

as he had written it. Some time afterwards I bought it from him for a soulless corporation, it made me feel ashamed to remember how pitiful a price had been paid for such a masterpiece. Remembering that corporation changed the vagrant current of my thoughts, and with a sigh, such as a contented man breathes when about to do his duty, I took a copy of a Saturday paper from my pocket, and read Sir Edmund Walker's eulogy on the Canadian banking system. "Under the shade of melancholy boughs" I read it carefully—and didn't care a hoot. It was altogether too peaceful a day to get worked up about anything. Cattle were munching the lush grass across the line fence, the breeze was purring among the leaves, flies were humming murmuringly somewhere near-by, and I should have fallen asleep if a mosquito hadn't lit on my ear and started prospecting for a meal. That reminded me that dinner must be about ready, and I got up and started to walk energetically towards the house. Those wild strawberries had made me hungry, and I suspected that there was a strawberry shortcake hidden somewhere about the place. Of course, I was late for dinner, but what else could you expect on a day like this. "Time was made for slaves."

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And now that the orchard has escaped the leaf-curl worm, the bud-worm, the oyster-shell scale, the aphids and all manner of blights and fungi, it is threatened with the worst blight of all—the blight of politics. Personally, I am willing to grant the credit for the bountiful stand of fruit to the Conservative Government, under whose benign influence the trees have been pruned, scraped, sprayed and fertilized, but this generous attitude does not seem to please any-

pose that, after all, Governments are a good deal like people, and that they are fond of apples. I have often heard them accused of being hungry for office, and, after having had a good mess of office, perhaps they would like some fancy apples for dessert. But I hardly know how to go about the presentation. There are, no doubt, lofty ceremonials that should go with such an act, but I am woefully lacking in knowledge of high etiquette. Still, I think I know the "arbiter elegantiarum" of Parliament Hill, and I shall drop him a line privately to ask him how to proceed. But, all nonsense aside, I have had excellent evidence that the work of the Department of Agriculture, as demonstrated for me by Mr. Clement, is eminently practical and useful. I have been shown in a simple and unforgettable way how an orchard should be attended to so as to get the best results, and unless something entirely unforeseen occurs, the results in this orchard will be all that anyone can desire. Of course, I wish they had some way of changing the abundant crop on the trees of Benjamin H. Davis, Esq., into fancy Spies, but I don't believe that could be done, even if I had a well-oiled pull with the party. But the yield of Ben Davises under scientific treatment promises to be such that I do not think I'll ever bother raising turnips in the ground again, seeing it is so much easier to raise them on trees.

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This is the time of year, above all others, when the farmer is disposed to worry, if he is of the worrying kind. In his wonderful partnership with Nature for the production of crops, he has done his share in many of his fields, and everything is in the hands of the other member of the firm.

The bumble-bees are once more prospecting around the window-frames and door-frames, looking for likely places to locate their summer homes. Occasionally one gets into the house and begins buzzing in a window, and then there is excitement. As the order has gone forth that bumble-bees must not be killed, the job of putting them out naturally falls on him who issued the order, and I think there are easier jobs than tenderly removing an indignant bee that is jabbing in every direction with its sting, and apparently using the worst kind of bee language. Even after you have successfully thrown a handkerchief over him—or is it her?—you have to take up the bundle with caution, for, according to my best recollections, a bumble-bee's sting is long enough to reach through old-fashioned full-cloth, and when it strikes flesh it feels about as long as a prong of a barley fork. So far there have been no accidents, and all the vagrant bees that have intruded into the house have been saved for a life of usefulness in the second-crop clover.

Our Scottish Letter.

I suppose it is because one is advancing in life—but time seems to be on the trot in an accelerated fashion, and obituary notices are among the most frequent efforts these days. Since I last wrote, the Reaper has been very busy here among men well known in one walk or another to Canadians. Prominent among these is William Taylor, of Park Mains, Renfrew, well-known in the Clydesdale world as the owner of Sir Everard 5353, and one of the most popular men in the West of Scotland. He passed away about a fortnight ago, and Scotland is very much poorer by his demise. Mr. Taylor was a Glasgow man, born and



Dr. O. M. Malte.
Recently appointed Dominion Agrostologist.



E. S. Archibald, B.A., B.S.A.
Appointed to the new position of Dominion Animal Husbandman.



O. C. White, B.S.A.
Assistant Dominion Field Husbandman.

one. The Liberals say it was a good apple year, anyway, and that I should have had a crop without all the work that has been done. The Conservatives, on the other hand, want to know what party I belong to, anyhow. They know I did not exert and pull through the usual channels, and yet I have the Department of Agriculture helping me out with my orchard. How do you explain it? Huh? Since this sort of thing started, my favorite seat has been on a nice, comfortable, round rail on top of the fence. I refuse to be drawn by either party. As a matter of fact, I have an old-fashioned notion that, after the storm of an election is over the Government represents all the people, and that one man has just as much right to its benefits as another. But not so the vast majority of the people. They seem to be obsessed with the idea that, unless they have a pull with the party in power, they couldn't get reliable advice about nursing young pigs through the teething period. If the political blight should strike my trees, and affect them as badly as it does many people, they would probably drop all their apples and give up in despair. But I am on the fence in this matter, and I want it distinctly understood that if I find anyone trying to introduce politics into that orchard, I shall make faces at them, and perhaps throw clods.

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There is another thing that is beginning to trouble me about the orchard. If the fruit turns out as well as it promises, should I send the Government a barrel of fancy Spies or juicy Pippins? One likes to reciprocate favors, and certainly I have been well used so far. I sup-

All he can do about his oats, wheat, barley, hay, apples and such things at this time of the year is to watch them grow. If he has put seed into well fertilized, well-drained ground, he has done his share, and must possess his soul in patience when the weather is too cold or too dry or too wet, or when the high winds are scattering his fruit. I can understand now why farmers are accused of being such persistent grumblers. The business man or workman has his enterprises under his own control practically all the time, and at all times can be doing something to further his interests. As he works under a roof, the weather means nothing to him, but to the farmer the weather means everything, and he has absolutely nothing to do with it. He is at the mercy of the sun-spots—they are said to affect the weather—as well as all kinds of bugs and blights, and in most cases he can do nothing but look on. Of course, the scientists are doing much to help us control the insect pests and diseases of crops, but there is still a wide margin where we are entirely helpless. While I do not defend worrying and grumbling about things that are beyond our control, I no longer wonder at it. With the vast majority of people it is not simply profits, but the actual living, that is at stake, and a shower too many or one too few may make a world of difference. There is no doubt about it, the farmer must be a philosopher, and take things as they come, even if he is a scientist and does his best in his part of the work.

bred. He early evinced a predilection for rural pursuits, and in 1877, when scarcely 23 years of age, became tenant of Park Mains. He was about 56 years of age when he passed away—perhaps a little more. An out-and-out gentleman and sportsman, Willie Taylor, was popular as a man, as a judge, as a horse-owner and exhibitor. He was quite as much at home in the hunting field as in the Clydesdale show-ring. He kept a fine herd of dairy cattle, was a good judge of sheep, and in every respect carried out the best traditions of the efficient Scottish farmer. He did a big Canadian trade in Clydesdales, and, apart from the Montgomery firm, in one or two seasons, he did the biggest trade of any of the Clydesdale men.

Two notable men connected with the implement trade have also passed away. These were William Wallace, of John Wallace & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow, and William Elder, of Elder & Sons, Ltd., Berwick-on-Tweed. Both gentlemen were well known in Canada. They held the agencies for the Massey-Harris products in their respective districts, and doubtless their value was well known to the principals of that great firm. Mr. Wallace's firm also held the agency for the Oliver chilled plows, and he, as well as other members of the firm, were frequently on tour in Canada and the States. Mr. Wallace was a magistrate of the City of Glasgow, and held in great esteem in the community. Mr. Elder was an older man. He had built up a big business from small beginnings, and was greatly honored in the Border district, in which his firm chiefly operated.

Another aspect of things is presented in the honoring of W. S. Ferguson, Pictstonhill, Perth, an eminent breeder of Aberdeen-Angus cattle and