

## The Horseman

A recent meeting of the Iowa State Veterinary Medical Association, Wm. Drinkwater, of Monticello, gave the following interesting address:

"Colic is known as a painful spasmodic contraction of a portion of the intestine due to the irritation of indigestible food or some substance that is not considered food for the horses or cattle."

"The pain may be induced by the animal taking a large drink of cold water while in a heated or exhausted condition, or immediately after violent exercise, as the nerves of the stomach and bowels are in sympathy with the system, and these organs are not in a condition to take care of or assimilate a load suddenly forced upon them; or by changes of food, particularly a generous allowance of the same."

Water given immediately after feeding may wash out a part of the food into the bowels before the juices of the stomach have acted upon it, and cause irritation, and sometimes impaction."

"Exercise immediately after a large feed may disturb the functions of the stomach and bowels and cause flatulence and attempts at vomiting or rupture of the stomach."

"Some kinds of grain, particularly corn, that is not well dried out before freezing weather comes on, or barley or oats of poor quality, will not digest and will cause diarrhoea, diarrhoea or enteritis, all accompanied by distinctive symptoms."

"Some horses become so subject to colic that they are almost useless to their owners, and are disposed of to others who will have little or no trouble with them owing to a different method of feeding."

"The different forms of colic are manifested to us by attempts at vomiting and the regurgitation of small quantities of food when the stomach is the seat of trouble, and sometimes flatulence of the bowels is apparent, and the animal pawing with the fore feet, and lying down quickly and getting up again quickly. Spasmodic contractions of the truly digestive portions of the bowels are manifested by sudden pawing of the fore feet, or kicking toward the affected part with one or the other of the hind feet, and lying down suddenly, and sometimes, by perspiration breaking out over the body."

"I have made many post-mortem examinations of cases that, did not yield to treatment, and have found rupture of the stomach; once where a simple twist of the duodenum had allowed the contents of the stomach to pass out while it was distended with flatulence, caused by a feed of green corn, which was intended for the hogs."

"My theory is that where all the parts remain intact, that is, where none of the lesions have occurred, that relief ought to be afforded by medicinal or mechanical means, and I use Ol. Lini from a pint to a half, with one or two ounces of Ol. Terebinthinae for flatulence in stomach or bowels, and if more medicinal treatment is needed, I use Hypophosphite of Soda, three or four ounces, dissolved in hot water and one ounce of Chloral Hydrate dissolved with it or given immediately after."

"If flatulence is apparent mostly in the stomach, probably relief would be best given with the stomach tube, but I have had little experience with it."

"When the flatulence is most apparent in the bowels, Chloral Hydrate has given me the most satisfaction, but as it is usually due to some irritant, to get rid of it, I give the best permanent results by giving Ol. Lini and Turpentine of Eserine Phosphate and Strychnine have given the best results."

"For impaction Ol. Lini and Terebinthinae, Aloes and Nux Vomica with the Ammonium Carbamate and warm water injections and sometimes walking exercise if the patient is otherwise robust."

"For enteritis in horses or cattle, no treatment has ever helped or given any relief, and it is apparent that when the portion of the bowel is inflamed that no medicine or any treatment can give relief."

"Occasionally we see symptoms of colic in cattle and a mixture of two oz. Nitrous Ether and one oz. of Aromatic Spirit of Ammonia repeated two or three times hourly has given the desired effects without affecting the appetite or digestion."

"This paper is based on my own experience, and colic has given me many days and nights of worry, work and study, and when I am told that a horse or cow is having trouble with its water,

I prepare myself for an indefinite stay in any town of day or night."

If the young stallion has only breeding and individuality to recommend him, the owner must exploit both properly himself, or get prepared for the well constructed circular showing all the speed lines in his stallions' pedigree and drawing special attention to the fast performers which belong to the family. It should be made still more attractive with a good picture of the horse. This circular should not be kept for the slow process of personal service but should be sent out to all the leading horsemen and farmers of the neighborhood. Having attended to the home market the wide-awake owner will carefully investigate the circulation and which will give his horse the widest publicity. He will give a card to at least one of them so that horsemen will know where his horse is located. Few of them to a stallion that will send them to a stallion that is never heard of. They don't like to be asked: 'who is your colt by?' and when told his name to hear the reply: 'Why I never heard of that horse before; what is he like?'

A generation ago a young man in Michigan went to a stock farm in Pennsylvania and bought a crippled colt, who could not be trained but was well devoted all his energies to not only letting his Michigan know about the breeding of his horse, but he advertised so extensively that every horseman on the continent knew all about his pedigree and where he was. He was well patronized from the start and eventually became a great sire. His name was Pilot Medium, the sire of Peter the Great. Had he not been brought prominently before the public, had only received the visits of a few local horsemen he would have lived and died in obscurity and left no great family to perpetuate his name and fame. Many a horse quite as well bred as Pilot Medium has never made any mark because his owner never gave him the opportunity."

The next important point is that the stallion should always have his horse and stall in horse show condition when visitors call. No matter how good the pedigree may be, if the stable is dirty, the stall badly kept and the horse ungroomed the visitor is disagreeably impressed at the start and argues that his own horse is not likely to take good care of the mares which are sent to him. The stallion should be perfectly groomed both for looks and health. He will be his own advertisement to every visitor. The box stall should be kept every day of cleanliness and neatness and the air of the stable absolutely free from impurity."

The intelligent owner of mares is influenced by his knowledge that they will be well cared for. We recollect one case where three mares were taken away from a farm which had a stallion at \$100 fee solely because of the gross neglect in their care and the following year each case the owner kept his own brood mares and youngsters in such poor and unkempt condition that when he decided to sell them under the hammer they went at all kinds of low bargain prices, whereas if they had been well fed and groomed they would have sold for every dollar they were worth."

The small owner should also never neglect to have a good harness and road wagon and give his stallion a few miles of jogging on fine days. It helps to keep the horse in condition and draws attention to him. It was a favorite pastime of C. H. Nelson to drive his fine stallion Nelson 2:09 through the streets of Waterville, Me., and hundreds of spectators would stand on the sidewalks to admire the equine king of Maine."

To make a success financially of keeping a trotting stallion is the same rules which apply to any other business enterprise. Success is necessary, but they can be boiled down to three—have the goods and the quality, make the price right and then let the buyers know you have them. Average business horse sense will do the rest."

FACTS ABOUT METEORS

Of the many meteors that are supposed to fall upon the earth from time to time, it may be said that they would indeed be the most dreaded of all the earth's physical antagonists were not nearly all of them prevented from reaching the ground by our atmosphere, which serves as a bullet-proof armor. The immunity of the earth from aerolites, fire-balls, and shooting stars, all travelling at speeds that average a hundred times that of a rifle bullet, may be explained in the following manner:

When a meteor enters the atmosphere the friction produced by its gigantic speed makes it flash up like the arrow of Aescetes, only more so. The ingenious experiments of Lord Kelvin have shown that the heat thus produced, just as a wheel or a Lucifer match lights on the box, is sufficient to consume the meteor as it is being suddenly cast into a furnace heated to three or four million degrees."

Obviously the smaller meteors are utterly consumed before they have penetrated far into the atmosphere, which their fate has shown to rise to a height of about 120 miles. Only a very large one can descend, like that which exploded over Madrid some fourteen years ago, within twenty miles of the earth, before being burst by the expansion due to heat and by the resistance of the air. The fact that fragments do occasionally reach the earth is the best proof of the great size of some of the meteors of the "blessed air" the explosion of them all, with the accompanying fervent heat, would take place in our midst."

Occasionally meteors appear to enter and leave the atmosphere without any particles thereof touching the earth. A meteor was some years ago seen passing over England and the North Sea. When over the city of York its height was about fifty-five miles, but at Sunderland it was but fifty-three miles above the surface. Then the meteor seems to have ascended once more with reference to the earth's surface, for over Helgoe its height was calculated to be again fifty-five miles. Its velocity was about twenty miles a second. The time it took to pass over the city of York was about twenty miles a second. If this fast-flying lithe stranger really did escape again into outer space it had a most interesting adventure and must have carried with it marks of the fiery heat produced during its rush through the upper air."

WESTERN BASEBALL

WELL, we are going to have a Western Canada baseball league this year or not? One day we are and the next day we aren't, according to the daily papers, here and elsewhere in the West. Of course, they never tell the truth, so we never can reckon on what is going to happen by reading them, and especially in sports and politics they seem to feel licensed to in any particular strong. When the League had its meeting last week, a few weeks ago, every thing was lovely and fine. Every club thing as a deficit in the world, and such coming back strong for 1910. Such a thing as splitting the League to get shorter distances of travel was not hinted at in the reports we got and our souls were calm and peaceful in the confidence that we were to have even a better league in 1910 than that of 1909 and that wasn't so terribly, horribly bad, just as we get nicely settled into this too-confident belief, news, reported to proceed from Medicine Hat, told us that the 1909 champions will not have a team in the League this season. As an anti-climax to the Gary among them, as an anticlimax to this Deacon White blows in from Edmonton and says that his city won't think of living without a baseball team this summer, and he also brings the encouraging news—especially for Calgary—that the Bow River city has engaged a new manager for its team. The deacon says there's no doubt in the world he will be alive and busy about 1910, and then you are—who's right?"

The fact that we are to have a new President and Secretary for the League regarded as encouraging—or it may not. As my old friend Sam Dyer used to remark when need of a non-committal answer seemed to be desirable: "Probably it is and probably it ain't."

Newspapers is a mighty fine thing in all enterprises that need optimism and uplift, two quantities that run out of men's blood after they have been plugging away at a thing for a good bit as our price Messrs. Palford and Lamb have. The clean sweeping of the new broom is nowhere more effective than in sports, where all labor is largely a matter of love, and everybody who has been in the game knows that it more induces sitting down in some quiet spot than rushing madly into real work—they do that when they get cross and want to forget all about such foolishness as love."

On the other hand, there's not the highest sort of enthusiasm to be squeezed out of the retirement of men who have tried to make a sport successful because as long as sport is successful you can't separate those who like it from their beloved brand of sports with an axe. For instance, you couldn't imagine Jack Lamb giving up baseball for business as long as baseball held out an even show of reasonable return, could you? Maybe we didn't approve of everything that Jack Lamb did but we have to hand it to him as a man who did his level best for baseball in Western Canada. Maybe he made money out of it, but I'd like to bet my best suit of clothes against eighty-seven dollars—about half their cost, I help me—that the same amount of time and work given to anything higher up than shoveling single against the wind would have made four dollars for every one that Jack Lamb got out of baseball."

And look you: There won't be a lot of money in baseball for anybody in Western Canada for a few years. The players who get their salaries will do as well as anybody out here, here, and a lot better than the men who promote the game. The cities are mostly too small and all too far apart. But after a bit, things will be better in this way. Our cities are getting bigger every minute. Look at Saskatoon for a shining light in growth. In 1901, Saskatoon had one hundred and thirteen thousand there. All the cities are growing like blazes, and some of them more so. It won't be long, then, before there will be towns enough and large enough to make baseball a paying proposition in Western Canada. Everybody

likes the game and it is bound to flourish just now, the thing lacking is patrons—men with a quarter each of ten enough to swell the gate receipts of baseball games. The census of these capitalists of the sporting world is growing larger every year and the men who hang on until the number has been rolled up to a proper size, will make some money. Until that time, there will be more deficits than surpluses, no doubt, and the man who expects anything else is foolish, baseball foolish."

BONSPIEL POSTERS

PICKED out your bonspiel prize yet? If you haven't, get busy and stick a tag on it, because there's going to be an awful lot of people come here this year to cop off those prizes. Last year, you know, the bonspiel committee called in Charlie Roland, of the Industrial Bureau, and said to him: "Now, Bonspiel that we put on every year, there's all kinds of fun in it, and so many prizes that every player has to get two or three so we can get rid of 'em all. A lot of people know about all this but there's another lot who don't and we want to get 'em to know—how'll we do it?"

Leave it to me and a committee," said Charlie, and they left it.

And Charlie and the committee got a vial of posters that would load a freight train and had 'em stuck up all over the city and some of the United States. "I'm told that men in Saskatchewan and Alberta, the Yukon, and the Lower Provinces went to bed calm, peaceful and contented to awaken and see a big, black-lettered poster looking at them and saying: 'Take a train and go to Winnipeg to see the Bonspiel,' with a lot of people known words that explained why they should do this whether they would or no. From that moment they had no rest. They were invited at home and when they went away. The Bonspiel poster looked down from the big barn door or out of the smoke of the grocery store depot of supplies and gas slip. It was the first—and only—thing to be seen in the morning's early light, and it waved a farewell to the wise guys who took its advice, when they pulled out for Winnipeg. They came, they saw, they conquered—everything but a desire to come again, and that will be this year for most of 'em."

Only they won't be alone, because there'll be lots of others this year. Charlie and the committee have gone out after 'em again and 'twill be only a matter of a few more tons of posters and some live men to get 'em before the public, to get even a bigger crowd than was here last winter. 'Tis like that a good many are making their plans to come right now, and when they see the new Bonspiel posters that Charlie Roland and his committee will frame up there'll be nothing to it but the train for Winnipeg. You see, there are ways and especially ways of advertising even a very good thing, and take it from me that this Roland man has some of the ways to get next to the heart of the people, through publicity channels, down to an allspice. And that's the reason why I'm telling you to get onto the band wagon and get there soon; there'll be the biggest kind of a crowd after those bonspiel prizes and you won't catch one of them if you don't watch out. The Bonspiel is to be bigger, better, and braver than ever, so if there's anything in the prize bunch that you really want, go 'round bright and early and put a nail through it before the other fellow does it."

SOME years ago, when Speaker Cannon was a plain member, he took one of his constituents to dine with him at rather a good hotel in Washington. It was in the fall, and Mr. Cannon ate very heartily of that American edible, Indian corn; in fact, almost his entire dinner consisted of corn.

Finally the Westerner turned to him and said, "Say, Mr. Cannon, what does it cost you to board here?"

"About five dollars a day," Mr. Cannon replied.

"I'll be darned," drawled the constituent, "if I don't think it well cheaper for you to board at a livery stable."

THE BUCK-EYE

VOL. 1 WEEKLY EDITION NO. 16

He Couldn't Afford It

He never took a day of rest,  
He couldn't afford it;  
He never had his trousers pressed,  
He couldn't afford it;  
He never went away, care-free,  
To visit distant lands, to see  
How fair a place this world might be—  
He couldn't afford it.

He never went to see a play,  
He couldn't afford it;  
His love for art he put away,  
He couldn't afford it.  
He died, and left his heirs a lot,  
But no tall shaft proclaims the spot  
In which he lies—his children thought  
They couldn't afford it.

P.S.—That's the kind of man that never knew the bliss that comes of perfect peace—who has passed a lifetime ignorant of the soothing qualities, the concentrated essence of enjoyment which comes with the wraith of smoke from a perfect cigar—in short he is the kind of man—getting rarer, let us be thankful, every day—who never smoked a BUCK-EYE.

And yet it costs but TEN CENTS

## Storyettes

PATIENCE: "Peggy is very happy." Patrice: "She's engaged, isn't she?"

Patience: "Yes, the man she's engaged to is cross-eyed, and he's looking at her all the time, and no one can tell it but herself."

IT is said of the author of a recent volume of biography, that his verdict on the great of his chosen period is much that of the New Hampshire parson at the highly approved funeral of a parishioner: "Brethren, we must agree that our deceased friend was mean in some things—but let us in Christian charity allow that he was meaner in others."

ATTORNEY GENERAL Wickersham took a party of public men out to Fort Myer in his automobile to see the aeroplane tests one day recently. Charles Nagel, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, sat in the seat with Wickersham, and they kept up a lively conversation during the trip. When they had arrived at the fort one of the party asked Nagel how he and Wickersham got along. "Oh, we got along all right," replied Nagel, "until Wickersham began to talk French to me. I don't understand French."

"Then why didn't you get even by talking law to him?" exclaimed Secretary of State Knox.

DENNIS O'FLAHERTY was road-master of a division of a western railroad which included several tunnels. Dennis was out one morning on a tour of inspection, in company with his friend, Pat Donoghue, who had just arrived from the Emerald Isle. Nearing one of the tunnels, they heard the shrill whistle of the limited and stepped aside till it should pass.

Pat stood in open-mouthed wonder, as the train neared, passed, and entered the tunnel at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

"Mon, Pat," said Dennis, as the last disappeared, "ain't it fine? Talk about the wonders of nature—where'll ye ever see anything purtier than that?"

Pat stood in awe for a moment, then, turning to Dennis, said slowly, "Yis, Dennis, 'tis fine; but I was just thinking of a terrible thing 'twould be if it should miss the hole."

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