

## THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE.

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DOMINION.

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THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE  
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men, gardeners, stockmen and home-makers, of any publication  
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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 family 'doins' 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 little 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 seasoned 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 \$2.60 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 receiving 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 substance 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 Scotch 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, nevertheless, 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 importation 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 Lincolnshire fairs were Mr. David Riddell and his confederates.

"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 eventually 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 received 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 amalgamation 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 controversialists 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, deficient in back ribs, and unless his immediate ancestors 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, plentiful 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 altered all that. The coarse, curly "hair" has developed into feather of silky texture, the bone is of the flinty texture which is so desirable a quality, the feet are well shaped, and 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 during 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-carcased and somewhat gross horse like the Shire.

The Select Book of the Select Clydesdale Society of Scotland is now practically an unknown volume, but it is interesting to dip into its pages occasionally. The first directors were Mr. Lawrence 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 Craigends, 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 Society 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 Clydesdale 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 respective 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 tracing 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 Tintock, a pure-bred English horse, and was purchased in Cambridgeshire by Mr. Alexander Galbraith, of Croy, Cunningham, Killearn. Tintock travelled the Strathendrick district, and was famous as the sire of good mares. The great stallion, Lord Salisbury 1205, was of a Tintock mare, and other good mares by him, Auchinbroig Darling, 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 having been purchased in Derbyshire; then, Emperor, a great winner in Scotland and a great sire, was an English horse that was bought in Cambridgeshire 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 instance 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 Melbourne, Lakehouse, Fillingham, Lincolnshire, and was by Napoleon—Bud by John Bull."