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on ad infinitum. Each in his little world sees the cause and the remedy. If the Government would only do this or that relief would be instantaneous and reconstruction complete.

With all due respect to the wisdom of people generally who opine on this great economic question it is a pretty safe guess that so long as Europe is in a turmoil, hungry, half naked, and willing to pay two or three prices for a loaf of bread or something to wear, we are going to feel the effects of it here. Prices on this continent are influenced by the European demand. They bid high for food and clothing; we must make an equivalent or higher bid to obtain the same commodities even though we do take part in their production. Parts of Europe are still on a war footing with men withdrawn from production and other nations were so shattered and disabled that they still may be likened to a shell-shocked soldier.

There may be some minor disturbing influences at work among us, but until Europe gets on her feet and her production, in all lines, approximates to normal we can expect a continuance of the trying times we are now experiencing.

Too Much Selfishness.

BY SANDY FRASER.

Weel, we've made a start on anither year, and here's hoping that it will be a better one than the last. I'm no' meaning to say anything in particular against the year that is gone, as it's aye a guid thing to speak weel o' the deid. But, as a matter o' principle, I'm thinkin' we should aim to be gettin' a wee bit further ahead all the time and the end o' one year, or the beginnin' o' the next, is an unco' guid time to be takin' stock, as ye might say, an' to be findin' how muckle better off we are than we were twelve months back.

I dinna mean how much mair money we have, a'-thegether, although that is an important item, I canna deny. But if oor extra money has no' been the means o' makin' better men oot o' us it hasn't been worth the trouble we were at to get it.

The year o' the twa nineteens' has been a pretty exciting one to the majority o' the civilized inhabitants o' the airth, whatever. The world is in the way o' juist gettin' over a pretty bad sickness, an' the medicine that has been hagged oot in different quarters has gone against the grain, as usual, and has been taken much against the will o' the parties maist concerned. Frae Germany on the one hand, doon tae the auld political machine in oor Province o' Ontario on the ither, the

first year o' peace has been but little o' an improvement on any o' the years o' the war. The angel o' peace seems to hae turned into a Red Cross nurse, or something o' the kind. Onyway, she doesna seem to be the kind o' a person we thought she was a year ago.

I dinna ken juist what everybody was wantin' an' expectin', but whatever it was they dinna seem to hae got it. We're a hard bunch to satisfy. In the auld days when the price o' everything, frae a day's labor to a bushel o' wheat, was about quarter o' what it is noo, there was great kickin' on account o' the "hard times." But it wasn't half as bad, if I mind richt, as it is to-day over what they call the "high cost o' living." What's gaein' to please them onyway? It looks as though everybody wad like the ither fellow to wark for naething so that they themselves might be able to draw double pay. Ilka mon thinks he should get mair for what he gives an' pay less for what he gets.

Of course, there's something wrang at bottom when things are gaein' like this and are gettin' worse instead o' better. And it's no vera hard for any person that thinks for a meenute to pit his finger on the root o' the trouble. He can say it in one word, an' that wad be—selfishness.

If men had always kept an eye on the welfare o' their neighbor, things wad be unco different to what they are. The reason that some people hae to pay mair than they can afford for their bread an' meat, to-day, is because the producers hae been ootnumbered by the consumers. Men an' women hae left the farms because they thought they'd hae an easier time o' it in the city. All they thought about was their ain immediate interest. The welfare o' the community they were leaving didna count for a feather.

Noo some o' these same people are havin' an unco' hard time o' it and are callin' their auld neighbors doon for profiteers, an' that sort o' thing.

Suppose noo, if ye can, that humanity wasna sae short-sighted as it is, and that ilka person took na thought for himsel', except as it affected the community as a whole. What wad be the result? It wad juist be that there wouldn't be an honest, industrious, poor man left in the world. There is plenty for everybody gin it were properly divided, and when we ken as much as we noo ken little, we'll see that it is properly divided. The trouble wi' us, as we are, is that we've forgotten how to divide two into four the way it was taught to us in the auld log school-house. We mak' it come oot three for ourselves, an' one over, which we let the ither chap hae.

I guess the reason we rin oor lives on this principle is because we never juist took the time tae sit doon an' think oot for what we must hae been put intae this place o' wark an' worry an' "hard times." There's a tendency to follow oor instincts, juist as we see a pig will be startin' to root as soon as we put him where there's onything tae root in. Maist o' us hae been given brains o' a higher order than that o' the pig, an' I suppose the idea was that we wad hae oor reason to guide us when we might itherwise rin off the track. Gin we're instinctively selfish here's where oor reason can help us oot.

I mind o' hearin' someone say that it was what we gave away that made us rich, and I wouldna wonder but what there's something in it. But to be takin' anither and mair far-sighted view o' the case, I'm sure that it never pays a man to be puttin' himsel' first a' the time, and at the expense o' ither.

I figure it oot this way. There's one thing we never stop doing while we're alive on this earth, and that is, makin' character o' some kind or ither. Gin we dinna try to mak' a guid one we'll mak' a bad one wi'oot tryin'. It was for the makin' o' men an' women that this world has been pit in shape. It has taken a guid mony million years to dae it, they tell us, but, seein' it was for a character factory, we canna say it wasna worth the trouble.

And noo, after all this has been got guid an' ready, a lot o' us slide through wi'oot a thought but to dodge the rough spots and to mak' the rest o' humanity pay oor bills.

There's a law o' compensation at wark amang us, an' because o' that law it seems to be pretty hard for a man to live an easy, selfish life here, an' then get a certificate o' guid character when he's leaving.

Gin I were asked to name some o' the best people I had met in the course o' my life-time, it wouldn't tak' me lang to pick them oot. They wad be some o' the mothers I hae kenned, that have brought up large families, and never thought to get an unco' amount o' credit for it either. Ilka thought they had was for their boys an' girls, an' their present an' future welfare. For themselves they had never a care. But it must hae been that same law o' compensation that made up to them for what they gave o' their strength an' time to their bairns. For they seemed to develop mair o' the virtues an' guid qualities that can come to a human being, in the course o' a few years, than the average mon would in a couple o' life-times.

It's the auld story o' gettin' by giving. It tak's a lang time for some o' us to get tae applyin' that principle in oor regular business, but it's guid practice juist the same.

One o' the warst failures I ever kenned was that o' a man of whom one o' his relatives said that "with him it was naething but self, self, self." That mon lost his money an' his health an' his reputation, and I suppose he never had ony friends or he'd hae lost them as weel.

I dinna tak' over muckle stock in New Year's resolutions, for I've noticed they willna stand much rough handling, but I hae half a notion to try thinkin' about the ither fellow as weel as mysel', for the next

twelve months. I canna lose onything great by the experiment in that time, whatever. And gin it warks weel I will be reportin' tae the rest o' ye an' ye can see how ye like it for yersel's. We've got to dae somethin', I'm thinkin', the way things are gaein', or in a couple o' years the hale universe will be oot on strike, frae the doctors to the undertakers.

Nature's Diary.

BY A. BROOKER KLUGH, M.A.

A rare visitor from the far Northwest, the Bohemian Waxwing, has appeared in Ontario. This species is eight inches in length, and the general coloration is fawn-gray, shading into clear ashy gray on the tail, which is blackish towards the end and broadly tipped with yellow. On the head is a conspicuous crest which can be erected or depressed at will. The under tail-coverts are chestnut. The wings are blackish-gray, the primaries (the main quills of the wing) are tipped with white or yellow or both white and yellow, the secondaries (the inner quills of the wing) are tipped with white as are also the primary coverts (the feathers overlying the base of the primaries.) In individuals in full plumage the secondaries have peculiar appendages, which resemble little scales of red sealing-wax, at their tips. The throat and chin, and a line through the eye, are black.

From the above description it can be seen that this species resembles the Cedar Waxwing, a common species well known to all observers of birdlife, but differ from that species in the white markings on the wings, the chestnut (instead of white) under tail-coverts, the absence of yellow on the abdomen, and the slightly larger size (8 instead of 7 inches in length).

The Bohemian Waxwing breeds in the far north of both Europe and America, and derives its name from its habits of wandering—like a "Bohemian"—irregularly during the winter.

It is one of our rarest winter visitors in eastern Canada. In Nova Scotia a flock was recorded near Halifax in the winter of 1864-5, and none have been reported since that date. In New Brunswick it has been reported from St. Stephen and from York County. It has been recorded occasionally from Quebec City and Montreal. In Ontario a large flight of these birds occurred in the winter of 1894-5, and some were seen at Toronto in 1896. In the latter year they remained till late in April and Mr. J. Hughes-Samuel saw them in the tall elms of the University grounds and noticed that they had changed their food-habits with the season and were then catching winged insects in the air after the manner of the flycatchers instead of feeding on the mountain-ash berries and other fruits which remain hanging on the trees over winter. In southern Manitoba and southern Saskatchewan this species is seen rather more frequently than further east, but is decidedly irregular in its movements, being common in some winters and absent in others.

This species breeds in the Rocky Mountains in the vicinity of Banff and Canmore, in the interior of northern British Columbia, in the regions west of Hudson Bay and in the Yukon. The nest is loose and bulky and is composed of fine twigs, rootlets, the lichen *Usnea* (the so-called "Gray Moss" which is often so abundant on coniferous trees) and grass. It is usually placed at a height of twenty-five feet, or over, in an evergreen tree. The eggs are four or five in number and are slaty-blue, spotted and blotched with brownish-black.

The note of the Bohemian Waxwing is like that of the Cedar Waxwing, a weak and lisping trill, and it has no song.

In its winter wanderings the Bohemian Waxwing sometimes goes as far south as Pennsylvania, Illinois, Kansas and northern California.

This flock of seventeen that I saw at the end of December in the grounds of Queen's University, is the first that I have seen of this species since 1907 when a flock remained in Kingston for some length of time.

The best place to look for these birds, as well as for the Evening Grosbeaks and some other winter visitors, is in Mountain-ash trees which have fruit still hanging on them, and in places where there are such wild fruits as Nightshade and Red Cedar berries.

I shall be glad to hear from readers of "The Farmer's Advocate" who observe these distinguished visitors, so that we may ascertain how general the present migration of this species is. I should also be glad to receive notes as to what they were feeding on when observed more particularly when they are eating some native species of fruit. If the observer is not familiar with the bush or tree upon the fruit of which they are feeding I shall be pleased to identify the species if a twig bearing fruit is sent to me.

Western farmers have been liquidating their live stock at an alarming rate, and the movement to market has been limited, it seems, only by the inability of the railroads to handle it. This condition is due mainly to the drought of last summer and the early severe winter. The West will have to restock, and it will be with breeding animals of good quality. Eastern breeders have a responsibility and a duty in this regard, namely, to maintain a volume of animal products for export and stand prepared to assist the West in the rehabilitation of their herds and flocks.