

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE

AND HOME MAGAZINE.

THE LEADING AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL IN THE DOMINION.

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finally, a lonely woman, whose children have found a vocation which, in their estimation, they can "respect," in the far-away city. How common it is to hear this expression in the country, and from the very lips of farmers: "Oh, he's not good for anything but farming!" And the "he" in question probably is a shiftless lout whom a self-respecting son of the soil would never think of calling "farmer." Truckster, botch, he may be, but certainly not "farmer."

And let us just stop to interpolate that the young person who drifts into the city, unless possessed of unusual character, perception, and good sense, is not likely to gather there a better opinion of the means by which the old folk at home have made their living and amassed their bank account. "He looks like a farmer!" "A hayseed!" "That hat looks positively farmerish!"—these are the commonest of common expressions, uttered in a tone of contempt, by the lips of city young folk. Occasionally, too, one meets with far-seeing, character-reading specimens, such as a young commercial traveller, whom we heard descanting the other night upon the "closeness" of farmers generally. "I tell you," he said, "They're hard as nails. They'll have money in the bank and won't draw it out to pay their bills; and they haven't head enough to see that they're losing ten per cent. by not paying cash down." The implication, of course, was that all farmers are close and hard, all farmers brainless. Evidently the Daniel come to judgment was quite sincere in his belief, just as those who criticise the dress and manners of country folk are quite sincere in thinking that all farmers are boors who are careless about their dress, never take a bath or clean their teeth or nails, and never by any mischance lose an opportunity of being green, or vulgar, or discourteous.

These young town people simply do not understand all that they are talking about, and fall into the mistake of judging all the country people by a few miserable, isolated specimens who have

happened to catch their attention, never dreaming that to judge thus is as unjust as would be the judgment of a young farmer who put all citizens on the level of the drunken lout—a citizen, too—who carries the clothes which his wife washes to her customers and pockets the money. Nevertheless, the effect of such conversations on the ordinary, undeveloped young person from the country may readily be imagined.

Is it not, then, "up to" those engaged in farming to recognize to the full the dignity of the profession, and to act it, and look it, and speak it? The legislators of our land, men of action everywhere, who, by reason of years of public life, have come to put a rational balance on things, continually recognize, ungrudgingly, the importance of and respect due to agriculture. Why, then, should not farmers themselves stand for it more firmly, and inculcate sensible ideas in regard to it in their children. And the history of farming bears witness that, just as soon as this point is reached, the business is certain to be pursued with a vigor, system and intelligence that makes it a more paying proposition, lending a substantial charm to all the other advantages with which it is invested.

Our Rating.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

You will please find enclosed a Post-office order for \$2.00, to apply on my subscription. I assure you that I do not wish to have your paper discontinued. I consider your paper second to none of the twenty or twenty-five well-known agricultural papers published in America. In fact, it has in it more substantial reading matter on agricultural subjects than any, particularly on live stock. I am glad to say—being a Canadian myself—that I find the above opinion general among the well-read people in this country. I am glad to make known to you the rating of your journal on this side of the line.

Yours sincerely,

[Note.—The foregoing letter has been received from the pen of the Professor of Animal Husbandry in one of the leading State Agricultural Colleges across the line.—Editor.]

London to Halifax by Rail.

OTTAWA, STE. ANNE, AND THE MACDONALD COLLEGE.

For tourists, artists, sportsmen and bridal couples, a trip to the Maritime Provinces via the Intercolonial Railway stands unexcelled, we surmise, by anything in America or the Old World. It was our good fortune to make it, en route to the Dominion Exhibition at Halifax, and though this was by no means our first trip over the road, so strongly did the scenery appeal that we concluded an impressionistic account might be appreciated by readers of "The Farmer's Advocate." As the object of our journey was not description, we were at no pains to collect data, and do not intend to burden the reader with a mass of geographical facts. Our observations will relate to no one thing in particular, although the condition and prospects of agriculture naturally forced themselves on our attention more than anything else.

The distance from London to Ottawa was covered in a C. P. R. sleeper. A sleeper is a car in which you lie awake most of the night trying to get the worth of your money in repose. It is a favorite mode of travel for politicians, manufacturers, millionaires, commercial travellers and those who charge their expenses "to the firm," and is, as a rule, more comfortable than first-class travel, although it is rather a good thing to be cold, and must be a delightful state of mind for gorillas.

How, then, do you recollect, in boxhood days, standing on the country-station platform, watch-

ing with wistful eyes the pulling express locomotive, with its long train of Pullmans and dining-car attached. What acme of luxury they represented to our childish imagination! Somewhere we had heard that a bed in one of them for a single night cost two dollars, and a single meal about one dollar. Criminal extravagance it seemed, but we hoped some day we might feel rich enough to ride one night and eat one breakfast on such a train. Professional duties have since afforded many a chance, but, somehow, a Pullman is not the quintessence of pleasure we imagined it would be. You ride the same distance and traverse the same country whether in a Pullman or an ordinary day coach, the chief difference being that in the former you feel, as Mark Twain would put it, more "select." In plain English this often means, simply, more snobbish. The "luxury of travel" is a dream broken by experience, and, but for the undeniable satisfaction of seeing new sights and meeting new people, give us now a buggy ride in the country in preference to the most elegant coach ever drawn by an iron horse.

In Ottawa there was time for nothing but the exhibition, and of this we have written already. Ottawa is a city that every Canadian should aim to see. Apart from being the seat of Government, it is one of the most beautiful cities in the Dominion—bright, thriving and ambitious. It is the metropolis of that splendidly fertile stretch of country called the Ottawa Valley. This summer was extremely dry down that way, and the fields looked naked and sere. But we have seen this region, from Ottawa to Montreal, when the crops showed unsurpassed luxuriance. The land is level and rich, the climate clear and invigorating, the people sturdy and thrifty, and the dairy cow is their stay.

The next stop was Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que., where the buildings of the Macdonald College are being pushed rapidly forward. At the time of our visit some of them were being roofed, and things taking on an indication of their ultimate shape. Magnificent is the word to describe it. Not only the general design, but the minutest details are being looked after in the most astonishingly capable way by the master mind of Dr. Robertson. A sketch of the scene appeared in "The Farmer's Advocate" a few issues back, and no one reading it will be disappointed in the reality. Some very extensive drainage operations have been carried out this past summer by a couple of hundred Italians under direction of Prof. Lochhead, who has found himself too busily engaged with "Italian bees" to investigate any other branch of entomology. Major James Sheppard, of Queenston, Ont., has been working all summer macadamizing roads through the farm. Three or four courses of crushed stone are used, the top one being the finest, and over this is sprinkled dust from the crusher. The principle is correct, and the roads completed are smooth and hard.

Prof. L. S. Klink, the young agronomist, has this summer been conducting some experiments to ascertain the best fertilizer for improving muck soils. Detailed results were not yet available, though it may be remarked that barnyard manure made a good showing in the stand of straw. He has also done some work in selection of seed, and calls himself a crank on the subject of corn. He believes that, by selection and by thorough summer cultivation to force growth, good crops of corn can be grown in Quebec, in proof of which he showed us a plot (of which we took a photo, to be reproduced later) of sweet corn raised from Canadian-grown seed which averaged eight or nine feet high and was exceedingly well cared, having, in many cases, two good, nearly-matured cobs on each stalk. Another plot, planted by a neighbor with the same seed, was about half the height and sickly. The difference was that Prof. Klink had kept the surface soil in his plot loose all summer, to provide the requisite soil mulch.

A man who is "making good" in splendid style is W. S. Blair, the Assistant Horticulturist, who has had charge of the Department all summer. Prof. Blair, as we must call him now, was formerly Horticulturist at the Nappan Experimental Farm, where he did a great deal of excellent work in a limited sphere. At Ste. Anne he