

to this question said that he had an idea that the medical faculty were to blame for this. If anything went wrong with the digestion the doctor at once told them to stop eating cheese. Whether it was they were becoming more aristocratic and were refusing to eat cheese because it was the food of the people, he could not say. There was no doubt, however, that factories were suffering from the large prices that makers managed to get out of them last year, and also from an incubus of stock.

Another reason advanced for the low price of Scotch cheese was the large production of Canadian makers. Nobody could shut their eyes to the quality and superior get-up of Canadian cheese at the present time. They arrive in the market in first-class condition; some of the largest dealers in the country did not aim at selling anything but Canadian cheese. Quality always commands better prices and is the only true criterion of value.

be held up to ridicule, after the style of this excerpt from a Toronto paper, as though he were cast in the coarsest mould—a rough, uncouth, illiterate creature, of

Homely joys and destiny obscure;

whose ideal entertainment is a circus, his highest conception of pictorial merit a chorus of the "Lime Kiln Club," and his appreciation of the divine art confined strictly to iverment music.

We have said it is not "the farmer's" fault that he and his occupation are subjected to so much sequestration, smart-Alick aporiveness; and yet, at the same time, we venture the opinion that if these guys, slights and slurs were duly and vigorously resented, upon every opportunity that presented itself, there would soon be less of the stuff offered. Neither can the chief blame be laid at the door of the man who holds a white-shirt job and finds a mark for his mirth in the dandified "farmer." The man who holds a white-shirt job has been coached by the big city newspapers of the day along this line of caricature. The big city newspapers of the day entrust much of their editorial and reportorial work to callow youths, whose ambition to write "racy stuff" is as wide as their ignorance of the ethical of journalism is profound; who have neither the instincts nor the training of the old-time newspaper man to control and guide them, and whose pretence hand is visible in almost any department of the paper one reads.

It probably never occurred to the young chap, with the prince-nez, who is doing some glorying in the authorship of this article intimating that "people from the rural districts" are debarré from hearing good band music (unless they patronize "Canada's Great Fair"), and who travesties the talk of these people—people very likely both speaking and writing the King's English better than young Mr. Eyeglasses does himself—that the famous band of the 48th Highlanders and the Chicago Marine, not to mention the 31st, the 7th and the 8th Highlanders' regimental bands, have toured this Province and been heard by "people from the rural districts" in every quarter. So that hearing the band of the Black Watch at Toronto show, much as was the treat, was not, after all, an epoch-making incident in their musical experiences.

This penchant of the city press for lampooning "the farmer," his speech, his style and his ways, is one of the silliest in the world.

The farmer of to-day can fairly claim to be as much a gentleman, scholar and good judge of certain throat lubricant (if it should come to that), as the craftsman in the city, even though the latter enjoy such special and enviable advantages as parting his hair in the middle, seeing the cars every day, wearing patent leather shoes and owning a pug dog. And not only so, for if truth were fully known, the city man would be found yearning to possess the money in the bank, the car, the martini, the easy mind, the healthy stomach, and the clear head of this very "farmer" whom he is invited, by cheap, juvenile jokers, to regard as a freak of nature, and in the eyes of every-day affairs, nothing short of an all-round lobster.

TALBOT WARREN TORRANCE,
Galt, Ont.

"How can you pronounce these Russian names?" asked the correspondent.

"We don't try," responded the Japanese officer. "We just call them 'Whiskers.'"

Correspondence

Plowing and Plowing Matches

Editor THE FARMING WORLD:

Knowing that your paper is always alive to the interests of the farmers, and thinking that a few words on this subject would not be out of place, I submit to you these few lines for your worthy consideration. I have not had any experience in conducting plowing matches, nor do I pretend to be an expert plowman, but I always admire and like to see good plowing encouraged, and I am convinced that there is no better way of encouraging good farming than by holding plowing matches.

In my opinion, plowing is deteriorating to-day. This is to be regretted. If a farm is not well plowed, however else it may be cultivated and weeded afterwards, one cannot expect to raise as good crops as upon a farm which has had good plowing, with a due amount of cultivation along with it. Good crops, as a rule, follow good plowing.

The average young man to-day does not seem to care how his plowing is done, so long as the ground is turned over, and he can show a good day's work when night comes. I am of the opinion that if plowing matches were instituted throughout the country they would greatly aid in making young plowmen take more pride in their work, and in a few years we would see a great improvement along this line.

The advantages to be derived from holding such matches would be great if arrangements could be made for holding them annually in conjunction with the Farmers' Institutes and agricultural fairs of each country. At first there would be difficulty in getting sufficient money to offer as prizes. I think, however, that if these two organizations were to take the matter up and lay aside a certain sum of money each year, and the farmers in the immediate vicinity in which the match is held would add to this, enough money could be obtained to award prizes worth competing for.

In some sections where plowing matches have been held prizes have been awarded to boys sixteen years and under. This, in my opinion, is a mistake, as I think boys of that age are altogether too young to plow. Undoubtedly there are some boys at that age who can do fairly good plowing, but the majority, as a rule, cannot, and I think eighteen would be a more suitable age as the limit for boys, as it would give more of them a chance, and they would be capable of doing better plowing.

PLOWMAN,

Peterboro' Co., Ont.

Having Fun with a Farmer

Editor THE FARMING WORLD:

The following extract from a Toronto evening paper's report of the Canadian National Exhibition, should

not be allowed to pass without a protest:

"The audience this morning was largely made up of people from the rural districts, many of whom had never heard a first-class band, and the concert was a treat for them in the fullest sense of the word. Naturally they were most delighted by the patriotic and other familiar airs like 'Annie Laurie.' 'I tell you, them fellows don't have to depend on rattle and bang to get through,' said one stalwart yeoman, who had evidently experienced the other kind. 'Most bands is just clash, clash, but this is different,' said one old lady. 'I tell you, that's worth coming to the Exhibition to hear just by itself,' said another listener after 'Annie Laurie' was played. A few were inclined to be critical. 'They can play soft all right,' said one listener from Centre Bruce, 'but in my day the Tiverton town band had more ginger in it. I tell you, we just used to whoop it up when we went to Kincardine on the 12th of July, and when we struck No. 6 in the pink book, we made every horse on the street prance.'"

To a large number of fairly good and well-meaning people, whose hard luck it is to live in the big cities, "the farmer," whose fair fortune it is to live in a God-made community, appears to be a fellow being whose presence on the earth can be accounted for only on the supposition that Providence had a spell of humor on at the time of his creation, and made him to be a perpetual joke to the rest of the race.

"The farmer" hasn't himself to blame for having been constituted a butt for the urban resident. There is nothing either in his personality or his vocation to call for all the contemptuous cracks got off at his expense. Take even the average farmer, and who will undertake to declare that he compares unfavorably, physically, intellectually or morally, with the average city-bred man? And, if we make the comparison between types of the most conspicuous of both classes, what chairman of debate is going to find the weight of argument against "the farmer"? In mode of life, industrial and social, there is, of course, strong contrast presented between the two; but surely that implies no reflection on "the farmer," either as to refinement of taste, capacity of brain or nobility of character. Nor does it food him in so so inclined, crossing the line of demarcation—embracing city pursuits and assimilating in the most practical and thorough way with the urban community. As a matter of fact, the ranks of professional and mercantile life are often most signally recruited from the much be-joked "farmer"; indeed, the complaint is only too well founded that over-much of the bravest and brain of an essentially agricultural country goes in this way.

And yet "the farmer" continues to