadays, the Clydesdale has, to a very great
extent, lost that weak back and light middle
which the critics used to find fault with, whilst
the hard, flinty bone, big, well-shaped feet and
silky feather are maintained.

"It used to be the boast of the Clydesdale
men that sidebones were practically unknown
amongst the breed. They were, at any rate, plen-
tiful enough amongst the Shire horses, and in the
early days of the Shire Horse Society's shows
there were plenty of Northern breeders who scoffed
at the coarse feather, rough bone, sidebones and
moderate feet of the Shire. But now we have al-
tered all that. The coarse, curly "hair" has de-
veloped into feather of silky texture, the bone is
of the flinty texture which is so desirable a qual-
ity, the feet are well shaped, with the quality of
the horn tough, and a greasy-legged Shire is now
as unknown as at one time he was common.

"It is not a little curious, when one comes to
think of it, how the two breeds have, as it were,
"approached" each other in characteristics dur-
ing the last twenty years, and how the results,
which it was at one time wished to bring about
by a mixture of the two breeds, have resulted
from judicious breeding on Studbook lines, and
judicious management. For there is no doubt
that a great deal of the improvement of the Shire
horse's feet and legs is due to a more natural
treatment of the individual and to the doing away
with that system of forcing which, injurious
enough to any breed, must have been much more
hurtful to a heavy-carried and somewhat gross
horse like the Shire.

The Select Book of the Select Clydesdale So-
ciety of Scotland is now practically an unknown
volume, but it is interesting to dip into its pages
occasionally. The first directors were Mr. Law-
rence Drew, chairman; Mr. David Riddell, Mr.
Peter Brown, Bishopston, Renfrewshire; Mr. Thos.
Muirhead, Townhill, Dunfermline; Mr. Thomas
Brown, Skellyton, Larkhall; Mr. James Smellie,
Stravenhouse, Carlisle; and Mr. John White,
Nether Craiglands, Renfrewshire; and amongst the
three hundred and odd members were some of the
most eminent breeders in Scotland and the north
of England. There can be no doubt that the So-
ciety sustained a severe blow by the death of Mr.
Lawrence Drew, and had that gentleman lived a
few years longer, there is little doubt but what
we should have heard more of the Select Clydes-
dale Society.

"I have pointed out already that the work of
improving Clydesdale and Shire horses has been
well done, on the lines laid down by their re-
spective breed societies, and it is quite likely that
had there been anything approaching the present
state of things in existence twenty years ago, we
should never have heard of the Select Clydesdale
Society. But that society did much good in trac-
ing the history of some of those horses whose
names appear in the pedigrees of famous stallions
in the Foundation Volume of the Clydesdale Horse
Society's Studbook. For instance, there is Tin-
tock, a pure-bred English horse, and was pur-
chased in Cambridgeshire by Mr. Alexander Gal-
braith, of Croy, Cunningham, Killearn. Tintock
travelled the Strathendrick district, and was fa-
mous as the sire of good mares. The great stal-
lion, Lord Salisbury 1205, was of a Tintock mare,
and other good mares by him, Auchinbroig Dar-
ling, the dam of Mr. Martin's Damsel and Diana
Vernon, Mr. McNabb's Princess, and that great
mare, Keir Farny.

"Another famous Clydesdale stallion that had
an English origin was Lord Lyon, his dam hav-
ing been purchased in Derbyshire; then, Emperor,
a great winner in Scotland and a great sire, was
an English horse that was bought in Cambridge-
shire by Mr. Andrew Johnston, of Aberdeenshire.
His most notable son was probably Lord Clyde,
the sire of Old Times, from whom many notable
Clydesdales are descended. Another striking in-
stance of an English horse that made a mark in
the Clydesdale Studbook, is that of Mr. Robert
O. Watson's Champion. He was bred by Mr.
Neville Melthourne, Lakehouse, Fillingham, Lincoln-
shire, and was by Napoleon—Bud by John Bull."