

But if he has bought at too high a price, he may put in a sorry life of it. In the end he may be worse off than he was before. For some time past the home market has been well stocked with estates to sell, and whatever the final result, economically of what is called "Lloyd George finance" may be, its immediate effect has been to widen the area of land ownership, to break up large estates and to increase greatly the number of people interested pecuniarily in land. This, in all other nations, has made for the stability of the State. We imagine the result will not be different in this country.

SCOTLAND YET.

The Children's Books.

By Peter McArthur.

This week a great event has happened. The children have started to school again. For some hours every day the house is quiet. Their little lives are filled with cares that seem amusingly trivial to most of us and yet I am inclined to think that they are just as important, or unimportant, as the cares we grown-ups lose sleep over. There is probably no subject on earth about which there is so much difference of opinion as Education. About all that people are able to agree on is that education is necessary, but the kind we shall have and how it shall be given are matters of never-ending dispute. At one time we follow one leader and at another time another leader, but in the end

"All the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
The Two Worlds so learnedly are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their mouths are stopped
with Dust."

About all that I can make of it is that every child has a right to know the things that other children know and then in after life they can make whatever use their own natures will let them of the knowledge they have. As soon as they begin to think for themselves they begin to develop along personal lines in spite of all that teachers or parents can say or do. Most people are agreed that Education should teach the children to think for themselves, but until some sage explains to me just what thought is and how to control the process of thinking I shall be just as much befogged as I am now. When we learn to think we seem to re-create the world for ourselves and then we begin to educate ourselves along lines of our own. While we are trying to solve the problem of Education we send our children to school and presently they will be trying to solve it for their children and "So the world wags."

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When the house became quiet, as I had nothing better to do for a few days, I began to look at the books the children had been reading during the holidays. My supervision of this part of their education has been confined largely to trying to get them interested in the established classics of literature. Books that have stood the test of time and with which every well-read person is familiar seem to me to be the safest reading for the children. Their young imaginations need some stimulus and excitement and the most wholesome form in which they can get it is from books like Robinson Crusoe, Ivanhoe, and similar masterpieces. When I came to look these books over I presently found myself reading them again with as much interest as I read them in my boyhood. Years ago I read them for the unflagging interest of the stories, but this week I re-read them for their philosophy, shrewd observation of life and genial wisdom. They are even more delightful to me now than they were when I read them first. Books of this kind, that are suited to any age, books of clean morality and sound ideals, cannot do them any harm. The Swiss Family Robinson was the only one of their books that I did not care for on a re-reading. The preposterous natural resources of that absurd island need the gullibility of childhood to make them convincing. And the moralizing and teaching of the book are so obtrusive that they soon get tiresome. I could only read The Swiss Family Robinson in patches.

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When I took up The Three Musketeers in the skilfully pruned edition of Everyman's Library I had an experience that seems to me to be worth recording. I had not opened the book for over twenty years. I took it up while waiting for the children to go to bed and had every intention

of being asleep myself in half an hour. The first chapter was enthralling. I said "good night" to everyone in an absent-minded way and kept on reading. I would finish the chapter I was at and then go to bed. When I had finished the chapter my curiosity was so much aroused that I must peep at the next to see just how the characters got out of the difficulty they were in. I read it. But what is the use of beating around the bush? I finally settled down to eager reading and the next time I looked at the clock it stood at exactly 2 a.m. Of course I shut the book and went to bed. But I couldn't sleep. I never was more wide awake in my life. After tossing around for a while I re-lit the lamp and read on shamelessly until daylight. After breakfast I took up the book and read again. About four o'clock in the afternoon I had read every word of it. Then I felt ashamed and a little bit confused. You may remember that a few weeks ago I wrote some paragraphs expressing disgust with war and everything connected with it. And yet I had sat up all night reading a book that is all made up of war and fighting. It seemed that the ape and tiger had not died in me yet. But a few minutes reflection showed me that I was all wrong. It was not the courage and fighting that had captivated me. I can take up Shakespeare and read the accounts of the doings of Falstaff with the same absorbed interest. And yet Falstaff is everything that D'Artagnan is not. He is a coward, a boaster, a liar, a cheat and everything that we despise. His only redeeming quality is a sense of humor—and the Bishop of London said recently that a sense of humor was one of the cardinal virtues. Anyway, it is the only one to which Falstaff can lay claim. And yet the old villain is almost lovable. He had every weakness that any human being can have. When I compared these two masterpieces of literature that are so opposite and yet so full of charm I was forced to the conclusion that the controlling thing in a great book is the personality of the men who wrote it. When I read a novel by Scott or Dumas or a play by Shakespeare I am introduced into the worlds they created for themselves with their imaginations when they learned to think. They transfused the affairs of the workaday world with romance. Analyse their characters and situations and you will find them no better than we can find them about us to-day. The world has just as much romance in it to-day as ever. All we lack is the great romancer. Rockefeller is as subtle and competent as Richieu. The new world of business in which we live has its characters as enterprising as D'Artagnan and its situations as amusing as his first duels with Athos, Porthos and Aramis. For instance. Take the time when the traction magnates of Chicago decided that to appease public opinion they must find a scapegoat and selected Yerkes for the role. After they had laid their plans they sent for that forceful and engaging pirate. Knowing just what was in store for him he went to the meeting. He was dressed to the minute, with a flower in his button-hole and a well-groomed air. He entered the room where they were sitting gloomily, looked around with a smile and remarked: "I don't think I ever saw so many straw hats at a funeral." Then he went to work and extricated himself from his difficulties with a genius that would have done credit to any hero of romance. It would be easy to multiply such incidents by the score from the lives of even our own captains of industry. But where is the great romancer to weave them into a masterpiece? Life is as interesting to-day as it was under the Plantagenets, the Tudors, or the Bourbons. The way in which it finds expression is different. That seems to be all.

THE HORSE.

A Farm Buyer's Observations on Stable Methods.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I am an Old Country man and have been out here for three years now. I think a great deal of Canada and her people and have lately bought a farm in Western Ontario. One thing which struck me more than anything else since I came was the uncleanness in the stables of the average Canadian farmer. I have seen farms in P. E. Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario, and in all these Provinces this condition of uncleanness prevails. Of course there are exceptions to this, as I have seen some splendidly-kept stables, where the most scrupulous cleanliness is observed. I am speaking of the ordinary everyday farmer and not of these exceptions. Let us take a look into the average stable and what do we find? (I have visited so many farms during my sojourn in search of a suitable place on which to settle, that it has led me to write this.)

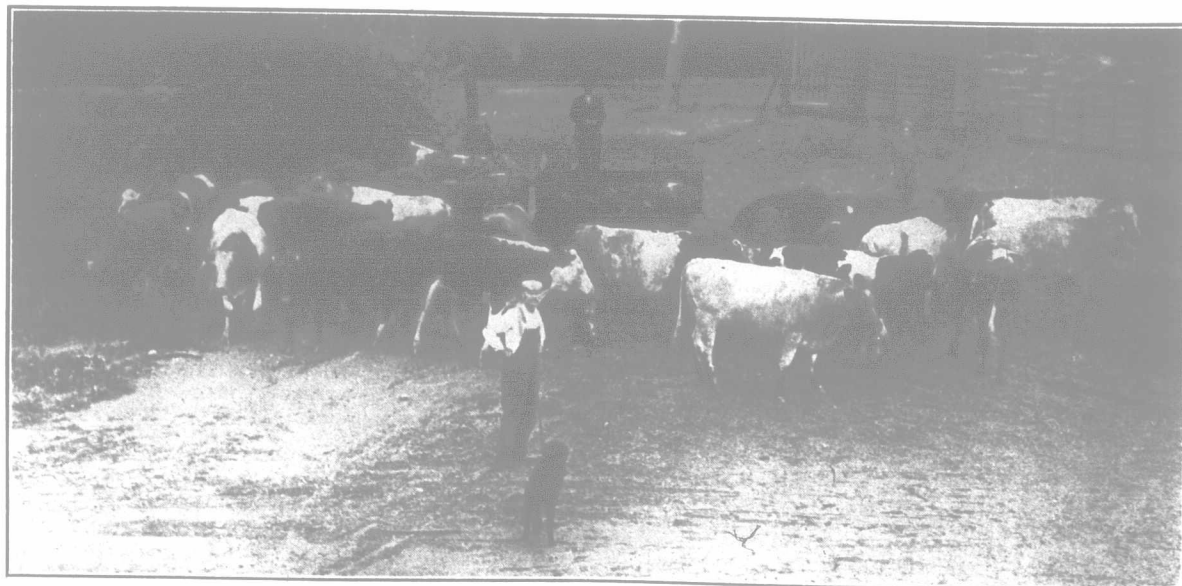
As a rule, we find, that, firstly, the stable is insufficiently ventilated and insufficiently lighted. That the flooring isn't what it should be. Harness is kept anywhere in any sort of condition. That it should hold together is all that some farmers think necessary. How often do we find, too, that an insufficient quantity of clean, dry bedding is used? I can think of no other animal that is so deserving of a clean, dry bed as a horse. I wonder how anyone would like to go into an unmade bed and filthy bedclothes? The very same thing applies in the stable.

I have asked several farmers why they don't keep their stables a little cleaner, and the only answer I got was: "Oh, we have no time, and there is no help to be got." What an excuse!

I know how long it takes to clean out a stable and bed a horse properly. It is only a matter of minutes.

Another practice which is very common in this country is that of unhitching at the dinner hour and letting the horses stand in the stables for their midday meal with their harness on, simply their bridles removed. I consider this practice is downright cruelty. Of course it is a saving of a few minutes, but what is that in comparison with the horse's comfort? The team comes in sweating off the binder. When the horses get into the stable they sweat still more and don't get a chance to dry off if their harness is left on. Think, too, of the misery the animal must suffer with the itching of the sweat and wet harness. Remove your horses' harness at noon. It pays. If it does take a little trouble I am sure the look of gratitude the animal will give you will pay you, and you will find you will get a better afternoon's work out of him.

Let us now take a look into the new stable, and what do we find there? As a rule the same filthy conditions prevail. It is a wonder to me that there isn't more disease than there is. Bad ventilation, bad light, poor flooring, insufficient bedding. I have arrived at several farms just at milking time. How often did I see the milkers washing their hands, or even wiping off the cows' udders before milking? How often did I see the first few draws of milk from the cows' teats being run to waste as they should be? I was only on a very few places where I saw proper milking conditions and cows being handled properly during that operation. The milker, as a rule, just sits down and begins to milk without a thought of dust, first milk, or anything. Everything goes



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