

from the field, and wasting time and temper getting them into their proper stalls, they will come to your call and follow you into the stable. Never frighten a babe.

To be a really successful farmer, a man must love his work and stock. To be a really happy farmer, a man must love his work and stock. To be really happy in the home, a man must have love to shower around him. Without love, life is not worth living, but with love, or, rather, with Faith, Hope and Love, the darkest clouds seem transparent with the silver lining shining through. Prince Edward Co., Ont. H. R. COULDERY.

A Letter to Dad.

My Dear Dad:

I see that your boy has been giving me quite a raking over in "The Farmer's Advocate" of January 11th, and I hasten to assure you that I am accepting his "protest" in the same kindly spirit in which it was written. But, before discussing what he had to say, I want to congratulate you on being the father of so promising a son. He seems to have "the root of the matter" in him, and that should give you a lot of satisfaction, for, as you and I know, a lot of young fellows, especially when they get a good education, are apt to be like the bumblebees—biggest just after they are born. Of course, he takes things seriously, as a young man should, but by the time he has his farm paid for and has his herd of "slim tailed cows," he will probably realize, as we do, that jokes as a by-product of farming are not to be despised.

The young man seems to be afraid that the editor of "The Farmer's Advocate" is taking me seriously. He is all wrong. When I call to see the editor and talk farming to him, he laughs and laughs. I never knew a man to laugh so much. And when I told him about the new corn-planter I am trying to invent, I thought he would never stop laughing. By the way, I haven't told you about that corn-planter, have I? Well, ever since I planted five acres of corn last spring, I have been putting in my spare time trying to invent a corn-planter that will cough and clear its own throat after a fellow has jabbed it into the ground with its mouth open. I suppose your boy would say that I should learn how to use the present type of corn planter in the right way, but I know that human nature is weak and forgetful. When I was planting corn, I would get thinking about the last bulletin I had read and the best method of keeping the capillaries broken up, and would get so excited that I would forget, and then I would have to stop and stick my finger down the planter's throat and pull out the loam and humus and scratchy little stones. I know there are a lot of other people who are just as absent-minded and excitable as I am, and it is for their benefit that I am trying to perfect "The Coughing Corn Planter."

Now, let us get back to the "Protest." The young man thinks that I must only be a "make-believe" farmer, because I sometimes get merry with the bulletins, the O. A. C., and "The Farmer's Institutes." This raises a number of points that I want to talk over with you in an orderly way. To begin with, I am sorry if anything I have said about these excellent institutions has exceeded "the limits of becoming mirth." No one can have a higher regard than I for the experts of agricultural education, but I have no fear that "wisdom shall die with them," and I cannot forget that "there were wise men before Agamemnon." If I have ventured to chaff them occasionally, it is because I want people to realize that, with all their science and public spirit, they are human beings like the rest of us. Most of us are more willing to learn things from fellow beings than from oracles. Moreover, here is a little quotation by which I was much impressed many years ago:

"In the search for truth, every faculty should be awake. Humor should bear a torch; wit should give it sudden light; reason should winnow the grain; judgment should carry the scales, and memory, with a miser's care, should keep and guard the mental gold."

The next aspect of the case that strikes me is that I cannot possibly be a "make-believe" farmer and all the kinds of a poor farmer he deals with in the last paragraphs of his article. I freely admit that I am quite capable of doing any of the foolish things he reproves, but I couldn't do all of them even if I were my dead grandfather and "Donald Ban" and my wife's relatives rolled into one. Besides, I have never said or done half of the things he seems to attribute to me. Of course, I know he was not talking to me at all in the last part of the article. He was simply lecturing the backward and inefficient farmers over my shoulder. As a matter of fact, I agree with practically everything he has to say, and have believed most of these things for fully

two years. The trouble is that he did not make his purpose quite clear, and seemed to be scolding me, when he was really meaning someone else. You might call his attention to this in a pleasant way, so that when he writes another article, innocent people will not, as Billy Baxter says, "get whacks out of the overflow." And at the same time you might call his attention to the fact that the story with which he closed his article is hardly in keeping with the spirit that now animates the Department of Agriculture, the O. A. C., and "The Farmer's Advocate." In the annual report of the Live-stock Association, which has just come to hand, I find that President Creelman says, after explaining why the reports and bulletins have so little effect, "We can preach and publish, but until we get some missionary who will go with the gospel of agriculture to every farmer, we are not going to get this Province of Ontario producing twice as much as it is doing at the present time from the ordinary farm."

There is no suggestion there of calling on the man who is not profiting by his opportunities to attend to his ears.

There is still another point about this "make-believe" farming that I want to have cleared up. At the present time, I am pestering the experts for their ripest thought on how to handle an orchard, a garden, some bees, and several fields of pasture. If I carry out their instructions and advice, I suppose I shall qualify as an orchardist, a gardener, an apiarist, and a grazier. But will all this enable me to qualify as a farmer? If not, what is a real farmer? I know many men who are really traders, and yet they pass as farmers. They neither plow, sow, nor reap, but make their livings by buying and selling. They are, in a sense, middlemen who are living in the country. Yet they pass for farmers. Why shouldn't I? Does the fact that I spend part of my time pounding the keys of a typewriter exclude me forever? I am asking merely for information, not that I really care. As a matter of fact, I have always objected to being classified as anything. Perhaps that is why I object to being classified as a "make-believe" farmer. But I should like to find out how I am to recognize a real farmer when I meet him.

Your son also remarks that the thought of anyone taking me seriously is "alarming." Now, what do you think about that? There is no more common mistake than that of supposing that the man who can see the humorous side of things cannot see the serious side. In what respect do we who enjoy jokes differ from other men? Have we not "hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die?" To drop Shakespeare, and get up to date, are we not fooled by the same politicians, and gouged by the same mergers as serious-minded people are? Just because we crack a joke when we cannot see a chance to do anything more important, must we be forever branded as frivolous? The trouble with my seriousness is that, when I give way to it, it is a case where "Wisdom cries out in the street, and no man regards it." If I could get people to grapple with a few really serious problems, I would lay by my cap and bells at once. But people are too busy making a little money to give any heed to those who are making a great deal, or to the troubles that are now brewing. The Man with the Muckrake, in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, is about the most serious character in all literature. Public questions and others did not interest him while there was anything for him to rake up, and they do not interest his descendants to-day. Though we have a financial system that is getting a strange hold on every form of business in Canada, including farming, the people who are making a little money to-day will not stop to look into the matter. Though trusts and mergers are becoming entrenched, so that we may never be able to dislodge them, it is useless to call attention to the fact. Then, why not be merry and have our jokes, until the storm breaks?

But let no one imagine that I despise the role of jester to our new king—the sovereign voter. Sir Walter Scott tells us that the kings of old had many wise men to advise them, and one fool to tell them how much of the advice to take. If I tried to live up to that role, I would be the busiest man in Canada, not because there are no others who could qualify in the court of Democracy, but because all the modern fools are usually serious. And I am afraid that a great many people are taking them seriously which, to my mind, is very "alarming."

Well, Dad, I had no intention of writing you

such a long letter when I started, but, as you can see, the trouble is that at heart I am incurably serious. I cannot let slip a chance to say something improving. But you must not let your son get the idea that I took his "Protest" more seriously than he intended it. I have merely been using his own method, and talking to a lot of other people over your shoulder. To show that I have no hard feelings, I hereby offer him the agency in your district of my "Coughing Corn Planter." There should be money in it, and if I manage to organize a company for its manufacture, I am willing to allow him liberal commissions for any stock he may be able to sell to his neighbors. With best wishes to you and your son, I am,

Yours joyously,
THE MAKE-BELIEVE FARMER."

Let the Boys Swim.

It is with fear and trembling I begin to express my thoughts among so many of the sterner sex. I congratulate Mr. McArthur on his recovery, yet that one accident may be the means of saving a score of lives. That's not "taffy," although "taffy" is a common commodity about election time and the beginning of the New Year. Don't they swallow it down? And when it is so easy to take, why not give some praise to the gentler sex? Notice how their faces will brighten, and their work for you will seem lighter—for a farmer's wife is usually a cheap helper, and works harder, with longer hours, than many a hired man. Often, with a few poorly-fed hens, she is expected to "run" the house, clothe a family of a half dozen or more, to say nothing of herself, for she usually comes last when it comes to clothes. For pity's sake, get your wife a good warm winter coat, and don't have her going about with her back humped and her face the color of the sky. She will die in a year or two, and then you'll be sorry (at least for a little while, until you can get your eye on another one).

There is often a craze among farmers for more land for the boys; therefore, home comforts are denied. In many cases the boys will not fully appreciate the denial. I say, let them swim for it, then they will know what they are getting, and won't be like many girls nowadays—they don't consider what kind of a man they are marrying, but take any two-legged affair that comes along. It does not so much matter how much money or property a man possesses—"A man's a man, for a' that."

Let us keep our eyes and ears open, girls, and throw silly infatuation to the winds.

"BROWN EYES."

Over Half a Billion Dollars' Worth of Crops.

The Census and Statistics Office of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, issued, on January 13th, a bulletin giving the final estimates of the area, yield and value of the principal field crops of the Dominion for 1911. The field crops of Canada are shown to have occupied last year a total area of 32,853,000 acres, and their value, calculated at the average local-market prices, amounts to \$565,712,000. The area under wheat last year was 10,374,000 acres, of which 1,172,000 acres were fall wheat in Ontario and Alberta, and the production was 215,851,000 bushels, of the value of \$138,567,000. Fall wheat produced 26,014,000 bushels, of the value of \$21,451,000. Oats occupied 9,220,000 acres, and yielded 348,188,000 bushels, of the value of \$126,812,000; barley, 1,404,000 acres yielded 40,641,000 bushels, of the value of \$23,044,000; and flax, 1,132,000 acres yielded 12,921,000 bushels, of the value of \$19,467,000. The combined area under rye, peas, buckwheat, mixed grains and flax was 2,841,000 acres, the yield 44,986,000 bushels, and the value \$41,560,000. Hoed and cultivated crops, comprising beans, corn for husking, potatoes, turnips and other roots, except sugar beets, occupied 1,063,000 acres, and yielded 170,884,000 bushels, of the value of \$73,290,000. Sugar beets in Ontario and Alberta had an acreage of 20,878, and a yield of 177,000 tons, of the value of \$1,165,000. Fodder crops, including fodder, corn, hay, clover and alfalfa, show an acreage of 8,290,000, a production of 15,499,000 tons, and a value of \$161,314,000. Alfalfa, a record of which was taken for the first time, shows an area of 101,781 acres, with a yield of 227,900 tons of the value of \$2,249,000. This valuable fodder crop is being principally grown in Ontario, Quebec and Alberta, the average yield per acre for the whole of Canada being 24 tons.

For the year 1911, the areas from which the yields are calculated were those of the recent census, and the resulting data are not, therefore, strictly comparable with the estimates of the three previous years, which were based upon the reports of selected correspondents. It may be mentioned, however, that the area and production of wheat