

Reminiscences of a Pioneer.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

It may prove interesting to the young readers of your valuable journal if I give the experience of the little colony, their trials and hardships in the backwoods of Canada. We have very few of them with us now; the great majority are sleeping in the silent city of the dead, and the young generation are reaping the fruits of their labors. This part of Ontario was settled chiefly by Scotsmen, who emigrated to Canada some 80 years back. They were principally tradespeople, who knew little or nothing about clearing land; but what they lacked in knowledge was made up to them in pluck. When they landed in Little York (now Toronto), the men, women and children were forced to walk some fifty miles to their land in the bush. They were poor—very poor—but where can we find such hospitality to-day as could be found in abundance among the old pioneers? They would share their last crust, or, more, they would share their last drop of toddy with the stranger, for his stomach's sake, and the sake of his awful infirmity. But the first order on the paper was to clear a patch of ground and put up a shanty, so they started to work with stout hearts, and, by working early and late, got logs together, and in due time the walls of the shanty were erected—in size, about 15 by 18 feet, one story high; a hole was cut in the wall, and an open fire-place put in, from 4 to 5 feet wide. The bread was baked in a kettle with the lid on; top coals were placed over and around the sides. Potatoes were their principal food, although some may have had pork, which was usually suspended from the rafters, and the smoke that failed to reach the eyes and noses ascended and smoked the meat to perfection. The wool, after being taken from the sheep's back, was manufactured into cloth by the fair daughters of the home, even to the Sunday suit. When harvest time came, they were at work with their little hooks, cutting the grain and binding it into sheaves. And the young scion, the pride of the home, could be seen skipping over the stubble with his bare feet; and, when he pulled on daddy's boots, his joy was complete. Finally, the grain was built into a stack, something like a boy's top, with the large end down; and no king on his throne was prouder than the old weaver, as he sat on the top of his stack and viewed his little clearing. The next order was threshing. This was done with that primitive machine known as a flail; then the grain and chaff were separated by tossing it in the air, and the wind blew the chaff away. Then daddy, with the ox-team and jumper, would take the grain to the mill and have it ground into flour. By starting at daylight, if all went well, he might get home the next day. And when he came home—talk about Santa Claus!—why, in those days dad made Santa Claus look stingy. But, as time rolled on, other machinery came into play. The writer was present when the first separator was started. As the name implies, it separated the straw and chaff from the grain; but the trial was not what we would call a brilliant success. When one wheel would go, the other was inclined to stand still. And, as trouble never comes singly, an aged spinster was going to be married that day; and, as the men were anxious to get through with the threshing, each had his own cure for the machine. Finally, they concluded it was like the old maid's wedding—a new venture. The boys' schooling days were cut out in the summer season when he reached the age of 10 or 11, although we had spelling-matches once a week in the evening. The young people would gather in the old log schoolhouse and choose captains, who would call off sides. The master would give out the words from the old Mavers spelling-book. Of course, the boys went down like ninepins. The faculty those girls had for building up jaw-breakers out of the 26 letters of the alphabet, when they had to double some of them for good measure, was astonishing. It was the custom for the boys to take their sisters to the spelling-bee, and this evening two lads thought it a good joke to exchange coats and horses; and the girls, thinking they were going with their brothers, started off as merry as a marriage bell. But, on the way, the young man was in a confidential mood, and said that he was bashful in the presence of ladies, and if she had a sister's affection for him, it would be kind of her to give him a lesson or two on courtship. But, by the time the first lesson was learned the lady arrived at her destination.

Then, we would have a wedding, and a dance to the soul stirring strains of the bagpipe.

When Scotia's sons get on their feet
To dance the Highland fling, so fleet,
You'd think the very roof would rend
Before the fun came to an end.

I have merely given a rough outline of some events that happened in the lives of the old pioneers. Life to them was no ideal dream, but a stern reality. And if their methods seem crude to the up-to-date farmer, still, they have left an example for courage and perseverance that would

be well for the younger generations to follow. It gives me a pain when I hear people grumble because they have no car running through their back yard. We cannot look forward into the future, but we can look back over the past, and memory loves to linger along the sands of time.

"Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night."

"To live once more the golden hour of childhood's joyous play,
No thorns, but only sweetest flowers, there in life's merry way."

Wellington Co., Ont.

GEO. BEER.

Strange Protection.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

We use both Canadian and American farm implements. There is 25 per cent. duty on stoves, ranges, gasoline engines, farm machinery. Drive to the railway station in the State of Washington, and get a load, say \$200 worth. The custom-house officer comes along, and tells you you have \$275 worth, and gives you a lecture on the seriousness of misrepresenting facts, and the penalty. 'Tis useless to say you are a truthful man. On his face you can plainly see a wink-the-other-eye look—you can't fool me. You hand him the shipping bill, and then give him \$50 for your \$200 worth of goods. Then you are a free man. Boys, this is our protection.

New Westminster Co., B. C.

WM. MEDD.

HORSES.

The Carriage Horse.

The possibility of the demand for good driving or carriage horses being seriously decreased, owing to the prevalence of motor-cars and the possibility of flying machines becoming common, need cause little alarm to breeders and farmers in a country possessed of such vast agricultural areas as is Canada. While heavy horses for heavy work will be needed in ever-increasing numbers as more and more of our almost boundless heritage of land is taken up for cultivation and production, the lighter class or road horses will be

the claims of the patrons of the automobile for its convenience and suitableness for rapid running on good roads, and for many other purposes in large cities, rightly declares that "nothing has ever come into use for purposes of transportation which involves such extravagant outlay of money," and that, "in New York City, the average cost of keeping autos, where a chauffeur is in charge, is not less than \$200 to \$250 a month, without counting the depreciation in value of the machines." The elements of fad and fashion, he remarks, have had a tremendous influence in increasing the use of autos. "Ten years ago one could not walk across the upper part of Broadway, in New York, on a Sunday afternoon, without being in danger of being run over by a bicycle. To-day one might drive a mile up Broadway without seeing a bicyclist." There is little doubt that, in a few years, to a considerable extent, the same reversion will be noticeable in regard to the motor-car, for purposes of pleasure, at least, though it may, and doubtless will, in large cities, displace many work-horses. But, for the best class of harness horses for pleasure and general road purposes, prices are higher at the present than for many years, the reason being that good horses of this class are decidedly scarce, and difficult to secure. It is, therefore, evidently advisable for breeders to make a special effort to produce the class of carriage horse which combines beauty and style of conformation with good constitution and easy feeding quality, a good temper and an even disposition, together with soundness and a satisfactory capacity for speed. A high rate of speed is not a necessity in the harness horse, and the ability to make good time when needed is quite capable of being combined with the desired style and formation—all of which qualifications are found in a high degree in the Hackney breed; while, for the production of high-class saddle horses, which are also scarce and in active demand, at high prices, the Thoroughbred sire holds acknowledged pre-eminence. A cross of these two breeds produces the ideal combination saddle and harness horse.

Supremacy of the Hackney.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Ever since 1897, when Graham Bros.' sensational Hackney horse, Royal Standard, won the

great grand championship of all light harness horses in America, beating the Cleveland Bay, the German Coach, the French Coachers, and all other breeds exhibited against it, the Hackney horse has steadily but very surely gone to the front, and every year its success has become more pronounced, until there is no longer any doubt as to the best breed for getting carriage horses. The following is taken from Bit and Spur for March, and removes all shadow of doubt on this head:

"The Hackney in America has done wonders, for statistics published in the 1907 Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture show that the number of registered horses of all recognized harness breeds in the United States was then about



Kirkburn Toreador (8534).

Hackney stallion; chestnut; foaled 1901. First and champion stallion, London Hackney Show, 1909. Sire Rosador.

scarcely less required for family and livery driving, and for marketing the lighter products of the farm; and the medium-weight horse for general purposes will always find a place, and ready purchasers, for work to which he is suited. In a country in which the natural conditions are such that motor machines can be used on the roads with comfort little more than half the year, there is little ground for alarm lest horses shall be displaced by this innovation, which, like the bicycle fad of a few years ago, may lose its popularity when its novelty is outworn, and townspeople will return to their first love—the faithful and dutiful horse.

Dr. F. C. Greenside, of New York, in an article in the March number of the Ontario Agricultural College Review, while admitting

220,000, of which only 2,500 were Hackneys; and, while thus tremendously outnumbered, the latter won at the eight great shows of 1908—Philadelphia, Long Branch, Newport, Syracuse, Brockton, Louisville, New York and Chicago—not only more prizes than any other breed in the open classes, but almost as many as all the other breeds combined. Twenty-one per cent. of all the Hackneys entered at the shows have won blue ribbons (first prizes), or championships, while but 10 per cent. of the horses shown were blue-ribbon winners. In addition to this, nearly 37 per cent. of the whole number of prize-winning Hackneys were at the head of their classes."

The American Hackney Horse Society intend giving medals at the following exhibitions and shows in Canada this year: Montreal, Canadian