

# FARMER'S ADVOCATE

AND HOME MAGAZINE

\* AGRICULTURE, STOCK, DAIRY, POULTRY, HORTICULTURE, VETERINARY, HOME CIRCLE.\*

REGISTERED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE COPYRIGHT ACT OF 1876.

Vol. XXXIX.

WINNIPEG, MAN., AND LONDON, ONT., NOVEMBER 9, 1904.

No. 633

## Editorial.

### Debating Clubs for Young Farmers.

Every country town situated in a district in which there are a number of young people ought to have a literary society or debating club. The long evenings of winter have come again, and some time for recreation and study may be enjoyed by most persons who care to take it. The fact that a comparatively small percentage of our members of Parliament are farmers is often deplored at agricultural conventions and meetings. The chief reason is because a much smaller percentage of farmers than of men in some other occupations are capable of expressing in public their views upon any question of public concern. They are not accustomed to hearing their own voices in public or joining in debate in an argumentative style.

It is while a person is young that he should cultivate his debating powers. When the years have crept on it is not so easy making a start. From the age of fifteen to twenty-five or thirty is about the best time, and there is no better place than in a little country literary society or debating club. Some of the greatest public men of Canada and the United States to-day trace their success to a beginning in some little hall or schoolhouse out in the country, where they were first induced to take part in a simple debate or discussion upon some topic of universal interest.

In Western Canada there are thousands of young farmers who would be benefited by a live debating society in their village or town. They could not only improve their education, cultivate a taste for debating, spend many evenings enjoyably, as well as profitably, but they would be doing a lasting benefit to their companions by affording some entertainment other than that to be found in public houses where intoxicating liquors are kept for sale. Unfortunately, in too many Western towns the only place that is open to the entrance of young men who go out from their own homes appears to be the hotel. Why should there not be more reading-rooms available to those who are passing the age at which character is being moulded and the future life of a nation being established.

Upon those who have some knowledge of the benefits to be derived from a debating club or literary society, the "Farmer's Advocate" calls to take some steps in this matter. Several churches have young people's organizations doing good work in a religious way, but a non-sectarian, non-political organization of the young people of any community will do much to add to its enlightenment, and, in time, lead to its being distinguished for its intellectual and enterprising young people.

The "Farmer's Advocate" will be glad to hear from anyone who desires information concerning the best way to proceed to organize in his locality. If you have not such a club, talk of its benefits among the young people.

### Wheat is Being Held.

At least fifty per cent. of the wheat at present in store at Fort William and Port Arthur is believed to be still in possession of farmers. With the navigation season at its close, and a large amount of wheat still to be stored, it begins to look as though the storage capacity at the lakes will be fully taxed. The holding of wheat which is not of the best milling quality cannot be said to be good policy. The greatest demand undoubtedly will continue to be for the best grades, while little hope can be entertained of better prices for inferior quality.

### How the Millers View the Situation.

The Northwest Miller, in dealing with the present boom in wheat prices across the line, publishes the following caustic comment, which is, apparently, very true:

Topsy-turvy thinkers have put a construction on facts which have been unique. At first, they said there was no wheat. When this was disproved, and the actual wheat began to pour in, they said it didn't matter, the wheat was not fit to make flour of. When, however, millers began to grind actively, they dropped this argument, and contended that the orders for flour showed that ruling prices were all right, the flour trade demonstrating its willingness to buy on this basis. When orders became slack, this contention was deftly exchanged for another: Millers could not grind for lack of wheat, hence a great shortage, and reason for a further advance. Thus the changes have been rung: An active flour market meant confidence in the situation; a dull one, lack of supplies; both conditions were adduced as an argument for keeping up values.

### We Want Your Report.

"We learn by hearing the experience of others." That is an old saying, but it is a very true one to-day in regard to farming. The busy season is now about over, and the "Farmer's Advocate" wants its readers to send along a report of the summer's work for publication. The experience of the past summer will have taught most people something. Some may have discovered a new variety of wheat, oats, barley, or other grain, that did better in their districts than any ever tried before. Others may have tried some new method of dealing with a weed that proved satisfactory. Still others may have put some peculiar method of cultivation to a practical test, and have information either for or against it.

These are only examples of the scores of questions upon which our readers can assist us in making the pages of the "Farmer's Advocate" more interesting during the winter months. It is well to remember, too, that we do not wish you to write for nothing. Everything worthy of publication will be paid for per inch at our standard rates.

### U. S. Wheat Prices High.

It is not easy for Canadian wheat farmers living near the international boundary to realize why their United States neighbors should be receiving nearly twenty cents per bushel more for their wheat than could be obtained in Canada. This difference in price has now been a subject of keen interest for some weeks, and present indications are that it will continue so for some time to come. Canadian prices are at present a little above an export basis, and as our market outside depends entirely upon the demand in Great Britain, it seems questionable whether higher prices may be looked for so long as Russia, India, Australia and Argentine continue pouring their wheat into the mills of the island nation.

In the United States, careful estimators have been predicting a fall in prices, and there would appear to be good logic in their reasoning. For some time, the American market has been very much under the control of the gambling element, and millers, being more or less influenced, have responded to the prevailing sentiment of the time. Believing that choice milling wheat was very scarce, they have been eagerly buying all the best grades in sight, because the big milling firms of Minneapolis have made a name for special grades

of flour, and are anxious to maintain it. In one or two cases, too, they have considered the advisability of grinding Manitoba wheat in bond in order to keep their mills running. One firm, at least, has secured an option on a stock of Manitoba. The spread in prices, however, has been great enough to permit the payment of the American duty and the selling of Manitoba wheat in Minneapolis at a profit. Railroad companies have refused to grant a special rate in wheat going south, and perhaps it is just as well they have, seeing that the difference in price is due to a local condition that is not likely to occur to the same extent for some time to come.

### Call off the Dogs of War.

In reading accounts of the terrible war now raging in Eastern Asia, one cannot but stop to wonder how human bodies can endure the hardships or human minds bear the nerve-racking torments to which the soldiers engaged in this bloody strife are being subjected. Imagination revolts at the picture which it may conjure up, and yet no picture of the imagination can be more than a dream of the sickening reality. Dismembered limbs, rigid bodies, with faces white, and cold as stone, and glassy eyes staring up at a foreign sky; pools of blood; wagons laden with groaning, quivering masses of human flesh; men annihilated by the fall of a shell in the space of a single second; think of it!—human beings who, one moment before, were in full possession of health of body and mind, able to till the earth, care for their loved ones, and rejoice in God's sunshine, smashed out at one fell blow into a sickening spatter of blood and mangled bones! Pen cannot picture the revolting horrors of the siege, where thousands perish amid squalor, festering wounds, perpetual terror, and slow starvation! And these are the glories of war! This is war, shorn of the fanfare of trumpets, the flutter of flags, and the brave show of troops marching off to the beat of martial music and the cheers of an applauding multitude, while here and there among the spectators a tear rolls down the cheek of an aged mother, and the heart of a wife or sister is breaking.

It seems almost incredible that intelligent human beings are so easily blinded by tinsel and glitter, and it is by no means complimentary to the common sense of the multitude at large that this same shouting mob is as ready to weep to-morrow over the lonely grave on the far-off hillside, or over the shattered remnant of humanity that may come back, blind, maimed, his chances for life ruined and his happiness in living gone forever. Surely it is time that the world should awaken to a true understanding of what this horror means, and that the people of every civilized land should arise en masse to demand that some other way to the settlement of difficulties be arrived at, other than the voluntary, wholesale butchery. When the Hague Tribunal was inaugurated, it was dreamed that a golden era had dawned for Europe; the heart and reason of the world now call for a world's tribunal armed with a power that may be more than a name.

For the end of war—what is it? Upon the one side, a page written in history, a few dollars dropped into the coffers of those who never smelt the smoke of battle, a cloud of false glory thrown over the name of some half-dozen men, who must, after all, die as others, with the responsibility of having lived a life, useful or otherwise, upon them; upon the other side, the progress of two countries arrested for half a century, homes ruined, women and children left in penury, and upon a far-off plain, a weary succession of little