

THE RURAL HOME.

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A CHAT ON AN INTERESTING SUBJECT.

"How is it Samuel, that you always get a higher price for your stock than the rest of us and have such good luck while everything seems to go against us when we venture in the stockraising line? There was that 5 year old clyde of yours; you worked him from the time he was two years old and I am sure he more than paid for his keeping and all the expense and trouble of rearing him, and last week you sold him for \$150 clear profit. Now mine was a finer looking colt than yours when foaled and I have taken the best of care of her and never put a collar on her till she was 3 years old and she has been worked very lightly since and now she has a bunch on her leg and the regular buyers wont look at her and I offered her to the minister this morning for \$50. You are the lucky man and I wish I knew your secret."

Well neighbor Brooks, as far as luck goes I do not believe in it at all, but if you want to know the secret of successful stock raising I can very soon put you on the right track.

"Do. I should be glad to have a leaf out of the book of your experience."

"In the first place you and some others about here do not give proper attention to the selection of sires. You seem to consider a colt is a colt and choose an inferior sire paying \$4 for his services rather than \$10 or \$20 for the services of a good animal. A more 'peuny wise and pound foolish' procedure than this has yet to be discovered. There are scores of worthless stallions on the road and it would be a good thing if the country would buy them up and put them beyond propogating their miserable kind for so long as they continue to travel farmers will allow themselves to be imposed upon."

"But they all look about alike; I do not think there can be much difference and if one saves \$16 in the cost and gives the colt that much extra feed wouldn't that be a good plan?"

"No it would not be a good plan, it would be a very foolish plan. There is just where the difficulty lies; these animals are fattened up and made to look so sleek that half the farmer's do not detect their faults and think they must be very fine stock indeed. You may argue as much as you like about the feed being more important than the breed but as sure as you live good

feeding and good breeding must go hand in hand. If you select good sires and take good care of the colts you will have animals that will command a ready sale even in a dull market."

Hamkins says the choice of brood mares is also of importance and ought not to be overlooked."

Very true but most of us ordinary farmers have not so much choice about the mares. We are compelled to breed from whatever sort of a mare we may chance to own. Time brings change and as an opportunity offers you should endeavour to secure a good brood mare that approaches as nearly as possible the standard of excellence. She should be free from hereditary unsoundness, spavin, ring-bone, etc., for not only are these diseases transmitted to the offspring but when the ancestors have these afflictions even though no trace is visible in either parent they are frequently handed down to their progeny."

"I always thought a mare was good enough for breeding when she was old and not fit for anything else but there must be something in what you say."

"You will find there is a great deal in it. For ordinary purposes a short legged mare is best, having large deep chest, wide oval hips, compact and in every way built so as to indicate a robust animal with a sound constitution."

"My old mare is pretty well built but I never did like the look of her head. I would like one having a more sprightly head appearance."

"The head is a point of especial importance. A mare with a large head and a dull stupid countenance will seldom breed a good colt. Above all avoid a vicious temper or a bad disposition as it is one of the characteristic laws of life that like begets like."

"You have told me a good deal but there is one thing yet I would like to know. What class of horses would you advise us common farmers to raise?"

"As to that the large farm or dray horse is undoubtedly the most profitable. For such horses there is always a demand and there is not half the risk in raising them. Besides they are strong and can be put to work on the farm at two or two and a half years old and when they mature can be disposed of for a good price. It does not pay to raise trotters. There are enough of them already and not one out of a hundred amounts to anything. Good carriage horses are in demand,

such as can travel 9 miles an hour in a journey on ordinary roads. But unless a man can get matched pairs the price realized is altogether out of proportion to the expense and care of raising this class."

"Well Samuel I am much interested in what you say but I cannot stay longer now. I am going to the forge to get a couple of bolts made to put in the fork of an apple tree that got broken down by the wind. I tried it some years ago on a tree that was so badly broken that we all though it was completely ruined. We got ropes and drew the two parts together in the proper position and then put the bolts right through the trunk so as to hold the tree together. It never stopped bearing and now the wood and bark has grown over the bolts and the split and you cannot see that it ever was broken."

Why do country people crowd to the cities? asks the city editor about 52 times a year. Why desert pure air, beautiful nature, fresh fruits and vegetables, comfort and what ought to be happiness, for foul air, poor food, rank discomfort, misery and vicious surroundings? We will tell you. It is because you city editors live in the city while your papers are read mostly in the country. You write of every thing from the citizen's standpoint. You constantly in silly smartness use the 'countryman', the 'rustic', as a butt for ridicule, unconscious of the fact that city folk in the world of nature are the greater fools. City interests are paramount with you in all discussions of labor, transportation, tariff, finance, and commerce of every degree. You forget that the city lives solely on the products and by manipulation of the country. You throw a sop to Cerberus in an 'agricultural column' which is a bad hash of waste from workshop, kitchen, stable and field. The city man and city child ape your method and thought. Honest country folk look up to people who have great opportunities and unconsciously absorb the influence of your sophistry and jug-handled preachment. They learn to look upon the city as the Mecca of all ambitious efforts, and crowd thither like the foolish fools who labor over the sands of India, perhaps only to perish in the end of fiith and fever, or by the Juggernaut which is the leading spirit of city life. Come into the country and live as men should live; then write as men should write. The evil men deplore is in your hands to correct.