

The Farmer's Advocate AND HOME MAGAZINE.

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Germany's Peace Offensive.

The recent peace flurry aroused by Austria's suggestion for a "nonbinding discussion" has failed. Within half an hour of the receipt of the official note from the Austrian Government at Washington, the answer of the United States Government was handed out. The Allies are prepared to go to still greater length and to undergo still greater sacrifices and hardships in order to achieve "the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down to the dust."

It is scarcely conceivable at this time that Austria should come forward, of her own volition and without actual prompting, with a proposal for a mere parley. It has been truly said that all the belligerents long for peace, but the Allies must be given further and more convincing proof of Austria's singleness of purpose before accepting any invitation to engage in peace discussions. Germany's strangle hold on Austria and her despicable manoeuvres in all lands where her influence could penetrate during the last few years are too well known by the Allied Governments to permit of what seems at present, at any rate, an obvious trap. A peace offensive at this time is the enemy's best hold, and the arch enemies of democracy may be trusted to use anything that seems best for their purpose. That purpose is to secure, now that victory is receding from them, the best peace possible, and every hour's delay means a smaller chance of getting away with the barbaric tactics of the last four years. Only recently has the news been officially given out that Lenine and Trotsky, the arch traitors to Russia, were paid agents of the Kaiser.

Austria is a puppet in the hands of the Wilhelmstrasse, and until the Allies can be absolutely convinced that peace moves on her part are free of German influence, the war must continue. Five months ago President Wilson laid down his far-famed peace terms, which have been given substantial support in all the Allied countries, and have never been repudiated. It, therefore, is entirely useless for any enemy country to come forward with any set of terms which are not in substantial agreement with the demands of right and justice to small peoples and the pronouncement of democratic principles as laid down by President Wilson.

Notwithstanding the speedy reply to the recent peace proposal, offers of peace on any reasonable basis should and will be considered carefully by all the Allied Governments. We ourselves are witness to the terrible waste and sacrifice of war so much so that peace with victory for which we have been fighting since August, 1914, will be welcomed with relief.

A Chance to Work Up.

BY ALLAN MCDIARMID.

I remember, when I was a youngster of about fourteen years of age, of being sent to hoe a field of corn that was pretty badly grown up with grass and weeds of various kinds. I hadn't much interest in the job for all I expected to get out of it was more work later on when the time came to harvest it. So it happened with me like it did with a certain famous preacher who, in recounting his youthful experiences, said that he used to have to put a mark of some kind in the cornfield in which he was working, on his father's farm, to enable him to tell where he had left off. It was a case where there was no difference in the "before and after treatment." So it was with me. I took so little interest in the results of my labor that these results were bound to be anything but satisfactory. But some years later when I began to understand something of the working of the law of cause and effect and when I had learned to take a little pride in my work, as well as having developed a trace of conscience, perhaps, the whole matter appeared to me in a new light. It became a pleasure to work, even to hoe corn, for when one had reached the end of a row they could look back on it with some satisfaction and notice the difference as compared with the rows that had not yet been touched. And when the whole field was completed and corn and nothing but corn was to be seen growing in it, one felt, for the time being, as though they had fulfilled the whole duty of man on earth. The feeling is a mixture of pride, self-respect, and independence that can only come, apparently, by way of work well performed.

The fact that we have to work or starve is a poor kind of an incentive for getting the best out of ourselves. Some greater object is a necessity to most of us, than just the keeping of body and soul together. We want the work of our hands or brain to count for as much as possible in the world's progress. We may not put this idea into words or even think it, but there is an instinct in man that is satisfied only when he is finding self-expression through his daily work. It is because many men are not doing this that we have strikes and all sorts of labor troubles in our factories, on our railroads and in our coal-mines. Men engaged in this sort of labor usually have no opportunity to take much pride in their work. It is perhaps half-a-dozen pegs in a shoe, one bolt in an automobile or one drop of solder on a salmon can that makes the round of their duty from morning till night and from week to week. What is there in it for him? No wonder he looks on an increase in wages or a shortening of his hours of labor as his best possible reward. And he satisfies his instinct for progress and improvement by demanding these things as often as he thinks there is a chance of forcing them from his employer. What he needs and should have is the opportunity to engage in work that will grow to completion in his hands and in which he can experience the pleasure that comes through the creating of something, be it a piece of furniture or a suit of clothes. Get men interested in their work and they become better workmen in every way. When the weekly pay-envelope isn't the only thing in their lives, unnecessary strikes won't be as common as they are at present. A certain college professor, in talking about this matter lately said: "If you paid me one million dollars a minute I wouldn't give up my work and go into an automobile factory or a shoe factory. I might for a few minutes. But if it meant sacrificing my life-work, I would prefer suicide, after having had a taste of the satisfaction that comes from doing work which I love."

This same professor tells of what was accomplished in one of the pulp and paper mills in this province through simply getting the men interested in their work. Within a period of eight years the output of the mill has been doubled and with the same equipment. A system whereby every man was given a record of his work, which had the effect of getting him interested in increasing that record, has brought about the change. More work, better work and satisfied employees in this case would indicate that the problems of labor can be solved by the right means. When a man is treated as a human being and not as a machine, he is apt to respond with the best there is in him.

It is when our men at the front "go over the top" and each individual begins to act on his own responsibility that they begin to put real life and energy into their work. It has become interesting, to say the least, and each man is inspired to do the best he knows how to win success and victory. It's the same principle that runs through everything else.

And the point I want to bring out in connection with the above is that we, as farmers, have about the best chance of any class of the world's workers of putting this principle into effect. We are on our own responsibility almost from the time when we understand and are able to do our work. We are in partnership with Nature who, as a rule, rewards us according to the amount of

brain and muscle energy we use up on our job. Give Her a chance by planting a few trees and shrubs about the place and She will make our home surroundings more beautiful every year. If we sow our seed on ground on which we have put the right amount of intelligent labor we can be fairly sure that we'll reap a decent crop. If we give time and care to the breeding of our live stock we know that later on we'll have something to show for our efforts. In a hundred ways we have the chances for the self-expression, mentioned above, that so many of our fellowworkmen in the cities and elsewhere, at present do not get. And still there are a good many among us that have the habit of complaining of the fact, if it is a fact, that the farmer doesn't get paid for the amount of work he does. They count this pay in dollars, of course.

What I maintain is that the farmer is well paid in opportunities that come to him for getting the most out of life, even if he didn't make a dollar more than enough to keep him comfortably housed, clothed and fed, with an occasional chance to give something in the way of help to some fellowman worse off than himself.

If I were looking for a job I'd rather take one starting with nothing and a chance to rise than one at five thousand a year and without hope of getting to be worth any more. If we're learning a little and getting ahead a little every year we're in a way to being as happy as necessary, for the purpose in putting us here was to give us a chance to grow and get the satisfaction that comes in that way, but there's no place on this earth big enough or high enough up for a man to sit down on and quit.

Nature's Diary.

BY A. B. KLUGH, M.A.
Voices of the Night.

The nights of the early fall are filled with the music of nature. The chief musicians are insects belonging to the order *Orihopera*—the Katydid, Cone-heads, Crickets and Tree-crickets. The Katydid is rather large, light-green insect, much resembling a grasshopper in structure but with larger wings. Their call is supposed to resemble the words "Katy-did—she-did—she-did—she-did," but I cannot personally detect in this song any comments upon the behavior of "Katy," but should render it thus: "Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh." The Cone-heads, whose name is derived from their elongated, pointed heads, etc., also grasshopper-like in appearance, and their note is a very sharp "Zit-zit-zit-zit." Of Crickets there are two species which join in the concert—the common large Cricket and the smaller-striped Field Cricket. The note of both species is a sharp chirp, a little louder and sharper in the case of the Common Cricket. The Tree-crickets which here unite their voices with the above-mentioned insects are not the common Snowy Tree-crickets who sing "Re-teat-re-teat-re-teat" so persistently in many parts of the country, but a slightly smaller species known as the 4-spotted Tree-cricket. These insects take up their position on the under-side of a Raspberry leaf, or of a blade of grass, and by vibrating their wings very rapidly produce a continuous, high-pitched, musical trill.

The voices of all these insects blend into a high-pitched chorus and make the night vibrant with sound.

Other sounds of the insect world are the hum of an occasional Sphinx Moth, the drone of a beetle on the wing and the unwelcome song of a stray mosquito, flying out of its proper season.

The birds which mainly contribute to the concert of the night are the Whip-poor-will, the Great-horned Owl and the Loon. The Whip-poor-will is one of the few birds which sings with almost as great gusto in the autumn as it does in the spring, and it is also one of the few birds whose call can be made into words without too great a stretch of the imagination. The Great-horned Owl, the "monk whose deep-toned voice chants mass in the cathedral of the forests," utters a loud resonant "Who-who—who-who," which echoes through the darkness of the woods and reverberates from cliff to cliff along the shores of the lakes. There is a good deal of difference in the hooting of the different individuals of this species, and I have heard some whose notes were so short and sharp as to resemble the barking of a dog. The cry of the Loon is one of the most characteristic sounds of the night on our northern lakes. Its usual night-call is a loud, long-drawn-out "Oh-ho-ooo," a sound which has a remarkable carrying power and which has a strain of sadness and a weird poesy about it. This cry is often referred to as the Loon's "rain-call," the supposition being that it is uttered only, or mostly, just before rain, but as a matter of fact it is to be heard in all kinds of weather. Sometimes, but more rarely the Loon utters its laughing cry at night.

Hosts of other birds add their calls to those of the three above-mentioned, but we are unable, except in a few cases, to identify the species, for they are the call-notes of the migrants which are making their nightly flights from their homes in the north-land to their winter range in the south. When thus migrating the various species use calls which we never hear at any other time, and a great many species appear to use calls which are very much alike, if not identical. They seem, in fact, when thus flying over at night to use a sort of "bird esperanto"—a universal language which perhaps dates back to the ancient times when the first avian representatives branched off from the common reptilian stock.

There are some mammals which add their voices to the nocturnal concert, the number and variety of such calls depending upon the wildness, or otherwise, of the country. Those most generally heard are the sharp bark of the fox, the fine squeak of the tiny shrews, and the whistling cry of the Raccoon.