

The Farmer's Advocate AND HOME MAGAZINE.

THE LEADING AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL
IN THE DOMINION.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE WILLIAM WELD COMPANY (LIMITED).

JOHN WELD, MANAGER.

Agents for "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Journal,"
Winnipeg, Man.

1. THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE is published every Thursday. It is impartial and independent of all cliques and parties, handsomely illustrated with original engravings, and furnishes the most practical, reliable and profitable information for farmers, dairymen, gardeners, stockmen and home-makers, of any publication in Canada.
2. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—In Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, Newfoundland and New Zealand, \$1.50 per year, in advance; \$2.00 per year when not paid in advance. United States, \$2.50 per year; all other countries 12s.; in advance.
3. ADVERTISING RATES.—Single insertion, 25 cents per line, agents. Contract rates furnished on application.
4. THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received for its discontinuance. All payments of arrears must be made as required by law.
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8. ANONYMOUS communications will receive no attention. In every case the "Full Name and Post-office Address Must be Given."
9. WHEN A REPLY BY MAIL IS REQUIRED to Urgent Veterinary or Legal Enquiries, \$1.00 must be enclosed.
10. LETTERS intended for publication should be written on one side of the paper only.
11. CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new P.O. address.
12. WE INVITE FARMERS to write us on any agricultural topic. We are always pleased to receive practical articles. For such as we consider valuable we will pay ten cents per inch printed matter. Criticisms of Articles, Suggestions How to Improve "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," Descriptions of New Grains, Roots or Vegetables not generally known, Particulars of Experiments Tried, or Improved Methods of Cultivation, are each and all welcome. Contributions sent us must not be furnished other papers until after they have appeared in our columns. Rejected matter will be returned on receipt of postage.
13. ALL COMMUNICATIONS in reference to any matter connected with this paper should be addressed as below, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

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Model Rural School Work.

In connection with the Winthrop Normal School, Rock Hill, S.C., there is a school-building of the type of a rural school, where the young people training to be teachers can see how such a school should be conducted. As an illustration of the teaching we have condensed the account of the exercises centering around the study of the potato.

Just previous to the planting time and simultaneously with the preparation of the soil the children gather around a large table to study the potato. They dissect, examine, describe the objects, and the observations and ideas formed are written on the blackboards and in their notebooks. Later these investigations are the subjects of language, spelling, and drawing lessons.

They discuss the planting under the guidance and questioning of the teacher, so that they almost feel that they are discoverers of the various processes of preparing the cuttings and committing them to the soil that they have helped to prepare.

The older pupils are directed to read books where they may learn the history and uses of the potato. Boys as well as girls learn how to prepare the tubers for the pot, and various methods of cooking them, so that before the year is over the older at least can say that they have studied, planted, cultivated, cooked, and eaten potatoes raised by their own individual efforts. The cultivation, harvesting, and cooking of the potatoes have been the basis of related language, reading and art work at appropriate times throughout the season.

Mutual Support.

Editor of "The Farmer's Advocate":

Please find enclosed \$2.25 for one new subscriber and my own renewal.

We like the paper very much and feel like standing by you when you stand by the farmer.

JOHN BURNS.

Compton Co., Que.

Prof. G. E. Day, of the Ontario Agricultural College, is in Great Britain on quest for some Shorthorn cattle of a good milking strain for the College herd. He will be joined abroad by C. F. Bailey, Assistant Deputy-Minister of Agriculture for the province, who will visit some of the stock farms in England with Prof. Day.

A Lost Oration.

By Peter McArthur.

It is not often that I want to make a speech. As a rule I would rather have a tooth filled than speak a few well-chosen words at a picnic or meeting of the Farmers' Institute, but yesterday afternoon there were some minutes when I yearned to pour forth my perturbed spirit in an adequate oration. If I could have been transported from the corn field just at the instant when the monkey-wrench slipped and I barked three knuckles of my right hand, and if at that psychological moment I could have been placed on the platform at a meeting of the Manufacturers' Association, I would have addressed a few words to that stall-fed aggregation of Privileged Pirates that would have made Demosthenes against Phillip, Cicero against Cataline, and Burke against the despoiler of the Carnatic sound like the commencement exercises at a girl's school. G-r-r-r-r!! (meaning snarls of rage.) Why won't someone let me get at them? Their relations with the press are largely confined to the servile approaches of the advertising department, or to the well-fed compliments of the halter-broke editors who respond to the toast of the press at annual banquets. It might do them good to have a run in with a spontaneous and care-free journalistic outflow when he was in the humor to kick out the tail board of the dictionary, and let the big bouncing adjectives roll down from the sulphur-blue heights of his eloquence. I do not think it was in vain that the poison of asps was put under my lips, and if I could have got at those fellows while the monkey-wrench was in my hand they would have sent in a fire alarm, called the police, wired Colonel the Honorable Sam Hughes for a regiment, and then to a man they would have hidden their fatness under the seats until the thunder and lightning had passed, and the weather began to clear.

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Of course, all this demands some explanation, but in making the explanation I want to make a few restrictions. I want it to be understood that I am talking as man to man to farmers who do their own work. What I have to say is not intended for those purse-proud farmers who have hired men, and who feel that because they sold their beef cattle for a few cents above the market it is to them I am referring when I speak of shady operations in High Finance. Do you know I have been finding that when I pay my respects to Sir Jingo McBores there are a lot of farmers who feel that I am attacking the propertied class, and that they are getting kicks out of the over-flow? But that is not what I want to talk about to-day. I simply want to explain to the ordinary farmer, who has to scratch gravel with both feet in order to provide for his brood, that I have stumbled on another way in which we are being looted, and it is the meanest and most exasperating trick that has come to my notice in a blue moon. I was placidly cultivating corn in the new orchard, when I noticed that the frame of the cultivator was working loose. The correct thing to do was to tighten the nuts, and I got a wrench for that purpose. Feeling that I was doing the right thing at the right time, just as a real farmer would do it, I began to turn on one of the nuts with the wrench. But it did no good. There was no tightening of the loose frame. A more careful examination showed that the bolt was turning with the nut, and I could keep on turning till the cows came home, and it would make no difference. The head of the bolt was round and flat, and there was no possible way of catching it with another wrench and holding it while the nut was being tightened. I passed on to several other nuts that were working loose, and found the same state of affairs. Every bolt would turn with the nut, and it was impossible for me to tighten anything. It was just after I had made this discovery that it occurred to me that perhaps if I gave the wrench a quick jerk, the nut would loosen and begin to turn without the bolt. I tried and the wrench slipped and my knuckles struck on the iron frame. That was the moment when I should have been introduced to the Manufacturers' Association. As it was I merely sat down on the cultivator frame, and, though there was no one but the old grey horse to hear me, I talked about the manufacturer of that cultivator for some minutes. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, about the time when he would be sipping his coffee after his luncheon, and I shouldn't wonder but he remarked to his wife that his ears were burning and that probably someone was talking about him. If he said that, he was entirely right. Someone was talking about him in a very restrained but exceedingly feverish manner.

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As might be supposed there is a reason for having cultivators put together as mine is. The reason is called "Profits." When machinery is properly assembled before being sold, bolts that must be taken out from time to time are fitted with square shoulders under the head, and these fit into square holes. This makes it possible to

tighten nuts or remove them as occasion may require. But, under our modern non-competitive system, the sole purpose of the manufacturer is to get his implements put together and sold. If he does not trouble himself to have square-shouldered bolts fit into square holes, he can save the wages of several mechanics who would otherwise put in their time seeing that the implements went together properly and could be taken apart again. By using bolts that are smaller than the holes in the castings they can assemble the implements without bothering to ream out the holes, and then if you want to change the position of, say, a cultivator tooth you may find even if you are fortunate enough to get out the bolt the next hole has never been reamed out, and that you must take the cultivator to a blacksmith to get it changed. And all this is due to the fact that thrifty manufacturers want to save the wages of mechanics in assembling their implements. If they can save a few cents it does not matter that they will cause delay and annoyance to the farmers who buy their implements. It is about the meanest, cheapest form of petty graft to which they can stoop, but they are doing it every day. Sir Jingo McBores is on the board of directors, and his one purpose in life is to get more dividends. To meet his insistent clamor, the manufacturer is forced to save at every turn so as to increase profits. Machines are put together in the cheapest way possible, and even though the style and materials may be of the best, they become a source of constant annoyance and loss of time to the man who buys and uses them. When I realized just what was the matter with that cultivator, and that, in order to make a saving of fifteen or twenty cents in the wages of a mechanic who would fit the bolts into their places properly, the manufacturer had sold me an imperfect implement, I just naturally boiled over. For a few vivid moments I lost my grip on the National Policy, and all the great verities of life. While I sat on the cultivator I recalled the appearance of a manufacturer of agricultural implements whom I had the privilege of looking at for fully half an hour one day last spring. He was a mild-looking man with pink whiskers and an air of vested rights, and, judging from his tone of voice when speaking from his place in parliament, he probably contributes regularly to the funds of the Holy Name Society. And yet that man and others like him sell to the farmers implements like my cultivator, that poison the fountains of language at the source. As I recalled the meek looks of this manufacturer and rubbed my barked knuckles, I saw red. It was then that I wanted a chance to address the Manufacturers' Association, and I think I could have said a few things to them that would have been worth while. And I have a sneaking suspicion that in addressing them on this subject I would be voicing the unexpressed and unprintable opinions of thousands of farmers in this fair Canada of ours.

THE HORSE.

Habits good and bad are readily acquired by horses.

The whip is a poor starter for the horse, but often it is a good corrective.

Never discourage a young horse. If he cannot pull the load lighten it. It is never good practice to draw colts on heavy loads.

Do you know exactly upon what date your mares were bred? If not, find out from the stallion, and make a note of it. The period of gestation varies, but generally runs about 240 days. If the date of last service is carefully noted no guessing as to the date the colt may be expected is required.

The fall exhibitions give the horse breeder an excellent opportunity to demonstrate the value of his stock as breeders. Colts are easily fitted for showing, and nothing proves the worth of mares and stallions so conclusively as a fine bunch of sucking, yearling and two-year-old colts. It will pay every time to bring them out.

It is claimed on good authority that not one-half the farms in the United States produce any horses. No wonder horses are in good demand. Large cities must be supplied, and with one-half of the farming community drawing on the other half, to say nothing of the large numbers needed to fill the vacancies on farms breeding horses, market for the right kind of horses is found to be maintained.

In breaking or training colts it is always well to remember that horses bring higher prices when they are "city broken." Knowing this, teach the colt not to fear street cars, automobiles, etc., by driving him frequently where they are, and showing him that they will do him no harm. Give the drafter this training as well as the light horse.