

The Farmer's Advocate AND HOME MAGAZINE.

THE LEADING AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL IN THE
DOMINION.

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give it a fair trial and their unstinted support for a
reasonable period, are frequently nullified by the men
who can never be depended upon until their product
is delivered at the loading platform. A dollar member-
ship fee can never open the road to better prices. Com-
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how badly they want to. The same is true of other
fruits and farm products as well.

A Trip Through The Rockies.

By SANDY FRASER.

In taking a trip across Canada one gets the idea
that Nature is something o' an extremist. From the
swamps an' rocks o' New Ontario ye come to the level
prairies where, for hundreds o' miles, ye see hardly
a tree or a stone. And then, first ye ken, again ye're into
the country o' forests an' mountains, an' that on a
bigger scale than ever ye were lost in, in yer worst
dreams.

I'll have tae admit that I didn't see vera much o'
British Columbia, on my visit to the West, except what
could be seen from the railway. Apart from the week
or so that I spent in the Okanagan Valley, (that second
Garden o' Eden that we hae all heard sae muckle aboot,) I
was maistly on the cars, straining my eyes an' my
neck tryin' to see to the tops o' the mountains an' to
the bottoms o' the canyons that pass by yer car window
for hour after hour till the darkness comes an' ye can see
na mair.

Calgary is the last city one sees on the prairie, and
an' unco' nice city it seems tae be, from the passin'
glimpse I had o' it. The cleanest an' best-kept in the
West, they say it is. As to the truth o' that I canna say.
I spent a day in Regina an' there was certainly naething
that could be said against the cleanness o' it. It might
hae juist recently been swept by another cyclone, like
they had a few years ago, judging from the looks o'
their streets. There's na discount on their toons, oot
there. There's plenty "git up an' git" in all o' them, I'm
thinkin'.

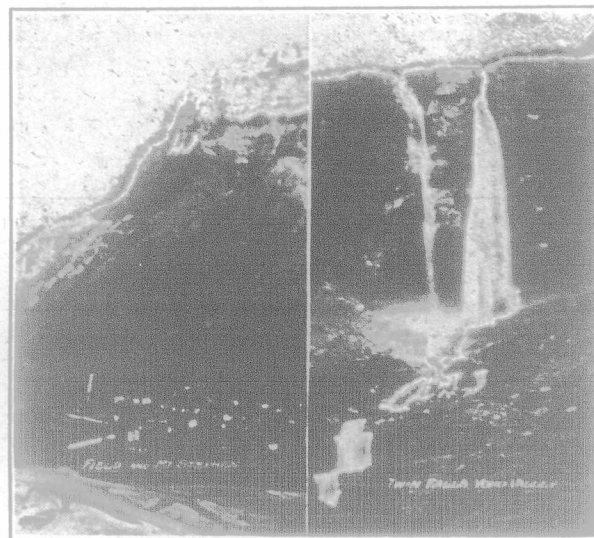
But I'm supposed to be tellin' ye somethin' o'
British Columbia an' the impressions I got while wander-
in' aboot among its hills an' valleys.

As I was going to say, it was from Calgary that
I got my first sight o' the "Rockies". I was still a lang
way from them, as I found oot, but their snow-capped
peaks can be seen for some little distance, when the
morning sun is shining on them, as ye may imagine.
And in an hour or twa we were through the foot-hills

an' fairly among the the rocks that have been piled sae
high by Nature in one o' her sick spells, a few million
years back, that the snow never melts on them, and when
there's ony clouds passin' it's half-way doon the sides
o' the mountains ye will be seeing them and not over the
top, as ye might expect.

Since I cam' back hame I hae tried, once or twice,
to tell the folk what I had been seeing, especially during
that day I spent in the "Rocky Mountains." But I
discovered that I didn't ken the right words that wad
mak' them see it in ony way to get some idea o' what
it's like. I took a look through the auld dictionary to
find oot if there was ony words there to fit the case but
I didna find one that was ony good. Sae I've come tae
the conclusion that there's ony one way for ony man
to get an idea o' what like a quarry the "Rockies" are,
and what a poor place they wad be for growin' potatoes
on a large scale. And that is for him to go an' juist
look at them for himsel'.

An' such twistin' an' turnin' as oor train had to get
by some o' the places that it couldn't climb over. They
say that there's some switch-backs on the railroads o'
British Columbia where the engineer can shake hands
from his cab window wi' the conductor when he is stand-
ing on the platform o' the rear coach. I canna swear
tae the truth o' this, but frae what I've seen I wouldna
want to say that it was an impossibility.



Scenes in the Rockies.

And when there were the tunnels. We went through
one that was mair than five miles long. It was one
thing after another the whole day lang. There's no
monotony aboot British Columbia onyway, whatever
is to be said against some o' the ither provinces on that
score. It wad make a great picture for the "movies",
that day's trip I had. I was thinkin' at the time that
it was a sort o' movie show an' preaching service com-
bined. Ye can get the effect o' a good sermon among
those hills, if ye are that kind. It happened to be
Sunday, that day, and I thought tae mysel'; "if ever
there was a place for a church it's here." The auld folk
used to speak o' going to church as "going to worship."
Ye couldn't separate the two things wi' the peaks an'
the cliffs o' the "Rockies" above ye on every hand.
For mysel', I dinna think I ever kept the Sabbath day
sae weel in my life.

But it doesna effect everyone that way. I saw
a young lassie that hardly bothered tae look oot o' the
window once the whole day lang. She was readin' a

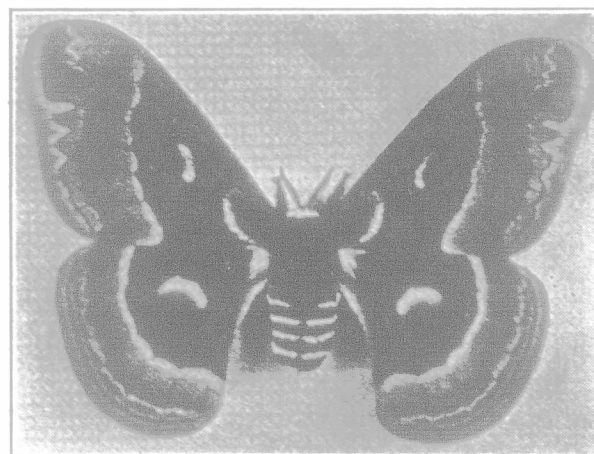


Fig. 1—Cecropia Moth.

magazine called "Snappy Stories" and, apparently, she
found it mair interesting than the stories that Nature
had written in the mountains around her. I wad hae
begrudged the vera time I spent at my meals if it
hadna been for the fact that there were windows in the
dining-car as weel as elsewhere.

Na mistake, these hills are worth a trip to the West,
even if one didna see another thing on his journey.
It's something tae think aboot for the rest o' yer natural
life. There's ony on thing, that I ken aboot, that can
beat mountain scenery and that is—mair o' the same.
To see the water comin' doon precipices hundreds of
feet high, and as white as the snow that it had started
from, was a new one for me. I juist kept lookin' an'
lookin' at things till my brain threatened to gae on strike
and I had to shut my eyes against my will. There's

such a thing as mental indigestion, I suppose, as weel
as the ither kinds, and a whole day of travelling through
the Rocky Mountains might be calculated to gie a man
a touch o' it.

But the climate up there ought to be healthy enough,
I'm thinkin'. That is, if the pine trees an' the cool
air are as guid medicine as they say. It was aboot
the end o' the first week o' June when I was there and,
in some places, there was a foot o' snow beside the
railway track. They've named one place "Glacier"
and it gives ye a vera good idea o' the temperature
thereabouts, almost ony day in the year. Ony person
living there will have a good chance to get used to it.
Like what one chap was telling me. He said that he
had seen mayflowers, growing up through the snow,
in the woods around Glacier. He didn't seem to be
like a man that was a heavy drinker, either. It's hard
to tell what to believe when ye get sae far from hame.
The flowers maybe got used to the climate, workin'
in there by degrees, ye see.

Weel, aboot nine o'clock that night we got to a place
called Sicamous, which is pretty well oot o' the "Rock-
ies," and I left the train to try sleeping in a bed in a
hotel, for a change. Providing the weather was fine
in the morning and my health somethin' as usual, it was
my intention to tak' a short cut, by another line, across
to the Okanagan Valley, that I mentioned a while back,
where they grow apples instead o' pine trees, and where
it snows on ony one day in the year.

If ye hae the time an' care to listen I'll tell ye later o'
a country where dry weather is the rule, but where
nobody, to my knowledge, ever thinks o' prayin' for
rain.

Nature's Diary.

By A. BROOKER KLUGH, M. A.

THE GIANT SILK-WORM MOTHS.—I.

We have in Canada four large moths which, while
none of them are abundant species, are sure to come
to the attention, sooner or later, of anyone who takes
an interest in nature. Because of their large size these
moths are frequently preserved by people who come
across them and taken to the naturalist for identifica-
tion, and school teachers engaged in nature-study are
almost certain to have them brought in by their pupils.

These four moths are the Cecropia, Polyphemus,
Promethea and Luna, and they belong to the family
Saturniidae or American Silk-worm Moths.

The Cecropia is our largest moth, its wings sometimes
reaching an expanse of six and a half inches. The
wings are dusky reddish-brown, and are crossed beyond
the middle by a white band which has a broad outside
margin of red. There is a red spot near the apex of
the front wing and each wing bears a crescent-shaped
white spot, bordered with red, near its centre.

The eggs of the Cecropia are laid on many different
species of trees, and the larvæ have been recorded as
feeding on the leaves of more than fifty species of trees
and shrubs, among them being the maple, basswood,
elm, birch, poplar, cherry, apple, pear, alder and willows.

When the Cecropia larva hatches from the egg it is
about a quarter of an inch in length and is black. In
about four days it moults and emerges as a dull orange
or yellow caterpillar with black tubercles. In about a
week it moults again and is then yellow, with two large
blue tubercles on the first segment, two orange-red
tubercles on the second and third segments, and two
greenish-blue tubercles on all the other segments except
the eleventh, which bears a single large yellow tubercle,
ringed with black. In this stage the tubercles along
the sides are blue. After five or six days a third moult
occurs and the caterpillar is then bluish-green in color,
with two blue tubercles on the first and last segments,
two large deep orange tubercles on the second and
third segments, and two yellow tubercles on each of
the other segments. After the fourth moult the cater-
pillar is of the same color as in the preceding stage but
is much larger, being about three inches long and
nearly an inch in diameter.

After feeding for about two weeks the caterpillar
spins its cocoon. In this operation it first makes a
framework by stretching a few strands of silk, which,
as is the case with all caterpillars, is spun from a gland
which opens on the lower lip. It then makes a loose
net-work upon these supporting strands and then begins
laying on the silk in the form of 8's and M's, until a
dense layer is constructed which hides its subsequent
operations from our view. The completed cocoon
consists of two walls of silk, the outer one being thick
and paper-like, the inner one thin and firm, and be-
tween the two is a matting of loose silk. At one end
of the cocoon the silk is laid lengthwise, instead of
crosswise, and thus forms a valve through which the
emerging adult can push its way in the spring. When
the cocoon is completed the caterpillar sheds its skin
for the last time and changes into a pupa.

The pupa is oval, smooth and brown, the cases
containing the developing wings are folded down around
the body, and the antennæ are outlined just in front of
the wing-cases.

In the spring, after the leaves of the trees are well
expanded, the adult emerges from the cocoon. At the
moment of emergence it is very moist and wrinkled
with much crumpled wings, but the wet wings soon
expand and harden, the furry body becomes dry and
fluffy, and the adult takes to the air as our largest, and
one of our most beautiful, moths.

(To be continued.)