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WEEDS

ONE half of the gas-engine farmers in Canada are not fit to run a small piggery. They might make a success as hired men to others who have the gumption and the energy to handle their land as it ought to be treated, but they have no right to call themselves "Farmers."

This was the parting shot of a hustling drummer in the pullman smoker of No. 97 where so much gratuitous wisdom finds expression in the intervals between eating and sleeping. It met neither with support nor contradiction but the atmospheric indications were that the drummer had sounded more than half-a-truth.

Any one who travels today through Western Canada with an open mind knows that the oracle who thus spoke could prove his case and his figures if his witnesses were nothing more than the farms running up to the right of way at practically any point of the older railways. Where one goes further back, this evidence is still more appalling.

It isn't a case of farming on a big scale or intensive cultivation in a small way, but of criminal neglect, incapacity or mismanagement whether the "proposition" is a large or a little one. Some big farmers give their smaller neighbors a wholesome lesson in all that works for success. It isn't the size of the farm but the business ability or the obverse that is behind it.

Since the wheat fever first occasioned the grand rush into Western Canada, the fashion set almost wholly in the direction of

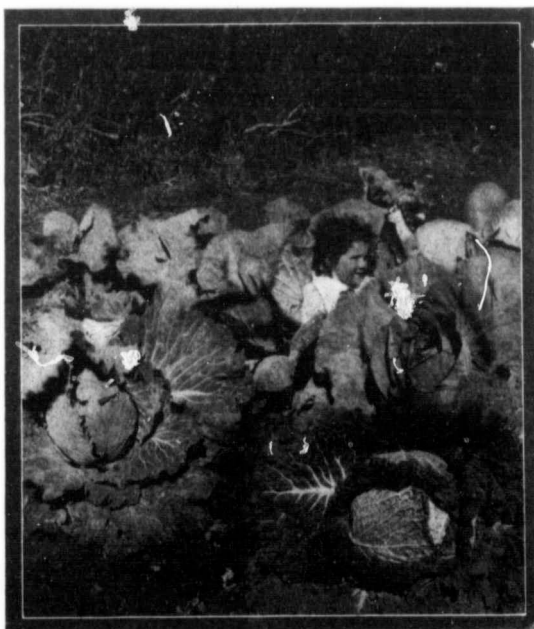
doing big things and the common feeling still obtains that one can't make a really good showing on less than a section. Every succeeding year shows that it is as easy to make a good thing off two thousand acres as it is to take

tween men, between success and failure is energy. The domestic annals of Western Canada can present a record of human energy that is probably unequalled the world over, but along with this is the melancholy fact that its de-

altogether. Few sights are more depressing than that of a man and his family in the throes of self imposed drudgery that might easily have been avoided. This in almost every case can be attributed to the fashion of farming on a big scale; that is, to have at least a half section or a whole section or more of land whether or not the farmer possesses the experience, capital or the executive capacity.

Some men we can name are directing with perfect success (humanly speaking) the operations on thousands of acres. They have their half dozen internal combustion engines of large capacity with the necessary accompaniment in horses, gang plows, and other implements. They seem to be men with ample leisure, too, for a chat at any time, and a substantial holiday when their vacation season comes around. Their burden sits as lightly on them as that of a village store keeper who calmly reads his paper at the back of the counter and lays it down whenever a customer calls, if only for a dime's worth of tin tacks.

These men have had the necessary experience and the financial means to handle their job. They counted the cost before they bought so much as a wheel barrow. They knew something if not everything about gas engines but they did not buy one till they had or could hire an experienced engineer to handle it. They said: "You can't gull me with the idea that any hired-man can run this simple type of engine," because they know it can't be done.



JUST NATURE and Clean Cultivation—in "a little farm well tilled."

the very best out of a quarter section or less: it is a question of means, gumption and energy.

Sir Fowell Buxton from a wealth of experience (beginning with his own inherited indolence) said that the great difference be-

tractors have found the most vulnerable points in her armor just where effort has been wanting to sufficiently cover the work that has been taken in hand.

Misdirected energy is almost worse, than the absence of it