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similarly affect the memory of the head of a labor bureau branch. And, too, most farmers have a lantern which will stretch any day beyond the nine-hour mark. Anyway, if farm labor is so light, healthful, etc., why limit it to nine hours a day? For the delicate, such fall work as threshing, silo filling, filling manure, pulling mangels and turnips and rustling unruly steers to the stable to finally be tied by the neck are especially attractive. Oh no, the farm does not call for the sick and the maimed, but rather for the strong and the sane.

Clean Sheep.

An announcement from the Veterinary Director-General, published in last week's issue, to the effect that under new regulations dipping sheep before they would be allowed to cross from Canada to the United States is no longer required. This will please Canadian sheepmen and will facilitate trade. Breeding stock in large numbers is sent across the line each year, and former regulations which made dipping necessary were looked upon as an unnecessary hardship by many Canadian breeders, who felt that Canadian flocks were clean and, with reasonable precautions, shipments from them would carry no infection to the United States flocks. The new order removes the necessity for dipping, but requires inspection. The United States buyer is safeguarded by having the sheep inspected by an Inspector of the Bureau of Animal Industry at port of entry after the sheep have been inspected by a Canadian Government veterinarian and are accompanied by a certificate that they are free from disease, and certifying that no contagious sheep disease has occurred in the district in sixty days. The owner must take an affidavit that the sheep shipped are the ones inspected by the Canadian authorities. Any sheep not inspected will be held at the border for fifteen days. This new order removes any stigma which might have existed in the minds of American sheepmen against Canadian sheep which are particularly clean, healthy and free from disease. This is a good move and those responsible for it deserve the thanks of the sheepmen who should do all in their power to aid the authorities in keeping down disease.

"The Guid Auld Times."

BY SANDY FRASER.

As I wis sittin' by the fire the ither night readin' the paper, wha' walks in tae the house but auld Duncan McGreggor, a neighbor chap, an' a pretty guid hand at tellin' stories that he's heard in the auld land in his young days; or gin he hasna' heard them frae ither he's made them up himsel', na doot.

"Weel Sandy," he says, after he had got his chair tilted up against the wall an' his pipe goin' pretty well, "I see ye're readin' the paper as usual. Is there anything but war news in it the day, that ye've noticed?"

"Yes," I replied, "I see that Quebec city has gone dry by over three thousand of a majority. What dae ye think o' that for what that temperance speaker that wis here a few weeks back called 'the last stronghold o' the liquor party'?"

"Not sae bad, not sae bad," says Duncan, "I'm thinkin' that there ought tae be a rush tae enlist doon there noo, for I hear that it's not tae say ower dry on the ither side where they are daein' the fightin'. It will be a case noo o' choosin' between twa evils for some o' them. They're up against it, no mistake. But I'm thinkin' that the church must hae taken a hand in the business when they were able tae roll up sic' a majority as that. Na doot the priests an' the ministers were a' in the fight again, for they like tae be takin' a round oot o' the booze-sellers, if for naething mair than the fun o' the thing."

"Na doot," says I, "but what will they be daein' for themselves when ilka place gets that dry that ye'll hae to 'prime a man before he can spit,' as Billy Sunday says?"

"O, I'm thinkin' some of those chaps provide for the dry day as weel as for the wet one," replied Duncan. "It reminds me o' a chap I used tae ken afore I cam' tae this country," he went on, takin' his pipe out o' his mouth an' knockin' the ashes on to the floor, as he will aye be daein' when he has a story tae tell. "He wis quite a guid preacher in his way, but he wad be a' the time gaein' for the boys that were ower fond o' the bottle. One day he took for his text the verse that says, 'Look not upon the wine when it is red in the cup,' an' he preached a sermon that wad raise the vera hair on yer heid; tellin' about a' the bad effects o' whiskey an' such like drinks on not alane the body, but on the mind an' speirit as weel. There wis an auld cronie o' my ain in the congregation that I kenned wis bein' hit pretty hard by what the meenister wis sayin', an' after we were ootside I went ower tae where he wis standin' an' says I tae him, 'Weel Johnnie, did ye hear that?' 'Did I hear it! Wha' didna' hear it? I ne'er winked an eye the hale sermon,' he replied, a wee bit hot like. 'Aweel an' what thought ye o' it?' says I. 'Indeed Duncan, I think he's been a lad in his day,' says Johnnie, 'or he couldna' hae kenned sae weel about it. Ah, he's been a slee hand, the meenister.'"

"I think," says I, gettin' up tae pit anither stick in the stove, "that I've heard ye mention that same Johnnie before. Johnnie Erskine, wis it no'? He wis no' vera slack wi' an answer, frae what I've heard ye say."

"Did I ever tell you," says Duncan, "about the time that same meenister wis gaein' Johnnie a private lecture on moderation? 'Tak' my advice,' cautions the meenister, 'an' never tak' mair than one glass at a time.' 'Neither I do,' says Johnnie, 'neither I do, sir. But I care unco little how short a time be atween the twa.'"

"I guess there's no denyin' that there wis some pretty guid drinkers in Scotland in the auld days," says I. "An' I've heard say that noo an' again some o' the women as weel as the men wad be takin' mair than wis juist guid for them."

"Ye can believe that a' right," replied Duncan. "I mind one time walkin' along the road near Edinburgh an' seein' an auld woman sittin' on the ground wi' her bundle lyin' in the mud beside her. When I cam' up tae her she says tae me, 'Oh, will ye help me up wi' my bundle?' I'd seen the auld lady a few times before, around the toon, sae I thought I'd scare her a wee bit an' mak' her think I wis the meenister, so I says tae her, 'My, my, Janet, how dae ye come tae be in sic' a state as this? Dae ye no' ken the place tae which all drinkers go?' 'Help me up wi' my bundle sir,' says she, 'an' I'll tell ye.' 'Weel, weel,' says I, 'I will. Noo answer my question.' 'Weel, tae tell you the truth, sir,' says she, 'they go just where the guid drap o' drink is tae be had.'"

"She made ye a pretty guid answer, Duncan," I said. "She might hae lost the use o' her legs but her wits were still in workin' condection. Did ye ever notice how active a chap's mind is when he's aboot half shot, as they say?"

"Sure," replied Duncan, "that reminds me o' one time I wis at a big dinner in Edinburgh that they were giving in honor o' some English duke or earl or something o' that kind, an', as ye may think, there wis no need for onybody present tae be thirsty gin onything but water would satisfy them. An' it wisna' lang before the English chap an' some o' the rest o' them as weel, were beginnin' tae feel pretty good and were startin' tae talk tae one anither frae the opposite ends o' the table. At last the English duke got up in his place an' says he, 'Gentlemen, I must inform you that when I get a little the worse of liquor I have an absurd custom of railing against the Scotch. I hope no gentleman in the company will take it amiss.' There happened tae be a Scotch officer sittin' at the far end o' the table he jumps right off, an' says he, 'wi'oot seemin' tae be in ony way displeased, 'Gentlemen, when I am a little the worse o' liquor, and I hear onybody railing against the Scotch, I have an absurd habit o' kicking him oot o'

the company. I hope no gentleman will tak' it amiss. But I needna tell you Sandy," Duncan went on, "that it wisna' necessary for him tae exert ony o' his talent that night."

"Weel, Duncan," says I, "I'm afraid ye've been in some pretty fast company in yer young days, tae judge by some of the stories ye tell. It's a guid thing ye sobered doon in yer auld days or ye wad be in a bad way, wi' a' the country gaein' dry, as it is."

"Yes, Sandy," says Duncan, "between you an' me an' my auld wumman, I've pit in some nights in ma day. I'm nane the better for it, I ken that, but it gies ye somethin' tae be thinkin' about, the times ye will be gettin' dooncasted, wi' a' the wark an' worry there is on the farm these days. There's naething like bringin' back tae yer mind the guid auld times, that seem better than they were, maybe, tae mak' ye forget the troubles o' the present. But I see ye've let the fire gae oot, Sandy, sae I think I will juist be gettin' back hame again. I'll be ower again some night when I dinna' find my auld wumman as entertaining as usual."

Nature's Diary.

A. B. KLUGH, M. A.

The last of the Warblers are now migrating and we bid farewell to these brilliant little birds until the call of spring shall once more bring them northward. This last species to migrate is the Myrtle Warbler, and the fall migration of this species extends over a considerable period—from early in September to late in October.

The Myrtle Warbler, like so many members of the Warbler Family, varies a good deal in plumage. In the case of the male in spring the prevailing color is bluish-slate, heavily streaked with black, the breast, sides and the sides of the head are black, and there are four conspicuous yellow spots, one on the crown, one on the rump and one on each side of the breast. The plumage of the female in spring is similar in pattern to that of the male, but all the colors are much reduced in brilliance, the upper parts being tinged with brown, the yellow spots not so bright, and the black is not so pure, being tinged with gray and brown. In fall plumage the adults are both duller than in their respective spring plumages and the young are brownish above and whitish with brown streaks beneath and the yellow spots on the crown and sides of the breast are very faint, the only bright color being the spot on the rump.

This species has a wide range in Canada, being a common breeder in most parts of the Maritime Provinces and in the northern portions of Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba. It also breeds in Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, though in the latter province it is not as common as its near relative the Audubon's Warbler. Throughout Southern Ontario it is rare as a breeder, having been found in the summer only at Listowel by the late Mr. Kells, near Peterborough by Mr. Hughes-Samuel, and near Guelph and Mount Forest by the writer. The nest is placed in a tree, usually an evergreen, at a height of from five to ten feet from the ground. It is composed of twigs, rootlets and plant stems, and lined with grass, hair and feathers. The eggs are from three to five in number and are white, spotted with brownish-purple.

The Myrtle Warbler is very abundant during the spring migration, usually being associated in flocks with the Black and White, Black-throated Green and other of the earlier Warblers, and being first seen about April 27th in Southern Ontario.

This bird feeds by gleaning insects from the bark, twigs and leaves of the trees and also by capturing insects in the air after the manner of a Flycatcher. Its food in spring and summer consists mainly of small beetles, weevils, ants, and plant-lice and scale-insects. During the fall migration it feeds on insects and also on some wild fruits, being partial to the fruits of the poison-ivy. In fall and winter in the Atlantic States it feeds mainly on the fruits of the wax myrtle or bayberry, and it is from this habit that the name of the species is derived.

The winter range of the Myrtle Warbler is from the middle States southward to the West Indies and Central America.

The harvest-time of the chestnuts is at hand and as we gather the polished nuts which have fallen we think of Thoreau's fine description of this fruit "What a perfect chest the chestnut is packed in! With such wonderful care nature has secluded and defended these nuts as if they were her most precious fruits, while diamonds are left to take care of themselves. First it bristles all over with sharp green prickles, some nearly half an inch long, like a hedgehog rolled into a ball; these rest on a thick, bark-like rind one-sixteenth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness, which again is most daintily lined with a kind of silvery fur or velvet plush one-sixteenth of an inch thick, even rising into a ridge between the nuts, like the lining of a casket in which the most precious commodities are kept. At last frost comes to unlock the chest; it alone holds the true key; and then nature drops to the ground a "done" nut, prepared to begin a chestnut's course again."

The chestnut is a tree whose range only just extends into Canada, and it is only in Southwestern Ontario that we find it, in fact, a tree south of Puslinch Lake in the extreme Southwestern corner of Wellington County is the most northerly one that I know of, and if any reader knows of the occurrence of this species further north than this I should be glad to hear of it.

Insect music is now nearly stilled, those grasshoppers and Katydidids which are yet to be heard are singing very, very slowly, in a very different tempo to that they employed in the grilling, glaring days of August. They seem to say "Zee-Its—a-cold, cold,