

The Farmer's Advocate AND HOME MAGAZINE.

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DOMINION.

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and sometimes for feeding stock cut down expenses. In planning any of the buildings for the farm keep in mind the actual needs and figure out for yourself the possibilities of the investment paying satisfactory returns. As soon as the buildings become a load on the farm it is time to cut down on the plans.

Pasturing Roadsides.

In driving through the country, especially on long trips, one notices a large number of sheep and cattle grazing on the roadsides. Some there are who believe this good practice and others again think it is wasteful and dangerous. The opinion of the writer is that the roadside is not the place to pasture good stock. One of the chief values in live stock on the farm is in the added fertility which it brings to the land. If it spends half the year on the roadside just that much is lost to the land. True, sheep for instance will keep the roadsides fairly clean of weeds but rarely will they eat Canadian thistles and some other weeds and it becomes necessary to go over the roadsides and cut these to prevent seed blowing over the farms. In some sections we have seen the roadsides cultivated and planted with potatoes and such crops right out to the ditch. This looks like a better plan to keep them clean. It would not be impossible to run the mower along most farms now that straight fences, mostly wire, have replaced the old snake kind. A little work in levelling up in front of a place and clearing away any stones or other obstructions would leave the roadside so that the mower could be used right up to the fence. Cut once or twice through the season all weeds would fall and the appearance of the place would be improved and no danger of seeding the farm with noxious pests would remain. We would prefer this to pasturing on the road. Of course, roadside grass is cheap feed in a sense where a farm is carrying more stock than it can pasture and where that run on the road is really surplus stock, but neighbors usually do not like to be bothered with other people's stock, and there is some danger of loss through injury or straying and particularly as automobiles are becoming plentiful, injury to both man and beast is sometimes hard to avoid. On the whole we do not think that live stock should be allowed to run at large on the roadside and would favor other means of keeping the weeds and vegetation down.

Plow More or Graze More.

Increasing production with the help available on the average farm in Eastern Canada is not quite as easy as it seems to appear to many of those not familiar with farming and thinking possibly that the farmer is not doing all that he might for himself and for the Empire. Considerable labor is essential to maximum production in any branch of farm work and all branches cannot be pushed to the limit without one working to some extent against another. A case in point is that of increased live stock and increased cereal husbandry. It is obvious to those who understand the situation that there would be a danger, if live stock were increased rapidly, of the numbers of farm animals requiring a larger proportion of our cereal grains which could then be produced than would be in the best interests of the country at this time. On the other hand a wholesale increase of cereals would undoubtedly necessitate the cutting down of live stock numbers. We are told that in Ontario there are 400,000 more acres in grass this year than there were four years ago, and that in some cases at least, there is not enough stock to consume the feed produced on these acres. The problem then facing the farmer is whether he would be doing better for himself and his country to plow more or to graze more, or in other words to grow more cereals or more live stock. Professor G. E. Day, as pointed out in last week's issue, advises the farmer to "carry on" in his live-stock work, paying more attention to quality and maintaining at a high level his breeding stock. If we have more acres in grass than are necessary to feed the stock carried in this country, then it would appear that the best plan for this fall would be to plow more than usual. Indications point to the need of the greatest possible production of cereal grain in 1918, and keeping in mind the needs of the live stock on hand and of the nation to be fed it would appear to be sound doctrine to plow more this fall than has been done in any of the last four years at any rate. And to facilitate plowing use wherever possible four-horse teams and double-furrowed plows and get the land turned over as early in the season as possible so that there may be time, particularly with the sod, to do surface cultivation and produce the best possible tilth ready for the spring. Those on the land will have to depend upon themselves very largely, in fact almost entirely, for the help to do this work, and it is important then that the teams and plows be arranged so that one man can do practically the work of two.

Produce Now—Repair Later.

We believe that farmers are doing all in their power to maintain and increase production in Canada, considering the thinning of the ranks of skilled farm workmen. Each farm presents a problem in itself, and its maximum production is limited not alone by weather conditions, but also by finances and labor and uncertain conditions. These demand that farmers look to the future even to the period following the war. This uncertainty, and in view of the possible depressed conditions following the war—we say possible because we know not what conditions will result when peace is declared or even the possibility of peace at an early date—demands that the management of the farm must be safe. But under these conditions, with the high prices of all commodities prevailing, farmers should realize that this is not a time for extensive improvement to the farm, particularly in the way of building. This entirely apart from what such work would draw from the energy on the farm needed for production. The post war period will in all probability see such constructive work about the farm done at much less cost. Certain expenditure is absolutely necessary, so is the purchase of machinery and power, but all energy in the face of present food conditions can well be directed towards increasing the output of food from our farms.

Those who are worrying so much about Canada after the war would be better employed straightening out some of the country's immediate difficulties. Canadians overseas and at home will do their part in overcoming after-the-war obstacles. A real Canadian spirit is developing in this country.

If Britain's airmen could get as many enemy machines on their way to London as they do on the return journey the city would be little harmed and the Huns would soon have difficulty in persuading their murderers to try the task.

There is too much to be done on most farms this fall to permit of the extensive use of the old narrow-bottomed, single plows. Two furrows at a time and fairly wide at that should be the aim of all.

Sandy Proves That He's a Scot.

BY SANDY FRASER.

About sax weeks, or maybe a couple o' months back, one o' the correspondents o' the "Advocate", frae doon east the way o' Nova Scotia, undertook tae pass his opeenion on some o' us ither chaps that hae got intae the habit o' writin' a letter noo an' again tae the auld journal when we will be thinkin' the editor is in the richt humor tae let us unload oor troubles on him. An' one thing that this gentleman frae Nova Scotia said, when he turned his attention for a meenute on Sandy Fraser, wis that he wis not Scotch.

It has always been a rule wi'me whenever I get riled up aboot onything tae keep my thoughts tae mysel' till I hae had time tae cool doon a bit. Sae I hae let this matter o' my nationality stand for a while till I wad be able tae talk aboot it in a reasonable state o' mind, as friend wi' friend. Noo I'll admit richt on the start that gin a mon has tae be born in Scotland tae be Scotch, I'm no' Scotch. Wi'oot my permission I wis born in Canada. But what I maintain is that the place o' one's birth has naething tae dae wi' one's character an' natural tendencies. As auld Paddy said, "Supposin' a cat had kittens in the oven, would you be after callin' them biscuits?" Na, na, it tae's mair than the accident o' birthplace tae mak' a mon. Ye've got to hae the richt ancestors for a guid mony generations back gin ye are tae stand the best kind o' a chance tae amount tae onything. An' the point is that gin enough o' these ancestors lived an' fought an' died in a country like auld Scotland it dooesna' matter sae muckle supposin' a chap didna' happen tae be born there himsel'.

Another thing I'll hae tae admit, an' that is that I'm no' what ye'd say vera handy wi' the Gaelic. Owin' tae circumstances, this cross between one language an' anither is the best I can dae, but sae far as my auld feyther wis concerned he saw the day when the Gaelic wis the only thing in the talkin' line he could use tae ask for his bread an' butter, an' na doot for his porridge as weel.

Noo, ye'll understand that I hae naething against Canada as a birthplace, or as a place tae live an' die in for the matter o' that. It's an unco' fine country, an' it will be finer yet in the coorse o' a few generations, but for some reason or ither, whenever I'm troubled wi' patriotic feelings or the subject o' hame an' country come up, ma mind aye turns tae "bonnie Scotland". I've never seen this land o' ma ancestors, but some way I feel it. I'm thinkin' I must hae been there a few hundred years back, maybe when Bruce wis leadin' his troops on the field o' Bannockburn. Some say we're only gaein' through this world once, but what dae they ken aboot it. I dinna' think the bag-pipes wad mak sic an impression on me the noo, gin I hadna' followed them intae battle at some time or ither in the past. They say that some o' the soldiers in France hae tae get a wee drap o' rum once in a while tae keep their courage up an' mak' them guid an' ready for a charge when the time comes. Tae my way o' thinkin' there's a schem' that's worth half a dozen o' that. Let them just get a few guid pipers tae gang on ahead, an' gin there's a trace o' Scotch blood or a particle o' spirit in the men, they'll gang through fire an' water tae get tae the enemy. Na doot ye've heard aboot the soldier in the hospital that thought he wad be sure tae get better gin he could only hear the bagpipes once mair. They managed tae get an auld piper tae come an' play a while for him ilka day, an' sure enough, the sick mon got better in a vera short time. The story gaes on tae say that the rest o' the patients in the hospital all died, but I canna' believe that.

One thing we ken onyway, an' that is that Scotland produced a lot o' great fighters. Maybe ye think that no' muckle o' a recommendation, but I want tae tell ye that gin a mon isna' a fighter, he's no' much o' a mon. It isna' necessary that his fightin' should be wi' his fellowman a' the time, or ony o' the time, but there's generally something that he's up against, an' gin he isna' ready to hae a scrap wi' it, an' beat it or dee in the attempt, he's na guid. That's one reason that I'm proud o' the fact that Scotland wis the hame o' ma forefathers. It wis there they learned tae stand up for the right o' free speech an' liberty o' conscience, an' everything else that made life mair worth livin' for those that came aifter them. Some o' the stories o' the wars that went on between the different clans sound bad enough, but it seems as though it had tae be pairt o' their education. I wis readin' no' lang since aboot the fight between the McPherson clan an' the clan Chattan, that Sir Walter Scott tells o' in one o' his books. It wis a great battle, but ye'll hae tae get the bookan' read the story for yersel' gin ye want tae realize it, for I'm no' gaein' tae try do it justice. All I will tell ye is that at the end o' the scrap there wis just seven o' the Clan Chattan left alive, an' not a single McPherson. It looks as though the virtues o' courage an' perseverance were pairt o' the mixture that went intae the makin' o' men in those days, onyway. I dinna wonder that Robbie Burns could write guid poetry when he had sae mony inspirin' subjects all aboot him. I ran across something o' his the ither day I'd like tae repeat for ye're benefit, gin ye hae time tae listen tae it. It's no' lang.

"O Scotia, my dear, my native soil,
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health and peace and sweet content.
And oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile.
Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle."