

C. G.—Certainly they do. They try on small plots several varieties of grains, grasses or roots, and when they find out which gives the largest yield of the most desirable kind they stop growing the others and stick to the best.

U. F.—Well, well! But I don't believe I could find time for all that.

C. G.—It does take time, but you don't seem to have found time to even bring in your binder. Surely you do not intend to leave it out all winter.

U. F.—Yes. I used to bring in the implements when I first built the barn, but they litter up the barn floor so, and the calves get mixed up with them when shut off from the cow, that I leave the tools out now.

C. G.—But it must be expensive. How often do you buy a binder?

U. F.—About every four or five years.

C. G.—Why, we couldn't afford that at our place. We have had our binder twelve years. We bring in all our implements and keep them in the shed built for that purpose.

U. F.—But it costs money to build a shed.

C. G.—Of course it does, but our implements last three times as long as yours do, and that more than pays for the cost of the house. We also find our implements in good shape for work when they are kept dry.

U. F.—Well, I will say that your place does look well, but your father always was lucky.

C. G.—It is not luck at all. I know I am a good deal younger than you are, but I have come to the conclusion

that so long as our farmers continue to work by rule of thumb, guessing at everything and then blaming their failures on the weather or the moon, just so long will they be unsuccessful in their business.

And so in Farmers' Institute work, in Orchard Meetings, in the meetings of patrons in the Cheese Factories and Creameries, we must aim to help the *Unsuccessful Farmer*,—the man who through ignorance is hurting Canada's good name at home and abroad. He does not want our help, but we need his co-operation. He scorns our assistance, but we must reach him through his pride or his pocket. He is indifferent to his own shortcomings, but, as a rule, he has been bred right, and we can reach him if we go about it in the right way—Not compulsion but co-operation.

Boys, when you return to the old farm again, do not go away back and sit down, for that is why the heathen rage, but straighten up your own place, keep down the weeds, and apply in a modest way the knowledge it has been your privilege to acquire at college. Having done all this it becomes your further duty to prove the faith that is in you, and go out into the sideline and the concession, and preach the gospel of improved agriculture—not to the men who have attended the Dairy School, or the Short Course in Judging, or the Poultry Course, or the Farmers' Institute, but to *Every Creature*, which being interpreted in the light of the Twentieth Century meaneth, "The Other Fellow."

Yours very truly,

G. C. CREELMAN.