

and at the least cost, I will turn to the beef breeds, such as the Shorthorn, Aberdeen-Angus or Hereford, and know I will realize what I seek. Undoubtedly, owing to the increased size of Holstein calves, compared with Jersey or Guernsey calves, Holstein owners have an advantage in the sale of bull calves for veal; but a forehanded dairyman who has a heifer from a superior cow—he wants no other—will prefer to raise the heifer calf, or sell it for a good price to be raised for a dairy cow.

## FARM.

### Quebec Farmer's Daughter on Her Mettle

To the Editor "Farmer's Advocate":

I now take up that mighty weapon, the pen, to try and defend myself and those of my fellow-beings who were so sadly abused by "One of Them" in a recent issue of your valuable paper.

The subject on hand was "Why Don't the Young Farmers of Canada Marry?" "One of Them" boldly lays the blame on the farmers' daughters. Now, that is not so; in this vicinity, at least, I know such is not the case, and it cannot be that this place is different from all others. I think most of the farmers' daughters are quite willing to marry the young farmers, if only those same young farmers would spruce up and have the courage to "pop the question" and be done with it.

As to what "One of Them" said about the farmers' daughters not being able to locate the knives and forks in their own pantry, bake bread, knit, sew and do the work, it's all bosh; they can do it, and, what's more, they will do it, and I do not think they are any the worse for it. We propose to stand up for ourselves and not let the farmers step on us. "JOCK'S JEAN."

Quebec.

### Some Wholesome Advice to Young Men.

To the Editor "Farmer's Advocate":

I have been much interested in the discussion on the question, "Why doesn't the farmer's son marry?" The letters entitled, "Cheer Up, Young Men," also "What One Young Man Did," were good ones, which every young man should read. It is certainly a pity that the majority of our young men are so lazy or slack about looking for wives. In almost every settlement in the country there are a number of confirmed old bachelors. Not far from this city two brothers live on a farm. One of them does the farm work and the other the house work. They are quite well off, but appear to be determined to spend their lives in what some folks term single blessedness, though I don't see where the blessedness comes in.

One reason why some farmers' sons remain single is because they don't like to ask the girl they love, to share their poverty. They are waiting until they have their farms paid for and the house nicely furnished. It is true that the majority of farmers' sons are not fairly dealt with. Their fathers should give them a chance to save some money to start out for themselves. When a young man has arrived at years of maturity he should not be treated as a child. He has rights which should be respected, and the parents should try to promote his interests and help him along. A Scotch spinster was asked why she had never married, and she answered: "Because the man I wanted wouldn't have me, and the one that wanted me I wouldn't have."

That is another reason why the sons don't marry; they can't get the girls they want, and they can't afford to make a mistake in choosing a partner for life. Affection must be reciprocal.

In the days of our forefathers early marriages were of frequent occurrence. The young men didn't wait until they could furnish the house in first-class style, and keep a driving horse and rubber-tired buggy. No, their wants were few, they loved each other, and were happy. The little ones were warmly welcomed, and their merry voices were like music to the ears of the devoted parents. There is too much pride and extravagance in the world at the present time. We need a return to the "Simple Life," so aptly described by Mr. Wagner.

Some years ago an industrious young man bought a farm. He paid part cash down, and the remainder was to be paid in instalments. He married a sensible, industrious maiden, who was a born farmer. She thoroughly enjoyed outdoor work, and went out and helped her husband to put in the crop. The neighbors remarked to each other, "John will soon pay for his farm now, he has chosen the right woman." They were true prophets. In the course of a few years the farm was clear and well stocked. They are now well off, and have four children who are all growing up to take hold of the farm work, for, like their parents, they are ambitious and willing to work.

Another instance came under my notice some years ago. An English farmer, Mr. Straight, married when young, and had a good farm. He never tasted liquor in his life, and was a model farmer and a good father. He was blessed with nine children, five boys and four girls. They are all grown to manhood now; all are married with the exception of one who is a widower. The children were brought up in a Christian home influence, and are steady

and respectable. Mr. Straight bought farms for the two eldest near the old homestead. One son went away and died in a foreign land, and another near home. One settled on a farm several miles away, and the other two are living in New York, and are quite wealthy. Nearly all of them have large families. The father lives on the old homestead with his youngest son. He is still hale and hearty, although about eighty years old. Two lively little grandchildren brighten his declining years. Mr. Straight has enjoyed excellent health. I never heard of him being confined to the house by illness one day in his life. This is largely owing, no doubt, to his regular habits and absence of worry. His life is calm and easy. I never once saw him excited or out of temper. One of his sons, who lives about a quarter of a mile from his birthplace, has seven children. Two of the sons are grown to manhood, and are quiet, industrious, obedient lads. They appear to be very fond of farming, and never talk of going away from their native land. Their parents trained them up in the way they should go, and obedience was required from infancy.

The foregoing are but a few instances of the happy results of early marriages. If you ask those contented-looking parents if they have ever regretted their early marriages they will unhesitatingly answer, no. I would say to every single man, hunt up a good, industrious girl, and "go and do likewise."

The Bible tells us that "A prudent wife is from the Lord." I leave you to imagine where the opposite is from. Pluck up your courage; don't be bashful. Remember the proverb, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead."

P. E. I.

### The Confessions of a Bachelor.

To the Editor "Farmer's Advocate":

Though much interested in the discussion about why the farmer's son doesn't marry, I was going to "lie low," but your invitation to the bachelors to give their experience has been working on my mind, and I have finally concluded, over a pen name, to explain why my forty-seventh birthday has found me still meandering down the path of life alone. Well, to make a long story short, I'm afraid I have never been seriously in love. Raised in one of the best farming counties of

done. She was free-and-easy in the home, and about the family table I could joke with her sometimes, but we never went out together except in my sister's company. By and bye she married, and I went on in the old routine, but I'll never forget the day I heard of her wedding. For weeks the house looked blank, and I had a heavy feeling inside, although I never had given her one word or look by which she might think I cared for her. I never called it love—and that reminds me that I started this experience with the same old gag I always used to fool myself and others with. After all, I guess we don't know ourselves so well as we try to make out. Anyhow, whether it was only a passing fancy or not, nobody ever attracted me much afterward, and to marry one a fellow didn't love was to me a most absurd piece of business, if not worse. One thing that made me look past the young women I know was the ideal I had built up from reading, and from occasional acquaintance with cultured people. Besides character, thrift and capability, I wanted a degree of culture and good looks far beyond the girls that I was fitted to associate with. The only ones I ever became familiar with on short notice were Americans. They were free from the diffidence of the Canadian girl, which is such a stumbling block to the bashful young man. I sometimes thought if I had lived in the States a while I would have been more likely to marry, but I never had a chance to "prospect" in that quarter, and among the few Yankee visitors the "right one" never turned up. Maybe I had turned the "right one" down.

The trouble is the rural exodus that has been going on from my locality for so long has left country society at a very ordinary grade. The boys, though, are often readers, and in their day dreams they usually aspire above their level. Not thinking seriously at all of the young women in their neighborhood, and not going with them a great deal, they grow up awkward and stay single. Just what can be done to change all this I don't know, but here is one old bachelor's advice to the young men: Read if you like, cherish your ideals if you want to, but don't do too much day-dreaming. Mix more with the society about you; sometime you'll want to associate with a well-bred girl, and you'll find it impossible to begin at the top of the social ladder. After all, young men, isn't a good, sensible, wholesome girl on earth better than an angel in the clouds?

OLD CYNIC.

### Experiments with Potatoes.

(Ottawa correspondence.)

Mr. W. T. Macoun, Horticulturist at the Central Experimental Farm, conducted a number of interesting experiments during the season just closed, with a view to obtaining data as to the best varieties of potatoes, the varieties that have the greatest power to resist the blight, and the advantages of spraying with the Bordeaux mixture for the prevention of the same. The experiments were along much the same lines as those conducted in past years, and a statement of the results will no doubt prove interesting to the readers of the "Farmer's Advocate." The potato crop at the Farm was a very good one this year, some varieties giving very satisfactory yields. Tests were made to demonstrate the advantages of spraying potatoes with Bordeaux mixture for the prevention of blight. Taking the average of eighteen varieties, the yield of potatoes from the unsprayed plots this year was at the rate of 141 bushels per acre, of marketable potatoes. The plots sprayed with the Bordeaux mixture yielded at the rate of 227 bushels of marketable potatoes per acre, or 86 bushels per acre more than the unsprayed plots. Valuing potatoes at a conservative market price, the cash difference between the sprayed and unsprayed plots was approximately \$37 per acre in favor of the sprayed plots. The cost of spraying with the Bordeaux mixture is estimated at about \$6.50 per acre, leaving a net cash difference of over \$30 per acre in favor of spraying. In other words, the farmer who sprays his potatoes with the Bordeaux mixture makes a net profit of over \$30 per acre more than his neighbor who does not spray. Taking the average of the seasons, 1901-02-03, the increase in yield from the sprayed plots over the unsprayed plots at the Farm was 94 bushels 30 pounds per acre, so that the increase this year, 86 bushels, is consistent with past results, and goes to show that spraying with the Bordeaux mixture is a very profitable operation.

Another experiment conducted this year was one to ascertain what varieties of potatoes have the greatest power to resist the blight. Twenty-nine varieties, which experiments in past years had proven to be good blight resistors, were used in this test. Out of these twenty-nine varieties the following were found to be the least affected by blight this year: Holburn Abundance, Carman No. 1, Carman No. 3, Rose No. 9, Late Puritan and Vermont Gold Coin. These results are also in keeping with those of past years. Four varieties in the above list are found among the twelve varieties found to be freest from blight in the experiments during the past five years—1900-04. Mr. Macoun says that even with these varieties that are least affected by blight it pays well to spray with the Bordeaux mixture.

About 110 varieties of potatoes were tested at the Farm this year. The following were found to be the most productive varieties: Dalmeny Beauty yielded at the rate of 475 bushels per acre; Rural Blush, 462 bushels per acre; Ashleaf Kidney, 435 bushels; Manston, 422 bushels; Nordross, 418 bushels; Carman No. 1, 412 bushels; Sabeau's Elephant, 404 bushels; Car-



"Single Blessedness."

The farmer's son who didn't get married.

Ontario, I lived till twenty-six years old on my father's farm. At fourteen, just as I was leaving school, our family moved into a new neighborhood, and not having gone in for church organizations much, I didn't get acquainted very fast. This strengthened a natural tendency to seclusion and books, so that I grew up with unpolished manners, which made me awkward and uncomfortable in what is called good society. I stuck pretty close at home, and was always comfortable with the house looked after by my mother and sister. When I was 26, father, then an old man, gave up the active management of the farm to me, but things in the household ran along in about the same rut. I have done well enough with the farm, for my whole purpose in life, I am free to admit, was finally concentrated on it; but looking back, I think sometimes it would have been better to have made less money and got more enjoyment as I went along; probably the prospect for old age would be brighter with someone to share the fire-side, cheer the winter evenings, and take charge of the household, which mother is now too feeble to attend to. Since sister got married, twelve years ago, we have been obliged to depend on hired help for domestic management, and the old place does not seem the same, nor is my digestion so good as it used to be.

But, surely, someone says, you must have met some young women that suited you? Yes, in a way, but those I wanted I couldn't get, and those I could get I didn't want. In the end, perhaps, I have become calmer. Only once did I get really interested in a pretty girl. There was a maid for a time in the neighborhood, who used to be occasionally at our place, that I was kind of fond of, and sometimes I fancied she would have been willing to be a farm girl. She left, however, and I never saw her more, and I was glad that I had not started out on a long and arduous journey, as I have often done, to see a girl who would not have been worth the trouble.