

should know what they are talking about, and, being farmers as well, they know both ends of the deal.

In addition to educational efforts through the press and otherwise, Mr. Gunn proposes two lines of reform, one legislation making it a punishable offence to sell or offer for sale bad or rotten eggs; and, second, a system of co-operative circles or associations, similar to those in vogue in Denmark. Danish eggs command a far higher price in the best markets of Great Britain than Canadian. The Danes now produce more and better eggs than formerly, and realize greater profits, due to honest and businesslike methods of collection, and a concentrated and universal system of co-operation, the rules of which are rigidly enforced, down to the stamping of the number of the producer and his circle number on the large end of every egg, receiving cash on delivery to the regular paid collectors, and a subsequent division of ultimate profits which the directors may be able to declare after the disposal of the eggs in the best available markets. What intelligence has done for Denmark, it can do for Canada. The principles upon which the Danish egg business is conducted are simple and sound, and can, in the main, be adapted to fit Canadian conditions.

If I Were a Farmer.

By Rev. A. C. Crews.

If I were a farmer, I would consider myself the most fortunate man in the world, in having the privilege of cultivating a part of God's earth, and helping to provide for the needs of others. Knowing city life as I do, its dangers and disadvantages, I would not hanker after it, but would rejoice in the freedom and independence which the dweller in the country enjoys. Away from the dust and noise and smoke of the town, I would have glorious times communing with nature, and co-operating with nature in bringing about results that are really worth while.

If I were a farmer, I would give the closest attention to making my home as comfortable as possible. The house would be built on high ground, just far enough away from the road to be free from dust, and surrounded by beautiful shade trees, arranged in a circle about the house, and not in straight lines. Between the house and the trees I would have a well-kept lawn and a few flower-beds. Of course, there is no money in flowers, shrubbery, trees and well-clipped grass, but these things add to the happiness of those who live on the farm, and help to make the young people contented with their lot. After all, it does not take very much time to look after matters of this kind. A few minutes each evening will work wonders.

What about the inside of the farmhouse? It may seem impracticable, but I would go in for having all the conveniences that can be found in a modern city home, such as hot-water heating, acetylene gas, hot and cold water in the kitchen, telephone, etc. These things cost a little, of course, but it is better to have them and enjoy them than it is to salt money away in the bank.

If at all possible, I would arrange to have a daily paper left at the door every evening, and after the toil of the day I would find out what was going on in the world. I would subscribe for one or two of the best magazines, such as the young people of the family would enjoy, and also have a well-selected library. Of course, I would subscribe for "The Farmer's Advocate," and read every word of it. If I discovered in my daily work anything of value, I would give other farmers the advantage of it by writing to "The Farmer's Advocate," and would help myself out of many difficulties by using the Question Department of this excellent journal. I may say, in passing, that while about 100 papers pass through my hands every week at the present time, I read few of them more carefully than "The Farmer's Advocate." It is a paper of which the farmers of this country should feel proud.

I would provide a piano or organ for the living-room of the home, and some interesting games, such as crokinole, etc., which could be enjoyed by young and old during the long winter evenings. If I could possibly afford it, my sons should be sent to the agricultural college, and the daughters to some good school. I would take an interest in having the very best sort of public school in the neighborhood of my farm, and would advocate securing a first-class teacher and paying him a good salary. I would put myself in direct opposition to the cheese-paring policy of some rural trustees, who seem to think that their principal duty is to keep down expenses.

I would advocate the establishment of a lending library in the most convenient place, which would contain the latest and best books on agriculture and horticulture, together with a good assortment of general literature, including some of the best works of fiction. This could be established and maintained by co-operative effort, without appealing to Mr. Carnegie for assistance.

During the fall and winter my family would do their share toward cultivating a social life that would add to the pleasure of living. Some jolly evenings would be arranged in each other's homes, and a big sleigh, with plenty of straw in the bottom, would frequently take a crowd of young folks—old folks, too, for that matter—to a teaming, concert, or other entertainment. There can be no doubt about it, many girls and boys become dissatisfied with farm life because, in too many cases, there is "nothing doing" during the long winters. In reality, there is no class of people who can have such a splendid time as farmers. A little originality and determination will soon overcome whatever difficulties there may be in the way. A revival of the old-fashioned spelling-match and singing school would not be a bad idea, by any means. There is one neighborhood in the County of Halton where there are an unusual number of good singers, and the church choir compares favorably with any of the city organizations. What is the explanation? Simply this: A few years ago a musical enthusiast conducted a singing-school, which was attended, season after season, by nearly all the young people. The winter evenings were passed pleasantly, and a knowledge of a refining art imparted that will never be forgotten.

Of one thing I am absolutely sure, I would have a carriage with two or three seats, that would take the whole family to church and to town. What a shame it is that in so many barns there will be found nothing in the way of a driving rig but a light buggy, or perhaps two, that will seat only two persons. Of course, this vehicle, with its close-communion accommodation, is very convenient and appropriate for the young man of the family for certain very interesting trips that he will probably want to make quite frequently; but, as a means of accommodation for the family it is of little value. How often it happens, on Sunday, that father and mother go off, together, to the church, two or three miles away, in the top buggy, leaving the young folks to get there the best way they can. As a result, in many localities, the church services are but slimly attended. Give me the old-fashioned carriage that will hold six or eight people. I am afraid, however, that there would be difficulty in obtaining one, as they seem to have passed out of existence almost completely. Look into the shed of a country church on a summer day, and it will be remarkable if, out of twenty conveyances, you find more than one or two carriages with more than one seat.

If I were a farmer, I would not consider myself as the sole breadwinner, and entitled to keep the purse, but would recognize the fact that my wife and grown-up children were partners in carrying on the concern. There would be either a common purse, or else each one would have a regular monthly or weekly allowance. What a humiliation it is for a hard-working woman to be forced to go and ask her husband for every dollar she wants, and make full explanations as to how it is to be expended!

The younger boys and girls of the home should be encouraged by giving them a special interest in the chickens, the calves or the pigs. Let a boy have a heifer, for instance, as his very own; let him take care of her, with the understanding that, when disposed of, her value shall be placed in his hands. In a similar way, some of the hens could be given to the girls, who might be permitted to sell the eggs to meet their own personal expenses.

If something of this kind were done, young folks would love the farm more, and be more ready to remain upon it. Boys and girls who never have a cent of their own to spend often get restive and dissatisfied.

I would make my will while in perfect health, and leave my affairs so that they could be settled up, in case of death, without confusion or disagreement. I would not be guilty of the injustice of giving a hundred-acre farm to each of my sons, and leaving two or three hundred dollars apiece to my daughters, but would give the girls their fair share of the estate.

If I were a farmer, I would make a study of the business, and work the land on scientific principles for all it was worth. I would give special attention to stock, and have around me the finest that could be secured. It seems to me that it does not cost any more to keep a good animal than a poor one. The first price may, perhaps, be greater, but after the horse or cow is in the stall, the one with a pedigree does not eat any more than the "scrub." Consequently, I would go in for the very best of everything. I would also buy the best machinery, and would not allow it to remain outdoors to be ruined by the weather, but would see that it was safely housed when not in use.

As far as time would permit, I would take part in the public life of the community, and if my neighbors saw fit to elect me to the township or the county council, would not decline the nomination. I would particularly interest myself in securing good roads throughout my township.

Almost everybody who lives and works in the city in these times, arranges to take a holiday in the country during the summer, and a very pleasant and healthful habit it is. The farmer, of course, cannot think of a summer vacation, for this is his time of toil, but there is little to prevent him taking a winter holiday. If I were a farmer, I would arrange to spend a week or two in the city in the month of January or February, and, of course, would take my wife along. If I lived within two or three hundred miles of Toronto, I would plan to visit that great city at the time when the wonderful concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir were on, or the annual exhibitions of the art society, and so get a taste of the delights of the best music and art.

Much of what I have suggested may be entirely visionary, but I would like nothing better than to have a good farm somewhere in the Province of Ontario, where I could work out some of these ideas. If such an opportunity were mine, I would not envy any man who lives.

HORSES.

Fitting a Stallion.

Please give a daily ration for fitting up a stallion of 1,400 pounds. Is there any certain ration that will make him more sure? H. S.

There is no particular food that will have the effect you mention. All food given should be of first-class quality. You do not mention the class to which your stallion belongs. I suppose he is a coach or large carriage horse, but, as regards ration, this makes little difference. For his morning meal, give 7 pounds good timothy hay, and 7 pounds whole oats. Water before feeding, and again about an hour after he has finished eating. In an hour longer, groom him well, and



Slipton King.

Shire stallion; bay; foaled 1907. Junior champion, London Shire Show, 1910. Sire Blythwood Kingmaker.