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EDITORIAL.

The Late King as a Stock-breeder.

The passing of His Majesty King Edward VII., after the brief reign of nine years, while mourned by men of all classes who have watched with admiration his benign career as sovereign of the British Empire, will be regretted by none more deeply than by farmers and stockmen, in whose calling he, from his youth, had manifested especial interest. Those who were privileged to see him on the occasion of his visit to Canada, in the year 1860, when in the last of his teens, well remember the evident pleasure with which he inspected the exhibits of live stock at the Ontario Provincial Fair held in the City of Hamilton in that year, when, as a bright and handsome young man, he was introduced by the president of the exhibition to the owners of the herds brought before him in the show-ring. The love for and interest in domestic animals evinced by his mother, the good Queen Victoria, and his father, Prince Albert, who established the Royal Farms at Windsor, Sandringham, and other places in England, which have done so much to popularize pure-bred stock, was inherited and enthusiastically manifested by the son, who, as Prince of Wales, at the age of thirty-four years, began the breeding of pedigreed stock, and competing for honors at the Royal and other leading shows, and never, it is stated, with animals other than of his own breeding. Commencing with Southdown sheep, with which he was eminently successful up to the date of his death, winning at the Smithfield Show, in December last, the reserve championship for the best pen of that breed, he later took up the breeding of Shorthorn, Devon, West Highland, Dexter and Jersey cattle, and Shire, Hackney and Thoroughbred horses, in the latter of which he was deeply interested, having bred the notable Derby-winners, Persimmon (1897), and his brother, Diamond Jubilee (1900), and Minoru, the winner in 1909, and on the day of his demise one of his latest inquiries was of the success of his filly, Witch of the Air, in the Kempton Park race, which he was informed had won.

Animals imported to Canada from His Majesty's herd have taken prominent places in the competition at principal shows in this country, notably the grand Shorthorn cow Cicely, imported by W. D. Platt, of Hamilton, winner of the female championship at Toronto in 1901, and sold at auction in Chicago for \$5,000; and the bull Cicely's Pride, imported by the late Sir George Drummond, of Montreal, and first in his class at the Canadian National Exhibition, in 1905.

Of the 11,000 acres of land which King Edward acquired at Sandringham, he farmed rather more than 2,000, and he controlled the Shaw, the Flemish and the Frogmore farms at Windsor, keeping the Shorthorns and Shires at Sandringham, and the dairy breeds at Windsor. As an indication of the quality of stock kept on his farms, it is only necessary to state that, ten years ago, fifty-four of his horses, offered for sale at public auction, brought an average price of \$1,000. The King, before his accession to the throne, gave personal attention to the business of his farms, but since that event the cares of state had so multiplied he had less time to devote to the affairs of the farm, but he seldom failed to attend for one day, at least, the principal live-stock shows, and the gate receipts were always liberal on the day His Majesty favored the show with his presence. And but a few days before his death, he made a motor-car tour of his farms, accompanied by the trusty manager, Mr. Beck.

Doubtful Improvement.

Public opinion in Canada on the road question has for some time been at that interesting stage where it requires that something be done. The something may be wise or foolish, but so long as expenditure is being laid out on the roads, the demand is measurably appeased, though grumbling and criticism are indulged in on general principles.

One of the common, wasteful and annoying conditions met with occasionally in all parts of the country is a ridge of gravel, dumped to the depth of two or three feet in the center of the track. No attempt is usually made to spread and consolidate the material, which lies there like a lake beach, every teamster avoiding it as long as possible. Traffic eventually crowds up on the edge of it, compacting the stuff, and converting it into a passable driveway. It will, however, remain a high gravel ridge or hog-back, with a flat space on each side between it and the ditch. Between the difficulty of making such a road passable by traffic, and the awkwardness of turning out with a load after travel has once taken the ridge, it would seem that the benefit of this method of gravelling were almost counterbalanced by the disadvantage. What inconvenience we do submit to on our roads from ill-calculated efforts to make them good? If that were the best that could be done in gravelling, better leave the roads surfaced with the original loam, keeping this crowned or smoothed by eight or ten draggings a year.



The Late Farmer King.

The proper plan is to have the gravel spread moderately, and then compacted with a road roller as soon as laid, the larger-sized gravel stones having previously been raked to the bottom each time a load was dumped, and covered deep by the next load. Gravelling, though rather expensive, is an undoubted benefit to a road if properly done, but a sad lack of intelligence and care is often displayed in application.

The American Farmer and Reciprocity.

An encouraging glimmer of tariff sense emanated from a recent issue of our highly-esteemed contemporary, Wallace's Farmer, of Iowa. Discussing the prospects of reciprocity with Canada, it remarks, not without a tremor of apprehension, but with some evidence of insight, nevertheless:

"It is only a question of time, however, when the farmer will have to face free trade in farm products. He never has received very much benefit from tariffs, and that largely incidental. So he perhaps will not lose much money, but it will be interesting to know what he will do with tariffs on what he buys."

The Big Frog in the Small Puddle.

"It is natural for some owners to rate their horses as world-beaters just because they have nothing really high-class with which to compare them," wrote an American horse editor the other day. Yes, and the same principle applies to our estimates of many other things—ourselves, for example, our children, our noted relatives, our farms, our methods! It is another expression of Burns' wish: "Oh, wad some poo'er," etc. We have all seen infatuated schoolboys blowing themselves out like frogs, over some trifling accomplishment in heading their class, as though it were an event of at least county importance. And we have seen older men professing modesty, yet puffed up with a ludicrous sense of their importance, because, forsooth, they have headed the poll in a vote for township councillor or school trustee, or have threshed a bigger crop than anyone else on the concession. How absurd they appear in their neighbors' eyes!

How many men, too, are slow to learn anything, because they think they know so much already! In agriculture, for instance, this self-satisfied attitude is one of the greatest bars to progress. People follow inferior methods, keep poor stock, grow indifferent varieties, pass splendid opportunities for the adoption of improved methods, because they don't take in that there is anything better. They buy bran instead of growing alfalfa, sow oats instead of planting more corn, reverse sound principles of rotation because they exaggerate the importance of some minor convenience in practice, and so on.

Now, the remedy for this impeding self-satisfaction is to gain a broader outlook, through travel, reading and personal intercourse with bright men. There are many things outside one's own township boundaries better than anything of the kind within them. Endeavor to see or learn of these best things wherever they may be. It is unwise to confine one's interest to his own township, his own county, his own Province, or even his own country. Strive to draw knowledge and inspiration, as much as possible, from the whole world. The humblest men we meet know something better than we. If we cultivate the tactful, inquiring spirit, we shall be learning something every day. Exchange experiences with the men you meet, but don't boast. Travel as much as time and resources permit, then supplement this by extensive reading. Content yourself not with tolerable examples, but aim to rival or excel the best extant. Measure yourself by large standards; aim high.

A Narrow Escape.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I was reading an item in a paper the other day about a fellow who got caught in a thunder-storm, and he crawled into a hollow log, and the log swelled with the rain. The fellow became so tight that he saw he was doomed to die. It was then his past sins rose before him, and as he thought of not paying his yearly subscription for his paper, he felt so small that he could back right out again. And, dear Editor, when I read the story, I felt so small that I sat down and am sending \$1.50, that you should have had long ago. Hoping to be punctual in the future.

Algoma District, Ont. HARRY W. BROWN.

What's in a name? A good deal sometimes. There is a considerable proportion of Webster's unabridged in the name of the "Eastern Ontario Live-stock and Poultry Show." If the directors wish to earn the gratitude of press and public, they might change the name to Eastern Ontario Winter Fair.