

MANITOBA FARM NOTES.

NEVER has the Manitoba farmer, who, above all, is blessed at most seasons of the year with admirable weather for his general operations, experienced a finer spring than this of 1897. The exceedingly heavy snow-fall, although it could not be considered as other than of benefit to the soil in the long run, was prophesied to change into such an accumulation of water that many farmers would find their fields too wet for early seeding, and thus be debarred from placing in the ground the much desired crop of wheat. However, the chronic grumblers were in this instance out in their calculations, and everyone is now asking—"Where has the snow gone?" The explanation is simple; last fall the snow came at an unusually early date, little frost was in the ground, consequently, as fast as the snow melted, it was absorbed by the thirsty soil, and if Manitoba does not, this year, produce in the neighborhood of sixteen million bushels of No. 1 hard wheat, the writer, with many others, will be greatly disappointed.

Sixteen millions of bushels—young mathematicians, how many car loads for the railways to draw away for the ultimate consumption of our relatives in the United Kingdom, at an average of six hundred bushels to the car load? Quick now!

Well, our lightning calculator, Burke, says—1,333 cars—which, with twenty cars to a train, would extend if placed in a continuous line, from Winnipeg to the western boundary of Manitoba, over two hundred miles, and if ground would produce approximately seven million sacks of first quality flour, besides car loads of bran and shorts, quite two years' bread for the city of London.

In the above estimate, no account has been taken of the yield likely to come from oats, barley and rye, which should, based upon the experience of past years, bring up the total to some seventy-five million bushels of grain. Figures such as the above are really astonishing to those people who have not kept track of the rapid agricultural advancement in Manitoba and the North-West Territories, and coming before the public men of the United Kingdom as they do, year after year, and always on the increase, must sooner or later satisfy even the most sceptical that the true policy is closer union with the loyal Dominion, which, in time of war with any European nation, could, and would be prepared to feed Britain's armies, should all other countries prove hostile and shut off supplies.

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Trade restrictions appear to make up the basis for popular legislation in the great republic to the South, which has for so many years looked to the British Isles for a market for its surplus produce, and it is pleasing to note, in contrast, that the Canadian people, through their representatives at Ottawa, are showing an earnest desire, irrespective of party, to let down the barrier between the family estates and cater in an intelligent manner for the supply of a part of the food required by the great mother. Readers of the Canadian journals will have noticed that in the examination of the expert Agricultural Commissioner, Professor Robertson, before a Parliamentary Commission a few days ago, this gentleman stated that the Government has arranged for the fitting of no less than seventeen large steamers sailing from Canadian ports, with the most improved cold storage facilities; the railway companies alive to the importance of the movement, are preparing a full equipment of refrigerator cars, and the writer hopes before many years, to see such sights near the city of Montreal, as can now be seen daily, and many times per day, on the

lines running into Chicago and New York, to see full trains of perfectly insulated cars controlled by automatic brakes running at express speed from the prairies of Manitoba and the North-West, loaded to their full capacity with our excellent beef, butter and mutton, ready for transfer to the steamers above mentioned, produced in part by the dozens of our old boys from Dr. Barnado's Homes, locating week after week on the fertile prairies of the West.

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The herds and flocks on the Barnado farms at Russell are indeed flourishing this spring, and the sprightly lambs to be counted by the dozens in the yards at headquarters are a sight to warm the heart of the most cold-blooded and indifferent lad who ever registered at the office of our Western Institution.

Numbers of young men and lads have had their few weeks training among the flock, but we would like to mention specially, as one who has shown a deep interest in the welfare of the innocent little strangers, the sharp young man, Sullivan, who, although he may have a thousand faults like the balance of mankind, is not wanting in that estimable quality for a good man's equipment, a warm heart.

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By the time these hurriedly prepared notes are before our readers, the writer hopes to have landed safely in Liverpool, from our favorite steamer, Scotsman, and handed over to kind English friends, four young men, who, coming out as lads some eight years ago, have failed physically, and to prevent their becoming a permanent charge upon the people of Manitoba, are being returned, at the expense and upon the instructions of Dr. Barnardo, the Director, to England.

It may be of interest to old Russell lads, though they cannot fail to painfully regret the misfortunes of their companions, to know that Frederick Faulkner, William A. Mason, Benjamin Bird, April, 1888, and Henry Bates, 1895, make up the complement for this sad expedition. Benjamin Bird's case is particularly sad, as the young man some time ago, secured a homestead, and had bright expectations for the future, and in relation to ultimate success as a farmer in North-Western Manitoba. However, after quite a sojourn in our hospital, and upon Dr. Wright's orders, after his coming to the conclusion that the stealthy and fatal disease, consumption, has taken a strong hold on the poor fellow, we are sending him to his mother at Watford. This action by Dr. Barnardo, in relation to the young men above mentioned, brings no light expense upon the Institutions, and should be noted by those who are always harping upon their unsupported statements that our Director is constantly landing in Canada, scores of diseased and otherwise undesirable immigrants, who ultimately become a charge upon the communities in which they locate, and while even some of the Government officials expressed surprise at the offer of the writer as agent for the Homes, to relieve the hospitals of these cases which positively originated in the country, long after the young men had attained their majority. The Doctor in this procedure is simply making good his voluntary pledge to safeguard Canada in his work.

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The Annual Picnic of the Farm Home is this year to take place on June 22nd, and old boys who wish to assist the Farm staff in celebrating the Great Jubilee Day, will receive a welcome from the representatives of your Manitoba correspondent.

C. H. Spurgeon

IN MEMORIAM.

IN REMEMBRANCE

OF

MR. ARTHUR JOLLEY,

FORMERLY ASSISTANT SECRETARY AT

HAZEL BRAE.

The news has lately reached us of the sudden and early removal by death of Mr. Alfred Jolley, formerly our valued helper in secretarial work and book-keeping at Hazel Brae. Some of the girls may still see his beautiful, almost copperplate, handwriting in their bank books. We felt we should like to share with our readers the following extract from a Peterboro paper:

THE LATE ARTHUR JOLLEY.

HIS FUNERAL AT GALT—MR. R. J. COLVILLE REFERS TO THE YOUNG MAN'S DEATH.

The funeral of the late Arthur Jolley, who died in Toronto General Hospital, took place at Galt on Monday. He was for three years secretary of the Y.M.C.A. there and members of that organization and the pupils and teachers of the Collegiate Institute attended in a body. The grave was entirely submerged in flowers. Secretaries Frank M. Pratt and R. J. Colville accompanied the body to Galt, and in the evening addressed a very large memorial meeting in the Foresters' hall. Deceased was 26 years of age. His father is a prominent shoe manufacturer in Higham, Northamptonshire, England, and a brother is organist in St. George's Church, London, England, the fashionable Episcopal church in that city. Deceased was a fine musician, and was to have relieved the organist of the English church at Galt this month.

Mr. R. J. Colville, Secretary of the West End Y.M.C.A., Toronto, in a letter of May 4th to a Peterborough friend, refers to the death of Mr. Jolley, as follows:

"Arthur was taken ill last Tuesday. On Wednesday his right side was paralyzed, and he lost his speech. After a consultation by the doctors it was decided to take him to the hospital where he went on Wednesday evening. I was with him on Wednesday and Thursday. He was resigned and ready for whatever the Father had in store for him; he was resting on Romans 8, 28. Prof. Body and I had a talk with him on Thursday, he could hear us and would write his reply with left hand. Poor boy—it was so sad. On Friday evening he lost consciousness and got rapidly worse. We went to the hospital Saturday morning and was with him until his spirit took its flight. At 3.30 he passed peacefully away, never regaining consciousness. His death was caused by a clot of blood on the brain. The doctors had hopes at first but after a thorough examination found his heart was not good and if he had lived and recovered he would always be paralyzed on the right side and unable to speak. So God was merciful to him and took him home. His death caused a great sensation in Galt, here, and everywhere where he was known. The friends in Galt were very anxious to have him buried there, and we are glad we did so. We had a service at his late home here at 1 p.m., which was largely attended by students and friends, and afterwards Mr. Pratt and I accompanied his body to Galt. We reached there at 6 p.m. The station platform was crowded with sorrowing friends, and over 200 young men marched from the station to the church where a service was held, and then to the cemetery. The whole town seemed to mourn him. In the evening a memorial service was held when testimony was borne to Arthur's worth as a Christian gentleman by the pastor and Association workers. The place was crowded and many were unable to obtain admission. I have no doubt God will own and bless our sorrow in bringing many to consecrate themselves and many more to accept Christ whom Arthur loved.

"We cabled his brother in London on Friday and got a reply which came about an hour before Arthur died, and we then cabled the sad news of his death. As you say, it will be a hard blow to his father and brothers. May the dear Lord sustain them and enable them and us to follow as he followed Christ Jesus. I loved him as a son. He seemed to live out the 'beatitudes.' I have never known a more perfect young man, but we do not sorrow as those who have no hope, for he has fallen asleep, and will awake when Jesus comes, and our prayer is 'Even so come, Lord Jesus.'"