

## The Farmer's Advocate AND HOME MAGAZINE.

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DOMINION.

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or else allowed to grow up of its own accord. Lumber and fuel have become necessities of prime importance, and the protection afforded crops and property by wind-breaks and woodlots cannot be over-emphasized. As a protection and fuel insurance, reforestation should go on apace and, after all, no father can leave a better legacy to his son than a five or ten-acre woodlot well preserved on some corner of the farm.

### Unlisted Securities.

By SANDY FRASER.

I had my niece Jennie staying with us for a couple o' weeks this fall. She's as full o' mischief as ever and naething pleases her better than to get some sort o' a catch on me whenever she can. It keeps me busy not tae be taken in wi' ony o' her foolish questions. I got even wi' her the ither night though. She says to me at the supper table: "What's the matter with you, Uncle Sandy?" says she, "you've hardly said a word to me for a week past. What makes ye so quiet?" "Oh naething," I replied, "except that I'm naturally sae polite that I hated tae interrupt ye." But it was her turn the next time. She asked me if I'd give her a dollar for the secret of how to mak' my trousers last. When I had handed over the dollar and told her tae come on wi' the information she says, "juist mak' yer coat an' vest first, Uncle Sandy."

Last Sunday night, after we had come hame frae church we got to talkin' aboot preachers an' sermons an' the likes o' that, when all at once Jennie says tae me: "Ye say I dinna give ye a chance to talk, Uncle Sandy. Now juist go ahead an' preach a sermon yersel' an' see how ye like it. It will teach ye not tae be criticizing the ministers. I'll promise not tae interrupt ye and I won't let Auntie gang tae sleep, sae let us hear what ye can do."

"Weel," says I, tryin' to get oot o' the scrape, "the hour is late, the audience is small and no' vera inspiring and, above all, I don't happen to have ony text handy. I guess ye'll have tae excuse me."

"Oh, don't let the text bother ye," returned Jennie. "I can get ye one in a minute. What's the matter wi' taking one oot o' the newspaper here," and she opened it up, turning tae the page that had all the market reports and the prices o' stocks an' bonds and investments and that sort o' thing.

"Here's a text for ye, or a subject or whatever ye like to call it," says Jennie. "At the head o' this first column. I dinna ken what it means but you've got tae preach a sermon from it onway. It's 'Unlisted Securities.' Read it for yersel'."

I looked at the paper and there, sure enough, was a lang string o' names an' figures, wi' Jennie's "text" at the top.

"Unlisted Securities," says I, "what under the sun dae ye expect me to mak' o' that?" "Oh, I dinna ken," replied Jennie, "that's what Auntie and I are waiting tae see."

"Weel then," I said, takin' a lang breath and beginnin' tae feel a wee bit warm under the collar, "ye've heard the subject and the first thing to dae is to divide it intae its different heads an' departments. But maybe we had better juist dae that as we gae along; it will save time. What then are some o' the 'unlisted securities' that it would be the part o' wisdom for us tae invest in? What one will we place at the head o' the list? To my mind and way o' thinkin' the first and maist important 'security' we can have is a Good Inheritance. Gin we hae this one we'll no' find it half sae hard to acquire a lot o' the ither securities. It's something like askin' a man to be careful aboot pickin' oot his grandfather and grandmither when ye tell him to be sure o' a guid inheritance, but the majority o' us haven't much to complain aboot on that score. Oor slate was pretty clean when we got it. Gin we've done some queer scratchin' on it durin' the while we've been here it's no' the fault o' the auld folk."

"Anither 'security' that is worth thinkin' aboot is oor General Surroundings. I suppose a regular preacher would call it oor inviorment. Gin we've been born intae a guid country and amang decent people we hae that much tae be thankful for. We've come by something that we didn't have to pay for an' it's juist like finding money. But in case oor inviorment isn't what it might be then it's up tae us to dae something; it's no' for me to say what. I might possibly be tellin' ony missionary wark ye undertook had better begin pretty near yer ain home. Like the cure I was readin' aboot lately for sleeping congregations. It was to wake up the preacher."

"Oor next 'security' might be a habit o' perseverance. It's one that will take ye anywhere and get ye onything within reason." And gin ye haven't got it ye're likely to stay stuck in the mud juist where ye were when yer auld friends and schoolmates saw ye last. I heard a wee story the ither day that will show ye how this 'perseverance' business works. A young city chap an' his wife, oot in Alberta, thought they'd buy a farm and go tae raising wheat. They put in the seed the first year, but for some reason they had no crop. The second year it was the same. The third year everything was gaein' fine till juist before harvest when a hail-storm came along and left them back at the starting place again. The fourth year the frost did the business and the young fellow made up his mind tae quit; what he should have done sooner, you'll say, maybe. But his wife was a better man than he was. She found him oot behind their shack one day, sittin' on the ground an' juist cryin'. She cheered him up an' got his backbone intae place again and they made up their minds to try it once mair. He went to clerking in a store and she went to teaching an' between them they earned enough money to buy the seed wheat for a fifth attempt. I see ye have guessed the rest. But I'll juist go on an' tell ye that one o' the finest farming lay-outs in Alberta to-day belongs to that young couple. They have everything they want and a little tae spare. Visitors tae that part o' the country mak' the trip oot tae the farm juist to see what a 'model farm' looks like and to find oot, maybe, the secret of getting money oot o' the soil.

"But I must hurry on as I see my time will soon be gone. A fourth 'security' is Honesty; Ye may go fast but ye'll no go far wi'oot it. I've seen men keep oot o' jail that didn't have it, but it kept them sae busy that it spoilt all the fun they might hae had. It doesna pay to be crooked even in a horse-trade."

"And noo, not the least important among oor 'unlisted securities' comes the Willingness to Work. The worst failure I ever knew was that o' a man that had naething the matter wi' him but laziness. He had a fine body and a good mind but he never got right doon tae using either of them. The auld saying is, 'if a man will not work neither shall he eat,' and that means, in ither words, 'he's no good, let him die.' And this includes even the chap that thinks the size of his bank account is an excuse for loafing. In the nature o' things man has to work or go bad. So, gin we inherit a willingness to work we hae come by a pretty valuable 'security.'"

"What will we mention next?" We haven't spoken aboot a healthy body; the Lord kens it's pretty hard for us to dae much wi'oot it. Some have it wi' them when they come here, ither have to acquire it by lang years o' care an' self-denial, and there are others that hae to juist worry along tae the end o' their existence wi' a physical organism that's continually gaein' oot on strike and makin' trouble generally. Gin ye were tae ask me the surest way to come by this healthy body I'd put my answer in juist one word; and that word would be 'Moderation.' Eating an' drinkin', sleeping or working, playing or preaching, there's a happy medium somewhere aboot them all an' it's up tae us to be on the watch for it. When Nature placed man on this earth that was the watchword she gave him, 'Moderation.'

"Along wi' a healthy body should go an inquiring mind. That's one mair pretty valuable security. A mind that kens the importance o' knowledge is pretty apt tae grow, and the means o' growth in this case is what ye might call a 'healthy curiosity.' And if ye have ever heard a small boy ask questions ye will understand Nature's plan for mind development. There's such a thing as being inquisitive, and I dinna think muckle o' the people on the party telephone lines that will aye be pullin' doon the receiver for every call but their ain. And there are ither unhealthy ways in which curiosity breaks oot, as we all ken. But when it is used in the way and to the degree intended the inquiring mind is the guide tae progress an' achieve-

ment. It has brought us along as far as we've got and it's waiting to tak' us further."

"A Sense o' Humor is anither 'security' that is worth mair tae the one that has it than he imagines, sometimes. I've heard it said that a sense o' humor and common-sense were one an' the same thing but that's no' a the-gither true. Ye can have common-sense wi'oot the sense o' humor but ye can't have the sense o' humor wi'oot having common-sense. Most o' oor troubles are mair or less o' a joke after we've left them on the road behind us. It tak's the chap wi' the sense o' humor tae see the point o' the joke when he's in the middle o' the trouble and when it's piling right on top o' him. And that's the chap that comes through it all wi' the least damage. It's a big help if ye can laugh when ye're crying, sometimes."

"A talent for Self-Control is anither 'security' that," . . . "Oh, stop it," breaks in Jennie right here. "I'm gaein' back on my promise not tae interrupt ye, but Auntie has gone tae sleep in spite o' me and if ye'll juist stop I'll say I'll never bother ye again, aboot preaching or onything else. Twa sermons in one day is something ye've got tae come to by degrees. But I'll no' forget the 'Unlisted Securities,' Uncle Sandy. I guess they're juist aboot as important as the 'listed' ones. When I go back home I'll be takin' a look, noo an' again, at the 'financial news' in the papers, juist tae remind me o' the points in yer sermon, and there's no telling, but what it may work a reformation in my character, and yer preaching will not have been in vain."

"Amen," says I. "We will noo sing the three hundred and forty-second hymn and be dismissed."

### Nature's Diary.

By A. BROOKER KLUGE, M. A.

At this season of the year, when the leaves have fallen from the trees and bushes, and the tall herbs have died down, we find many birds' nests the presence of which was unknown, or only guessed at, during the summer.

To notice the location, to study the wonderful architecture and to recognize the name of the builder of these cradles, is an interesting phase of natural history in late autumn. We can now collect and preserve these nests without in any way prejudicing the welfare of their makers, as with the exception of very few species, such as the hawks and the Phoebe, they are not used a second time.

One of the most beautiful specimens of bird architecture, and one of the nests most rarely found, is that of the Ruby-throat Hummingbird. This tiny nest is usually placed on the horizontal branch of a tree, frequently in an orchard, and is composed of gray lichens, lined with the softest of plant down.

If we come across a rather large nest, very loosely built of twigs, strips of bark and leaves, in a bush, it is likely to be that of either the Black-billed or Yellow-billed Cuckoo. If there are several large nests, loosely built of twigs, in adjoining trees, we have found the site of a colony of Mourning Doves.

A rather large nest, place on the horizontal bough of an isolated tree, and composed of fibrous vegetable material and sheep's wool compactly woven together is the domicile in which the Kingbird raised a brood of princes and princesses.

A nest of medium size, that is about three inches across, composed of bark fibre, rootlets and grass, finished on the outside with lichens, compact and firm round the rim, and flat in form, placed in a fork of a tree or saddled on a limb, at a height of from ten to twelve feet from the ground is that of the Wood Pewee.

In the fields we may come across a nest of fair size, built of grass and partially arched over—the domicile of the Meadow lark.

From its pensile character the nest of the Baltimore Oriole is usually easy to observe even when the leaves are on the trees, but with the falling of the leaves these wonderfully woven cradles become still more conspicuous.

A neat, strong nest, composed of miscellaneous materials felted together, lined with plant down, and placed in the upright fork of a tree at from twelve to twenty feet from the ground, is that of the American Goldfinch.

If a pair of Cedar Waxwings have spent the summer in the orchard we may expect to find, with the falling of the leaves, a large nest composed of twigs, bark, leaves and rootlets, and lined with fine grass, hair or wool.

A rather large nest, composed mainly of twigs, placed in the centre of a thorn tree is almost certainly that of the White-rumped Shrike.

If we come across a thin, light, pensile structure fastened by the rim to a horizontal fork, and composed of bark strips, wasp's paper, and fine grass felted together it is the nest of one of the Vireos. Of the two commonest breeding Vireos of Eastern Canada—the Red-eye and the Warbling—the latter usually builds at a greater height from the ground, but the nests of the two species are similar.

A nest in a bush, composed of a variety of soft elastic materials, including wool, hair, moss, bark fibre and plant down, all felted together and lined with hair, is most likely to be that of the Yellow Warbler.

The Chipping Sparrow is much given to making its nests in the vines growing up the side of the house, or about the verandah, and when the vines shed their leaves we are likely to discover the neat little nest, built of rootlets and fine grass and deeply lined with horse hair.

A nest on the ground in the woods, composed of twigs, leaves and moss, lined with fine grass and hair, roofed over, with an entrance at the side is the work of the Ovenbird.