

The Herdsman.

In the history of the improvement of live stock, in the evolution of the pure breeds, and in show-yard successes, the herdsman has played no unimportant part, for it must be acknowledged that good feeding has been and is the necessary accompaniment of successful breeding and showing, and that unless these go hand in hand, improvement will be slow and unsatisfactory. Types have been evolved and fixed largely by means of generous feeding and treatment in concert, with intelligent selection and mating, and there is more than a little truth in the saying that a deal of the breeding goes in at the mouth, and good ground for the faith of Old Country herdsman in "neeps and cake" and for the confidence of American cattlemen in the "corn-crib cross."

It is safe to say "the white heifer that travelled" would never have attained her world-wide celebrity but for the constant and faithful attendance of "Cuddy" the cowman, who anticipated and supplied her every want with loving heart and liberal hand; that the broad-backed beauties of Booth and Bates blood, the aristocratic members of the Towneley tribes, and those of the smoothly-shaped Sittyton stamp, would never have secured the fame or their breeders the fortune that came to them but for the services of the men behind the herds, presiding over the commissariat department and dispensing from basket and bin the rations that built up bone and muscle, and by degrees brought about the full-rounded form and symmetrical proportions that have challenged the admiration of the world.

That these faithful and unassuming herdsman have also done praiseworthy work in keeping up the character of Canadian and American herds will be gratefully granted by breeders of "the old guard" who linger on the shores of time, and who readily recall the work in Shorthorn herds, back in the sixties and seventies, of such worthies as Davie Grant and Geordie Story and Wilhe Wheeler, and of Johnston, whose portrait appears on this page, who yet lives and will be well remembered by older breeders as a familiar figure in the show-rings of provincial fairs some forty years ago, when for the Snells, of Snelgrove, for whom he worked eleven years, he led into the ring, with a pardonable pride, such notable sweepstakes winners as Baron Solway, Duke of Bourbon, Loudon Duke and British Baron, all of his own fitting, and shown with a skill and judgment that counted in many a well-fought field. He it was, too, who brought out that queenly cow, Imp. Golden Drop 1st, of Kinellar breeding, who, in the Snelgrove herd, won fame for herself and her family, and sold from Johnston's hand, at the dispersion sale in the spring of 1874, for \$1,000, and her nine-months daughter for \$1,200. The mother was a gem of the first water, and it is a question whether, taking her all in all, a better cow has figured in American shows since her day. If her equal has appeared, it was perhaps in the lovely Rose of Strathallan 2nd, bred by the Millers, Brougham, and brought out a few years later by the same Johnston, for the Sniders, of German Mills, when at the Provincial Fair in London she won the sweepstakes over the great Bow Park cow, Lady Isabel, the only time she was ever beaten in America.

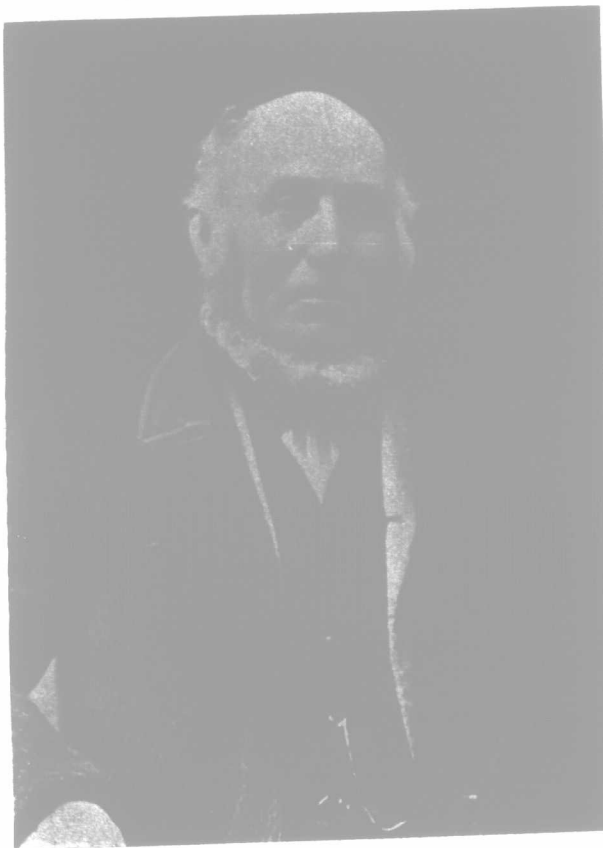
The subject of our sketch, also fed, at different times, for such well-known breeders as the Russells, of Richmond Hill; the Watts, of Salem; the Hunters, of Alma; the Snells, of Clinton; Col. Taylor, of London, and C. C. Brydges, the Hereford breeder, of Shanty Bay, in each case, as he claims, winning the herd prize at provincial and other principal shows. He knew how to show a beast for all it was worth, a qualification sadly lacking in some present-day showmen, and his face was a study as, with one eye on the judges and the other on his well-placed charge, he anxiously waited for the verdict, which, if unfavorable, caused his countenance to pass under a momentary cloud, or if favorable, to beam with a broad smile, as, doffing his hat, he bared his brow to the breezes and smacked his lips as he swung aloft the red ribbons or tickets which in this country stand for first prizes. It was supposed that he had long ago permanently retired from the stage, but a couple of years ago a neighbor who at home fancied he had a bull good enough for a championship winner, if shown by an expert, coaxed the veteran to go down to Toronto and capture that trophy for him, but the showman was so mortified on coming out of the ring with a third prize, that he dropped the headline on reaching the stall and made a beeline for a suburban station, where he boarded the first train for home, and now, when heckled about the incident, like the big Indian who, in his pride, stoutly declared it was not he but the wigwam that was lost, our friend claims it was not that his hand had lost its cunning, nor his smile its winsomeness, but it was all along of the judges. If there had been five or six of them, as in the old days when he used to win, a man might hope to get a majority of them, but on this occasion there were only two, and they had evidently agreed that they might as well hang together as hang separately. Born,

January 31st, 1826, in the village of Garrison, County Fermanagh, Ireland, our hero came to Canada in a sailing ship in 1847, at the age of 21 years, and now, after a life of varied experience, is comfortably situated in Huron County, in the Village of Londresborough, Ontario, where he found his second wife, who yet shares his joys and sorrows, and where, in his 77th year, hale and hearty, though parting his hair wider in the middle than when first we knew him, he tends his garden and his pigs, reads his Bible and the "Farmer's Advocate," and delights to "crack" with callers about his show-yard achievements in days of yore, just as the broken soldier, in the recital of his reminiscences, "shoulders his crutch and shows how fields were won."

Kindly Criticism of Western Fair Management.

To the Editor "Farmer's Advocate":

While exhibitors in general congratulated the directors of the Western Fair on having such a successful fair this year, yet we feel it is for the best interests of London's future exhibitions that there be pointed out to the management some changes that are necessary if the show is to continue to prosper, especially in the live-stock department. While I do not wish to charge anyone with being obstinate, yet there is something wrong when live-stock attendants are kept standing outside the gate on Sunday morning (when their stock should be fed) simply because they have not got a special pass for that day, but, luckily for such ones, the assistant secretary is



GEORGE JOHNSTON.
The old-time herdsman.

also outside the grounds; she is admitted and gets the necessary credentials for those that are outside. Another burning gate question is not allowing the exhibitors' teams on the ground before 4 o'clock on the last day of the show. I do not see what there is to be gained by such a rule. I do not blame the authorities for collecting the usual admission fee from the drivers, nor do I blame them for seeing that the stock is left in their stalls or pens until 4 o'clock; all we ask is that our teams be admitted to the grounds so that they can be fed and rested, ready for the return journey. Another very important change is necessary, viz., better sleeping accommodations. There is no fair that I know of, of such magnitude as the Western, that provides such poor accommodations to cattle, sheep and swine exhibitors. Why is this? I would say it is because that portion of the board that constitutes a majority on such questions as this (and the same are scarcely ever seen in the cattle barns) is not conversant with the practical part that the live-stock exhibitor has to play in order that the show may be a success.

I would like to make a suggestion to the board of 1903, as follows:

Take a walk through those buildings, and each place himself (by imagination) in the place of the exhibitors for one week. If such is done, I believe I am safe in saying that the necessary changes would be made before the next exhibition. This I can promise them (if the scene doesn't change), it is that they will leave whiter than they came, if the cause is simply whitewash. I trust the authorities will look carefully into these matters. Enough for the present.

Middlesex Co., Ont.

R. H. HARDING.

Rape Blistering Pigs' Ears.

Sir,—In a recent number of the "Advocate," I noticed an article asking for information on the blistering of hogs by rape, and as I had some experience therewith, I intended to write you, but neglected it. On looking over the number of Sept. 15th, I noticed that Mr. Elliott thinks it is entirely due to the action of the sun, and as I do not feel inclined to agree with him, I will give you my experience.

In the summer of 1899, I had nineteen young pigs, two Tamworths and seventeen grade Yorkshires, which I pastured in a field of rape. By using a portable fence, I gave them a new plot every day. After they had been out for some time, I noticed that three of the white ones had sore ears. They were perfectly healthy in other respects, and soon got well, but one lost about an inch of its ears and the ears of the other two withered off close to the head. After this, there was no more trouble. I was down at the experimental farm, at Ottawa, that fall, and the first thing that caught my eye on entering the piggery was several pigs with maimed ears, and on enquiring of the superintendent, I found that they had been running on rape pasture. I fed rape the summer before, and every year since, and I never had trouble before or after, but I always cut and hauled it to the yard. So far, it looks as if I had been supporting Mr. Elliott's theory, but for all that I think that before I have done you will see reason in my not agreeing with him. Now, the only places in this part of the country (to my knowledge) where rape was pastured was at the Experimental Farm and here at "Hazelbrae," and at both places the pigs were affected. In my immediate neighborhood there were dozens of farmers who had their pigs on pasture, and I neither saw nor heard of one case, although I enquired a good deal about it. I don't say that the sun was not the cause, and I don't pretend to know what was, but from what I have seen, I would say there was something more than the sun to blame for it.

Lanark Co., Ont. GEORGE ROBERTSON.

An Illinois Swine Breeder's Experience with Hog Cholera.

Gentlemen,—We are in receipt of your letter of inquiry regarding stamping out "hog cholera" in the States. We have no law regarding the matter, excepting that we have a law against conveying dead hogs over the highways of the State. Rendering establishments were in the habit during outbreaks of disease of going about the country with what they called "dead hog wagons," purchasing the dead hogs and hauling them to the rendering houses. This has been stopped. We do not believe there is any cure for the disease, nor do we believe it can be prevented even by the best sanitary conditions. I am sure, however, that the idea that a "hog once affected is ever after a source of infection" is a mistake. Our own experience in twenty-five years of continuous breeding and observation, is that a hog that once has the disease and recovers is worth his or her weight in gold. They have never been known to have the disease but once, and ever after are regular breeders and of pigs somewhat more immune from disease than those not having had it. If disease breaks out in a herd, remove the well ones to fresh ground or pens and commence a starvation diet, which we have found the best thing we could do. Disinfect, and keep or get the bowels in good condition. Medicine or cure-alls are of no avail. About 75 per cent. will die, and those that recover will be worth more than all for breeding purposes. This has been our experience and observation.

A. J. LOVEJOY.

Winnebago Co., Ill., Oct. 9th, 1902.

[Editorial Note.—Hon. A. J. Lovejoy, head of the old and widely-known Illinois breeding firm, A. J. Lovejoy & Son, has been closely identified with swine breeding for over a quarter of a century. Their herd won the champion prize at the Chicago World's Fair, and a Berkshire boar (recently portrayed in the "Farmer's Advocate") at their sale this year brought the sensational figure of \$100. Hon. Mr. Lovejoy has, therefore, had exceptional opportunities in observing the nature and history of hog cholera, and the various efforts, both public and private, that have been made to grapple with the disease in the Western States.]

Cerebral Apoplexy in Young Pigs.

I weaned a litter of eleven pigs at eight weeks old. They soon took sick with something like blind staggers. They got blind, would walk backwards around the pen and fall down. B.S.

Ans.—Your pigs had cerebral apoplexy (a congestion of the vessels of the brain), probably due to too high feeding and want of green food and exercise after weaning. In order to prevent further trouble give each about 1 oz. raw linseed oil, feed lightly on bran and green food or roots, and give plenty of exercise. If any more show acute symptoms, bleed by cutting the tail off or slitting an ear, and pour cold water upon the head.