

1908, to May, 1910, this duty has been levied for only five months, allowing wheat to enter the country free during thirteen months. This indicates that Mexico does and will require for many years to come imported grains. By the record of last year's shipments it is quite apparent that there is and will be a Mexican demand for Alberta Red.

An Eight-Hour Day for the Farmer

I fancy the farmer who reads this head-line will say, "Well, now, what fool thing is this!" Fact is, the farmer is liable to be so taken up these days by the (to him) pleasant reading in the market reports, he will not notice anything else unless we put a striking head to it. But why should an eight-hour day for the farmer be considered out of the way? Is there not now before both houses (and almost all over the world) a movement going on to secure an eight-hour day for the workman (with a full day's pay)? Surely a farmer should be considered a laborer. Some, indeed, have to do all the work on one hundred acres, and that is surely going some.

Has the urban laborer degenerated so he cannot do over eight hours a day, or does he want more time for sport? The farmer surely is entitled to as good a time. Or is the purpose of an eight-hour day to give more work to others; that is, make work for three men what two ought to do? I don't see as the farmer can kick at that, because he will have three mouths to feed, instead of two. But perhaps the eight-hour-a-day-man expects to live upon two meals a day. But whether he intends to or not, that is what it must come to.

The Good Book says: "He that will not work, neither shall he eat."

Farmers have been working from twelve to sixteen hours a day; some of us, indeed, have put in our eighteen hours a day—testing cows, and trying to do work a little above the average.

This is all foolishness, according to the latest lights. If a farmer would only work eight hours a day and produce half as much as he does—and if he keeps stock, he would only get one-third as much—he would get better prices. Yes, double and treble the price. And surely that would be good for the farmer. It seems getting to be, "Every man for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost."

But the farmer would rather produce more and till his farm properly than see it overgrown with weeds; and that is much better for all. But how is he to produce more without more help? That is his trouble now. By making the urban laborer's days shorter, and keeping up the full day's pay, no one but a fool can be expected to be had to work on a farm, and they are no use. As it is now, though many laborers are brought into the country to work on farms, yet help gets scarcer. And no wonder; it is just like trying to fill a barrel at the spigot with the bung-hole open. It is no wonder that prices for food-stuffs are rising. And they will continue to rise. Every town and city in the country is trying to add to its population, as if the natural increase was not enough.

The movement of population is naturally from the country to the town and city. Man—and woman, too—likes to be in a crowd. The wild beast and domesticated, alike, congregate in herds and flocks. The native and civilized people alike want to be together. Why talk of the peace and quiet of the country? Man's nature craves excitement. Man, from the boys on the street, to the boys in parliament, does not want peace. It is jangle and quarrel.

"Next to nature!" Not much! Man is not a hermit (only when disappointed in love); he wants to be with the crowd. There is only one thing strong enough to keep people scattered, and that is man's desire to get "next" to the dollars. For the hope of gain, man has braved all risks and hardships, from clearing this country and making it habitable, to the almost inaccessible parts, after gold.

Instead of, then, seeking to build up the cities, more attention should have been paid to keep the

people on the land. We find towns and cities bonusing manufacturers, giving free sites, loaning cheap money, and exemption from taxes. What is done for the farmer? Nothing. Business has been protected by tariff laws. Trusts and mergers have been formed in order to pay big dividends on watered stock.

What protection has the farmer had? None! To keep him quiet, he has been told that building up these industries would give him a better market for his produce. And it has, sure. The farmer will now surely get his innings. But now he is about getting good prices, what a "howl" is being made. But five years from now the prices of to-day will seem mighty cheap.

No power can stop this mighty sweep. Irresistibly will the consumption increase faster than production. It is much easier to get people into town than to get them back upon the land. It is natural for man to love excitement and the crowd, and the country is too tame for one used to the excitements. Soon there must be many unemployed. Indeed, there are now in the cities of the older countries, but of what are the unemployed? Naturally, business men want the best they can get, so that the unemployed are the indolent, careless and physically unfit. It is not from these a farmer can get any benefit. And there is no use looking for increased production for some years; when prices get good and high for farm produce, and there is more money in farming than anything else, then, at least, we may expect the flow from the country to town of those born in the country to diminish. But by that time the urban population will have so greatly increased that production of food cannot overtake consumption, and we may be very thankful with things as they are. If there is any considerable area stricken with poor crops, there will be many that will have something to howl about.

Labor unions will be "cutting a whip for their own back," or saving their muscles and starving their belly, if they get an eight-hour day. It will not injure the farmers, but make prices higher. Labor unions can do a lot of good if wisely directed. And they want to use their influence to lessen the middleman's profit. It is he that has been making his money most easily. Business methods are crude, as shown by the ability of the departmental stores to outsell the small stores. We are getting too many wealthy men for the common good. He who makes his money by industry and business ability is of a benefit to the country, but he that makes his money by combines, trusts, etc., robbing people by laws in his favor, is no better than a highway robber. And they who make such laws are accomplices. Some who pass now for statesmen will be known to history as time-serving politicians. Laws they have made have built up the urban places at the expense of the rural, and a hungry people will curse where others have praised. Is it any wonder that General Booth thinks the world must come to an end soon? Poetic justice would be that the eight-hour-a-day man should die of slow starvation; the boodlers and grafters choked with money down their throats; combine and trust promoters drowned in their own watered stock, and so on and so forth. And this is called an enlightened age. Some one had better turn on the light.—George Rice, in London *Farmer's Advocate*.

* * *

A well illustrated bulletin on farm drainage has been issued by the Ontario department of agriculture. It is written by W. H. Day, professor of physics at the Ontario Agricultural College, and deals in a detailed and practical way with farm drainage operations. Instructions are given as to the most approved methods of laying out farm drains, the drains particularly, instructions for taking levels, both with home-made and special levelling instruments, together with information as to the locating of drains, digging to the required depth, etc., all of which is illustrated with cuts and photo-engravings in a way to bring out fully the matter discussed. It is one of the best works on the subject that has been issued.

HORSE

Clydesdale Horses

BY PROF. DUNCAN MCEACHRAN, LL.D., F.R.C.V.S., D.V.S., ETC.

A legend has it that about 1715 the Duke of Hamilton brought home with him from the continent of Europe, five big black Flemish horses, which he gave to his tenants for the improvement of their stock.

Unfortunately, no records of this have been discovered, and some there be who doubt the accuracy of the legend. However it may be, we have the knowledge, in support of it, that to his tenants in the upper wards of Lanarkshire are we indebted for the improvement in size and quality of this famous breed, whether we ascribe this to these Flemish importations, or to selection, proper mating and feeding by these men; to them belongs the credit of improving the Clydesdales throughout Scotland.

From Lanarkshire, Clydesdales found their way into Ayrshire, Argyleshire, Dumfriesshire, Kirkcudbrightshire, into the Lothians, Aberdeen and other counties of Scotland. At an early date, the stock-drives into the North of England were, in times of peace, regularly conducted, and, no doubt, Clydesdales were brought south and sold to farmers of the northern shires, Northumberland, Cumberland, Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, where they were mated with the old black cart-mares, which had also been improved by European importations.

This, as stated by the late Sir Walter Gilbey, led to the development of the Shire horse as we know him to-day, a horse of more weight, heavier but rounder bone, a truly magnificent draft horse for heavy work at a slow pace.

As was to be expected, many of the English breeders continued to use Clydesdale stallions, and at the present day, every spring, the agricultural societies of the English shires compete with the Scotch in premium-giving for the service of Scotland's best horses, with the result of producing as good and as pure-bred large-sized Clydes as are to be found anywhere. The great majority, however, adhere to the Shire horse, which has long been recognized as a distinctive breed, and registered as such.

Besides these famous horses in early days, we find such noted sires as Farmer's Fancy (298), Clyde, alias Glancer (153), from which were produced such noted stallions as Sir Colin (772), Blackleg (71), Ivanhoe (396).

A horse that I remember well, travelling there when I was a schoolboy, owned by Sandy Campbell, was Rob Roy (714). This horse left good stock, and many of the best pedigrees go back to him.

For a long period, Kintyre was justly celebrated for producing prize-winning Clydes, and to-day as good Clyde blood exists there as in any part of Scotland. True, owing to the influence of the late David McGibbon, factor for the Duke of Argyle, several of the Riddell-Drew Clyde-Shire-cross stallions travelled there for a number of years, and many of the best Clyde families there are in the meantime excluded from Canadian registration and importation. Notwithstanding this, many mares of purest pedigree are there mated to the best of Clyde sires, and many of the prize-winners in Scotland have been bred there, and not a few from my native county have enriched Canadian Clyde breeders. The celebrated Silver Cup served there during the past season, and for the season of 1910 a very promising young horse, High Degree, one of the best of his age in Scotland, has been secured, £100 premium being paid, and his terms to be £3 at time of service, and £4 when the mare proves in foal.

SELECT CLYDESDALES.

The early sixties mark an epoch in Clyde breeding in Scotland, when David Riddell and Lawrence Drew visited the northern English shires, and brought back with them some Shire