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fight, so that right, justice and liberty may not perish from the earth. Shall these be the only ones to make sacrifices? Surely not! Surely it is as necessary for us to fight for democracy and liberty in Canada as it is for our soldier boys on the plains of Flanders. Our duty is no less than theirs and the call to sacrifice equally imperative. The times are big with change; the future hangs in the balance. Who can tell what slight effort may turn the scale—at home as well as abroad! The fields are white unto the harvest and the call goes forth to everyone. Who will enlist in this great battle to establish in Canada that which alone exalteth a nation?

In this universal and perennial fight one consideration is of unique and paramount importance at the present time. Public opinion, which is the ultimate force controlling governments, is nowadays largely influenced by the press. It was not always so; but in all civilized countries that is the situation to-day; the press exercises a dominating influence upon public opinion. It is, therefore, a matter of supreme importance that the press be independent and unpurchasable, and be not given to pander to popular prejudice and personal greed. And in this very particular much is to be desired.

The Toronto "Printer and Publisher" says:

"Canada has numerous 'controlled' newspapers—by big interests—by department stores and by corporations. We all know this, wink at it, and sometimes defend it—but there is abroad everywhere a house-cleaning spirit and purpose. How can we have a Utopian Canada with controlled and shameless newspapers and a public that acquiesces in a controlled press?"

The Bishop of Montreal stated in a pastoral letter read slightly over a year ago "No German power more truly menaces our liberty than a subsidized press and a corrupted political life. Lately I have been making enquiries from men in a position to know and they tell me the danger is great and real."

The situation is, therefore, plain. The greatest obstacle that stands in the way of establishing liberty and democracy in Canada is a subsidized and controlled press. Generally speaking, Canadians are not yet awakened to the supreme danger of the situation. Perhaps they do not know how largely the press is controlled. Perhaps they do not realize how completely the former condition of individual proprietorship by the

editor has been replaced by one of corporation ownership where, frequently, large groups of papers are owned by the same syndicate, and the editors are but paid servants. It would not be so bad if the public knew the real owners of the press. But as a rule they are entirely in ignorance and, therefore, easily become unsuspecting of all the arts of editorial sophistry and news selection and coloration. Perhaps the best immediate safeguard is that suggested by the Advocate on many occasions, the enforced publication of the real owners of the press. Those newspaper owners who have no sinister purpose will not object to having the fact of their ownership made public, whereas the state is under the most definite obligation to protect the public from those who use their power over the press for purposes of predatory exploitation. There seems, therefore, no good reason why a pre-emptory and powerful demand should not be made immediately for complete publicity in regard to the real owners of our Canadian papers. This is the first requisite in protecting the fountain of our public life at its source, without which our fight for liberty, democracy and good government is likely to be practically futile.

Brant Co., Ont.

W. C. Good.

Canada's Young Farmers and Future Leaders.

Food for Thought.

Don't envy the other fellow his job; excel in the one you are at.

To-day is the to-morrow you worried about yesterday.

Life is largely what we make it. The world looks entirely different to the optimist from what it does to the pessimist.

"The man who once most wisely said
Be sure you're right, then go ahead,
Might well have added this, to wit,
Be sure you're wrong before you quit."

There is good and bad in everybody. We should look for the good and give a man credit for it, rather than be forever parading his unfavorable qualities. To be told continually of our shortcomings does not tend to rapid improvement. A word of praise is worth a whole paragraph of fault finding when endeavoring to get a man to improve.

Ben. Franklin once said: "Drive thy business, let not thy business drive thee." This advice is as applicable to-day as it was in Mr. Franklin's time. Many of to-day's failures are due to lack of ambition.

A Breeder in the Making.

It was an October morning and the rising sun shone like a glowing red ball through the hazy atmosphere. The wooded slopes displayed a profuse and fascinating variety of colors, forming a picture of rare harmony typical of the early autumn. As the sun rose above the eastern horizon the colors brightened and enhanced the beauty of the scene. A sturdy farm boy of fifteen years paused in his morning work and looked with new interest upon the familiar and strangely beautiful landscape. His father was starting to the back pasture to look after the herd of breeding cows and called to his son, "Better get a bucket of salt and come with me, Tom. We'll have a look at the cows in the back pasture." Tom hustled with the salt, and a little later together with his father strolled around the scattering trees that presented such beautiful colors and in the distance seemed to decorate the landscape.

"Somehow I always like the country and most of all at this time of year. It's fine to taste this fresh bracing atmosphere, to see the different colors and country beauty everywhere."

"Yes," his father replied. "It's fine, it touches the heart of life itself, it's these things of beauty of health, to which we respond that make country life worth the living."

Tom continued to speak, now that he had touched a responsive chord. "I always thought I wanted to live in town, but I am getting to think I like the farm better to live on." They passed over the knoll and found the herd feeding contentedly on the other slope, and as they approached one of the cows tossed her head anxiously.

"Guess Blossom's got a calf," said Tom, as they watched the cow's movements as she continued to regard their presence with concern. Tom placed his hands over his mouth and imitated the barking of a dog, whereupon Blossom hurried away among the bushes to her calf in hiding. The calf bounced to its feet and brought forth an expression simultaneously from father and son. "Well, by George!" for it was like Joseph's coat of many colors.

"Gee, but ain't he spotted?" said Tom, and a nod of mixed amusement and disgust was his father's only reply. They looked him over to see that he was all right and had taken his milk, and Tom, noting that he was a good one, proposed that they make a show steer of him. They looked over the herd and returned through the woods to the barnyard. As they neared the barn the elder turned to Tom and said, "If you'll take good care of that spotted rascal, I'll give him to you and you can show him at the local fair next year." Tom was inwardly delighted, but merely replied, "I'm

much obliged; maybe I can fix him up fit to show, although I never fed a calf for a show."

"Well, it will be a good time for you to learn," was his father's reply.

Tom returned to his unfinished chores, thinking much about the calf and how to handle him to the best advantage. It being Saturday he did not have to attend school, and spent most of the day in preparing a box stall for the cow and calf. Towards evening he went again to the pasture and drove them in and shut them in the stall. In the daytime, except in stormy weather, the cow was turned into the pasture, and the calf was given the run of the little lot with access to shelter.

As the weeks passed, Tom watched the development of the calf with rising hope. He read the stock papers with increasing interest, and one day he wrote to a herdsman, who, he had read, had been successful in fitting show steers, for a few pointers. In due time the answer came and supplied Tom with the information that proved helpful. He sent for a bulletin issued by the Agricultural College treating on this subject and read it carefully. His father, passing through the barn one day, observed several pages of this bulletin, the herdsman's letter and a few clippings pasted up in a convenient place for reference. He noted, too, as the months passed, that Tom gave more time to the stock and the farm and less to the neighborhood frivolities.

Winter passed, spring came and went and the summer was far advanced. Tom had been faithful to his charge and was counting the days till the opening of the local fair. He had named the calf "Sidelight" on account of the white spots and stripes on each side, and he seemed to Tom to fill the description of a "good killer." Finally the opening day of the fair came and found Sidelight in a comfortable stall with a deep bedding of straw. Tom observed with some apprehension that two well-known herds, of which he had often read, had stopped over on their way to the provincial fair, and each had a steer calf. So he worked with greater care to put Sidelight in presentable form. He had studied the other two entries, but thought that Sidelight was wider sprung in the rib, had more meat on the back and was fuller in the quarters, though was not as fat as either of the others. When the time came for judging the calves Tom became quite nervous; it was a new experience, but he did his best. The judge, a local man and somewhat elated over his selection for the place, indicated a preference for the long-haired, level red and the furry coated roan, each revealing the herdsman's art in hair dressing and posing, and gave them first and second, leaving Sidelight outside the money. Scarcely had the ribbons been tied when a man from an adjoining district stepped into the ring and hastily ran his hand over each calf and turned abruptly to the judge and said, "You must be afraid of spots."

"Well I don't like 'em much," was the reply.

"You don't seem to like form either," was the biting retort.

This started a general discussion, and while the weight of reputation inclined favor to the red and the roan, the more experienced pronounced Sidelight the best prospect of the three. At the tying of the ribbons Tom was greatly downcast, for his hopes had been nursed for many months; but this unexpected interest from others in his entry gave him new hope, and he led Sidelight back to his stall with mingled chagrin and buoyancy. He had finished tying him to the manger when he was addressed by the man who had started the discussion of the ring. "Sonny, you've got a coming steer there; you deserved to win, and I want you to fix him up for the provincial fair next year."

"I will, if my father will let me," said Tom.

"Who is your father?"

"John Foster. He couldn't be here to-day."

"Well, he'll let you, and I'll see that he does. Tell him Brown said so."

Scarcely had he departed when Mr. Landers, the owner of the red winner, approached Tom and said, "Well, my boy, your calf needs more fitting, but he's a right good one. Do you want to sell him?"

Tom said he hadn't thought about selling him.

"Well, if you do, I'll give you \$50 for him."

This looked like a good price to Tom and he was

tempted to accept the offer, but heeding Mr. Brown's suggestion, he said "No, I thought I'd fit him for the provincial fair next year."

"You know that takes a lot of time and considerable expense," was Mr. Landers' reply. "Better sell him when you have a chance."

But Tom quietly answered in the negative and Landers left with the request that he write if he wanted to sell.

The fair over, Tom and Sidelight were again at home, Tom much wiser if not more enthusiastic than before. He had a talk with his father about the show and told him what Mr. Brown had said.

"Yes, you've done so well with him, I want you to fit him for the provincial fair."

Tom set about learning how to care for the steer during the coming year, and in doing so he gained many points in the management of the herd and the farm as well. The seasons passed quickly by and Sidelight made splendid advance. His was the first entry received by the secretary of the provincial fair and Tom had Sidelight on the grounds several days in advance of the opening date, thinking a few days' rest would be to his advantage after shipment. The judging of the steer classes was delayed a day, as the judge had been unable to reach the fair on the day appointed for the purpose. Tom was busy about the stall when he was accosted by his old friend of the year before, who gave him a hearty handshake and eagerly examined Sidelight. He turned to Tom and said, "I knew I wasn't fooled either in the calf or in you." They talked of the other entries, many of which were commendable, and being advised of the delay in judging, Brown said, "You had better go in with the boys in the judging contest for practice to-day. I'll be around to watch after your steer." To this Tom assented and when the class was called he went about his work soberly and his papers when finished were handed in.

Early the next forenoon the yearling steers were called out and Tom led Sidelight into the arena among twenty other entries. The judge seemed quite at home in his work and went about picking the winner. One after another was sent to the fore, and though he gave Sidelight a minute inspection, he did not move him. Tom began to wonder if spots really did make a difference, and wondered, too, if a reputation was a factor in the making of awards. As the judge re-arranged those he had selected for the prizes, Tom's hope was waning, for Sidelight stood in tenth place. His hands twitched in spite of himself, but Brown, leaning over the railing, touched Tom on the shoulder and said, "Don't you worry." The judge had made a careful selection and seemed to be going over them for his final look, and Tom's heart sank. The crowd looked on with intense interest. Stepping back as though satisfied with the rating, the judge paused one brief second, and placing his hand on Sidelight's hip, motioned Tom to back him out, and as he came closer said in a low voice, "Go to the top." As Sidelight was led into the first place, the crowd cheered and the applause continued for several minutes. When the blue ribbon was handed to Tom his hand trembled so that he dropped it, and the man holding the second winner picked it up and stuffed it in Tom's pocket, and taking his hand said, "Shake, old man." A dozen hands were extended to Tom. Brown patted him on the back and said, "Well, sonny, it paid didn't it?" The red and the roan stood fifth and seventh. The onlookers spent much time in "going over" Sidelight and discussing his form. The man with the megaphone announced the result of the awards, and when he gave the name and age of the owner of the winner, another cheer broke forth from the throng. Tom was much abashed, for it was all new to him, and he slipped out with Sidelight, and alert Mr. Brown, anticipating offers to purchase, advised Tom to make a strong price on him. "Better make it \$300, for Landers needs him. You notice his calf and 2-year-old won, but his yearling is weak." Sure enough, late in the day Mr. Landers called Tom aside and said, "I'm ready to talk business if you want to sell your yearling and will make me a fair price." Tom said he would sell him and wanted \$300. Landers demurred, but observing that Tom was disposed to stand firm, he closed the deal, fearing to leave it open, as he had the