The Farmer's Advocate AND HOME MAGAZINE.

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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 homemakers, of any publication in Canada.

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reproduction. Breeders, too, are paying more attention than formerly to excellence and market demands in this class of stock, and indiscriminate matings will soon relegate the owner of a herd to a third or fourth class standing if he allows himself to become indifferent in regard to the quality of sire used. Select the sire in all instances and do not purchase until certain that you have found the one you need.

Breeders often fail to recognize defects in their own herds or flocks. It would not be bad practice to ask the advice or opinion of some competent but unprejudiced authority, and then act according to one's own judgment supplemented by the recommendation of another.

Getting Back Into Harness.

Little fault can be found with the splendid effort that has been so well taken care of. Results in Western Canada were not so gratifying as the early months of summer promised they would be, yet in this case ungigantic effort put forth to make the crop a record one. Many men past the three-score-and-ten milestone have gotten back into harness, and in the autumn of their

Sandy on the Sugar Question.

BY SANDY FRASER.

I wis in a grocery store in toon the ither day alang THE LEADING AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL IN THE wi' some ither chaps that had no better use to mak o' their time than to be sittin' roond on soap-boxes an o' their time than to be sittin' roond on soap-boxes an' auld chairs an' tellin' stories. The day wis wet, so we had that much o' an excuse, onyway. Wet weather seems tae promote sociability, ye can say that for it, even if it does hauld back the potato diggin' an' silofillin'. And it's no' a bad thing to hae a wee chat wi' yer neighbors every once in a while gin'ye want to keep on guid terms wi' them. I've noticed that much Provided ye're a half-decent kind o' a person they'll like ye better and feel mair guid-will towards ye after ye have given them a chance to tell ye what kind o weather we hae been havin' an' how their grain turned oot, an' maybe hae taken a pointer or twa frae them on the best way to bring the war to an end If ye're a guid listener ye will find that bein' sociable is a great way to mak' friends, as weel as to keep those that ye already have.

But I wis intendin' tae tell ye what we were talkin aboot you day in the store. While we were sittin' around a wee lassie cam' in and asked the grocer chap if he had ony sugar. "Naething but some o' the dark brown stuff," he tauld her. She kind o' turned up her nose at that and went awa' wi'oot a word. After she had gone one of the chaps, a machine-agent in the toon he was, spoke up an' says he: "Sugar may be scarce but my wife managed to get what she wanted o' the white the ither day. She wis doon at Hawkesbury where one o' the store-keepers there had a cheap sale goin' on. He wis sellin' twa pounds o' white sugar to ony person that would buy some o' his dry-goods or ither stuff. My wife bought a spool o' thread, I think it wis, and got the twa pounds o' sugar. Then she went oot an' in a little while cam' back in again an' bought some ither wee thing an' twa pounds mair sugar. servant-girl wis with her that day, an' it wisna hard for her to get as muckle sugar as the wife, an' in the same way. Sae they managed to bring hame eight pounds, and I guess that will dae us until the wife thinks up some ither plan for overcomin' the shortage

"That wis pretty weel done," said one o' the chaps wha had been listening, "but what about us fellows that havena been able to get ony? Your wife took the twa pounds that I might hae had. Or if not me it wis somebody else. I dinna believe in bein' a pig juist because ye happen to be where ye can root in the dirt. Gin there's only twa pounds to be had for ilka family in the country, no man has a right to get four.

"Hoot, man," says I, tryin' to act as a sort o' a peacemaker, "dae ye no' ken that they say that 'all is fair in time o' war'? Ye're ower auld to be cryin' for a wee bit o' sugar. Eat the brown sugar for a while. Ye used tae be glad enough to get even that when ye were a young gaffer; I mind that all right.

He said na mair and before lang we a' started for hame. Na doot we all felt mair or less sympathy for the chap that wis standin' up for his rights, but it isna always best to be comin' oot wi' everything ye think, especially where the women are concerned. When someone plays a mean trick on ye it isna always best to be kickin' up a dust aboot it an' tryin' to square the thing off yersel'. It's better, I've noticed, tae let things tak' their course an' through time the natural consequences o' a person's crooked actions will be teachin' them a lesson, as weel as you could hae done it, an maybe better. They'll get what's comin' to them, and so will we all, for the matter o' that. As the meenister told us one day in the Kirk, "every action, or cause, has an effect, and if the cause isna as guid as it should be the effect is likely tae be unpleasant." If that's the case it's juist as weel for us tae let auld Mother Nature dae the spankin' o' her bairns for hersel'. What's the use o' buttin' in on somebody else's job when we hae sae little time tae spare for attendin' to oor ain?

But talkin' aboot sugar, as we were a while back, I think I hae been readin' something on the subject that should be o' interest at the present time when white sugar is sae scarce that the auld wumman willna let ye dae mair than point at the sugar-bowl, wi' yer

It seems that the brown sugar is juist as guid as the white. And better. Its color is the only thing there is to say against it. Apart frae that, sae far as its food ahead o' the white ilka time. Here's what a doctor says aboot it, accordin' tae the magazine I hae been readin' "We are making a mistake in using white sugar instead It is aromatic, fragrant and delicious to a far greater degree in the raw state than when it is refined.

an' all? In the majority o' cases it will mean naething mair to us than gettin' a new habit. If we had never seen the white we'd be weel pleased wi' the ither, black an' all as it is. It's na worse than havin' to eat war-

didn't cost me onything, and ye can mak' what use ve think best o' it.

The fact o' the matter is that we were gettin' things doon a wee bit too fine, in some cases, in oor Twentieth Century civilization. As a race, oor ancestors were a stronger and hardier class o' people, an' one reason might be that they lived on coarser food and had to rough it generally, in a way that we wouldna stand for one meenute-unless we had to.

There's a number o' good things comin' oot o' this war and I think we ought to try an' get oor share o' them, even if one o' them is the habit o' eatin' brown bread an' black sugar. Gin it goes against ye for a while try wearin' colored spectacles, like what the chap put on his horse when he wis teachin' him to eat shavins an' sawdust instead o' hay an' oats. I ken the horse died juist when he had acquired the habit but ye needna worry about that. That wis anither story a'thegither.

Nature's Diary.

A. B. KLUGH, M. A.

A group of birds, many members of which are very common in Canada, which is comparatively little known by the majority of bird lovers is the Virconidae or Virco Family. The species of this family are called Vireos or Greenlets, the word Vireo being derived from the latin "vireo"-I grow green.

The Vireos are all between five, and six and a half inches in length and have a straight bill, a little heavier than that of a Warbler, with the upper mandible slightly hooked at the tip. They are all olive-green above and

either whitish or yellow beneath.

The Vireos are often mistaken for Warblers by the amateur bird student, but when seen close at hand the characteristic shape of the bill is sufficient to distinguish them. They also differ from the Warblers in their actions, as they are not so much given to flitting and darting about, but usually glide about the branches in a quiet manner. Again in their songs they differ markedly from the Warblers, as while the Warblers have quaint little ditties none of them possess great musical ability, but most of the Vireos have sweet and pleasing songs and some of the species are really exquisite singers.

The commonest member of this family is the Redeyed Vireo, a species which breeds in all wooded or partially wooded country from Nova Scotia to Vancouver Island and as far north as James Bay and Peace

The Red-eyed Vireo is about six inches in length. It is olive-green above, and white, faintly shaded with olive along the sides, beneath. The crown is ashcolored, edged at each side with a blackish line, and just below this line is a white stripe. A dusky stripe runs through the eye and it is this latter feature taken in conjunction with the white stripe over the eye that gives us the the identification mark of the species. wings and tail are dusky edged with olive. The iris of the eye in adult birds is red-hence its name-but in the young their is is dark brown, the red ir is not being attained until they are nearly a year old. This species is one of the later birds to arrive in spring as it does not appear in Ontario until about the fifteenth of May.

The Red-eye is the most persistent singer of all our birds, it sings from daylight to dark, and from the time it arrives in the spring until it departs in the fall, thus keeping up its song right through the heat of the summer and through the moulting season of late summer when most birds are silent. Its song seems to be suited to this continuous performance arrangement as it is unhurried and very precise. It has been put into words as follows: "You see it—you know it—do you hear me?—do you believe it?" but to me it says "Vir-e-o—vir-e-o—I am vireo" and I have found that with most people once these words are suggested they seldom hear it say anything else. As a matter of fact in this setting down of birds songs in syllables so much depends upon the personal equation, as there are very few of our birds whose songs may be recognized from any syllables we can write. There are a few, such as the Maryland Yellowthroat, which says "Witchety-witchety-witch" with such plainess that no one can fail to recognize the song from these syllables, and the Killdeer who says "Kill-deer-kill deer" plainly enough. However it is a very good practice for the beginner in the study of birds to try and reduce the songs of as many species as possible to syllables, as such annotations will be of service in impressing the songs on his mind and thus in carrying them over from one spring to the next. It will further great amount of individual variation in the songs of the same species which might otherwise go unnoticed. Thus such syllables will be of use to himself though they may convey absolutely nothing to anyone else. As for the matter of writing bird's songs in music so that they can be played on some musical instrument, such as a piano, all the atempts that I have seen in that direction have been flat failures. The human whistle is the only medium of which I know that is capable of giving anything approaching a good imitation of bird music, and the individuals who can do this are few and far between.

The nest of the Red-eye is pensile, being fastened by the rim in a horizontal fork, at from ten to twentyfive from the ground. It is a light structure, composed of bark-sprips, pine needles, wasp's paper, birchbark and fine grass. The eggs are laid in June and are from three to five in the structure of the structu three to five in number and are white, marked with fine, dark reddish-brown spots towards the larger end.

This species is highly beneficial, its main food consisting of injurious insects. Dr. Forbush records that a pair of Red-eyes took ninety-two Forest Tent Caterpillars in an hour and he includes this species among the birds which prey on Apple-tree Tent Caterpillars, Canker-worms and Aphids. In the late summer the Red-eye eats some wild fruits.