

# FARMER'S GREAT OPPORTUNITY

Demand for Canadian Cattle After the War.

The opportunities that Western Canada offers to the farmer have time and again been placed before the public through these columns. The cheap price at which the very best lands can be purchased, and the advantages that are to be had in securing one of the best homesteads of 160 acres has appealed to a great many, and they have embraced them. Many, in fact most of those who have done so, are today giving testimony to the good fortune and the timely foresight that led them to go to Western Canada, and embark in an era of farming that has placed them away beyond the pinch of want and given them reason to hope for the future with a hopefulness that they had not had the courage in the past to forecast.

Not only have they been able to secure good lands at low prices and on easy terms but if they desiring, they have been able to add to this 160 acres of land free, on conditions that are easy. A resident in the Lloydminster district in Saskatchewan who had been farming in the States for some time, took up a homestead in 1910, and commenced breaking with 4 oxen. Two years ago he bought an adjoining quarter section and now has over 100 acres under cultivation. He says: "As my circumstances improved, I stock the oxen and now have six head of horses, twelve head of cattle, and have always a bunch of hogs on hand."

"On an average I have had yields of 25 bushels of wheat, 35 bushels of oats, and 40 bushels of barley to the acre, and last season from a field of 23½ acres, I threshed 1,040 bushels of wheat. I have made a success of mixed farming and would have no hesitation in advising all who contemplate making a new home to come to this district. I sell cream to the Government Creamery here, and find at all times a good market for live stock and other products."

This is but a modest statement of what a modest man can do in Western Canada, and could be repeated of hundreds of others.

Scores of cases could be recited where much more has been accomplished, and it is believed that with moderate investment at the present time, the cattle industry of Western Canada will pay large interest. The Minister of Agriculture of Saskatchewan, in a recent address, ventured the prediction that the Saskatchewan farmer who developed his land along the lines of general stock raising would make much more money and find a far bigger return for his efforts in ten years' time, than the man who devoted his energies purely and primarily to grain raising.

It is the coming golden age of opportunity for the stockman and it was up to the Saskatchewan man to get in on the ground floor and prepare himself for the coming demand. The close of the war would undoubtedly see a great demand for live stock in Europe and it was only reasonable to suppose that this demand would have to be filled almost wholly by the American stockman, both in Canada and the United States. Europe was slowly draining its rural districts not only of its best and dairy animals but was also using the best breeding stock and the end of the war would see a condition of affairs which would render necessary almost the repopulation of the domestic animal kingdom in that continent.

The opportunity of Western Canadian stockmen, therefore, lay in being prepared for this demand when it arose. In view of these facts which must be patent to every student of the economic conditions as related to the stock industry, he hoped to see within the next three years the stock raising industry in Saskatchewan given an immense impetus forward, which would put it in the forefront of the producing provinces of the Dominion. Advertisement.

## Child Logic.

Fredrick wanted his first, and being the youngest of a family of five he got it. "You eat backwards," was his mother's comment as she placed it before him.

The young philosopher fell into a brown study, from which he was only aroused by the sight of more pie, now brought in for the elders.

"Mother," he said, "what's backwards?"

"If I put my shoe on wrong, is that backwards?"

"Yes."

"If I sit this way," and he deliberately turned his back to the table—"is that backwards?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wasn't sitting like that when I ate my pie."

Recommendation Himself.

"Is it good farm for a politician to recommend himself so highly?"

"It's a delicate question. A man naturally feels some hesitation about praising himself. Still, when he wants to see the people get a good public servant, what can he do better than recommend someone in whom he has perfect confidence?"

Personally Considerate.

Kitty—Haggy Soft is continually patting himself on the back, isn't he? Peggy—Yes; the dear boy is so kind to dumb animals.

# The IDYL of TWO FIRES

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

SYNOPSIS.

I grow tired of my work as a college instructor and buy a New England farm.

The practical thing for this would-be farmer to do would be to rent his new-bought farm and become an earnest student of the nearest agricultural college. Will he be like most other teachers and persuade himself that he knows it all before he has really learned anything?

## CHAPTER II.

My Farmer Comes. Three days later I closed the deal and hastened back to college. Professor Grey of the college botanical department assigned his chief assistant at the gardens to my case. He took me to Boston, and in one day spent exactly \$401 of my precious savings, while I gaped, helpless in my ignorance. He bought, it appeared to me, barrels of seeds, tons of fertilizers, thousands of wheel hoes for horse and man, millions of pruning saws and spraying machines, hotbed frames and sashes, tomato trellises, and I knew not what other nameless implements and impediments.

This was rather disconcerting. But the die was cast, and I came to a sudden realization that seven years of teaching the young how to punctuate isn't the best possible training for my grip, and during the four hours I spent on the train my eyes never left their pages. Four hours is not enough to make a man a qualified agriculturist, but it is sufficient to make him humble. I landed at Benford station, hired a hack, and drove at once to my farm, and my first thought on alighting was this: "Good, Lord, I never realized the fearful condition of that orchard! It will take me a solid week to save any of it, and I suppose I'll have to set out a lot of new trees besides. More expense!"

"It's a dollar a week," here, said the driver of the hack, in a mildly insolent voice. I paid him brusquely and he drove away. My entry into the middle of the road, I noticed, had begun to show. The close of the war would undoubtedly see a great demand for live stock in Europe and it was only reasonable to suppose that this demand would have to be filled almost wholly by the American stockman, both in Canada and the United States. Europe was slowly draining its rural districts not only of its best and dairy animals but was also using the best breeding stock and the end of the war would see a condition of affairs which would render necessary almost the repopulation of the domestic animal kingdom in that continent.

The opportunity of Western Canadian stockmen, therefore, lay in being prepared for this demand when it arose. In view of these facts which must be patent to every student of the economic conditions as related to the stock industry, he hoped to see within the next three years the stock raising industry in Saskatchewan given an immense impetus forward, which would put it in the forefront of the producing provinces of the Dominion. Advertisement.

Child Logic.

Fredrick wanted his first, and being the youngest of a family of five he got it. "You eat backwards," was his mother's comment as she placed it before him.

The young philosopher fell into a brown study, from which he was only aroused by the sight of more pie, now brought in for the elders.

"Mother," he said, "what's backwards?"

"If I put my shoe on wrong, is that backwards?"

"Yes."

"If I sit this way," and he deliberately turned his back to the table—"is that backwards?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wasn't sitting like that when I ate my pie."

Recommendation Himself.

"Is it good farm for a politician to recommend himself so highly?"

"It's a delicate question. A man naturally feels some hesitation about praising himself. Still, when he wants to see the people get a good public servant, what can he do better than recommend someone in whom he has perfect confidence?"

Personally Considerate.

Kitty—Haggy Soft is continually patting himself on the back, isn't he? Peggy—Yes; the dear boy is so kind to dumb animals.

The supper came first. I hadn't eaten such a supper since grandmother died. There were brown bread loaves, only rival of Rhode Island Johnnies for the title of the best ambrosia of Olympus. They were so hot that the butter melted over them instantly, and crisp outside, with delicious, runny insides.

"Mrs. Temple," said I, "I haven't eaten brown bread since I was a boy. I didn't know the secret existed any more."

Mrs. Temple beamed over her angelic and calico-covered bosom. "You must have come from Essex or Middlesex counties," she said, "if you've eaten brown bread before."

After supper Bert took me in hand. "First thing for you to do is to get a farmer and carpenter," he said. "I'll get you both, if you want I shall, and not sitting yet. Most men folks that come here get a young man like Bertford thinks that's the way they come."

"Well, you don't exactly know me intimately," said Bert with a laugh, "so you'd better get a bit of granite."



"All That Night I Packed and Planned."

Into my system. Now, ex to a farmer—there's Mike Finn. He lives about a quarter of a mile from your corner. He'll come on his son's horse and with the heavy work. We'll walk down and see him now, if you like."

I liked, and in the soft, spring evening we set off down the road. "Well, then, ex to carpenters," Bert went on, "there's good carpenters, an' bad carpenters, an' Hard, Cider Howard, an' Hard, Cider Howard."

Hard, Cider Howard? Bert forgot about carpenters? The most of the rest ever knew, and he ain't forgot much, neither. But he ain't handsome, and he looks upon the apple like when it's yellow. May be he's a good carpenter, but I kin keep Hard Cider Howard while he's on your job. He'll treat you fair, an' see that the plumb line's true."

We walked on, turned the corner at my brook, and followed the brook, and along my place till we came to a small settlement of white cottages. At one of these Bert stopped. We were admitted by a pretty, blue-eyed Irish girl, who had a copy of Queen's "Compendium" in her hand, into a tiny parlor, where an "airtight" stove stood below a colored chronicle of the Virgin and Child, and a middle-aged Irishman sat in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a pipe.

"Hello, Mike," said Bert, "this is Mr. John Upton, who's bought Milt's place, an' wants a farmer at his garden. I told him you was the man." "But you ain't down," said Mike, offering a chair with an expansive and hospitable gesture. "Sure, let's talk it over."

The pretty daughter had gone back to her room by the nickel oil lamp, but she had one ear toward us, and I caught a corner of her eye, too—an extremely attractive, not to say provocative eye.

"Well, now," Mike was saying, "sure I can run a farm, but what do I be gettin' fer it?"

"Fifty a month," said I, "which includes milking the cows and tending fumes in winter, and a horse and harness." "Sure, I got more than that on me last place and no cows at all."

"Ye're a liar, Mike," said Bert. "That's a fightin' word in the old country," said Mike.

"We ain't the old country, and you get forty-five dollars," Bert grunted. "Besides, ye'll be close to yer work. You was a mile an' a half from the Salloways. That makes up fer the milkin'."

"True, true," Mike replied, meditatively. "But what be yer t'ain't in the place, fer Mr. Upton? Is it a real farmer ye'd be?"

"A real farmer?" I answered. "Why?" "Well, I didn't know, I've heard say yer was a literary fellow, too, Mr. Upton, and I have me doubts."

"Well, I'm a sort of a literary fellow," I confessed. "But it's you I want to be the real literary fellow, Mike. You must write me a poem in potatoes."

Mike put back his head and roared. "It's a poem yer want, is it?" he cried. "Sure, it's an oration I'll give ye. I'll grow ye the real home rule potatoes."

"Well," said I, rising, "do you begin tomorrow morning, and will your son help for a few weeks?"

"The mornin' it is," said Mike, "and Joe along."

I passed by the side of the girl. "All Gault is divided into three parts," I laughed.

She looked up with a pretty smile, but Mike spoke: "Sure, but they give all three parts to Nora," he said, "so what was the use of dividin' it? She knows she's me mother instead of me daughter!"

"I'll put you to bed in a minute," said Nora, while Mike grinned proudly at her.

"I'm going to like Mike," said I to Bert, as we walked back up the road. "I know yer would soon as I seen yer."

Bert replied: "The only folks that don't like Mike is the folks that can't see a joke. Mike has a tolerable number of dislikers."

"Well, I've got my farmer," said I, "and now I suppose I've got to find a housekeeper, as soon as the house is ready for me. Nora would suit me."

"I reckon she would," but she wouldn't suit Benford."

"In other words, I want an oldish woman, very plain, and preferably a widow."

"With a young son old enough to help on the farm," Bert added with a grin.

"I don't suppose you know of just such a connection?"

"Reckon I dew. You leave it to my old lady."

"Mr. Temple," said I, "seems to me I'm leaving everything to you."

"Well, now, yer might do a heap slight worse," said Bert.

I went up to my chamber when we got back, and sat down beside my little glass lamp and did some figuring. Added to my alleged salary as a manuscript reader, along with what I hoped I could pick up writing, I recklessly calculated my annual income as a possible \$3,000. Out of this I subtracted \$500 for a new house, \$500 for a housekeeper, \$400 for additional labor, \$75 for taxes, and \$500 for additions to my "plant," as I began to call my farm.

Then it occurred to me that I ought, of course, to sell my farm produce for a handsome profit. Bert had gone to bed, so I couldn't ask him how much I would be likely to realize. But with all due conservatism I decided that I could safely join the golf club. So I did, then and there. Whereupon I felt better, and, picking out the manuscript of a novel from my box, I went bravely at the task of earning my living.

## CHAPTER III.

Joy in an Old Orchard. The following morning was a balmy and exquisite first of May and Bert hustled me off immediately after breakfast to meet Hard Cider Howard, who, by some rural wireless, he had already summoned.

As we walked down the road, I glanced toward my lone pine, and saw my horse and Mike's hitched to the plow, with Joe driving and Mike holding the handles. Across the green pasture, behind the road and the hayfield, already four rich brown furrows were shining up to the sun.

At the house we found awaiting a strange-looking man, small, wrinkled, unkempt, with a discouraged mustache and a nose of a decidedly brighter hue than the rest of his countenance. He was tapping at the eills of the house.

"How about it, Hard? Cement?" said Bert.

Hard Cider nodded to me, with a keen glance from his little, bloodshot eyes.

"Yes," he said. "Stucco over it. Brick underpinning's be ex good ex good. Go inside."

We stepped upon the side porch, Bert handing me the key and I opening the door of my new dwelling with a secret thrill. Hard Cider at once began on the kitchen door, tipping up a plank to examine the timbers beneath.

We crossed the hall to the south side, where there were two corresponding rooms. Here, as on the other side, the chimney and fireplaces were on the inside walls, and the mantels were of a simple but very good colonial pattern, though their "bits" had been scorched by smoke and time to a dull color.

"Now I want these two rooms made into one," said I. "I want one of the doors into the hall closed up, and a glass door cut out of the south side to a parlor veranda. Can you do it?"

Hard examined the partition. He climbed on a box which we dragged in, and ripped away plaster and woodwork ruthlessly, both at the top and at the places on the sides, all without speaking a word.

"Yes," he said finally, "if yer don't mind a big cross-beam showin'." She's mind a big cross-beam showin'. She's mind a big cross-beam showin'. She's mind a big cross-beam showin'. She's mind a big cross-beam showin'.

"Fine!" I cried. "One to go in by, one to go out. Guests please keep to the right."

"Ever ter alter yer chimney," he added, "or yer'll hev two fireplaces."

There! After a whirl of expense and figuring the professor calls his farm a "plant." And he expects "earn his livin'!" He may earn it, but will he get it? His first day's work at his "plant" may tell us something about that.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Reasonable Prices.

A. E. KOSZTIN

THE IMPORTING TAILOR

EXPORTING OF HIGH GRADE

Business and evening suits or overcoats. I design, cut and fit every garment personally. I also make ladies' suits to measure from imported men's suitings. 221 Broadway Market Bldg., Cor. Broadway and Grand River. Detroit, Mich.

# USED FORDS

There is no getting away from the fact that we have the best selection of cars in the state of Michigan and that our prices are the lowest.

1913 Roadster	.....\$175
1914 Touring	.....\$200
1915 Roadster	.....\$280
1915 Touring	.....\$360
Delivery Cars at.....	\$275

One 1918 Coupelet, just lately new with starter, wire wheels, new nonskid tires, etc.

## BUY RIGHT

We would appreciate your coming to see us before you buy for we feel confident that we can save you money.

Scotty, "The Ford Man"

815 WOODWARD AVENUE. DETROIT

Detroit's Leading Dealers in

# Good Used Cars

Have the best cars and the best prices.

Buy Yours Now

Detroit Auto Exchange

Willis Ave. W. at Woodward, Detroit, Mich.

The Best Dressed Men

you see on the street are

wearing Bond's \$15 clothes

—and they're proud of

them. Time was when a

good many men thought

they had to pay \$25 or more

—or go to a tailor and pay

still more. Now the majority

come here. They find

values equal to any store's

\$25 Clothes, and Bond's

price is only \$15.

Suits Topcoats

Raincoats

Evening Clothes

\$15

No store in Detroit can show you more good styles or a greater variety of patterns than you find here at Bond's. No store is better able to fit you, for we have

sizes here for men of every build. That is another advantage of owning our own tailoring establishment and selling direct to the wearer. We can easily keep up our

New York factory. New patterns every day. New styles every day. Fifteen dollars every day.

Here, \$15 Buys \$25 Values

BOND'S

A DAYLIGHT STORE  
Corner Camp and Monroe  
Next Door to Detroit Opera House

