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## THE STORY OF A NOTED PRIZE WINNING FARM

A Tale of How Victor Begg, of Moose Creek, Ont., Transformed his Farm from a Bush Lot and Swamp into the First Prize Dairy Farm in the Eastern Section of Ontario. It is Now One of the Best Farms in the Province. An Achievement to be Proud of

THIRTY-FIVE years ago the farm at Moose Creek, Ont., Stormont county, owned by Victor Begg, was mainly swamp and bush. To-day it holds the award for being the best dairy farm in the eastern section of Ontario and a prize for being one of the best dairy farms in the province. The story of the transformation of this farm is one of ambition, pluck and indomitable perseverance on the part of Mr. Begg. It should offer inspiration to those thousands of young men who each year start out for themselves on the farms of Canada to overcome difficulties that in some cases may seem almost insurmountable, but which really serve but to show the calibre and metal of those who face them. An editor of Farm and Dairy, who recently spent a night in Mr. Begg's comfortable home, obtained from him the following story of his life.

### MR. BEGG'S PARENTS

"My father," said Mr. Begg, "was born in Dundee, Scotland, in 1814. He came to Canada in 1827 when he was but 13 years old, with his step-mother, her infant child, and four other children, including one full brother, six years old. They intended to join my grandfather who had come out the year before. When they landed at Quebec they expected to meet or hear from him there, but through an accident in the mails were disappointed. They waited in Quebec until their money was about gone when my father, who was the oldest child, set out for Montreal and Ottawa, then called By-town, to find his father. He took a boat to Montreal with nine cents in his pocket and walked from Montreal to Ottawa, which then consisted of but a few cabins. Arriving there he found that his father had left some time before to work in Glengarry county, so he walked back to Martintown and found his father there. His father, who was greatly astonished to see him when he walked in, tried to collect money to send him back to Quebec, but failed. He, therefore, told him to work his way back, as he could travel the cheapest. He did so and brought the family to Point Fortune, where his father met them. They settled on a farm on the Indian Lands.

"In 1838 my father took up the farm next adjoining the one on which I now live. He married in 1839. This section then was nearly all bush. He built his own log shanty. The roof was made of larch wood shingles. They were logs that were cut in half, hollowed out and put on the roof. Moss was used to stop the spaces between the logs.

"At that time there were only a few scattered settlers in the section. I have heard him tell how the first babies were nursed in a sap trough. My mother used to go out and help to log the land. There was 200 acres in the farm, 80 of which he sold later. He cleared the high land only, as the low land was largely swamp and too wet for anything to grow on it.

"There were five boys and four girls in our family. My father was a remarkable man. Although he had almost no schooling, he managed to learn to read and write well, and became exceptionally well informed. I can remember long arguments he used to have in our house with



In the Making of This Home Hangs an Interesting Story.

Home of Mr. Victor Begg, Moose Creek, Ont. First prize farm for his district in the last Dairy Farms Competition. An account of Mr. Begg's experience is given in the article adjoining. Be sure to read it.

Thomas Bennett, the member of Parliament for our section, on public questions of the day.

"I was the sixth child, there being two boys and three girls older than I. We grew up on the home farm. Our nearest school at first was about three miles away, largely through the bush. We all had to work, and work hard, on the farm, as money was scarce. I can remember when I was about 13, threshing a flooring of peas in the morning and tending about 25 head of cattle before going to school. My father and brothers used to start off for the bush at daylight to make timber. They used to haul big pine timber nine miles to Casselman and get five cents a foot for it. I had to do the chores, and if I got them done in time I could go to school. As I wanted to get a schooling I used to hurry through the work the best I could.

### MARRIED IN 1872

"In 1872 I married my wife, Martha Blair, a neighbor's daughter. We used to go to school together. We did not have any spare money when I got married. I threshed all morning with

a tread power and got married in the afternoon. My father gave me \$20 to buy a suit of clothes, a license, and to pay the minister.

"My older brother was settled on a farm at Gravel Hill. My older sisters and one younger one were married. My other older brother was also on the home farm, as well as my younger brother. Mrs. Begg and I went to live with my people. In the meantime my father had bought a 100 acre farm at Gravel Hill for my older brother, the farm on which I now live consisting of 100 acres for my next oldest brother, and a third farm of 100 acres near mine for me. I moved on the farm after getting married, but we continued to work the farms together.

"The farm on which I now live at that time was all bush. He paid \$400 for it, or \$600 less than he did for the farm that he had intended for me. The farm was so rough and hard to clear the neighbors said that no one could live on it. As my brother did not want it my father asked me to take the home farm so that my brother would have the farm that had been intended for me. I consented to the proposal and moved back to the home farm and my brother took my farm. This left the farm on which I now live vacant. As none of us wanted it because it was so rough my father decided to use it as a bush lot and to buy another place for my younger brother.

### EARLY DAYS

"Mrs. Begg and I continued on the home farm for about four years. In the meantime our first three children were born. As my father was still a comparatively young and vigorous man I felt that I would like to start out somewhere for myself. Mrs. Begg and I finally decided to make a start for ourselves. As there was no place else for us to go but on the farm that it had been decided to leave as a wood lot we decided to settle on it. This we did in about 1876. There was not a building on it. Only about eight acres had been cleared. This had been under hay for years. The only fence on the place was a log fence along the road. The land to the west of mine was still uncleared at the front. Only part of the farm to the east had been cleared.

### CHARACTER OF THE FARM

"The eight or nine acres of cleared land near the front was slightly higher land than the rest. From it the land ran back into a swamp of about 25 acres. This swamp extended over both adjoining farms. The water never dried in it. In the spring it was two and three feet deep in places; in fact, there was a run of water across the farm. The lush consisted of ash, cedar, soft elm, and a few pine and hemlock along the edge of the swamp.

"Back of the 25 acres the land rose again and formed a ridge of hardwood trees with some very