

OCTOBER 20, 1910

The Sayings and Doings of Donald "Ban."

By Peter McArthur.

"Whoa Jess!" Donald "Ban," which means in Gaelic "white or fair-haired Donald," threw the lines to his son, and sat in the buggy while the old mare was being unhitched. Of course, he had another name, but, as everyone called him Donald "Ban," the name will do for us.

"What's the news, father?"

"The greatest news that ever was," said the old man.

"Why, what has happened?" The son had all a young man's interest in current affairs, and he looked up eagerly from the tug he was unhitching. Then he noticed the twinkle in his father's eye and laughed.

"Well, what is it?"

"This afternoon, while coming home from the post office, I found out just what I was meant to be."

"Rather late in life to find that out, isn't it?"

"No, for I can be what I should be yet. You know I was always bothered because I never could make up my mind what I should have made of myself. I always knew that I was never meant to be a farmer."

"Oh, you did pretty well at it."

"No, John, I didn't. You know yourself I never knew about keeping the capillaries hoed out of the corn ground till you came home from the College and told me about it; and there are lots of other things like that."

The young man frowned and smiled as he remembered the mistake he had made in using scientific terms when explaining things to a man of his father's humorous and teasing disposition.

"I once thought I'd like to be a doctor, but the time your grandfather broke his wooden leg, I made such a botch of trying to mend it that I knew I wasn't meant to be a doctor. Another time I had it in my mind to go into politics, but on the day of the convention, when I might have been nominated, an old warhorse of the party took me aside and said to me, 'You can't lie down with dogs and expect to rise up without fleas.' I took the hint, and didn't go in for politics. Your grandmother wanted me to be a minister, but I knew I couldn't stand up in front of people and talk to them an hour at a stretch without wanting to make them laugh, and I knew that wouldn't do for a minister. But now I know what I was meant to be, and I am going to be it."

"This was how it happened," he went on. Like a true story-teller, he did not want to reveal the point too soon.

"While we were waiting for the mail to be distributed, I heard old man Allen grumbling, as usual, and you could never guess what he was grumbling about to-day."

"I thought he had already grumbled about everything."

"He has, pretty nearly, but to-day he had a new complaint to make. Of all things in the world, he was grumbling because the grasshoppers are so scarce this year that there will not be enough of them to fatten the turkeys. I couldn't keep from thinking about that when I was coming home. I never can forget the harvests when the grasshoppers were so plentiful that they nipped off all the oats, and I was especially thankful because there were so few of them this year. When I hear a man like that grumble, it always starts me thinking in another direction, and, do you know, John, I hadn't been thinking long before it struck me that you have made a bad mistake in your bookkeeping."

"How's that?" asked the young man. He had unharnessed the mare and turned her out in the pasture, and was listening to his father with amused wonder. He never could guess what the old man was driving at, for his education had been of the modern kind, that somehow seems to stifle the imagination.

"Of course, John, your bookkeeping is all right as far as money-making goes. You've kept track of every day's work we did, of the manure we put on, the seed grain we used, and the money we have invested, and when you struck a balance you knew just how much profit we made. Your books are kept all right in that way, and I am proud that you are able to do it. If your uncle had kept his books as well, perhaps he wouldn't have failed in the grocery business; but you left out all the things that seemed worth while to me to-day."

He paused a moment for effect, and then went on:

"I didn't see anything in your books about the sunshine we've had, and the cool breezes and the fine weather that gave us such a good harvest. And yet those are the things that really counted the most. If we didn't get them, we wouldn't have any bookkeeping to do. They are all things that do not belong to us, and to-day I was more grateful for them than for anything else."

"Of course, father, but what has all this got to do with your finding out just what you were

real point. You remind me of the man who was sitting behind the stove in the store when John Chisholm came in and told how his barns happened to be burnt. He had seen an owl on top of his barn one night, and took out his old muzzle-loader to shoot it. He had wadded down the powder with paper, and when he fired the burning wad fell in the straw stack and set it on fire. That set fire to the barn and then the stable and the granary, and even the pigpens were burned. Everybody felt sorry for John, and was asking how much he had lost, and when they got through talking the man behind the stove chirped up and asked:

"Did ye hit the owl?"

"All right, then, I'll stick to the point. What are you going to make of yourself?"

"John," said the father, solemnly, "I am going to be a tramp."

This was greeted with a roar of laughter.

"That's right, laugh! But you don't know what you're laughing at. What put it into my head was this little rhyme that I read in the corner of the paper while Jess was jogging along the road."

He hunted up the place, and then read aloud this stanza from Carman's beautiful lyric:

"Now the joys of the road are chiefly these:
A crimson touch on the hardwood trees;
An open hand, an easy shoe,
And a hope to make the day go through."

"When I read that and looked around, I knew that there was no place for me like the open road. The hardwood trees will soon be full of color, the roads were never better, and I wanted to jump right out of the buggy and go off tramping. I would find something worth looking at in every field, and the sun would shine for me wherever I went. To my thinking, the world has lost a lot since begging stopped being a profession in the country. You remember Eddie Ochiltree in the Antiquary? Even the Squire was glad to see him come and to get the news from him. The whole countryside belonged to him, and he was free to come and go as he liked. Then think of Burns' 'Jolly Beggars.' There are plenty of people who like his 'Cottar's Saturday Night,' but give me the 'Jolly Beggars' every time."

"When are you going to start?"

"Oh, you needn't be in such a hurry to get rid of me, but I am going to start to-morrow morning. I am going over to visit our Cousin Dan, and I'll beg my dinner on the way."

"You know well enough that there isn't anyone between here and Dan's that doesn't know you, and will not be glad to give you your dinner."

"That's the way with you. You try to spoil everything for me. Why can't you let me make believe I'm a beggar?"

"Well, I'll take Jess in before I do the milking in the morning, and I'll give her a feed of oats, so that she'll stand the trip."

"You needn't do anything of the kind. I tell you I am going to walk."

As he said this, he jumped out of the buggy and stood his full six feet of height. There was a springiness in his step that told of his unabated vigor.

"Many's the time I have made the walk before when there were no good roads or split-log drags to keep them in order. Dan and I used to change work when we were clearing our farms, and the first time I walked across I went through the woods, when everything was so wet I had to jump from log to log. I am going along the same way to-morrow, so that I can see the changes since then. I want to look at the corn fields and the big pumpkins, and the fat steers in the fields, and the fall wheat. If I meet any of the old fellows, I want to sit on the fence and talk to them, and take life easy, just as a tramp should. Don't you think I'll make a fine tramp, John?"

"I think you'll have a tramp's appetite before you finish your walk."

"That reminds me that I saw your mother getting ready to make johnnycake before I left. Let us go to the house. When I get back from my tramping, I'll have something worth while to tell you about the folks I meet and the things I see."

Coming Events.

National Dairy Show, Chicago, Oct. 20-29.
International Horse Show, Chicago, Nov. 22-26.
International Live-stock Exposition, Chicago, Nov. 26th to December 3rd.
Ontario Winter Fair, Guelph, Dec. 5-9.
Maritime Winter Fair, Amherst, N. S., Dec. 5-8.
Toronto Fat-stock Show, Union Stock-yards, Dec. 12th and 13th.
Eastern Ontario Live-stock and Poultry Show, Ottawa, Jan. 16-20, 1911.

Shropshire Breeders, Attention!

Owing to the large amount of work we have had on hand this summer, caused by adding new equipment, and making improvements in our system, in addition to recording a great many sheep, we have found it impossible to move the office to Chicago, as announced the fore part of the season, and will continue to receive mail addressed as usual to Lafayette, Indiana. Due to recent improvements, we have been able to reduce the time required for recording pedigrees very materially, and were able to issue all work for the fall shows on time. Not a single exhibitor has been disappointed, to the best of our knowledge. We have recently closed Volume 24, which contains 25,016 pedigrees, which is more, by a wide margin, than is contained in any previous volume. We are now receiving pedigrees for Volume 25, and wish to call the attention of members to the fact that December 1st is the time limit for recording 1909 lambs at fifty cents each. After that date the fee is twice as much. We also wish to announce that, at the last meeting of the Executive Committee, it was decided, after mature deliberation, to refuse to credit members of officers, or hold money in deposit for the same, to be drawn on from time to time for work issued, and require, as most of the best breed associations do, remittance, with all applications to cover same in full. The co-operation of patrons of the Association in this matter is heartily desired. If you have any sheep to record before the time limit, you will greatly aid us by sending them in at once, and avoid the rush of work which is close at hand.

L. E. TROEGER,

Secretary Amer. Shropshire Reg. Ass'n.

\$3,500 in Prizes for Horses at Winter Fair.

Thirty-five hundred dollars is offered in prizes for horses at the coming Ontario Provincial Winter Fair, at Guelph, December 5th to 9th, 1910. This large sum is distributed over fifty-five sections in classes for Clydesdales, Shires, Canadian-bred Clydesdales and Shires, Hackneys, Standard-breds, Thoroughbreds, Ponies and Heavy-draft horses. Besides the regular prizes, there are a number of valuable specials, including a silver tea service, valued at \$40, for the best two Canadian-bred Clydesdale fillies foaled on or after January 1st, 1908; two gold medals, one each for the best Hackney stallion and for the best Hackney mare. Brant County Council offers \$12 for the best heavy horse shown by an amateur exhibitor from that county, and the same for a light horse. Wellington County Council offers prizes of, first \$6, second \$4, for heavy-draft teams shown by amateur exhibitors from that county. Complete prize lists are now ready for distribution, and may be secured free on application to the secretary, A. P. Westervelt, Toronto.

Stock Sales Advertised.

Oct. 20—D. McKenzie, Hyde Park, Ont.; Short-horns and Shropshires.
Oct. 20—D. Brown & Sons, Iona, Ont.; Oxford Downs.
Oct. 26—Mrs. E. K. Sibbald, Sutton West, Ont.; Shorthorns.
Oct. 26—D. McEachran, Ormstown, Que.; Imported Clydesdales.
Oct. 29—John Ferguson, Camlachie, Ont.; Ayr-shires.
Nov. 1—Wm. Higginson, Inkerman, Ont.; Holsteins.
Nov. 2—John Senn & Sons, York, Ont.; Short-horns.

New Brunswick's Big Apple Show.

On October 31st, November 1st, 2nd and 3rd, over 400 boxes, 150 barrels and 1,000 plates of New Brunswick apples will be on exhibition in St. John. Over \$700 are offered in prizes, and indications point to a large number of entries and keen competition. In addition to the competitive exhibit, the Provincial Department of Agriculture is making a large display of boxed and barrelled apples. A three-days' convention is being held on the same dates by the Fruit-growers' Association.

There is held at the American Royal Show, at Kansas City, a students' stock-judging contest, similar to that held in connection with the International at Chicago. At the show recently held, the students from the Iowa State College came out at head of the contest, winning, besides the trophy, four out of the individual prizes. The Iowa team was trained by Prof. W. J. Kennedy.

The high opening prices quoted to the trade for canning-factory produce this year are discussed in the Canadian Grocer by W. R. Dryvan. After pointing out that this year's prices include allowance for freight, wholesalers' profit, etc., whereas last year's prices were net f.o.b. factories, he goes on to state that, notwithstanding a large pack last year on top of a large carryover, yet, when the new pack came on the market this year, there was not a single case of corn, peas, to-