

under the ordinary and general conditions usual in the districts in which they are to be kept, at an annual service fee (except in the case of Thoroughbred mares) of not more than \$10 to insure, such service fee to become due and payable only when mares prove to be in foal.

Any person, firm or corporation owning or controlling any Thoroughbred stallion in regard to which all of the conditions above set forth shall have been duly and properly fulfilled, shall, on production of satisfactory evidence thereof and of the fact that a reasonable number of mares, other than Thoroughbred mares, have been served during the season, be entitled to receive at the close of each such season the sum of \$250 from the funds of the Live-stock Branch. If, in the event of a horse dying or becoming incapacitated for service during the season, an approved substitute is immediately placed in the same district, the Minister may, after due consideration of the circumstances, authorize the payment of the subsidy above mentioned.

The necessary forms will be furnished on application to the Veterinary Director-General and Live-stock Commissioner, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

[Note.—Such a policy cannot help but improve the light horses of the country. It insures the use of an approved type of sire which must show more or less prepotency when used on common or cold-blooded light mares. Owners of Thoroughbred stallions should avail themselves of this opportunity to secure aid, and owners of suitable light mares should not hesitate to use these horses. We hope that the results in 1912 will warrant the continuance of the plan, and that the light-horse industry will be greatly benefited by this policy from year to year.—Editor.]

My Friend The Horse.

Among the many of those who rendered me, willingly or unwillingly, efficient service during my sojourn in the West, there are three I would especially mention. The first of these I met in Manitoba. He had come eastward from Alberta, and westward from Ontario. He, after passing through the various stages of pony life, with others, had been driven from the upper waters of the Big Saskatchewan toward the more settled portions of our "Great West," to be disposed of to some needy purchaser. I, a student in theology, with an ardent desire to serve the church and my country, in answer to an appeal of our Superintendent of Home Missions, found myself, in the autumn of 18—, located near the then Village of Brandon. Our acquaintanceship began under somewhat peculiar circumstances. Needing a servant, and hearing that a certain individual had a number to dispose of, I began investigation, discovering a corral in which a herd of ponies were enclosed. After preliminary negotiations and the desired information, I was permitted to make my selection. He was not what might have been considered by a careless observer beautiful. His body was emaciated, mane and tail unkempt; hair long, shaggy and matted; his general appearance dejected. Nevertheless, he exhibited certain features indicative of worth. His eye was prominent, soft, kindly and glowing; a head neatly formed, broad in front, and tapering, was crowned with a pair of ears of medium size and finely shaped and delicately pointed; nostrils wide and quivering with emotion; lips finely yet firmly cut, gave indication of intelligence and self-assertion, also an affectionate nature.

A slender, full-veined neck united the head to a pair of well-developed shoulders; a strong back, sturdy hips, clean limbs, and round, rugged hoofs, completed his structure. In color, he was black (although faded by exposure), with star and spot on right hind foot.

I took to him at once and made him my servant and friend (not slave), by right of purchase. Quietly he submitted to be haltered, led forth, apparently pleased with the change and prospective quarters. Nor do I think he ever had cause to regret the exchange of masters and situation. It was a transfer from a bleak, cold, inhospitable enclosure to a warm, well-lighted, comfortable stable, with plenty of good hay and grain in place of brown, closely cropped grass. My first impressions regarding his value remained unaltered to the end of our association. In every respect he proved a true friend—obedient, docile, sympathetic, helpful. Nevertheless, there were times of testing before we came to know each other's peculiarities and individual wants.

As yet he was an unbroken broncho, and must be made familiar with the saddle and its occupants. Several weeks of feeding, grooming and petting changed his appearance and attitude. His form grew round, eye sparkling, while his dingy coat assumed a coal-black hue. After a slight acquaintance, I ventured to ask for service. Prodding a saddle, through some feeble coaxing he offered it to be placed on his back, but indicated feeling of opposition to such rubbing processes

by a series of back-jumps. Quietly we proceeded to another serious undertaking—bitting. However, by gentle persuasion, this was also accomplished. Now came the critical period in our new relationship—mounting. Would he submit or rebel? The farmer with whom I boarded came to my assistance, and to see the fun. Gripping the bridle rein firmly, he essayed to hold my new friend while I mounted. To this there was a strong objection. No sooner had I reached the saddle than, with a toss of his head and a wild plunge forward, he threw mine host from him, and then attempted to rid himself of the unaccustomed and undesired burden. After a few bounds, pausing, he stood still; then, speaking to him quietly and patting gently his quivering neck, I assured him that no injury was to be effected. Suddenly he appeared to comprehend the situation and recognize what was required of him, and walked coolly away. No further urging was necessary; the breaking was completed; kindness had conquered fear; firmness, obstinacy, henceforward we were true friends, mutual in attachment, reciprocal in service. Although he had acquiesced to my wishes, yet the times of testing were not over, but, as gradually we came to understand each other, the surrender of his will to mine became more evident; while, on my part, I recognized what was best suited to his wishes, and never contraried them unless directly opposed to what was best for both. As the season was advanced, we did not become thoroughly acquainted with the country before winter's snow compelled us to follow beaten trails. Now occurred a new experience in my pony's life. His hoofs, though of superior material, could not withstand the wear and tear of hard, frozen roads swept bare by winds, and so his feet required shoeing. In the blacksmith's shop he was passive, submitting without a complaint, but when attempting to use his now encumbered feet he was at a disadvantage. He had rapidly developed into a companion of whom I need not be ashamed. Not only was he beautiful so far as form and color go, but displayed a fleetness and sure-footedness, combined with more than average intelligence, in facing all kinds of difficulties, that caused him to be widely known, and also a general favorite. On the occasion of his being shod, after starting homeward, he found himself hampered by not only the weight of iron, but the long toe-calks proved an impediment in his birdlike progress, and on a fairly level trail my friend stumbled and fell on his knees, while I rather hastily and gracelessly dismounted over his head. On arising, I turned to view the situation, and beheld him standing with a crestfallen look, but with also a merry twinkle in his eye. But it never occurred again. For nearly twelve months we were comrades over hills and dales, by night and day, we rode together. No ravine was too deep or bluff too steep for us to plunge through or climb. As summer spent itself, we grew more and more intimate. By reason of his coal-black, shiny complexion he was dubbed "Darkey Joe." While his companionship was most delightful in every way except vocally, yet Darkey had strong likes and dislikes. To be turned loose upon the prairie for a gallop with the farmer's Collie was his highest delight, but any interference on the part of a neighbor's hound was met with aversion.

While never refusing to go, he objected to standing while I was seated upon his back; so,

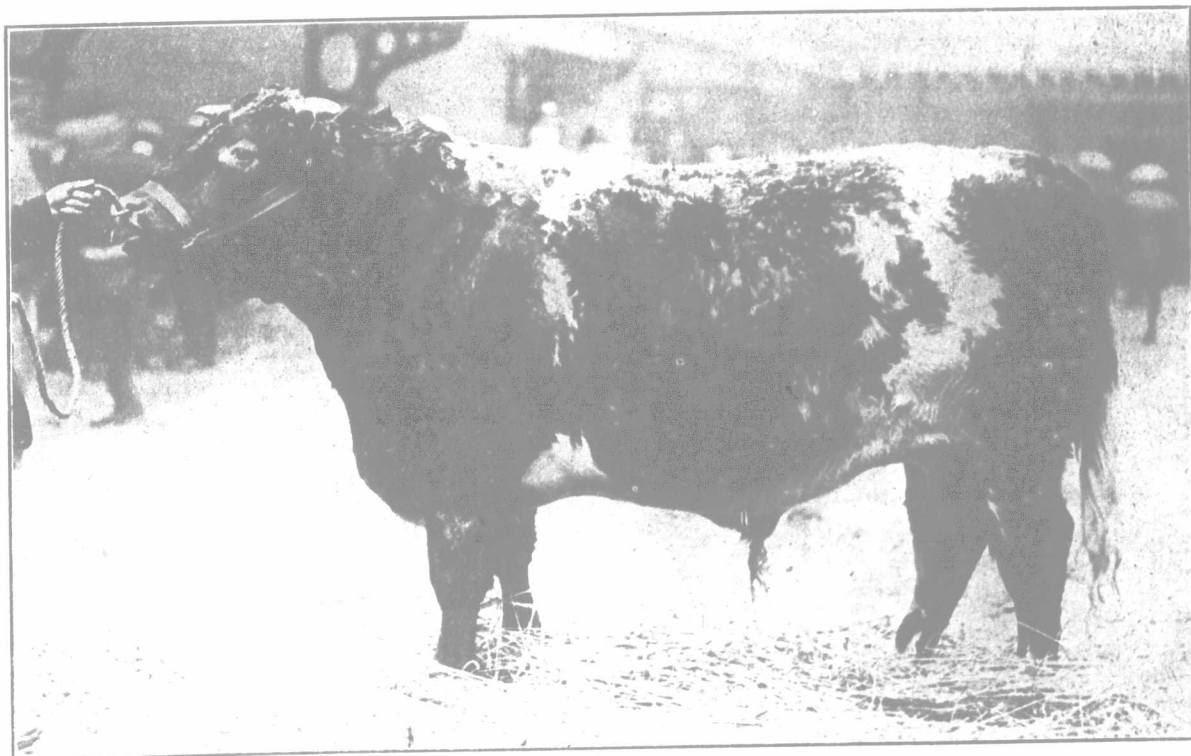
when I desired to converse with anyone, it was necessary for me to dismount. He would take a fence like a hunter, even barbed wire; ford rivers swollen and turbulent, even when to the saddle-flaps, but refused to leap over a medium-sized snake lying on the trail, nor did repeated attempts overcome the repugnance manifested. When visiting at the homes of my parishioners, all I required to do in order that Darkey might be secured was simply drop the end of a lariat which was attached to his neck upon the ground, and place the reins over the pommel of the saddle, when he would stand quietly until the rope was lifted. Should I be walking (as I often did when visiting men at work), the lariat was left hanging, and he would follow me like a child. Thinking to lighten his burden, I procured a cart and harness, but he never took kindly to that mode of travelling, and so I returned to the saddle.

His reputation led many to covet a delightful ride, but invariably they were disappointed, as he felt his time ought to be devoted to business, not pleasure. Lady riders, while tolerating, he did not enjoy. Challenges to trials of speed were often given and accepted, usually resulting favorably to my four-footed friend.

As my term of service on the mission field was for one year, and the time of my departure had arrived, the question arose, what would become of Darkey? To take him with me was impossible; to leave him behind, was heartrending. Many an offer had I received from would-be purchasers, at figures far in advance of what I had paid, but these offers were futile. I sought a home for him where he would be kindly treated. A student missionary of different persuasion hearing of my desire, besought his company, assuring me that he would seek the welfare of my friend. Arrangements were made for an exchange of masters, but not without anxious foreboding on my part, since I was afraid my missionary friend lacked the essential qualification required to enter sympathetically into the feelings of one so sensitive as Darkey. But, as "the best of friends must part," felt I would rather risk him in the hands of a missionary than farmer or liveryman. The day of sad farewells came around, and for a few paltry dollars I gave my choicest, truest, four-footed friend to the charge of another. Struggling to retain my composure, I patted his glossy neck, while he rubbed his beautiful head against my shoulder. When some distance away, he whinnied a last farewell, and thus we parted, never to meet again. If horses had eternal natures, I am sure we would meet again. The memory of those days still lives with me, and impressions made are still uneffaced. I heard about him several times afterward, but the reports were of such a nature as to cause me sorrow. Whether my surmises were correct, or not, regarding his new master's qualifications, I cannot say, but apparently something was wrong, as he and Darkey speedily fell asunder and soon the poor fellow found himself in the hands of a horse-trader. What a degradation; but it must have been his dislike to the doctrines taught, for apparently he had "fallen from grace."

REMOUNT.

[Note.—If more horse-owners would take as deep an interest in the welfare of their animals, there would be less work for societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and less ill-used, emaciated, abused horses.—Editor.]



Golden Sceptre

Shorthorn bull. First or senior yearling class at Birmingham, England, Spring Show and Sale, 1912. purchased for exportation to Canada.