

## HORSES.

## A RAMBLE AMONG THOROUGHBREDS IN IRELAND.

Written and illustrated specially for "The Farmer's Advocate," by Gilbert H. Parsons, 1907.

education which permitted the teacher to sit before his pupils, puffing away at a pipe, with his feet on the desk. We have heard from the older generations that this and other acts of undignified example were not uncommon occurrences in the old log schoolhouse of forty years ago.

Conditions have changed since then, and teachers are more impressed with the dignity of their calling; at least most are, but not all, for some of our male teachers who question woman's competency to teach an advanced class of boys, at the same time deem it quite proper to be seen with a pipe or cigar in their mouth by the same class of boys. We do not see our female teachers indulging in so self-condemning a habit. I do not claim that all female teachers are good teachers. Neither are all men teachers good teachers. While it is true that it would be no loss to our teaching list to cross out some names of our female teachers, it is also true that many of our male teachers could be replaced by women of larger intellect, better education, and of deeper convictions.

I believe in discipline, and good discipline, in a school; but, while we are considering faults in present conditions, let us be fair, and view the matter from all sides. Our male teachers possess qualities which our female teachers lack. But, on the other hand, our female teachers have a charm and influence peculiar to themselves which men can never acquire. MRS. JAS. REID.  
Renfrew Co., Ont.

## RESOLUTION ON RURAL-SCHOOL REFORM.

At the amalgamation meeting of the Grange and Farmers' Association, at Toronto, reported in the Christmas number of "The Farmer's Advocate," the subject of rural-school reform deservedly received a considerable share of attention. The views of the organization, in extenso, were embodied in the following resolution:

"We regret that in the past the tendency of our educational system has been to make rural life distasteful, or misunderstood, and city life unduly attractive, and consequently to withdraw from rural life the most capable of our young people. In view of these facts, and of the further fact that the elevation of the farmer and his family will contribute immensely to a healthy and permanent national progress, we would urge upon our educational authorities the vital necessity of improving and extending the work of the common rural school, so that the vast majority of our country boys and girls who get no further formal education than is provided by these schools, may in them become imbued with a better understanding of, interest in, and respect and love for agriculture and country life."

## LIKE PAPER, LIKE KNIFE.

I am pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the knife which you give as a premium for one new subscriber. Like "The Farmer's Advocate," it is a genuine article.

W. BEATON MCGILLIVRAY.

Perth Co., Ont.

In a renewal letter, also ordering the paper for a friend for 1908, comes the following word of comment: "I appreciate 'The Farmer's Advocate' very much. The pages devoted to agricultural topics are excellent, and the Home Magazine Department is unsurpassed, in my opinion, in farm journalism." W. G. MEDD.  
The Winchelsea Creamery, Huron Co., Ont."

historic spot, full of stirring reminiscences of mighty races. Here once stood the famous Jockey Hall, where Irish Birdcatcher and Sir Hercules held court—animals that first brought Ireland to the fore in turf history. Brownstown is now made famous by reason of its being the home of one of the greatest stallions of all times. This is Gallinule, a chestnut son of Isonomy and Moorben, and he has contributed a vast amount towards the Irish victories on the race-course during the past decade. Not a very conspicuous winner himself, Gallinule was acquired by his present owner for a comparatively small sum, which he has since repaid an hundredfold. In his early days at the stud he sired winners, Rock Dove being one of the first to bring his name into prominence, but there was a general impression that his stock, though they showed great early promise, either did not stay, or failed to train on; but, as years advanced, his stock improved, and he gave us Wildfowler, who won the St. Ledger in hollow fashion. Then came Game Chick, Hammerkop, and a number of high-class handicap horses; but his crowning triumph was Pretty Polly, who we shall refer to anon. This year we have seen two brilliant sons of the old horse worthily upholding his name—Slieve Gallion, who won the Two Thousand and only just lost the Derby; and White Eagle, possibly the best two-year-old colt of the season. The greatness of Gallinule's record as a sire is very forcibly shown by the fact that his stock have won 247 races, value £219,341, in fifteen years.

This wonderful horse is a picture to look at. He is a rich, dark chestnut, with a quaint white blaze on his face, and some white on the legs. His size does not strike one at first, so balanced is his conformation, but, on careful examination, he is found to be a very perfect type of stallion—short-backed, deep-ribbed, with powerful quarters, a grand neck and shoulders, and hard, clean limbs. It is hard to fault him, for he is a horse that grows in favor on prolonged acquaintance, and he carries his 23 years well. The next box contains another equine celebrity, Wildflower, by Gallinule, out of Tragedy, who won the St. Leger and sired Llangibby and other winners. He bears a distinct resemblance to Gallinule, but is much heavier built, being a particularly massive horse. Many famous mares roam the beautiful paddocks at Brownstown. Loadamia, and a foal by St. Simon, is one of the gems of the King's stud. She is on a visit to Gallinule. Then there is The Message, Sibola, Concertina, Soaraway, May Race, and many others. A drive in the entertaining company of the able stud-groom, Mr. Gilbert, and the barren mares are reached. Here is a beautiful mare, which, unfortunately, lost her foal, Reclusion, the dam of Slieve Gallinule; and along with her are "303," dam of Twelvebore, and some other choice matrons. In another paddock is Flair, a young, classic winner, just put to the stud, Gallinule being her first mate. The afternoon is drawing to a close, and we retrace our steps across the Curragh, where the wild west wind has more the feel of December than mid-June. Eyrefield Lodge is our destination. This is the stud farm of one of the luckiest men on the turf during recent years, Major Eustace Loder. The establishment is an extensive and well-equipped one, spacious yards, roomy boxes, well-fenced and sheltered paddocks being the order of things found here, and the Major has collected together a very choice lot of animals to tenant them. Major Loder's blue-and-yellow jacket has experienced a wonderful run of success, Star Shoot, Game Chick and Hammerkop doing good service; but the peerless Pretty Polly is the



Pretty Polly.



Admiration, Dam of Pretty Polly, and Foal by Gallinule.