

Bloom of Ironside (imp.) [15999].

Clydesdale mare; brown; foaled 1904. First at Western Fair, London, 1909. Owned and exhibited by G. A. Attridge, Clachan, Ont. Sire Holloway, by Prince of Quality.

the wark) that did naethin' but keep these lassies' finger-nails clean. I dinna' think ye'll match that in the meat-handlin' operations on the average farm. Ye may say that that's carryin' things a wee bit too far; but gin it is, it's carryin' them too far in the right direction. I'm no' above takin' a pointer frae these Yankee sausage-makers, anyway.

Another thing in Chicago that was of no sma' interest tae me was what they ca' the "wheat-pit," in the Board o' Trade building. Na doot some o' oor farmers think they get maist o' the hard wark that goes wi' the handlin' o' a bushel o' wheat. I thoct sae mysel' till I saw them buyin' an' sellin' it in the "pit." Gin ye can judge by the looks on the faces o' the men wha hae what they dinna want, or at another time want wheat they canna' get, ye'd say they were warkin' as na' farmer ever did tae grow it. They're yellin' an' shoutin' an' wavin' their arms for 'oors at a time, an' a' to mak' a haul by the rise or fall o' the price o' wheat. They're gamblin', naethin' mair nor less. Juist betting on prices gaein' up or doon. Another grist o' parasites that the farmer has tae feed for naethin'. They wark hard, as I said—no mistak' aboot that—but with a' their work, they dinna' produce a dollar's worth o' onything; an' aboot a' the effect they hae on business is to demoralize the market an' tak' money oot o' the laboring mon's pocket. Chicago may be a great city, but it is na' to citizens o' this class that she owes ony o' her greatness. The best thing, in my opinion, aboot the hale place is what maks' it maist like tae the country, an' gies the people a chance tae get a wee bit o' fresh air, an' see the grass an' the trees ance in a while. By this I mean their parks. They hae aboot half a dozen o' them, an' some o' them are miles in extent. They are weel kept, wi' flowers an' trees on every ban', an' no notices up tae "keep all the grass," either. City life is no sae bad when ye can get as muckle o' the country in it as yon. On the other hand, it's no' ane mon in ten wha can tak' advantage o' these places mair nor one day in seven at the maist. The rest o' the time he's cleanin' the streets or diggin' drains, or pastin' labels on corn-beef cans, or some ither like job that they hae in the city. Ane thing I hae found oot, an' that is that the farmer is no' the only mon wha earns his livin' wi' his coat aff, an' his collar an' necktie laid away for the Sawbath. An' it's aboot the best way, after a', I ken for mysel' I didna' feel juist richt an' self-respectin' walkin' aboot wi' ma coat on, an' seein' ither men at wark. I dinna' see how some men can look ane anither in the face wha some way tae be better tae dae than tae hunt up some way tae kill time an' spend their faither's money. This is ane reason why the country is a better place tae live than the toon. In the country, all hands an' the cook hae tae wark or starve, while in the toon there seems tae be a class wha hae naethin' tae dae, an' they mak' a hale lot o' trouble for the police an' the ministers an' ither guardians o' the peace. I'm thinkin' it speaks weel for ma early trainin' that I was able mysel' tae keep oot o' wail durin' three weeks o' illness. Wark may be a curse o' the Lord, but gin it is I'd surly rather

He'd curse me wi' it than bless me wi' naethin' to dae.

But the best thing aboot this takin' a holiday frae yer farm an' yer wife's relations is the gettin' back hame again. Ye've found oot that there is a lot o' ither fowk wha are worse aff a great deal than yersel', an' mighty few wha are better, an' ye'll wait a wee langer afore ye sell the auld farm an' move tae the toon. I used tae think that auld phrase, "the independent farmer," was a trifle overwarked, but when I got back hame an' doon tae business, with na' boss on the job but mysel', I began tae see mair in it nor I did a year back. Sae ye'll ken I didna' hae ma trip for naethin', gin it's brocht me tae see that I'm in as guid a line o' wark as there is gaein', an' that the Lord kenned what he was aboot when he made Adam a farmer. It was the only way tae keep the auld chap straight.

SANDY FRASER.

HORSES.

More Important Than Color.

A perfectly-matched team is matched in color, as well as in other respects, but color is far from being the only or even the main consideration in mating a pair of horses. And yet, from remarks passed and emphasis placed upon this particular feature, one would think it were the principal point. It is, of course, a conspicuous one, and it must be admitted that a pair of roadsters or carriage horses, both of the same solid shade, mated even to the stars on their foreheads and the number of black points or white feet possessed by each, present a very attractive appearance. But color in horses is only hair-deep, and there are other things that count for more. Size, conformation, action and temperament are all of greater importance. One sees some queer outfits in country towns on market days, and, while we do

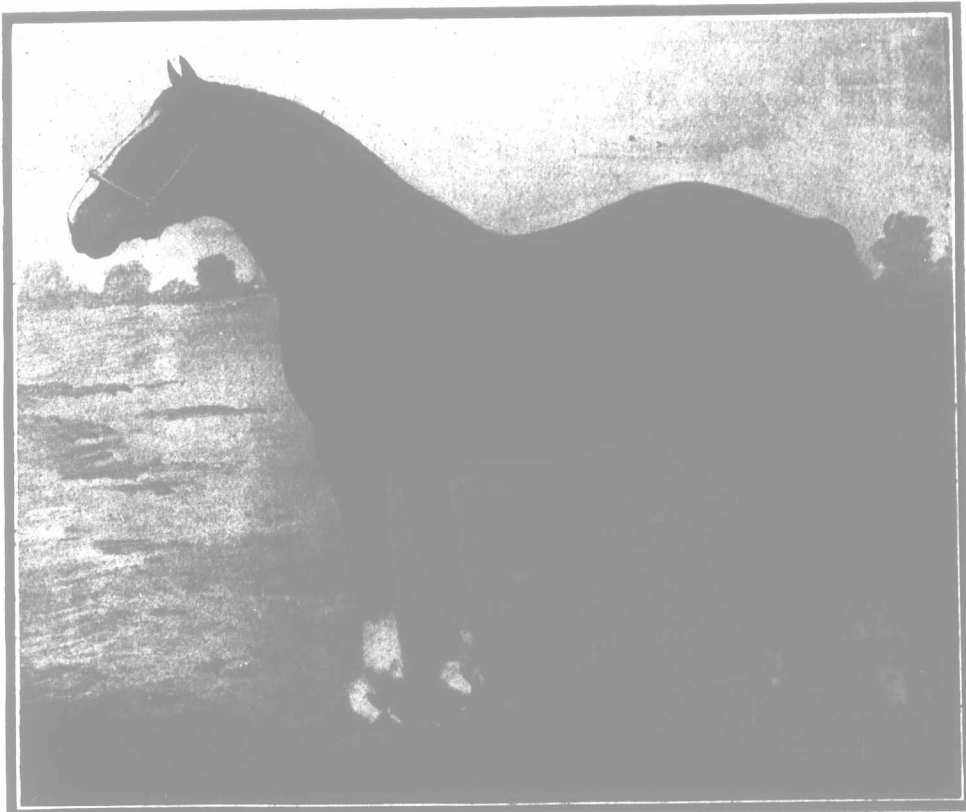
not counsel a farmer in poor circumstances to be too particular about cutting a dash, we do often wonder whether, if some of the drivers saw themselves with their banker's eyes, they would not pay a little more regard to fitness and appearance. A big, hairy, but ragged and ill-conditioned Clyde, with manure-stained fetlocks and untrimmed, unshod hoois, hitched up with a light-legged, clean-limbed roadster; a rangy coach type mated with a cob; a gritty bit-tugger worrying along, leading by half its length a slouching, spiritless lazybones—these are a few of the unhorsemanlike spectacles furnished in many districts, and they are not a sight calculated to exalt a city man's conception of the delights of country life. Any of these ill-matings is tenfold worse than difference of color, though we have heard men talk about just such misfits as being matched, because, forsooth, they both happened to be bays! What curious ideas some of us have of the relative proportions of things.

Horsemanship would do much to improve the effect of some of these ill-matched teams. A pair of sleek, well-fed horses, smartly driven, both stepping up to the bit, decently groomed, wearing neat black harness, and drawing a respectable rig, which shows signs of having at least a speaking acquaintance with paint, varnish and wash-water (even though it may since have been spattered with mud), will present a not discreditable aspect, even though one horse is two hundred pounds weightier than the other. Horsemanship counts for a great deal in minimizing deficiencies of mating, but a good horseman will not be content to do this. He will insist upon an approximate match in the salient particulars touched upon above, of which we repeat color is one of the least.

Infectious Abortion in Mares.

Is there a disease known as infectious or contagious abortion in mares? If so, give preventive and curative treatment. HORSEMAN.

Infectious abortion is rarely if ever noticed in mares. Some authorities claim that it is not unknown. The symptoms would be large numbers of mares aborting at various stages of gestation without apparent cause. The same mares would abort time and again. Preventive treatment, of course, consists in keeping pregnant mares where it would not be possible for them to come in contact with the contagion or infection, called the virus of the disease. This virus can be conveyed from diseased to healthy mares by direct contact, by the hands or clothing of attendants, on blankets, pails, brooms, forks, etc., etc., from male to female, or from female to male, by copulation, off stable floors, walls, etc. When the disease is present, all mares thought to be noninfected should be moved to healthy quarters. All aborted fetuses, afterbirths, etc., should be burned. A large quantity of a solution of corrosive sublimate, 45 grains to a gallon of water, should be made. This solution should always be heated to about 100 degrees Fahr. before use. The womb of the aborted mare should be flushed out with a gallon of this once daily until the entrance becomes closed, so that the nozzle of the injection



Duke of Orford [8680].

Clydesdale stallion; bay; foaled 1908. First at Western Fair, London, 1909. Bred and exhibited by G. A. Attridge, Clachan, Kent Co., Ont. Sire Harvester (imp.) [5357]; dam Bloom of Ironside (imp.), illustrated on this page.