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ahead of any other part of the kingdom, thanks to the large amount of preliminary work that has been done. On behalf of scientific research applied to agriculture, a claim of £75,000 was put forward, and it is understood that the principle involved has been approved, and that the project is likely to materialize in the near future. Lastly, £10,000 was asked for Irish fisheries; this, however, may not be got without great difficulty Still, if the other three grants "get through" all right, it would be, perhaps, not fair to complain. plain.

The Sayings and Doings of Donald Ban.

By Peter McArthur

"Yes," said Donald Ban, "I was at the sale to-day, and, to tell you the truth, I would rather have been at a funeral. The sale meant the death of a home, and, to my thinking, that is worse than the death of a man who had lived to the fullness of his days. When old Peter Shiras was buried last spring, I was sorry to lose an old neighbor, but he was well on to ninety, and nothing else could be expected. Today his sons sold the farm and everything belonging to him, and that means the end of Old Peter and his hopes.

"He moved into the country before I was born, and there is not a field on the farm that he didn't clear with his own hands. The fences are all built from rails that he split, and as I walked over the place to-day I could see traces of the old man everywhere I went. He wrote his life-history on every acre. I couldn't help smiling when I looked at the ends of the rails, for I could tell by the bite that he had cut every one He never got to be a good man with of them. the axe, for he had been brought up as a sailor. He did his work more by brute strength than by skill, but he did his work. Many's the joke they used to tell about him and his wife in the old days, but I have forgotten most of them. Still, there was one thing. He seemed to think that if anything went wrong, from a button coming off his overalls, to the roof blowing off his barn, it could be fixed by putting a nail in it. A nail was his cure-all for everything. He never could understand machinery, and after his boys went off to college, he always had to have a hired man to run his mower and self-binder. If anything went wrong, Peter would come yelling across the

'Can't you put a nail in it?' "But he didn't like to be joked about it. remember one time, at a threshing, when a pinion broke in the old horse-power. The threshers were trying to fix things up, and Peter was standing watching them, fretting and fussing because the work had stopped and everybody was idle. After a while, Tom Hyse stuck his head out of the mow

and yelled 'Oh, Peter!'

" 'What do you want?' snarled the old man.

" 'Can't you put a nail in it?'

"I actually thought the old man would climb up the side of the barn to get at Tom, he was so mad.

"But though he was a hard driver on his men, and close with his money, it was a matter of pride with him that at no time of the day or night was his table without food on it. one who went to his house was expected to eat, and to have a cup of hot tea. He had come to the new world to get a home, and his home was to be a place of hospitality. But to-day they even sold the old table he used to sit at the end of and ask the longest blessings heard. His wife was a woman like himself, and the best joke we had when I was a boy was the one that was going around about the first time she ate peaches. After she had eaten a couple, the farmer she was visiting offered her a couple more, but she said:

"'No, thank you. They are very nice and

tasty, but the seeds scratch my throat.' 'But I saw the end of old Peter and Janet to day. One of their sons is a lawyer, and the other a doctor, and they have no need of the farm. I guess it was because their father made farming so hard for them that they got away from it as soon as they got the chance. Farming can be made the worst kind of slavery one is not careful. Still, Peter meant well. It was home-hunger that brought him to the woods, and when he got a home he wanted to make its foundations sure with plenty of money in the bank, and that made him scrimp and save. He wanted a home that would stay in his family for generations to come, for he knew what it meant not to have a home. His forefathers for generations before him knew what it meant to work land that belonged to other men, and the hunger for land of their own grew in them. There is hunger like land-hunger, John, and if that is what is troubling the Germans and Japanese, as papers say it is, nothing will keep them in bounds. It was the land hunger of the plain can. people that conquered the forests of the new world, and there never was a conquest like it.

for the purposes of afforestation, Ireland is far. The battle with the trees and the stubborn earth lasted for over a hundred years. Every field Men wore needed both courage and endurance. out their lives to conquer the land, and yet the people of this generation give no thought to it. In the schools they are teaching the children about the little battles that were fought, as if that were the history of Canada. I tell you, John, the history of Canada will not be written till the story of the pioneers is set down in

"How were the prices at the sale?" asked

"There you go," said Donald Ban testily. Though I "You are no better than the rest. have been trying all my life to drill into you a respect for the men who made the country you live in, you don't want to listen. Because you have cleared fields to raise crops from, and all the modern improvements, you haven't imagination enough to see the work that was done before you began.'

"Why, father, I do respect them-but I can't be thinking about them all the time.'

Donald Ban remained silent until he had regained control of his temper.

Well, they sold out everything that belonged to old Peter Shiras, from the sea-chest he brought with him when he came to the farm, to the nameplate on his coffin. That's a fact. Among a lot of stuff that the auctioneer called bric-a-brac -sea shells and coral that Peter gathered when he was a sailor, old samplers that Janet had worked when she was a girl, a picture of Nelson, and a lot of things like that-I saw the nameplate from Peter's coffin. Someone bought the whole lot for a quarter, and everybody laughed at the foolishness of making such a bid. I tell you what, John, the things that we treasure are seldom treasures to other people. When you come to sell this place, and the things that your mother and I think most of-

"Stop right there, Donald Ban," interrupted his wife, vigorously. "You know well enough that John will never sell this place nor things

belonging to us.' "Good. I am glad to hear your voice. sometimes wonder if you are not forgetting how

to talk. "Don't you worry about my talking," said his wife, as she shifted the knitting kneedle in her waist-band, and went on with her work. "I might talk more if I didn't have to listen so much, but there are some things I'll not listen I knew the pioneers as well as you did, and a rougher, closer-fisted old lot never lived. And I am not going to hear my boy slurred at just because he gets tired of listening to the glories of men who had none of the great notions in their heads that you are always talking about. Them folks nation-builders! Huh! Lots of them were too shiftless to keep wood on their fires, even when it was so plenty that they couldn't walk from their doors without tripping over But, for all that, they were the makers of a

nation, even though they did not know it. This was their Promised Land, and they spent their years in the wilderness to win it, and now their children are not inheriting it as they should. But we will not be arguing about it," he said hastily, as he noted the light of battle in his wife's eye. You were asking about the prices at the sale, John. Well, most everything went for more than it was worth to the folks that bought, though for less than they were worth if there had been a son to keep up the home and carry on the life of the home. Most of the implements were old-fashioned, for men like Shiras made their money by using such tools as they happened to have, and did not waste their substance keeping up-todate. Old Peter was not one of those men who buy a corn-harvester because they happen to have in a couple of acres, or a root-pulper because they have a few mangels in the corner of the potato patch, and one cow to feed them to. I believe the teeth in the old harrow that was sold to-day were the very ones that were in the first V harrow he used among the stumps. He had made the frame himself and had pounded through the teeth at any slant, but he put in many a fine field of wheat with it. Mind you, I am not arguing in favor of old-fashioned tools, but I don't think one should throw the tools he has in the scrap-heap for the Greeks to haul away just because someone comes along with something newfangled that looks pretty and saves work. implements we get nowadays are good enough to use as long as they will last with good care, and that means for years, if they are not left in the fence-corners to rust to pieces after they have been used. Lots of the implements Peter had were good enough for anyone that was following him to use, but it was foolish for anyone else to buy them. When you are forced to buy, you should buy the best, but, having bought, you should keep from buying again as long as you

The auctioneer was a good man, and he made things go for all they were worth. He was

business clean through, and had none of the jokes that the old auctioneers used to have. The only funny thing that happened at the sale had nothing to do with the sale at all. I was standing talking to Dan Bayne when Jim Holt came

" How much do you want for those three twoyear-old steers of yours?' Jim asked.

'You can have them for forty dollars each.'

"'I'll take them,' says he, and he passed over a dollar to bind the bargain. It was all done just as quick as I have told it, but that was not About an hour after I met Jim, and I said to him:

'That was a quick sale you made.'

'Yes, confound it,' he grumbled. If I had asked for more, I might have got it.' "When I met Dan, I said, 'It didn't take you

long to buy those steers.'
"'No,' he growled. 'If I hadn't been in such

a hurry I might have beaten him down a couple of dollars each on them.' Did you ever hear of such foolishness? The man who was selling got the price he thought was right, and the man who bought them knew they

were worth what he gave, and yet both were dissatisfied. It is a strange world we live in. Having unburdened himself of his talk, Donald Ban took up his paper, put on his spectacles, and

settled down in the big armchair for the rest of

Rot in the Potatoes.

The Census Office at Ottawa issued a bulletin Nov. 11th on the crops of Canada, as prepared from reports made up to the end of October.

The closing months of the year give good reports for nearly all of the field crops of the Dominion. Potatoes alone indicate partial failure, and in all the Provinces there are complaints of rot in the fields and in the heaps for winter storage. The area is 503,262 acres, and the estimated yield 74,048,000 bushels, being an average of about 147 bushels per acre, which is nearly uniform for all the Provinces. The quality is 84.42 per cent. Turnips and other field roots show a quality of 88.57, a yield per acre of 402 bushels, and a total yield of 95,207,000 bushels for a crop of 236,622 acres. Hay and clover are computed for 8,515,400 acres, and a yield per acre of 1.82 tons. The quality is 90.45 per cent., and the total yield 15,497,000 tons. Fodder corn has an estimated yield per acre of 9.38 tons, which, upon an area of 271,960 acres, gives a Sugar beets are product of 2,551,000 tons. grown most extensively in Ontario and Alberta, where they supply roots for three sugar factories. The area in crop this year is 16,000 acres, which is a substantial increase upon last year. The yield per acre is 9.69 tons, the total yield 155,-000 tons, and the quality 93.15 per cent. roots supplied to the Berlin factory are testing 17 per cent. of sugar, and at the Wallaceburg factory 16 per cent., but a product of 5,000 acres in Ontario is being shipped to factories in Michi-The product of 8,200 acres in that Province is marketed at Wallaceburg and Berlin, where the average price is about \$5.86 per ton, or better than \$57.80 per acre. Computed at the average local prices, the market value of potatoes this year is \$33,446,000; of turnips and other roots, \$21,444,000; of hay and clover, \$149,716,000; of fodder corn, \$11,957,000; and, of sugar beets, \$887,000. The report on fall wheat sown this year shows an area of 790,300 acres, whereof 682,500 acres are in Ontario, and 107,800 acres in Alberta. Last year the area was 609,200 acres in Ontario, and 98,000 in Alberta. condition of the crop is reported at 98.40 per cent., as compared with 93.60 last year.

The per cent. of fall plowing completed this year, compared with the area planned for, is less than last year, but the report is made for a period one month earlier. The per cent. of summer-fallowing, compared in the same way, is somewhat lower, but increases are shown for Saskatchewan and Alberta.

ARCHIBALD BLUE. Cost of Horse Power.

So far, the response to the offer of twenty dollars in prizes for the best essays on the cost of horse-power (see issue Oct. 13th) has been unusually small. Apparently, very few farmers have made calculations as to this important question. This, however, only emphasizes the need of focusing attention upon the subject. Even if one has not previously considered the matter, he can, by weighing a few feeds of hay and grain, and carefully figuring up the cost of feed, attention, stabling, interest, depreciation and risk, shoeing, harness, and the rest, prepare an article that will approximate the cost and serve to stimulate thought. Entries close Saturday, Nov. 26th, by which time competing essays must be in our of-