

dochter sic an impression o' life on the farm that they will choose that life before any ither, an' we can gie them that impression by juist using a wee bit o' common sense an' consideration.

Noo, ma friend, I dinna' think I hae asked too much o' ye, gin things are no' gaein' juist richt in yer hame, an' ye want tae straighten them oot. Be juist as gude tae yer wife as ye are tae yerself, an' maybe a wee bit better. If ye can buy machines for the farm, ye can buy them for the hoose; an' if ye can hire a man to dae some o' yer wark, ye can hire a girl to dae some o' hers. An' dinna forget what I said aboot appreciation. Showing a little o' that winna' hurt ye after the first two or three times. Neither will yer dinner be any the worse, tak' ma word for it.

Noo, Mr. Editor, I hope nane o' yer readers will tak' offence at my plain speaking. It is the privilege o' an auld fellow like mysel' tae be giein' advice, sae lang as he has na' got into his dotage, an' I ken that when that time comes wi' me, ye will be showin' yersel' a true friend by appraising me o' the fact.

SANDY FRASER.

Education for the Farm.

It has been an all-too-prevalent practice in Eastern Ontario, at least, for the successful farmer to educate his smartest boys and put them into professions. This has resulted in the fact that, all over this country, and in the United States, you will find farmers' sons in all professions, some making fortunes as politicians, doctors, lawyers, preachers, merchants, etc., while very many are eking out a bare existence, living respectably, still displaying the traits of manhood instilled into their natures at their mother's knee down on the old farm, with its open, fresh air and its teachings of nature. Still, all too many have fallen in the struggle against vices that beset the innocent youths from less-populated places. The writer has in mind one neighborhood in one of the Eastern Ontario Counties, where, some years ago, were a lot of as fine types of boyhood as could be found anywhere. These boys were the sons of successful farmers, in most cases of the finest types. They worked hard, and economized, in many cases, to give their boys a good education, and fit them for, as they thought, a higher life than farming. One who was most pronounced in this, died recently from a broken heart, as the result of the perfidy of one of his boys. The old farm, that provided not only a good living for the entire family, but also enough to give all the boys and girls (seven in number) a good education, has passed into the hands of strangers. One of the boys committed suicide a few years ago, another has become a notorious swindler, whose operations are spread over two continents; one of the daughters is living in dishonor, having been deserted by her husband; the other four are still eking out a fairly respectable living, but I doubt if the four could raise funds enough to buy back the old farm. This is but one of hundreds of similar experiences, where happy, prosperous families have been ruined by the foolish idea of many farmers that their children are too good to be farmers, and who educate them and put them into positions they are unable to fill. If our farmers would only understand that agriculture offers better opportunities for education and ability than any other, and, while it may not furnish opportunity for amassing fortunes in a day, yet, by the application of attention and ability, the reward is sure, and also that the greater the intelligence applied, the greater the reward. If our successful farmers would educate their sons and daughters, not for the professions, but as skilled scientific agriculturists, how much better it would be for them and for the country.

We have too many professional men, and not enough thorough, up-to-date, practical farmers. It seems to be the opinion of many farmers that their smartest boys should be educated away from the farm, and that the drones or dunces are good enough to have as farmers. It would be much better for the country if the best and ablest boys were given a good agricultural education, and made farmers of. In the neighborhood above mentioned, all the young men of about the writer's age, except two, left their homes to seek fortunes in other parts. They are scattered all over the earth's surface, almost, and just one has made a financial success; some ten or twelve others have made more or less dismal failures, two having died of loathsome disease. The two that stayed at home on the farm have made successful, up-to-date farmers, and are both well-off and highly respected.

The risk is too great. Better, far, your boy should be a successful farmer, living in comparative comfort and contentment, than struggling to keep soul and body together in the city, often resorting to shady or openly dishonest and dishonorable transactions in his frantic efforts to keep up in the race. Agriculture and its allied interests offers a surer future, and is honorable. It is good enough for the best boys and girls our

country possesses, and the sooner our farmers come to realize this, the better will it be for all concerned. If you, my farmer friend, have more boys than you can place on separate farms, can you not place them all on the one farm, to their advantage. I maintain that 150 acres is sufficient to maintain four boys in comfort.

Carleton Co., Ont.

W. J. KERR.

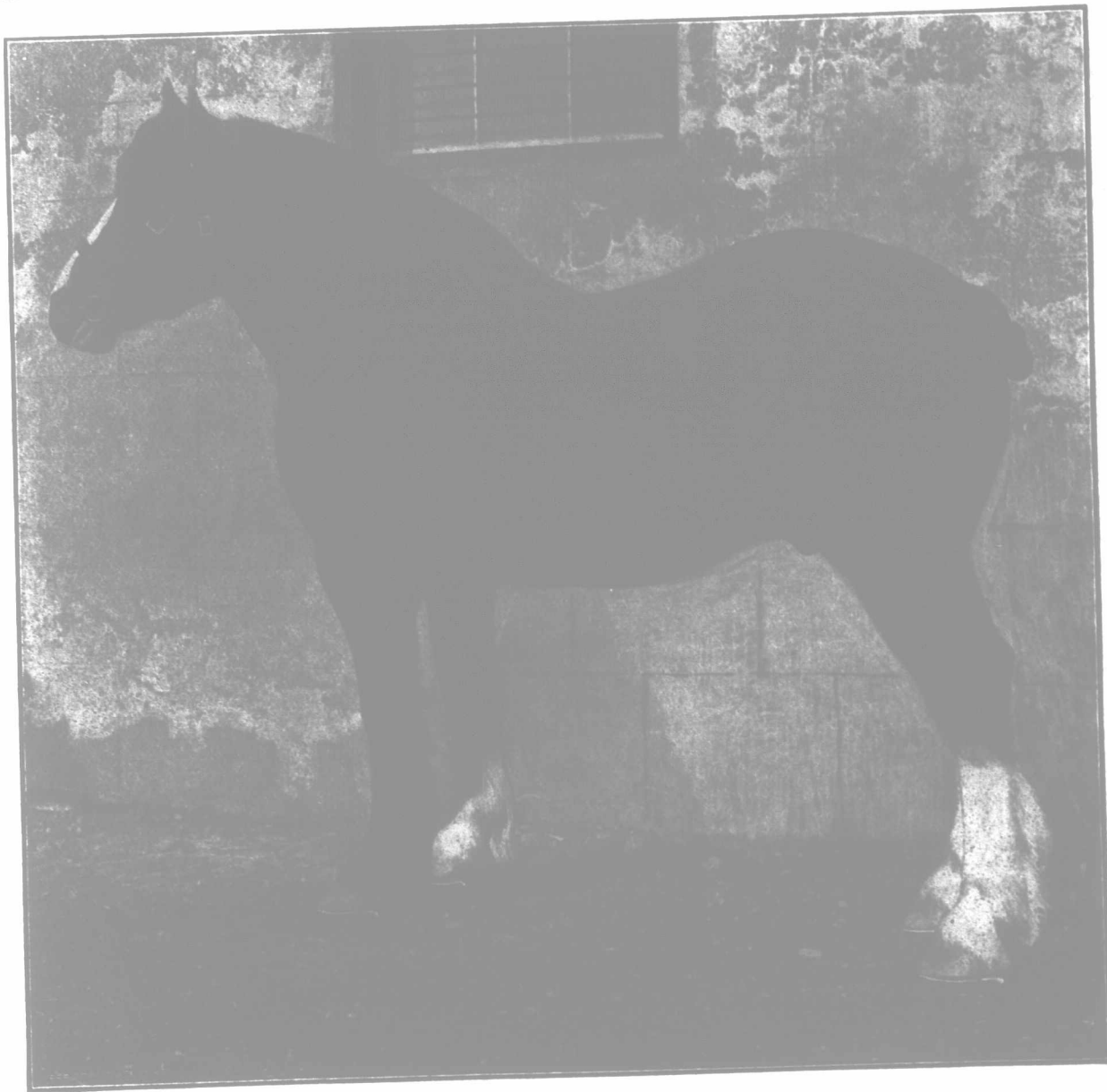
HORSES.

Our Scottish Letter.

The dead season is pretty well over, and we are again entering on the days when there is life and motion. The event of the past week has been the Scottish Stallion Show, at Glasgow. The show was well up to its usual standard. The three-year-old class has probably never been excelled. The quality of the animals exhibited in that section was unusually high, and both the great trophies of the show, the Cawdor Cup, open to all ages, and the Brydon Challenge Shield, open to three-year-olds and horses above that age, were won by the three-year-old horses. The winner of the Cawdor Cup was Mr. Robert Brydon's Bonnie Buchlyvie 14032, the male champion last year at the Royal and at the Glasgow Summer Show. This horse is a model Clydesdale. He is very showy when on parade, has beautiful feet and limbs, and excellent action. There is a wealth of refinement about him this season which was rather lacking a year ago, and he is likely to hold the triumphant position to which he has thus early been exalted. His sire, Baron o' Buchlyvie 11263, was first at the H. & A. S. show last year, and has proved himself one of the pick of the sons of Baron's Pride 9122. Three out of four of the first-prize winners at this Glasgow Stallion Show were got by him, viz., Perfect Motion, which was first in the aged class, and last year was first in the same class, as well as second at the Highland, where he was beaten by his sire; Bonnie Buchlyvie, and the first-prize yearling, Dunure Footprint (strictly speaking, he is only ten months old, and very good at that). The winner of the Brydon Challenge Shield was Mr. Kilpatrick's St. Clair 14347, an amazingly thick, well-ribbed colt, with good feet and legs. He was second to Bonnie Buchlyvie in the open class. Mr. Brydon's horse would have won the Shield, as well as the Cup, but Mr. Brydon did not show his horse for his own trophy. The third three-year-old was Mr. Pollock's Montrave Vicroy

14278, a very bonnie, gay horse, got by Hiawatha 10067, out of the Cawdor-cup mare, Lady Victoria 14582. The fourth three-year-old was Mr. Guild's Sam Black 11348, in some respects—size, substance, quality of bone, and great back and ribs—the best colt in the class. Mr. W. S. Park's Laird of Erskine, to which the Glasgow district Junior Premium of £80 had been awarded, was placed fifth. The aged class was not nearly equal to the three-year-old class. The winner was Mr. Kilpatrick's Perfect Motion, already named, a horse of immense substance and magnificent action. The others in the prize list were capital animals, second place going to the black horse, Ganymede 14130, from Mr. Marshall's stud, Stranraer. Mr. Taylor had third and fourth with a pair of grandsons of Sir Hugo, namely, Sir Dighton 13760, and Sir Spencer 13211, very fine, sound horses, the former big and cart-horse-like in every line, the latter a typical Clydesdale. We had a choice class of two-year-olds, and John Leckie, Inchwood, Milton, of Campsie, had the honor of breeding the first and second, from a mother and daughter. The first was High Degree 14703, owned by A. M. Simpson, East Killinde; and the second, Royal Salute 14826, an own brother to Royal Review, the H. & A. S. champion stallion of 1907.

A remarkable feature of this show was the extraordinary number of high-class animals claiming Baron's Pride as their grandsire. The first and second aged horses; the first, second, third and fourth three-year-olds; the first yearling, and the third two-year-old, are all in this category. Many of the best are out of Baron's Pride mares. The cross between Hiawatha and these mares is still proving most successful. But the most notable feature of this show has been the recognition by owners of the value of a veterinary examination. Hitherto, the rule has been that the two great trophies, the Cawdor Cup and the Brydon Challenge Shield, could only be won by horses which had passed a veterinary examination for soundness, and, in the case of the Shield, for height as well. But there was nothing to hinder a horse which was unsound entering the arena and competing for the trophies. This year the rule was not altered, but it was made known that only sound horses could win these trophies, so only sound horses should be allowed to compete for them. This led to quite a number of exhibitors bringing forward their horses to be examined by Principal McCall on Tuesday afternoon, and many more would have been sent forward had the Society given a certificate of sound-



Black Ivory (Imp.) [7761] (13367).

Clydesdale stallion; black; foaled in 1905; imported and owned by Smith & Richardson, of Columbus, Ont. First in his class at Ontario Horse-breeders' Exhibition, Toronto, in January, and first and reserve champion at Eastern Ontario Live-stock and Poultry Show at Ottawa, 1909.