

THE FARMERS ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE

THE LEADING AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL
IN THE DOMINION.

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JOHN WELD, MANAGER.

Agents for "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Journal,"
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1. THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE is published every Thursday. It is impartial and independent of all cliques and parties, handsomely illustrated with original engravings, and furnishes the most practical, reliable and profitable information for farmers, dairymen, gardeners, stockmen and home-makers, of any publication in Canada.
2. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—In Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, Newfoundland and New Zealand, \$1.50 per year, in advance; \$2.00 per year when not paid in advance. United States, \$2.50 per year; all other countries 12s. in advance.
3. ADVERTISING RATES.—Single insertion, 25 cents per line, advance. Contract rates furnished on application.
4. THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received for its discontinuance. All payments of arrears must be made as required by law.
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12. WE INVITE FARMERS to write us on any agricultural topic. We are always pleased to receive practical articles. For such as we consider valuable we will pay ten cents per inch printed matter. Criticisms of Articles, Suggestions How to Improve "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," Descriptions of New Grains, Roots or Vegetables not generally known, Particulars of Experiments Tried, or Improved Methods of Cultivation, are each and all welcome. Contributions sent us must not be furnished other papers until after they have appeared in our columns. Rejected matter will be returned on receipt of postage.
13. ALL COMMUNICATIONS in reference to any matter connected with this paper should be addressed as below, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

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ing what they were; a legacy of hatred and lust for revenge, promising in a few years a renewal of the struggle; funerals in Westminster Abbey for those who were responsible for producing this result, and ignominy, contempt, or martyrdom for all who oppose it."

Wanted: Good Farmers.

Every country that is blessed with farming lands needs good farmers. A recent issue of a leading American weekly, The Independent, contrasts the general appearance of agricultural districts north of Lake Erie and south of the same body of water, much to the credit of the Ontario farmer. Seeking a reason the editorial reads:

"On the Canadian side of the lake live stock is abundant. Sheep, cattle and horses, always in the landscape, give evidence that the farmers there have learned how impossible it is without live stock to keep up the fertility and productiveness of their acres. South of the lake, except in specialized areas, like the grape-growing region about Cleveland, the old land-skinning game goes merrily on.

"The Mohawk Valley and the valley of the Ohio were once the potential garden of the world. Enormous crops of wheat could be raised there, as now in the Red River Valley of North Dakota. The land skinner exploited them and then moved on to the prairie of Illinois and Iowa. Having exhausted in those States all the possibilities of making fortunes out of nothing, he is now pushing into the great Northwest of Canada. We have heard laments over the departure of American farmers from Iowa and have read the Canadian newspaper rejoicings as the Iowans have crossed the border. Lamentations and rejoicings are both misplaced. The United States should view the departure of land skimmers with something better than equanimity. Canada will rue their enterprise.

* * *

"The American has been a land speculator, a land exploiter, a forest destroyer, a mining speculator and a stock speculator, but not, as a rule, a thrifty, patient, practical, scientific far-seeing farmer. A great population of really good farmers would mean more for the material and moral prosperity of this country than almost any other one thing that could be named."

The Stone.

By Peter McArthur.

A man! A man! There is a man loose in Canada!

A man of heroic mould, a "throwback" of earlier ages,

Vigorous, public-spirited, not afraid of work!

A doer of deeds, not a dreamer and babbler;

A man, simple, direct, unaffected.

Such an one as Walt Whitman would have gloried in,

And made immortal in rugged man-poetry—

Vast polyphloesboean verses such as erstwhile he belloped

Through roaring storm winds to the bull-mouthed Atlantic.

*And yesterday the man passed among us unnoted!
Did his deed and went his way without boasting,
Leaving his act to speak, himself silent!*

And I, beholding the marvel, stood for a space astounded,

Then threw up my hat and chortled,

And whooped in dithyrambic exultation.

Hark to my tale!

On the sixteenth sideroad of the township of Ekfrid,

Just south of the second concession line, some rods from the corner

There was a stone, a stone in the road, a stumbling block;

A jagged tooth of granite dropped from the jaw of a glacier

In an earlier age when the summers were colder;

A rock that horses tripped on, wheels bumped on

And sleigh-runners scrunched on,

And no man in all the land had the gumption to dig it out.

Pathmaster after pathmaster, full of his pride of office,

Rode by with his haughty brow, and regarded it not,

Seeing only the weeds in the field of the amateur farmer,

And scrawling minatory letters ordering them cut,

But leaving the stone.

Off in my hot youth I, riding in a lumber wagon,

By that lurking stone was catapulted skyward,

And picked myself up raging and vowing to dig it out—

But dug it not. I didn't have a spade,

Or, if I had a spade, I had a lame back—always an excuse.

And the stone stayed.

As passed the years—good years, bad years,

Years that were wet or dry, lean years and fat years,

Roaring election years (mouthing reforms); in short, all years

That oldest inhabitants keep in stock—there grew a tradition

About the stone. Men, it was said, had tried to move it,

But it was a stubborn boulder, deep sunk in the earth,

And could only be moved by dynamite—at vast cost to the council;

But every councillor was a watchdog of the treasury,

And the stone stayed.

Since the memory of man runneth the stone was there.

It had stubbed the toe of the Algonquin brave, and haply

Had tripped the ferocious, marauding Iroquois.

It had jolted the slow, wobbling ox-cart of the pioneer;

Jolted the lumber wagons, democrats, buggies, sulkies;

Jolted the pungs, crotches, stoneboats, bobsleighs, cutters;

Upset loads of bolts, staves, cordwood, loads of logs and hay;

Jolted threshing machines, traction engines, automobiles,

Milk wagons with cans of whey, envied of querulous swine;

It had shattered the dreams of farmers, figuring on crops;

Of drovers planning sharp deals.

Of peddlers, agents, doctors, preachers;

It had jolted lovers into closer embraces, to their bashful delight;

But mostly it had shaken men into sinful tempers—

A wicked stone, a disturbing stone, a stumbling block—

A stone in the middle of the road—

Insolent as a bank, obstructive as a merger!

Year after year the road flowed around it,

Now on the right side, now on the left;

But always on dark nights flowing straight over it,

Jolting the belated traveller into a passion black as midnight,

Making his rocking vocabulary slop over

With all the shorter and uglier words.

Boys grew to manhood and men grew to dotage,
And year after year they did statute-labor
By cutting the thistles and golden-rod, milkweeds
and burdocks,
But left the stone untouched.

There is a merry tale that I heard in my childhood,

Standing between my father's knees, before the open fireplace,

Watching the sparks make soldiers on the blazing back-log,

While the shadows danced on the low-beamed ceiling;

A pretty tale, such as children love, and it comes to me now;

Comes with the sharp, crisp smell of wood smoke,

The crackle of flaming cordwood on the dockers,

The dancing shadows and the hand on my tousled head—

A clear memory, a dear memory, and ever the stone

As it lay in my path in the roadway brought back to the story—

The loving voice, and, at the close, the laughter.

"Once upon a time there was a king, a mighty ruler,

Deep in the lore of human hearts, wise as a serpent,

Who placed a stone in the road in the midst of his kingdom,

On the way to his palace, where all men must pass it.

Straightway the people turned aside, turning to right and to left of it.

Statesmen, scholars, courtiers, noblemen, merchants,

Beggars, laborers, farmers, soldiers, generals, men of all classes

Passed the stone, and none tried to move it—

To clear the path of the travelling multitude.

But one day came a man, a kindly poor man,

Who thought it a shame that the stone should be there,

A stumbling-block to the nation. Bowing his back

He put his shoulder to it, and behold, a marvel!

The stone was but a shell, hollow as a bowl!

A child might have moved it.

And in the hollow was a purse of gold, and with it a writing:

"Let him who hath the public spirit to move the stone

Keep the purse and buy a courtly robe,

And come to the palace to serve the king as prime minister."

So the kindly poor man who had public spirit

Became the chief ruler of all the nation.

When the news was told to them, all men rushed to the highways

And moved away the stones, but found no purse of gold;

But they cleared the roads of stones, and the 'Good Roads Movement'

Went through without cost because the king was wise

And well understood our weak, human nature."

Ever when passing the stone I remembered this story

And smiled, touched by memories of childhood,

But knew there was no purse under it; there might be an angle-worm,

But I was not going fishing—and the stone stayed.

Now mark the sequel, the conclusion of the matter!

Yesterday a man went by—whether neighbor or stranger,

No man can tell me, though I have questioned widely,

Questioned eagerly, longing to do him honor,

To chant his name in song, or cunningly engrave it

In monumental brass, with daedal phantasies—

To make it a landmark, a beacon to all future ages.

This good man, earnest, public-spirited,

Not fearing work, scorning tradition,

Doing his duty as he saw it, not waiting an order,

Dug out the stone and made it a matter of laughter,

For it was no boulder, deep-rooted, needing dynamite,

But just a little stone about the size of a milk-pail.

A child might have moved it, and yet it had bumped us

For three generations because we lacked public spirit.

I blush with shame as I pass the stone now lying

In the roadside ditch where the good man rolled it,

And left it there where all men may see it—a symbol, a portent.