

Well, you do "as my grandfather did." Yes, and most farmers have threshed out; many had a half-day threshing on 100 acres, and would like to shut out from their weary, dusty eyes the gray, blurred picture before them now, instead of the bright, hopeful one they had when they cheerfully toiled in the spring sunshine and dreamed their dreams. They will carefully hide their own disappointments, and say little about the debts that are to be paid they don't know how. But what of the Johnnies, little men of eleven years, and upwards, trying to do a man's work and forget the ache in the tender young bones? Some of them have dreamed their dreams; they are going to stay with you and have a most beautiful farm. What encouragement or inducement have you to offer? Others of these little men have dreamed of a business or professional world where they are going to win fame and fortune in this world; they think the hours are short and the clothes fine, and a "fellow can have some fun." They have told you that they will soon pay the mortgage off and buy you an automobile, and mother is to have the richest of silk and a diamond ring. The truth can be hid no longer: you must tell your Johnny to-night that he cannot commence business college or collegiate institute this year. His eyes will be bright with unshed tears, but he'll go whistling to the pump or to close a forgotten door at the barn.

Then, there are the Marys and Lizzies—the second mothers in your homes. They know what work is, and aching bones, as well. Some have hoped for one thing, and some for another; it might be extra lessons or a winter session at some school—perhaps it was a piano or a parlor suite. There is no effort to hide the tears here. Mother looks reproachfully at her girl, the tears are wiped away, and poor, patient mother, what about her hopes and plans?—we will pass that over.

You feel as if you could and would give years of your life to make the dear ones happy and comfortable, but next morning you will go to your stables and pigpens and throw out the valuable manure just as your grandfather did (the soil at that time did not need manure, and he would be ashamed of you if he saw the poor use you make of your opportunities); the straw part will lie for months in your barnyard; the most precious part will run away any place but where it is needed. You have no better place to put it, you say, and, of course, you would never think of loading it up and drawing it to the fields daily.

Then you look at your "pot-bellied, dry-in-the-hair cattle," and wonder why you can't get a better price for them. You forget that, as little calves they lived in a pasture field from early spring to late fall when the snow came, unprotected from the cold winds and the rain. In July and August the hot sun blazed down on them, and you regaled them on thistles and burr leaves to supplement the pasture, while some other farmers were giving their calves clover hay and corn, with a shed or stable for shelter. Of course, you can't see anything wrong in your treatment of them, but ask the editor or any progressive farmer to buy them! They would not be taken as a present.

The spring will come again and again. Your fields will be plowed. You have heard much about drains paying their cost in the first year, but will you put in two or three and build that silo?

Over and over again last spring we were told to sow one-third more mangel seed than usual, the vitality of the seed being low. I know of several who followed this advice, and put their seed in well-drained and richly-manured land, then gave the required cultivation. The result was the

usual heavy yield in this unfavorable year. Thanks again to our college professors and farm editors. Hats off! and three long cheers for these men! We can never correctly estimate the value of the information that these men give so freely. If there is any honor in knighthood, these are the men that deserve it, and not the bloated millionaires who often make their money by the sweat of the laboring man's brow. But, to return to the mangel seed: Did you spend an extra dollar for seed? Not many of you, I think, or there would have been better returns given in this fall. And the result of your failures are—

Ah! what is that about asking for bread and being given a stone?

Did you ever hear the story of the pious man who was fast losing his hearing? For weeks he had prayed that the Lord would spare him from this affliction. But his hearing did not improve, so he decided to go to a doctor and see if he could see anything wrong about his ears. The doctor understood the trouble, and used a small instrument for a few minutes, and the man recovered his hearing immediately, and the doctor told him that there was no use expecting the Lord to clean his ears for him—He expected us to do some things for ourselves.

"DAD'S SECRETARY."

### Hired Help.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

No doubt the greatest problem before the farmers of this county is that of procuring a satisfactory supply of hired help. One is inclined to think that this problem will never be solved, and that every farmer will have to reduce his acreage to the amount he can handle single-handed or with the help at his disposal, for the reason that it is so easy for a man to get a start on his own account here in Canada, and this independent spirit is so prevalent that every man will be working for himself, at least in agricultural pursuits. That there is something in this, there is no doubt, and perhaps one might venture the opinion that it would do more good than harm. However, there is no doubt that there always was and always will be a great number of people who find it more profitable to work for others than to work for themselves, as evidenced by the large numbers working in factories, on railroads, etc. And to-day we find that, in the event of a vacancy occurring in the ranks of labor employed by these concerns, there are a dozen applicants for the one job. Now, what are the reasons for the fact that there is an oversupply of labor in some branches of industry, and a dearth in another? Firstly, the manufacturers and railroads offer slightly better wages and more definite hours of labor; secondly, the great tendency prevalent in all classes to flock together in the cities to obtain the excitement incident to life under these circumstances.

In regard to the first reason, why should it exist? Why should the manufacturer be able to pay better wages and in most cases be able to give shorter hours than the farmer? Simply because these branches of industry are developing at the expense of agriculture. The Government cheerfully pays out subsidies, exempts from taxation, or by some means helps to increase their profits at the expense of the farmer, and at the same time outbid the farmer in the labor market. This may have been well enough in times past, but it is becoming a burden too heavy to be borne. Of course, the remedy is obvious. "United we stand, divided we fall," is just as applicable to the farmers of this country as to any other body. However, it would not be fair to put all the re-

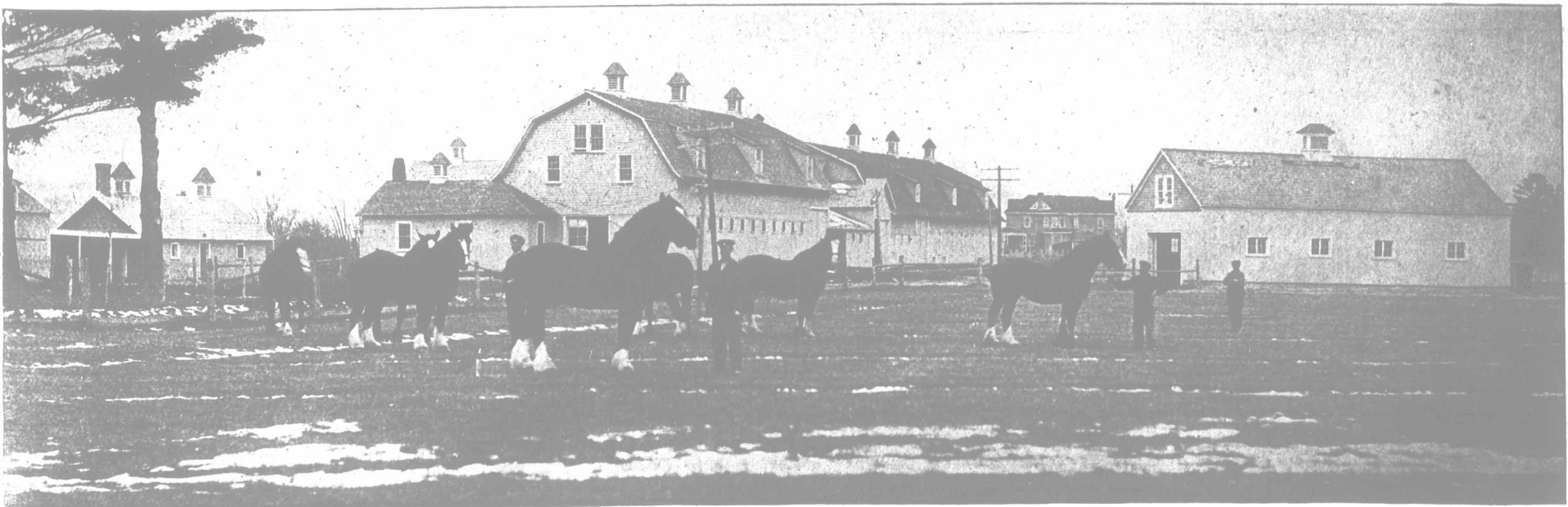
sponsibility on this one point. The second part of that—e.g., more definite hours of labor—must be thought of, for I am afraid that many farmers, even if their financial position allowed them to pay high wages, would give but very little thought to definite hours of labor. It would go a long way towards solving the labor problem if farmers would set definite hours for their hired help, at least, and keep account of all overtime, and, when it is possible, let the man have a day off when he wishes, over and above public holidays. Then, at the end of the year balance the account, and pay for all overtime at a certain rate per hour, agreed to before. The agreement should be in writing, and cover all points necessary, including the very important one of chores on Sunday and holidays. The agreement ought to be signed by both parties, and everything done in a businesslike manner, so that there will be no room or cause for dispute later on.

The next reason, that of the tendency to flock to the cities, is a difficult one to overcome. In a case of this kind, dollars are the only argument. The farmer must pay good wages, and, further, he must engage a class of men that, once they get established, will not be disposed to look further afield for other employment. This means married men, and so a cottage for the hired man and his wife becomes an absolute necessity. Such need not be an expensive affair, but rather comfortable, and very homelike—not bare and uninviting—so that the man and his family may become attached to it, and loath to think of leaving it. Then, too, the wages may be largely supplemented by a large plot of land for a garden and pasturage for cow, all of which would not be missed by the farmer, and would make the lot of the hired man a very agreeable one, without paying extremely large wages in ready cash, which is sometimes so hard to get. Another reason a house should be provided for the hired man is that it is not doing the square thing by your wife to make her board the hired man and wash his dirty clothes, be he decent or otherwise; and, further, it destroys the privacy of the home, a sacred possession, especially of country homes, and one which should on no account be done away with. Any farmer who avoidably compels his wife to board the hired man, should not have a wife.

It would almost seem unnecessary to say anything regarding the fact that the farmer must supply all-year-round employment for his hired help, if he does not wish to be left in the lurch. He cannot expect his hired man to live on air during the winter, and be ready to hire with him in the spring. The system of hiring only in the summer cannot be expected to provide a permanent supply of satisfactory hired help.

Before ending this short article on a great problem, I would urge on all farmers the importance of not gaining a reputation with their hired help, such as the old Scotch farmer in the following story did: This old farmer went to the market place to hire a young lad to work for him. His search proved successful, and he found a youth having all the requirements he wished for. Then he bethought himself of the lad's reference, or character, as it is called in the Old Country, and he queried, "And now, Sandy, whaur is your character?" "I hae nae got ane," answered Sandy. "Weel, you must get ane," answered the farmer, "and meet me here at noon." So Sandy departed to procure his character. At noon the farmer and Sandy met at the appointed place, and the farmer inquired, "Weel, Sandy, hae ye gotten your character?" "Nae," replied Sandy, "but I gotten yours and I'm nae goin'."

Prince Edward Island. W. R. C.



Ormsby Grange Stock Farm.

Showing the splendid new farm buildings of Dr. D. McEachran, Ormstown, Que.