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The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine

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No. 1204

EDITORIAL.

If you cannot go, pay!

Remember the boys in the trenches!

No one ever could depend on the Balkans.

It is getting cooler. Are the stables ready?

Do you remember a shorter summer than that of 1915?

It is time for Farmers' Clubs to begin their winter work.

Cull the flock. This applies to poultry as well as sheep.

Kaiserism can never crush the spirit of democracy in humanity.

Start a literary society and keep it going throughout the winter.

If there is time, ridge up some of the fall-plowed, heavy land.

The absolute monarch stands on a tottering pedestal. May he soon fall.

Russia and winter may yet strike terror into Von Hindenburg's hosts.

A cutting box might help in rendering damaged roughage more palatable.

The man who has plenty of pigs stands to get the best prices for his rain-damaged grain.

The Allies need men. The latest call in Britain alone was for 30,000 new recruits weekly.

There is room for considerable revision of many of the county and township Fair prize lists.

We have often heard turnip growers say that October 20 was a good time to start getting in the crop.

Red clover for seed, harvested in such "catchy" weather, would likely thresh better if left until frosty weather had dried it out.

Encourage the holding of a plowing match in your section. There is need of a campaign for more care in this particular branch of farm cultivation.

If you have any interesting accounts of farming 50 years ago "The Farmer's Advocate" would be pleased to get them within the next three weeks.

We agree with Peter McArthur that good vegetables should be stored in abundance, but the farmer should not require to buy them. Every farmer should have a garden.

Feeders can not profitably be left in the fields too late in the fall. It never pays to allow them to shiver in the fence corners or lose flesh through shortage of feed.

The Farm Boy and His Father.

It has been truthfully said that the best crop the farm produces is boys and girls. They are the only products of the farm upon which a price is never placed. They cannot be bought, and yet they are allowed to slip away from the farm one by one until the rural community begins to feel the loss and seeks too late to rectify it. Father does not know how valuable his boy was to him until that boy has packed his trunk, put on his best suit of clothes and journeyed to the city in search of fortune. Mother little realizes the steps Mary saved her until Mary is far away behind a ribbon counter. And so they go.

The other day at a School Fair a father remarked that the boys worked fine when there was "something in it." A lad was diligently currying and brushing down a colt on which he hoped to make a few cents in prize money. He was working for the money, and is that not the biggest incentive in all work after all? There is very little done in the way of business, be it farming, manufacturing or what not that isn't done, in part at least, for the money that is in it. Money, according to our present organized civilization, is man's greatest material need for with it he can get the necessities of life and add to them the luxuries. It is all very well to talk about liking one's work, but the mere "liking" of work does not produce the necessities of life. Quite true it is easier to work at a job which is congenial, and the man who really likes his work is far more likely to be a success than the fellow who grumbles incessantly. But what makes a man like his work? Two things—good pay and congenial surroundings. What is true of the man is the case with the boy only the boy is more incessant, more aggressive, and more appreciative in proportion to his cash returns.

The twentieth century boy must have money of his own. So must the twentieth century girl. Where should the farm boy and farm girl get this money? From the farm. What father is there, and what mother either, that would not rather see his or her boy and girl receive recompense for work done from the hands of their own father or mother than from the captain of industry in the city? Every father, who is in sympathy with agriculture and believes in it, would like to see his boy farm. It is natural. And more than likely most farm boys, when first they formulate ideas as to the future, build on being farmers like father or better than father. The days go by and the boy grows out of knickerbockers into overalls and soon takes a man's place in the farm work. He works away diligently and sees mother overworked in the house and father stooped with heavy labor outside. He gets little for his own efforts, mayhap, and he hears much of "hard times," "hard work," and "hard bargains." He always has good meals, warm clothes and a warm, comfortable bed, but somehow he grows dissatisfied. He has no stock to call his own. His money is doled out in small amounts and just about this time Bill Jones, son of the country storekeeper, and with whom he had gone to school, returns from the city for a little holiday, decked out in fine togs and jingling about \$2 in silver in his pockets. He has big tales of big cities with bright lights, big wages and big times. The farm boy loses interest in the farm and soon is off to join Bill Jones. The father and the mother have missed their chance. They thought they were doing

well by the boy, and so they were, according to their own upbringing. But times have changed. The twentieth century boy must have an interest in the place, in the stock, in something. He must be made to feel that he is self supporting and not just living on "dad." There must be "something in it" for him, as the father at the School Fair remarked. The same may be said of the girls. It is just this that has made the School Fair the success it is. The "something in it" arouses the interest of the pupil to the work in hand. The same would hold true between father and son on the farm, only in greater degree. If the boy is any good and is to be kept on the farm he must have an early interest of his own in that farm or on it. Give him some poultry, some pigs, some sheep, a calf, or a colt, something his very own and let him manage that all himself. Let him have the proceeds to spend as he sees fit. Teach him the value of money and economy and let him practice it himself and as he grows up his interests should grow. "Oh!" but you say, "he will soon have all the stock and the farm too." By that time father and mother will be ready to quit and then who has a better right to the farm than the boys and girls who have worked so faithfully? This is the way to make farmers. This is the way to keep the country-born in the country. This is the way to keep son with father. This is the way to success.

Wanted, A New Key.

Sir George E. Foster, lately speaking to a company of eminent men at the University Club, Ottawa, sounded a strong, clear note on some of the lessons the war is teaching the world. The time is rapidly approaching, observed the Minister of Trade and Commerce, when it will be impossible for a handful of men anywhere to plunge the world into war. Out of its terrible object lesson will come in the near future some regulative machinery by which vicious nations will be restrained by the community and by society. Before the Canadian Club of the capital city, C. A. Magarh, Chairman of the Canadian section of the International Waterways Commission, speaking on "Some Phases of Public Service" made a few preliminary observations on the subject of international relations in which he took occasion to commend the work of those who are sometimes styled "idealists" or "visionaries." As the son of an Irishman, while he had not been humbugged with the idea that the days of fighting had passed away, he went on to say that the civilized way of making provision for dealing with international differences was by international agreements based upon the well-known duty of the doctrine of man to man. He felt confident that the International Joint Commission was a forerunner of tribunals somewhat similar that will yet be rendering tremendous service to humanity. The present war he declared to be no accident. It was the outcome of international methods that are unsound. The machinery of the world for the past thirty years has been gradually thrown out of gear. Throw any machinery out of gear and disaster happens. Nations cannot live unto themselves. The entire community must band itself together and have a general police system. His forecast was that out of this catastrophe through which the world is passing will come a new era in which the views of the idealists will