

humblest men we meet know something better than we. If we cultivate the tactful, inquiring spirit, we shall be learning something every day. Exchange experiences with the men you meet, but don't boast. Travel as much as time and resources permit, then supplement this by extensive reading. Content yourself not with tolerable examples, but aim to rival or excel the best extant. Measure yourself by large standards; aim high.

Noise About Alfalfa

On another page of this issue a correspondent asks : Why so much noise about alfalfa and so little about red clover and other legumes ? This is a matter concerning which attention by farmers of the West will result in profit. All who have considered the question intelligently agree that legumes are a valuable crop. Many still are skeptical as to the success of any of them under prairie conditions. A few years ago strenuous efforts were made to introduce red clover. Fair success attended these efforts. It was at least demonstrated that with good seed and thoroughly prepared soil this excellent hay and pasture legume could be grown on the Canadian prairies. Recent years have seen a gradual increase in attention paid to it.

But alfalfa, another legume, has come to the front. Farmers of other lands claim that it is one of the greatest crops known to the farming industry. It has the nitrogen-gathering power of other legumes, is a deep rooter, produces two or three crops of hay in a season and is a perennial. These are a few of the characteristics that have led enthusiasts in the West to adopt it as part of their product.

In all the enthusiasm that has developed, however, none have dared to intimate that the growing of red clover or other legume should be discarded. There is a place for all. When ample tests have been made of each, the farming public will be in a position to adopt one or more, according to conditions. There is no reason why the acreage of alfalfa, red clover, alsike, peas, and perhaps other such crops should not double and treble as the years go by. Indications are, particularly in Saskatchewan, that the increase will be most noticeable in alfalfa. However, farmers should accept our correspondents' advice and "grow a little of both."

King Edward the Seventh

(OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE)

With dramatic suddenness King Edward the Seventh has passed from life unto death. It seems incredible that "Edward the Peacemaker" is no longer king, and that another king reigns instead.

King Edward only returned from the continent a few days before his death. In years his reign was short, but in deeds he has left a deep impression on the British Empire and the whole world. His personal popularity was extraordinary among every class of the community, but in no sphere will the King be more missed than at the great agricultural shows. His very presence had much to do with their success. The King was an expert stock breeder, and regularly attended the exhibitions at the cattle shows.

But Mr. M. was soon interrupted for the Royal house returned last year, and in accepting the throne he took the usual rule, no doing anything without the consent of all the nobles, so Sande's proposal failed. The very best hope of the country was the new constitution, but it was struck down by the reaction of a monarch, a stroke which was fatal. Nevertheless, as the king was a weak man, he could not do the

Mecca of the world's agriculturists during the time of the Royal show."

The King was a model landlord, and unlike many landed proprietors was most solicitous of the welfare of his employees, and his laborers were well housed. "Throughout the twenty-six counties of England I have not found its equal," is the tribute of Rider Haggard to the Sandringham farm. The story is told that at Sandringham some years ago, a lazy loafer built a wretched shelter on the estate—hardly better than a pigsty. In other words, he was a "squatter." The man would not work, and lived by begging and poaching. Mr. Beck, the agent, wanted to drive the man away, but the Queen intervened and suggested that a cottage be built for the man and his family. Mr. Beck remonstrated, but the King cut short the interview, and said: "Now, Beck, you have heard what the princess desires. There is nothing more to be said." The cottage was built, but the man refused to live in it, and stuck to his old wooden pigsty—so the kindly intervention went for naught.

One of the most notable characteristics of the King was his love of sport, and he was a great lover of horses and of racing. Undoubtedly this love of horses has been a potent factor in the development of the thoroughbred to its present high standard. The King's presence was



USEFUL TEAM OF COMMON TYPE, OWNED BY RUPERT WARD, of "SPRINGHILL"

looked for as a matter of course at all the great race meetings, and nothing pleased His Majesty more than for one of his horses to win a well-contested race.

Three times has the supreme honor of the turf—the winning of the Derby—come to the King, the last time so recently as 1909, when his “Minion” won. Those who saw His Majesty take the bridle and lead the successful horse back will never forget the scene. A hundred thousand people roared themselves hoarse, and thousands of hands were extended in congratulation.

"Witch of the Air," was first for the Spring Two-Year-Old Plate at Kempton Park.

Not so very long ago a British journalist met in Berlin a courier who for many years had been a close friend of King Edward. In conversation he declared, "Your King is the wisest statesman in Europe; he is, more than any other, because of his long experience, though his ability may not be greater than our Wilhelm's. He is most reliable in his judgments, and there is constant agreement between us. I never used his influence to get anything done, but, for the general good, there is nothing I can do."

We were able to find the 2 youth members of the group, and in addition, interviewed a few other youth residing in the same place. The youth as well as the adults were very cooperative and friendly.

H O R S E

Observations on Horse Subjects

A few weeks ago we were looking over a bunch of horses in a Manitoba farmer's barnyard and the owner drew our attention to a heavy-crested dappled grey, of which he wished us to take special notice. "There's a horse I brought up from the East a year ago last winter," said the farmer, "and but for an accident to myself I would have made six or eight hundred dollars out of him. Bought him to sell to the Galicians back in the scrub country but broke my leg and couldn't get him back to the settlement to make a sale. Afterwards I bred him to every mare about the place and then not caring to be bothered with a stallion I unsexed him." Two or three wobbly-legged "weed" foals running about the yard and several mares about whose being in foal there could be no question, was ample evidence of the stallion's powers as a foal getter.

That was once the Galicians were running in luck. That they would have bought the stallion had our friend been able to lead him up to the settlement, he had not a single doubt. Only a broken leg was between them and another fake stallion deal, for our friend proposed to make

his terms so liberal and get so many Gaicians in on the deal, that even if a few did go broke, die or squirm out of the contract by some means or other, he would have enough parties of the second part remaining to collect from that his profit would be up around the figure indicated.

The less said about the stallion the better. He cost \$175 "down East," was called a French draft, said to have "papers vouching for his pure breeding," weighed about 1,600 pounds, and had legs and feet under him that would make a "quality" Clydesdale man weep. Our friend, however, vouchsafed the information that he was just the kind of a stallion the Galicians would warm right up to, part with their cash and sign joint and several promissory notes for. Knowing Galicians and the kind of horses they wanted, our friend had cause to regret the unfortunate incident that prevented him effecting an "unload." We sympathized with him over the loss of "the profit" and the fact that he had such a disreputable specimen of the brute creation on his hands and so many of his get in sight or safely on the way, but were almost convinced that something must have moved the old mare that smashed him one in the leg about the time he jumped on going up to the scrub country to deliver off his "importation" on the unsuspecting sons of Galicia.

There has been too much of the business going