

to copy their example the better it will be for the breed and the country at large.

Coming to the heifers, he states, in the senior yearling heifer section, Lady Hope of Ridgewood, which was placed fourth, "might well have gone a notch or two higher." In this very strong section at Toronto they were placed as follows: Queen Ideal first, Blossom second, Spicy Duchess (recently purchased for \$1,000) third, Lady Hope of Ridgewood fourth, Vanity 6th fifth.

The following week, at London (where the first, second and third prize heifers at Toronto were not shown), the rating was: Vanity 6th first, Scottish Lass second, Lady Hope of Ridgewood third—the awarding committee consisting of such capable and experienced judges as John Isaac and John Davidson.

In reference to heifer calves, he goes on as follows: "Lady Hope of Ridgewood 2nd, considered by one of the best judges in America the peer of them all, fell into third position. She has quality and thickness of flesh of the highest order, and no one need have complained had she been placed at the head of the best lot of calves ever seen together in Canada." The winners at Toronto were: Pinegrove Sunshine first, Marygold 43rd second, Lady Hope of Ridgewood 2nd third, Vanity 8th fourth. At the Western Fair, London (the first and second prize calves at Toronto not being shown), the winners were: Vanity 8th first, Mary Buckingham second, Lady Hope of Ridgewood 2nd third. The Toronto committee were criticised for not raising the said heifers a notch or two, and when the committee at London practically lowered them a notch or two (compared with the rating at Toronto) they are allowed to go without criticism, and he says the class was capably judged. Our critic must have had his little gun charged with different ammunition at London from that which he had at Toronto, and no doubt he found it shot at random. I can't understand our critic letting the London committee off so easy (they having placed two heifers above his favorites that the Toronto committee placed below them), unless he had got his eyes opened to the fact that the "ninety-nine out of a hundred," "one of the best judges in America," and himself had all missed their guess at Toronto, nearly all he said in reference to the London exhibit being that Gold Drop, the first-prize bull, "looked better than at Toronto," and was "the true Scotch type," and "the class (Shorthorns) were capably judged." His reticence from criticism at London is surely evidence that he had thought differently about it. Probably he went to Toronto with similar intentions as the Irishman had who went to a Scotch dinner and fared sumptuously on haggis. Shortly afterward, Pat, in speaking to a friend about it, said: "I went to ate it and I did ate it, but sure the day after I nearly doied." Our critic evidently went to Toronto to criticise, and he did criticise; but the following week, at London, sure he was nearly speechless, notwithstanding the London committee gave his favorite heifers even less consideration than did the committee at the Canadian National.

T. E. ROBSON.

Prepare to Dip the Sheep.

Don't let the sheep and lambs go into winter quarters with ticks. A good sheep dip destroys the ticks, and at the same time serves as a general disinfectant to prevent scab and other diseases. The sheep will probably live through the winter, even though badly infected with parasites, but think of the torment they must suffer. Remember, too, that they will not thrive nearly so well, will shear less wool, come out in much poorer condition, and raise weaker lambs, if preyed upon by ticks during the winter. The man who makes money in sheep, or in any other kind of stock, is the man who looks for his profit to the little things—the extra attentions that the careless owner neglects. Don't forget about the dipping tank.

Do You Want a Situation

WITH ONE OF CANADA'S LEADING FARMERS OR STOCKMEN? THEY ALL READ THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE. AN ADVERTISEMENT IN OUR "WANT AND FOR SALE" COLUMN WILL NOT ESCAPE THEIR ATTENTION. SOME OF THEM WILL WANT YOU. TRY IT. SEE RATES UNDER THAT HEADING IN THIS PAPER. ADDRESS: THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE, LONDON, ONT.

Good Value in Premiums.

Albert Oldfield, Bunassan, Ont., says: "Your knife to hand. It is a good knife, better than I expected, as the majority of such offers are generally cheap and good for nothing, but your knife is just that represented in your valuable paper. No farmer should be without one, even at twice the cost."

FARM.

"Sandy Fraser's" Advice to the Young Ladies.

To the Editor "Farmer's Advocate":

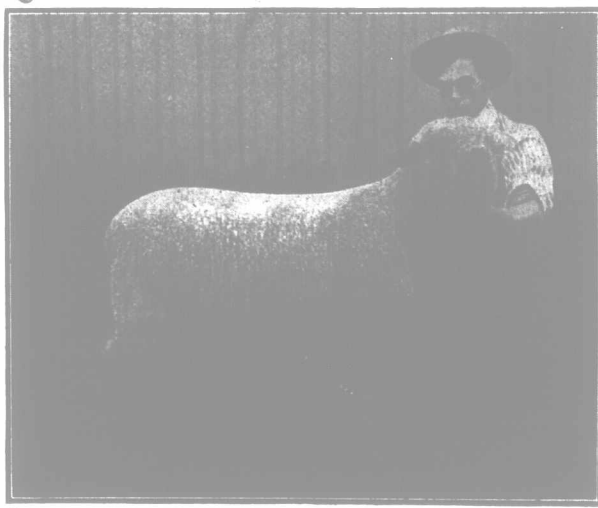
Ye were wishin' tae ken why the young farmers o' Canada weren't gettin' marrit. Weel, I hae been waitin' for some time noo tae see what yer correspondents wad tell ye, but they dinna seem very clear on the matter, an' if ye are like mysel', ye will na' ken much mair noo than ye did at first.

It was my ain opeenion at one time that the lack o' marriages must be due to a microbe, but not bein' ane o' your Germans, and consequently not vera weel up in the study o' Germs, I canna speak positively aboot this.

But anither reason, an' one which I think may commend itself tae yer gude judgment, an' which has forced itself on me ever since I got oot o' short breeks, is that the young ladies are a wee bit ower anxious to get marrit themselves. Now, when I was a sma' gaffer I used to cry for the moon, an' I believe it was pairtly because I had a glimmerin' idea that I could na' get it that I wanted it sae badly. An' so I believe it is wi' all o' my sex. It is what we inherited from oor mither Eve, who could na' rest till she got the apple she was forbidden tae meddle wi'.

So if the young ladies will tak' the advice of an auld bachelor, they will be mair canny an' hault back a bit, an' sae gie the man a chance to exercise his Divinely-given right to tak' the initiative in sae serious a matter as we hae under discussion. An' besides, I'll warrant that they'll find that the man wull tighten his grip juist as soon as he feels them slippin' awa' from him. We wad' na' think sae much o' gold if it stuch tae oor boots like clay. An' noo, Mr. Editor, should the above letter be the means o' solving the race-suicide question, ye will be proud tae ken that it was written by an auld subscriber to yer valuable paper. I hae always stood by ye in yer defence o' "Man's rights," an' will sae lang as my name is

SANDY FRASER.



Hampshire Ram Lamb.

First and sweepstakes at Toronto, 1905. Imported by Telfer Bros., Paris, Ont.

Our Bashful Bachelors.

To the Editor "Farmer's Advocate":

I think the "Farmer's Advocate" is an all-round good paper for the farmer. It is certainly interesting and beneficial to consider the all-important subject of marriage, and as some farmers' sons, both young and old, are too quiet to talk this over, they may read something that will help them to decide wisely. Now, I think some are too particular in choosing a mate, and some are not particular enough. It seems all right to have our minds made up, but did we plan wisely? If we all get our equals we should be satisfied. I believe it is necessary for us to consider ourselves and find out what faults we have, and then be willing to put up with some imperfections. It would not seem right for us to set the standard so high that it would be necessary to spend all our lives finding one to reach it, and then probably fail. I know quite a number of men who were of a marriageable age fifteen or twenty years ago. They have good homes, and I see no reason why they should not marry unless they are too particular or too bashful. These are faults, but bashfulness is the more serious. Can we find a cure, I wonder? I think there are, perhaps, more of those men in Simcoe than in almost any other district, but they are not all confined to that county. Now, I believe there is room for talk both ways, and I wish to say a few words to those who are too easily suited. Some may think not, but I know of many young men who married between sixteen and nineteen, and if they had only waited a few years they might have suited themselves better.

But these couples were very sociable, and that is the reason they got on so rapidly. I hope all the readers of the "Farmer's Advocate" throughout the country will be very sociable and cheerful, and then we may see what there is in each other. I don't believe in courting for four or five years, but if people have been a good deal in each other's society, and know each other well, could they not arrive at a conclusion in from six months to a year, anyway, as to the condition of mind and heart reached in their relations with each other? Let us see if some of this bashfulness cannot be cured.

Dufferin Co.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

[Note.—The subject of this discussion has aspects in relation to the state, and the individual as well, altogether too serious to be lightly considered. Many a life tragedy discloses that it were better to err on the side of being too particular rather than too lax in settling the question of so sacred a comradeship as the marriage tie involves. Rather than a lowering of ideals, they should be cherished and enhanced. Is there not also a mutually-qualifying attitude or condition in the relations of individuals which, while it does not come or go at bidding and seems to defy analysis, is none the less real and potent in its realm? Nor is marriage—nor can it ever, without infinite peril, be made, a matter of mere bargain and sale. The records of the U. S. divorce courts bear terrible testimony in warning against the dangers of laxity or letting down of standards in these respects.—Ed.]

The Waiting Farmer's Son.

To the Editor "Farmer's Advocate":

You want to know, Mr. Editor, why farmers' sons do not marry. Well, in this locality they do marry. I know at least a dozen farmers' sons who have married. But come to think of it, they nearly all waited a "mighty" long time before they did it, and the few who did marry early were provided with the means by an extra effort of their ambitious and enterprising parents.

By the term "farmer's son," I presume you mean that member of a farmer's family who purposes to adopt farming as his occupation in life, because the other sons, who choose some city occupation, according to my observation, usually outstrip the native citizen and gain a competency wherewith they can marry early, but for the one who is destined to occupy the homestead, it means, usually, a longer wait—a putting in of time without any remuneration but the dim hope always held out that, some time in the distant future, the paternal parent will give the son a chance to marry and assume the responsibility and honor of managing the farm, and either paying a good rent to the father or a substantial legacy to the other members of the family. Too often the father takes umbrage at the faithful son, or he dies suddenly without a will, or neglects to tell of the real state of his finances, and at his death the son, now past middle life, after working faithfully on the farm all his life for his board and clothes, finds himself face to face with an impossible mortgage, or is pitched into the world with little capital, no technical education, and no training which he can put to use except that of a farm laborer, which of all the occupations, considering the years of apprenticeship, variety of knowledge, skill and physique required, earns the lowest wages. Dr. Mills, past president of the Ontario Agricultural College, has publicly stated there is no scarcer article in the market to-day than that of a good farm manager, because of the executive ability and amount of knowledge required—and, he might have added, none more cheaply obtained. Under these circumstances, is it any wonder the farmer's son does not marry?

But, you will say, these cases are extreme. Few farmers die without a will or leave their sons in such straitened circumstances. Suppose I yield your point: there are still left the rank and file who in fair circumstances make their will, continue to reside with their son and aged daughter (who has thought it her duty to remain at home to take care of her parents), and consider their duty to their children amply done till death overtakes them. The father may even propose renting the farm to the son, thus giving him the chance to marry, but if the latter be prudent he will hesitate before accepting the offer. In most cases the wife would have to live in the same house with his parents, and as both she and her husband are dependent on the whims of an aged parent, their position would be anything but desirable. So we see the wise son will not marry till death gives him the opportunity, or till he can persuade his parents to move to town, or can obtain from them some agreement or settlement which will secure him and his wife in undisputed possession of that for which he has toiled so faithfully all these long years. This, then, Mr. Editor, in my opinion, is the principal reason why the farmer's "farmer" son does not