

on the farm. Not alone did I work day and night to gain the one end which was independence, but also to win a young woman who was an idol in my eye. I lacked but one thing in this latter end of it, that was education. In my line of work I was doing well without this and mingled with the best men of the city. I strove for more than I could gain at once. Working and scheming took so much time, that sleeping and eating were forgotten. Not that alone, but I made an investment, a doubtful one it was, yet, if well managed, would bring the desired result. To gain one thing was needing the other. In the meantime I had aroused jealousy, enemies were working; harder I worked and less I took of rest and food. Not for long, however. The physician ordered me to a quiet resort. I had to go. I was obliged to take a long rest. Every nerve, through anxiety, was unstrung. It was months before I felt like a man, and in the meantime I received a telegram to the effect that my investment was a failure. I knew what this meant. It meant that the other idol was not now to be had. I had a nice little doctor's bill, a fairly large bill at the village inn, and I realized I was as poor a man as is in the country. I said I had mingled with some of the best men in the city. So I had, but after this collapse I could no longer mingle with them, nor did I want to.

Not till now could I see the folly of going to the city to become successful. Never before could I see or realize what it means to live the life of many of the successful business men in our cities. True, many have started at the bottom and have worked themselves to the top, but many more are at the bottom still, and further down than when they started.

It is now my turn to envy my brother in his overalls. It is now that I will speak shyly to him that feedeth the cattle and sheep and the swine and that tendeth to the horses these cold, damp days. Nor is it so easy to again find a situation at this season of the year. I have tried it for a week now and with the same result. One look at a sheet-white face and a furrowed brow and skeleton frame satisfies the help-seeker. "The situation is filled" is the "kind" answer, or "We want a strong, experienced man" says another. The farmer says, "We just employ hired help in summer," etc.

Unlike the farmer's son, strong and healthy, when meal-time comes enjoys his feast, though it be boiled turnips and mush and milk, occasionally the one out of employment in the city pays for a room, and if his finances so let him, he will indulge in something hot, probably toast and hot beef-tea for ten cents, and that will keep him for the day. The young man on the farm has no idea what life in the city really is. There is no other life more deceiving than that of the city. If we trace many of the street-walkers, in fashionable attire, to their habitation or homes, we will find disgusting conditions there. It is well that all is not known, and yet it would be well if some did know what they are sure to discover later; they would never think of giving up country life.

I did go to the city to make my fortune. I should have done all right probably had I not speculated, and in doing so lost all. But every city business man speculates. He has to do so in one way or the other, and I am satisfied that one hundred city people fail utterly before one farmer does so. Others I have known have failed just as much so as I have. Their story is different probably, but I know of only three farmers who have failed, and I know of at least three hundred in the city. The cry of the city man is "Money, more of it. Make it honestly or dishonestly." On every hand, on either side of the street, and on the very street, are the coin-takers. Daily they are coming in from the farms and country and try to keep pace with the "city folk." Boys and young men who have no need of working in the city readily find city-life fascinating. Theatres and other houses claim many a dollar. No, they would not exchange for the lonesome country-life again, but in all cases a day will come when the mistake made will appear a serious matter and will grow in seriousness. To go back to the land after years is not such an easy thing as it may appear to be. It is much easier to leave the farm than return to it. The best way is to stick to it. After seeing what I have seen, and knowing what I know to be true, I can not too strongly say, "Stick to the farm, boys."

There is a growing restlessness among many of the farm boys at this time of the year. They determine to go to town to brighten up, probably spend a winter in the city. Not only taking work from some who are brought up in the city, but also in many cases find a liking to the past-times there, and finally stay there. If from my own and others experience I have learned anything, I have learned that in the majority of cases it is not the polishing they receive, but alas, the very opposite.

May I sound a kindly word of warning to the young men who contemplate going to the city. First look before you leap. Make sure of the place, and know if it is a permanent job you have secured. To be laid off in mid-winter, with chances of not getting work for a month or so, is no pleasant dream after having once experienced such. Make sure of your companions and associates. How very easy it is to be led astray, even for a man brought up in a good home. The downward path is ever so much easier in the cities than anywhere else. The pool-rooms, theatres and other houses welcome the newcomer—not the man, but his money, of course. It will mean being on the lookout continually. A mother's love, a father's counsel and a sister's influence are missing, the result is often disastrous.

But why think of making the city your future home? What would many a prominent man tied to the city give were he able to be back on the farm again? What would I give had I never seen the city? We know that the very country is known for one thing mainly. It is known for its agriculture, for the men who have made it so. The men who made it so are not those who go about in automobiles alone. Farmers and farmer's sons, tillers of this soil have made it what it is to-day, and these very men are the most honored and important men of to-day, only they don't know it.

If you are restless do not think rest can be found in the city. A fortnight's visit to the city will probably satisfy you, and a short course at the O. A. C. will no doubt be a great benefit to you, but if you will take my advice, and I have had experience, you will stick to the farm. J.A.

Some Problems.

By Peter McArthur.

While sawing wood in the wood-lot my attention was attracted by a myriad of little moths that began to flutter over the dead leaves as soon as the sun had warmed the air. Everywhere I looked they were fluttering a few inches above the ground, and there were from one to a dozen over every square yard. I cannot remember having seen this particular kind of moth before—at least I am sure I never saw them in such numbers. Of course, I began to wonder about them and to feel suspicious. I have met so many bugs, moths, worms and insects that are injurious that I am becoming inclined to view them all with suspicion. As the log we were cutting was about two feet in diameter, and the saw was none too sharp, I felt I had a good excuse to take a rest by starting a scientific investigation. But though the moths were very plentiful, they were surprisingly lively when pursued, and it took some trouble to get my hat over one. When captured it did not look very dangerous, but one never knows, and I made up my mind to send the specimen I had caught to the expert of The Farmer's Advocate so as to find out more about it. Placing it carefully in a glove, I went back to the sawing, and at noon when I got to the house I opened the glove with much caution—and the moth was not there. I explored the thumb and fingers without success. It had managed to escape. In the afternoon I captured another and imprisoned it more securely. It is to be enclosed in this letter, and as it is dead it should not escape. I shall be obliged if the official entomologist of the staff appends a note telling what the little creature is. It is probably harmless, but its surprising numbers attracted my attention rather than its appearance. It seems impossible that a little, filmy, ashy grey creature like this could be harmful, but one never knows. And, anyway, capturing the moth and taking care of it broke the monotony of sawing wood and made it possible for me to take a rest. I like to rest whenever I can find a decent excuse for doing it.

The tree we were cutting had much about it to interest me, and I wished that I had a scientist along to answer a lot of questions that I wanted to ask. It was the big maple I told about last spring. It came crashing down one morning when not a breath of air was stirring. Apparently it had reached the fullness of its years. When we began to cut it we found that some kind of borer had been tunnelling through it. I wonder if that hastened its end. When I examined it after it fell there was not a dead limb on it and every twig was covered with leaves and winged seeds. As far as the outward appearance of the trunk was concerned, it was as healthy as any tree in the woods, except for a "shake" near the stump. It was, perhaps, through this crevice that the borers found an entry. While we were sawing, a chip of bark came loose, and under it there was a smoothly-cut little cavity, and in it a large black ant fully an inch long. It was all alone and was the only specimen I found. On looking at the

roots where they had been torn from the ground, I found that all the central roots were decayed, and only those on the outer rim were fresh and alive. A professor of forestry could no doubt have given me an interesting lecture on this old tree, and I would have listened with interest, for I am much concerned about the preservation of this bit of the virgin forest. I noticed with some disquiet that many of the largest trees have dead limbs in their tops, and I could not help wondering whether they would mature and die before the young trees have made a proper showing. As the cattle have been kept out of this bit of woods for several years, young maples are pushing up plentifully, but it will be many years before they will make much of a showing. One thing that excited my curiosity, and perhaps a trifle of wrath, was to find beside the log some of the little pine-trees that I planted with so much labor in the neighboring lot. Evidently some hunter or visitor to the woods had pulled them up by the roots and carried them this far, but why I cannot imagine. It was a bit of wanton destructiveness for which I could see no excuse. I was glad to find on going to look at the planted trees that they are looking thrifty, and that there was no signs of many of them being tampered with. But why were these pulled and carried away. No animal could have done it, and I fail to see why anyone boasting ordinary intelligence would in this way undo a piece of work that could not possibly be hurtful to anyone else. Human beings are strange creatures.

A correspondent has raised an interesting question, and I am going to pass it along for wiser heads than mine to answer. In reading an article in The Farmer's Advocate by a contributor who had driven from Leamington to London, he noticed that mention was made of the large number of farms that have been abandoned or turned over to pasture in this district. In following on a map the course taken by the writer of the article, he stumbled on Elkfrid, and decided to ask me to solve the riddle. All I can say is that I have been puzzling over the same problem for the past three years. The land is the best farming land in the Province. The district has excellent railroad facilities and everything seems to point to progress and prosperity, yet every year more farms are being allowed to run to pasture. In most cases it is found that the owner has moved West to try his fortune, but I fail to understand why he should do that. If he still intends to farm there is no place better for that than Ontario. I cannot go farther in explaining the riddle than to tell why one farm is going to pasture. It is going to pasture because I cannot hire the necessary help to work it properly, and because I can get more fun out of pounding the keys of a typewriter than out of harvesting crops in the rain. Of course there is another explanation of the abandoned farms, but I hate to offer it for fear of being thought a crank on one subject. But, come to think of it, I can shoulder the explanation on another man, so I may as well give it. About a year ago, J. Malcolm MacDonald, of Aylmer, wrote me a letter attributing the whole trouble to our banking system. As soon as the farmers get any money they put it in one of the branch banks, and it is at once sent away to Montreal or Toronto to be employed in great enterprises in various parts of the world. Where the carcass is there will the eagles be also. Those who sell their labor must follow the money, and the young men and the laborers are leaving the country to crowd to the cities and to the West, where money is being spent lavishly on new enterprises. By our branch bank system all the surplus money is being drained out of the rural districts of Ontario and the labor is going with it. Little or none of the money earned in the country is seeking local investment or being used to promote local enterprises. Because of this one of the finest farming districts in the country is being turned over to pasture, and is becoming, every year, more and more like prairie land. I agree entirely with Mr. MacDonald's explanation, but I quite realize that I have been paying so much attention to the banking system lately that there is some danger of attributing to it every evil that I see in the country. I shall be glad if some readers will favor me with their explanations of the mystery. Instead of being on the increase, productive farming in this district is going back, even though all the natural conditions seem to be in favor of the best kind of farming. Perhaps if the true cause of the change could be discovered something could be done to set things right.

A reader of the Farmer's Advocate, West Nissouri Township, Middlesex Co., Ont., reports his recent oat threshing of 1,000 bushels from 26 acres, a good sample of a white variety resembling Banner from Western-grown seed.