

Prince of Wales Becomes Canadian Farmer

By Roderick Macleod.

When it was announced that the Prince of Wales had bought a farm in Canada, lots of plain folks asked: "Will it be a real farm, or a show place?" The prince answered: "I am going to make this a practical ranch that will be of value to the surrounding country." And he's doing it. I personally visited the ranch to find out.

Farming and ranching are not new occupations for the British royal family. For upward of a century they have operated farms and exhibited the results of their skill at the country fairs and exhibitions all over the United Kingdom. The royal farms at Windsor, and in other parts of Britain have been a Mecca for agriculturists and stockmen from all parts of the world. They used to be model farms—show places.

But time brings many changes. The royal farms in England to-day are practical farms—profit-making establishments devoted to the testing and practice of the most advanced scientific theories, especially as applied to local problems. They are account-book farms where the humblest chicken in the run has to make eggs or make stew.

You remember that the Prince of Wales passed through Canada and the United States on his world tour in 1919. It was on this visit, as a guest on a ranch in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, sixty miles southwest of Calgary, that the idea occurred to him to get a place of his own where he might occasionally quit being the prince of the great British Empire and become a regular rancher and study at first-hand the problems of the overseas Britisher engaged in the somewhat speculative outdoor sport of stock-raising.

The month was September. The prince had taken a day off from the wearisome task of being feted. Like his father, and especially his namesake grandfather, the jovial Edward VII, he is a good deal more fond of outdoor life and hunting than receiving the applause of the multitude, so he expressed a wish to take a few shots at the prairie chicken. He elected to tramp, to the astonishment of his host, a dyed-in-the-wool stockman, who had heard of the practice of walking but had never tried it himself. So it fell to Dr. W. L. Carlyle, at that time superintendent of the Bar U Ranch, to be the royal guide. Topping a little rise, the prince pointed, and said: "I would like to own a ranch here."

Two weeks later, on his return trip,

he wired Dr. Carlyle, and the Bedingfield ranch was purchased. It is located in township 17, range 3, west of the 5th meridian, about twenty-five miles southwest of the town of High River. The place comprises 1,600 acres of deeded land and about 2,400 acres of pasturage leased from the Dominion Government. It is a good grass country, on limy, sandstone formation, being on the first uplist of the Rocky Mountains, at an altitude of about 3,700 feet.

It has been a good ranching district for the last forty years. The general character of the stock raised has been good, but not distinguished, with the exception of the products of the Bar U Ranch, which directly adjoins the prince's place. Here George Lane has in the last thirty-five years built up one of the largest herds of purebred Percherons in the world. Apart from the Bar U, show places are the exception, but with the advent of the prince, followed shortly by the Earl of Minto, who purchased the Two Dot Ranch at Nanton, it seems not unlikely that this part of the great Province of Alberta will become the home of a number of model farms and stock-raising establishments.

Dr. W. L. Carlyle, who superintends the E. P. ranch, as the prince's ranch has been named, was born and reared on a stock farm in eastern Ontario, graduated from Ontario Agricultural College in the early nineties, afterwards putting in fifteen years on the staffs of agricultural colleges in the United States. Then he spent a year in Europe, visiting the principal horse-breeding establishments and military remount depots of several Continental governments. Returning from Europe, he became dean of agriculture and director of the experimental station at the University of Idaho, and left that progressive Western state to assume management of the Bar U Percheron Horse and Cattle Ranch. Then the Prince of Wales came upon the scene, and Dr. Carlyle thus came to converse the destinies of a royal family of Shropshire sheep, Dartmoor ponies, Shorthorn cattle, and blooded racing stock, which he hand-picked in various parts of the British Islands.

From every angle it would seem that the Prince of Wales made a fortunate choice in Dr. Carlyle. Agriculture in Alberta is still in many respects in the pioneer stage. Had a mellowed agriculturalist from the staff of the royal farms in Britain been sent to do this work, he would have been at the "learning" stage for a long time, for Alberta, like every new country, had problems peculiar to itself. Dr.



H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

Carlyle is a pioneer—one of the builders of agriculture in the West, who has seen thousands of square miles of what was considered worthless country produce in a manner to make the Old World marvel.

Dr. Carlyle went to Great Britain, believing that he could bring back representatives of the choicest breeds therein, and accustom them to the highlands of Alberta without loss of type or quality.

The imported Shorthorns number twenty-seven (twenty-five cows and two bulls), all from the prince's farms in Great Britain. The bulls were especially classy. Both are two-year-olds. Clinsland Broadbinks is Cornish bred of Scottish ancestry, and needs no card of introduction to British breeders. The other, Golden Demonstrator, was bred in the north of Scotland. All the herd are in tip-top condition. Alberta suits them. Already there are sixteen calves, and others coming along. The parent herd will not likely be exhibited, as the prince prefers to show only native stock, but hereafter the royal Shorthorns will doubtless command attention at the western Canada fairs.

Sixty-five Shropshire sheep were imported, selected largely from the Duke of Westminster's flocks at Eaton Hall, Cheshire. They have thriven amazingly. They are a big, strong type with heavy fleeces. Several rams have been sold to Alberta flockmasters, the results of which will be seen in the next few seasons. These imported Shropshires were exhibited at most of the western Canada fairs this year, and have pretty well swept the boards.

The Prince of Wales operates four farms in England, in the counties of Cornwall and Devon, in the immediate vicinity of Dartmoor, that mist-enveloped table land that has formed a setting for so many English novels. From early childhood the prince has had an affectionate interest in the diminutive wild ponies that roam the moorland, and suggested that it would be interesting to see what effect the Alberta environment would have on the species, so the doctor brought over a band of eleven with him. The only loss in all of the imported livestock was with these little fellows. Two died, both by accident. One was struck by lightning and the other died in foaling. If the champagne atmosphere of Alberta has any deleterious effect on these shaggy boys of the fog, it certainly is not apparent to the eye. They are as fat as butter and as woolly as toy lambs, their coats having become markedly heavier as a result of the cold climate. The imported ponies average about twelve hands high, are stockily built on short legs, and weigh about 750 pounds. The second generation promises to be larger in frame, but a season or two must pass before physical changes can be definitely gauged.

I asked Dr. Carlyle what use these ponies will be put to.

"We have no definite plan," he said, "they are excellent for children's saddle or harness ponies—strong, hardy,

and good-tempered. They might be described by Punch's celebrated advertisement of bull pups: 'will eat anything, very fond of children.' We introduced them to Canada as an experiment, and have satisfied ourselves that they will thrive here, either running wild or under subjection. I exhibited these ponies last year at the Calgary fair just as a try-out, without any dressing up. The stallion took the championship, and the mare the first, second, and third prizes."

The fourth experiment in stock-raising being tried out is in blooded stock. Three mares with track reputations were shipped to Alberta, and are being bred to a local imported stallion. In this case the change of climate did not seem to work so well. They failed quite a bit at first, but are coming back. This experiment with racing stock is being watched closely by the sporting fraternity, for one of the marked features of both horses and cattle bred in these foothills is the unusually large lung development as a result of the intensely dry climate. This was commented upon freely by the livestock journals of Britain and France during the war, on the occasion of a test made on the relative value of the horse or mechanical power for artillery work. A herd of Percherons bred on the Bar U Ranch figured in the test, and called forth exclamations of astonishment from the British and French draft-horse breeders at their surprisingly long wind. So it is possible that the E. P. Ranch may produce a type of fast horse equal in other respects, but of greater lung capacity.

In so far as cultivation is concerned, 80 acres were sown last season, sufficient to raise feed for the stock—oats, sunflowers, turnips, and some tame hay. The acreage is being extended this season, for when it was found that a strip of about 100 acres may be easily irrigated from the Highwood River, it was decided to extend the experiments to irrigation problems.

Sunflowers have the centre of the stage in Southern Alberta at this time, largely on account of the pioneer work done on the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's experimental farms. Dr. Carlyle is a firm believer in this new feed here, and had just completed the construction and filling of a silo at the time of my visit. The E. P. Ranch marks about the limit of latitude and altitude, up to the present, where the sunflower has been grown successfully. Despite the recent talk of growth of the silo in Alberta, they are still few and far between.

The Automobile

A HOME-MADE BOX FOR THE FLIVVER

Owners of flivver roadsters often want to carry more than the turtleback will hold, but do not like to spoil the trim appearance of the car with the delivery box. That problem has been solved by an ingenious motorist.

The turtleback was removed from the deck of the car by loosening the four bolts which hold it in place. Then a box was built which covers the deck, without compelling the removal of the spare time carrier. This box has an outside width of thirty-eight inches, a bottom length of thirty-nine and one-half inches (which leaves an inch space between the end board and the tire holder), and a top length of forty-one inches, with a depth of twelve inches.

To make a place for tools and packages, to be kept under lock, two cleats were screwed up and down on each side of the box, about a foot from the front end. These were set one inch apart and an inch-thick board the same width as the depth of the box was slipped into the groove between the cleats and fastened with screws. A twelve-inch board hinged to a narrow strip running across the front end of the box furnishes a cover for the tool-box and a seat behind when needed. A hasp and padlock protect the contents from meddlers and sneak thieves.

If you ever need more room, the hinged cover can be held up by a cord or other device, the board forming the front of the tool-box can be removed, and the space occupied by the combined tool-box and seat increases the carrying capacity.

Since the box is wider than the deck of the car it is necessary to notch the lower edges of the side boards for the mud-guard braces, and a strip one inch wide is nailed lengthwise on the bottom of the box on each side, fitting closely to the edges of the deck, to prevent side-slip. Screen-door hooks at the front end and at the rear of the box on each side were used to hold the box on, but they were soon found to be unnecessary, because the notches fitting over the braces effectually hold

the box in place, even on the roughest roads.

The box is light and can easily be lifted up and slid back to allow access to the battery or can be lifted off by one person and the tonneau turtleback replaced in a moment, but when well painted this home-made box, costing only the price of the lumber and a few nails and screws and the lock, makes so presentable an appearance and is daily so useful that it is seldom removed.

How We Got Quinine.

Quinine is obtained from the powdered bark of the cinchona tree.

Early in the seventeenth century the Countess Chinchon and her husband went to live at Lima, in Peru, the Count having been appointed Viceroy. In one of the provinces grew a tree the bark of which was said to cure fever. The Governor of the province, hearing some years later that the Countess had contracted the dread disease, sent her a parcel of the bark.

It cured her, and later, on returning to Spain, she took with her quantities of the drug. In spite of prejudice its use became popular. The trees from which it was obtained were gradually being used up, and the drug became expensive.

In 1860 Sir Clements Markham organized an expedition to Peru to collect plants of the cinchona with the idea of introducing their culture into India, where it was thought they would grow well, and where the use of the drug would be beneficial in view of the climatic conditions being so conducive to fever.

Although the plants died on the way to India, the seeds survived, and now there are flourishing plantations in Burma and Ceylon; while more recently the tree has been cultivated with success in Jamaica and South Africa.

A Welcome, Anyhow.

"I say, Tom, we are close to my house. Won't you come in and have a bit of dinner?"

"Thanks. But how about your wife?"

"Oh, that's all right! If her cooking is successful she'll be pleased to have another to eat; and if it isn't I shall."

Appearances.

A hundred times I passed it by
The gray stone house on Witter Street.

So cold and hard, each sullen eye
Wat-frogging with icicles and sleet.
I hated it until, one night,
Its owner left the curtains wide,
And I, in passing, saw the light—
The warmth, the peace, the love inside!

My neighbor's face was cold and gray,
His lips unsmiling, hard and grim;
I met his brooding eyes each day,
So cold and hard—I hated him
Until his soul forgot, one night,
And left the curtains parted wide;
And I, in passing, saw the light—
And thrilled with wonder, peeped inside!

—Josephine A. Dempsey.

Honesty is the best policy for you;
for others it is the only policy.

A Plain Talk.

It cannot be reiterated too often that real success is not a matter of graft but one of grind.

To achieve worth-while success a young man or woman must have certain assets—not material assets alone, but assets of character, and among the most important of these are ambition, industry, imagination, personality, and thrift.

There is no easy road or short cut to success. It means constant work and saving and many sacrifices, but it is really worth them all through the ultimate feeling of accomplishment and the lasting happiness which, rightly used, it brings to its possessor.

A Young Grammarian.

Teacher—"Willie, what is the plural of man?"
Willie—"Men."
"And the plural of child?"
"Twins."

Then Pandemonium Reigned.

"It is one of the early days of the fall term. Through open windows blaze the yellow and crimson glories of the maples of the campus; the air is sparkling with vitality. My father is sitting at the side of his desk, with a class book in his left hand and a lead pencil in his right." Thus Mr. Carroll Perry in A Professor of Life draws the picture of the famous economist Arthur Latham Perry. Before him sat his class.

"Gentlemen, this is the root of the matter; here is the whole thing in a nutshell. Buying and selling is exchange of values." The professor rose from his chair and walked to the front of the platform, warming to his work. "And what constitutes the basis of value? Nothing is the basis of value, nothing ever can be the basis of value, save human effort—that is, labor. It is labor that gives life to buying and selling; it is labor that creates profitable exchange. And what is involved in exchange? Let me tell you. In all exchange whatever we observe two desires, two efforts, two satisfactions. That is the meaning of buying and selling; and a market for products means products in market. That is the one and only road to prosperity. I ask, is there any other way of obtaining wealth?"

"Yes, sir!" shouted a pupil from the middle of the hall.

"Rise and state your case, Mr. Blank."

Blank rose and declared, "I might marry a very rich wife!"

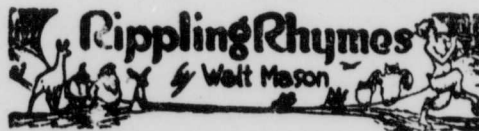
Father sat down, threw back his head, slapped his right knee and exploded with laughter. The class howled with delight. Each man nudged his neighbor and said, "Bully for Blank! He's got on on Per!"

The professor rose from his chair again, and with a twinkle in his blue eyes he declared, "Even in that case, my dear Blank, the principle remains unchanged, for you would be bought, and she would be sold!"

Then pandemonium reigned.

A little praise helps down a lot of criticism.

The loudest voiced bird in the world is the bell bird, found in Africa and South America.



POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

I used to have a haughty bearing, with idle pride my bosom burned, when to the village bank repairing with groats and kopecks I had earned. I wished that all who might behold me would think me an important lad, and I believed they had enrolled me among the pillars of the grad. But often, as I plowed my acres, or swung the ax or plied the flail, I wondered why all kinds of fakers were always camping on my trail. The agents for gold bricks were ever pursuing me from crib to byre, and making frenzied, fierce endeavor to sell me junk I don't desire. And so I asked my gentle pastor, a man of wisdom deep and wide, why closer than a mustard plaster the fakers trotted to my side. "There's nothing like a humble bearing," the parson said, "for dodging grief; you journey forth, ornately wearing the gawds and feathers of a chief. To all the thorpe you're advertising that you are loaded down with kale; and is it then, my friend, surprising, that fakers camp upon your trail?" Now meekly to the bank I toddle, and I'm not bothered as I go; no agent springs the latest model in stoves for burning ice and snow.