

FARMER'S ADVOCATE

AND HOME MAGAZINE

* AGRICULTURE, STOCK, DAIRY, POULTRY, HORTICULTURE, VETERINARY, HOME CIRCLE. †

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"Great Britain's Canadian Empire."

In the above chance phrase an American journalist the other day aptly embodied his conception of Canada. Great Britain is an aggregation of empires held together by bonds of sentiment and trade. Of these there is none more devoted to the parent land, none more independent, none with greater and safer possibilities, than Canada. Two-fifths of the entire British Empire lie within the Dominion, but as yet only about one-fiftieth of its population, so that there is room here for scores of millions, and we have the foundation stock, the atmosphere, the soil, and the moral conditions to rear the best race of men upon this old earth. Lord Lorne, a former Governor-General, once said: "Canada offers this—a comfortable home on his own soil to any man who has a good pair of hands and a decent knowledge how to use them. If he has something of his own besides to start with, so much the better." The pessimistic utterances of Sir Wm. Crookes before the last annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, regarding the failure of fertility and Britain's food supply, were evidently not based upon a study of Canadian conditions or potentialities. Not counting the undeveloped portions of Ontario and other Eastern Provinces, or the possible increases in production by better methods on occupied lands, we have yet a Western area fit for settlement of 300,000,000 acres capable of yielding, at 15 bushels per acre, supposing only one-half of it were adapted to wheat-growing, the whole of the world's present wheat supply! The conclusions of Sir Wm. Crookes are disputed by Sir John B. Laws and Sir J. H. Gilbert, England's most eminent agricultural authorities, who pay a high tribute to the wheat-growing capacity of Canada. They concede that the Canadian Northwest contains some of the finest undeveloped wheat fields in the world, and speak highly of Canadian soils, samples of which they have tested, and also of our favorable climatic conditions. Including our growing contributions of animals and their products, and fruit, Canada is not yet sending Britain one-thirteenth part of the food she imports, so that her opportunity to her capabilities. The Canadian people are resourceful. If the U. S. see fit they may shut out Canadian grain with prohibitive duties, but the Canadian farmer feeds it and captures the world's greatest market for bacon, cheese and other products, and gets a surer grip on the key to successful farming. With his past achievements before us, we have no fear but that he will rise equal in intelligence and energy to every occasion. Let the Canadian Government clearly understand that its most serious business is to see that the return that the producer on the farm should receive is not lost by deficient transportation nor swallowed up by transporting agencies, most of which are already heavily subsidized. To all who have to do with education or moulding public opinion, we say: Emphasize manhood and integrity of character in our people—because should the Canadian nation cease to do that, the bells will begin to ring the hour of her decadence, as they did for Babylon, Greece, and Rome.

The Yeoman's Path.

ROBERT ELLIOTT, BRYANSTON, ONT.

Young Canada, noble, inspiring, resplendent,
Musing long, musing sweet, at the close of the year,
Speaks in accents benign to her people attendant:
"Though each one I honor and all I hold dear,
Of the gifts you have brought at each beat of Time's pinion
One blessing's more welcome than blossoms of May—
'Tis that—making a splendor across my Dominion—
The path of the yeoman is brighter to-day.

"It shines o'er the prairie, it gleams by the fountain,
Lights up the old forest, winds down by the sea,
Dips into the valley, leads over the mountain,
Ever making new footing for Freedom and me.
May the light of the Star of fair Bethlehem mingle
With liberty's torch all the pioneer's way,
While carols proclaim from each Yule-hallowed ingle,
The path of the yeoman is brighter to-day.



CANADA CROWNS THE YEOMAN.

"Mid the yester-years' gloom there was ever a glory—
Each thicket of thorns saw the light breaking through;
That light, lent to me to illumine my story,
I owe, under Heaven, stout yeoman to you.
And 'tis meet that my benison lightly may hover
O'er the one who discover'd that glorious ray,
So I render my praise, saying over and over,
The path of the yeoman is brighter to-day.

"On a rock that endures, you have rear'd me a station,
Plac'd firm in my hand the old banner unfurl'd,
Gray'd, deep as true love, on my helmet, "A Nation,"
And, lifting my eyes, I look out on the world,
There liberty's torch is outflash'd by the gleaming
Of wills o' the-wisp luring mortals astray,
While here, as the sun on my heritage beaming,
The path of the yeoman is brighter to-day.

"My Future?—Less darkling it looms, and I face it
With 'God and my country' the sum of my creed;
My Honor?—No power save my own may disgrace it,
Having friends at my call fit to answer my need,
As I follow the gleam that has lighten'd my sorrow,
With Virtue and Valor still leading the way,
I have yesterday's grace, I have faith in to-morrow
The path of the yeoman is brighter to-day."

Evolution of Farming in Canada.

We are apt to grow impatient with the apparently slow rate of progress made in the adoption of improved methods of farming and improved breeds of live stock, and their proper care, but a little reflection and a consideration of the circumstances will probably convince the complainer that in the history of no other country in the world has such rapid progress been made in these particulars in the comparatively short space of time since the settlement of Canada. There are men living to-day who can remember the days when even in the older Provinces ninety per cent. of the fine farms which are the pride of our people to-day were in a state of nature, covered with the primeval forest, and were the haunts of wild animals. There are men living who penetrated those forests in search of lands on which to locate, "blazing" the trees with an axe to mark the way they went in and to guide their return to the frontier—men whose only capital was their strong hands and stout hearts, which helped them to hew out homes for themselves, which have, through hard labor and a steady purpose, developed by slow but sure degrees into fruitful farms, where comfort and a competency are enjoyed in fuller measure than in many older lands whose history is reckoned by centuries. It seems but yesterday when the first pioneers tramped westward from the Red River country to dispute with the buffalo for the supremacy of the limitless prairie now occupied by thousands of prosperous farmers. There are men not yet counted old who have vivid recollections of the little log cabin of the early settlers, with its one or, at most, two small windows and the battened door, from which the latch-string always hung out; of the wide open fireplace with its blazing backlog, the flagstone hearth, the iron crane and the bake kettle.

These were the days of the ox-team and the wood-shod sled, of corduroy bridges over swampy places, and of trading at the corner store, when the weekly paper was read a fortnight after date by the light of a tallow dip candle, and agricultural journals were unheard of. And how fared the farm stock in those days? For the five long months of winter they were usually treated to a straight diet of straw from the frozen stack, on the lee side of which they found their only shelter from the winter blasts, for basement barns were undreamed of and balanced rations a term unheard. If occasionally a cow weakened and shook her head at the bill of fare, the quack doctor of the district invariably diagnosed the disease as hollow horn and prescribed the standard remedy—boiling the horn, splitting the tail, filling the orifices with pepper and salt, and if of the superstitious sort, walking in a circle round the patient three times, repeating the formula, "if she lives she lives, and if she dies she dies," the farrier left her to her fate, which was generally not uncertain. If some carping agricultural writer had gone to sleep, like Rip Van Winkle, fifty years ago, and waking up in this year of grace, a copy of the Christmas number of the FARMER'S ADVOCATE had been placed in his hand, with the assurance that the illustrations on its pages were true representations of homesteads and stock of Canadian farmers, one

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