

The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine

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EDITORIAL.

In the fight for liberty there can be no shirkers.

Another winter in the trenches! Keep up the supply of comforts.

Unfitted stock finds as little favor in a sale ring as in a judging ring.

Good management is just as responsible for success as is hard work.

The wailing winds warn that winter approaches. Rush the fall work.

The stable is a good place for the stock on chilly, raw November nights.

Getting soil ready for winter is a big factor in connection with next year's crop.

More attention should be paid to fecundity in the selection and breeding of live stock.

Honesty is the best policy—even for politicians. It is well for them and for Canada that they are finding it out.

The farmer feeds them all and gets unmerited abuse because he doesn't do it for nothing, or at least at a loss to himself.

The bigger the acreage of fall plowing done, the earlier seeding will be finished next spring, and early seeding means bigger yields.

When votes are wanted the farmer is the backbone of the country, but when laws are made and tariffs struck the country has no backbone.

If you sell all your cows and pigs this fall when grain is scarce, what will you do for cows and pigs next fall when grain may be plentiful?

It is not the brightest outlook when stocker and feeder cattle are being killed rather than finished. Watch the trend of affairs next summer.

A dairy cow without a record is an "also ran." Put her milk on the scales and if she is found wanting replace her. Feed is too expensive to waste on boarder cows.

Two cows and six hens, if they milk and lay well, are at present prices for eggs and dairy products about all a farmer needs, but then they are all he can feed on this year's crop, so there you are.

Frustrated nearer home, the Kaiser tries his submarine nightmare off the American Atlantic coast. Wilhelm, it won't work anywhere! The spirit of the Allies in this fight for liberty will not sink.

It is a rule of the law of supply and demand that when the producer has little to sell prices are high. It is too bad those who blame the farmer for everything could not understand this simple truth.

When those in charge of recruiting this winter are seeking out the men who should join the colors, they should not forget the pool rooms and dance halls. There is a bigger and more important game going on in Europe than pool or dancing. Let every man ask himself what he has done to help win it.

Who Pays the Duty?

The old question of who pays the duty is more pertinent than ever now that the agitation against the high cost of living is at its height, and people are at the same time asked to save all they can. The worst feature of indirect taxation is that it seems so indirect, while in reality it is direct in so far as the consumer of affected articles is concerned. Who pays the duty? Why, the consumer of the manufactured or other dutiable article every time. The other day an agent called upon us to sell a very useful piece of farm machinery at a price of \$375. It was made in the United States. We happened to ask what the same article sold for across the border, and his reply was \$275 f. o. b. place of manufacture. The Canadian farmer must pay \$100 more, less the freight, for this one piece of farm machinery than does the United States farmer. To the man living just outside of Windsor the price of the same identical article laid down is nearly \$100 more than to the man across the river, just outside Detroit. When you come to think of it, the consumer of such an article—the farmer who uses it—pays a pretty heavy tax for the privilege. We recently read a paragraph in a leading daily which claimed that the people were clamoring for a removal of the tariff on imported foodstuffs and asserting that the farmers wouldn't mind because they understood that manufacturers of prepared foods were reaping the benefit. If the consumer of manufactured foodstuffs pays the duty, is it not just as true that the user of imported farm machinery, implements, tools, manufactured foodstuffs and dozens of other things on the farm pays the duty, which is a real tax? Every time in every country where duties abound the consumer pays and the farmer, being a heavy user of dutiable articles, pays a big share. How many hundreds of dollars do you pay yearly in duty to protect some other fellow with thousands where you have hundreds, or even dollars? You can depend upon it that the manufacturer here will not sell Canadian manufactured goods any cheaper in this country than will the same articles he sold by the outside manufacturer. If you could figure it all out you would know how much you are taxed, just indirectly enough to keep you quiet. Since confederation, both political parties have built up or fostered this means of financing the country, largely at the expense of the farmer. The user pays.

A Cell in the Social Organism.

The farmer of a few years ago was a cell in the social organism. The farmer of to-day is pretty much of a sell (spell it with an "s") in so far as rural social conditions tending to improvement are concerned. In former times the farmer and his family found time to drive over and visit neighbor Jones, neighbor Smith, and several other neighbors, and some who resided almost too far away to be called neighbors, but yet were neighborly. To-day, the farmer, his wife and family think they can find time for no such nonsense, (or good sense), and farmers seem destined to know as little of their next door neighbors and other farmers living round about as some haughty city people know of the people next door—they don't know them and don't want to. Under such conditions it is a difficult problem to promote a campaign for improved rural social conditions. Canadian farmers seem too busy and too independent to be sociable. The old-time parties, husking-bees, wood-bees, plowing-bees and so on are no more. While the men worked, in those days, the women cooked together, and, after justice had been done to the meal at the end of the day the real good time started. The cooking was home-made, as so was the fun, and wholesome for men and the

community. Young people then took an interest in country life—particularly that of their own circle. All this seems to have passed from the land. Work bees are few; and voluntary, natural social evenings are fewer. John says "Good day", to William, and William says, "Good day", to John and they pass by *a la* city-pavement fashion. They never visit. They are too busy and haven't time to get well enough acquainted with their fellowman to properly appreciate him. We are getting too self-centred and independent, too busy chasing the dollars, too absorbed in work and worry, too afraid of our fellowmen for the good of our own rural social conditions. The country has tried to ape city ways and has succeeded to such an extent that most of its young people are now in the city, and the older people have grown tired, lonesome, dour and suspicious. Cheer up for this winter and the future. Visit; get together; join the Farmer's Club or the Literary Society. If one doesn't exist, start it going. Loosen up; throw off reserve. Make life a little more worth while. You'll forget you are tired in congenial company. Be a "cell" not a "sell" in the social organism.

Can Union Save the Tottering Rural Church?

In the small country village, or at the corner of a good side road and the concession line or main thoroughfare, is to be found the church which should stand to benefit from church union. Anti-unionists, sectarians, people who seem to glory in schism and are lovers of doctrine and certain formality, or lack of formality, may say what they will against church union, but the fact remains that, standing against one another in place of together, the country churches are decaying and their congregations dwindling, while their ministers, good and true men, struggle along on smaller salaries than should be their lot according to the sacrifices which many of them make in the work. Many are the country villages of only a few hundred population which boast of two, three and even four Protestant churches, and the farming population round about is smaller than formerly. A visit to the churches on prayer meeting nights, young people's meeting nights, and at the hours of Sunday services would not reveal any great reason for the boast, for empty pews are the real signs of the times. People are fewer in numbers in small villages and many rural districts than formerly and the churches are far from overcrowded.

Farmers' clubs, literary societies and like organizations are doing and have done a great work in country communities, but the rural church must continue to be the source of real country leadership. Unless the country church can be made sufficiently attractive to interest the people and bring them together in closer harmony with one another and with their Maker, it is missing its object. We would not like to say it is doing this, but there is evidence of something wrong in rural churches. Interest flags when numbers dwindle. It was ever thus and will continue to be so. The fact is that there are not enough church goers in many communities to make even a fair-sized congregation when spread, as is the case, to two, three, or four fair-sized church buildings. One would, in many cases, be sufficient to accommodate the people of all denominations. Then, better salaries could be paid to the most efficient and best ministers, stronger church societies and organizations could be maintained without the everlasting money begging now necessary. Better business methods could be incorporated into the work. Greater interest would result. Church efficiency would soar above par. More people would eventually go to church and help the church. Church societies would begin to do the work they should do to help the young man and young woman and the older