

buildings, and even within a mile or two of the large towns you find these country churches. I could never decide whether the people of New Brunswick were particularly religious or whether they needed the churches more than some of us in the other Provinces do, where we confine our church-building efforts to the towns. There may, however, be another side to this question. Perhaps the New Brunswicker realizes that it takes exceptional religious zeal to stand a drive of four or five, or six or seven miles to church over such roads as they have in most of the country districts. Those roads—the farmers dig up the sod and clay from the sides of the roads and bank it up in the middle, and then blame the Government because the result is, to say the least, not all that can be desired.

New Brunswick, like all the Eastern Provinces, has given up many of its best citizens to help populate the great Canadian West, and in many cases these young farmers have left their farms and their comfortable homes to face the hardships of the West, not realizing that the Province of New Brunswick will in the near future prove an undeveloped gold mine. Because of this Westward movement, farms may be secured very, very cheaply. In some cases the money paid for the entire farm would not put up the buildings which are on the place. This state of things makes New Brunswick a particularly attractive spot for the home-seeker from over the seas. Here, well-watered, well-wooded farming land may be obtained very reasonably, when fancy prices would have to be paid for some treeless, waterless home on the plains, where the settler would have to build his own shack and run chances of frost and drouth. Nowhere have I met with such whole-souled hospitality as from the people of New Brunswick. Nothing is too much trouble, and the best in the house is placed at the service of the stranger. Anyone visiting in New Brunswick may be assured of a hearty welcome from the people.

Of the beauties of the cities, such as Fredericton, St. John, Moncton and Chatham I will not speak, though a great deal could be said about them. They are thriving, up-to-date cities and towns, with beautiful buildings, well-paved streets, good business districts and excellent hotel accommodation. Most of my trip was through the rural districts of the Province, and it is about these districts that I am most enthusiastic. New Brunswick is rapidly becoming famous as a summer resort. The railway systems in the Province are splendid, and make travelling a pleasure, while the great inland waterways make the boat trips particularly attractive. Nowhere along the Atlantic coast are the conditions so favorable for the making of a popular resort. With the hunting and fishing, the delightful climate, and the scenery, no place in Canada should tempt the holiday-seeker as does New Brunswick.

In conclusion let me say that, while it has been my good fortune to visit most of the Provinces of our Dominion, none have appealed to me as did New Brunswick, and I have never been so proud of the fact that I am a Canadian as I have since I visited New Brunswick.

Waterloo Co., Ont.

ALICE M. ELLIOT.

British Prosperity.

"It would seem, taking all things into consideration, that the material prosperity and comfort of the people of Great Britain and Ireland have never been greater than during the last six months. Employment has never been better since statistics began to be taken. The returns of the Local Government Board show that pauperism has sunk much below the normal. British exports for the six months have easily beaten all previous records. Home railway traffics have been expanding in a most satisfactory manner. The output of our shipbuilding yards is at a maximum. Everything prospers. Everyone is in good spirits except the professional pessimists."—(The Nation).

HORSES.

Crushed oats are easier digested, and, therefore, more profitable, than whole oats.

The driver's aim should be to manipulate the reins with a light but firm and steady hand.—(Scottish Farmer).

A roll after a hard day's work is greatly appreciated by the horse. It takes the place of extra feed.

Summer green feed acts as a natural stimulus to the action of the horse's digestive tract, especially the bowels.

The value of salting the work horse regularly is often underestimated by horsemen. It is good practice to keep the material before them at all times.

Remember that sudden changes of food may cause colic. This is the season when a change of diet is forced upon the horse in many cases. New hay, new oats, green corn, etc., are often used. Make the change gradually, and no harm will result.

One of the best advertisements for the horse-breeder is a good bunch of foals and yearlings. Almost invariably a breeder's stock is judged by the quality of the younger stock. If the colts are right, the chances are that their sires and dams are good individuals.

A horse that is extremely tired should not be given a heavy feed until he has had a little rest. Some feeders act on the supposition that a large amount of feed is what is needed to replace the lost energy. It must be remembered, however, that a horse so exhausted cannot digest food as well as one that is fresh, and, therefore, should be fed accordingly.

The exalted position in farm economy which the horse has held has been threatened in turn

by the bicycle, the electric car, the automobile, and now the aeroplane; but all combined have not prevented, and will not in future keep horses from increasing in numbers and value. As a source of power on the farm and a substitute for human labor, which becomes scarcer each year, horses, in combination with the greatly-improved farm machines, hold an economic place on the farm which is secure and firmly established—more so, in fact, than ever before.

The Horse Trade.

"More Clydesdales for Canada," or some such topic, forms the heading of an article in nearly every issue of the Old Country farm papers which have come to hand the past few weeks. From the descriptions given of the different horses being brought out, we gather that they are a very high-class lot, many of them being numbered among the most successful prize and premium winners of their home land. What does this mean to Canadian horse-breeding? There can be but one answer. Horses are sure to become more numerous in this country, and, with the increase in numbers, we can reasonably hope for an improvement in quality. More horses are likely to be imported this year than in any one previous year, and the quality of these horses is said to be very high. A large percentage of the animals imported are stallions, so that each year the excuse for using scrub sires becomes less and less.

Horse-breeders need have little fear of flooding the market. The right kind of horse will find a ready sale on Canadian markets for years to come. The country is growing, and more drafters are required each year. Produce the size and the quality, and good prices and quick sales are assured. It speaks well for horse-breeding as a business that our breeders continue to increase their importations of the best that can be had in the Old Land, and it is a great advantage to horse-breeders generally to be privileged to use and benefit by horses of these importations. Our greatest sires come across the water, and the men who have spent their money to bring these horses out deserve the patronage of the horse-owners of the country. As well as being a help to them, it will place the small owner in a better position to dispose of his surplus stock, because, in the first place, better stock will result; and if it becomes known that a certain district is producing nothing but the very best class of animals, buyers will be more numerous in that district, and will be willing to pay higher prices, because they are assured that the stock is of the best.

With heavy-draft geldings selling as high as \$350 each, and the supply short, even at that price the right kind of drafter is scarcely likely to become too numerous for a long time to come. Work must be done, and there is nothing, thus far, that will do it so efficiently and economically as the horse. Importers and breeders should congratulate themselves on being able to secure for Canada such valuable stock as they are bringing out, and these men should receive the co-operation and support of the farmers and horsemen of the country.

The Origin of Clydesdales and Shires.

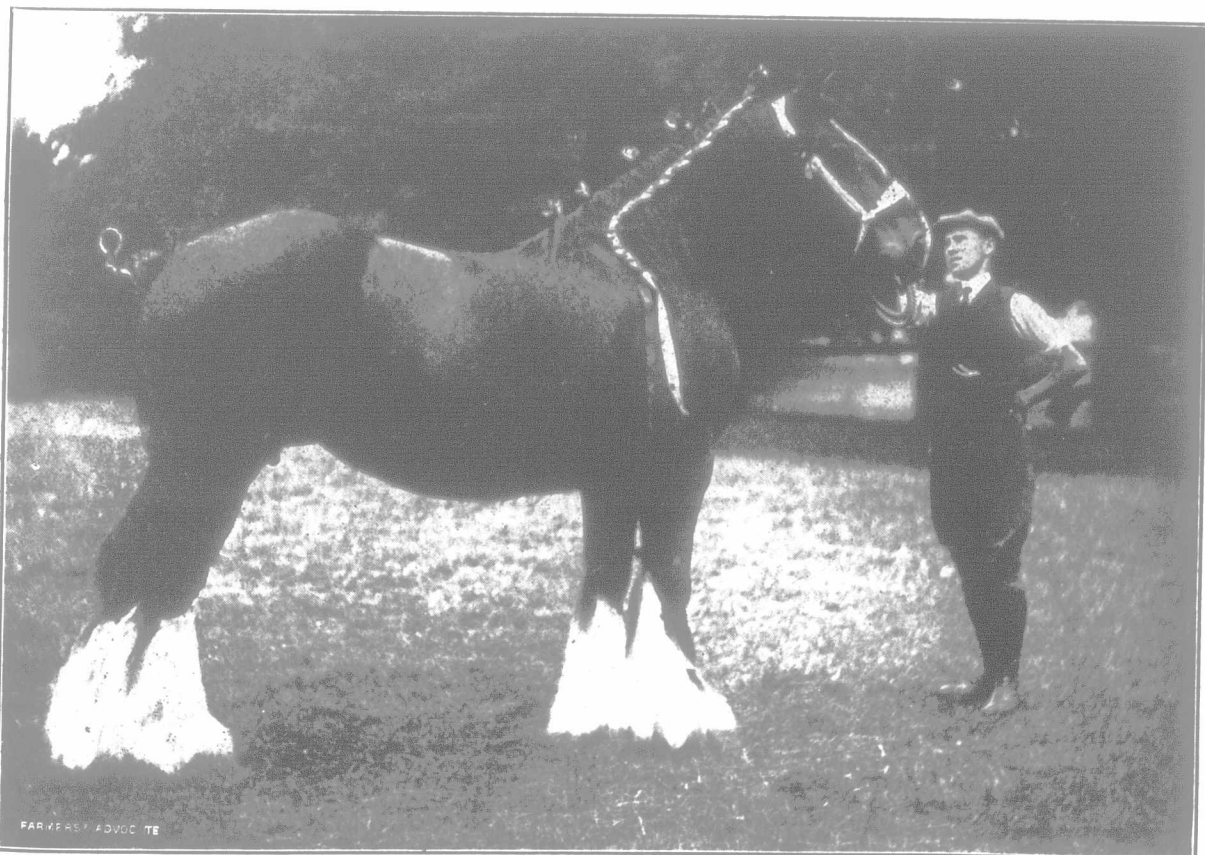
I wish you would tell me how the Shire horse originated, also the Clydesdale, as we have quite a discussion on those subjects at our Clubs. Is there any difference between the two breeds?

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

P. S. B.

The foregoing question is one that has occupied the minds of many of the devotees of these two breeds of horses, and one that has often been discussed in "The Farmer's Advocate" and other farm journals. The Clydesdale is the recognized draft breed of Scotland, and owes its high degree of excellence largely to the judicious matings made by Scotch breeders. Like many other breeds of live stock, the origin of this breed is somewhat veiled in obscurity, but it is known that early in the eighteenth century, John Paterson, a tenant-farmer of Lochlyoch, in Lanark County, Scotland, near the River Clyde, imported from England a black Flemish stallion, which was bred to mares of the district, producing a superior type of draft horses. To this black horse may be traced in lineal descent, through the celebrated sire, Glancer (335), most of the best Clydesdales of the present day. Professor Wallace, a leading Scotch authority, admits the use of English blood on the Clydesdales up to comparatively recent times. Tintock, a Shire stallion, was used in Scotland on Clydesdale mares about 1860, producing excellent breeding females. The grandams of the great Prince of Wales (673) were both sold as English mares. The Scotch breeders went on breeding, laying particular stress on quality, especially of feet and legs, and a type has been developed which is now a distinct breed, the modern Clydesdale.

The origin of the Shire is also somewhat speculative. Horses of this type existed in England from very early times. It is said that one hun-



Misty Morn.

Shire mare. First prize at the Royal Show, England, 1911. Owned by Sir Walpole Greenwells.