

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE.

THE LEADING AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL
IN THE DOMINION.

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Agents for "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Journal,"
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sensational, they can do no better, and probably not as well, in any other way than to provide an ample and comfortable live-stock judging arena. Give the stockmen and public a fair opportunity to witness aggregations of animals that rank easily among the very finest of modern times. Why collect them, and then permit the chief educational benefits to be lost? Finish the achievement!

Prompt Decision.

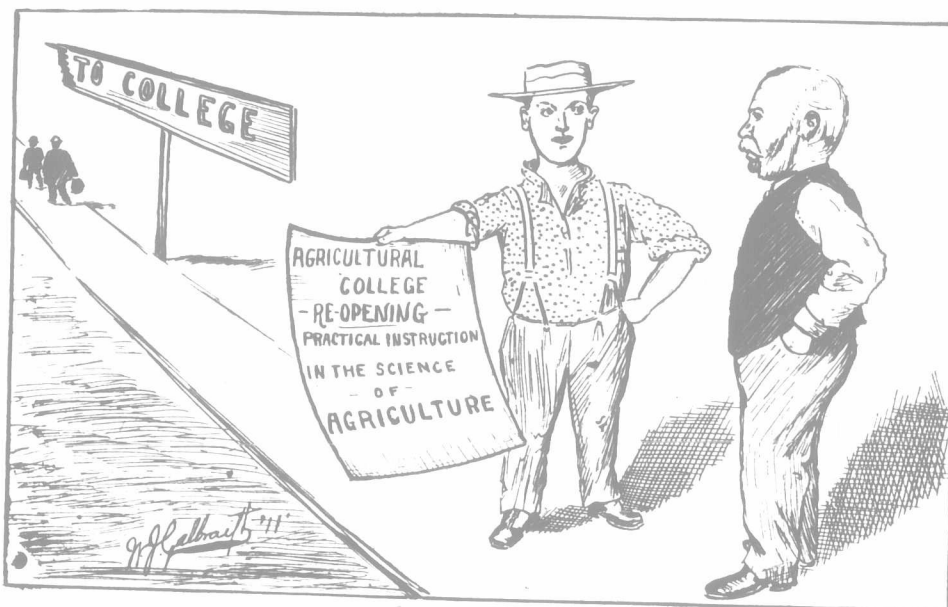
Indecision is a habit which has delayed many a farmer's progress. Show a city business man that a certain idea is a good one, and he immediately asks how it can be put into practice. If none of his friends can tell him, he constitutes himself a committee of one to find out, and usually wastes little time in doing so. If an investment bids fair to pan out well, he is in for it at once. He knows he will have little difficulty in financing it, even though he has to borrow some of the capital. Debt is of small moment to him, so long as a thing pays. Of course, with him, money is easier than with the farmer. He can afford to act more rashly, perhaps, at times, than a farmer would be justified in doing. And yet, can we not take a few pages from his book? Why is it necessary, for instance, to spend four or five years considering whether to build a silo, and then two or three more getting ready to do it. Dilatoriness begets a habit of indecision and inaction, in marked contrast to the habits of the brisk, rapid-fire commercial business man. To be sure, business develops these qualities in the merchant. Daily contact with keen men sharpens a merchant's wits. Promptness with him is a necessity. On the farm, where one is comparatively isolated, where competition is not directly felt to any great extent for lack of exercise, the business instinct is not so thoroughly developed, the brain is inclined to lag, and the business faculty becomes cloyed.

To be aware of the tendency should be to guard against it. Cultivate the habit of prompt decision and energetic action. By reading and inquiry, one may post himself as to the best ideas in vogue, and, thus armed against fads and mistakes, proceed with reasonable confidence in making investments and departures from time-honored methods. Mature consideration is always a good thing, but hesitancy is not consideration. In many cases chances for bargains pass and re-pass while we are thinking about them. Presently someone else picks them up, and is congratulated on his luck. "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," is an excellent motto. The trouble is some of us take such a long time to make sure; and when we are sure, we don't go. "Do it now," is a simple sentence, yet those words, struck off as mottoes and tacked up on walls and over desks, have been silent reminders that have saved an immense amount of time in the offices of this country. Might not a few such mottoes be good for the farm home?

Seldom is much gained by delay; often much is lost. If convinced an idea is a good one, go ahead. It will pay better this year than next, for you will have that much longer use of it.

Taxation of Automobiles.

There is no doubt now that the automobile has come to stay, and the question is how to reconcile the undoubted rights of the autoist with the equally undoubted rights of the farmer, whose property is damaged by the rapid passage of numerous autos along the country roads. The clouds of dust which cover everything for a considerable distance from every road frequented by autos, is painfully in evidence, and is a very real evil. But what remedy is there? The only one in sight seems to be the permanent laying of the dust by a thick coating of oil, or oily substance



Give the Boy a Chance.

Farm Boy—"Well, Dad, you've sent Tom to study law, and Dick to study medicine. How about preparing me for my profession?"

upon the road. In some of the United States communities the roads are being oiled with a dressing known as tarva, and this is also being tried this year in Canada. Some treatment of this kind seems absolutely necessary if life is to be at all tolerable along our country highways. But who is to pay the bill? This is the most difficult point to settle. "The Farmer's Advocate" recommends that each high-power car pay at least \$50 a year toward this object, and the figure does not seem an excessive one. The township, also, should pay part of the bill, and the farmer himself should contribute something. Just what the individual farmer's proportion should be is rather a nice point to determine. If proximity to a good and dustless auto road increases the value of a farm, and there can be no doubt that it does so in many cases, if not in all, then this fact must be taken into account, while at the same time the value of such a road to the township (and county) cannot be lost sight of. But the pressing problem just now is the securing of dustless roads, and the taxation of high-power automobiles, and doubtless our next Provincial Legislature will have to wrestle again with this matter of automobile taxation.—The Christian Guardian.

Our Scottish Letter.

I suppose a man does get "fagged" if he keeps on writing, week in and week out, on the same area of topics. At least, that is how I feel, and, presumably, in this I am not altogether unlike other people. Agriculture is a many-sided theme, but one requires time in order to gather new ideas on old themes. The weather this season, if not new, is decidedly unwonted. The sun has shone with steady brilliancy for many weeks on end. Now, as August goes out, the weather has broken, and sun and shower are intermittent, with high winds and a much lower temperature than we have known since this unique summer began. Harvest has been rushed in England, and in the first week of August we saw stubbles which were being plowed. The earlier parts of Scotland have enjoyed a short but on the whole satisfactory harvest. Wheat is the great cereal crop of the year. It loves heat and the sun, and, being a deep-rooting plant, it draws moisture from the subsoil in a way no other cereal crop can imitate. The wheat harvest this year will have to atone for some other harvests, which are none too bountiful. A curious terror is abroad about the potato crop, viz., that they will run to seed, that there will be two crops to lift, and neither of them worth lifting. This may happen in extremely rare cases. It is a possible thing, for, although the potato is a sun-loving crop, it can get too much of a good thing. The turnip crop is looking much better than anyone could have anticipated two months ago. In fact, it has so far recovered that the great lamb sales this week show scarcely any reduction on the figures for the same classes of stock in 1910. At the beginning of the sale season it was not so. The crop outlook was bad, and buyers were taking no risks. After the outlook had bettered somewhat, there came the Labor troubles, and a week ago (writing August 25th), the whole three kingdoms were threatened with a complete paralysis of the transport system. I take it that this labor war (happily it has been of very short duration) has taught the military enemies of Great Britain a few lessons. It is obvious that we can be starved into surrender, and that in a comparatively short space of time. The policy of allowing the land of the country to

go out of cultivation may please what used to be called the Manchester School of Political Economists, but it is a mad sort of policy in the end of the day. The only real wealth of any nation is the produce of the soil. The nation that can feed itself is supremely strong; the nation that is dependent on other lands for its food supply is relatively weak. Possibly, when politicians have become partially sane, these obvious truths may be considered by them. In the meantime, they are busy with what they call "the Constitution," and the feeding of the people does not matter.

OLD-TIME HARVEST DAYS.

Reverting to the weather of 1911, I am old enough to remember the summer which, prior to this, is said to have held the record for sunshine and warmth. That was 1868. It was the first season in which, as a boy, I went "to make straps" in the harvest field. Then, all harvesting on the smaller farms was done by the scythe. It was a brave sight to look upon a harvest field in these glorious far-away days. The giants who swung the scythes and cut down the waving corn were followed by the bunchers or lifters who made up the sheaves. In front of the buncher, and immediately behind the scythe man was the strapper, a boy or girl, whose duty it was to make the "strap" which bound the sheaf. After the lifter came the binder, who tied up the sheaves, and woe betide the strapper whose "straps" did not stand the strain of the binder's arms. Then the binder had to lift the sheaves and put them into stooks. There was a short rest for the buncher and strapper at the end of each swath, while the scythe-men were sharpening their weapons, a process which had to be gone through at each turning. All the folks about the "farm toon" would be seen in the harvest field in those days, except, perhaps, the mother or other housekeeper who had to prepare the dinner and see that all was right for the toilers. Now, all the field labor is done by the harvester or self-binder. It cuts, supplies the strap in the shape of binder-twine, bunches,