

enough to bury a horse in, one will better understand the risk of life and limb. Indeed, many of these deep holes made by the German Howitzers are used expressly for the purpose of disposing of dead horses when the storm of firing gives a pause for such a task.

The lessons of the war, so far as it has gone, have been that the English and French are better mounted than their antagonists. It has been a war remarkable for the many and oft uses of cavalry; the Germans with their Uhlan regiments standing out brilliantly at the onset by reason of the seemingly rapid raiding work they did. But that has all changed. The Uhlan, smartly horsed as he was, and is, has evaporated, and his work is now as nill compared with the solid accomplishments of the Scottish and English mounted soldiery and the brilliant quick-actioned work of the French cavalry. In the shock of cavalry charges the trimly built English and French horsemen have gained the day merely because nature never intended the average Teuton for a lifeguard or a chasseur. His ponderous weight has literally broken down his mount, and over and above that, while the Allies' horses have been well looked after in the way of food supplies, the German cavalryman has had to allow his horse to look after himself and 'live on the country.' As a rule, the German horse is a slow galloper and is not eminently qualified as a jumper. He is not trained to hustle. It is not fundamentally the fault of the horse, but of the condition of the men upon his back. Heavy to a degree, burdened with accoutrements of considerable weight, it cannot be expected that a charger, even though he be bought from England, will gallop very fast or last very long. All the breeding in the world—all the blood of the Thoroughbred race—will be of no avail if the man put upon a cavalry horse's back is no better than an inanimate piece of lead. This is not said disrespectfully, but cavalry charges engaged between the belligerents have proven that smartly horsed though they be (and Ireland and England have been scoured these past ten years by German buyers of bloodlike remounts, costing £50 a head at three years old) the Teuton is no match for the slim-built, elusive Frenchman or the dare-devil, go-ahead British cavalryman.

Both Germany and France have been considerable buyers of British horses for at least a decade past; in the case of France for fifteen years or more—while the Germans have bought all types of riding horses from Welsh ponies to Thoroughbred stallions to go into their Imperial and other studs. The Frenchmen have gone in more for the Hackney or the combined rider-and-driver type. The French are great believers in that "dual purpose" horse, the Hackney. They have established numerous studs, in the development of which Hackney plays a great part. They have crossed the English Hackney upon all their own "foundation" breeds; the offspring have been used for every branch of the French army service—i. e., cavalry and artillery work, haulage and transport duties. We in England have neglected the Hackney at any rate as a riding mount. The French have seen virtues in him for all purposes, when he is crossed upon the middleweight and even heavy mares of their country. We, in Britain, have, like the Germans, kept to the hunter-bred stock chiefly for mounted soldiery, and to our Shires and Clydesdales and their first crosses for transport duties. The German cavalry at the taproot is very much like our own, but the culminating difference is this, that whereas the English hunter is "made" into an animal worth expending a lot of care upon and "saving" as much as possible, the Germans have handled and used their bloodlike horses with a little care or skill as possible. Though, as readers will have gleaned, this wonderfully "got" British hunter is a chance-bred animal, being sired by a Thoroughbred from a farmer's mare, mostly of Shire or heavy vanner descent, will, when cared for, rise to great hardships and prove

himself the best riding horse in the world. While the Hackney fills a very little place in the countless horses gone to the front to-day from Britain, he is, however, playing a big part in the make-up of the Allied French army, and there is every evidence to prove that he, or his offspring make admirable riding horses.

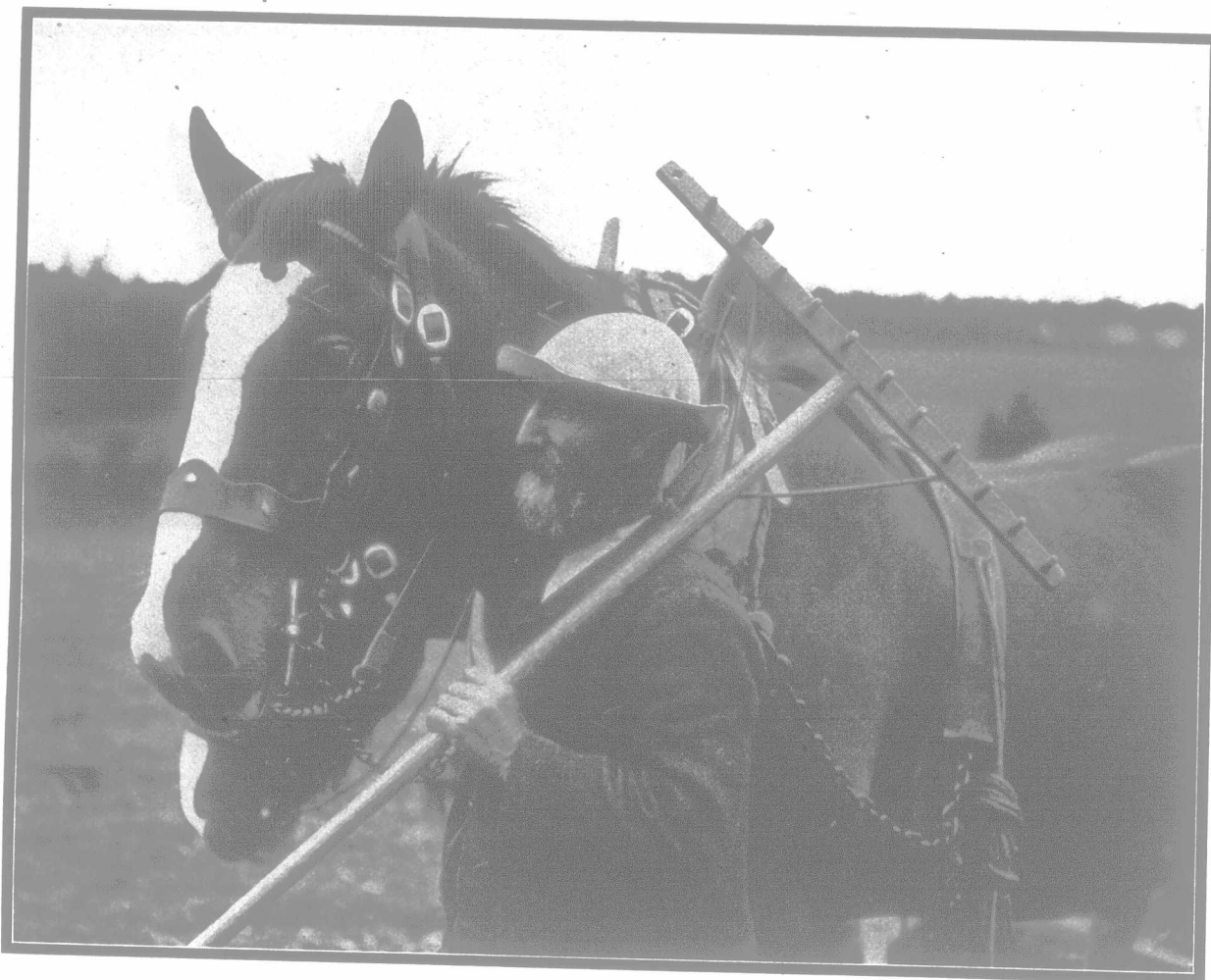
The Russian horses engaged are of even lighter bone and greater quality than the British. They, too, are a mixture of Thoroughbred, trotting Orloff and Hackney bloods. They come out of the mould trimly-built, short-backed, hard, flinty-boned, and stand 15½ to 15.3 hands high, and they are possessed of endless grit and stamina. The Belgian light horse is wonderfully "breedy," considering the limited supplies of good foundation horses that poor little country possesses. Belgian army buyers have always found the type they want in the English Thoroughbred and the Hackney. These crossed on the native light-legged mares, have produced a neat little riding horse, standing on excellent, steely legs, and as nippy as a kitten on his feet.

Of course, all over the Belgian and the French services at the front, the native heavy horses have played their parts in transport work. The motor has not ousted, and cannot ever hope to beat from the field such excellent heavy horses as the Percheron, the Boulonnaise, and the heavy brigades of Flanders, though one fears that the Germans have left alive very few horses worth looking at in their sack of Malines, Louvain and the nameless other rural places where horse breeding flourished.

by forming countless small country and county horse breeding societies. They are to be developed upon the lines of miniature profit-making companies, and all is to be done fair and square and above board. These companies or "Horse Breeding Societies" will either buy or hire stallions and perhaps will have a few mares and breed from them, but the mares for the most part will be the property of farmers and small holders who belong to these Societies as paying members. They virtually join up as members, so that they can enjoy the privilege of reduced stallion fees. You once had, or still do have perchance in Canada, I think a similar business, i. e., Syndicate Sire Societies or something to that effect. Anyhow, horse breeding societies are growing apace in Great Britain, and what with our rich breeders "pulling out," by giving reduced services, we shall do very well. That is chiefly in the heavy horse line. In light horse production we have the Government behind us with a £10,000 yearling sale, paid out chiefly for siring hunter stock or at any rate, cavalry chargers, but the joke has been that in the past the German has got into the British market first! He will not be allowed to do that again. German agents have cleared Ireland and the Midlands during the past three or four seasons, and have bought considerable numbers of horses at higher prices than the home Government has been in the habit of giving. What pleased the German's fancy was promptly acquired. Their agents were never obdurate in the matter of price, and home buyers were driven out into the cold to some extent. When asked

what they were buying so many horses of a type for, one of the German agents replied, "for gentlemen to ride." We now know what kind of "gentlemen" are riding them.

It will not be a wild estimate to declare that, Russia included, over one million light horses will meet their fate in this great holocaust. Canada must take her place in the world's markets when the tap is turned on for future supplies of light horses. Thoroughly efficient workers as a rule are Canadian horses; they possess stamina and endurance; they are hardy, their hearts are in the right place, and the standard of soundness among them is satisfactory. These are my observations, however, and if the 5,000 horses now being bought in Canada for the British army let me down in my opinion, I shall be astonished. Be sure the world's horse market, for light and heavy horses, will jump, as you call it, not the moment war is over but everything has settled



A Scotchman and His Favorite Horse.

What will be the outcome of this dreadful wastage of horse life? That it is dreadful, we have every evidence. Whole mobs of horses are blown into eternity as soon as they are unmasked to the artillery of either side. English and German soldiery have lost to, or captured from, each other hundreds of spare horses at a time. This interchange of cavalry mounts and transport stock must have curious sequels, but these events are mere details in the day's work, and so the great game goes on.

What of the future? The most palpable result must be an increased demand for all kinds of horses after the War is over, when the demand for heavy horses, particularly, will be greater than ever; at least that is the opinion I have gleaned from a large number of British Shire breeders. Horses will be dearer, that is an undoubted fact; heavy horses to-day are quite ten per cent. above the price they ruled last spring. It is to be deeply regretted that fully 50 per cent. of the heavy horses sent for transport work from England upon the first mobilization were mares. Public opinion arose against this wastage of breeding stock, and the remount and heavy horse buyers for the Government have each done less time for the percentage of mares going out of the country never to return again was a bit too high to be comfortable.

We here are meeting the possibility of this increasing trade in horses that is bound to ensue,

in a few months after everything has settled down.

Each fall many an old, worn-out horse is sent away to the woods to be done away with. The owner does not care to feed him expensive feed during a long winter, and he does not, if he is humane, care to dispose of his "old faithful" to another who may overwork, underfeed and abuse him. Accordingly he is ordered shot. It is a hard practice to kill an old friend and worker. The rifle has seemed the best method in the past, but yet it is not considered by all the most humane. Up-to-date places equipped by humane societies for the destruction of old animals do the work by using electricity or prussic acid. This kills instantly without pain. A few drops of this acid on the tongue and the animal is no more. It never knows that its end is near, and does not fret or suffer. This process might well be followed by farmers and others who have old animals to destroy. Better by far see an animal in a well-dug grave than to get a few paltry dollars for him, and see him suffer along in the hands of a cruel and careless man for a twelve-month or more.

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