

If any father seeks to train "the young idea" by driving it at the point of the stable fork instead of leading it by kindly suggestion and the guide rope of mutual interest, he had better give it up at once. That style of thing has never won out. It is an impos-

on earth to draw the suspicion upon himself that he is aware of his achievements in that unsavory manner we know of by "self-consciousness." He has done something great in spite of himself, and those who have an intimate knowledge of the man know also

information on all points in which men have raised stock or grown grain with conspicuous and uniform success.

Much of what was said is already common property, but there were one or two points in the address of the guest of honor that struck a note which every farmer who is at the game in all seriousness will set himself to work out in his own kingdom if they have not already been operating in his particular programme.

One of these referred to the place which our common and easily grown barley holds as a food stuff. The all but universal impression has been that corn is the king of all feeds for hogs and cattle, but Mr. McGregor pointed out that this grand champion steer (Glencarnock Victor II) had never had a single meal of corn, neither did his championship herd of one two-year-old, yearling and calf.

While not depreciating the value of corn as a food, he made a strong bid for the more general use of barley in this connection and for its better cultivation in Western Canada. His comparison between the two was significant. The average crop of corn grown on ideal land was something like 33 bushels to the acre. In Western Canada the average yield of barley is about 35 bushels, but barley is commonly regarded a "scratch" crop that may be sown in "any old place." But if grown on the best land, the average need not be short of 50 bushels or more, and weight for weight, barley is very little if at all behind corn in feed value.

Still further point is given to Mr. McGregor's claim for the barley-feed in the fact that the grand champion sheep of 1913—Mr. J. D. Campbell's Grade Shropshire Wether—was not a

\$10.00 per head on the ewes which had been fed from the same staple home grown diet.

"We have proved that there is as much profit in one ewe as there is in an acre of wheat. Sheep will eat nearly any weed grown, and after the crop is off they will fatten on the stubble. There is no animal kept on the farm that is more profitable than sheep."

Commenting on the advantage Western Canada possessed for the production of high grade pork, Mr. McGregor passed on to speak of his remarkably satisfactory experience in growing alfalfa. Last year on the occasion which some of his friends now said seemed to look like becoming an annual affair, he prophesied some very strong things with regard to the future of this wonderful game in Western Canada. "After another year's experience in growing this valuable forage plant, I feel that all I said on that occasion has been abundantly verified and that every business farmer in Western Canada should interest himself in the cultivation of alfalfa on his own farm and in his own district. It means more cattle and better cattle, sheep and hogs, and more fertility returned to the land. It will return the humus we have stolen from the land with the result that we will see better crops of wheat and all kinds of grain; it means, in fact, the salvation of the country."

Saskatchewan's Honors

Saskatchewan was fittingly represented at the banquet by its Lieutenant Governor Brown and Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Frank Mantle. Mr. McGregor paid a graceful compliment to the splendid horse exhibit made at Chicago by the sister province and congratulated it on the fact that to him these Clydesdale beauties were one of the most noteworthy



Three best steers, grades or cross-breeds at International, Chicago, 1913. Calf, yearling and two-year-old Aberdeen-Angus, all bred and owned by J. D. McGregor, Brandon.

sible policy because it is out of line with every prescription of natural law, and the end of it is what we meet with practically every day—lads and lasses who simply hate the farm and are glad to get away from it under any pretext.

Last year the Americans opened their eyes very widely when it came out that the grand championship had been won by "some man from Western Canada" with a black Aberdeen Angus steer. It gave "Canada" another boost and our cousins over the line in their genuine sportsmanlike spirit honestly congratulated "Canada." But when the same man with another of the same type lifted the money in this year's contest, the matter took on a still deeper significance and it was McGregor of "Brandon" that passed from mouth to mouth while that great concourse of the world's best stockmen held together.

So McGregor with his Aberdeen Angus cattle has branded the name of Brandon as deeply into the grey matter of the farming world everywhere as "Clydesdale" or "Hereford," "Ayreshire" or "Jersey" have become everlasting synonyms for certain types of animals that possess distinguishing qualities and that mark them off from all else in live stock and about which there can never be any peradventure.

Emerson has said that "Every institution is but the lengthened shadow of some great man. At all events, the initiation of that which is of real account in the progress of civilization is invariably the fruit of one strong soul that towers indefeasibly above its fellows, and it is to the honor and glory of the average man that he is capable of following that initiative."

J. D. McGregor is the last man

that the greatest tribute his fellows can pay him will not be found in the spreading eloquence of a complimentary banquet, but in a unanimous disposition to follow up what he has initiated in common sense, intensive farming.

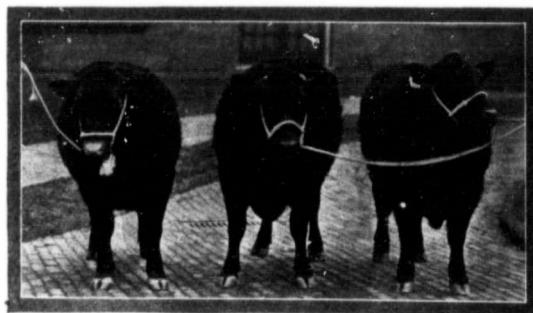
There are certain aspects of this great world's triumph that were not in evidence at Chicago except to a few intimates, but which were very forcibly enunciated and illustrated at the complimentary

Banquet

tendered to Mr. McGregor in Brandon by his fellow citizens there.

For once at least it was demonstrated that a prophet is not always without honor even in his own country. This banquet was nothing if it was not a spontaneous and irrepressible outburst of the kindly feelings of the men among whom the guest of honor had spent the best years of his life. The largest banquet hall of the city was crammed by enthusiastic citizens presided over by their Mayor (Fleming) with the guest of honor on his right, the pair being flanked by the Lieutenant Governors of Manitoba and Saskatchewan respectively.

The gathering was thoroughly representative of the very best of Western Canada's stockmen, of the great transport companies, packing houses and grain interests, etc., and the speakers without exception were of an unusually high order: that is to say that there were no windy perorations got up for the occasion and which meant little or nothing. Every man who spoke had a practical intimacy with what he was talking about, and every word went home. It was an intellectual feast—a banquet of good things in the form of



Three best steers get of one sire, International, Chicago, 1913. Bred and owned by J. D. McGregor. The sire was "Golden Glean."

corn fed animal, and the carlot of lambs that captured the highest honors had been fed on small grain and alfalfa. Further, on the Rugby farm conducted by his partner Mr. Bowman, Mr. McGregor informed his audience that they had secured a profit of

and interesting features of that wonderful exposition of quality horses.

Out of the very large number of entries that were sent in regardless of cost, it was a most gratifying fact that the Saskatchewan boys were nearly al-