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The Journal.

To the Secretaries of the Farmer's Clubs and Agricultural Societies.

These officers are requested to send to the Department of Agriculture, at Quebec, during May, a complete list of the members of their associations who have paid their subscriptions for the current year, in order that the Journal may be sent to them during the year beginning July 1st. The lists should be very carefully prepared.

There are now nearly 40,000 subscribers to the French edition and about 10,000 to the English edition of the Journal; so, the preparation of these lists is no trifle.

The Secretaries will receive the list of the present subscribers, in which they will be good enough to make the necessary corrections.

Notes by the Way.

Docking horses tails.—Some sixty odd years ago, we remember seeing a pair of short-docked horses, drawing a lady's chariot, drive up to our door. This was an uncommon sight in those days, the fashion having given out with tight—Oh! so tight leather breeches, Hessian boots, and pig-tails, and a very ugly, cruel fashion it was. It doubtless originally obtained vogue in the reign of Charles II, as we find it mentioned, as being common, in "Markham," Frank Osbaldiston's ignorance of which author was so much scoffed at—ironically—by Die Vernon, as all who have read "Rob Roy" will remember. The childish idea was, "that the taking away of those joints must make the horse's spine a great deal stronger."

Its revival in the last few years is hard to account for. Can it be that our stablemen are too lazy to take the trouble to clean the longer tails, and therefore persuade their employers that their horses quarters look better without nature's fly-whisk? A sheep's tail is necessarily docked, as a protection against the fly, and the operation adds to the beauty of its "legs of mutton;" but we do not eat horse-flesh much, as yet, and no one of any real unbiased taste will deny that, as a general rule, a well carried switch-tail, reaching about half-way down to the hocks, in a 2/3 bred, or quite to the hocks in a thoroughbred, is a graceful appendage at all seasons, to say nothing of its useful quality in summer.

Dr. George Fleming, C. B., a well known veterinary surgeon, in a most elaborate article on "The Wanton Mutilation of Animals," published in the "Nineteenth Century Review" of March last (1895), attributes the revival of the barbarous custom of tail docking to "the popularity of the game of polo. Sidney, another well known author, remarks that, "though the docking of tails and hogging of manes have been revived by polo players, polo-ponies are not treated in this manner in India;" and then he goes on to say—most angallantly:—"Like crinolines and chignons, it is a beastly fashion, and cannot last for ever." Well, we hope Sidney is right; but one thing is certain: the tail once docked can never grow again, so we are in for at least a dozen years or so of curtail horses.

By the bye, Dr. Fleming, from arguing from particular to universal, falls into a monstrous error. Judging from the row made about the horses sent by the women of Canada to the Duchess of York, last year, having been docked, without the senders knowledge, he says: "The fashion is not tolerated in Canada." Isn't it? Immediately after reading these words, we sallied forth to look over the teams of the Sherbrooke street richards. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon; very fine and bright, and the drive was, well, one might say, crowded. At least 45 carriages were passing backwards and forwards; all, except one, were drawn by short-docked horses.

The Kennel.—The Canadian Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals has issued the following circular to the kennel clubs of the Dominion:—

Montreal, March 26, 1895.

Sir,—I am instructed by the executive committee of the Canadian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to call your attention to the annexed copy of a resolution passed by the English Kennel Club, and to earnestly request that you will bring it before the committee and members of your society, with a view to ascertaining whether they will not follow the excellent example set by the English Club. As you are probably aware, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, both a keen sportsman and a lover of dogs, has written a letter strongly condemning the practice of cropping as both cruel and useless. The executive committee of the C.S.P.C.A. would also call attention to the fact that the pain of the operation, though bad enough when practised skilfully, is frequently greatly enhanced by being performed by untrained hands.

G. DUANFORD, Secretary-Treasurer.

Resolution — "No dog born after March 31, 1895, nor Irish terrier born after Dec. 31 1889 (sic) can, if cropped, win a prize at any show held under Kennel Club rules."

Fox hounds, in England, used to have their ears rounded; it was supposed to be as a protection against the furze bushes, thorns, and brambles in our fox-covers: they are no joke in the heavy countries of Notts, and the S. E. of England.

Treachery is not a quality restricted to the human race alone; as will be seen by the following lively description, beasts are as capable traitors as the vilest of Jonathan Wilds. (1)

Allen, a butcher in South-Audley Street, London, had a black sheep that was as bad in morals as Mr. Armour's Dick. This wicked deceiver used to accompany the drover employed by Allen to Smithfield Market, every Monday, and when the purchases of sheep and lambs were completed, Tom, as he was called, trotted off home with the lot, generally some fifty or sixty in number, and, by the bye, all Suffolk downs. On arriving at the shop, Tom, taking the lead, coolly conducted his victims into the slaughter-house. As soon as the last sheep was safely in, the drover slammed the half-door to, and the noise was the signal for the perfidious Tom to run along the backs of his de-

luded dupes, and, springing over the half-door, leave them to the tender mercies of the knife.

A bovine diplomate.— Armour's decoy steer, meets his merited fate.—

'Dick' the bunco steer at Phil Armour's yards, got too lazy for his job and was led to the slaughtering pen just like the animals he had decoyed to death before. The deceitful old beast is dressed beef now. 'Dick' was a big, fat, brown steer that had winning ways and a cold, treacherous heart. Many and many are the confiding country yearlings and heifers 'Dick' has led up to the butcher's steel hammer.

Probably there never was a beef 'critter' that had so wide a celebrity as 'Dick.' Every visitor who went to see how the packing houses work had to have a look at this steer. Foreign princes and pretty summer girls have marvelled at the skill and diplomacy with which he steered the unsuspecting range cattle to the place of death. 'Dick's' picture has been printed in the papers many a time and columns have been written about the beast's crafty tricks. 'Dick' was just as much one of the sights of the town as the Masonic Temple, or the lake shore drive, or Policeman Steve Rowan. This is the way the creature got his notoriety:

When the long horns from Texas and the short horns from Missouri come into the stock yards and are unloaded they are naturally exasperated over their rough trip and are full of suspicion. The result is they are rebellious, especially in the matter of going into chutes. Now, unless a steer goes into one of the chutes in the packing house it cannot have its throat cut, and throat cutting is the aim and object of their coming to Chicago. So it is necessary to have a decoy steer, a crafty old beast, that can get the confidence of the rural beasts and lure them on to death and destruction.

Many years ago 'Dick' arrived at the yards, and being a beast of more than usually sagacious appearance was picked out for the work. 'Dick' was carefully trained in the art of walking up a chute at the head of a bunch of cattle and then quietly dodging to one side, leaving the bunch to walk on to the place where the hammers swing. After years of practice the big steer had grown expert at his treacherous work. 'Dick' would saunter down into a pen full of new and unsophisticated cattle and scrape an acquaintance with two or three of them. Then the wicked brute would begin to look wise and talk knowingly about the racy sights to be seen in the big white house beyond the fence. When 'Dick' offered to lead the way there was a grand stampede to follow. Up the gangway went 'Dick' and after him clattered the greenhorns. But just before the bunch got a sight of the big butchers waiting inside 'Dick' would unostentatiously shy off through a side passage and leave his victims to transact business with Mr. Armour's men.

So 'Dick' grew famous. But like many other famous characters he grew puffed up with pride, got lazy, and began to 'lay down on the job.' It got to be so easy, this thing of leading wide-eyed country cattle up into the chute, that 'Dick' didn't seem to care whether he worked for his feed or not. Mr. Armour grew displeased with his apathy. He does not like to have his employees loaf on their jobs. So orders were issued concerning 'Dick.' One day last week

(1) For the history of this scoundrel, see Fielding's "Life of Jonathan Wild the Great:" ironically so called, of course.