

Gelet. On one occasion the baby was left in the house unattended. Upon his return the chief found the cradle empty, the floor spattered with blood; and when his favorite hound, whose jaws were bloody, attempted to fawn upon his master, he plunged his dagger into his heart, having thought him guilty of his infant's death. The chief regretted his precipitate action to the day of his death. The child was found unhurt, and in one of the rooms lay a great wolf, stiff and stark, dead. The chief could not undo what he had done, but he caused a monument to be erected in memory of his faithful friend the dog.

York Co., N. B.

WILLIAM BOYLE.

### A CHAMPION OF THE DOG.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Allow me to make a few remarks in answer to two letters anent the "uselessness" of the dog for the benefit of the authors, Mr. Holdsworth and "The Hero of the Bulldog Tragedy," who seem to be badly informed of what is going on in the dog world. Let me tell them that one Collie was sold a short time ago for more money, probably, than all the sheep ever they owned, or ever will own, \$7,500. I mean Orenskirk Emerald, bred and sold by Messrs. Stretch, Lancashire, England, to Meyson, "The Collie King," of Manchester, England, who has paid almost as much for others of the same breed, simply to look and be looked at. Plenlemmon, a St. Bernard, was bought for \$5,000. Prince and Princess Royal, Airdiles, cost their owner, a Montreal gentleman, \$1,000. Racing greyhounds, never to speak of their real value, win their owners great amounts in stakes. Master McGrath, Fullerton, Fitz, Fife, won the Waterloo Cup, value \$10,000, not once, but three times, never to speak of other rich stakes. The stage performances of Prof. Kelly's Irish Terriers and Duncan's Collies have to be seen to be believed, and these men draw enormous salaries for their clever dogs' performances. Waterloo Jack has collected over £1,000 (\$5,000), for the Railway Benevolent Society, as did his predecessor. Now, these dogs are trained, as all others should be, and if this were done, Mr. Holdsworth would have no chance to grumble about the yapping curs which annoy him for miles around. In Belgium and Northern Ontario I have seen dogs work harder, for their size, than any horses. They can get to camps in winter faster and safer than the larger animal.

I like the story of "The Hero of the Bulldog Tragedy," as I call him, for want of another name. Quite a war correspondent he would make—in his own mind—of a Scawa sham fight. The "powerful brute," as he calls "Jimmie's" pet, I think only lived in his powerful imagination. Supposing he had existed, and eaten through an 18-inch cellar wall, was it the act of an honest man to deprive his poor hired servant of his pet which he had got "to make farm life less solitary." As President Roosevelt would say, this was the reward "Jimmie" got for his "honest services," and which many more may receive if they run across similar employers (as I have). However, I am pleased to say all farmers are not alike, although they are classed by many to be. Again, he tells of how generously he gave Jimmy the loan of a heavy-draft charger, although a team had to be stopped, to look for his dead bulldog. "Knowing that deceit is not a virtue, this was diplomacy." It must have been storming, and Jimmy worked by the day. As to the horse, he was a rare sort of charger, suitable for hunting dead bulldogs that never existed, but not to be depended upon in a great crisis. If your correspondent has not read Mr. Roosevelt's address to 15,000 people, he should take about one bushel of "common sense" and do so; it strongly applies to men of his calibre and judgment. "In nature there's no blemish but the mind; none can be called deformed but the unkind." In conclusion, I am pleased to inform you my dog and constant companion is as much thought of as myself where I work, and enjoys all the luxuries from kind hands like their own. Wishing the sheep-raisers and your interesting paper all future success.

IRISH IMMIGRANT.

### THE HORN FLY.

The horn fly is recognized as a serious pest to cattle throughout the country, and methods for controlling it have been investigated at various stations. In Virginia, it is found that kerosene emulsion is a very successful means of controlling this pest. In applying this remedy, a chute 20 feet in length, or longer, should be constructed in connection with the barn. At first, cattle may show some resistance to the spraying operation, but they soon become accustomed to the treatment. It was found that daily spraying for a period of two weeks reduced the number of horn flies to the point of insignificance, even in cases of the most excessive infestation. Fifteen gallons of diluted emulsion, prepared from  $\frac{3}{4}$  pound of soap and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  gallons of kerosene oil, is sufficient to treat 100 cattle.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF A SHEPHERD.

(Continued.)

My first experience in charge of show sheep at a big fair was at the Provincial Exhibition held at Cobourg, in 1855, when I was just 15 years old, where we showed Leicesters, with encouraging success for beginners. The Grand Trunk Railway was not then built, and we hauled our sheep in wagons twenty miles, and thence by steamboat some seventy miles, to Cobourg, where I first saw a railway locomotive, on the short line running from that town to Rice Lake. Coming down the line at night, with its blazing headlight, it was an exciting sight to a boy who had never before been beyond the limits of his native county; but the locomotive of that day was a puny affair compared with the ponderous mogul machines that rush the Imperial Limited across the continent nowadays. It was at Cobourg I first saw Cotswold sheep, and fell in love with them at first sight. They were a bunch of beautiful ewes, imported that year by the late F. W. Stone, of Guelph, who owned the farm now occupied by the Ontario Agricultural College. Their stylish appearance, nicely-curved fleeces, and long forelocks, made an impression upon my mind that has never been effaced, and my experience with the breed, for which my father paid \$240 for a pair that year, was a long and interesting and uncommonly successful one, both in prizewinning and sale-making, winning more than once the Prince of Wales' prize at the Provincial exhibitions for the best flock, the \$100 prize offered by the late Hon. Geo. Brown, at the first Toronto Industrial Exhibition, for the best flock of long-wools of any breed; and the gold medal at the Dominion Exhibition at Ottawa, in 1879, for the largest number of first prizes won by one exhibitor in the classes for sheep and swine, when the medals were distributed by the Princess Louise in the Senate Chamber of the Parliament Buildings.



Cotswold Shearling Ram.

First at Bath & West Show, England. Exhibited by W. T. Garne, Northleach, Glos.

### A BATTLE OF BREEDS.

Harking back to Cobourg, an incident that occurred there, in the form of a ram fight, left a lasting impression on my mind, not because it was the first or the only conflict of the kind I had seen, but because it was a battle of breeds, and a double tragedy, both combatants being knocked out for good and all. Only those who have witnessed such an encounter have an idea of the terrific force with which two such fighters come together, after backing up ten yards or more, and meeting each other with a run and with a whack sounding like the report of a pile-driver on a post. It was customary, in those days, for exhibitors to take their sheep out of the fair ground each night to pasture in neighboring fields, and the shepherds, always a little anxious lest dogs or other enemies might attack them, were invariably out at early dawn to feed their flocks their grain ration. On this occasion, in the silence of the morning, before we sighted the field, we heard the sound of battering rams, and, hastening to the scene of conflict, discovered one of our Leicesters measuring the distance with a plucky Southdown, which had scaled the low snake fence looking for trouble, with blood in his eye. The shepherd ran with full speed, hoping to stop the contest before it was too late, but probably did more harm than good, as his appearance attracted the attention of the boxers, distracting their aim and causing them to come together in a slightly sideways direction, with the effect that two necks were broken in one concussion and two clans were deprived of their chiefs, to the serious financial loss of the owners. I have known several cases since where one of the duelists in a rampage of this kind was knocked out, but not another in which both went down together. I can recall

some amusing incidents of rams which had become habitually belligerent, probably from being teased by boys, and I remember one that became positively dangerous, attacking men, women and children, without respect of persons or station, and the villain came near depriving me of a dear old grandmother when I was quite young, having attacked her while crossing a field and pounded her into unconsciousness before being rescued by a passer-by. That, of course, was not among the amusing incidents, but I never could forbear laughing heartily on seeing a full-grown man run away from a sheep, and I have seen a good many such cases; it's nearly as funny as to see a man run away in fear from a honeybee. One of the laughable cases was where another shepherd was taken unawares, while stooping to pour some grain into a feed trough, and the ram, evidently thinking it too good a chance to miss, took a charge at the old man's posterior and sent him sprawling across the yard. As might be expected, the atmosphere was less clear in that vicinity for a few minutes, as the shepherd delivered himself of vigorous expletives in the Yorkshire dialect; but when the smoke had cleared, he confessed that the treatment had cured him temporarily of his "rheumatiz." And here I am reminded of the conundrum, "What remarkable transformation took place in the event of a girl with a red jacket crossing a field where a butting ram was pasturing?" to which the answer is, "The ram turned to butter, and the maid to a scarlet runner." SHEPHERD.

## THE FARM.

### WHEREIN THE DRAG EXCELS THE LEVELLER.

One of the hardest things to understand about the split-log drag is just what are its special advantages over the old-fashioned, iron-shod, single-piece leveller. That the new implement is better than the old, is widely demonstrated by results, but many of those who have not had experience with it are still doubting. Time and again we have labored to explain that the split-log drag was designed to puddle the soil when sticky, especially clay, whereas the familiar form of leveller was seldom or never used until the soil was crumbling dry, and thus, instead of packing or puddling the surface, converted a portion of it into dust, or at least left it in such a friable state that traffic would soon reduce it to that undesirable condition. The dragged road is smoothed earlier after rains, is harder and less dusty than one worked with the old kind of leveller. Besides, the drag being used before the fields are fit to work, is less likely to be neglected. It is used oftener and to better purpose than the old leveller. In this connection, the inventor's own explanation throws considerable light on the subject:

**PUDDLING.**—Marvellous is the only word that in any measure describes the result secured by continuous dragging. So wonderful was the hardness of the road, and the persistent manner in which it seemed to defy bad weather, that I for years searched for some adequate explanation. At last I have concluded that the greatest factor is the manipulation of the puddled earth while it is moist. Not only is earth in this condition water-proof, but it bakes hard as a brick. It may also be well to observe the action of the split-log drag in this connection. Now, a grader, or even a single-plank scraper shod with iron, or even the front slab of the log when it is shod, will have a cutting action, with a tendency to leave the soil at the surface of the road toughened and slightly lifted up. This condition is not favorable for shedding the next rain. But the split-log drag (with only the front slab shod) leaves the surface in a vastly different condition, because the hind slab, not being shod, becomes polished, and as it is drawn over the moist soil smoothes and smears and packs. This is better understood by some persons when the word "cement" is used instead of puddled. Numerous practical road-draggers have expressed to me their appreciation of this cementing effect, and assert that, to this effect, in combination with the grade secured and the smooth surface, is due these marvellous results.

**DRAGGING IN THE MUD.**—At the beginning of the drag agitation, I was careful to urge the necessity of waiting a certain period before using the drag. The experience of some of my neighbors and others throughout the State has converted me to the theory that the only time you can hurt the road with the drag is when it is too dry. Dragging the road when it is dry has a tendency to produce dust. But if you drag in the sloppy mud, and the weather remains settled, the sun and wind will bake and harden the smooth surface, and the road will be improved. However, in the best interests of the road and team, it is better to drag while the soil is still moist, yet sufficiently dry so that it will not stick to the face of the log. Dragging in the sloppy mud needs doing only once on most roads.