FROM CITY TO FARM

(1) Gold Coin Potatoes grown from hand-selected tubers, and Marquis Wheat plot growing from hand-selected heads, on Rosehurst Farm, Cayley, Alberta.
(2) J. W. Lucas, an Eastern Canadian city boy, now owner of this Western Farm.
(3) Some of his Porkers.
(4) Grade Percheron Horses, used by Mr. Lucas on his Rosehurst Farm.

We are continually hearing about the farm boy who goes to the city, but we hear little about the city boy who goes to the farm. Yet, just as many farm boys have become successful business men in our cities, so there are undoubtedly many city boys who have become successful farmers. This is more especially true in the countries that are being newly opened up such as Western Canada. Among the winners at the International Soil-Products Exposition held at Kansas City recently at least one, if not more, of the successful exhibitors was born and bred in a city and only became a farmer after he had reached manhood. John W. Lucas who won prizes for white oats, brome grass seed, barley and rye, had never been a farmer until he settled on his homestead in Cayley, Alberta, sixteen years ago. However, he has set to work to learn all he could about this noble profession and nobody can say that he has made a bad job of it.

Mr. Lucas was born in one of the cities of Eastern Canada. Like many other boys whose parents are in moderate circumstances he earned money after school hours delivering newspapers and in various other odd jobs. Leaving school, he says, he got a real job at six dollars a week and later came West and worked in Winnipeg for a year. He had always felt a desire to become a farmer, however, and it is not surprising that the call of the Canadian Government for settlers for free homesteads at once appealed to him. He came to Alberta in 1906 and located on his homestead in Cayley, in the southern part of the province, the same year.

He is now the owner of eight hundred acres of land in a block, and is interested, besides, in six and a half sections of land—4,160. On his farm he has produced as much as 139 bushels of oats to the acre and 66 bushels of wheat to the acre. The quality of his oats may be judged from the fact that for five years he won the premier honors for this crop at the Alberta Provincial Seed Fair. He has also been a regular exhibitor and prize winner at the International Soil Products Exposition and other exhibitions held in the United States.

It has been Mr. Lucas' ambition to become a good farmer and he has spared no efforts to learn all he could about his profession. He spent the winters of 1912 and 1913 in Iowa as part of his agricultural education. Here he visited some of the best farms in the State, asked lots of questions, saw a good deal and came away with as much knowledge as he could gather. He considers these two winters spent in Iowa among the best investments he ever made. He learned much about horses, cattle and hogs, and also how good farmers select the ears of corn, how to this way they increase the yield, producing ears true to type and uniform in size. He figured that if corn could be so much improved by selection the same thing could be done with the heads of wheat, oats, barley and hills of potatoes. He came back to Alberta and began to use this knowledge. Not only has he increased the yield of these crops but has improved the quality and type as well. Instead of fields of oats, barley and other crops with heads of all sizes he has now fields of these grains with heads nearly all alike. By hand selection of potatoes, saving only the prolific hills true to type, he has been able to produce as high as thirty-seven marketable potatoes from one hill, and from one potato planted a yield of seventy-three pounds of potatoes. This is a record difficult to beat anywhere.

These are some of the things a city boy has been able to do on a farm. Not only has he become the owner of a large area of land but on this land he is producing crops of the highest quality and a maximum quantity. Practically the whole of the crop grown by him he sells as seed at a higher price than that obtained by the average farmer, and the demand for what he produces is greater than he can supply.

He is also a great believer in livestock. A man who has studied farming as he has done naturally would be. Cattle, hogs and horses are raised on his farm and the same painstaking care in the selection of types and breeding is paid to livestock as he says to the selection of seeds, with results equally as satisfactory.

The success of John W. Lucas should be inspiring to many a city boy. "Any boy can do what I have done in this country," he says. "All it needs is persistence." To this may be added patience and a desire to excel qualities possessed by most successful men, wherever they are in the country.

Enjoying the Winter in Old Quebec

(1) Chateau Frontenac, Quebec.
(2) Toboggan Slide, Citadel Hill, Quebec.

Mayor Lavigueur of Quebec has announced that the official opening of the Winter Sport Season in that City will open on Tuesday, January 20th, with a grand parade of the Snowshoe and kindred Clubs. The season will last a month, and an attractive programme of week-end race, and sports has been arranged, ending with a grand carnival from February 14th to 17th.

Since Winter Sports have become as popular as those of Summer, there is no need for anyone to dread the dreariness of December, January and February. To skate rhythmically upon an open-air rink; to tramp on one's snowshoes over fields which are impassable for the ordinary pedestrian; to jump from an immense height and yet to land, upright and graceful, on one's skis; to toboggan at the rate of an express train and, most fascinating of all, perhaps, to slide on the Swiss bob-sleighs which are still a novelty on this side of the Atlantic,—all this and more does Winter offer to her devotees.

Skating and skiing require some practice before one is an adept, but sliding and snowshoeing are perfectly simple; all one needs is "the will to do, the soul to dare." Where Winter's icy mantle covers the waters and spreads a blanket of snow over the land—ther winter sports are at their best. In Canada "Our Lady of the Snows", every town of winter pastime Montmorency and in Quebec, Canada's oldest city, outdoor life takes on a new character. Situated on the St. Lawrence River, easily accessible by train, Quebec offers to her guests an unfailing welcome. [illegible] The Chateau Frontenac the huge hotel which the C.P.R. has built on Dufferin Terrace, the winter sports will find that his indoor comfort and outdoor sport have alike been considered. Two [illegible] for the [illegible] Skating [illegible] an [illegible] slide and other allied amusements. Chateau Frontenac is [illegible] Quebec's social life [illegible] which draws to it [illegible] is vivacious and charming [illegible] No one who has [illegible] or her New Year's Day in the [illegible] Then one can [illegible] and this season the [illegible] ...ements Cartier, [illegible] calm, heroes [illegible] ...mained no [illegible] present rooms [illegible] ...ch Canadian

An Island Where Deer are Safe

Listening to the Barking of Hounds on a Distant Island.

Taking an Apple From the Fingers of a Visitor.

The deep music of a deerhound's voice came faintly down the wind. Quickly it blended with the shrill voice of a hunting dingo. The scream of a hungry cougar is not more terrifying to the timid deer of the British Columbia coast than the cry of the hounds on the trail. When they hear it they get up and run—straight for water.

The little spike buck, born a few seasons before on the rugged, forest-clad coast of the Pacific grew, lifted his head. His eyes and his ears, his very pose displayed the high tension of his taut nerves. He looked into the forest of the island on which he stood, and he saw nothing alarming. He turned and stepped across the water toward Nelson Island. The only thing that could [illegible] his eye that did not denote restful [illegible] nature in primitive grandeur was a [illegible] smudge of smoke that smeared the horizon and showed that a G.P.S. steaming steamer was outbound from Bowell River. Then the boom of the [illegible] voice-rolled again across the waters from Nelson Island. The [illegible] harvesty, looked at [illegible] head to bite a mouthful of grass. He was safe. He was on Hardy Island.

Hardy Island is the city of refuge for all the deer that know about it. Fifteen years ago it was good hunting grounds. To-day it is taboo to man with guns, and hell pops, as the saying goes, if men with both guns and dogs appear. It is unlawful to hunt deer with dogs in British Columbia, but it is still done in certain districts, in spite of law. Two years ago, or perhaps slightly more than that, Mr. C. J. Leyland of England purchased Hardy Island, a gem of land situated just off Nelson Island at the mouth of Jervis Inlet. He brought it to experiment with British trees in the B.C. climate. There are 2,500 acres of rich lands and mountain, and there was a good shoreland. He placed a watchman, Tom Brazil, on the property and did no more toward development, preferring to await the end of the war. Mr. Leyland, a lover of animals, caught some of the wild deer that frequently swim to the island from the other islands. He named them.

They in turn brought other wild ones. Many of them had been run to water by dogs and took refuge on Hardy Island. There, seeing how intimate the original tame pair were with the man who controlled the orchards where the luscious apples grew, the wild newcomers gradually grew intimate too. To-day a herd of thirty deer, most of them born in wildness, respond to the voice of Tom Brazil when he calls. Some of them will step forward from the herd when called by name. They have no fear at all of man, when on Hardy Island. Sometimes they swim to other parts of the coast, and range about a bit, but they come back, often fagged from some fierce run and swim.

Tom Brazil's herd is becoming a byword on the coast, but no dog and no man dare brave what might happen should he try to hunt on the island of refuge. So the deer are fat, are bringing new little lives into the world, and are adding to their numbers by recruit volunteers from the wild ranges where such safety is not known.—L. V. K.

Prince Arthur of Connaught, who was well known in Canada, laying the Foundation Stone of Dover Petrol Memorial at Leathercotes Point, near Dover, England.