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## The Sayings and Doings of "Donald Ban.

By Peter McArthur.

"Folks seem to be bothered a lot with nerves these days," said Donald Ban, as he laid aside his paper and opened the front door of the boxstove so that he could look at the glowing coals. "Almost every day there are letters in the paper from people that complain about the whistles and bells and street-cars and such things. can understand that, for I don't think much of those noises myself. City noises are mostly all clangs and crashes and shrieks, and they are enough to set anyone's teeth on edge; but there's a letter in to-night's paper from a school-teacher who is grumbling at the noises of the farm where she boards. She complains about the barking of the dog and the bawling of the cattle and the yelling of the children. She must have had her nerves spoiled in the city before she came to the country. I feel like writing her a letter tening her to stick to the country for a while and she I feel like writing her a letter telling will find healing in it. After awhile she will get to like 'the watchdog's honest bark,' as Byron calls it, and when 'the lowing kine come winding o'er the lea,' she'll start writing poetry about Then, the yelling of the children-why, them. that's the finest music in the world. By the bye, mother, when are Dan's boys coming to visit us again?

"Whenever you feel that you can stand their noise, and will not be grumbling every night that they are tearing the house down "his wife responded, grimly.

"I didn't grumble," he protested. touch of rheumatism at the time and was bilious, and the jumping around may have bothered me some, but I like to have them here.

"I remember you used to scold us for tearing around when we were little," said his son.
" Maybe I did, maybe I did; but I would have felt worse if you hadn't been here to tear around But, as I was going to say and make a noise. before you both began to argue with me, the noises in the country are music, compared with the ones you hear in the city. I like them all, from hearing the grass grow in the spring, to the

howling of the storms in the winter time "How about hearing the old sow when the north wind is blowing and she has to pass that

draughty corner between the shed and the barn?' Well, yes, that's pretty bad. I remember that Scott, in one of his novels, speaks about the singing at a conventicle sounding like a 'hog in a high wind.' Yes, that's pretty bad, but if you didn't have a noise like that once in a while we wouldn't know how good the other sounds are. sometimes think our Canadian poets haven't done justice to the music in our fields and woods. Of course, I have never been in Italy, but I have an idea that our crickets and grasshoppers make just as good music as

The shrill cicada, people of the pine,

Making their lives a ceaseless song. "The trouble is that we have no Byron to visit us and tell us how good they are. now that I think of it, that is hardly fair. own Archibald Lampman tells how

' 'The grasshoppers spin into mine ear A small innumerable sound.

"Where on earth have you been learning all

the poetry?" asked his wife.

of the newspapers ald Ban, triumphantly. "All the good poetry that ever was written, as well as a lot of trash, comes out in the corners of the newspapers at one time or another, and I read it all. What I like sticks in my memory and comes back to me from time to time. The poets are great on describing sounds, and I think if I put my mind to it, I could get a piece about every sound we hear in the country." He stopped and thought for a while, and then began impatiently

"There, now, when I sit down and try to do it, I can't. I thought I could begin with the spring and end with the winter, but the first thing I wanted to speak of in the spring I can't and any poetry about. I was thinking of the sound of the grass growing in the spring. course, I know it isn't the grass growing at all; but when you walk over the pasture when the rost is all out and the days are warm, you hear a little sound that you may think is the growing of the grass. I know it is only the angleworms pulling themselves back into the wet earth, but it is springlike, and good to hear. That is the time when the birds come back, and I want to be out of doors all the time to see them and hear them. I am proud that our own Canadian Carman has given us a song about that.

He went to the drawer in the table, and, after some searching, brought out a clipping.

"Some of the things I like are too long to keep in my mind, but listen to this:

'Set me in the urge and tide drift Of the streaming hosts a wing. Breast of scarlet throat of yellow,

Raucous challenge, wooings mellow-Every migrant is my fellow, Making Northward with the Spring. Loose me in the urge and tide-drift Of the streaming hosts a-wing

" 'Shrilling pipe or fluting whistle, In the valleys come again, Fife of frog and call of tree-toad, Making music in the rain. Shrilling pipe or fluting whistle In the valleys come again.

"Hasn't that got the very soul of a spring day in it? Still, there are things that are left To me there is no finer sound in the spring than the robin, when he sits on the top limb of a tree at daybreak, and seems to be saying

" 'Plow it, sow it,

Reap it, mow it.' "

"Did you make that up yourself?" asked his wife.
"I did not. That was told me by Jim Hyse,

a man that I never thought had any poetry in his

soul.
"Then, there's the whispering of the south wind in the apple trees, and its long sigh as it comes sweeping over the wheat fields. I like the far-away clacking of the mowers and the reapers, too, and even the droning of the threshing machine sounds good when there has been a good crop. It makes you feel that McIntyre, of Ingersoll, though people laugh at him, was getting down pretty close to poetry when he wrote:

'Fifty bushels to the acre Makes us grateful to our Maker.'

"Later in the year, especially in a fine October, the air seems to be full of sounds that come dropping down through the still air all Even the falling leaves seem to around you. have a little tinkling music of their own.

And I must not forget about the storms. The thunder-storms are grand. I like them best when they come in the night, for then I remember Byron's piece that used to be in our old school-

'And this in the night! Most glorious night! Thou wert not sent for slumber. Let me be A sharer in thy fierce and far delight, A portion of the Tempest and of Thee.

"That poem always stirs me up as a trumpet call might rouse a soldier. When I look up at the clouds that pile against the sky like mountains, and seem to be answering one another, can imagine myself in the Alps, instead of on the flat fields of Ontario

" 'Far along

From peak to peak, the rattling crags among, Leaps the live thunder. Not from one lone cloud, But every mountain now hath found a tongue, And Jura answers through her misty shroud Back to the joyous Alps that call to her aloud.

"I always get up at night when there is a thunder-storm. I make believe to your mother that I want to see if the windows are all shut and if the eavetroughs are right, but what I really want to see is the storm, and to recite that poem to myself. In the winter time, too, and bellowing of the winds as they chase the snowdrifts across the fields. I like to be out in them when I am wrapped up warm, and it is then I know what Coleridge meant when he said that he was

"Inspired beyond the guess of folly

By each rude shape and wild unconquerable

"Donald Ban, Donald Ban, when you talk like that you make me wish that you had been a

minister. Ministers don't talk like that," he protested. "I didn't say a word about your mor-I was only telling you about the things I find in life that are good to see and hear and feel. There's no place for finding them like the country You can't find them in the city, and I am sorry for the folks that never find them at all.

"I think you might have been a College Pro-

fessor," said his son. "That's nonsense. I shouldn't be anything else than I am-just an old farmer who finds the world good to live in, and is glad to learn anything that will make it seem better. I see no reason why a College Professor should know or enjoy things that I do not. The good books of the world are just as open to me as they are to him, and, as I said before, all these things can be got out of the corners of the newspapers by people

Whereupon the old man stirred up the fire to a blaze, and, sitting back in the rocking chair, sat for a long time dreaming and looking at the

## " Nearly Three and Three-quarters Billion Dollars' Worth of Crops.

The final estimates of the Crop-reporting Board of the Bureau of Statistics of the United States Department of Agriculture, based on the reports of the correspondents and agents of the Bureau, indicate the harvested acreage, production, and value of important farm crops of the United States, in 1910 and 1909, to have been as follows

Crops.	Acres.	Production. Bushels.*	December 1. Per Bush Cents.
	114,002,000	3.125,713,000	α. α.
The state of the s	108,771,000	2.772,376,000	59.6
Wheat, 1910	49,205,000	695,443,000	4.6%
Wileat, 1808	46,723,000	737,189,000	0.66
Oats, 1910	35,288,000	1,126,765,000	1.4.1
Oats, 1909	33,204,000	1.007,353,000	40.5
Barley, 1910	7,257,000	162,227,000	00.70
Barley, 1909	7.011,000	170,284,000	55.2
Potatoes, 1910	3,591,000	338,811,000	55.5
Potatoes, 1909	3,525,000	376,537,000	54.9
Hay, 1910	45,691,000	+60,978,000	\$12.26
Hay, 1909	45,744,000	+64.938,000	10.62

The total value of crops above specified, to gether with such less-important ones as rye, buckwheat, flaxseed, rice and tobacco, on December 1st, 1910, was \$3,735,464,000, against \$3,971, 426,000 on December 1st, 1909. The average of prices was about 8.5 per cent. lower on December 1st, 1910, than on December 1st, 1909.

## How New U.S. Regulation Affects Canadian Live-stock Exporters.

Canadian stockmen will be interested to learn just what conditions will be imposed upon men shipping stock to the United States by the new import regulations recently announced from Washington, and explained on page 1946 of our Christ mas Number. It will be noticed that registration in the following Canadian records will be ac cepted in lieu of registration in the foreign books of record for the granting of import certificates 'he ('anadian records recognized are

In Horses-Belgian Draft, Clydesdale, Hackney Shire, Suffolk, Welsh Pony and Cob.

In Cattle.—Aberdeen-Angus, Ayrshire, French-Canadian, Galloway, Guernsey, Hereford, Jersey

Red Polled, Shorthorn. In Sheep.—Cheviot, Cotswold, Dorset Horn, Hampshire, Leicester, Lincoln, Oxford Down, Shropshire, Southdown, Suffolk.

In Swine.—Berkshire, Duroc-Jersey, Hampshire, Poland-China, Tamworth, Yorkshire.

Whether it means that all animals of the specified breeds imported to the United States from Canada will require to be recorded in the Canadian books, or whether, in case of animals first imported to Canada, but not yet recorded in Canadian books, registration in the foreign books would suffice to secure the necessary import certificates, is not made perfectly clear, though we inderstand that the Accountant of the Canadian National Records has taken the matter up with Washington, and a definite announcement is expected. This much is clear, at all events: after January 1st, 1911, anyone importing animals to the United States will no longer apply to the respective American Record Associations for import certificates, but the Canadian (or foreign) certificate of registration, with vendor's certificate and an application for import certificate, will have to be forwarded to the Bureau of Animal Industry at Washington, when, upon examination, the Bureau will issue the import certificate and send it to their officer at point of entry to the United States. Under the new regulations, there is ap-parently ne provision, as formerly, for taking an animal through in bond. As stated above, the