

The Farmer's Advocate AND HOME MAGAZINE.

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DOMINION.

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Hon. W. B. Nantel, K.C., L.L.D., Deputy Chief Commissioner; S. J. McLean, M.A., L.L.B., Ph. D., Commissioner; and A. C. Boyce, K.C., Commissioner. Under the Act a Commissioner holds office for a period of ten years, but he is eligible for re-appointment if he has not reached the age of 75 years, which is the disqualifying limit. The two Commissioners whose term of office has just expired are eligible for re-appointment but it is to be hoped that a reorganization of the Board of Commissioners will take place, giving proper representation to the various important industries in Canada. There are big things in view for agriculture, or at least schemes are beginning to take shape that will make for more stable and remunerative markets. The success of these plans will depend to a very appreciable extent on transportation and shipping, and it does not seem reasonable to leave the future of Canadian agriculture in the hands of a few men whose sympathies are foreign to the industry. Farmers are becoming more strongly organized, and no better use could be made of the organizations than through them to place worthy representatives in positions where they can safeguard the interests of agriculture. However, the Government must realize the importance of husbandry, and when the time comes they will surely give place to agricultural representation on the Board of Railway Commissioners.

The Western Fair could bring about a vast improvement in the live-stock department if judging were spread over two or three days instead of being practically all run off in one day. The exhibitors are in the habit of changing work, so to speak, but when all breeds are in the ring at one time it becomes practically impossible to find hands enough to bring out the entries. In the group classes particularly is this the case.

A recent treaty between Germany and Finland gives the Central Powers control of the man-power of Finland. It is estimated that this will give Germany an additional army of 35,000 men. The population of Finland is made up of about 2,352,990 Finns; 349,733 Swedes, and 5,939 Russians.

The latest Provincial crop estimates for Saskatchewan place the wheat yield at 98,500,000 bushels.

Nature's Diary.

A. B. KLUGH, M. A.

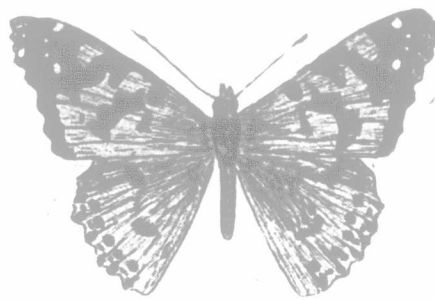
A butterfly which is common in many localities and which seems to be more abundant rather late in the season is the Compton Tortoise-shell, shown in Fig. 1. In this species the fore-wings are pale reddish-brown, with black markings, and with a square, whitish spot on the upper margin near the tip. The hind wings are shaded with dusky on their inner half, and have a blackish line near their margin and one black and one white spot near their upper margin. The caterpillar of this species feeds upon various species of Willows.

The Painted Lady, shown in Fig. 2, is a very common butterfly. The wings of this species are reddish-brown, the fore-wings having black markings and a series of white spots near their tip and the hind-wings a row of black dots near the margin. The caterpillar feeds upon the leaves of thistles and nettles. The Painted Lady has a very wide distribution, being found all over Europe, all over North America, throughout South America, in Africa, and in Australia. In some seasons this species is rather scarce, but in other seasons it fairly swarms, every thistle-top having one of these butterflies perched upon its head.



The Compton Tortoise-shell.

A very common and striking species is the Banded Purple. This species has an expanse of two and a half inches, the wings are a very dark purple, almost black, and both wings have a wide white band across the middle, while at the margin of the hind wings is a row of blue spots and just inside this a row of red spots. In its typical form this species is recognizable at a glance, but it is subject to considerable variation, and in some specimens the conspicuous white bands are entirely lacking. The caterpillar of the Banded Purple is greenish-brown, blotched with white, and feeds upon the leaves of the Hawthorn.



The Painted Lady (natural size).

We have now given cuts and descriptions of most of our commonest, and most easily recognized species of butterflies, and from these the reader should be able to distinguish and name a good percentage of the butterflies he meets upon his rambles afield. In addition to those with which we have dealt we have a host of other species, many of them very common but small, rather inconspicuous, and hard to differentiate in a few words, and other species which are of rare, or almost accidental, occurrence. If any of our readers should come across a butterfly which they desire named, if they will send it to us, with the wings folded together in a paper pocket, wrapped in many folds of paper so that it will not be crushed in the mail, we shall be glad to name it for them.

Some Brute Philosophy.

BY SANDY FRASER.

I had one of those city chaps with me for a short time last month. One o' the great army that were tae come frae the toons to save the situation an' the crops on the deserted farms throughout the country. He showed up a wee bit too late to be o' muckle help in gettin' the grain intae the barn, as I had made out, wi' the assistance o' a couple o' weeks o' vera favorable weather, to get the last o' it stored awa' the day before he came. But he wis a kind o' a lively chap in his way, and he paid for his board while he wis with me by tellin' stories o' his past experiences on the ither farms on which he had worked when he wis tryin' tae get a college education for himsel' an' pay the bills as he went along. The first man he hired with must hae been a pretty high-strung individual for his temper used to get the better o' him tae such an extent that ilka time he had a

fit o' it an' tore around for a while, he had tae go to bed an' stay there for about twenty-four hours. To gie the story in oor city chap's ain words: "I wis warkin' in the barn one day at a job the boss had hunted up for me, when I heard a kind o' a racket in the direction o' the corn-field. I knew the boss had gone oot tae cultivate the corn wi' one o' the young horses, sae I ran back tae where he wis tae see if he'd got intae any trouble. When I got within sight o' the field I saw him lacin' that horse wi' the ends o' the lines, while the poor horse, in his efforts tae escape, wis rinnin' in a small circle about the boss an' draggin' the cultivator after him. That part o' the ground wis weel worked up, I can tell ye that, but a' the same I wouldna' want to say that there wis muckle promise o' a crop o' corn. I caught the horse by the heid an' the boss threw doon the lines an' wi'oot a word, started for the hoose. I saw nae mair o' him that day. After I had got the horse calmed doon a bit I went on an' finished the field. It seems that the horse had stepped on a hill o' corn and when he had been jerked tae one side he had stepped on anither hill. Then the fight had started, wi' the result that about forty hills, or mair, had been scattered in as many different directions.

"One day, about a week after this, we were puttin' the coos in the stable at milkin' time when one o' the heifers got scared o' somethin' an' backed oot o' her stanchion before we got her fastened an' jammed the boss up against the wall. She ran oot o' the stable wi' the boss after her, wi' a sleigh-stake in his hand. When he got her intae the stable again he started in tae beat her wi'oot takin' the time tae shut the stanchion on her, wi' the result that the heifer got awa' on him again, an' this time, instead o' comin' back intae the stable, she jumped over the fence intae his pig-yard. The pickets in this fence had become kind o' rotten an' the result wis that she laid a couple o' panels o' it doon flat. In a meenute his thirteen pigs came stringin' oot an' spread themselves around the place wherever they could do the maist mischief. There wis naething for it but tae fix the fence an' then try to drive the pigs back through the gate. But anyone that kens a pig's nature will understand that we had tackled a bigger job than we could finish. In the end we had-tae tak' each pig separately an' run it doon. When its tongue wis hangin' oot an' it could rin nae further, we would throw ourselves on it an' when we had hauled o' it by the ears we could drag it awa' to the pen. By the time we had the last o' them back in their quarters the boss wis in bad shape. He wanted tae find that heifer an' kill her but he wis ower weak to undertake the job. All he could dae wis to navigate back tae the hoose, leavin' me tae milk the coos by mysel'. An' the next day he never showed up at all. For the rest o' the season I had charge o' that heifer, as she an' the boss never came tae speakin' terms while I wis there.

"Anither time I saw him go wild wis one day when he started tae load the milk-cans on to the wagon frae the stand. The ground kind o' sloped away from where the milk-stand stood an' he had forgotten tae block the wheels o' the milk-rig. He had one foot on the stand an' the ither on the wagon an' the meenute he lifted the can the wagon started off doon the hill. He couldna stay on the stand and he wisna' able tae gang wi' the wagon, sae he juist cam' tae the ground, milk-can an' all, an' what milk his clothes didna' soak up ran awa into the dirt. He wis ower mad to speak an' juist stood there an' watched the wagon rin doon the hill an' bring up against the fence at the bottom. For once he couldna tak' it oot on the horse or onything else but himsel', so he gave it up for a bad job. It wis the only time I ever knew him tae control his temper. The rest o' the times it wis always some one o' his horses or coos or pigs that had tae stand for it. I used to think often that it wis maistly that he kept them for."

I got a few mair stories such as these frae this city chap, and I hae been wonderin' if what he has been tellin' me is all juist as it happened. I forgot tae ask him if he'd ever been a reporter for any o' these toon papers. But he maybe wis straight enough. I've seen some things on the farm mysel', in the way o' what ye might call lack o' consideration for the feelings o' oor friends o' the pasture an' barn-yard. Auld St. Francis, wha lived a few hundred years back, used to call these same animals his "little brothers and sisters," and it might be a guid thing for some o' us if we could get a wee bit nearer this view of the matter than we dae. We are inclined tae forget that the "brutes," as we call them, hae juist the same feelings as ourselves and mony o' them are as sensitive to cruelty an' rough treatment as the best o' us. For my part I could never see any radical difference between human kind and the rest o' the animal kingdom. In fact, I've often thought that I've been acquainted with certain dogs an' horses that had mair o' the gentleman in them than there wis in some o' the chaps I hae seen walkin' around on their hind legs an' callin' themselves men. Wha kens but that there may be future stages o' existence for all life on this airth as weel as for juist a part o' it. We canna say there is or there isn't. But onyway we're bringin' ourselves doon tae their level, or lower when we are cruel tae the animals or careless o' their welfare. I wis readin' juist lately what a great preacher said on this point. Says he: "when a man forgets his dumb brothers and is dead to all their fears and sufferings he has lost his own soul." That's comin' it pretty strong, but it may be true for a' that. I hope I winna hae to find oot through experience. I'm no saint when it comes tae milkin' coos in fly-time or daein' ither jobs on the farm o' a similar nature, I may as weel tell you that, but they say that it helps tae keep a mon on the right track to be pointin' oot the way to ither, so I'm juist experimentin' to see, maybe, what it will dae for me.