

concern; perhaps shoes the most serious, for wet feet was the rule, rather than the exception. Flax was grown and made into rude cloth. It took much labor to prepare it. Cotton was out of the question, as it took a bushel of wheat to buy one yard. The dresses were simple, and more a matter of comfort than fashion.

Our schoolhouse was built of heavy logs, about seven feet high, and twenty-five by thirty-five feet. The walls were chinked with split basswood and dabbled with clay. The roof was covered with clapboards. The fireplace was open on both sides and front. The back-log was often from twenty inches to two feet and six feet long, which gave great heat to the side next the fire in the coldest day. The chimney was made of split basswood, dabbled with clay. The door was undressed basswood. The two battens extended out and formed the upper part of the hinge. There was no latchstring, but a hole admitted the little fingers to raise the latch. Only the three R's were taught, and spelling; no grammar nor geography. The teacher kept a large "blue beech," but seldom used it, as he was not severe. He was a kind old master. He had a nice, sharp penknife, and the call came often. "Please, master, mend my pen." Pens were made from goose-quills. This simple education had this to commend it: it was all useful to the pupils. This rude log school was the first public building, and was also used as a church.

We have already said that flax was hard to manufacture, and cotton unprocurable, so wool we must have. The hungry howl of the wolf told that sheep husbandry was hazardous. Father was a real shepherd, and must have sheep. He built a long shed, open to the south, and fenced a yard with heavy poles. One morning he turned them out, and sat down to breakfast. The rapid ringing of the sheep-bell was a danger signal. Hastening out, he met the alarmed flock, with one short, and, following the direction from which the sheep came, found in the edge of the woods a wolf came, sucking the blood from the throat of a good ewe. A rush at the wolf rescued the ewe. She rose, and staggered home with her tongue hanging out. Father cut her throat, but very little blood came, as the wolf had got most of it. One night he was awakened by the rapid ringing of the sheep-bell round and round the house. Hurrying out, the sheep in an instant surged around him. The wolf dropped his chase, then the sheep were put in the pen minus a few mouthfuls of wool. Father started for the cows rather late one night, and also in the wrong direction. After going some distance, by careful listening, he heard the bell coming home. Coming back in the dim twilight, a wolf came on the scene, apparently desirous of making a friend of old Pete, a rough, bristly-faced collie dog. But Pete treated him as a false friend, and kept close to father's feet. Another wolf made his appearance; then the first one shot after Pete. He "cut" for home, with two wolves at his heels. About this time father began to have some concern for his own safety, as well as that of Pete. Whether Pete was concerned for the safety of his master, or not, we do not know, but he kept up a vigorous barking until he met father some distance from the house. The wolves seldom attacked the cattle, but I remember once of a heifer having her ham eaten out of the skin.

The bear was less destructive than the wolf, but stayed longer with us, and was somewhat partial to pork. Pigs were plentiful in the woods in beech-nut time, and the bear may have been the unknown cause of numbers of pigs never returning.

My younger brother, Andrew, and John Simpson were going through the woods accompanied by our old coon-dog, Toss. The dog started after a bear, and forced him up a big oak tree, to a thick limb about thirty feet from the ground that ran straight out, then turned up; on this he sat crosswise, like a hen on a roost. The two boys ran back to Simpson's for help. Mr. Simpson seized his rifle, and called the two Pringles, McNeill, and Mr. Garden. The weapons consisted of one rifle, two shotguns and a number of axes. Three men took aim at short range and fired at once, but the bear started to climb, and got to the very top, and kept moving about. They took another shot with the rifle. He still kept moving about, and his groans grew louder, until at last he lost his hold and fell to the ground with a terrible thud. He landed on Pringle's dog. They both died without a kick. The boys got about eight dollars for the skin and grease. When the skin was removed, Toss's teeth-marks on the hind legs showed plainly why he went up the tree and stayed there until the gunners came. Toss also had a few scratches, and one very deep one on the back behind the shoulder.

The two boys became renowned as bold hunters of large game. It was never explained how two boys could run for help quicker than one.

A ROY OF THE PIONEER DAYS.

The New Brunswick Provincial Exhibition this year will be held at Fredericton, September 16th to 23rd.

Facts About Beekeeping in Ontario

From an enclosure card, distributed from the office of the Provincial Apiarist for Ontario, we quote these interesting particulars:

Ontario has 5,000 beekeepers.
Ontario has 100,000 hives of bees.
The Ontario honey crop for 1910 is 5,000,000 pounds.

It is worth, at lowest prices, half a million dollars.

This is not a large crop; it is less than last year by 50 tons.

ARE YOU A BEEKEEPER?

Have you got your share of the 2,500 tons? Why not save the waste honey in your neighborhood?

The Ontario Government spends \$5,000 annually for the honey industry.

This brings to every Ontario beekeeper the following advantages, to be had on application:

1. A foul-brood inspector in his own or adjoining county.
2. Information about beekeeping and the market price of honey.

3. A course of scientific and practical lectures for every student at the Ontario Agricultural College.

4. Practical talks on bees at county conventions and other gatherings, where requested.

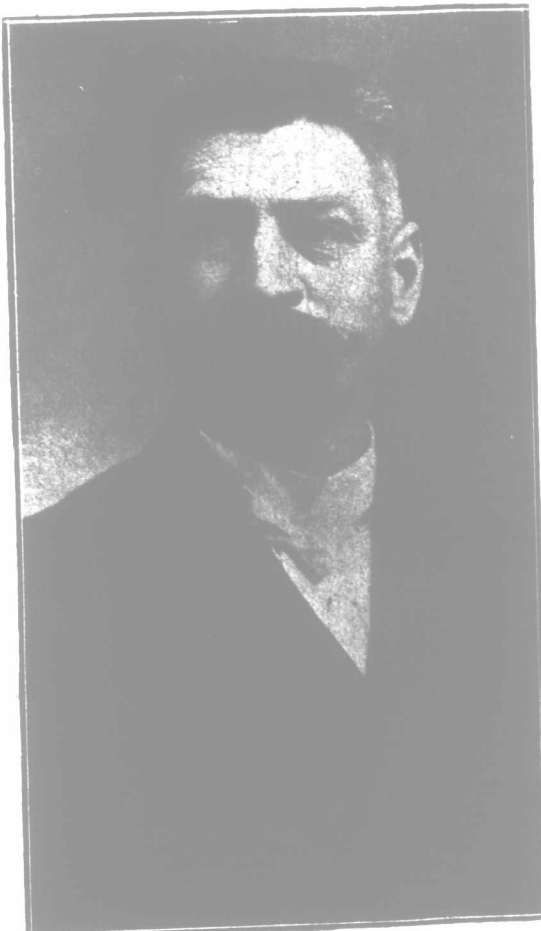
5. Co-operative experiments in beekeeping.

Write for full information on any of these points to Morley Pettit, Provincial Apiarist, Guelph, Ontario.

The Kind of a Farm to Stay on.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate"

From time to time we see in your valuable journal some of the reasons why the boys and young men of the farms become so unsettled, and wish to get to the city, where they may enjoy



Paul Wattiez.

President Quebec Vegetable-growers' Association.

life, society, and work regular hours, thus having the evenings for amusements and self-gratification.

To my mind, the monotony of mill, store or factory life would be very tame, compared with the variety of labor there is on a well-managed farm.

Many fathers wonder why their boys can't content themselves, and work as they did when they were of the same age, quite forgetful that times have changed, and that there is so much more to attract the young from the farm now than there was in these parts of the country forty or fifty years ago. This difficulty can only be successfully counteracted by creating some greater attractions at home.

Then the question arises, How can this be done? Many have been the solutions. Some will tell you to make the home attractive, and give the young folk plenty of fine clothes. Now, I haven't the slightest objection to inviting homes and fine clothes, but this is not sufficient;

we must remember that the young farmer's life is largely spent amongst horses and farm implements during the summer months, whilst, in the winter most of his time is taken up in the stable and barn attending to the returning wants of the farm stock, since feeding, watering, cleaning and training occupies so much of his time on the farm.

Would it not be playing the part of a wise man to see that the barn and stabling are just as modern and convenient as one's means will allow? And just as soon as you have a big, comfortable, well-lighted stable, insist that it be kept clean. Buy a good brush, hustle down those cobwebs that have been accumulating during the busy summer months, let the light and sunshine in; it's a good tonic, and doesn't cost anything.

I have in mind some stables that are so dark, filthy and unhandy that they alone are quite sufficient to discourage and drive any ambitious young man from the farm.

Don't excuse yourself by saying you can't afford it. Not infrequently, it is the man with the long bank account who has the poorest stabling. Now, just briefly, let me substantiate this statement. The other day, I had occasion to be in the stables of a young man who had quite recently bought a 100-acre farm, with very little capital to start on. He had a herd of number-one grade Holstein cows that were a credit to any farm. He kept a milk record, his cows were paying him for the extra care he put on them. His stables were swept almost as clean as some houses; everything looked prosperous and progressive.

The other stable I will refer to is one that belongs to a man conceded to be worth ten or twelve thousand dollars. He goes in for feeding cattle, and has them in an old board stable, with wooden floors, and two small panes of glass lighting the entire cattle stable, while one group accommodated the two rows of cattle. Quite needless to say, cobwebs adorned the timbers overhead in great abundance. The cattle looked as though their breeding had given their owner about as much concern as the stable that sheltered them. Such a stable as this seldom produces high-priced cattle or milk-record breakers. This kind of farming only has a tendency to make farm labor hard to get. There is certainly nothing attractive about it. If I were to meet a boy leaving a home of this kind, I would be very slow to put a straw in his way; for, if a father won't spend some of his cash to make his buildings comfortable and convenient, we may safely reckon that the son's cash will be easily counted when he wants to start in life for himself.

Good buildings, well-bred stock, and modern machinery, are three attributes that add much to the pleasure and comfort of farm life.

To my mind, it is poor economy for the father to draw 5 per cent. in a large bank account, whilst the sons draw manure on an old lumber wagon.

The farmer in Western Ontario who puts his grain to the elevator, and his steers to the straw stack, is on a side track to success. He may get there, but he won't enjoy the journey very much. Perth Co., Ont. JOHN J. HAMMOND.

Beef-raising in Canada.

A very comprehensive bulletin of 112 pages, thoroughly presenting the above subject, prepared by J. B. Spencer, B.S.A., Ed. Publications Branch, Dominion Dept. of Agr., has just come from the press. It is replete with reliable, down-to-date information upon the various phases of beef production. The origin, history, breed characteristics and development of each of the beef and dual-purpose breeds are concisely and accurately given. The methods of establishing and managing herds, and the importance of dual-purpose cattle in beef-making, are discussed. The rearing of calves, the care of yearlings, and the methods of feeding, housing and marketing, are most thoroughly set forth. The plans of buildings, the differences of open-lot and stable feeding, the value and uses of the different kinds of forages and concentrates, as applying in all parts of Canada, are outlined, according to the results of investigations and the continued practices of the best producers.

The conclusions of the most-reliable and longest-experienced men have been freely drawn upon, and the author has set forth the deductions of investigation and practice in a way that should be of great value to all farmers, and especially to all beef producers. The bulletin closes: "Great Britain needs a very large, continuous supply of imported beef, and prefers freshly-killed to that which comes in either chilled or frozen. The United States will soon discontinue exporting live cattle, and, unless the British port again admits live Argentine cattle, Canada will have the field to herself. Whether or not she will get it, depends upon the Canadian cattle-raiser. At no time has his outlook been so bright as now. He will act wisely if he prepares for it by conserving his female stock to the utmost, producing from