

somewhat above the young farmer who has not the nobby appearance or glib tongue of the city young man. I, too, think they have in some cases a certain amount of influence in keeping their brothers from entering the marriage state, instead of encouraging such.

Someone will likely say I have exaggerated, but I have simply related what has come under my personal observation in localities where I have been. I would like to see this subject thoroughly discussed; let us hear from some of those bachelors in "Jonas" township, giving their reasons for remaining in bachelorhood. As a concluding remark, I will say that the farmers of this Dominion should feel proud that we have such a paper as the "Farmer's Advocate," the columns of which are always open for discussion on any subject of interest to the tillers of the soil.

Wellington Co.

ONE OF THEM.

[Note.—It will be a valuable chapter in this discussion when the bachelor farmers give, through the "Farmer's Advocate," letters relating their experience and telling exactly why they have not entered into the blessed state of matrimony as our correspondent suggests. We invite them to do so. Their names will be withheld, but we require the name and address as a voucher that the letter is authentic.—Editor.]

Farmers, Don't Wait Too Long!

To the Editor "Farmer's Advocate":

Why don't the farmer's son marry? Why, that's easy! He never asked anybody to have him. "Every girl expects to be a wife, and every wife a mother," is an old saying (according to the newspapers, the latter clause is obsolete). I know of bachelors in our neighborhood who are intelligent business men, from 30 to 40 years of age, and I don't believe they ever took the first step in the direction of married life.

They are past the age of impression, and are capable of judging a woman on her merits, and would be satisfied only with such as would not have them. They are "Just behind the times" for girls of beauty and hope. The Grey Co. reader hits the facts when he says the boy at 21 should be compensated. They work away at home for "dad"—he manages all the business. His brother is educated, and is on "his own hook."

If he is socially inclined, he pays his attentions to some young lady. He has nothing by way of home to offer her, and she marries elsewhere. He gives the business up. I would advise boys who are twenty-one to come to an understanding at home, and if they are not needed "get out."

I know a young man who, at fourteen years old, had saved \$100 in cash to start his education, and pushed himself through as a doctor. Wage-earners are never too young to begin to save, but don't forget that a proportion is due to the Giver of all good.

Boys, push along! Don't waste your money! If a young woman encourages wasteful expenditure on herself she will not make you a good wife. Look for a suitable partner. Marry at about twenty-five; don't wait until all the sunshine of youth is gone—share it with another.

EASY-GOER.

"Matrimony and the Farm."

To the Editor "Farmer's Advocate":

As a reader of the "Farmer's Advocate," I cannot but feel interested in the discussion arising from that important question, "Why doesn't the Farmer's Son Marry?" It is needless to say I am a farmer's son, and very fortunately possess enterprise enough to take up the pen in defence of my fellows. I read the letter signed "Fenbois" with exceeding amusement. Our friend considers his aims and ambitions high, and has great confidence in his own industry, but if he prefers, as he says he does, matrimony and life on a rented farm to two or three years a bachelor, then matrimony, a home of his own, happiness and independence, in such a case I will not put it so strongly as to say there is no enterprise, but I will say that it fails to make itself manifest. Again, friend "Fenbois" thoughtlessly makes the statement that every farmer's son should have saved, at the age of twenty-five, at least \$1,000. Now, the majority of boys stay with the father until twenty-one—that leaves four years in which to accumulate \$1,000. Wages are as good in this locality as anywhere, and if a boy as an ordinary farm laborer can lay by in that short period from \$700 to \$800 he is practicing economy to a much greater degree than is his employer. If Mr. Fenbois would come forward and explain how a man can do this, he would be much more appreciated as a fellow farmer than to be standing aloof with contempt and ridicule. Another point that I think requires a little discussion is about the boy purchasing a farm. Mr. Fenbois aptly explains how much wiser and safer it is to rent

than to buy land. Now, the majority of farmers' sons know the value of money well enough that they are not going to pay more than the land is worth. However, in the case of one who lacks intelligence and judgment to purchase carefully, the rented farm is the safer, and, happily for their own condition, the majority who don't possess the "enterprise" to buy correctly realize their weakness and choose the rented farm. The farmer's sons have learned that important lesson, "Learn to labor and to wait."

A FARMER'S SON.

Middlesex Co.

One Reason Why the Farmer's Son Does Not Marry.

To the Editor "Farmer's Advocate":

The "Farmer's Advocate" of August 17th began a discussion of the cause (and the remedy) of the prevalence of single blessedness (?) among the young farmers of Canada. To my mind, a considerable amount of the trouble lies with the young farmer's father. Farmers, generally, think their sons have a right to work for them as long as the sons stay within working distance of home. "Why, what better do you want than to stay right here, and you will have it all when I am gone." Who has not at some time heard such words, or their equivalent? But such men have a habit of not "going," and it is weary-some waiting. In the meantime the years are going by, and the girl whom the young man wanted has gone to town to work in a millinery shop, or something else, for "One might live in that dead place for a hundred years and never get married," and by and bye she will marry a ten-cent clerk, and live in a flat on wilted vegetables and canned stuff, and raise a lot of sickly children, like enough.

As for the at-one-time young man: After long



Columbus Hayford, Aroostook Co., Me.

years his father retires to the churchyard, leaving a farm and a house to which his son may take a wife (if he can find a girl with a liking for fossils), and the chances are that he won't profit a particle by his own experience, but when his son grows up will treat him as he himself was treated. And thus it goes on.

As for the remedy: When a young man arrives at the age of discretion (supposed to be twenty-one, or thereabouts), let his father allow him a fair share of land, or money, as they shall both agree. It will be a great incentive to hard work. If he wants to keep on working for his father, let it not be altogether for love and expectations, and by the time he is old enough to settle for life he will have something to settle on.

In the meantime we will suppose he has looked out somebody to settle with ("The world is full of willin' wimmen"), and live happy ever after. We all hear often enough that "the young farmers are the backbone of the country," etc., and, it seems to me, like other backbones, they are required to give all the support necessary and keep out of sight. Let the young men prove themselves to themselves, and also to their fathers, that they are fitted for life's responsibilities, and perhaps things will shape themselves differently. I am glad the editor brought up this question, and hope before the discussion is closed a few of the wait-till-I-can-do-it farmers will be converted to have-fair-land-labor-boys ones.

Nova Scotia.

CANADA FIRST.

A Successful Maine Farmer.

It was my good fortune while on a trip through Aroostook County to spend a day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Columbus Hayford, of Marysville, whose farm is one of the best in the State.

The farm buildings are most attractive in design, and within both commodious and convenient. A windmill furnishes water, and the house is equipped with modern plumbing. A large, old-fashioned fireplace in the sitting-room is a luxury one might well envy the owner. Telephone connection, bay window, piazza, together with tasteful surroundings, render it an ideal rural home in an ideal farming country.

The farm embraces over 500 acres, divided into woodland, pasture, and tilled, and every year sees from five to seven acres added to the latter. Last winter the lumber from seven acres brought in over \$800. Mr. Hayford makes a practice of clearing up the woodland clean, taking out both lumber and wood, seeding down, and keeping it in pasture until the stumps are well rotted. This year he has 35 acres in potatoes, 40 in grain, and 100 in hay. A small estimate of his crops would be 2,000 bushels of grain, 8,000 bushels of potatoes, and 150 tons of hay. The 120-ft. barn will be filled to repletion when the harvest is garnered.

Such hay as this farm raises! The fields are kept in grass three years. After the potatoes are dug barn dressing is hauled out and plowed in. In the spring the ground is harrowed until it is so fine that every tiny seed has a chance to germinate, and three quarts of alsike, three of white clover and three of herd's grass are sowed.

No bad weeds are present in the county, and white weed and buttercups are found only in pastures or run-out lands. The number of years Mr. Hayford's fields had been in grass was easily determined by the amount of clover. On the newly-turned land clover almost choked out the herd's grass, and its fragrance filled the air. There is more clover on his fields the third year than the normal amount in other sections of the State.

Considerable stock is kept, for, contrary to the general custom in Aroostook County, the greater part of hay and grain is consumed on the place. Whatever hay is left over is pressed and shipped. This year, ten tons were marketed. Most of the Aroostook farmers raise their own flour as well as the fine feed for their stock. "Why," exclaimed Mr. Hayford, "I never bought a pound of Western feed in my life."

Ninety hives of bees were successfully wintered, and were ready for the season's campaign when the first blossoms of spring appeared, and the day I spent at the farm seven swarms were successfully hived. The limit was reached a few days later, when nine thrifty swarms set up in business for themselves. The owner expects to get 3,000 pounds of clover honey during the season.

Riding out towards Caribou later in the day, your correspondent was enabled to get a closer view of some of the potato fields. Bugs seem to be a thing of the past in this section of the State, and the potatoes are sprayed only with Bordeaux mixture, three applications being made. They are cultivated nine times, then with a hand hoe the few straggling weeds that may have escaped the cultivator are removed. We noticed as we rode along some fields where every fifth or sixth row was much less thrifty than the others. Questioning as to why this was so, we learned that it was caused by the phosphate being low in the planter. Barring this, every row was alike, for no slipshod methods are tolerated in the cultivation of the tubers.

M. B. AIKEN.

Shipping Baled Hay.

"Some shippers evidently fail to recognize the absolute necessity of loading hay as it should be," said a hay man to the Drovers' Telegram, "and the oversight causes them severe losses upon what should and would, if properly loaded in the car, bring a good price. When a new crop is handled, great caution should be used in putting it up from the cutting to the baling, but of what use is this if a shipper, either through ignorance or carelessness, insists on loading it in the car in such fashion that when it makes its appearance on the market it is hot, and what might have been even choice hay is hard to sell as any grade?"

The most essential point in loading new hay is to see that it is not loaded flat; that is, with the flat sides of the bale up. When loaded this way, with the smooth sides of the bales together, no space is left for air, and, as a consequence, it invariably heats. A properly-loaded car has the edge or rough sides of the bales together. This allows air space between the bales, and always prevents danger of heating. Do not try to load a car with the purpose of beating the railroad out of a few cents in weight. It's much better to pay in excess of the actual weight if necessary, for the selling price of your hay will