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ment they were in front of me and the next they were gone, and as they swept down the lane they seemed to be going faster than mortal horses could possibly go. I stood and waited until they had turned down the road, and our own horses in the pasture field had galloped to the fence to find out what was the matter. There was much pounding of hoofs and whinnying and snorting, but finally everything quieted down, and I was able to go back to bed with cold feet.

After getting to bed I worried for a while because I had driven the horses out on the road again. There are railroads in every direction, and as these horses had probably broken out of someone's pasture I should have turned them into the field with our own horses, so that they would be safe until morning. If they got in front of a train and were killed I would reproach myself for being so unneighborly as to dog them out on the road when they were astray. But they had turned away from the nearest railroad and that eased my conscience some and then I began to get sleepy and that eased my conscience entirely—and then something began to worry me in the vague way that things worry one when half asleep. I worried along miserably for a while and then I wakened up and tried to figure out just what was the matter. A moment later the dog let out a desolating howl and I knew what was the matter. The dog was holding a long-distance conversation with another dog about a mile away. They were evidently talking about something very mournful for every once in a while he would intersperse his remarks with a long howl. People used to say that when a dog cries somebody is going to die and the sound they make is so mournful that I do not wonder at the superstition. I had hoped he would soon get through with his troubles and tried to cover my ears so that I could not hear him. But it was no use. He seemed bound to tell all his troubles and to have a real good cry with that other dog. The other dog was evidently very sad also. I could hear his remarks faintly when our dog was listening, and he seemed to have a lot to cry about too. At last I simply had to get up and put a stop to the howling if I was to get any sleep. But though I was provoked I was still curious, so before beginning to scold I took a look at the dog. He was sitting on his haunches out in a clear moonlight, and when he cried he would point his nose straight up towards the sky and let out the grewsome noise. If Shakespeare was a true observer, and he usually was, this kind of performance usually takes place on a moonlit night. He speaks of "Irish wolves baying at the moon," and again,

"I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon
Than such a Roman."

But between one and two o'clock in the morning in the harvest time when one needs sleep was no time to stop and think up poetical quotations over a dog's howling. Though I couldn't help feeling that Sheppy was really to be pitied if he felt as badly as his howling seemed to indicate I called him to go and "lie down" and "be quiet!" When I spoke to him he got up and hung his head and actually looked ashamed as if I had caught him revealing his private affairs. He probably thought there was no human being listening to him, and he was pouring out his whole heart to his friend in the distance. Anyway he looked so crest-fallen at being interrupted that I suspect it was me he must have been gossiping about. I wonder if he was telling a sad story of how I treat him, and of how much he has to put up with while living with us. If he understands half of what is said to him when he doesn't drive the cows right his feelings may be hurt somewhat. But if I was to get any sleep that night I had to interrupt the sad story of his life, and I doubt if he had told half of his troubles to that other dog.

The glimpse I got into the moonlit world after midnight made me wonder if we are not missing chances of getting all the enjoyments of travel while staying at home. The doctors often recommend a change of scene and we hear much about the good that may be derived from a change of air, and certainly I found the scene and air different. The buildings, the trees, and the fields all looked different under the moonlight. I would have to travel a long way to get a more complete change of scene than I got by getting out of bed. As for the air, one doctor once told me that we get as complete a change of air every time the wind changes as we could get by going to the mountains or the seaside. I wonder if people could not get much of the enjoyment they are supposed to get from travel by learning to observe and see things in a new way around home. I have heard people rave about sunsets and sunrises they had seen on the mountains or on the ocean, who could not tell what a sunrise was like over their own fields. When people learn to observe properly they find that

every walk and every turn about the place reveals new beauties that they would be delighted with if they saw them on their travels. But let no one suppose that these remarks are intended to discourage travel.

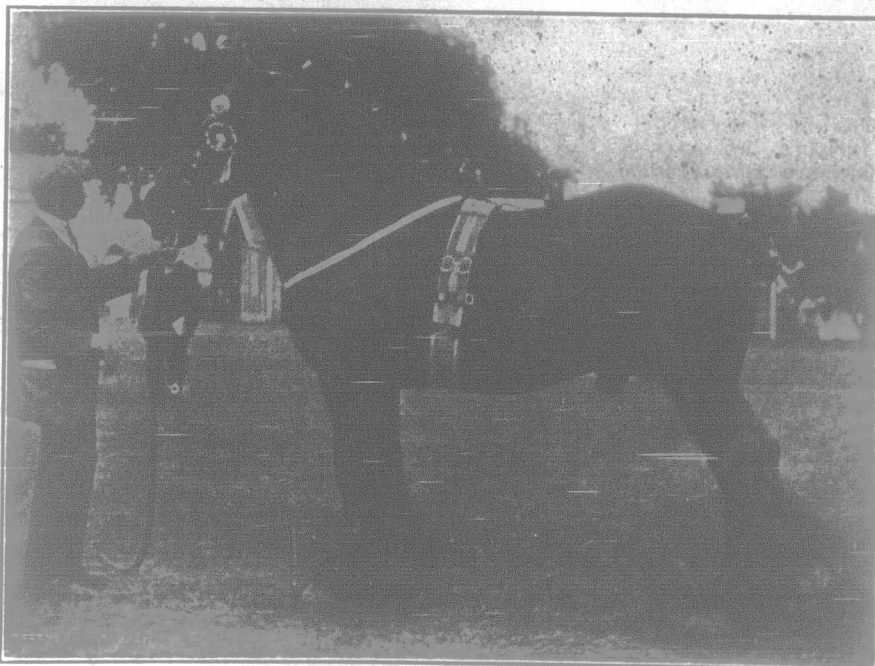
Travel has it uses. Though you can get a change of scene and a change of air by learning to be observant at home it is worth while to travel once in a while to get a change of people. I suspect that meeting the same people all the time and talking about the same things is more wearing on one than anything else. An occasional trip from home throws us in contact with other people who introduce us to new subjects for thought and please us with new stories. I am inclined to think that a change of people occasionally is more beneficial to the health than a change of scene or air. I wonder if that is not what the doctors have in mind when they order people away, though they are too diplomatic to say so.



Shire Mares and Foals Parading at Peterborough, England, Show.

Taxes for Road Improvement.

The newspapers recently announced that about sixteen thousand automobile licenses for Ontario had been issued by the Provincial Secretary's Department so far this season, with certainty of more to follow. There are 650 dealers' licenses, and 3,000 licensed chauffeurs, while motor cycle licenses number 2,500. All these represent an income of \$85,000, and the motor fraternity want it ear-marked for purposes of road improvement. That idea is in the right direction, but the license fee ought to be made something worth while. Motor vehicles will have to be heavily taxed to compensate for the injury they cause to the roads, the fields, and to persons using or living near the highway. An average license of seventy-five dollars a car would yield revenue to the extent of over a million dollars a year. The license fee



Shire Stallion, Rowington Dray King.

First and Champion, Royal Show, Bristol, 1913.

should be graded according to horse power, running from forty to fifty up to, say, a hundred and fifty dollars—with motor cycles about a hundred.

We look for "The Farmer's Advocate" every week, and would not like to be without it. I am glad to see it fighting for the revision of the Bank Act. It would be a good thing for farmers if the banks would lend money to us on longer terms.

JAMES WEDDERBURN.

Halton Co., Ont.

THE HORSE.

A few weeks on grass will do the driver's feet good. If he can be spared pull off his shoes and let him have a rest.

During the six months previous to April 30th, 1913, American breeders and importers sold 184 Percherons to Canada.

A well-known American Clydesdale breeder gives these as the six essentials of a model draft horse: Suitability for the purpose intended; soundness; enduring qualities; docility; constitution and vitality; action.

The same writer says: "The farmer in a great majority of cases is careless and unscientific, and is frequently carried away with minor side issues such as colors and weights and individual fads. As an illustration, I may state that a black color is most popular among American farmers, whereas it is the poorest of all colors, and least valuable in the market." (This refers to Clydesdales.)

Many farm horses waste almost enough hay to keep another of their kind fairly well.

You don't like to have two meals piled around your plate at once, neither does the horse relish two feeds of hay in his rack or manger at once. Nothing works more against his appetite than such a practice, and a horse without an appetite soon fails in flesh.

Those who claim to know tell us that a horse which works on the pavement, or on hard roads, requires his shoes re-set every four weeks during hot weather. Farm horses kept shod may not need so frequent changes, but one thing is sure, many horses' feet are ruined by carrying shoes too long without having them moved. New shoes are more easily obtained than new feet.

How long is it since you have visited those colts in the back pasture? Have they been there since the 24th of May, or the first of July, without attention, or was it only last Sunday that you salted them and looked them over? Was particular attention paid to the growth and shape of their feet? Colts' feet do not always grow exactly right. In fact, very few colts run a summer without needing their feet trimmed to shape and levelled up. You want a sound, straight true-going horse when he is old enough to work. Aid him to grow into this kind of animal by giving his feet needed attention as he grows.

Every authority on horses warns against feeding too much hay, but the majority of feeders are still inclined to err. Stuffing a horse with hay is hard on his wind, and generally ascribed as a primary cause of heaves, along with dust in the feed. Veterinarians especially warn against allowing too much hay at noon in hot weather to a horse that is inclined to pant. Such a horse, they say, should have little but water and oats for his noon feed.

There is nothing better for the farm horse than a run on grass at night. The grass eaten keeps the digestive and secretory systems in order; the exercise and cool, fresh air contribute to comfort and health, while the dewy moisture toughens the texture of the hoofs.