

The Farmer's Advocate AND HOME MAGAZINE.

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DOMINION.

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and breeder of live stock is not free from all obligations. A good stamp of pure-bred sires must be used throughout the country, and our cattle stocks destined for overseas consumption must be brought to a higher degree of finish than has been the custom during the last few years. The butcher trade on this continent has been taking a handy kind of steer lately, but when we begin to place product on the British market in any appreciable quantity we may as well have our minds made up that cattle to be sold there must be more highly finished than is the custom here, or else we shall have to be content with an inferior class of trade and a corresponding price. There is a splendid future ahead if Canadians will but take advantage of the situation and help to carry well-laid plans to fruition.

Every fall and spring there is more or less mud and slush around the buildings, which only add to the discomfort of those inclement seasons of the year. Even when going to the stable on a minor errand one is obliged to don the full outdoor uniform so far as foot wear is concerned, and moreover a certain portion of the 100 acres is usually tracked into the house unless the feet are the property of a model husband or exceptional boy. A narrow concrete walk connecting the house and out-buildings will be comparatively inexpensive, yet a convenience that will be appreciated by all members of the family.

Sandy Revises His Estimates.

BY SANDY FRASER.

A couple o' months back, or maybe a little better, I sent ye a sort o' a report o' the conditions o' crops an' things in general pertainin' tae the farm. The prospects were pretty guid, I thought, and when there's only chance tae feel cheerful I always make a point o' jumpin' at it. So I wrote ye a pretty optimistic letter, tellin' ye what fine crops we were gaein' to have, sae far as I could see at that time. The hay especially looked as though naething could prevent it turnin' oot to be bumper crop and I'm thinkin' I did a wee bit o' braggin' aboot it, if I mind right. But juist aboot that time the weather turned cauld and although we had a shower o' rain noo an' again it wis that windy maist o' the time that the ground wis na sooner wet than it wis dry again. I dinna think I ever saw such winds in this part o' the country in the spring. I used tae think some days that they wad blaw the very whiskers off me. Some chaps that keep bees tell me that the honey crop is a failure this year on account o' the high winds preventin' the

bees from returnin' hame once they had left the hive. "The wind juist blew them tae smithereens", say they.

Sae ye canna wonder that some things, especially oor hay crop, didna pan oot quite as weel as we expectit'. A neighbor chap, wha had been readin' that letter o' mine in the "Advocate", says tae me one day, "Weel Sandy, I hae a notion that we'll have to class ye among the false prophets. By the looks o' things at present we willna need tae provide the coos wi' tooth-picks this winter. The hay crop is hardly comin' up tae yer expectations, is it?" "No, I canna say that it is", I replied. "Prophesying is a kind o' a uncertain business. I wouldna want to have to mak' my livin' by it. I should hae kenned better at my age. They say that the time tae predict rain is when ye hear it on the roof, and I guess the same principle applies tae ither things as weel. ye've heard aboot the auld Scotchman that wis caught in a thunder-storm and nearly drowned before he got tae his hoose. 'Gosh, Danny', he says tae his boy wha opened the door for his feyther tae come in, "it threatens tae be wet, I'm thinkin'."

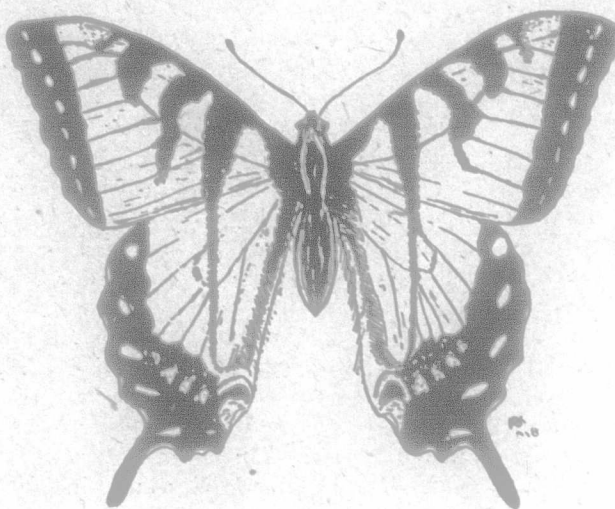


Fig. 1—The Tiger Swallowtail.

"And that's the kind o' forecastin' I'm gaein' to do after this," says I. "It's time enough to say what ye're goin' to have when ye've got it. People will hae mair respect for yer judgment an' besides it saves ye from disappointment," I concluded. "That's right, Sandy," says my friend, as he went off, "see that ye stick to it." But I notice that I'm not the only one that has been talkin' mair than compelled to by law. We heard a lot last spring aboot the great wheat crop that oor Canadian West wis gaein' tae harvest this fall, but, as the newspapers say, "first estimates have had to be revised." They had their high winds too and I hear that in some places the seed wis blown clean oot o' the ground and the land had to be sown a' over again. Then they had dry weather for a lang time and after that the frost. I wis told juist yesterday o' one farmer oot there that had his oats frozen doon three times this summer. It's hard lines, but, as I said, they wouldn't be feelin' sae bad aboot it if they hadn't been makin' such great predictions last spring.

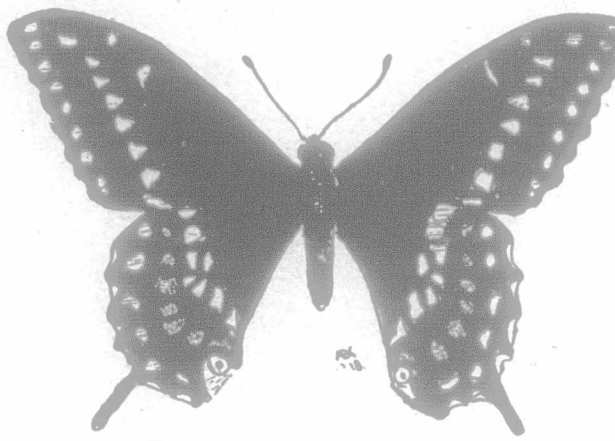


Fig. 2—Black Swallowtail.

And the bumper corn crop that they were going to have across in the States this year is another case o' the same kind that we might be drawin' a moral from. Some o' it has been burnt clean up by the one hundred and ten degree weather o' the past few weeks and there's another job for the "revisers o' estimates."

Noo I dinna want ye to think that we've had a crop failure doon East here this summer, because we haven't, nor anything like it. The hay didna show up as well as we thought it wis gaein' to by the way it started oot, but new meadows were no sae bad, and the lesson that some o' us got along the line o' lettin' oor fields grow hay for three or four years before breakin' them up ought to be worth as much to us as what we lost in hay this year by oor bad practice. It's takin' lang chances, I'm thinkin', when ye leave yer fields in hay for mair than twa seasons.

As for the ither crops doon in this end o' the province I dinna think we hae ower muckle to complain aboot. There wis an odd hailstorm here an' there. Those that were unlucky enough tae be in line canna be blamed for doing a wee bit o' grumblin', not even having the insurance that is provided for an emergency o' this kind oot in the West. But takin' it on the whole I dinna ken when the grain crop wis better and the weather for gettin' it harvested canna be found fault with by ony farmer, even although he's one o' the worst kickers of the breed.

I suppose it's ower soon to be sayin' anything aboot

the corn an' potatoes an' ither field roots, for they're still a month or so frae their harvest, but I'll risk sayin' this much aboot the corn and that is that it looks well where it was cultivated an' hoed as much as was necessary. It got off to a bad start last spring but where it didn't have to waste ower muckle o' its time fightin' for its life wi' the weeds, and where the ground around it wis kept stirred up enough tae hold what water we got in the soil there is na need o' pittin' it in a class wi' the slackers, sae far as appearance goes at the beginnin' o' the last week in August.

We'll no' say anything aboot the potatoes except that those we hae eaten seemed tae be all right. That much o' the crop is safe, whatever. They're lookin' good but mair than half the guid-sized ones rotted in the ground after this time last year, so we'll juist wait an' see what we'll see.

Pastures hae been fairly guid all summer and as a consequence the milk flow has been up tae the average. The dairy coo is the individual that backs the farmer's notes doon here, so her summer rations are a matter o' some concern to mair than hersel' and her owner. I dinna think that I wad be far oot o' the way in sayin' that ninety per cent. o' oor incomes reach us by way o' the cow, directly or indirectly. It keeps us hustling the best pairt o' the year tae satisfy her appetite but she's aye there wi' the check on pay-day.

Sae far as the shortage o' help wis concerned this year it's unco' strange how few complaints I hae been hearin'. One way an' another everybody seems tae be gettin' their work done and that wi' oot the assistance o' the chaps frae the cities that some were countin' on last spring. Some men hae had their wives helpin' them in the field and some hae had their daughters, but there's mighty little o' the harvest being gathered doon here by ony o' the chaps that signed up for the work on Registration day last June. Na doot they are otherwise employed and as we hae managed tae worry along wi'oot them there's nae harm done. Only it beats me tae understand why they went to the worry an' trouble o' the hale performance. Maybe it wis juist tae show their good-will in the matter. Weel, sae lang as it hasn't got to be paid for I'm sure we're much obliged tae them and maybe some day we'll be able tae return the favor.

Nature's Diary.

A. B. KLUGH, M. A.

One of the largest and most striking of our Canadian butterflies is the Tiger Swallowtail, shown in Fig. 1. This species is yellow with a black border and black bars on the wings. In the black border of both fore and hindwings are yellow spots, and on the hind wings there is also a row of blue spots in the border, there is a red spot near the upper angle of the hind wings, and a red and yellow mark at the lower angle of the hind wings. The caterpillar of the Tiger Swallowtail is brownish in color and feeds on a great variety of plants, its favorite foodplant being the wld cherry.

The movements of this species on the wing are bold and dashing—now aloft to the tops of the tallest trees now down amid the shrubs, hither and thither it goes, ever and anon pausing to sip the nectar of a flower or to drink at the edge of a brook.

Another of our commoner Swallowtails is the Black Swallowtail, shown in Fig. 2. In this species the wings are velvety black, the forewings having rows of yellow spots and the hindwings having rows of yellow spots and a row of blue blotches, more vivid and sharply defined towards the inside of the wing and shading off to black on the outside. Just above the inner angle of the hindwing is an orange spot with a black centre. In the male the yellow spots on the hind wing are larger than in the female, while she has the blue splashes more pronounced.

The egg is laid on the leaves of plants belonging to the Carrot Family, such as parsley and parsnip. It hatches in about ten days and a little spiny black caterpillar, with a saddle-shaped whitish blotch in the middle of its back, emerges. When the little caterpillar is ready to molt it spins a little carpet of silk on a leaf or stem, and then remains here quietly until the skin splits down the back, and it crawls out in a new dress. After several molts, and when full-grown, the caterpillar is smooth, bright green, with transverse black stripes and six yellow spots set in the front margin of these stripes.

The caterpillar when disturbed exudes a strong odor of caraway, the scent-organs being little Y-shaped pockets in the segment back of the head. When attacked this pocket is turned inside out, and appears like a pair of orange horns.

This caterpillar eats a leaf in a very methodical way. Beginning near the base it eats everything down to the mid-rib, and then on the return journey it eats the mid-rib.

When the caterpillar is full-grown it seeks some sheltered spot, spins a little button of silk to which it holds while it spins a halter of silk. It then thrusts its head through this halter, so that it acts as a sling to prevent it from falling. It then sheds its skin and inserts the hooks with which the chrysalis is provided into the button of silk. Then the chrysalis remains thus suspended until the day it splits open, the limp butterfly emerges, expands, becomes firm and flies away.

Another Victory Loan issue will soon be open to investors. The armies on the West Front are making the security gilt edge. If there ever was an element of risk connected with these Bonds it no longer exists.