

"An' why for no'," says Jean, getting unco' in earnest. "It's easy eneuch tae be guid-natured an' friendly when ye're dealin' wi' friends, but it's yer treatment o' the ither fellow that shows what kin' o' a mon ye are. Gin ye can forgive the mon wha has wronged ye, an' gie him anither chance, like ye wad be wantin' for yersel', then ye shouldna' be ungratefu' for sic an opportunity an' sic an enemy."

"Noo," she went on, "there are a hantel o' ither things. What about oor schools an' churches? Should we no' be thankfu' for what they hae done for us?"

"Na doot," says I, "though neither o' the institutions are as weel patronized in this country as they should be."

"An' look at a' the inventions an' everything that we hae the noo," says she, gettin' excited. "There's the telegraph, an' the railways, an' the newspapers, an' the post office, an' the telephone, an' washin' machines, an' airships—"

"An' talkin' machines," says I, breakin' in. "What's a' this got tae dae wi' Thanksgivin'?" "Tell me, for instance, what there is tae be thankfu' about in haein' a telephone in the hoose oot here in the country?"

"It promotes sociability, for aye thing," says Jean.

"Aye," says I, "an' it promotes gossipin' an' eavesdroppin', for anither."

"Maybe," she hits back; "but a' these inventions mak' life mair worth livin', an' thanks are due."

"Ye're in a verra beautiful frame o' min' the day," I says, "an' while it lasts I'm gaein' tae gie ye this shirt tae sew a couple o' buttons on. Ye'll na doot be thankfu' I'm no' gien' ye a couple o' buttons, an' askin' ye to supply the shirt. I may dae that later, gin ye stay in the Thanksgivin' business."

SANDY FRASER.

Self-sufficiency is always a barrier to the acquisition of knowledge, and the spread of progressive ideas. Thousands of store-stove warmers know more about dairying than specialists who have studied the subject all their lives with chemistry and bacteriology to help them; more about road-making than an expert practical highway engineer; more about diseases of stock than the most proficient veterinarian, and more about running the country than a Laurier and a Macdonald combined. Such men rarely need advice, and do not know enough to take good advice when it is given them, but they manifest a remarkable affinity for "gold bricks." Blessed is the man wise enough to realize his deficiencies and avail himself of the privilege of expert consultation, especially in those lines where it doesn't cost him anything. With a few more humble-minded men many a rural improvement might be speedily effected, particularly along co-operative lines.

## HORSES.

### The Stallion Syndicate: Good or Bad.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

While it cannot be denied that many farmers have been fleeced by means of the stallion syndicate, it must not be supposed that the company or syndicate method of owning stallions is necessarily bad; in fact, little objection can be advanced when a company is properly started and carried on. Several such have been known to the writer, in which organization of a few farmers was profitable to them, but these associations did not buy high-priced horses.

The syndicate system comes in for most condemnation by reason of the methods, some of them infamous, taken to get farmers' signatures to notes by means of the sale of an entire horse.

The usual procedure followed has been outlined quite recently in your columns, viz., by the use of some leading farmer in a community as a sort of stool-pigeon, or by making some of the members of the proposed syndicate unfit for business by getting them into an intoxicated condition. Such methods are now considered more or less crude, and have, therefore, been dropped.

One of the worst dangers to a solvent farmer is the fact that he may be ruined or seriously hampered financially by going on the syndicate note with a number of farmers who are practically insolvent—worth nothing—and thus be let in for the full amount to be given for the horse. Such is by no means an uncommon sequel to the syndication of a horse in a neighborhood.

The sellers of horses by the syndicate method rarely collect their notes; they generally discount them at a bank close by, and are not seen again in the district. In fact, the atmosphere is rarely congenial to the salesman of a stallion by the syndicate method twelve months after the sale.

Some tricks of the syndicate business reveal much ingenuity. The following example came to my notice some time ago: A splendid-looking horse was syndicated for \$1,000 to a number of farmers, whose average intelligence led one to think they should have known better. When

foaling time came, their model horse had no record as a foal-getter. Protest to the sellers resulted in an exchange for a very much inferior-looking horse, but still a getter of foals of a sort. The value of the second horse, allowing a generous figure, was \$1,500; thus, a breeding season for many mares was lost, and \$2,500 to begin with. The fancy horse was doubtless made to do duty again and again in a similar manner in unsophisticated communities.

Smart people are very apt to condemn others who have been fooled and duped by the syndicate method, but it must not be forgotten that the scheme has been easily worked because the victims were ambitious to improve their horse stock. The idea of pecuniary profit is rarely considered seriously by the individual members of a stallion syndicate. Again, it is a comparatively easy matter to bring in an entire horse, of fine appearance, whose papers and breeding could not stand inspection by an expert on pedigrees. It is a pretty safe rule never to accept a pedigree until the National Records Office at Ottawa will O. K. it. As a rule, the salesman with a horse of doubtful lineage will not have sufficient patience to await the handing down of the judgment. Farmers who deliberate over the purchase of a stallion are not, as a rule, easily victimized. It is a strange phenomenon, but not at all unusual, for a stallion of medium quality to be syndicated for a stranger at a price considerably higher than the purchasers could secure a better horse from a local breeder.

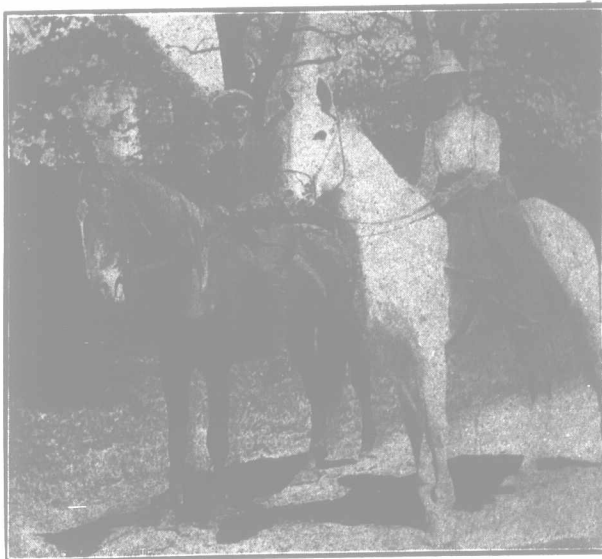
Speaking generally, a farming community should not pay more than fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars for a good horse. In fact, the higher figure is the extreme, and yet how frequently we hear of horses syndicated at twenty-five hundred to four thousand dollars. To buy a stallion worth more money than \$2,000 is an extravagance in many communities. The horse stock in the neighborhood cannot be improved sufficiently by one cross to warrant the investment of the larger sums mentioned. The higher-priced and more valuable horse should be in the hands of the specialist breeder, one who has selected or graded his brood mares to a type, that type likely to nick well with the stallion. If readers of "The Farmer's Advocate" will only think over the breeding records of the various stallions used in their locality for some years, they will note that it was the good average horse that left the deepest impression.

SASKATCHEWAN.

### Why Shouldna' Weemen Drive?

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

In your issue of Nov. 11th there is an article by "Whip," on "Why Should a Woman be a Horsewoman?" Why, indeed? And why not? Why should it be considered unladylike or mannish for a farmer's daughter, or for any other man's daughter, for that matter, to take an interest in the animals she sees around her every day—the friends of man? Why not of wo-



"Whip's" Idea of a Horsewoman.

The gray mare was thirty years old this spring. (Photo submitted by W. H. Speers.)

man, too? There is a great deal of sound sense in "Whip's" letter, and I commend him very highly for it. In one sentence he says, "We do not claim that the education or training of a horse is the proper function of a woman." Perhaps not, and, again, why not? There are exceptions to every rule, and women have hobbies, as well as men. I know women who would rather go out and handle or admire a good horse than do fancywork; and when they go to the fall fairs, it is the horses that take up the most of their attention. One woman who handles her own horses has taken firsts at nearly all the leading fairs this fall, in this riding. Then, at the Women's Congress, held in Toronto last June, in the Professions and Careers for Women department, there was a paper read (by proxy), written

by Mrs. Clay, of Lexington, Kentucky. Mrs. Clay said: "There are other spheres (for women) besides dress; and if woman does not always achieve success, no more does man." We have found out, she said, that scientific farming paid, so did dairying, and sheep-raising, but she preferred horse-raising. When her husband was alive he was in that business, and she always went around with him among the mares and colts, and took a certain interest in them; and when he died, and she had no other way of making her living, she resolved to do her best. If one tries to do her best, she said, an inspiration comes from above. She was her own superintendent, and made it her business to be among the first to welcome the colts. She told an amusing story of how well the horses all knew her, but when she began to wear glasses, how none of them would come near her. At first she did not know the reason, but soon found out.

Our late Queen Victoria took a great interest and pride in good horses, and when she was in failing health, and could no longer go around to the stables, she used to be wheeled out in her invalid's chair, and had the horses brought round for her inspection. Then, again, the late Lawrence Drew, the noted British horse-breeder, had, I have been told, all women servants to look after his horses. Those are only a few instances, of which there are many, of women taking an interest in horses. I once heard a farmer's wife say that she would be ashamed of her daughters if they could not handle a horse or a colt as well as their brothers. And again I ask, why shouldn't they? There is not enough give and take in this fair country of ours. The boys should help in the house, and learn to sew on buttons, and darn their mitts, when occasion requires; and the girls, in a busy time, should be able to help out of doors. That is how we do at this shack when the pinch comes, as it did this fall, getting in the roots. The girls always expect to help, but then, when they want to go to an Institute meeting, they expect that the boys will not grumble at having to get their own tea or milk a few cows. I don't see where the unladylikeness comes in. Our Institute speakers teach us that no work is menial or degrading, so long as it is done honestly and faithfully, and well. Girls are all the better for outdoor exercise, and there would not be so many sickly, anæmic girls if they took more of it. I know girls (our relations) who go to a high-class school, and among their other studies is physical drill, and it costs a lot for suitable costumes, and such like, and they are not nearly so healthy as ordinary country children who go out and swing on apple trees.

Yes, "Whip," you are right. Every farmer's family should have a horse that its women folk can drive. The workers, at least, deserve it. I am not so sure about the lazy ladies. You said that an accident might happen to the only man about the place, and how handy it would be if a woman could hitch up and go for a doctor. I know a case where it works the other way. When the doctor gets a call, his wife runs to the stable and hitches up while the doctor is getting his medicines and instruments ready.

I heard two young boys talking not long ago. One said, "Do you know all about raising colts?" and the other said "No." "Well," said the first, "just you read all the essays that are coming out in 'The Farmer's Advocate' soon, and so will I."

And now a word about Sandy Fraser's orthography: It's "gey guid" on the whole, but he uses a word out of place now and then. For instance, he uses ane, when it should be ae—ae' leg, not ane leg. Ane is all right in its place—ane, twa, three, fowr. We used to use ae', ane, yae, yin, or, as the Irishman would say, "wan," all meaning the same thing. Rheumatism in ane o' my legs, is correct, or I have rheumatism in ae' leg. No offence meant, Sandy, ye're a "guid auld chap. Here's long life and health and prosperity to you, and "Whip," and "The Farmer's Advocate."

LOWLAND SCOT.

### Re Colt-training Essay Competition.

As previously intimated through these columns, response to the colt-training-essay competition has been most gratifying. It will be impossible to publish more than a small percentage of the many contributions received. As this announcement is written some days in advance of the date of publication, and as essays are pouring in at the rate of half a dozen or more a day, we can only guess at the total number that will have been received by the time the entries close, on December 1st, but they are certain to be several score. The articles will be judged as speedily as possible after December 1st, and announcement of the awards probably made in our issue of December 9th. It is impossible to say positively whether we shall have space to publish any of the prize essays in the same issue, but if not, they will appear in the next. Meantime, we take occasion to thank our many friends who have endeavored thus to contribute to the interest of this important department.