

heavier soils where narrow lands are necessary, particularly for fall wheat cropping; nor would they do ideal work on these heavier soils in fall plowing.

The factor of lost time is also an important one. Removing spuds from tractor wheels for travel on the road is the greatest cause for delay, and firms should make these that they may be quickly removed. No

doubt time will bring rapid improvement in the tractor and a lowering of price to a place within reach of the ordinary farmer who may feel his need of one.

Middlesex Co., Ont.

CHAS. M. MACFIE.

While the potato crop has not yielded as well as was expected there seems to be a fair supply and there

should be enough to go around at a price which will return a small profit to the producer. One of our subscribers, James McNair, of Lobo Township, in Middlesex County, Ontario, recently left at this office a tuber which weighed upwards of two pounds. On the whole, however, the turnout is not large and the tubers are only of average size.

Canada's Young Farmers and Future Leaders.



A Peel County Prize Vegetable Plot



A Waterloo County Prize Corn Plot

The Canadian Boy as a War Helper.

BY FRANK YEIGH.

The Canadian boy has suddenly been discovered, officially discovered I mean, as an important factor in food production, as a war helper, as a farmer in embryo.

It needed a war to make the discovery, though lads have been land-tillers ever since there were lads in Canada. I was something of a juvenile farmer myself, in the early 'teens, though due credit was not always given by hard-hearted seniors, even in one's own family.

So the boy now counts one in the census. Even Governments deign to notice him, premiers and presidents pat him on the back, Committees and Commissions, with long and high-sounding titles, seek his help to meet the world's hunger need. Departments of Agriculture take cognizance of his labor by giving him bronze buttons and other tangible tokens of active service. He is called to the colors as a Soldier of the Soil, and is assured that he is thereby doing his bit.

And this he is doing, to a greater degree than most folks think. City boy, town boy, rural boy—thousands of them in the aggregate—the total might easily run to 20,000, were on the job during the summer of 1917. If the tangible results could be tabulated or visualized, the importance of the boy as a many-multiplied food producing factor would be more fully realized.

City boys as farmers? Yes. Hundreds of them engaged in farm work last season. As a result of an appeal made to the high school boys of Ontario in the spring, it is estimated that five thousand responded. A five-thousand-boy power, centered for a time in or on the soil, or anywhere else for that matter, would produce tangible results even if some of them would hardly know the right end of a hoe or the proper milking side of a cow, before leaving home.

But these young Canucks are quick on the uptake, and because they are, the majority of them made good. Let me prove it by telling of some individual cases. Here's a young chap, the son of well-to-do parents, who usually spent his holidays lazing around a summer resort. Feeling the pull for help, from an address heard in school, he decided to hire out for the summer, though his mother strongly objected. He stood his ground, however, on the compromise understanding that he would spend a month at St. Andrews-by-the-sea, which sounds more attractive than "hauling manure on the

sunny side of a barn," as he afterward wrote. In due time he joined his parents, but at the end of a week grew so restless for his farm work that he cut out St. Andrews-by-the-sea for St.-Peters-by-the-Swamp.

Another city lad chucked his summer resort job in Muskoka, as he expressed it, and joined up with a farmer. He frankly wrote that he was not enamored of farm life. The poets were wrong in describing its allurements, but he meant to stick it through—which he did, and Muskoka missed him for the first time in years. Blistered hands at first, blistered feet too, burn instead of tan, peeled nose ends, cracks in the back, unsuspected muscles asserting themselves, on one side of his ledger; but on the other, good health waiting on good appetite, sleeping more in six hours than ever before in ten, and seeing more sunrises than in an ordinary lifetime. But above all there came the consciousness to these lads—and this he remembered was the actuating motive—that some element of patriotism entered into their service. For many a lad, indeed, it was his first lesson in patriotism, the word was changed from a meaningless term to a meaningful one.

But it is of the rural boy I specially want to write. How did he take to the clarion call for increased production? What kind of a farmer is this farmer's boy turning out to be? Did he labor from patriotic motives? Was his work worth while? Yes, and, and yes and yes again, is the answer. I met them by ones and twos, by groups and crowds throughout the season, at their homes, at work in the fields, and at evening gatherings where the ones entitled to the bronze emblem of the Ontario Farm Service Corps received them.

After the summer work was over and the harvest garnered, I wrote a score of these home-grown laddies in order to ascertain their point of view, for there is no sense in an adult thinking he must do the interpreting for a boy. Let the lads speak for themselves. Here is what some of them wrote:

"I raked and coiled the hay, stooked grain, pitched sheaves, helped build loads, stooked corn, milked, threshed and went for the cows." Who can beat that for an honest day's work and a terse crisp way of putting it, and this from a thirteen-year-old youngster. Another, a year older, informed me that "he had helped take in seventy-two loads of hay, and I forget how many loads of grain."

Harry put his experience this way: "I stayed home this summer and helped my father and brother with

the seeding and harvesting. We drew in with two teams. I brought in a load and took out an empty wagon. One of my sisters drove the other team, and my other sister fastened the bundles on. Father and brother Jim stayed in the field. We drew in 247 loads of grain and 82 loads of hay. We used 385 lbs. of twine. When the tractor came to plough after harvest, I sometimes steered the engine. One day I plowed with three horses on the riding plow. I was ten years old (mark the age of this sturdy little Soldier of the Soil) "on the seventh of June, and am in the junior third class in school. This is all that I can write this time." What do you grown-ups who read this think of this youth?

Down in Belleville is a business man who has a score of city lads in his Sunday School class. He also has a farm a few miles in the country. The entire company worked all summer on the farm, wheeling to work every morning and back again at night, helping to handle a root crop of seventy acres. I asked if they stuck it out. "Sure," was the answer, and they stuck it out through the harvest, which was not in the original bond.

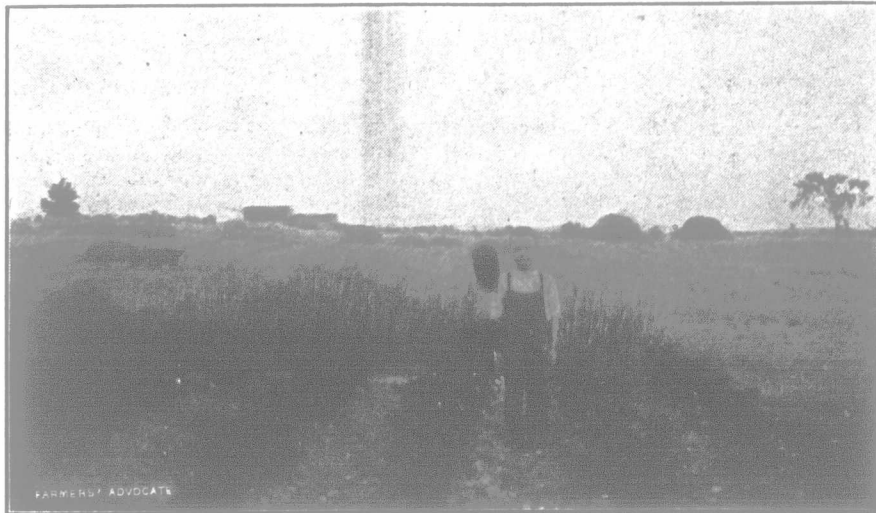
"I have been working pretty steady all summer," was the response of another. "Seeding was kept back by the wet weather and we planted three acres of potatoes and corn, with a good crop now. The corn is only good for feed, but the grain crops are extra good. I think the farm-service plan a good one in order to produce more food for war needs. I feel sure I am doing a patriotic service in helping, as we have quite a lot more grain than we need to feed our stock."

"I'm not sure whether I'd like to be a farmer or not," is the frank opinion of a Peel County boy. "It is a nice enough job, except for the threshing. I can't stand that very well. I think I was born to be a machinist. We have been busy filling silos, and silo-filling is a mighty heavy job too."

Says a Meadowvale lad: "I have lived on a farm all my life. My brother and I work a 150-acre farm. I take part in all the different classes of work, seeding, hauling manure, hoeing, haying and harvesting, ending with threshing and fall plowing. I do all the shocking of the grain. I do not think I will continue to be a farmer any longer, though I do not want to say anything against it as it is one of the chief stays of the country, and in this time when we are so near a famine, everything possible ought to be done to help. As soon as I heard in school of the need I thought it was my duty



Boy Berry Pickers



Plot of Potatoes Grown by a Wentworth County Lad