

immigration helped to take many of the rest, because the average breeder had gone out of business till the tide should turn again. The tide did turn, but when these men jumped into the business again, it was not in the condition in which they left it. The good mares were, speaking of this Province as a whole, all gone, or hopelessly in the minority. The culls were left, often old, unsound, and totally unfit to be used for breeding purposes. Yet this class, generally, must be used as foundation stock—a case of necessity, setting aside all laws. Poor care of the dams during the period of gestation, followed by bad feeding, care and management of the colt during the first couple of years of its life, are other evils that are to be found only too often. NEMO.

PROVIDE PUBLIC WATERING PLACES.

Water often and not too much at a time, is a good motto for the horseman. To drive a horse till parched with thirst, and then let him swill down two or three pailfuls fresh from the well, or else wait half an hour without anything to drink at all, is criminal, to say nothing of its un wisdom from the standpoint of dollars and cents. The teamster should treat his horse as he would be treated himself were positions reversed. Sometimes it is difficult or inconvenient to do this, owing to the lack of suitable watering places. Wherever troughs can be provided on public roads, it should be done. The accompanying cut was made from a photograph of such a watering fountain, taken by a member of our staff on the Elora Road, running from Guelph north to Elora, Wellington Co., Ont. The water is piped down hill, rises through an upright pipe, and empties into a trough. It is said to be of a quality particularly relished by horses, and a drinking-cup is provided for people. The man standing with tools in hand is the caretaker of the road.

LIVE STOCK.

SHOW-YARD STRATEGY.

To an enthusiastic breeder of cattle there are few things more trying than the showing of his stock to one who has little knowledge or can scantily appreciate a good animal. Who is there among breeders who has not experienced this feeling? Your herdsman draws out what you consider a good specimen, one that you have looked at many times a day, and yet can go back and smoke a good-night pipe over him with a keen feeling of pleasure. Instead of any real, practical interest being taken in the animal, you get a criticism on the shape of the halter, or a statement that Brown or Jones has just purchased a reaping machine with twelve spokes in the driving wheel. On the other hand, who can put a value on the amount of pleasure derived from having a judge's opinion when you submit your pet subject to his inspection. It may be, and it often happens that he is not a man of words, but are these needed to fill your heart with pleasure? Not at all; you watch his eye as it dwells on the good points, and his hand, which seems loath to be withdrawn from the thick skin and mossy hair, with its soft, mellow touch. If he is a keen critic, you expect, and perhaps fairly hope, that one or two of the weak spots you have time and again carefully examined, and perhaps have seen gradually disappearing, may be overlooked. They are, however, noticed and discussed, to the edification of the man at the end of the rope, whose whole soul is in his work, and who there and then resolves that in the show-ring "the best side" of his animal will be shown to the judges.

I must tell a tale apropos of this. At one of our largest and most important Shorthorn shows in England, I stood watching the judging of a heifer class. One of the crowd around the ring said, in my hearing: "If I were the owner of No. 70, I would sack the fellow who is showing her. Look at the way he lets her snuff about with her nose on the ground, trying to get a bite of the short grass; he must have neglected to feed her. What a fool he is." I knew the owner and the man on the rope, two of the best men in the country, each in his own sphere, and I was quite satisfied that the man "at the wheel" was making no mistake, although, by the innocent way he looked, one could fancy his thoughts were in the clouds. His heifer won, and afterwards, congratulating him, I said: "What was there in the Yorkshire grass that made the pretty lady so fond of it?" With a merry twinkle in his eye, and knowing that I understood that the nose on the ground meant a strong, broad, level line along the back, whereas in other positions there was a slight tendency to loin weak-

ness, he replied: "Oh, just a little dust of spiced cake which fell through a hole in my jacket pocket; the wife must give it a stich or two when I get home." I need not say that the owner of the heifer did not sack his man. No blame can be attached to a herdman who is able to hide a weakness, and it is only a clever one who can hide a fault without making it evident he is doing so.

Look at the herdman who knows his animal gets his hocks together, and perhaps spreads out his hind feet as he walks. See him when asked

ly, while the expression of his face, indicating intense anxiety, was most amusing, and was evidently so to the judge. When Mr. Outhwaite moved away, having scarcely looked at the heifer, I said: "Did it come off, Jamie?" "I did him properly," he replied; "he never saw the wee bit hole in her back." I may say, however, that Jamie was less confident about this when the ribbons were handed out. Mr. Outhwaite, who understood all the tricks in showing, and I had a laugh over the matter afterwards, when he repeated a story he was fond of telling of a bartender who, after

being a year in the employment of a Yorkshireman, complained he had not been able to make a shilling more than his wages. Wonder being expressed at this, seeing he was a Yorkshireman, he replied: "Ah, my employer is Yorkshire, too!"

Speaking of Yorkshire, brings to mind an experience I had as a judge at a show in the West Riding of that county. I acted as a judge of cattle, sheep and swine, and was quite puzzled regarding the placing of two of the pigs. I looked long and carefully at them, sometimes thinking of placing the one first and then the other. From the crowd around the ring, it was quite evident

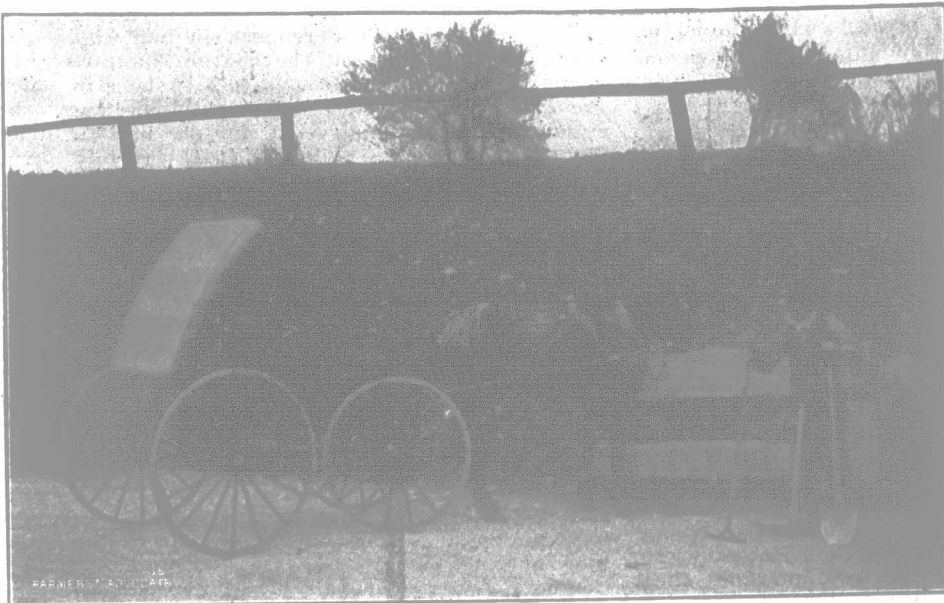
there was intense interest being taken in the decision, and, as I afterwards understood, bets of new hats and so forth were being freely made on the result. The pigs belonged to working men, and each had keen supporters. While carefully inspecting one of the animals, the man in charge of it whispered: "This pig has always beaten the other wherever they have competed." Feeling this statement should not have been made, and being convinced that the one was as good as the other, so far as I could determine, I said: "That being the case, it is time to give the other fellow a turn," and at once made the award accordingly. I afterwards learned that at former shows it had

been a case of seesaw; they had often been in competition, and had each scored about an equal number of wins.

At the Highland Society's Show, it is usual, in the cow classes, for the exhibitors to send the calves into the ring with the mothers. As a rule, the animals are trained so that the calves lead quietly alongside of their dams. At one of the Society's meetings I showed a cow that had an awkward habit of standing stretched out, which led to an indication of weakness on her loins. She had been under training for weeks with a view to making her keep her hind legs under her, without much result. On the judging day I was occupied as steward in another section of the show, and when congratulating my man on his having secured the first prize, I said: "The cow must have shown herself well in the ring." He said: "I made Johnnie lead the calf, look like a fool, and keep as far away from me as he could; the judges said she was an uneasy beast, and I put the blame on the silly laddie that would not keep near me with the calf."

ROBERT BRUCE.

In a series of articles in an American magazine, Emerson Hough discussed the great American steer. He accounts for the increasing price of beef by the fact that everyone wants the same cuts. Until consumers are educated to utilize the cheaper parts of the carcass, the price of roasts and steaks must tend upwards.



An Institution of Mercy.

A watering-trough on the Elora Road, Wellington Co., Ont.

to lead the animal straight out from the judges—how his light, long-lashed whip is used in a matter-of-fact sort of way, yet in a way to induce a sort of side walk. You will observe, then, how soon he considers he has gone far enough, and how, walking back, showing a wide, deep chest, he crawls to his place at a snail's pace! Or watch how the performance is reversed if the strength is behind and the weakness in front. I remember being much amused at a performance witnessed at a Highland Society's show in Scotland. Jamie, a well-known North Country cattleman, had a pretty roan heifer in the ring, strong in most points except her top line. John Outh-



Sir Humphrey 9889.

Hackney stallion; chestnut; foaled 1902. Champion, International Horse Show, 1907.

waite, the well-known Yorkshire breeder, was one of the judges, and was doing the major share of the work. I was standing against the rail a few feet from Jamie, who stood in front of his heifer, with a hand on each side of her head, pressing it downwards and backwards, and thereby getting the back fairly straight. The purpose of the pressure was a little too evident, and old Mr. Outhwaite stood for some time looking at the man, while poor Jamie never lifted his eyes from the animal's back, which he had manipulated to the position he had considered right. The position of Jamie's burly figure was peculiar, to put it mild-