

Technical Education Commission at Work.

The Royal Commission on Industrial Training and Technical Education held its first meeting in Ottawa, July 6th. At a preliminary meeting of the Commission, held in the Department of Labor, Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King suggested that, before travelling abroad, it would be desirable for the Commission to make an industrial survey of the Dominion by visiting the several Provinces, and ascertaining the nature and extent of the several industries and trades, and their relative importance. Coincident with this, it was desirable to ascertain all that is being done at present to promote efficiency by industrial training and technical education. The itinerary of the Commission, as announced, starts with four days at Halifax, N. S., commencing July 17th, going thence to Sydney, August 1st; Charlottetown, P. E. I., August 8th and 9th; Amherst, N. S., August 13th; Moncton, N. B., August 16th; St. John, August 18th and 19th; Fredericton, August 23rd; Woodstock, N. B., August 24th; Quebec, P. Q., Sept. 15th; Three Rivers, Sept. 16th; Sherbrooke, Sept. 20th; Montreal and Valleyfield, Sept. 21st to 25th; Ottawa and Hull, October 3rd; La Chute, October 4th; Cornwall, Ont., October 6th; Brockville, Oct. 7th; Kingston, Oct. 11th; Peterborough, Oct. 14th; Toronto, Oct. 15th to 20th; Hamilton, Oct. 26th; St. Catharines, Oct. 27th; Niagara Falls, Oct. 28th; Brantford and Paris, November 1st; Galt, Nov. 2nd; Berlin and Waterloo, Nov. 3rd and 4th; Guelph, Nov. 5th and 7th; Stratford, Nov. 8th; Woodstock, Nov. 9th; London and Ingersoll, Nov. 10th and 11th; St. Thomas and Aylmer, Nov. 14th; Chatham, Nov. 15th; Windsor and Walkerville, Nov. 18th. The Commission will then go West, where it hopes to complete its Canadian tour early in January. The next few weeks will, it is understood, be spent visiting leading cities in the United States, after which it will sail for Great Britain and the Continent.

Eggs in Cold Storage.

Hens of Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Ohio have, since April, laid 45,000,000 eggs for the cold-storage man, according to farmers who have sold their product to representatives of Chicago cold-storage houses, says a newspaper despatch from the Windy City. It is said that the purchases were made at an average price of 23½ to 24 cents a dozen. Two cents a dozen is added to cover insurance, storage costs, etc., which brings the total cost up to about 26 cents a dozen.

If eggs can be retained in Chicago next winter at 45 cents a dozen, at which they were sold last winter, there will be a profit of 19 cents a dozen, or a total of more than \$700,000.

The Cattle Embargo Stays.

A ministerial statement made in the course of a debate in the British House of Commons, recently, makes it clear that there is no prospect of an early removal of the embargo on live cattle. "In all the circumstances," said Sir Edward Strachey, "there could be no possibility of the Government withdrawing the embargo."

A four-year-old boy runs up beside a hay-loader while it is standing a moment; the father, not noticing the boy, starts the horses. A line of the loader catches the boy and carries him half way up the loader before the team can be stopped. Result: probable death. This occurred in Wentworth Co., Ont. Let not the warning of this example be wasted.

The special civic committee, which has in hand the preparation of a report for the Toronto City Council on the question of establishing a central wholesale fruit market, decided last week in favor of the establishment of such a market. The committee, says the Globe, decided to ask Property Commissioner Harris to report on a suitable location for the market, also on the probable cost. This report is to be presented after the holidays.

Crop reports from the Canadian Prairies are still somewhat conflicting, as one might expect. Saskatchewan seems altogether likely to have much the best crop of the Prairie Provinces. The talk now is a hundred-million-bushel crop of wheat. This is much below early expectations, but better than was at one time feared.

American farmers are again crying for help, says a leading magazine from across the line. Wages are high, but they are said to be freely offered and promptly paid. Employment agencies are swamped with orders for good men, ranging from two and a half to three dollars a day.

"Strawberries," wrote E. F. Augustine, of Hamilton County, last week, "were a short crop; raspberries will be good if we get rain; apples are very light and dropping badly; peaches good, plums right, no cherries."

Letters from Two Country Boys in the City.

REPLY TO MRS. HOPKINS.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

It was with a great deal of interest that I read the article from the pen of Mrs. Hopkins, of Carleton Co., Ont., on "Why Boys and Girls Leave the Farm."

The writer spent about twenty years of his life on the farm, and thinks he is capable of giving some views on the matter. Each and every one is entitled to his own views on the matter, on any subject, for that part. This is a free country, and freedom of speech is in order, so long as we do not commit any offence by our speaking.

Mrs. Hopkins goes on to say that the farmer, the owner of the farm, does not accept any advice from, or allow his son to have any interest in the place at all; that he holds on to his farm until the time comes when he is no longer needed on earth; that boys will not wait for dead men's shoes; that the farmers, as a rule, are unclean, untidy and unkempt. Now, that sort of thing may exist in Carleton County. It may be the rule, and not the exception, but in the counties where I was reared, and in adjoining counties, it is the exception, and not the rule. Quite true, there are farmers who go to town as if they were hoboes; some who do look as if they never cleaned their teeth and finger-nails, or even took a bath once a year. To say that this class of farmers is the general rule, and that clean, tidy, bright ones are the exception, is absurd. Because a few do that sort of thing, is not proof-positive that all are alike.

The up-to-date farmer puts on a good clean, serviceable suit when he goes to town. Of course, if he is in the middle of a harvest field, and breaks the drive-wheel on his binder, he doesn't go to the house, wash his face and hands, sit down and remove his overalls and boots, to be replaced with his good suit and shoes, go out and hitch up the pacer in the rubber-tired rig, and go off to town for repairs. He would be foolish if he did. Quite likely he would tie the team up to the fence, jump on a wheel, get the repairs, replace them, and be working away inside of a couple of hours. He is more respected if he hustles like that. We have all got to hustle these days, in the city and out of it, and the farmer is wise if he gets the hustle fever, too. But when he goes to town with marketable goods, he has not to hurry so much. He does put on a better suit than his ordinary farm suit, and when he goes to town he transacts his business in a businesslike way; and when he is through he goes home to his family.

Farmers' sons and daughters in mostly all localities are treated well by the majority of fathers and mothers. They have an organ or piano, and quite a number of them play well, indeed. It is not an uncommon thing to see one farmer's son and the next farmer's daughter enjoying one another's company in the twilight of a summer's evening, in a nice rig, with a spirited horse. Boys don't have to wait for dead men's shoes, and the fathers don't have to die before they leave something to their sons and daughters.

The farmers are not immune from mistakes, but we progress by our limitations and errors. They form guiding marks against the same sort of thing another time.

The progressive and aggressive farmer to-day takes a bath when he needs one, generally once a week. He cleans his teeth and finger-nails, and the barber of the village is generally kept very busy Saturday evening trimming the heads and faces of the farmers. On Sunday morning he goes to church with his wife and family in a nice rig, and after dinner he sits in an easy chair, bedecked in house jacket and slippers, listening to music and singing.

Middlesex Co., Ont.

R. W.

WHY THE FARMER'S SON LEAVES THE FARM.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Countless reasons as to "Why the Farmer's Son Leaves the Farm" may be cited, but the following statement covers a multitude of them, viz.: The farmer's son is discouraged at home—not every farmer's son, but many of them—and it is upon a few of the ways in which he is discouraged that I wish to write. I was born and raised on a farm in Oxford County, Ontario. I had no settled plan, at the age of fourteen, as to what trade, business or profession I might follow. I had plenty of ambition, and might easily have been encouraged. Not being able to see a bright future for me on the farm, I left it a few years later. I have no sorrowful tale to tell of my life in the city, but it is in the interests of farmers I am writing. I was never allowed to know what was considered to be the exact value of my father's farm, stock or implements, nor how much money could be made on the farm in any one year, or in any department of it. I was fond of company. I liked to take an active part in athletic games. If I wanted to go to an entertainment or dance, this was looked upon with disfavor either

that night or the following morning, especially if it happened to be the last out of bed. If I wanted a lacrosse stick or a uniform and shoes, such as were worn by other club members, or a pair of shoes suitable for football—in fact, a suitable outfit in which I might take part in any recreation—it was simply out of the question to get more than a part of the same at any one time. If I wanted any money to spend—not necessarily on riotous living, but in quite a reasonable and legitimate way—this was little short of crime. All these things considered together made me long for the time to come when I could get out and earn something for myself, on which I could be independent.

Some time after leaving the farm, I came to the city. It took but a short time to notice that the business man took his son into the business when the son was ready to leave school. He took the utmost pains to instruct the young man in every department of the business, and in the ways wherein most business could be done, especially how to secure a good profit, and how to curtail expenses; and in every way he entrusted the young man, until he became a very active and reliable partner, whether financially interested or not. The business man's son is paid a regular salary for his services; the farmer's son, on the other hand, is seldom encouraged to do much but work. There are many ways in which he might be encouraged, but I know of none better than stimulating his interests in every department of the farm, by giving all the instruction and information that the father has at hand, and by giving, in return for the son's labors, either a reasonable wage, or its equivalent in a share of the business of the farm.

The farmer is apt to think he is away out in the country, and not a business man. This is a mistake. He is a business man—an active one—with a substantial investment, as a rule. It will pay him well to take his son with him on a visit to the city, and together interview the produce dealers, wholesalers and retailers; the fruit dealers, wholesalers and retailers; the horse-dealers; in fact, any and all who deal in anything that is produced for sale on the farm. He may find a much better market for his produce than the one at his own door. What will be learned about the city and its methods, the railroad and its methods in the passenger, freight and express departments, will give the farmer and his son sufficient to talk about and keep them from being lonesome for a time.

"SANDY SANDERSON."

York Co., Ont.

[We think the different points of view taken by the two foregoing writers makes conclusion easy in this much-vexed discussion, both letters having been written, it will be noted, by country boys who have gone to the city for their life-work. The conclusion is this: That there are sheep and goats among the farmers, as in all other walks of life; that some farmers do not use their children right with regard to profits and prospects, while others do; that some farmers expect their children to be mere drudges, living without pay or the natural pleasures that youth craves, while others do not. From other letters, it appears that some farmers are careless in dress, manners and language—even careless to the extent of neglecting the teeth and the bath—while others are tidy, cleanly, refined, gentlemen in the little things of life, as well as in the great ones. So be it. Let those whom the adverse critics have assailed wear the cap—rather, get rid of it. Let those whom it does not fit, go on with clear conscience.—Ed.]

A Lesson from the United States.

Those wool-growers who are asking for increased production for the woollen industry in Canada should not be unmindful of what Gifford Pinchot recently said in regard to the effect of the woollen section of the United States tariff. "The woollen schedule," said Mr. Pinchot, "professing to protect the wool-grower, is found to result in sacrificing grower and consumer alike to one of the most rapacious of trusts."

And Mr. Pinchot is in a position to know concerning the matter of which he speaks. He is the bosom friend of Roosevelt; he was appointed by Roosevelt as Chief Forester of the United States, and he has been intimately connected with public affairs in the United States in a large way for many years. Moreover, what Pinchot says is sustained, and more than sustained, by the record. The woollen trust of the United States has used the power given it by legislation to depress the wages of its employees to the lowest possible level; the average of the wages paid by it is only \$393 a year, and all the operatives employed in one of the largest establishments are foreigners. It has, under the cover of protection given it, compelled the American consumer to pay double the British price for woollen clothing, and just now it is engaged in an effort, so far successful, to force the price of raw wool to a level about one-fourth below that paid last year, when the finished product made by the trust from wool was cheaper than it is now.—Weekly Sun