

that if a person put his foot on one firmly on ordinary soil, it would creep on afterwards. I did not notice any other birds besides cow birds and sparrows destroying the worms.

Yours truly,
Wentworth Co., Ont. JAMES MARSHALL.

D. Brown & Sons' Shorthorn Sale.

There was a fairly large attendance at the big Shorthorn sale of Duncan Brown & Sons, at Shelden, on Wednesday, Nov. 4th, many being present from considerable distances. The cattle were brought out in only fair field condition, and the prices realized again demonstrated that condition has a mighty influence on the length of the bidding and the willingness of buyers to pay the actual value. Many present thought the prices paid were generally an honest value, nevertheless many of the heifers were bought at prices that will be highly remunerative for their lucky purchasers. The 85 head sold for a total of \$3,802.50, an all-round average of \$108.65. Twenty-seven females sold for an average of \$113.33, and eight bulls for an average of \$92.81. Following are the prices paid for all those selling for \$100.00 and over, and their purchasers:

Cherry Bloom 2nd, Walter Miller, Shelden.	\$127.50
Cherry Red, W. H. Ford, Dutton.	115.00
Rosy Meadow, W. J. Crowther, Welland.	130.00
Spicy Beauty, Geo. Amos & Son, Moffatt.	115.00
Scottish Rose 6th, J. D. Lock, St. Thomas.	120.00
Scottish Rose 5th, R. Mitchell, Coldstream.	160.00
Scottish Rose 7th, W. J. Crowther.	125.00
Sead Weed 4th, J. M. Gardhouse, Weston.	125.00
Strathallan F., W. Miller.	155.00
Strathallan G., Langstaff Bros., Tupperville.	122.50
Strathallan A. 2nd, E. J. Purcell, Wardsville.	150.00
Strathallan A. 3rd, H. Forbes, Tupperville.	150.00
Strathallan A. 4th, A. J. Fox, Harrow.	165.00
Roan Daisy, C. Cattinach, Port Stanley.	102.50
Strathallan B. 2nd, J. M. Gardhouse.	127.50
Strathallan B. 3rd, W. H. Ford, Dutton.	125.00
Sunbeam, W. J. Crowther.	150.00
Rubertha, Langstaff Bros.	110.00
Scotch Helmet, G. E. Barclay, Poplar Hill.	110.00
Strathallan King, Langstaff Bros.	185.00

A Scheme to Bring Laborer and Farmer Together.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I have just read with interest your editorial on, "Who Should Help the Unemployed?" and while I endorse every word of it, yet there remains the other side of the question. There are unemployed, and what are we going to do about it? Because manufacturers and business men fail to do all they might to relieve the situation is scarcely a reason that we as farmers should not lift a hand. For a number of years a great deal of work has been left undone on many farms, because men were hard to get and harder to pay. Numbers of farmers could profitably employ a man for the winter if the man was willing to work for his board and a small wage and if he proved to be a fair worker, the farmer would be glad to keep him on for the summer at good wages. But the question is: how to bring the farmer and the unemployed man together. To my mind this is a most difficult question. A man might be sent from the city to a certain farmer. The farmer cannot have him board out as the city employer would do but must take the man in and make him one of the family. In two days the farmer might know that he simply couldn't have the fellow around, but, what is he to do? Turn him out on the road or buy him a ticket and send him back to the city? He doesn't like to turn him adrift and he hasn't money to spend buying tickets, so perhaps he decides to put up with the fellow for some time. What is the result? He decides that this is the last time he will be caught in such a trap, and his neighbors also decide to steer clear of unemployed. Now suppose the government would take part of the risk. They could do it by dividing each township into sections and appointing some good, capable man to have charge of each section. This man could go to the farmer and say—"Here try one of these men for a few days, I'll call around to see you a day and if he suits we'll arrange wages, if not, I'll take him off your hands." The man in charge would need to be paid for his services and supplied with funds for the transfer of the men. If either the employer or the employee had any grievance he could call on the man in charge. I have no doubt that if the matter were taken up in the proper way, numbers of men and perhaps women too, could be placed in good homes for the winter.

I was also much interested in Peter McArthur's article, "A Warning." Mr. McArthur is undoubtedly right when he said "I do not care whether an election is forced by the Liberals or sprung by the Conservatives it could only be described as a combination of Peanut Politics and High Treason."

Renfrew Co., Ont.

R. M. WARREN.

The London Dairy Show.

Evidently the Old Land has not become so excited over the war in Europe as some of the colonies and other countries farther removed from the scene of conflict. The London Dairy Show, recently held, is evidence of the fact that as far as agriculture is concerned, at least, "Business as usual" is being carried out in Great Britain. The entries at the show, considering the situation, were flattering indeed. There were 244 dairy cattle on exhibition; 209 entries in the milking and butter tests; 85 goats; 3,089 poultry; 2,288 pigeons; 301 cheese; 67 bacon and ham entries; 371 butter entries; 27 cream entries; 46 entries in skim-milk bread; 125 honey entries; 75 in the milkers' contests; 97 in the butter-making contest, and several entries in other classes.

The first day of the show brought out a large crowd, and they were treated to a good exhibition. The war, it is claimed, has increased the call for home-produced food supplies in Britain, and has tended to sharpen up the cheese and butter-making industries of that country. It was considered very gratifying that 244 head of cattle came forward, this being only 42 head under the very large total of last year.



A Fine Fat Flock in Waiting.

There was a general uniform character of the classes, which was considered the feature of the show. Shorthorns contributed over 80 entries; Jerseys were 17 in number. There were 8 Guernseys, a few Holsteins, a few entries of Lincolnshire Red Shorthorns, some Red Polls and several cross bred Shorthorns. Cheese and butter were among the strongest entries at the show. Janetta, the seven-year-old cow, got by Barrington Prince, was the best of the milking Shorthorns.

A Fall Chore.

By Peter McArthur.

I know that putting up stove-pipes is practically a forbidden subject in the editorial rooms of all self-respecting papers and magazines. Every would-be humorist seems to think that he can be funny about stove-pipes, if about nothing else. The subject has been done to death in verse, prose and pictures; but in spite of the attitude of weary editors, stove-pipes still have to be put up every fall, and the job furnishes entertainment to everyone except the poor wretch who is acting as chief engineer of the operations. I would not touch on so stale a subject were it not that I want to convey to the public an important piece of advice, quite serious advice without any joke or "catch" in it. When you are buying stove-pipes do not buy them in loose sections. Ask the hardware man to kindly put them together for you before you load them into the wagon. If he manages to put them together all right it is quite probable that you may be able to do the same. But if you buy pipes that are not put together there is always a danger of getting one or two in the batch that will wreck the peace of your home. I don't know how they make stove-pipes but I know that they vary in size, and a pipe that is the one hundredth part of an inch

too big for the pipe into which it is to fit might just as well be a foot too big. Properly made stove-pipes are made with mathematical exactness so that they fit one another easily and yet closely. The joints mustn't be loose, and if they are a shade too tight they are impossible. It is so easy to have them a shade off that you will find it a very good rule to let the hardware dealer have the first struggle with them. When he finds trouble he'll not stop to wrestle with it, but will lay aside the offending pipe and give you a proper one. This will make things easier for you, but it will prepare a terrible disaster for the careless man who will come along later and get a whole collection of the misfit pipes in single lengths. He will take them home and wrestle with them, and try to pry them together with table knives, and perhaps split some of them up the sides, and when he is just about at the point of explosion his wife will probably remark, "I don't see why you make so much fuss about putting up the stove-pipes. You must be trying to put them together wrong end to. When my father used to put together pipes they used to slip together just as easy, and he never used such dreadful language."

About this point the dreadful language will be increased in flow, and the poor exasperated man may say unforgivable things about her father, simply because he doesn't know that the old gentleman was sick enough to make the hardware man fit the pipes together before he took them home. The man who does this can make the putting up of stove-pipes as quiet and soft spoken an affair as a Pink Tea. If this one little detail is attended to professional humorists will stop finding anything funny in our great annual task of pipe fitting.

Having succeeded in writing a serious and purposeful paragraph on the subject of putting up stove-pipes, I feel at liberty to make a few further remarks of a casual character.

There are a lot of people like myself who are too thrifty to buy new pipes every year. In the spring, when we take down the stoves they carry the pipes to the granary or drive shed and pile them carefully into the one corner of the building where there is a leak in the roof. When the fall comes we go cheerfully to get them, and after noting how rusty the pipes are we locate the hole in the roof and make up our minds to mend it some time. Just what happens when we try to put together those rusty pipes I am not going to tell. You probably have a hot-tempered man in your own family, and you can find out all about it by watching him and listening to his lamentations. But I wish to address a word of serious advice to the innocent bystander who is always standing around when cranky pipes are being put together. When you notice that the man who is trying to get the pipes together is holding in his breath and is getting red in the face, it is no time to ask, sweetly, "Don't you think the other end would go in easier?" Men have been known to jump up in the air and trample the pipes quite flat as the only fitting reply to such a question. If you can't make yourself silent and unobtrusively useful by holding the end of a pipe or by passing thin table knives at critical moments you had better go out for a walk, and the farther you go the more you will please the man who is putting up the pipes. And if before starting for your walk you make a few remarks of the kind indicated, he will not care if you never come back. I find putting up stove-pipes a job that I want to do "in silence and alone." I have never yet found anyone who was able to give me any real assistance in fitting together the pipes, though they might be a great help when the fitted pipes were being placed between the stove and the chimney. I may as well say that I expect to put up stove pipes this afternoon, and I am writing these paragraphs before starting at the job. Later in the day I may be too much "hot up" to write anything that the editor would care to print.

P. S.—Two hours later. Quite calm, with a normal temperature and an even pulse I am sitting down to record the fact that the stove-pipes have been successfully fitted, put up and wired. I am inclined to think that the ease with which the work was done was largely due to the philosophical attitude acquired while writing on the subject in the forenoon. I am now able to

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