

many foreign cars from the United States, and for the use of these cars our railroads pay thirty-five cents per day (of 24 hours) to the American roads. As all these foreign cars only cost the Canadian roads thirty-five cents per day each, why should they not be satisfied with the enormous profit of one hundred and eighty-five per cent., instead of making the Canadian shippers pay two and three dollars per day.

As all shippers know, from experience, the capacity of the large freight cars which are being built to-day is so much greater than that of those constructed a few years ago that it is sometimes impossible to load or unload these cars within the given time, especially if the country roads are in bad condition.

I have before me a statement showing the vast grants given the Canadian railroads by the Canadian people through their governments, which figure one dollar for every two dollars and thirteen cents invested by the bond and stockholders, so it is passing strange that they should be permitted to mulct the Canadian shippers by excessive demurrage charges without granting them in return reciprocal demurrage, especially as our neighbors in the Middle and Eastern States are taxed one dollar per day demurrage.

Montreal.

ARTHUR H. CAMPBELL.

### Progress, Achievement and Character.

Just about a couple o' weeks or so back I met an auld friend o' mine that I had na' seen for quite a wee spell, an' aifter we had finished askin' ane anither aboot the auld wimmen an' the bairnies, he says tae me, "Sandy, an' hoos the auld place comin' on," says he, "the neebors an' a' that I used tae ken when I was leevin' across the road frae ye." "Weel Jeems," says I, "we're aye progressin', I guess." "Guid on yer heid, Sandy," says he, gien' me a slap on the back that made me cough for a meenute, "that's juist the best word there is. Gin ye're progressin' an' progressin' in the right direction ye're fullfillin' a' the moral law an' ony ither laws that are worth the makin'. Frae the time that oor ancestors used tae live in holes an' caves among the mountains, aye an' lang before it too, progress has been the word. I dinna see hoo it could be onything else either, for we aye see that gin a mon does na' swim he canna float vera lang. He maun keep gaein' ahead or he'll gang under, ilka time. They tell us, Sandy, that oor fore-fathers awa' back in bonnie Scotland, aboot a couple o' thousand years ago or so, were a' savages. An' noo look at their descendants; look at you an' me, Sandy. Dae ye think we could a' hae come tae oor present state o' perfection wiout progress for a watchword. Na, na, sir. It was the spirit o' progress that started the first o' the clans scrappin' wi' ane anither for the best land an' the best cattle an' the best lookin' wimmen an' so on, an' it was the same spirit that made them join taegither tae keep oot the invader, so that they might be free an' independent tae choose their ain leaders, an' mak' their ain laws an' forms o' government. Gin ye read the history o' Scotland ye can see progress written a' along the road frae the beginnin' tae the present time, when, as is weel kenned, the men o' Scotland, or them o' Scotch descent are fillin' maist o' the important an' honorable positions in oor mither land an' her colonies."

"Weel, Jeems," says I, "I'm thinkin' ye must hae done like auld Hughie McPherson when he asked the Lord to gie him a guid conceit o' himsel'. Gin ye did, the Lord has answered yer prayer."

"It's no' conceit, Sandy," says Jeems, "it's just facts, ye can see it for yersel' among the the farmers a' around. The descendant o' yer Highlander is maybe no' just the maist progressive agriculturist in the warld, as he was aye mair o' a fighter in the auld land than anything else, but for an all roond go-ahead farmer show me onything that can get ahead o' a Lawland Scotchman, an' I'll say na mair. But that's no' the point that I was tryin' tae come at when ye started me off. I was just tryin' tae get around tae tellin' ye a wee bit story tae illustrate what I hae been sayin' aboot the importance o' keepin' goin'. It's aboot an uncle o' mine, who died afore ye came tae these pairts, Sandy. Ye'll maybe hae heard something o' his life history frae ither, but no' a', I'm thinkin'. He cam' oot tae this country when he was aboot twenty-one, an' the hardship he went through in gettin' here na doot helped him tae prepare for what was tae follow. It was juist eleven weeks frae the time they left Scotland till they saw land on this side. It was a'-sailing ships then an' sometimes they wad be blown back mair than a hundred miles in one day. But they got here an' that was mair than some did that mak' the

start. Weel, ma uncle had just one York shillin' tae his name when he first pit his foot on the hundred acres that the government presented him wi' on his arrival. But he was na' ane o' yer doon-hearted chaps, an' besides he was married tae a lass that he had brought wi' him frae the auld land, which was na' doot anither reason for takin' a cheerful view o' the situation. So he got tae work, choppin' doon trees an' buildin' his house an' stable, an' gettin' ready for the winter. He got enouch frae the government tae keep him frae starvin' the first year, but aifter that he had tae scratch for himsel'. There was no' muckle variety in the bill o' fare them days, I can tell you. It was oatmeal an' skim milk maist o' the time, wi' maybe potatoes on the Sawbath. But there wasna' mony doctor bills either, for they were aye as healthy as the deers in the bush. Plenty wark an' short rations will pit the doctors oot o' business ilka time. Any way that's the way my uncle made his start. Plantin' potatoes among the stumps an' sowin' a little wheat as soon as he made a wee bit clearin' around the hoose. An' in the winter time he wad gae awa' tae the shanty an' wark for aboot thirteen or fourteen dollars a month, an' his wife wad hide at home wi' the bairns an' dae the chores aboot the barn, an' get the wood an' keep things gaein' till he got back in the spring.

But aifter a while he quit gaein' tae the shanty, for he saw it wad pay him better to stay wi' his stock an' let the boys gae tae schule, an' let the wife attend tae the wark in the hoose. An' it wasna' lang before he was lookin' roond for better coos an' heavier horses, an' when the machines for cutting the hay and the grain came oot he didna' waste muckle mair time wi' the scythe an' the sickle. He was aye lookin' aboot for a better way tae dae this or that, an' when he found it he was onto it wi' baith feet. He sent twa o' his boys tae the Agricultural School up West, an' the rest a' got as guid an education as they wad tak'. He was the first around these pairts to start growin' clover on a big scale, an' he was in sic a hurry tae try the silo when he heard aboot it, that a' his first one did for him was tae gie him experience enouch tae mak' the second attempt successful. There was no holdin' him back, I can tell ye. Gin there had been a progressive pairty in politics like there is across in the States the noo, he wad hae been stumpin' the country for it, frae Halifax tae Vancouver. He wad haud onto a guid thing so lang as he did na' see onything better, but no' a munute langer. An' it paid him tae dae it. When he died he had ane o' the best cultivated an' finest lookin' farms in that pairt o' the country, wi' buildin's tae match, an' wi' boys an' girls growin' up tae be a credit tae him an' a help tae the community in which they lived."

"Weel, Jeems," says I, "I suppose that's a true. But hoo muckle better off is he the noo' for a' his progressive ways an' a' that. I'm dootin' but he died a lang time sooner than he had hae done, gin he had just taken it easy like, the

same as the rest o' us. He didna' tak' his fine farm an' his bank book an' a' that alang wi' him, did he?" says I.

"Na, he didn't, Sandy," says Jeems, "but he took something better, an' that was a strong character an' the name o' an honest man. An' as for livin' longer if he had taken life mair easy an' not got sae muckle in earnest aboot it, I want tae tell ye that he did mair in his short life than maist o' us wad, gin we lived tae be a hundred. It's no by years that a mon should measure his life, but by the amount o' useful wark he has accomplished. That's my way o' thinkin'!"

"Accordin' tae that method," says I, "some o' us auld fellows wad be pretty young yet, I guess."

"Aye," says Jeems, "na mair than oot o' the cradle."

SANDY FRASER.

### Wants Cheaper Ditching Machines.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Enclosed please find postal note for \$1.50, renewal subscription for 1913. I do not think it necessary to tell you that I appreciate your paper very much, and time and time again I have received information in one issue that I considered was worth the year's subscription.

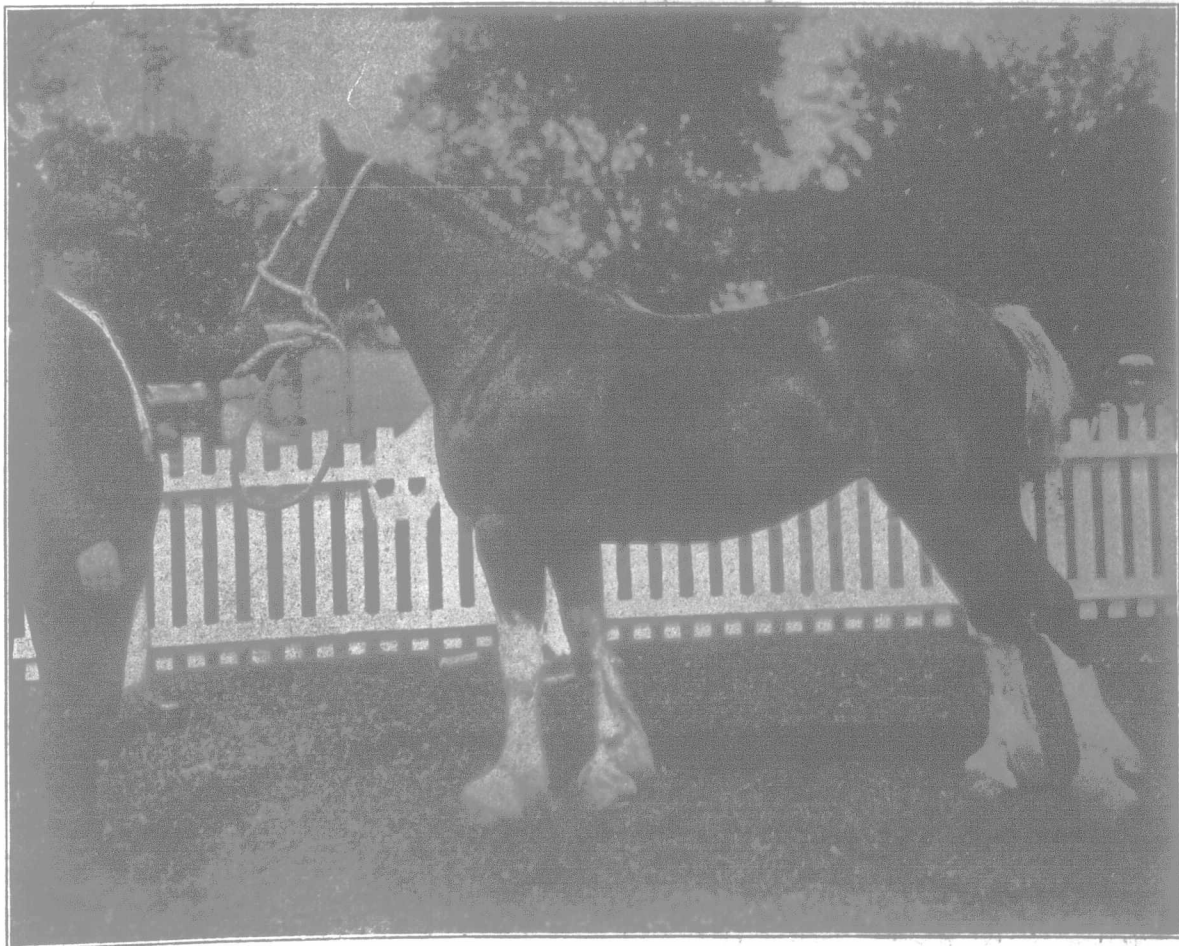
I hope you continue to hammer away about cheaper money for farmers, for I realize how many needed improvements I could make if only I could get cheaper money, and also to have removed the duty on traction ditchers. This summer I had drainage levels taken on 100 acres. The estimated cost of tile alone is \$634, and I can get the tile, but cannot hire a man at any reasonable price to dig the drains. I am satisfied my farm could yield almost double if only properly drained.

Carleton Co., Ont.

A. L. STACKHOUSE.

### Prices Continue Upward.

The Dominion Labor Department's index number of wholesale prices rose approximately one point in November, standing at 134.3 as compared with 133.1 in October, and 129.4 in November 1911. The advance was due chiefly to higher prices for fish, textiles, hides and leathers, fuel and lighting, while Ontario grains, dairy products, metals, lumber and miscellaneous building materials were slightly upward, with Western grains, cattle and beef, paints and oils, downward. As compared with the same month last year, grains and fodders, fruits and vegetables, were lower, while animals and meats, dairy products, fish, textiles, hides, leathers, boots and shoes, metals, fuel, house furnishings, and miscellaneous commodities were higher than in 1911. In retail prices, coal, wood, butter and eggs were upward; potatoes also were higher in Ontario, while there was a downward movement in flour, sugar, prunes and evaporated apples.



Snowflake.

First-prize two-year-old Clydesdale filly, and champion female of the breed, at Toronto, 1912. Owned by Graham Bros., Claremont, Ont.