

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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down on production. There is only one thing for the farmers of this country to do in times like these, and that is to hold steadfastly to their purposes of producing the best of their ability those farm products which their farms, as borne out by their experience, are best adapted to produce, keeping in mind, of course, wheat, meat and dairy products as the essentials. If possible, certain branches may be slightly increased, but the experience of the last three years has been that to get heavier product on great changes in our system of farming must be avoided, or, at least, gradually made. Farmers have been short of help for some years dating back long before the war. During that period they have adapted their farms to the conditions; they have been a trifle in making the gradual change so that the farms may be operated with as little labor as possible. Hired help will be practically out of the question for next year, and farmers will stick closely to the system of farming which they have developed through the years of which we speak. By this method and this alone will a fair measure of production be possible in 1918. Each farmer know his own conditions better than any other man can, and will follow his own judgment in the matter of production, and there is safety in the judgment of the producer. Since a steady course; do not be deviated by puffs of wind from any quarter.

The Contents of Our Christmas Present to You.

According to our usual custom, we are announcing in this issue our annual Christmas present to our subscribers, which will be mailed next week. In keeping with our policy of the past we have put forth an extra effort again this year to make the Christmas issue of The Farmer's Advocate a little more interesting, and, if possible, a little more helpful to readers than ever before. There are articles which will appear in that issue which none of our readers can afford to miss, and hoping that each may find time to read them all we are giving some idea of what to expect.

The front cover will appear in every home. We do not desire to describe it here, but prefer to leave our

readers anticipating the treat which is in store for them. It is a work of art. To go with it has been prepared an editorial article entitled "A Christmas Season in the Service of Mankind." We feel sure that the two will help in promoting the proper Christmas spirit at this our fourth war-time, winter festive season.

A number of the articles will be found to differ from those contained in any former Christmas issue in the matter of subjects and scope. However, we have endeavored to give every member of the home something for their peculiar interest. First we might mention a few of those articles in which the men of the household will find what they are looking for. The draft horse situation is thoroughly discussed from all its many angles by Wayne Dinsmore. This article is a very exhaustive treatise showing the real future of the draft horse and proving beyond a doubt that there is and always will be a place for the high-quality horse of weight. "What Britain Has Done in the Live Stock World," is the title of another article which will appeal to stockmen all over Canada. Our English correspondent has briefly described the breeds which have originated in the Motherland. Another article which will be read by all dairymen is entitled "A Niagara of Milk—Its Source and Outlet". This gives an idea of the amount and value of the dairy industry to Canada each year.

"Post-War Agriculture", by Prof. J. B. Reynolds, President of the Manitoba Agricultural College, goes into conditions at the present time to show what we may likely expect to be the effect upon agriculture after the war. All should read it.

For our readers in the Maritime Provinces and British Columbia and in fact for all those who should be conversant with agricultural conditions Canada over, we have an article discussing the big things in Maritime Agriculture from Prof. M. Cumming, and also one entitled "Agriculture is British Columbia's Greatest Industry," from Prof. J. A. McLean.

Poultrymen will read, "The Truth about the Hen," and horticulturists will get some helpful suggestions from Prof. W. T. Macoun's contribution on extending the fruit areas with hardy varieties.

We have endeavored to give our readers, as previously stated, something out of the ordinary in this issue. This will be found in the following articles: "The Origin of Scottish Thrift", by Sandy Fraser; "Fishing for Food and for Fun", by A. B. Klugh; "War and the Wheel", by Walter Gunn; "What is Worth While", by W. D. Albright; "A Little Homily on the Weather", by John M. Gunn; "Traits and Stories of Irish Life", by Rev. J. H. Boyd; "The Sept Abroad", by Margaret Rain, and lastly, an exclusive contribution from the man who has made more laughs than any other—"Old Farm Days", by Walt. Mason.

Besides the usual departments in the Home Magazine section, there will be several special features prominent among which are: "What I think about Psychological Research", by Albert Durrant Watson, President of the Ontario Society of Psychological Research; "Those Boys of Ours", by A. M. B.; "What I know about girls by M. Clerihew; "Italy and Her Part in the War"; and the "Park Hill Canning Center", by M. C. Dawson.

As usual this issue will contain reports of the Chicago International and the Ontario Provincial Expositions.

Nature's Diary.

A. B. KLUGH, M. A.

The Coyote is a common mammal in the prairie regions of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The scientific name of this species, *Canis latrans*, is decidedly apt since *latrans* means "barking" and the Coyote is the only wild member of the dog family which habitually barks. In its well-known evening song the Coyote begins with a series of short barks, which increase in power and pitch until they become a long howl. When one starts this song others join in and for some minutes they keep up this yowling chorus. In size the Coyote ranks between the Wolf and the Fox, and the average weight is from 24 to 30 pounds, though individuals are recorded which weighed 46 pounds.

All evidence seems to point to the fact that Coyotes mate for life, and that the male helps the mother in caring for the young. The home of the Coyote family is a den, which they dig for themselves, in some bank, though sometimes a deserted Badger hole is used. The actual nest is a chamber at the end of the tunnel and is usually lined with a little grass and fur. In some cases, at least, there is an al-hole, leading up from the nest, and made by enlarging the lower part of an old Gopher hole. A family may have several dens.

The young are born during the first part of April, and may number from three to ten, usually five or seven. At birth they are blind and covered with a close, dark, woolly down. Their eyes open on the eighth or ninth day, and when about three weeks old the mother carries them out for an airing in the sun line. When some six weeks old the parents begin to bring them solid food, and they are able to walk about alone outside the den. Speaking of the young Coyotes at this stage of their existence Seton says: "The young are so keen to see and welcome father and mother back with the new catch that they make little pathways from the den to all the new points that give a view. Here they will sit and watch, but are ever ready to scurry home on the slightest alarm." As they get older the young scratch out little pockets leading from the main den.

By July the young are half-grown, and they begin to run with the parents and learn to hunt. By October they are as big as the parents and the family scatters.

The food of the Coyote consists of gophers, rabbits, mice, frogs, snakes, and the eggs and young of ground-nesting birds. It also not infrequently kills sheep and

poultry. In the days of the Buffalo herds the Coyote used to watch its opportunity to kill an unprotected Buffalo calf and to-day the largest game it hunts is the Antelope. The manner in which Coyotes act in concert in running down an Antelope is thus described by Dr. G. B. Grinnel, a well-known observer of North American wild life:

"Two or three years ago I camped at Rock Creek, and one morning before sunrise I started out to get the horses. They were nowhere to be seen, and I climbed to the top of a hill back of camp. Just before I got to the top of the hill an old doe Antelope suddenly came in view, closely followed by a Coyote. Both of them seemed to be running as hard as they could, and both had their tongues hanging out as if they had come a long way. Suddenly, almost at the heels of the Antelope appeared a second Coyote which now took up the running while the one that had been chasing her sat down and watched. The Antelope ran quite a long distance, always bearing a little to the left, and now seemed to be running more slowly than when I first saw her. As she kept running it was evident that she would either run around the hill or come back close to it. At first I was so interested in watching her that I forgot to look at the Coyote that had stopped near me. When I did so he was no longer at the place where he had stopped, but was trotting over a little ridge that ran down the hill, and watching the chase that was now so far off. He trotted out two or three hundred yards on to the prairie and sat down. The Antelope was now coming back almost directly towards him, and there were two Coyotes behind her, one close at her heels and the other a good way further back. The first Coyote now seemed quite excited. He no longer sat up but crouched close to the ground, every few minutes raising his head very slowly to take a look at the doe and then lowering it again so that he would be out of sight. When the Antelope reached the place where he was lying hidden, he sprang up and in a jump or two caught her by the neck and threw her down. At the same moment the two Coyotes from behind came up, and for a moment there was a scuffle in which yellow and white and gray and waving tails were all mixed up, and then the three Coyotes were standing there tearing away at their breakfast."

It is by the method above described that they are able to capture an animal a good deal swifter and with greater endurance than they themselves possess. Two Coyotes have also been seen to co-operate in hunting Gophers, one trotting in front of the Gopher, which darts down its hole, and then passing on, while the other rushes and takes its position behind the hole ready to spring upon the Gopher on its re-appearance.

Twenty-One.

BY SANDY FRASER.

My niece Jennie has been around tae see us again, an' as usual she has been tryin' tae draw me oot on one thing an' anither till I can hardly tell noo what I believe myself, on any subject. She even wanted tae ken when I thought the War would be over. I told her I thought it might come tae an end aboot the time everybody quit fightin', but I'm thinkin' that she only asked for a sort o' a joke. She's a lively lass, is Jennie. She'll aye be givin' me a dig aboot one thing or anither whenever she gets the chance. I got back at her the ither day, however. It was an old joke I'd heard some place or ither, an' I thought I'd gie her the benefit o' it.

"Jennie", says I, "can ye tell me why is a Ford car like a pretty lassie without any sense?"

She thought about it for a while but it was ower muckle for her, so she gave it up. "Weel," says I, "it's because they're all right tae run round with, but naeboddy wants tae own one."

That kept her quiet for a spell, but no' for lang. She's ower good-natured to be takin' my jokes for any mair than they're worth. Besides, I suppose she doesna' want tae lose any time, by gettin' sulky, that might be spent in talkin'. Bein' a woman ye canna blame her.

That night as I was lookin' through the paper she came along an' took it away from me, an' says she, "You're readin' ower muckle o' the war-news, Uncle Sandy. Ye'll gie oot o' yer heid gin ye be thinkin' aboot one thing or the ither. Why dinna ye read the magazines noo an' gin, or a novel maybe," says she.

"Hoot lassie," I replied, "what dae ye tak' me for? What dae ye think I'll be carin' aboot yer novels an' love-stories? I'm lang past the age for that, I'm thinkin'." What hae ye been readin' yersel', Jennie, since ye hae been aboot the place," says I. "Oh," she replied, "I hae been lookin' through some o' yer an' I books that came oot frae Scotland, wi' my grand ather, maybe, sae ye ken I havena' been lone-some, an' besides that I brought a magazine wi' me that I bought on the train."

"His yer magazine, anything in it but baseball stories an' love-scrapes?" I asked. "Oh yes," says Jennie, "There's a lang piece in it by a mither. He's tellin' aboot all the fine things he wad do if he were twenty-one he wad go tae work at the best job he could get an' mak' a success o' it. Anither thing he wad do would be tae tak' care o' his heid, an' anither thing he wad train his mind. Then he says he wad save money, an' he wad get on guid terms wi' his conscience, an' I dinna ken what he woul'dna' dae gin he were twenty-one. It's unc' interesting Uncle Sandy," says Jennie.

"You ought tae read it for yersel'."

"Weel, I dinna think I'll bother," I replied. "I've had some o' those daydreams myself in my time, an' I dinna ken that they ever got me anything." "Oh, it canna' dae ye any harm tae think aboot the likes o' that," said Jennie. "Tell me, Uncle Sandy," she