

the water with a loud "whack," and then dives beneath the surface. This signal is repeated by its neighbors and thus all the muskrats in the vicinity are warned of the approach of danger.

The muskrat feeds on a mixed diet, partly animal and partly vegetable, clams and lily roots apparently being the favorite materials.

The muskrat, unlike most of the fur-bearing animals, has not decreased in numbers as the country has become settled, and may even have increased, for while it is trapped and shot, at the same time the number of its natural enemies, such as foxes, weasels, and great horned owls, has greatly diminished.

The fur is much used for clothing, sometimes being sold as muskrat and often under the name of "electric seal."

The range of the common muskrat is from the Atlantic coast west to the Mississippi and south to Virginia. In Newfoundland and in Labrador there are two other muskrats which differ from the common form, chiefly in being smaller and darker.

Europe Through Canadian Eyes X. ODDITIES AND PLEASANTRIES.

The local guide is a personage of real importance to tourists. Into his care are delivered parties of all sizes on reaching places of note. Edinburgh Castle, Dryburgh and Melrose Abbeys, and Abbotsford, each had its special and only guide who showed visitors through the sacred spot which was his peculiar province and drew their attention to its many excellencies and associations. In London our party had several guides, one to each carriage load of fourteen to sixteen people. It is quite within the mark to say that without such help as these guides give more than half of the features of interest would be missed by the passing sightseer. One of our party who had visited London some years previously said after we had been shown around that he could see more in one day this time than he was able to see in six days before when going by himself.

Guides are all alike in one particular, appreciation of and pride in the special place of interest which they are chosen to exhibit. But in most other respects their differences are as various as their number. In London, our guide was a person of such culture and such grace of manner as to make us realize how hard to match anywhere is a genuine English gentleman. Our guide at Edinburgh Castle was of another sort, an old Scotch soldier, stiff-necked and stately. Another was of the humorous type, whose little speeches always provoked a laugh. At Paris, the Frenchman who did the honors was informing, friendly, colloquial. He called himself our daddy. He believed himself to be a master in the use of English, not realizing that his accent made his speech almost unintelligible to us. But it was at Melrose Abbey that we met the guide whose intensity of spirit set us alternately smiling and reverently wondering. He was of Celtic blood apparently, somewhat elderly. As one by one he pointed out the marvels of that grand old ruin his passionate enthusiasm increased. With intense dramatic force he would now and again recite appropriate passages from Scott's poetry, thrilling us through and through. So moved was he by his own subject that he actually shed tears, so one of our party averred.

Waggons pulled by dogs, that is what we saw at Amsterdam and Zurich. Going out for a walk one morning before breakfast, we met, among others, two milk waggons coming into Amsterdam, each drawn by two dogs, in both cases trotting along happily. Many of the women market gardeners of Zurich have a good, strong dog to help pull their waggonloads of produce to town. These waggons will carry about half a ton and are fitted with a six-foot light tongue in front. On the left side of the tongue walks the woman guiding the rig, on the other the dog is hitched doing most of the pulling. During market hours the dog lies quietly below the load of vegetables, but when the time comes to start for home he is ready and eager. We watched specially one woman—and dog—getting ready to go. The dog was in the traces again, and his mistress busied herself piling on empty or partly emptied baskets until all was snug. She then took her place at the tongue, but before starting spoke to the fine, big dog and patted him. He was scarcely to be restrained from barking joyfully when he saw that starting time had really come, but refrained from tightening his tugs until the woman had carefully got the waggon down from the sidewalk to the street pavement, and then he dug in his toenails, soon getting up speed, and they were off. All the working dogs we saw were well cared for and seemed much happier than those having nothing to do. They appeared to like drawing. In Amsterdam, we noticed a man pulling a milk-peddling cart up a sloping street. Close at his heels was a dog hitched to the axle, pulling as steadily and faithfully as the man, no one watching him, no one urging.

On our way through Germany and in Switzerland we quite frequently saw cows used as draft animals. Sometimes in pairs, but generally singly. In the field would be seen a woman busily collecting a load of produce, while a harnessed cow stood tied to the waggon. On a little place a few miles out from Zurich we had a near view of a cow between the shafts of a waggon, while two men loaded it with freshly-cut hay. She was contentedly eating the luscious feed while the men worked, seeming not at all to dread the coming haul. Her udder showed her to be a heavy milker. Possibly the light exercise she got

one becomes reconciled to them and even in time ready to admit their advantages.

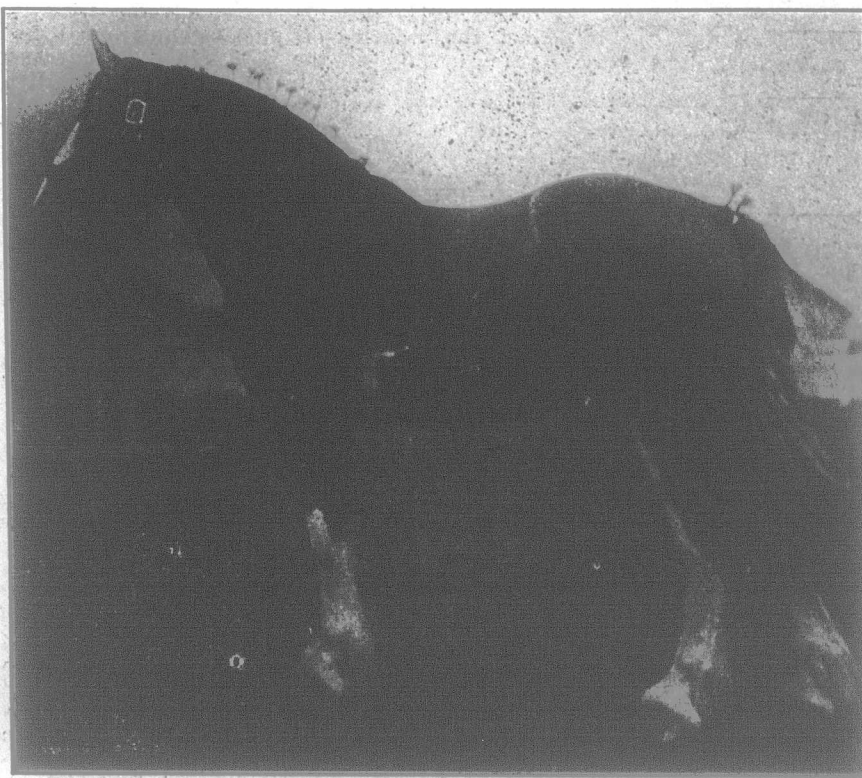
Our friends on the continent literally loaded us with good things. In the daytime, of course, but at night as well. Fancy sleeping on a mattress with a feather bed a foot thick above you. In Holland, and all through Germany and Switzerland, that is how they ministered to our comfort. The bed above was not full size, it should be said. It was full width, but did not come up to the chest, being nearly square. We generally laid it aside and slept Canadian-fashion, but not always. When the night was cool we would

sneakingly forget to put it aside and found great comfort under its ample thickness. To speak truly, the weight was scarcely noticed, so fluffy and light were the feathers, while the warmth for chilly lower limbs was unquestionable.

Of the kindness and consideration shown as almost universally it is impossible to speak too highly. For instance: A lady and her escort coming out from an evening session of the convention at Zurich had neglected to take an umbrella and it was raining. A Frenchman who had one, noticing their predicament, came alongside and shielded the lady from the rain right to their temporary residence. He was an entire stranger. A tourist got lost one night in making his way home from one of the meetings. In semi-darkness and the slanting and winding streets he got hopelessly mixed up in his directions. Boarding a

street car in desperation he found the conductor could not speak English, but was able only to assure the stranger that the car was going in the wrong direction for him. A passenger observing the trouble, said in broken English: "I show you," and stopping the car and thus missing his own ride home, accompanied the bewildered delegate through cross streets to the door of his hotel.

On the vessel on which we returned across the Atlantic were a large number of French passengers, the boat though sailing from London having called at Harve. The representative of "The Farmer's Advocate" for business and pleasure became acquainted with many of these and found the return journey among such companions about the best of the entire trip. One of the Frenchmen, particularly jocular, became quite "chummy" with him and was dubbed by him "the funny Frenchman." They played shuffleboard together or as opponents, made jokes on each other in bad English and worse French, and altogether had a joyous time. As the good ship drew near the dock at Montreal the passengers, many of whom had spent happy weeks together, sought each other to say good-bye. Standing in a huddled group on deck, each with grips in hand, waiting till the ship should touch dock and the gang way be thrown up, the Frenchman's oldum bethought himself that he had not seen his funny friend to bid good-bye. A searching look over the crowd revealed him some distance off. Hurriedly making his way to where he stood they shook hands warmly in a long and strong parting grip, when suddenly the Frenchman threw his left arm around the neck of his tall, gray-bearded friend, pulled his head down and kissed him impulsively on both cheeks. No doubt a deep flush darkened the farmer tan on the Canadian's face, as the prickles from the Frenchman's black moustache were distinctly felt for several seconds.

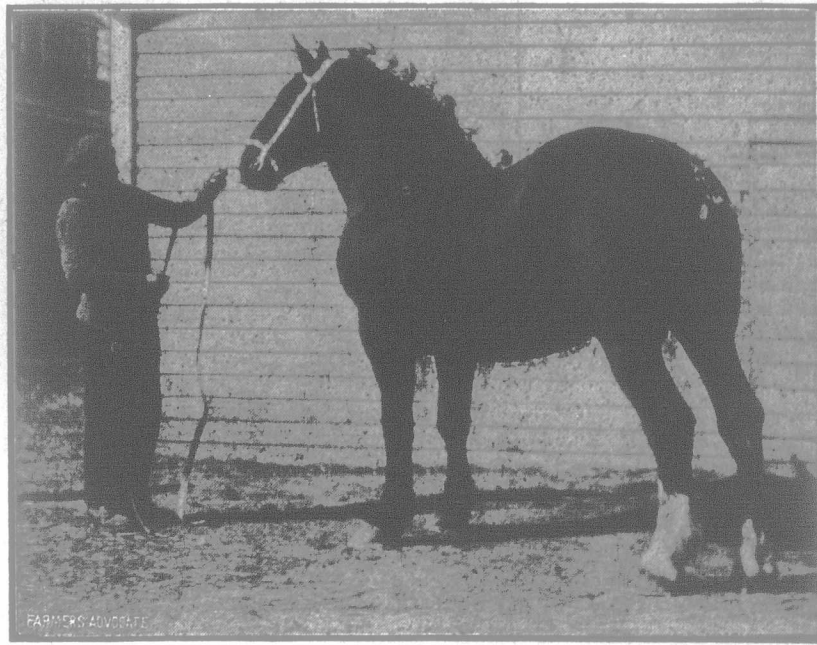


Glencaple.

First-prize two-year-old Clydesdale stallion at Toronto. Owned by Graham Bros., Claremont, Ont.

did not lessen her production. Wouldn't it be great for a poor, lone woman with a little place to be able to do all her teaming and cultivating with the bountiful creature who supplies her family with milk and butter?

Among the little things which seem odd to a visitor from America are the door knobs, or rather the lack of them. There are none. There seems to be no difference in the lock and latch of the doors, but instead of a knob, as with us, the bar on which the knob is placed is, as it were, lengthened and bent at right angles. This



Jureur.

A winning Percheron in the West this season.

bent iron is about as thick as the handle of an umbrella and is usually quite plain, though sometimes of ornamental design. When at rest it hangs downward at an angle of about 60 degrees, and to open a door you seize hold, turn till it points vertically downwards and pull. In politics and other things much depends on the pull, and this particular style of door handle has the door knob altogether beaten in that regard. As has been said, these plain door handles seemed strange at first, but finding them in use everywhere, on railway car doors as well as in hotels,