

The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine.

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ments in this country. When some politicians awakened on the morning of October 21 and ascertained for certain that the experiences of the previous day were not a nightmare or a dream, they at once predicted that a Government could not be formed from the heterogeneous representation from the various ridings of Ontario. Some are now predicting that the Farmer-Labor Coalition will not be long lived; it is contrary to custom and unstable. Without venturing a prediction on our part, it is plainly evident that modern prophets are not taking public sentiment into consideration or appreciating the fact that the people of this Province are anxious for good government regardless of who forms it, and will deal harshly with any group or party who take measures to obstruct it. Whatever happens it is plain that the text books on political prophesy must be revised, and the art practiced in accordance with the modern freedom of thought and action.

Nature's Diary.

A. B. KLUGH, M. A.
FOX-FARMING (Concluded).

The kennel is usually placed in the centre of the pen, and the type most in vogue is a wooden structure consisting of two compartments. It is usually placed on skids a foot or so off the ground so that the foxes cannot burrow under it and hide. The outer compartment of the kennel is about 3 feet square, and has a rectangular entrance passage about 8 by 10 inches, and sloping down from the building to within a few inches of the ground. The inner compartment is made with double walls, and the space between them is filled with some non-conducting material such as the ground cork in which Malaga grapes are packed, sawdust, chaff, or dry leaves. The inner chamber is usually 18 inches square by 20 inches in height or 16 inches by 20 inches by 20 inches high, as it must be large enough to provide against over-crowding by the growing family and small enough to be warmed by the body heat of the animals. A bedding of dry leaves, grass or earth is usually placed in the inner compartment.

In the management of all animals success or failure depends to a very large extent upon the character of the person who handles them, and this is particularly true in the case of foxes which are at most only half domesticated and are nervous in temperament. The keeper must move cautiously and quietly about the pens at all times, and should, particularly in the breeding season, wear the same clothing as far as possible, so as to avoid the exciting influence of unusual sights and

smells. Many fox ranches have a tall tower from the upper chamber of which the keeper can overlook the pens and thus keep watch on his charges without being seen. Many female foxes are prone to become unduly excited when they have young pups and carry them about from place to place, thus sometimes causing the death of their family from exposure. In such cases some fox-farmers place a live chicken or rabbit in the pen to distract the attention of the mother.

Foxes mate when ten months old and have been found to continue prolific until about eleven years of age. But one litter per year is produced and the time of birth is from the middle of March to the end of May.

There is great diversity in methods of feeding among different fox-farmers, and some breeders are inclined to attribute their success mainly to special methods of feeding. The fact, however, that foxes are kept in perfect condition on various ranches where quite different methods are practiced shows that no one prescribed diet is essential for success.

The articles of diet which enter into the menu of foxes on different ranches are horse meat, butcher's scraps, fresh fish, salt fish, rabbits, groundhogs, mice, chickens, biscuits, bread, vegetables, grass, porridge, berries, apples, milk and eggs.

The flesh diet is usually fed raw, though some breeders par-boil it. Sometimes carcasses are salted down in barrels, and a portion freshened in running water for a day or so when required for use, while at some ranches old cattle and horses are kept on the hoof and slaughtered as required. The amount of meat fed should be about a quarter of a pound per day, and this amount should be decreased if any of it is buried.

Some fox-farmers use patent dog-biscuits almost exclusively, others feed a good deal of plain "hardtack," while with others bread with dripping on it is one of the standard diets.

Cleanliness is one of the essentials in successful feeding, and the dishes should be scalded and scrubbed frequently. The water vessel should be fastened to the fence with wire hooks so that the foxes cannot climb over it.

Bone and lime-water are fed to the young foxes to supply the salts for bone-formation. Broken and splintered bones are usually avoided because of the danger incident upon their being swallowed.

When the foxes are less than a year old they may be fed about as much as they will eat, but when they are older too full a diet may render them too fat for good breeding condition.

Particular care is devoted to the feeding of the mother prior to the birth of the pups, and fresh milk, eggs, meat broth, bone broth, and well-cooked oatmeal are freely employed at this time, while similar nourishing diet is given while she is nursing.

The experience of most fox-farmers is that if the foxes are intelligently cared for they are healthy in confinement. When the pups are shedding their milk teeth, which takes place when about three months old, trouble is sometimes occasioned by the formation of abscesses at the base of the canine teeth. Giving the pups large bones to gnaw, and thus promoting the loosening and dropping of these teeth has been found to obviate this trouble.

Advice to the New Government.

BY SANDY FRASER.

Some time last spring, I think it was, I heard the first talk o' organizin' a branch o' the United Farmers of Ontario in this corner o' the country that I happen to be livin' in; an' tryin' to mak' my livin' in. My grandfather's ticket ran oot when he got this far intae the woods, ye see, an' the conductor put him aff the train. If he'd had mair money when he left auld Scotland, a hundred years back, I might noo be farmin' up in Oxford or Middlesex counties wi' the rest o' the aristocracy, or maybe moved intae toon an' payin' an income tax.

Be that as it may the fact remains that I'm here in Glengarry, next thing tae Quebec, where we've always had to wait for the tide o' education an' civilization to sweep doon frae the West an' enlighten us as to oor duties an' opportunities.

I mind when the Patrons of Industry were having their day in the Province o' Ontario an' Lockie Wilson was puttin' on his armor to fight the battles o' the doon-trodden farmer. Not one o' their organizers ever showed up around these parts until the "Patrons" had a club formed in every school-section between here an' Lake Huron. And it was the same wi' the U. F. O., as they call it. (A chap has to be weel up in his letters these days, wi' their U. F. O. and their G. W. V. A. and their I. L. P. to say naething o' what they hae done wi' a' the rest o' the alphabet.) But when they finally got around to us some o' us that had been thinkin' the matter over were in a half notion o' not takin' anything to do wi' this U. F. O. I attended the first meeting in oor district an' when the chap wi' the paper cam' to me for my name I says to him: "Look here noo, my friend," says I, "Puttin' the 'Grange' an' the 'Patrons' together, I've joined in my lifetime just about fifteen o' these organizations. And where are they all noo? Dead an' gone, ilka one o' them. Died a natural death, easy an' by stages, juist like that. Sae what's the use

o' me signing yon document an' payin' oot my membership money for the chance o' gaein' to anither funeral. Where's yer doctor's certificate guaranteeing that this latest bairn o' yours will live ony langer than the rest o' them?"

"Sandy," he replied, "it's men like you that are going to prevent our finally bringing one of these 'bairns' as ye call them, to maturity. It's like everything else, ye have to learn by the mistakes o' the past. The fact that we failed once or twice is na proof that we canna succeed in the end. Did ye ever hear o' onything great being accomplished without its ups an' doons? An' especially its doons. Pit yer name doon, Sandy," says he, "an' dinna get discouraged juist as we are gettin' to the top o' the pile."

"Weel," I said, "I dinna want to be a quitter in my auld age. I ken that the only way to find the potatoes is to keep scractchin', an' that those that get there are the ones that keep goin', sae here's to it, once mair. Gie us yer pen."

That's the way I am; easy like. But I ken I wouldnae hae felt right gin I had done onything else. It's up to us to keep pushin' while there's ony push left in us, I guess.

And, as things hae turned oot, I canna say I hae much cause tae regret my action. It looks noo as though the top o' the hill was nearer than we counted on. We even have to rin the Government machinery wi'oot havin' had much in the way o' apprenticeship. But I've always found that the quickest an' best way to learn all about a gasoline engine, for instance, was to start her up an' get acquainted wi' her while she was daein' yer work. Na doot it will wark oot the same way wi' oor new legislators. Gin they want to dae what's right I'm no much afraid for onything else. Na danger, but they'll get io's o' advice, onyway. I hae half a notion to be handin' oot some mysel'.

I aften tell the auld wumman that the reason she never made mair o' a success in life was because she never took ony o' my advice. But she says she took it once, that time I advised her not to wait for the ither fellow, and that was enough for her. Which is no' much in the way o' encouragement for me to start in to be givin' hints to the "Farmers."

But there's one thing that I'd like to say to them, if I never say anither. An' that is, don't go back on the Good Roads legislation. I've heard a few hints to the effect that the United Farmers were not too enthusiastic aboot spending sae muckle hard cash on the proposed great highway frae east to west o' the Province, connecting up the big cities along the line; an' maybe they're right. I find it hard to turn doon ony scheme for improving the roads, no matter where it is planned to begin or end. But maybe it's too much money to be spending for what ye might call a trans-provincial motor road when we already hae the railroads. Some say that ye have to build the main line before ye can build the branches. But that is truer o' a railroad than it is o' the King's highway. I mind o' bein' pathmaster once an' a chap who lived on the sideroad was going for me for putting all the work on the main road. "Whats the good o' that main road to me if I canna get to it," says he. "And there's something in it. A concrete highway running frae end to end o' the Province wouldn't be o' muckle benefit tae the great majority o' us, unless it was in the way o' an example. It might be the means o' gettin' us to build roads to connect wi' it. That's for those that ken to say."

But what I'm drivin' at is this. Let us gie the Government to understand that we want improved roads all over the province as soon as it is possible for us to have them. This travellin' through mud up tae the axles in what is supposed to be a civilized country, is played oot. We want every main road and side road and end road put in such shape that a chap can call them roads wi'oot apologizin' to his conscience. It will cost money, I ken that. But it's a guid investment. Juist as guid as a first mortgage at six per cent. And no' to say onything aboot the improvement in oor moral nature. It's an unco' thing the way some men will be expressin' their feelings when they happen to get on to a bad piece o' a road an' they hae a blow-out or break an axle or something like that.

The thing is, there is a tendency to economize among us farmers, which is a'richt in its place, but which has, money a time, been carried too far. And what I'm afraid of is that oor coming Government may get to working for a surplus in the Treasury sae hard that the Good Roads movement will hae to tak' a back seat for the time being.

When the boys we hae sent up to Toronto get to strolling around through Queen's Park on the cement sidewalks an' across the paved roads they hae there, they may forget all aboot us stick-in-the-muds away oot on the back concession and gae in for politics. But we're lookin' for better than that from them, for a year or twa onyway. I'll say that much.

Another milestone has been passed and Canadians have shown that they are ready to finish the job in the same spirit they began it. The Loan has been a success; and now let every citizen make it his business to see that the money is wisely and economically expended.

Live stock is the foundation of all agricultural prosperity, and over a term of years the returns from live stock will be comparatively good. A steady, permanent policy of production will net farmers more in the end than an "in-and-out" policy with no objective.