



The "Book-Farmer" has a rough time at the hands of the Cynic.

If, as it frequently happens, he owns his automobile, it will generally be found that he has paid for it, and that it does not tour the country or take his family to town with a string of "kites" flying in its wake. Incidentally, it may be recorded here that at one place (St. David's—in the Oak Lake district) where the farmers of the municipality held a picnic in aid of the local "Red Cross" effort, we counted 21 automobiles and 44 rigs on the ground while the folks were feeding, and that the result was a clear hundred-and-ninety-five dollars for the Red Cross.

As has already been said, this itinerary did not take the form of a preaching campaign to the benighted farmer. It was a friendly visit in the name of the Agricultural College, the purpose being to state clearly the facilities the College held within its walls for assisting the men and women of the farms under practically every conceivable difficulty they might be faced with in the prosecution of their work.

The various deputations started off with a very definite invitation to their audiences to take advantage of the opportunities the College afforded, particularly in its extension work. This invitation was pressed home at every one of the splendidly attended meetings at which the writer was present, with the result that the gatherings developed into experience

*Promissory notes.

meetings—taking on something of the color of the old-time Methodist "Love Feasts." There probably was an absence of "what the Lord had done" for them in the "experiences" given, but the spirit of "how they were seeking to help the Lord" by keeping in line with those wonderful laws of His that run through nature and decide the fate of every human effort directed towards the production of farm crops and live-stock, was never wanting in any inquiry or testimony.

Everything, it might be said, was discussed at these all fresco gatherings—for quite a number of them were held under the blue vault with the grassy slope or the cushions of the auto or buggy taking the place of the less comfortable pews of the adjoining church or schoolhouse.

Silos and silage, alfalfa and al-



"It was like a June Snowstorm."

sike, corn crops and cut worms, garden pests and green-fly, were seasonable topics everywhere, and the interest grew in intensity as the questions were fired off and met by the man who was expected to deal with them, and wherever it was possible, ocular demonstrations took the place of involved descriptions without the object lesson or pictorial accompaniment. One brother who enthused on the subject of horticulture with special reference to wind-breaks and the decoration of the home acre, was never short of "samples" of the arboreal wealth

of Manitoba. These were either begged or purloined from local gardens, and the variety and beauty of this man's exhibits offered one of the most remarkable tributes to the forward state of Central Manitoba, at all events, in the outward embellishment of its homes.

But in the matter of bringing home "the goods" to the mind of the farmer and his flock, it has never been our privilege to see anything hit off in such masterly fashion and with such complete success as a little spontaneous "sleight-of-hand" work performance pulled off by the Hen Specialist one afternoon at Oakner. The ladies were meeting in the adjoining Presbyterian Church listening to Miss Black, on "Meats and Meat Substitutes," and the men were gathered in an implement-dealer's big ware-



An enthusiast inoculating Young Man with the serum of "Intensified Interest." packed in the most appropriate fashion for the city store.

"If I only had a fowl I'd show you—"

The Professor didn't finish his sentence.

"I'll soon get you a bird" he claimed a worthy in jeans who had been following the disorganizer with widely opened eyes, ears and mouth. He jumped from his seat on a sulky plow and charged through the congregation to meet good his challenge, for it was nothing else than an open challenge to the professional poultry butcher.

The interruption was hailed with delight, no less by the cheering audience than by the professor himself, and the picture of the oracle in overalls charging the intervening space to his neighbor by poultry run was one that will probably never be allowed to fade away in the memories of the Oakner celebrities who witnessed it.

The meeting had barely transferred itself to the green space outside when the cause of all the excitement returned with a well-worn egg-layer tucked under his arm. The College man was quite ready for him, and he did not need for any assistance or paraphernalia other than the loan of an old coat to protect his clean striped shirt from the oozing life blood of the old hen.

A steel harrow set on edge against the side of the implement store, a piece of binder twine and an iron bolt were convenient and perfectly adapted accessories to the execution. With the deftness of a conjuror, the Professor had the bird completely under control and hanging by the heels from

"We counted 100!"

the projecting at an easy he Taking the left hand, the thrust in the jug quick movement to the right rendering the relaxing system so that the well-nigh were they the slightest skin.

in two moment the k from the br plucked clear ever saw any feathers. It ranged for p to the buyer i the crowd du and gave infi the ancient c

challenged what imagined to l the regular li perts who tal and write bul It was a teacher, and dents in a mar the lid on all and criticism on his trial. I soon and the i sented was minutes of a way that con fected by ter persiflage.

There are s the cynics w



On the longest day (21st June) we saw acres of well-headed "Prelude" and patches of heavily topped "Marquis."