THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

Sandy Fraser and the Schoolma'am. Editor "The Farmer's Advocate ":

Will you, sir, gie me space in yer paper for the purpose o' roundin' up some o' the farmers o' this Province and giein' them their pedigree. I hae' bin readin' some things in the papers the past few weeks that mak' me fair ashamed o' the "intelligent an' broad-minded agriculturists," as we hae bin sae fond o' callin' ane anither the past few years. An' what I hae been readin' is juist this : that, in the first place, oor Ontario Government has come tae the conclusion that oor public school teachers has bin on starvation wages lang encuch, and sae they are takin' the matter oot o' the school trustees hands an' fixin' it sae that the teacher may noo hae a wee bit o' her siller left after she pays her board at the end o' the year.

An' noo, what next do I read? Juist this : that here an' there an' somewhere else, some o' oor prosperous farmers are gaein' tae mak' a big kick against the hale scheme, which they consider na mair or less than wholesale robbery.

Yes, ma friend, ye's na doot hae tae pit yer han' a bit further doon in yer pocket an' tak' oot two, or three, or mayhappen four dollars mair than ye dae the noe, an' I ken weel hoo onything like that hurts ye, an' ye'll be sayin', too, that it's for naething ava, for ye think that the school teacher is weel paid the noo, with her short hours an' her lang holidays. Weel, did it ever come intae yer min' hoo mony years that same teacher spent in Public School an' High School an' Normal School, juist for the privelege o' trainin' an' educating the thirty or forty scamps o' bairns that ye has in yer section, which their ain mithers canna manage, an' sae they shift the responsibility on tae the teacher, wi' the result that she has on her hands a hantel o' wee weans o' four an' five years o' age that are always greetin' tae gae hame tae their mithers lang before four o'clock comes; an, forbye a' that, she has tae keep in hand the big lads an' lassies, that will be aye speirin', "Please, Miss, may I gae oot," an' " Please, Miss, may I dae this," an' "Please, Miss, may I dae that," till the puir teacher is like to gae daft.

"Yes, ye may think it's short 'oors frae nine till four, but I'm thinkin' ye'd find them lang eneuch, gin ye took the job for a wee. I ken o' a teacher in oor ain neeborhood wha taught schule for three years, an' then took the next three years to recover frae an attack o' nervous prostration or some like disease that they has nooadays when they're overwarked, an' dinna get salary encuch to pay for decent board.

An' noo, on tap o' a' this, we hear oor taxpayin' friend shoutin' tae keep down the wages. Ye auld skinflint, do ye no ken that it costs mair tae live the noo, for the teachers, an' do ye no ken that ye're weel able to pay the difference too? The trouble is ye're mair able than willing.

An' noo, above an' beyant a' this, there's anither thing I want tae impress on yer mind, an' it's this : In school teachers, as in maist everything else, ye'll get juist aboot what ye pay for. If ye pay poor wages ye'll get a poor teacher, and if there's onything that's dear at the price it's yon. Neglect the proper education o' yer bairns an' ye'll pay interest on the loss as lang as ye live, an' they'll pay it after ye're dead. Pay living wages, an' get live teachers, an' dinna' be economizing where yer children's brains are concerned; an' so when yer time comes tae dee, an' yer meebors are pittin' ye in yer last resting-place, yer boys an' girls may be able to say : "Weel, if the auld man didna' ken ower muckle himsel', he was aye gude to gie his bairns a chance," an' that's mair than they'll say for ye if ye leave them naething but a bank account tae fight aboot.

An' noo, Mr. Editor, ye will kindly assure yer readers that the writer o' these lines is no a school teacher, nor is he in the habit o' sittin' up at nichts wi' onyone wha is. It's juist that he wants lair play, an' I'm thinkin' so do we all, but we hae na' gie'n this matter the conseederation it deserves, that's the trouble. Think it ower, an' I'm no afraid but ye'll dae what's richt. Yours as ever,

A Review of the P. E. I. Farmer's Year.

Now that we have entered the last month of the old year, it is interesting to look back over the year that is about ended and note the very unusual season we have passed through. The first three months were, on the whole, exceptionally fine winter weather, one of the finest winters that we ever had, with just enough snow to make good sleighing all winter. This was followed by a cold and extremely wet, backward spring, and farmers having low, wet land under cultivation suffered severely in consequence; the crops on such land being sown so late that they did not mature, while a great deal of crop was drowned out completely, and some areas were not sown at all; and throughout the Island everywhere, from some cause or other, the potato crop missed very badly. Following this deluge of rain, which we had all spring and up to July 13th, came a season of drouth, and we had then very little rain until well on in October. Then we had the extreme the other way again, and it was indeed so wet that it interfered very much with the fall work, such as plowing, or other outside duties. The first two weeks of November are days long to be remembered by the inhabitants of this Island, and days never to be forgotten by the poor sailors caught out at sea in that terrible gale of wind and rain, which blew a hurricane for ten days without a let-up. To be out in an open boat exposed to the angry waves, without food or shelter, for eight days and eight nights, is an experience which none of us would covet.

Never before were our Island shores the scene of so many shipwrecks, which called forth brave men from amongst us, who did not hesitate to take their lives in their hands and breast the gale and tempest, in the hope of rescuing some of the poor seamen still clinging to the wrecks. The names of such self-sacrificing men will be handed down to our coming generations, as among the greatest heroes that our Island has produced.

December started in very cold and stormy; the night of the 3rd and all day the 4th a raging snowstorm was on; roads were blocked, and all traffic tied up for a time. It was a very bad storm for so early in the season, and has brought winter to stay. Coming so suddenly, and somewhat earlier than usual, it has caught an occasional farmer with a few things not quite ready for winter. The plowing was about all done, yet some would like to have had a day or two more of open weather. If we should have another cold, wet, backward spring, it is going to make a very long winter, especially for those who have not a large supply of fodder for their stock. Feed will certainly be scarce with some farmers, but I think, on the whole, there is enough and to spare. Stock through the country look better than usual this fall. Farmers are not keeping quite so many cattlekind, but they are making more dollars out of what they do keep. This is certainly the result of higher education along agricultural lines. The past season has been a very successful one for the dairyman. Butter at 24c. and cheese at 13c. per pound has caused a smile on the farmer's face which will last most all winter ; in fact, almost everything the farm produces will bring satisfactory prices this fall. Farms are in great demand this year, and are not long finding a purchaser, despite the craze for the great West, advertised so extensively in the press, which is very careful not to mention all the disadvantages bound to come to those who make up their minds to settle in that country. Take the water for instance. Just think of taking a drink of water from a stagnant pool on a hot harvest day, compared to a drink from one of our refreshing springs of clear, cold Then there are the sand storms, the blizzards, water. the fuel famine, to say nothing of the big mosquitoes that are more severe than our marsh flies here. man who has not brains enough to make a good living on a good P. E. Island farm will not likely do much better on a Western prairie. In comparing the two countries as a place to live in, a New Brunswick paper says : " One of the most surprising things to note in the Island press is the large number of Island farms for sale." And it further says : "It would be hard to find a better place to live than on P. E. Island, with an abundance of pure spring water, and a fairly good market for everything the farm produces." One of our local papers, in sounding a note of warning to those who would get rich quick, says : "In the Eastern Provinces we still have wood to burn, as well as coal, and are about two thousand miles nearer the great markets of the world than are the people of Saskatchewan. Our winters here are severe enough, but the thermometer goes twenty to forty below out on the bleak prairie, and a Northwest blizzard is something appalling. These are conditions which our people should consider carefully before selling out their good old Island farms for that of the lonely prairie."

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13c.; chickens, over 8t lbs., dressed, 12c.; fowl, 9c. to 10c. A chicken that will dress five pounds will realize more to-day than a goose would a few years ago, and with eggs all summer about 15c., and the last three months 20c. per dozen, as compared with 8c. per dozen as the summer price some years ago, should there not be good money in fowl of all kinds? Pork dropped to 7ic. during the soft, mild weather of November, but it is coming up again, and 7%c. to Sc. is now the figures for a good fat hog, from 100 to 200 lbs. We never hear anything now about overfat hogs. Oats are 42c. and 48c. for white and black; roller flour, \$2 per hundred; hay, \$9 per ton; straw, pressed, \$5; winter apples, \$2.50 to \$3 per barrel. C. C. C

In Defence of the Rising Generation.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate "

In one of your recent issues I noticed an article on The Dignity of Farming," dealing with a subject which certainly demands the attention not only of the agricultural press, but of all interested in this worldwide occupation, which may be termed "The oldest of arts and latest of sciences." The article argued that young folks were drifting from the farm because of disrespect for the occupation and their surroundings. Of course, I am not going to say that there are no young men and women who leave the farm for this very reason, for I think it is a fact. There are odd ones who do, but the son or daughter who has not enough and more respect for the old folks and their home than to despise them and their old-fashioned ways, cannot get away to town, along with the other scoffers whe have gone before them, any too soon. We do not want them in the country. In nearly every part of Ontario, owing to the great flow of emigration to the Canadian Northwest, help is becoming very scarce. Good mem (that is, what would have been called good men years ago) are not to be had at any price. The great majority of farm laborers to-day are inexperienced men that, a farmer could not afford to keep if the times were not good. There are so many jobs they can't do that a great deal of the heavy drudgery falls on the farmer and his son, with the result that they are not only compelled to work too hard, but too long hours as well, which would not be the case if the work were more evenly distributed, leaving little or no time for recreation. Dairy farming has been growing more profitable every year, with the result that a great many farmers are starting dairying. The farmer and his family actively engaged in this pursuit are almost entirely excluded from society. It is impossible for the farmer's son to do as the young man in town, leave his work and go away for a few weeks' vacation in the summer-time. When fall comes it is not many farmers' sons that can take their rifle and dog and go to Muskoka for a week or two. In winter the work on the dairy farm, especially, is just as plentiful as in summer, and perhaps more important. Now, is it any wonder that the young fellow in the country sometimes envies the young man in town, who locks up shop and leaves all his cares and troubles behind for a few weeks every year. True, the young man in the country could do this as well, but if he goes from home knowing he is leaving those who are behind more work than they are well able to do, the dutiful son will generally sacrifice his pleasure. The result is he stays at home. works hard, hears little of what goes on outside of home, and when he goes out to take part in society he feels awkward, and would rather remain where he is Years soon roll by; he is no more a young man, has become set in his habits, and before he realizes the fact he has become what the world calls an "old bachelor." It is my opinion, as a farmer's son, that this is the reason we have such untold numbers of old bachelors in this country. Now, what is the remedy ? Shall the condition of affairs be improved by telling the farmer's son he does not fully recognize the dignity of his calling ? Will it improve the situation to impress him of the great responsibility resting on his shoulders? Never! What is wanted is something to take the minds of the young people away from their work at intervals, to relieve the monotony of the long winter evenings. Years ago amusement was more plentiful; there was the paring bee, the country party, etc. Nowadays farmers are so busily engaged in the "pursuit of the penny" that they cannot throw open their doors to the young people of the neighborhood, in order that they might make merry and become well acquainted with each other. "The Farmer's Advocate " would be serving the best interests of the agricultural industry if it would encourage more recreation on the farm. Away with so much formalism. Encourage farmers to be more sociable, and you will find that the rising generation will stick to the agricultural occupation, and will recognize it to be what it is, "The backbone of Canada."

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[Note.-" The Farmer's Advocate" has no hesitation in assuring its readers that "Sandy" is no pedagogue, and whatever he may have done in days gone by, he is now far past the stage of sitting up nights with some of the fair ones who are.-Editor.]

A Truce, Not a Peace.

Prior to the adjournment of the House at Ottawa for the Christmas vacation, Hon. Messrs. Fielding, Aylesworth, Paterson and Fisher, of the Cabinet, received a delegation, consisting of Messrs. E. C. Drury, B.S.A .; Jas. McEwing and W. L. Smith, accompanied by a large contingent of M.P.'s. While freely acknowledging what the Government had done in the way of tariff reduction, thus lessening the burdens on the farming community, the delegation took uncompromising ground against any demands from the manufacturers for tariff increases, and urged the abolition of the iron and steel bounties. The British preference was heartily endorsed. The ministers promised to give every consideration to the views thus urged upon them.

I received my premium knife all right, and am delighted with it. Please accept my thanks. Wishing you a prosperous New Year. A. E. HANLEY. Grey Co.

Yes, if our people here would rough it and deny themselves of the comforts and advantages which those who go West are prepared to do in order to make money, we too could lay by a snug little sum each year, and more of our farms would be owned by their ccupants.

On account of the smallpox in Nova Scotia and the sudden break in navigation just at the time, only a next year will be held at Sherbrooke, Que. It will few Islanders were in attendance at our Maritime Win- thus be Quebee's turn to participate in the \$50,000

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Dominion Exhibition at Sherbrooke, Que.

few Islanders were in accentation the surrounding cir- Federal erant, which has been annually handed out for ter Fair at Amherst. we note the success of four yours in spectrum of the annually named out the fair. The fair is the spectrum in 1903. Having been fast becoming a large source of reviaue on our Island to the factor of the boards. Having been farms. Turkeys, dressed, 15c. to toc. per the group is be boards, we trust some

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