

sow in every fourth furrow three or four kernels 18 inches apart, and you can make a better and also quicker job of it than plowing and then using the seeder. The seed also goes twice as far. I sowed over an acre in an afternoon. Will have about three acres in corn. That's the way to have feed.

O. K.

Oakland Mun, Man.

#### Breaking by Power.

Steam plowing has been quite general upon the prairie the past few weeks. The steam outfit with several gangs is doing a lot of the work that was only considered possible of execution with animal traction and a hand breaker. True the sod is not so well laid as where it is turned by a good plowman, but the time saved more than compensates for the difference in work.

#### Homage to the King—a Travesty.

Fondly have we of this Westland oft imagined, wheat is king. Clothed in his robes of gold, stretched round us mile on mile, following the graceful undulations of the plains, have we not watched him toss and sway, and who would dare dispute his reign. But turn from this with me, peruse awhile the prize list of our foremost Western fair or better still attend the show and find to where the greatest product of our plains is relegated. We stand among the exhibits, ranged round are several lots of Fyfe and one lone Preston wheat. Paltry they seem beside the barns and sheds full of their various breeds of horses, cattle, fowls. But as we stand, we think a conversation is being held. We listen. This is what we see and hear:

The Red Fyfe acting as spokesman was a magnificent specimen, both in size and color: it stood erect, looking justly proud of its superiority as it exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Wheat is King, in the Golden West, and the King is Red Fyfe."

The one little specimen of Preston bristled all over in defiance as he replied, "I am just as fine a specimen as you, even though my color is not just the same, for am I not an improved fancy variety, my ancestors having come from abroad. If you read the agricultural press, my dear sir, you will find my name mentioned oftener than that of an old fashioned wheat like yourself."

Red Fyfe grew ruddier still as he puffed out his chest and roared in stentorian tones: "You superior to me! Why you are only a distant relative of the reigning house and are only in the trial stage. You would not be here at all only our swarthy directors, great and far-seeing minds, think it wise to encourage the farmers to give you a trial to see if you will prove of any worth. You might succeed, you know, where the soil and climate are not suited to my fastidious taste. I have two classes, you only one with two paltry prizes. Under the circumstances you should be very careful in addressing your superiors, sir." The Fyfe settled back against the wall, as if the dispute were settled, and glared at poor little Preston to see if he were properly quelled.

A whirr of wings made us all turn towards the doorway as a pair of beautiful pigeons settled in the center of the room and gazed around with bright eyes to see if any grains had been spilled. "So you think you are important," gurgled Mr. Pouter, as he swelled up his throat and strutted up to the dignified wheat. "Let me tell you, sir, that you were grown simply to furnish us with a nutritious and palatable food. You belong to the low grade utility class—I to the fancy. For you and the rest of the threshed wheat there are four classes—for us seventy."

"Puffing about your prizes and classes, eh!" cried a game Bantam as he strutted into the room. "Why you are both mere nothings compared to us. We have three hundred and thirty-six classes and over \$1100.00 in money prizes, besides cup medals and other honors. Neither sheep nor pigs, which are only useful and can lay no claim to the distinction of being fancy, are of anything like such importance. We are clothed in beautifully colored garments which we change at exactly the time our valet, man, tells us is proper; we live in elegant houses, feed on the daintiest fare and have our garments washed and polished for us."

"Moo-oo! Moo-oo!" as a great roan head was thrust through the doorway. "What's all the row about." Everyone but King Fyfe, who maintained a dignified silence tried to explain at once, but as soon as Mr. Shorthorn had caught the meaning of the argument he tossed his gleaming horns and looked disdainfully around. "Well, I declare! Who ever heard of such a thing as wheat thinking he is the most important? Why, even dogs, rabbits, canaries and guinea pigs will attract far more attention. Let me tell you though, Mr. Wheat, that cattle, not wheat is King of the West. While we roam the plains our milk and its products, butter and cheese furnish a food man could not do without, and when we go hence our bodies go to feed the millions all over the earth, our hides furnish leather for boots, harness, etc., and most important of all at present for picture post cards. Our horns and bones are made into articles both useful and ornamental, and what is left of our

bodies goes to make an excellent fertilizer to help you, Mr. Wheat, to grow and furnish food for successive generations of cattle. What do you think of that, sir?"

"Much of your argument is true, no doubt," replied the wheat in a very much reduced voice, "but if it were not for me what would man eat with his butter, cheese and tough Western beef? How about the world's bread supply? Besides, I have heard farmers, since I have been here, remark that they considered cattle merely boarders who cleared out without paying."

Before Mr. Shorthorn had time to reply a beautiful sleek brown head appeared beside his and as he drew back in astonishment, a fine high-strung head of smaller type took his place beside the first arrival, the graceful ears working backward and forward and the beautiful eyes, quick as a bird's, yet with the startled expression of a fawn's, took in everything at a glance, while the slim nose sniffed the air. His less nervous companion had meantime inquired the cause of the disturbance and after tossing his great black mane and arching his noble crest, said in a solemn decided tone: "I, Perpetual Motion, the greatest Clyde in the West, am surprised at a few sacks of such trivial stuff as wheat setting themselves up over all the more important exhibits here and claiming to be King of the West. Of course wheat is useful. If it were not for wheat where should I get my bran mashes? but it seems to me that oats are really more useful, as we use so much more of them. In my opinion, and from the number of classes and the large money prizes, as well as many cups, plates, medals, etc., horses take the place of highest importance and Clydesdales, the most numerous as well as the greatest breed, should constitute the royal family, and I, the greatest representative of that family, the reigning Sovereign."

As he ceased speaking and stood arching his beautiful neck the dark restless head beside him ceased searching for some fearful thing in the fathomless darkness of the almost empty room and with a contemptuous toss of his head took up the conversation.

"Look at me friends," he cried in a quick sharp voice, "I am Dan Patch, the fastest harness horse in the world. I am the eighth wonder of the world and the greatest. When I am hitched to my sulky and my driver in his seat even the winds are left behind. Horses belonging to this type," waving his graceful head towards his companion, "may be useful to the farmers and others with heavy hauling to do, but we are the most talked of, the most highly developed members of the horse tribe. If we are not the greatest, why do the all-wise directors of this great Show spend so much money on us? \$12,000.00 is a lot compared with prizes on other products."

"Ugh!" growled the wheat, "of what use is a racer? It cannot till the soil to grow wheat; it is of no use to the farmer, of no use to the world."

"Hold! Not so fast," cried Dan. Let me tell you, my dear sir, the farmer grows wheat to get money to bet on me. That is the farmer's ambition—to make money, and when he has made it, or thinks he has made it, to play the gentleman."

Carievale, Sask.

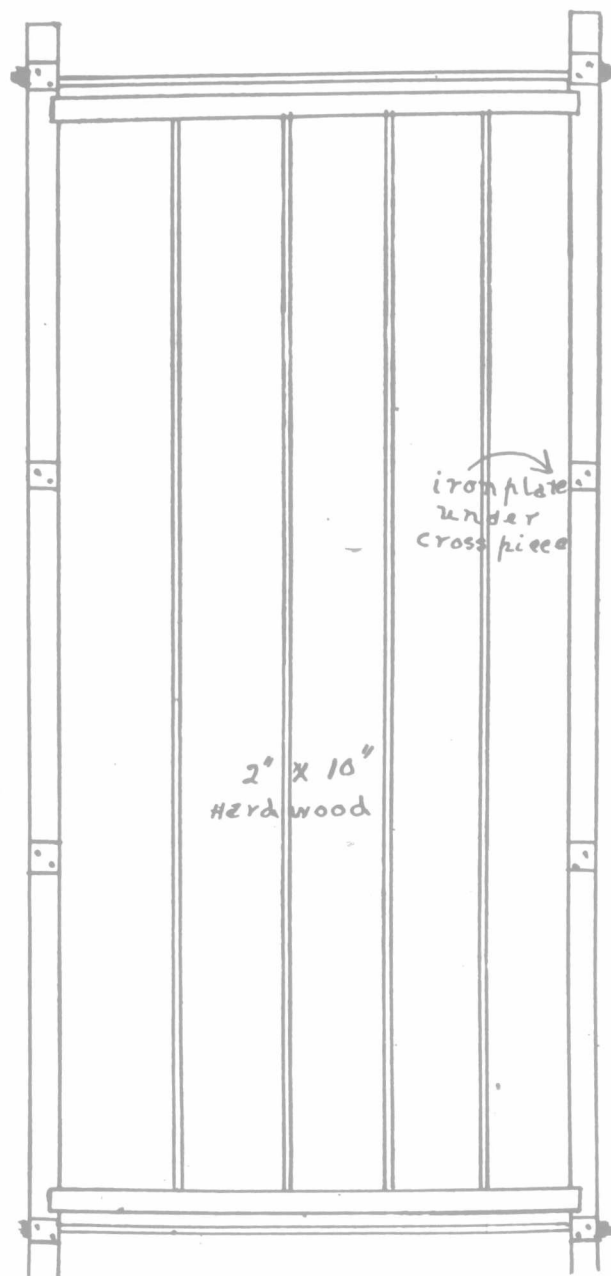
MRS. T. FROST.

#### Hay-rack Construction.

EDITOR FARMER'S ADVOCATE:

The first consideration in building a hay and grain rack is to secure the maximum strength

with the minimum of weight and to secure this result in this country where the choice of woods is necessarily limited, requires careful study. The rack should be constructed with a tight bottom, of 2"x10" planks, sixteen feet long, which I think is the length best suited to all round condi-



BOTTOM SECTION OF HAY RACK.

tions, and this bottom should be built separate from the superstructure, and can then be used for many purposes around the farm where a wagon box would be unsuitable; such as hauling stone etc. The racks generally used in this section are 8 feet wide, and are built with end ladders about 3'6" or 4' high, with a brace of 2"x4" from the top of each corner post, running to near the center on each side. Another advantage in having the rack built thus in two parts is, it can be loaded and unloaded by one man, which is an impossibility with a rack constructed on the one piece

