

silage, which thus becomes spoiled to a considerable depth. The total cost of filling was found, in the Illinois tests, to range from 40 to 76 cents per ton, the difference being caused by the difference in the distance the corn was hauled, and the ability of some farmers to push the work better than others.

When silage imparts a disagreeable flavor to the milk produced from it, almost invariably the cause is that the silage has not been fed properly, or that spoiled silage has been used. To prevent any possibility of an unpleasant flavor from good silage, care should be taken to feed it after milking, not before.

Nurse's Letter "Bosh from Start to Finish."

To the Editor "Farmer's Advocate":

I heartily endorse the sentiment of "Farmer's Daughter," as expressed in her letter in your issue of July 20th, in reply to the "lecture" given by "Nurse" in a former issue (June 29).

She, "Nurse," seems to anticipate trouble for herself, and hopes we will not think her prejudiced against farmers. I should say that her letter would indicate that her mind is full of the grossest ignorance, and is an open insult to farmers in general. True, it may be that there are men who are not even worthy of the vulgar term "Hubby," but they are not confined to the farming class.

She claims that she has never met any other kind than such as she describes, which only goes to show that her services have been confined to a very ignorant class, and not in demand by the more refined average farmer.

Her shaft has doubtless missed its mark, for the kind of men she pictures are not the kind who read the "Farmer's Advocate," and will be blissfully ignorant of her letter. The editor seems to look for a wave of public sentiment against her, and very discreetly withholds her name from publicity.

I am a farmer, and the son of a farmer (and I am not ashamed of the fact in any company), and I know very positively that such conditions as are described by "Nurse" do not exist on the average farm. The dairy produce of the Canadian farms is second to none in the world, which could not be if the farmer did his milking as she tells us in her letter.

Moreover, I take the opportunity to invite "Nurse" to spend a couple of weeks in the County of Simcoe, and I will undertake to show her into dozens and scores of farm homes where the men are thorough gentlemen, not fops, but genuine gentlemen, both in word and manners, and in heart as well; while the mothers, wives and daughters are as happy and as handsome as can be found in any city, town or borough in Canada or elsewhere. Does she not know that the farmer is the backbone of Canada, and that many of our most prominent men are off the farm, and that many, very many of Canada's noblest sons are still on the farm?

There is no happier man in the world to-day than the true Canadian farmer, and there is no nobler calling in life than that of the tiller of the soil; and every true farmer's wife and daughter will give her assent when I say that "Nurse's" letter is not a true picture of the average farm home, but is absolutely bosh from start to finish.

WM. DUNCAN.

Simcoe Co.

Advice to the "Dear Nurse."

Would you allow me space in your very valuable paper for a reply to an article which appeared in your June 29th issue, entitled, "Open Letter to the Men Folk?" Dear "Nurse," I do feel so sorry for you, that you have had such great annoyances while staying at farmers' homes in this fair Canada of ours, annoyances which I as a farmer's wife have never had to endure, nor have ever yet seen.

My husband never comes in reeking of the stable, with dirty boots, nor throws sheets of paper on the floor; he does not sleep with his pants under his pillow, nor does he spit on the wood or stove as you say; he does not cut seed potatoes in my clean kitchen, he always cuts seed potatoes in the barn. My husband changes his underwear more than once a year; sometimes he changes three times a week. His mother did not give him his last bath, for he takes a bath regularly. Why did the farmer put a bathtub in his beautiful home if not for bathing purposes?

You talk of the unkindness farmers' wives have to endure. I have never seen any unkindness yet. My husband does not think it foolery to have nice table linen; he rather enjoys seeing my table neat and clean; nor do I have to keep the incubator in my room; flowers take the place of the brooder in my kitchen window. I have a screen door in both back and front of my house, and I have never yet heard my husband swear.

Now, dear "Nurse," I think many farmers' wives will agree with me in saying that there is no life so happy as the farm life; no place where you can live so freely; no place where the balmy, breeze scents the air we breathe so freely, nor where any husband is more kind and thoughtful than the big-hearted farmer. Now, dear "Nurse," if you are not already married, I do sincerely hope you will be a farmer's happy wife. Your valuable paper is a welcome visitor to our home every week.

FARMER'S WIFE.

Dufferin Co.

Ignorance and Meanness.

To the Editor "Farmer's Advocate":

Please let me have a small space in your worthy and valuable paper to declare my opinion of the open letter written by "Nurse," in a recent issue of the "Farmer's Advocate." May it be known that I have not the slightest anger about me, and I don't write to be "seen," as many people do, but I write to enlighten "Nurse," and to show the world what an honorable and priceless being the farmer is to the world. I love cleanliness and abhor filthiness, but, at the same time, I have sense and reason enough to condescend to toleration. Who would expect to see the farmer's kitchen as scrupulously clean as the attorney's or the printer's kitchen? And the bits of dirt that may be seen sometimes in the farmer's kitchen are but grains of honor and industry. What do you smell about the painter but paint? What do you smell about a tobacconist but tobacco? What do you smell about the butcher but blood? And what do you smell about a "Nurse"? I will let the reader answer. A farmer could rough it without a nurse or a painter, or a tobacconist, or a butcher, but who could even "rough" it without a farmer?

I have seen a great deal; I was born on a farm, am a farmer's son, and I have visited hundreds of farmhouses in Great Britain and Canada, and I have not seen a farmer yet regardless of the cleanliness and comfort of his home. The farmer is the king of happiness. The whole world, from sea to sea, and shore to shore, relies on his industry and good-heartedness. He is the feeder of the world. The king on his throne cries to him for food, and the farmer is the only protection between the highway tramp and his cold grave. To decry the farmer is contemptible meanness and thick, blunt ignorance, and may every "Nurse," and cook, and boot-black, and attorney, and king, know it. May the days of the farmer be long; may happiness and prosperity be perpetually dawning on his honest life; and may his autumn sun set in crimson of plenty and heavenly peace.

WELL-WISHER.

The Farmer's Happy Wife.

To the Editor "Farmer's Advocate":

May I be permitted to enter the interesting controversy concerning "That Open Letter," in your issue of June 29th? We are comparatively new subscribers to your splendid journal, and, perchance, I may be considered somewhat premature in writing, but I cannot resist contributing an article upon this important topic. My husband and I have been very much amused and interested in this open discussion of what farmers' wives endure, and in my opinion, as "Young Farmer" states, 'tis an endless controversy, upon which volumes might be written.

I enjoyed the letter from "A Farmer's Daughter," in your issue of July 20th, and feel that she must be the pride of her home and parents, and will make an exemplary farmer's (?) wife. I may state that I taught school for some years in Western Ontario, boarding with a farmer, and though previously I had been educated at the Convent, where for five years I saw nothing but refinement and culture, I was not at all prejudiced against farmers, nor have I ever regretted marrying one. Were I to judge them all by my own husband, they would appear to me as the most perfect class of men in our fair, prosperous Dominion. I cannot attribute to him one single trait of those countless imperfections "Nurse" describes, nor is it ever necessary to remonstrate with him regarding his cleanliness or deportment in the house; for I have always found him the essence of neatness and consideration, and he takes as much interest in my attempts at artistic decoration as I do myself.

However, 'tis not for me to eulogize upon the merits of my husband—whom probably "Nurse" will designate as an exaggerated exception—but rather to generalize upon the majority of farmers.

By way of commenting upon the various topics of the letter, I might venture to say, firstly, that I cannot understand what motive a man would have in preferring to disarrange the dining-table to going to his secretary to write; no more can I grasp the reason for another to substitute his trousers for a pillow. And, again, let me appeal to the intelligence of my readers to recognize the inconsistency of a farmer enjoying sufficient opulence to afford a trained nurse and the comparatively up-to-date possession of an incubator, yet having "only a large box" for a kitchen, devoid of a cupboard, and refusing his wife the common necessity of screen doors.

It seems to me that "Nurse" must be prejudiced against farmers, despite her assertion to the contrary. As "Farmer's Daughter" similarly states, "Why does she present to our mental visions only the extreme exceptions?" Because a cherry tree possesses some spoiled fruit, we do not condemn it as utterly useless. Because one or two or a dozen men are dissipated, we do not condemn the entire community as such.

I know one wealthy farmer who has a mansion of a home, well-equipped outbuildings almost fit for a dwelling, a beautiful lawn and extensive grounds; his wife is obliged to milk eight or nine cows daily, as well as having numerous other tasks to perform. And again, I know dozens of farmers in the same vicinity

who justly censure such exaction, and who, though in less opulent circumstances, provide a comfortable living for their wives and families.

Those of my readers who are familiar with the idiosyncrasies of the Latin language, will remember that almost every rule in grammar has one or more exceptions. Thus it is with life.

"There's never a day so sunny,
But a little cloud appears.
There's never a life so happy,
But has its time of tears."

And even if there be farmers who are not as devoted and considerate of their wives as they might be, are there not infinitely more husbands residing in towns and cities who break their wives' hearts, causing them many bitter tears and lonely hours, by more unseemly conduct than even soiling the carpet or immaculate table-linen? In my opinion, as a general rule, farmers' wives enjoy more genuine domestic happiness and contentment than the wives of our professional and business men in towns and cities. Of course, again I say exceptions occur in both cases, but to me it seems—and I have lived in both spheres—that there is less hypocrisy, more true life and domestic felicity in the farm home than in the crowded cities.

"Young Farmer" strikes the keynote of conjugal happiness in his advice to young girls with a view to contemplating matrimony: "Observe how a young man treats his mother and sister in their home life, and you may form an approximate estimate of how he will treat you after the excitement and novelty of the honeymoon."

Let me conclude by expressing the hope that "Nurse" may yet have occasion to meet a "clean, clever farmer," who may approach her standard of an ideal husband. I should also like to see her reply to some of the several letters repudiating her charges.

A HAPPY FARMER'S WIFE.

Some Lazy Farmers.

To the Editor "Farmer's Advocate":

The article written by "Nurse," in your June 29th issue, was certainly a revelation to many of your readers. We have heard the remark, "One half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives." This is true. How little we know about the trouble and suffering which exists in the world. Certainly we never dreamed that such conditions as those described by "Nurse" could be found in our fair Canadian land. We pity the poor, long-suffering wives, and hope that such instances are rare, for what must it mean to a sensitive, tidy, refined woman to be compelled to spend her life amid such unsanitary surroundings? It seems almost incredible that men should sink almost to a level with brutes, and make life almost unbearable for their wives and families. If these farmers were neither unlettered nor ignorant, they were certainly very selfish, and ungentlemanly in their conduct towards their patient wives. Surely they had very little love for them, else they would have tried to lighten their burdens instead of making them heavier to bear. "Love suffereth long, and is kind."—Cor. 13 : 4.

The Cause.—When a doctor is called to visit a patient he will (if he is a conscientious man) seek to ascertain the cause of the disease. If the cause is removed the patient is generally soon started on the road to recovery. Now, in order to remedy or try to help this condition of affairs among the farmers we must first of all discover the cause.

Early Training.—The excellent article written by "Young Farmer," in July 20th issue, is to the point. He is right. Lack of proper training in childhood is most certainly one of the causes. The boys have been indulged and waited on by their mistaken mothers, and allowed to make their homes as untidy as they pleased. "Mother will clean up the litter" the boy says to his playmate, and now he is grown to manhood and married, his wife has to follow his mother's example. O, parents! you are making a sad mistake when you neglect to train your children in habits of neatness, courtesy and industry. Some writer has truly said:

"Habits are easily formed, but when you strive
To break them off, 'tis being flayed alive."

One Farmer's Way.—Some years ago I was acquainted with a farmer who was badly afflicted with laziness. His wife was a little delicate woman, but she had to rise winter and summer to build the fire. When breakfast was ready on the table his lordship arose. His wife had to carry all the water required for household purposes from a spring at some distance from the house, while her big lazy husband sat smoking his pipe. It is needless to say that they were in poor circumstances. The man said that farming didn't pay, sold out and removed to the city. But the farm was all right. His wife wasn't able to till it, and he was not willing. Some time after he died suddenly in an apoplectic fit, caused chiefly, no doubt, by lack of exercise. He was too lazy to live very long. His hard-working wife outlived him many years. Truly, "The labor of the righteous tendeth to life."—Prov. 10 : 16.

Now, I believe that those farmers described by "Nurse" are lazy. They just won't take the trouble to keep themselves clean and tidy; and they are bad-tempered because they have to work a little in order to live. I hope they will read these articles, and profit by them. They certainly should be ashamed of themselves, and try to improve. They should remember that the Bible says, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Charlottetown, P.E.I. A. R.