

directly, of the Government of Canada, if it was managed on strictly honest and businesslike lines?"

Undoubtedly, but not until the people as a whole waken to the fact that governing the country is a business matter, and not a matter of putting our fellows in and kicking the other fellows out. They will also have to waken to the fact that they will have to pay salaries for public service that will enable the Government to compete successfully with the big corporations. A few years ago there was a deputy minister in Ottawa whom most people would consider well paid because he was getting \$5,000 a year. A corporation recognized his ability, and promptly offered him \$25,000 a year, and, of course, he took it. He would be foolish if he did not. Yet I think it would have paid the people to raise the salary of so capable a man to \$50,000 a year, rather than let him go. With his grasp of the affairs of his department, he was in a position to save the country millions every year. In big business such salaries are not unusual, and the Government is the biggest business of all. Why should not the people pay salaries that would attract the best business ability of the country to its service? If you were a shareholder in a big company, you would be willing to pay almost any salary for the best man to manage it. The United States Steel Company paid Charles M. Schwab something like a million dollars a year, and the Guggenheims paid John Hays Hammond two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year for many years. And these men earned that money for the corporations that employed them. If we had a few men of that calibre looking after public business at Ottawa, we would soon be rid of the waste caused by inefficient political appointees and the whole class of public servants whom the people of Ottawa sarcastically call "The Government Poor." But I have no hope of seeing the public service put on as efficient a basis as a good business house for some time yet. We all have too much to learn before we can properly understand such reforms and the proper method of enforcing them.

In discussing these questions, I have been severely criticised for attacking existing conditions, when I am unable to suggest something better to take the place of what we now have. To the people who look at the matter in this way I wish to say that if I see a man's house on fire, I do not hesitate to tell him about it just because I do not know how the fire is to be put out. Perhaps he may know. Perhaps someone who reads this article may know just what we should do about the condition that exists in public affairs, and only needs to have his attention called to the matter. In the hope that such is the case, I shall persist in calling attention to what I see to be criticised. I quite realize that some of the statements I have made above should be accompanied by proofs, but the proofs are not lacking. Sometime, somewhere, somehow, I shall get them before the public, and then we shall see what we shall see.

Gentlemen and Ladies At Home.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Will ye allow me the privilege, once mair, o' giein' expression tae an idea or twa that has developed in ma mind durin' these stormy, cauld days, when an auld farmer like me canna' find muckle tae dae but attend tae the bo-sies and visit wi' the auld wumman, although she will be sayin' that I'm awfu' in the way o' the oven door sometimes. I'm thinkin' by times that it wad be an unco' guid thing gin farmers and their wives could tak' a holiday awa' frae ane another once in a while. When a mon sees his auld wumman, an' she sees him, half a dozen times ilka day, an' maybe mair in slack times, when he's bound tae be mair or less about the hoose, they are mair than likely to get sae tired o' ane another that it doesna' tak' but a word tae start a family quarrel. The vera sight o' the auld chap comin' in wi' his wet boots an' a', maybe juist when she's got her floor scrubbed, too, is aften enuch tae mak' the auld lady get her back up an' show her teeth. But gin she had not seen him for a week or twa, ye ken as weel's mysel', she wad mak' as much fuss about him as she did afore they were marrit. There's na' doot about it; the aye drawback tae life on the farm, as it is lived in the majority o' cases, is its monotony an' the too close application tae wark wi' the same company, day after day.

The mon on the farm doesna', as a rule, show the same conseedration an' affection for his wife as does his brither in the toon, an' I lay it doon mainly tae this, that, since the farmer is o' necessity sae much o' the time in his wife's company, he has got oot o' the habit o' expressin' his regard for her in any way (an' ye ken that, ye dinna' gie expression tae yer feelins, they're bound tae dee), sae the consequence is that it is na' long before there's naething but wark an' eat an' sleep for the mon an' wumman on the farm.

Noo, na doot ye'll say, "That must a' be true, since ye say it, but what's the use o' talkin' sae much about what canna' be helped? Ye canna' mak' life in the country muckle different tae what it is the noo, sae for what are ye kickin' up sic a dast?"

Weel, ma friend, maybe ye're richt. Maybe the trouble canna' be cured, but ye never heard o' a doctor refusin' tae write a prescription on that account, did ye? I'm gaen' tae write one the noo, an' gin ma medicine is na' taken, or even gin it does na' cure, ma responsibility is at an end. All I hae tae say tae the mon an' wumman that hae decided to work oot their existence together on the farm is, retain yer self-respect, an' yer respect for yer partner, gin ye can. As a rule, we're no sae polite a few years aifter marriage as we were a few years before it, an' that's at the bottom o' the hale trouble. I heard tell o' a wee laddie, once upon a time, wha was spendin' the day in the hoose wi' his mither, an' lein' at the window maist o' the time, he took notice o' a mon walkin' up the road. "Ma," says he, "wha's this, comin' ben the hoose?" "Oh," says his mither, no lookin' up, "it's yer pa, I'm thinkin'." "Na, na," says the laddie, "it's no' pa. It's a gentleman." An' it's juist because farmers and their wives tak' the same point o' view as did this wee chap, that life on the farm is na' always as pleasant as it might easily be.

When a mon begins tae look on his wife as a sort o' unpaid servant, that has tae get his meals an' dae the aye or twa ither things that hae tae be done about the hoose, an' she looks on him as

in' on the farm three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, nor by missin' all the legitimate pleasures o' life, nor by forgettin' tae be as respectfu' an' affectionate tae the members o' their ain families as they were tae outsiders.

Oh, I'll be thinkin' sometimes that this auld world can be made intae quite a respectable Garden o' Eden, gin it werna' for the people living in it. An' then I dinna' ken but the people are a' richt, gin we could but gie them credit for their intentions, instead o' their actions.

Onyway, it's me that wad like tae see mair happiness and less worry in the world in general, an' on the farm in particular. An' the way to attain this happiness, I hae na' doot, is by gettin' intae the richt attitude towards oor fellow-men an' those o' oor own household.

I had na' intended to tak' sae muckle o' yer valuable space, Mr. Editor, but the auld girl is very inspirin' at times. It's mony the warnin' sermon I could preach, wi' her for a text, I can tell ye. I could that.

SANDY FRASER.

HORSES.

Sore Shoulders.

The season in which sore shoulders will be more or less common is near at hand, hence a few remarks on the subject will not be untimely. Sore shoulders are often the result of carelessness, neglect or want of knowledge on the part of the teamster. In most cases they can be prevented. They are most common in horses that have spent

the winter months in comparative or complete idleness, or in young horses that are put to work in the fields without proper preparation. It can readily be understood why horses that have been idle for months, or colts that have never been worked, will suffer from sore shoulders when subjected to the same usage under which those who have done more or less work during the winter will go free. Their shoulders are tender, unused to pressure, and more easily scalded or bruised. Hence, probably the most successful prevention is to give the horses regular and light work for some weeks before they are asked to go to regular work in the spring. This toughens the skin and hardens the muscles of the shoulders, and renders them less liable to untoward results from collar pressure, scalding, etc.

The collar, of course, should fit properly. A collar that is too large at any part will roll more or less, and tends to bruise and scald, especially in hot weather, while one that is too short or too narrow at any point will pinch the muscles and cause trouble. It is a wise precaution to have a collar especially fitted for each horse, as there are seldom

seen two horses with shoulders of exactly the same conformation, and, in order that a horse may work with comfort and safety, the collar should fit perfectly. With colts or horses that have been idle for months, this point requires careful and frequent attention, as, in idle horses, especially if in high flesh, the muscles are bulky and soft, and even though the collar may fit perfectly at first, its pressure causes a hardening and consequently lessening in bulk of the muscles, and will soon commence to roll. Then it becomes neces-



The Difference.

Success or failure in orcharding may easily be a question of variety. Weigh this carefully before planting.

a necessary nuisance wha does the providin' for the family, then they hae missed the object o' livin', and the only purpose I can see accom- plished in their life is that they generally ward off starvation till they dee o' somethin' else.

I heard an unco' smart man say once that the great thing tae be learned by humanity was the art o' livin' happily together, an' I'm thinkin' he was na' far oot o' the way when he said it. An' it can be done, even on the farm, for I ken those that did it. But they didn't dae it by warkin' sixteen hours oot o' the twenty-foor, nor by stay-