

Another reason is independence; or it may be a false idea of independence. Not rubbing up against his fellows as the townsman does, he does not get the awkward corners rubbed off him quite so soon, of which he is well aware and very sensitive, so that the company of the opposite sex is often a bugbear before it becomes a pleasure. Perhaps another reason is his knowledge of some unhappy marriages, but he should turn his mind to the thousands of happy ones.

Now, faults are usually easier to find than remedies, and I doubt this is no exception. But let the boy on the farm get out to other homes—let me say to other "houses"—for when he goes to a neighbor's he should not sit around on the fences or in the stables with others of his kind, boasting and telling stories which, to say the least of them, he would not want his sister to hear; but cultivate the acquaintance of good, pure girls. Where will you find more of them, or better, than in our Canadian farm homes?

I can easily see that the cage for the bird may be quite a consideration on some farms, but a small house need not be an insurmountable barrier. Let the young people be willing to start, not necessarily where their fathers did—as this is an age of progress—still with an economy in keeping with their means, and an ambition worthy of their Canadian heritage, and I venture to say difficulties will vanish before them like snow before an April shower.

Waterloo Co., Ont.

Sandy Fraser Taken to Task.

To the Editor "Farmer's Advocate":

I have been takin' quite a bit o' interest in the discussion goin' on in your paper the noo, an' hae bin readin' a' the letters tellin' why the young farmers are no' gittin' marrit, but when I cam' to that haverin' scribble o' Sandy Fraser's I was fair staggered.

Will you, Mr. Editor, give a decent, respectable maiden lady o' forty-three simmers an opportunity to set Sandy Fraser and others o' his kin' right, an' ta prove tae yer many readers that womankin' hae not as yet lost their self-respect, nor their sense o' what is right an' proper.

In the first place he says that the ladies "are a wee bit ower anxious to get marrit." Now, I never heard an auld bachelor talk that way, except he was one wha had got the mitten ance, or maybe a couple o' times, an' wha was takin' this way to saften the blow tae his feelins, an' at the same time tak' a mean revenge on womankin'. Get doon tae yer ain level, Sandy; try again, an' if ye get her I'll warrant she'll keep ye oot o' mischief an' the papers in the future. If yer mither had gie'n ye mair gude skelpins' when ye were greetin' for the moon, ye wad hae had a mair wholesome respect for her sex. So ye'll tighten yer grip as soon as ye feel us slippin' awa from ye, will ye? I woe believe ye practice what ye preach, an' that's how it comes ye hae naething in yer grip the noo. An' ye say forbye, that ye wad na' think sae much o' the gold gin it stuck tae yer feet like clay. Ye auld skinflint ye, to compare us tae the clay. To be sure there might be some ways in which the comparison wad fit a' right, and one is that the majority o' you men folks get yer livin' oot o' us baith; and another is, that you trample the baith o' us under yer feet. But it will no' be for lang, for the women o' Canada are juist wakenin' up tae the graund opportunities that are offerin' on all sides. There is no' a profession an' hardly one o' the trades but what is open tae her. She may fit hersel' for her lifework in almost every one o' oor colleges and universities, and there never was a time when she could be sae independent as noo, as I ken Sandy, ye hae found tae yer cost. Na, na, the young ladies will never interfere wi' yer divinly-givin' richt, as ye ca' it, o' takin' the initiative, sae dimma trouble yersel.

And noo, Mr. Editor, may I have leave to express my opinion as to why sae many o' the young farmers o' Canada are still without a helpmeet? In my forty-three years' experience o' unmarried life, I hae come tae one conclusion, an' it is juist this, that oor young men o' the present day hae na mair than a cotton string for a backbone, or they wad na be sae afraid o' the care an' responsibilities o' married life as they are. All o' them, even Sandy Fraser, could get suitable partners if they used what little judgment an' common sense they hae; but na, they think they will hae a better time, wi' less care, if they stay as they are; and that way they stay, till some day they waken up tae the fact that they are sae auld that na self-respectin woman will hae onything to dae wi' them, an' then they write articles tae the papers, shiftin' the blame where they ken it does na' belong. But this speerit o' selfishness will aye bring its reward. A time o' prosperity like the present has a tendency to create this speerit in men, far mair than a time o' hardship, like when oor fathers hewed oot a clearin' an built a hame for themselves an' their families in the forest. These were men wha had a richt tae the name. They were the worthy ancestors o' unworthy sons. If these sons wad tak a look back an' follow their example wad na' be troubled by such questions as we hae now under discussion, an Canada wad hae a population composed o' her ain sons and daughters, instead o' bein' tied up wi' Dukhobors an' sich like people frae the ends o' the earth.

Beggin' yer pardon for usin sae much o' yer valuable space,

I remain, yours sincerely,

JEAN URQUHART.

Fail Plowing.

The plow was Man's first machine to help him toward higher things. It first taught him to use the labor of animals in his service, and to extend his operations beyond the limits of his own strength. Its very simplicity has maintained its position. When it was invented no one knows, but mention was made of plowing in the most ancient historical documents. How different with many of the implements now used by every farmer. The cultivator, the seed drill and the threshing machine were first known in the eighteenth century; the self-binder, which has so completely displaced other harvesting implements, is but of yesterday. The last named is an example of the machine which is totally unlike the first implement used for the same purpose, and which has been developed by successive improvements or inventions. In this case the stages can be easily traced. First the sickle, which held its place as a reaping implement for centuries and millenniums; next, as need arose and brains began to be applied, the cradle was evolved, followed in rapid succession by the reaper, the self-rake machine, and, last of all, the binder. The plow, on the other hand, is essentially the same implement that it was in the days of Abraham. Rude and simple as it was in those early times, it had a beam, a coulter and a share, the only feature of consequence that has been added being the mouldboard, by which the ground is lifted and turned over. But while the modern plow is essentially the same implement as in prehistoric times, in ease of working, lightness of draft and wearing qualities it is perfected. Bright minds have been at work upon it, and we now have plows of many patterns, suited for every kind and condition of ground. One manufacturer alone claims to make no less than 850 different forms.

less style pervades all the farm operations, including the plowing. Perhaps it works both ways, but that it does work, we all know.

It is good policy to do as much as possible of the necessary plowing in the fall, so that the ground may be mellowed by the winter frosts, and the inevitable crush of work in the spring be somewhat lessened. For best results at this time of year, especially in heavy land, furrows rather narrow, which when turned stand partly on edge, are preferable to those that are wide and turn over flat. The latter have not such a surface exposed to the weathering process, and settle into a more compact mass. A skimmer is a most useful attachment where roughage, such as turnip tops, is plowed under, as it clogs less easy than a coulter, and it can be used to advantage in sod also, as by its means the edge of the grass is turned under neatly. In late fall plowing it is well to go down just a little into the subsoil, so that the full depth of arable soil may be maintained. This would not be advisable in spring, but at this season of the year, if at no other, the old adage is applicable, "Plow deep while sluggards sleep."

What One Young Man Did.

To the Editor "Farmer's Advocate":

I have been a reader of your valuable paper for some time, and must say I have received many good hints. Indeed, on many different matters, if we would follow the advice we get we would certainly make an O.A.C. of this Canada of ours. For the encouragement of the farmers' sons, I would like to give them my experience, and perhaps some of the fathers will be persuaded to give the boys a chance. If we get the boys rightly started in life the marriage

question will answer itself. When a young man of twenty I was ambitious to have something of my own, and as I was only one of many in the family on the homestead of one hundred acres, I persuaded father to let me rent a fifty-acre farm close to home. He did so, and furnished me with seed and horses and everything to work with. Of course, I stayed at home and worked, not half my time being taken up on my farm. At the end of three years I had \$500 saved. I then bought fifty acres of land, and still stayed at home and worked away as usual. At the end of five years I sold the fifty and had \$1,500 to my ac-

count. With this money I bought a one-hundred-acre farm and left home. Of course, I got a team of horses and some little stock that I had gathered together. When I started out for myself I did not forget to get a wife, and have certainly never been sorry for it, and at the age of thirty-five I have my farm paid for, a good stock, and everything handy. You know, a great many of the old men will say to the boy, "start as I did." Well, times have changed, and to start as our fathers did forty years ago is out of the question with the average boy of to-day, while it was all right in those days. What could we do with the implements and methods they used? We have to be up with the times, and, while I think some of us are, perhaps, ahead of the times, still you cannot blame the young man for wanting a top buggy, or the daughter an organ and a parlor to entertain her young friends. If the boys will be patient, and not wish to start at the top, they can have all these things. Hoping that this may encourage some young man to persevere and win out, I remain,

A WELLINGTON SUBSCRIBER.

The late summer and fall work seems to be the most prolific cause of sore shoulders. Sometimes the sore is high up, and at others low on the point of the shoulder. Farm horses are not alone subject to sore shoulders, but we often think they get less careful treatment than the horses about town. For instance, it is no uncommon thing to see a work horse about town wearing a breast collar when he has a sore above the point of the shoulder. Such a collar is seldom used on a farm horse in such a case.



Deeside Chief.

Shorthorn bull calf. Imported by H. J. Davis, Woodstock, Ont. A prizewinner at the Western Fair, London, 1905.

As a healthful, pleasant occupation, plowing is almost ideal. Exercise in moderate but not excessive, and while constant attention is needed in order that the work be done as it should, the plowman is free to observe things about him—the passing team, the flying bird, the floating cloud. His imagination may wander from the gossamer threads which cross the furrow ere he gets around to the mighty worlds and suns which wheel through space. Or, if theologically inclined, he may, without neglecting his work, revolve in his mind the mysteries of the freedom of the will, the presence of sin, human destiny, and the like. A century ago or less, physicians in the Old Country used very often to order weakly children to follow a plowman in his furrow day after day, so that strength might be regained. They believed, reasoning possibly from the rugged health enjoyed by plowmen, that the smell of the freshly-turned earth was wholesome.

It is to be feared that, by many, plowing is more carelessly done than in the days when plowing matches were more in vogue. It is painful to observe the crooked, uneven, slovely work that is allowed to pass in some localities. This ought not to be. It is just as easy to plow a fairly straight and even furrow as a crooked one; it is rather quicker, and much more satisfactory to the workman. The sight of a neatly-plowed field pleases everybody, but what pleasure is there for anyone, much less the plowman, in unsightly furrows? Good plowing and good farming go together. Where you see straight furrows, there, almost without exception, you see good crops. It may be that when a man takes pains with his plowing, the habit of being accurate and careful runs through all his farm management; or the converse may be the case, that a slipshod, care-