

The Farmer's Advocate AND HOME MAGAZINE.

THE LEADING AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL
IN THE DOMINION.

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1. THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE is published every Thursday. It is impartial and independent of all cliques and parties, handsomely illustrated with original engravings, and furnishes the most practical, reliable and profitable information for farmers, dairymen, gardeners, stockmen and home-makers, of any publication in Canada.
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Give the Farm Its Just Dues.

All those who have had practical experience know that the man on the farm does not go afield and pick up gold already coined for his use. Farming is work, but too many people, and among them some of those actually engaged in the occupation, seem to think it is the next thing to servile chains. It has been frequently said that life is what we make it, and nothing is truer than that farming is what the man engaged therein makes it. When one visits a district of fine farms, well equipped, the fields yellow with waving grain, or the barns creaking under their heavy loads, and the shady and abundant pastures thickly dotted with the best of live stock, some grazing peacefully in plenty, others satisfied and quietly reposing in their cool, green bed, chewing lazily at their quids, the natural supposition is that the owner could not be anything else but contented. It is a good thing for our country that a great many men so situated, and many others whose lot is not so rosy, believe in their business, and give agriculture the credit which it deserves, notwithstanding that work is connected therewith. Few things worth while are attained in any calling without strenuous, and very often long-continued effort. "Far-away fields are green," but the verdure soon fades when the person is compelled to travel over that same field six days a week for fifty-two weeks of the year, and to have his thoughts rivetted to it even on the fifty-two days which are set apart for higher things.

What is wrong with the farm? How is it that in some of the very best sections farmers will say, "Never be a farmer, but start early in life to prepare for other occupations."? Can a man who has lived all his life on the farm and who has had the practical experience from which to make his assertions, expect that the rising generation will do otherwise than act upon his suggestion, believing that experience has taught him that farming is a hard, drudging life, devoid of all pleasure, and from which only meagre returns are made? Who is to blame for the boys and girls within hearing of his dissatisfied voice

leaving agriculture for city occupations? This same man is very likely the loudest growler in the neighborhood about the scarcity of farm help, when he is at the same time driving his own and his neighbors' sons and daughters cityward. How men, who have started life's battles in their younger days with practically no means, can conscientiously face the public and denounce the old farm which has fed them and clothed them all these years, and which is now paid for and money in the bank or invested elsewhere besides, all of which has been made from it, is almost beyond comprehension. What other occupation could these men have picked from all the attractive callings which would have landed them at middle age in a position independent, and made it possible for them if they so desire to enjoy their remaining years in comparative idleness, knowing that their holdings will keep them comfortably. Many a boy and man, too, has left the farm for positions which looked attractive until tried, and wished himself back with the growing things. Farming is hard work, but what real work is not hard work? Remember that which has been kind to you. Count your living at what it would cost in the city, for what farmer does not live as well as his city cousin when he has first choice of the produce of the farm and gets it absolutely fresh? Think of the advantages you have over others not so favorably situated, and, for the sake of agriculture, for your own sake and the good of the boys and girls growing up in the neighborhood, give farming its just dues—hard work suitably rewarded where good judgment is used. If a good farm does not pay it is, in most cases, the fault of the operator, not the farm.

Will Alfalfa Kill Bindweed?

After wrestling for two seasons with bindweed, trying to kill it by cultivation, without complete success, one would naturally be ready for an easier and less expensive method. During the past year we have received by letter and by word of mouth, reports from farmers who have seeded alfalfa on land infested with bindweed, and were delighted on breaking the field to find the weed either exterminated or greatly reduced. Just the other day an extensive Elgin county farmer told us such an experience. He had sown alfalfa on two fields containing patches of the weed. On one field he secured a fine catch and upon his treading this field several years later not a trace of bindweed was to be seen. On another field on a newly-purchased property, he got a poorer catch of alfalfa and here the bindweed was not wholly subdued.

Our own experience in this regard is also encouraging though we are not yet prepared to draw conclusions from it. In a field we seeded to alfalfa two years ago was a patch of the weed. The field has since been mown four times, but not broken, and casual examination discovers not a sign of the pest.

On top of that comes this striking testimony from Hoard's Dairyman:

"Our corn-alfalfa soil shows not a tenth part of the weeds that the same land did fifteen years ago before alfalfa was grown. Some of this land was infested with wild morning glory (bindweed). On that land alfalfa has been continuously, two rotations of three years each, and one of four years. Yet we cannot find a single sprig of the morning glory. It is so with other weeds. The repeated cutting of three crops a season seems to discourage these pests very greatly."

It seems strange that alfalfa, which is injured by many weeds and almost invariably vanquished by grass when seeded on a grassy field, should make such a successful fight against bindweed, but if it does, by all means let us use it. Alfalfa, like bindweed, has a very deep-ranging root system, and may partially exhaust the latter by competing successfully for moisture and plant food.

Alfalfa, being such a grand forage crop, and bindweed being such a stubborn and widely distributed pest, this subject takes on an importance of the first order. We are thinking of trying the plan next year on twelve acres cultivated last year in bare fallow and this year in corn.

We propose to fallow thoroughly again until July, and then sow the alfalfa after an opportune rain. By this means, we have obtained first class catches of alfalfa before, and have hopes not only of subduing the weed, but also restoring humus, and opening up a soil now inclined to run together as a result of excessive cultivation, dissipating the humus.

Meantime, for our own information, as well as for the information of the public, we should appreciate a few lines of candid report from anyone and everyone who has had experience with alfalfa on bindweed-infested land.

Longer Neck-yokes Needed.

Following our editorial "Farm Experience for Implement Manufacturers," in the issue of July 24th last, comes a letter from a York County, Ontario, correspondent, published in the farm department of this issue, calling the manufacturers' attention to another important part of nearly every farm machine or implement, the attached neck-yoke. This, our correspondent claims, and rightly he should, is very often altogether too short. Nearly every practical farmer has experienced difficulty in getting his team close enough together to snap up the breast straps of the harness, when hitching to some of his machines. The short neck-yokes are made to go with the short whiffletrees and short doubletrees. A lengthening is needed at both ends of the horses. It is often the case that horses which have done all the heavy work of the spring season and come through without a scratch or pimple on their shoulders, get sore necks and sore shoulders immediately after haying and harvesting starts. This, our correspondent believes is caused in part by the very short neck-yokes on the machines and implements. This is a matter worthy the attention of all manufacturers of farm implements and machinery.

Nature's Diary.

By A. B. Klugh, M. A.

All seasons and all times of the day have their attractions for the student of nature, but is there any time more delightful than a summer's evening? As the slowly sinking sun sends its slanting rays into the woods, lighting up the undergrowth and the flowers of the forest floor with an unusual light, the calm, clear air echoes with the evensong of the birds. From the deep woods comes the soft, sweet song of the hermit thrush, the whistled melody, full of minor notes, of the white-throated sparrow, and the soft call of the whip-poor-will. Mingled with these are the carol of the robin, the peculiar little ditty of the black-throated green warbler, the "whichety-whichety-which" of the Maryland yellow-throat, the rich, rolling warble of the rose-breasted grosbeak, and the notes of many other feathered musicians.

It is not unusual for one travelling through our woods to see a deer, that is, to see a brown flash and to catch a glimpse of the white tail as the animal bounds off through the thick growth, but it is rather more uncommon to see a deer before it sees or scents you. The other day, in the New Brunswick woods I had the pleasure of watching a fine doe while she was unconscious of my presence, I was standing perfectly still when she came along, browsing on the little bunches of grass which grow in the woods, and switching her short tail. I watched her for some time before she got down wind from me, when, catching my scent, she was off like a flash.

A little while ago, as I was returning from an eve-walk, a bird flew off a steep bank and vanished into the dusk. From the manner of its flight I was pretty sure that it was a shore bird of some kind, and probably a spotted sandpiper. Next day I flushed the bird again from the same spot, and after a short search located a nest of the spotted sandpiper. It was placed beneath a little raspberry bush, and was composed of dried grass. It contained four eggs of the characteristic shape (that is one end sharp-pointed) of the shore birds, and clay-colored; blotched with black in color.

The spotted sandpiper is probably the best known of all the shore birds, as it is a common breeder throughout Canada. It has a variety of names, being known as the "teeter snipe," "teeter-tail," "tip-up," "tilt-up," and "peet-weet." The first four names refer to its habit of continuously bobbing up and down, and the last name to the note it utters as it flies.

An insect which is very common just now in the vicinity of bodies of water is the shad fly. The shad flies are, in the adult stage, distinguished from other insects by their short antennae