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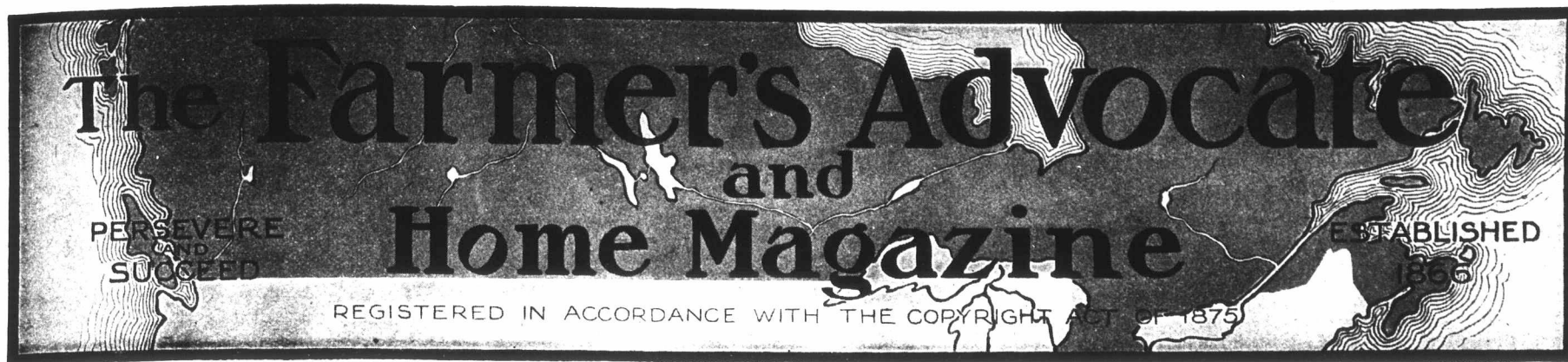
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VOL. L.

## EDITORIAL.

It is time now to begin after-harvest cultiva-  
tion.

Canada's wheat fields call for volunteers for  
the harvest.

Last year's experience may not fit in with  
this year's conditions.

There is no standing still in farming. Every  
year presents new problems.

The man who conserves moisture this fall will  
have the best crops in 1916.

Experience may be the best of teachers, but  
not every one knows how to learn.

It is not reasonable to expect a maximum of  
early and late fruit off the same tomato vine.

More than ever are we convinced that the man  
with the live stock will win in the long run.

Plan the work so that a day or two may be  
taken at the nearest large show, and do not for-  
get your local fair.

Those who sold their brood sows last spring  
or winter may wish they had them back this fall.  
It pays to stick to live stock.

Uncle Bije says he has noticed in growing corn  
and other things that the sun gets in its "best  
licks" from one to three o'clock.

Will it be more profitable to convert  
the second growth clover into milk or meat, or  
allow it to ripen for seed?

The man who runs a binder without a sheaf  
carrier is taking dollars out of his own pocket.  
It saves one man in stooking.

The second cutting of red clover may be worth  
more for hay than for seed. Properly cured it  
makes ideal sheep and cattle feed.

The horse is again taking his place as the lead-  
ing power on Western farms. This will mean a  
great deal to horse breeding in Canada.

Which looks the better in your garden or hoed  
crop, the vegetables and roots or the weeds? A  
man is known by the hoed crop he keeps.

All those comfortably situated at home should  
not forget that our soldiers must be prepared for  
another winter campaign in the trenches.

Unless something unforeseen happens Canada  
will produce her share of the products necessary  
to feed the Allies in 1915. The crop is good.

Frequent rains have kept the grass green in  
most pastures, but the worst is still to come,  
and summer feeding may yet save the milk flow.

Summer-fallows are costly, but as moisture  
savers and weed killers they have a place in Can-  
ada's agriculture, but never should they be  
neglected and allowed to grow up to weeds.

LONDON, ONTARIO, AUGUST 5, 1915.

### A Job for Willing Workers.

Complaints are read in the daily press that  
many men are out of employment and wandering  
aimlessly about city streets. This is not a for-  
tunate condition of affairs, and many among  
their numbers are victims of circumstances over  
which they have no control. The man who is  
willing to work should, in the general order of  
things, get work at a fair wage, but industrial  
conditions, while improving, are not yet back to  
normal. Up to the present a catchy haying and  
harvest has been experienced. The grain crop in  
Canada is very heavy over a larger acreage than  
this country usually boasts of. This bumper  
crop must be saved during the next two months.  
How many of these out-of-works, but willing,  
are ready to go to the country and do what they  
can to help garner in the harvest? All cannot  
enlist. All are not skilled mechanics capable of  
doing good work in munition factories, but many  
could do a valuable service in the harvest fields  
where they would get a fair wage and good  
board. This move would help all around. And  
farmers needing help should give such men an  
opportunity and be ready to pay them fairly for  
their work. At no time in the country's history  
was real co-operation more necessary than now.  
Canada has no time or place for the shirker.  
Canada, and particularly its farm land, can find  
work for the worker. Are you ready to do your  
part?

### A Lot of Shacks.

Did you ever sit in a railway train and hear  
people rail at everything, particularly the small  
towns and villages through which the train passes  
and at which their journey is delayed by short  
stops? Surely you have. And has it not dis-  
gusted you time and again to hear striplings  
from other fields deliver themselves of "smart"  
epithets regarding houses and the general appear-  
ance of the surrounding country? A short time  
ago we were aboard a train and when the train-  
man announced the next stop the head of the chief  
spokesman of a party much given to uncomplim-  
entary remarks regarding the country through  
which they were passing, and, by the way, one of  
the garden spots of Old Ontario, shot out the  
window, and returning delivered itself of this  
common comment, "Nothing here but a lot of  
shacks"! Did you ever stop to think what these  
homes, erroneously called shacks, old though  
they may be, mean to the people who own them and  
live in them. The village and small town is one  
of the necessities in this country. From the very  
station at which this remark was directed is  
shipped every year thousands of dollars worth of  
farm produce. If the "shacks," as our critical  
friend called them, were not there the station  
would not likely exist, for the next nearest  
town would get the trade. Think of the ac-  
commodation to the farmer that is to be had  
even in the smallest village. What would he do,  
without the blacksmith, the miller, the harness-  
maker and repairer, the tinsmith, the wheel-  
wright, the grocery and dry goods store, the  
hardware and all the local business houses inter-  
locked with his own business? And besides this  
these villages are the homes of many good peo-  
ple. Some men retire in them to be close to  
their boys still farming the old places, the next  
best thing to retiring on the farm. Hired men  
have their cottages in them. Business men live

in them. They are indispensable and yet made  
fun of. The "lot of shacks" may mean more to the  
people living in the community than does the  
thriving city with its skyscrapers and humming  
business. Remember this when next given to un-  
favorable comment on somebody's home. Remem-  
ber also that it is a home, and that is some-  
thing not to be criticised too severely. All can-  
not live in mansions. Happiness and content-  
ment are often found in humble places. Men can  
be men in villages or in the country as well as  
in cities. We have no sympathy for the man  
who does not tidy up his home and surroundings,  
but old and small dwellings well-kept should not  
be made the subject of ridicule by those not com-  
petent to judge. These little clusters of old  
dwellings have been real marks of development in  
their districts. They were the thriving towns of  
earlier days. They still deserve a place in the sun,  
for through them more business is transacted than  
many believe, and above all they are somebody's  
homes and homes make a country after all.

### He Cannot be Bought.

A short time ago while riding on a train we  
heard a conversation, or rather an argumentative  
discussion, of some of the facts recently revealed  
in Manitoba political life. During the course of  
the discussion the following remark, showing ex-  
treme confidence, was made by one of the party  
in referring to a certain new light in the dark-  
ness of the politics of that province: "He's a  
farm boy and cannot be bought." None of those  
in this little round table talk were actually en-  
gaged in farming. Few had ever been born on  
the farm. Most were city-bred, city-reared, and  
city-sustained business men. And yet there was  
a general nod of approval when one of the party  
came out with the statement. "He's a farm boy  
and cannot be bought." There is not a farm boy  
but should feel a thrill of intense satisfaction  
when apprised of the confidence in which he is  
held by his city cousins. There is not a farm-  
er's son but should carry his head a little more  
erect at reading such a statement. But not all  
farm boys are so honest. Would that they were!  
Enough have been upright, however, to warrant  
the statement made by our friend. Speaking  
comparatively and proportionately farm boys are  
to be trusted; farm boys prove competent; farm  
boys live up to the traditions of their fore-  
fathers. Honesty and integrity are part of  
their very being. Should this not stiffen the  
backbone of the boy inclined to deviate slightly  
from the straight and narrow path? Should it  
not prove an incentive to him to be as straight-  
forward as other people believe him to be? Farm  
boys have made good through courage, honesty,  
ability and push.

On the other hand there are those who are  
spoiled, yes ruined by advancement. Within the  
memory of every man is some case of ability  
gone wrong. The remark is often made that no  
matter how strong-minded the man is who goes  
into political life the game soon gets him. He  
soon becomes plastic in the hands of the slip-  
pery, suave and sinful politician who knows the  
ropes. The party caucus, the party whip and  
perhaps the party treasury or the party patron-  
age system soon breaks down his wall of good  
resolutions, and he is sucked into the mud as  
deeply as the others are in the mire. This hap-  
pens all too often. The strongest possible in-  
fluences are brought to bear, and sometimes the  
victim yields. We say victim advisedly, for the

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