## The Use of Language.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate

Meeting, the other day, a farmer's son at a tile yard, where we both had gone to get some tile, the young man began to talk about his chances of getting safely out to the public road after his load was on. Said he: "It is a deuce of a road they have into this yard, and I have a darned balky horse, too." It was quite evident that the young fellow wanted his hearer to understand that he was not so green as might be supposed, and was using emphatic phrases with that end in view. Had he been a little more toughened to that style of speech, and had thought the occasion demanded it, he would doubtless have given full expression to the thought behind his words, and have spoken of the road as a "devil" of a one, and of his horse as a d—d balky brute.

There are not a few people who really think that profanity of the half-breed or full-blooded type gives force to speech, and more still who show amusement when such words are uttered in their presence, as though something witty had been said. Our children say "Oh, gee!" or, if they want to be specially pungent, "Gee whizz!" and many other expressions of similar import. certain college professor in the Eastern States, according to a news item in the daily press, has been saying that cuss words are necessary, that they have always been used, and always will be used, and that it is all right to use them, as they furnish a needful outlet to strong feeling.

Is such an outlet desirable, or does it add strength to speech and character to use it? well remember a friend who used to say that it was good for a man to get real mad and tear around for a while saying things. He said he always felt better after such an explosion of tem-He was cooled right off. The truth was he was cooled down because he had spent nervous force in fuss and words that, if employed in actual effort, would have accomplished something. It is not the person who fusses and foams that one fears as an opponent. The quiet man who holds himself in is the one to be dreaded, or, if he is on your side, the one to be relied on. parent who storms at and threatens the children is not usually obeyed like the one of few words and quiet, whose will-power is not dissipated in loud talk. The engine that fizzes and blows out steam at every stroke of the piston, and whose joints clank, is not doing work so economically as one whose steam escapes only through the ex-

The Yankee professor's opinion is not to be trusted; neither is the prevalent impression as to the power of violent, much less profance or semi-profane language. The old Puritans had their faults, but weakness was not one of them. When these silent, restrained men met the swaggering, swearing Royalists in battle, they earned the title

of "Ironsides."

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Cannot we, as Canadians, merit a higher reputation than is ours at present in the matter of fitting, pleasant speech? According to a Hindoo volunteer, in one of Kipling's sketches, the distinguishing characteristics of the Canadian contingent in the Boer war were the wearing of an emblem resembling a vine leaf, and the use of the words, "Oh, hell!" in every sentence. Was that a credit to them? Did they win their reputation ribald speech, or in spite of it? The brave boys in this thing trafluenced by a feeling similar to that displayed by the young man at the tile yard, and wished to show that they were no raw recruits, but on an equality with seasoned troopers. Canadians, it is hoped, are not noted among the nations for loud or blatant speech, but that there is danger of our drifting in that direction, and imitating our cousins of the Western States, is but too evident. We hear bright Canadian girls say, "Oh, the dickens," or "Oh, the deuce," when something annoys them, and sensitive ears are shocked. Some of them use the low and mean-ingless terms "gosh" and "golly," as well, and

Are we so dense as to suppose that the habitual others of similar origin. use of objectionable words has no lowering effect on character? We all remember that it was solemnly said, "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the

mouth, this defileth a man." Would it not be well for us, as a people, to have lofty ideals in regard to our speech, as well as in other lines? Should not we cultivate the habit of using only clean, simple, fitting words? Slovenliness and disregard of what is seemly in conversation is degrading. How would it do to quit it all? "How forcible are right words," what a gain and a delight if they were used gen-

No speech is more expressive or emphatic than good plain English. To carry conviction, nothing more is needed than sincerity and earnestness of manner. Profane or violent language betrays morance and a form of intellectual weakness, not

strength or manlinness. Middlesex Co., Ont.

## Capital with Labor on the Farm.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate"

It has been very interesting to read the discussion of "Farm Life vs. Railroad Life," it might well read, "Farm Life vs. Any Life." It seems rather strange that no one has come forward to defend any of the "great opportunities "which Farmer's Son seems to think are a sympathetic newspaper's efforts to reconcile him to his hard lot.

Nowadays, we call farming a business, a profession, but is it treated as such? Ordinarily, when a boy has become thoroughly acquainted with his father's business or profession, the shingle tells us that there is a new partner, whose name A boy on the farm also grows up with the business, taking a man's place at an early age, making it unnecessary for his father to pay wages for outside help. Together they keep up with the modern methods; together they buy and Together they keep up sell, planning how to improve their land, their Then, when his stock, and their bank accounts. son has made himself a part of the firm, should he not be recognized as such, sharing the gains of the business in the building of which he has been an important factor? No need of waving a sign over the road-gate—"O. U. Farmer & Son"—for the boy has always felt himself to be a part of the business. It has always been "our" horses, "our" farm; and this is the great thing which not even the wages of the great companies can rise above. As an employee of such a man is not a "man," but a thing, often a number, a minute part of the machine, having no interest in the achievements of the great whole. a constant strife between capital and labor. only inducements, the only opportunities, are the few dollars. But when a farmer and his son have things in proper running order, it is not "Capital vs. Labor," but "Capital w.i.t.h. Labor," and that is the only force which will ever And surely the ancient custom of keeping a boy on the farm, not without wages, but without a share in the business, is as unenlightened as the proverbial one of hanging around waiting for the death of the father, the senior partner. Wellington Co., Ont.

The Boy, the Father and the Farm.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate" In your issue of April 20th there is a letter entitled, "Should Farmers' Sons Leave the Farm?" Is it meant for a question or a the Farm?" Is it meant for a question or a conundrum? If the former, there can be only one answer, and that is: Why, yes, if they want And why not? Every boy is not cut out to be a farmer; therefore, why should he stay if he has a decided bent for some other business? If the present fashionable cry of "Back to the old farm!" keeps up, it strikes me somebody will have to take a hike citywards, or what will we do for "calico-snippers," tailors, "limber-jawed language-slingers," etc.? Women have pushed themselves nearly everywhere, but they can't do everything, especially when they usually take a notion to be married, sooner or later, and a lot of them make it out, too. It is queer, when one comes to think of it, how long it takes some things—beliefs, I should say—to die. stance, the old, shop-worn one, that farmers are stance, the ofu, shop-worn one, that farmers are stingier with their sons than are men of other professions. Is it true? From force of circumstances, it may have seemed so, at one time. But, generally speaking, is it true now? Have not farmers and farming changed considerably during this last decade?

Among a certain class of people a farmer seems to be some sort of a creature who never saw a tailor, and only knows a barber by hearsay boots run over on the heel (Are they not straight when new, or are they never new?), and his hat always rests on his ears. It is this sort of talk, expressed openly or implied, and lavishly printed in papers and magazines, that has done more than hard work to turn boys from the farm. They get the idea that farmers are not held in very high estimation out in the world, and they resolve to be something "better." Think of it! And, indeed, farmers are far from being guiltless in this matter. Farmers are proverbial grumblers—the weather, hard work, everybody having an easier time, etc.; these subjects and many more come in for their share of complaint. A boy would be either a saint or a slouch, who, hearing every day of his life that farming is the hardest work in the world," "other people get their money easy," and remarks of a similar sort, would not get, in time, to believe it, and conclude he would try thing different. And farmers' boys have listened to a lot of that kind of talk in the past. Is it wonder that the trend has been cityward? And as for farmers holding on to their acres

until they get their final little six feet of the earth, plenty of city men do the same thing, but there is no great howl made about it.

Any boy, if he stays home and works,, is entitled to a fair share of his father's property. And it should, or at least some of it, be given

him when he comes of age. His germ of common sense should be fairly under way at twenty-one.

But the property question is one of the many that no outsider can possibly settle for any-When farmers develop a decent respect for their own profession, and try to imbue their sons with the same; when they consult with them "as man to man"; when they let them branch out on new lines (as all boys like to do), even if it should mean the loss of a few dollars-when they do these things, and a few more, then the howto-keep-the-boy-on-the-farm problem will be solved. But, alas! another one will have arisen.
"ONE OF THE TRIBE."

Cumberland Co., Nova Scotia.

## Trapping the June Bugs.

It seems the June bugs are thick this season in Minnesota, as well as in Ontario, and F. L. Washburn, of the Division of Entomology in the State University, thus discusses them in relation to their injury in lawns:

"There are several ways of combating this injurious insect, which not only attacks lawns, but also the roots of strawberries and other plants, and this Division is earnestly seeking for even better means of control, if it is possible to obtain such. Copious watering of the lawn, where possible, will sometimes keep the grass ahead of the ravages of this grub (the white grub, which is one stage in the life-history of the June bug). The robins, too, seek out and devour these, to them, delicious morsels. An entomological friend -a practical man-claims that he has got rid of them by putting tobacco stems thickly on affected parts of the lawn, allowing rain to leach them, as it were, and take the tobacco solution into the soil. Of course, water from a sprinkler, where possible to obtain, would take the place of rain in a rainless season. We have caught with lantern traps, this season, a large number of mature June beetles or 'June bugs,' and eggs have been laid after females were trapped-indicating that lantern traps are a very good thing, used early in the season, and may attract females before the period of egg-laying. At Lakewood Cemetery, Minneapolis, following our suggestion, they have used lantern traps made by placing lighted lanterns over tubs, and in each tub a little water covered with kerosene-which latter is deadly to all insect life-and caught hundreds of these brown beetles. Of course, the effect of this wholesale slaughter of the brown beetle would not be seen on the lawn the summer the lantern traps were used, for the grubs doing injury at that time came from eggs laid a year or so before. It is possible that some apparatus may be devised for piercing the grubs as they lie, an inch or so below the surface of the ground—some kind of pounder, filled with spikes set closely together, might be used with success, where the sod has begun to show brown.

Sunstar Won the Derby.

At Epsom Downs, England, on May 31st, the Epsom Derby, of \$32,500, for three-year-olds, distance about one mile and a half, was won by J. B. Joel's Sunstar, the favorite. Lord Derby's Stedfast, by Chaucer, was second by two lengths, and Royal Fender, by Persimmon, third. Twentysix horses started, the largest number since Hermit's year, 1867, when thirty-nine ran. two American horses to start, All Gold and Adam

Sunstar, the winner, is a brown colt, by Sun-Bede, were unplaced. Sunstar, the winner, is a brown colt, by Sundridge, out of Dorris. He won the 2,000-guinea stake at Newmarket on April 26th, and was a steady favorite at 7 to 4 in the betting. The final betting was: Sunstar, 13 to 8; Stedfast, 100 to 8; Royal Fender, 25 to 1. The presence of King George and Queen Mary tended to make of King George and Queen Mary tended to make the Coronation Derby a record one in respect of attendance. The famous Downs were crowded from early morning with tens of thousands of people. Many Canadians were present. Raymond Dale, of South Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan, an ambitious young Englishman, ran the Canadian-bred colt, Kel d' Or, by Kelston, which made a good start, but met with no success.

With the increase in the number and persistent spread of weeds comes the growing need for knowledge that will enable the man on the land to identify and fight them successfully. a three-page circular, prepared by the late Prof. J. H. Panton, of the Ontario Agricultural College, appeared to fill the bill, but now, Bulletin No. 188, by J. E. Howitt, M. S. A., Lecturer in Botany at the College, fills nearly 150 pages, copiously illustrated, and containing a great deal of information on methods of eradication, with a copy of the Ontario Act to prevent the spread of noxious weeds. Admittedly, weeds are about the most troublesome, costly and unsightly pest on the farm, and our readers who are having some experience with them will welcome the addition of this volume to their stock of literature on the subject. Prof. S. B. McCready writes the foreword, and teachers and students, as well as farmers who need them, should secure copies from the Department of Agriculture at Toronto, Ont.