

were a few very fine Shorthorns, some splendid specimens of Aberdeen-Angus, a few Galloways, and a number of Ayrshires. The Highland cattle were very good, although the ordinary Canadian farmer does not approve of growing so much horn. A few Jerseys and a few Shetland cattle made up the show of bovines. There was quite a show of poultry, thirteen breeds being represented, besides a few ducks and geese, but there were no rabbits, hares or Guinea pigs or other pets, so dear to the small boy at Toronto and London shows.

The dairy exhibit was very poor. I have seen a better exhibit at a county show in Ontario. The Canadian Government had an exhibit of grains, fruits, etc., and a liberal supply of literature for all who wished it. The Australian and Rhodesian Governments also had tents, and were anxious to get immigrants. Several enterprising seedsmen had fine exhibits of grains and seeds. I believe some of them are doing good work in originating new varieties of grains and roots.

D. L.

The Question of Hired Help.

By Peter McArthur.

Sir Jingo McBore has a goose
That lays golden eggs for his use;
If I told you her name,
You might shrivel with shame,
But some folks would give me abuse.

At the present writing, about ten days before this article will be published—the prospects are that I shall get in the last of the hay this afternoon. I make this explanation so that people who will probably be busy at their oats when they read this will not think that I am still fussing with the hay. I know I am behind with my work, but, unfortunately, I am not alone. There is still a lot of hay in the fields, some of it still uncut. The fact that mine is in the cocks gives me something of an advantage over some other people, for it is in shape to stand a little rain. The last that was hauled in was as good as if it had not been rained on—real farmers told me so—and I am hopeful that what is left will be all right, also. Between the "catchy weather" and the scarcity of labor, one is lucky to get in the hay in any kind of shape. The trouble has been the same with all of us who are behind—wet weather and lack of help. While thinking over the help problem, a solution of the whole difficulty flashed on me, and it looks so easy that I wonder it has not been attended to long ago. I do not know why it is that things like that seem so wonderfully clear to us sometimes. There is nothing new about my solution. I have been mumbling about it at various times for the last couple of years. But it was when I was actually struggling with the work that the cause of the trouble occurred to me. Labor is scarce in the country simply because farmers cannot afford to pay wages that will compete with the wages paid in the cities. An impression prevails in the towns and cities that the farmers are too mean to pay decent wages. This is not true. I know now from personal experience that if a man were to pay wages that would stop the trend of labor to the cities, and have all his work done by hired labor, he would have to be a very skillful business man to come out even, leave alone making a profit for himself and his investment in farm property. Why should this be so? Farming is the most important industry in the country—the one that supplies the absolutely necessary food and the raw materials of other industries. If any occupation is to have an economic advantage, it should be the one. But it seems in some way to be handicapped. The well-organized manufacturers and capitalists are able to pay wages that lure labor from the farms where it is needed most. There is need of an adjustment by which farmers can go into the labor market on terms of equality with all others. Then, and not till then, can they produce more, and the cost of living may be reduced if the rapacious corporations can be curbed. I do not care to enter into a discussion of whether this handicap on farming can best be removed by Reciprocity, or by Protection, or by some other means, but it must be removed somehow. When the manufacturers and capitalists find themselves working at a disadvantage, they organize and make the political parties understand their needs. It is possible that they go too far in this way, and use the power of their organization to get unfair advantages, but they are teaching us a lesson that is worth heeding. Farmers must get together and make their needs clear, and make it understood that their purpose is not to strengthen some political party, but to have their great industry placed on a fair footing with all others. If they do that, a way will soon be found to give them fair play. But farming cannot make progress until farmers can afford to pay as good wages as anyone else, and they cannot do that until they get a larger share of the legitimate

profits on their products. The business world seems to be so organized that there are altogether too many people making profits on farm produce before it reaches the ultimate consumer. If this is because the business world has undue privileges, the privileges must be wiped out, even though some business men may be forced back to the land. If it is because the farmer does not get the advantages to which he is entitled, the advantages must be given to him. Let those who make it their business to solve such problems give this one their attention. We will soon know if they get the answer right by the fact that the farmers will be able to pay just as good wages as anyone else, and in that way get their fair share of the labor of the country.

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As a banker, Sir Jingo McBore
Is bound to have money galore.
Should his bank go to smash,
The depositors' cash
Will float him while swimming ashore.

* * *

One of the finest things about farming is its independence. Every farm is a little kingdom in itself, with "few men within it." Sometimes it is a happy democracy in which everyone from the baby up has a voice, and sometimes an absolute monarchy, ruled over by a surly tyrant who ought to be brought to his senses with a carefully-applied fence stake. But this matter of home rule and dealing with all problems on the farm as if they were personal and peculiar is sometimes carried too far. Perhaps men would find that many of the troubles in their little kingdoms are felt in all the other little kingdoms. Even such a matter as the sons and daughters and the hired help all going to the city, and leaving behind only the disheartened owner of the farm, is not peculiar to any family or place. I suspect that if we got together and investigated, we would find that the fault was not entirely that of the sons and daughters and the hired help, or even of ourselves. It might be found that the trouble is due to economic conditions that are disturbing all our little kingdoms alike. Personal grievances and troubles each farmer must deal with by himself, but when it is found that all have a certain line of trouble in common, the time has come for concerted action, in order to remove it. These are things that properly belong in the domain of politics, and if farmers would make it clear to the politicians, who always have remedies for everything, that they know that they are being discriminated against, something would be done, and that quickly, to remove the cause of the trouble. But if the farmers will simply sit at home and grumble because their children are deserting to the cities, and they cannot hire help to take their place, conditions will never be improved. It is useless to keep on complaining about the scarcity of help on the farms, and wondering about it. Just get busy and see to it that matters are so adjusted that you can pay as good wages as city employers, and the drift cityward will dwindle down to those who feel that they are really not living unless they can take trolley rides and go to the moving-picture shows. And even these frivolous people may in time find that they are paying too great a price for their enjoyments and be glad to get back to the stolid comfort of the country. There is no use lecturing them about it. The only way is to make money talk to them, but, in order to do that, the farmers must have a chance to get the necessary money.

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Sir Jingo McBore, it is true,
Is a pirate, a cheat and a screw;
He fights through the week
With claw and with beak,
But on Sunday he sleeps in a pew.

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The work of getting the railways to obey the law which orders them to blow the whistles when within eighty rods of level crossings, and to ring the bell continuously until the crossing is reached, is becoming very interesting. As I mentioned some weeks ago, the Board of Railway Commissioners issued a circular letter to the railways calling attention to the law and warning them that it must be obeyed. The signals were given with some regularity for a few days, and then matters lapsed to the old state. Having satisfied myself that the law was not being obeyed, I complained to the Board, and gave specific instances of breaches of the law. I was notified that the inspectors of the operating department were assigned to the task of seeing if the railways were heeding the warning, and once more there is an improvement, though several trains passed to-day without giving the signals. Although I am profoundly interested in having the law enforced because it would mean so great a saving of life—eighty per cent. of the fatal accidents occur on the country crossings—I have found a new and absorbing interest in watching to see whether a corporation can be made to obey the law when only

the rights of the people are at stake. It is useless to blame the engineers. They obey all orders issued by their general managers—they would be called "on the carpet," and jolted from the cradle to the grave if they did not—and they would obey this one if the men higher up wanted it obeyed. Where the rights of the shipper are concerned, if he gets a decision against a railway, it is enforced, because he has a lawyer to represent him. But apparently the people have no one to represent them, unless the Board undertakes the enforcement of the law. If the railway law is enforced in regard to giving signals, it will be an encouragement to go on and force other corporations that are forgetting the rights of the people to do their duty. If it is not enforced, it is time we knew about it and learned the reason why. If laws intended to govern the conduct of corporations cannot be enforced, a state of affairs exists that cannot be remedied too soon. (While I was writing this paragraph, the International Limited passed the level crossing near-by, without giving the signals.)

Thus spoke bold Sir Jingo McBore:
"Men say I break laws by the score!
As there's nothing to fear,
I reply with a sneer,
I do, and I'm going to break more!"

Brandon Exhibition a Record Breaker.

Brandon's beautiful fair-grounds this year accommodated more live stock, increased exhibits and greater crowds than in any former year. The live-stock sections put up one of the choicest exhibits ever seen in Western Canada, cattle making a great display, with hogs and sheep stronger than on former occasions, while horses showed a little falling off.

HORSES.

Clydesdales.—Competition was keen in nearly every class. The exhibitors were: W. H. Bryce, Arcola; Wm. Grant, Regina; W. I. Elder, Colquhoun & Beattie, Trotter & Trotter, J. D. McGregor, Jas. Sutherland, G. C. Porterfield, A. C. McPhail, and F. E. Thompson, of Brandon; D. Hastings, Oak River; W. J. McCallum & Bros., Brampton, Ont.; Thos. Jasper, Harding; W. J. Young, Griswold; John Nicol, Beresford; P. S. Dawley, Carroll; W. A. Walker & Sons, Carnegie; A. P. Webster, Welwyn; A. C. Stewart, Rapid City; Wm. Turner, Forrest, and A. J. White, Hamiota.

The awards in the aged-stallion class were: 1, W. H. Bryce, on Revelanta's Heir, by Revelanta; 2, O. J. White, on General Notice, by Revelanta; 3, John Graham, on Queen's Royal; 4, Wm. Grant, on Warlaby; 5, W. J. Elder, on Proud Edward. In the three-year-old class, Colquhoun & Beattie got first on Critic, the Winnipeg grand champion; 2, A. C. McPhail, on Sir Francis Drake; 3, Trotter & Trotter, on Craigie Gibson; 4, W. J. Elder, on Kirktown Squire. Two-year-olds presented a good line-up of high-quality colts. 1, D. Hastings, on Radien, by Son of Hiawatha; 2, McCallum Bros., on Royal Ideal; 3, F. E. Thompson, on Crosby Gallant, by Sir Everest; 4, T. Jasper, on Baron Ivory. Yearling stallions—1, Bryce on Doune Lodge Revelanta, by Revelanta's Heir; 2, W. J. Young. The male championship class brought out three grand animals. Revelanta's Heir won for Bryce over the Winnipeg champion, Critic, and was afterwards made champion over all breeds.

The female classes were even stronger than the stallion classes. Yeld mares—1, John Graham, on Border Rosie, by Hiawatha; 2, A. C. Stewart, on May Urquhart; 3, Trotter & Trotter, on Bella Stewart. Three-year-olds—1, McCallum Bros., on Privation, by Revelanta; 2, W. A. Walker & Sons, on Lady Melvin, by Allandale; 3, W. J. Young, on May Brandon. Two-year-olds—1, W. H. Bryce, on Craigie Belle, by Bonnie Buchlyvie; 2 and 3, Grant, on Lady Hopetoun, by Baron Hopetoun, and Nellie Lansdowne, by Lansdowne; 4, Bryce, on Doune Lodge Lady Garnet; 5, McCallum Bros. Yearlings—1 and 2, Bryce, on Countess of Moray, by Bonnie Buchlyvie, and Doune Lodge Floradora; 3, Grant, on Kismet, by Cawdor Laird; 4, McGregor, on Glencarnock Maid. The brood-mare class was won by J. Nicol, on Lizzie Barclay, second going to G. C. Porterfield on Flashend Princess; W. A. Walker, third on Lady Stirling. Nicol and Sutherland were first and second, respectively, on colt. Craigie Belle won the championship for Bryce, and Lady Hopetoun was made reserve. Craigie Belle was also awarded the prize for the best pure-bred draft mare at the show.

The Canadian-bred classes displayed all the desired qualities found among the imported animals. A. McPhail got first in three-year-old stallions on Sir Francis Drake, by Dundrennan. Jasper's Baron Ivory, by Black Ivory, won the two-year-old class; while Bryce's Doune Lodge Revelanta was first in yearlings. Maggie Priam was first for Webster in brood mares. J. Young won on