

Things I Have Noticed.

The Circled Emperor butterfly (*Limenitis arthemis*) lays its eggs on the under side of the leaf of a cherry. It then rolls it up with a fluid which contracts the under side. The eggs hatch out the fourth day. The caterpillar grows to about three-quarters of an inch in length. It is a light greenish yellow in color, with four rows of dark brown, very small, spots running lengthwise of the body, the head being black. The chrysalis is dark brown, with the front half about twice the diameter of the rest. It stays in this state a week. The imago, or perfect insect, is about three inches across the wings, black in color, with a broad white curve across both wings. Outside of this there is a single white mark on the front wing, and on the hind, a row of yellow spots and two rows of blue spots. The caterpillars spin a large web on the branch, and when they eat all the leaves in the web they enlarge it. I found this insect in great numbers on the native chokecherry of the Northwest in the month of July.

S. J. NEVILLE.

Cottonwood, Assa.

(Age 14.)

The Far Country.

You stand at the brim o' the hill, little girl,
And look with a sweet despair
At the melting hilltops of purple red,
With the fleecy bars of the blue o'erhead,
And you want to be running still, little girl,
To the country of Over There.

Oh, a brave, brave country it shows, little girl,
With colors and trappings rare,
A bustle of happy sounds and sights,
A glistening current of sweet delights,
Where everyone's known and knows, little girl,
In the country of Over There.

There are strains of a sweeter song, little girl,
Than hearts of this land can bear,
There are delicate whispers and fitting feet,
And gay, bright laughing at pleasures fleet,
Where nothing but sorrow's wrong, little girl,
In that country of Over There.

But no one can tell you the way, little girl,
To that land so dear and fair;
It glows in the sunset pools of light,
It shines in the starry clouds at night,
And only your heart can stray, little girl,
To the country of Over There.

—Eugene Field.

Quite Reasonable.

The venerable R. L. Dabney, D. D., is well known in this country and abroad. Upward of twenty years ago his youngest son, Lewis, was a sharp-witted lad who promised to become a respected "chip of the old block."

The lad was whipped one day for an act of disobedience, and then had to undergo the more trying ordeal of sitting quietly on the sofa. He became deeply absorbed in thought and presently asked:

"Ma, why did you whip me?"

"So as to make you a better boy," was the response.

Lewis again became lost in thoughtful reflection. Presently he blurted out:

"Ma, do you believe in prayer?"

"Yes, my son."

"If you were to ask God to make me a better boy do you think He would grant your prayer?"

"I think He would, my son."

"Well, then, ma, I wish you would pray a little more and whip a little less."



Why I am Proud to Be a Farmer.

"Why am I proud to be a farmer?" The reasons are so numerous that it would require much space to set them all down; they are so conclusive that they prove, beyond doubt, that to be a farmer is something to be justly proud of. Many a boy, grown discontented on the farm, seeks the attractions and activities of the city. Thousands of them would have been better off had they remained on the homestead. Let me tell you why, and in doing so I shall have answered, in my imperfect and cursory way, the question which our esteemed hostess, Dame Durden, has propounded.

1. Farming is an independent life. Come bad times or good, the man who tills the soil is always sure of three square meals a day and a good, soft bed to sleep upon at night. He is not the slave of a foreman, an overseer or a boss; He is his own master. Although he works hard, he has the liberty to take a day off when he feels like it, and nobody "docks his pay."

2. It is a pleasant life. There is abundance of hard work on the farm, but so there is in every other legitimate kind of labor. But how glorious to work in the open fields, under the bright, blue sky, where the air is always pure and the kind breezes fan his perspiring brow! 'Tis sweet to look upon the fair and open face of heaven, as the agriculturist is every day privileged to do. The life of the farmer is fed by the bounty of earth and sweetened by the airs of Heaven. Could it be aught but a pleasant life? It is pleasant to know that, no matter how hard the times may be, his wife and little ones are beyond the reach of hunger. He can draw on his granary or his stock pens, and their hunger is appeased.

3. It is a profitable occupation, and a careful man, if he understands farming, can in a few years make himself independent. All he has to sell to-day commands a good price, and there is no surer road to

prosperity to-day than that which follows the farmer's furrow. Mother Earth always amply repays her sons, the men who till the soil.

4. It is invigorating work. There is no other occupation that breeds such strong and sturdy men as farming. The pure air that expands his lungs, the bright sunlight that falls upon his head, the free, open life in the fields, all tend to develop his muscle and his manhood simultaneously. The best and bravest fighters which Canada sent to South Africa were those who came from the farms of the East and the Prairies of the West.

5. It is the greatest of all industries, because it is the basic industry. God Almighty first planted a garden. The first farmer was the first man, Emerson tells us, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land. Over ninety per cent. of our population are employed in agricultural pursuits. When men forsake the farm for the crowded mart and factory, depression sets in. Only as the great mass of the nation stick to the tilling of the soil can that nation be sure of stability and progress.

6. It is a noble and exalted calling. Holy Writ pays a generous tribute to the tillers of the soil. Ancient kings were not above holding the plow. Farming is the forerunner of all industries and arts; it paves the way to development and the spread of civilization. Daniel Webster once said: "When tillage begins, other arts follow. The farmers, therefore, are the founders of human civilization."

7. The best men have come from the farm. It is there that the boy is provided with a sound, strong constitution that is inestimable to him in after-life, that enables him to outstrip his city cousin in the race of life. He unconsciously draws into his own being some of the wide expansiveness of the fields, some of the calm and quiet dignity of the woods, some of the sanity of the rocks and lofty ruggedness of the hills. Many of the men who stand at the head of our railway, financial and industrial concerns to-day were born on a farm.

8. The farm is the best place to raise a family. Nowhere else can children be so free from contaminating influences. Nowhere else are the little ones so rugged and strong. They are free from the temptations and evil allurements of the city streets. By giving them a plot of ground, a calf or a colt, and allowing them to retain the profits therefrom, the farmer can teach his children a practical lesson in the necessity of work and the value of money. Thus habits of thrift will be formed. The moral and religious tone of the countryside is far above that of the best-regulated city.

9. The farm supplies the tables of the world. Were farmers to cease selling their products, the wealthiest as well as the poorest residents of village, town and city would starve. Upon the toll of the farmer depends the sustenance of human life.

These are the primary reasons why I am proud to be a farmer, while many secondary reasons could be advanced. Surely the above are claims no one can gainsay! Proud to be a farmer? Who would not be? Then, here's to the strong, manly, independent, big-fisted and big-hearted Canadian farmer, to his good, industrious, thrifty wife, and to the happy, rosy-cheeked children that sport about his knee in winter or hide his garden tools in summer. May kind Heaven prosper them all!

LEMAN A. GUILD.

Winnipeg Fair Prize List.

HORSES.

CLYDESDALES.—Stallion, four years old or over—1, Hartney Clyde Horse Association, Hartney; 2, A. & G. Mutch, Lumsden, Assa.; 3, W. S. Henderson, V. S., Carberry. Stallion, three years—1, Willis & Fowle, Boissevain; 2, Peter Robertson, Killarney; 3, Wm. T. Ward, Grenfell, Assa. Stallion, two years—1 and 2, G. & W. Bennie, Castleavery; 2, W. Postlethwaite, Brandon. Stallion, yearling—1, A. E. August, Bates; 2, Ezra Pearson, Medicine Hat; 3, John Wishart, Portage la Prairie. Brood mare, with foal by side—1, Wm. Black, Hayfield, Man.; 2, J. B. Thompson, Hamiota; 3, G. & W. Bennie, Castleavery. Brood mare and two of her progeny, three years and under—1 and 2, G. & W. Bennie; 3, J. Wishart. Three-year-old filly—1, Carruth & Brown, Portage la Prairie; 2, John Wishart; 3, G. & W. Bennie. Two-year-old filly—1, A. Graham, Pameroy; 2, J. B. Thompson; 3, Ezra Pearson. Yearling filly—1, John Wishart; 2, G. & W. Bennie. Foal—1, Wm. Black, Hayfield; 2 and 3, G. & W. Bennie. Mare, any age—Diploma, Wm. Black, Hayfield. Stallion and three of his get, get to be foaled in Man., N-W. T. or B. C., the award to be made on the proportion of 25 per cent. for the stallion and 75 per cent. for the progeny—1, G. & W. Bennie; 2, J. B. Thompson, Hamiota. Stallion, one year and over, foaled in Man., N-W. T. or B. C.—1, E. A. August, Bates; 2, G. & W. Bennie. Mare, one year or over, foaled in Man., N-W. T. or B. C.—1, J. B. Thompson; 2, John Wishart. Stallion, any age—Cup, value \$25, given by the Clydesdale Association. No horse may win more than one cup in 1903—1, Hartney C. H. A., Hartney.

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lion, any age—Cup, value \$25, given by the Clydesdale Association. No horse may win more than one cup in 1903—1, Hartney C. H. A., Hartney.

SHIRES.—Stallion, four years or over—1, Geo. E. Brown, Aurora, Ill.; 2, J. H. Truman, Calgary. Stallion, three years—1, John Stott, Brandon; 2 and 3, Geo. E. Brown. Three-year-old filly—1, J. Stott, Brandon. Mare, any age—Diploma, 1, John Stott, Brandon. Best stallion—Gold medal, value £10, offered by Shire Horse Society, London, Eng.; John Stott. Best mare—Gold medal, value £10, offered by Shire Horse Society, London, Eng.—J. Stott, Brandon.

Specials. Stallion, any age, Clydesdale or Shire, special by the Horse Breeders' Association of Manitoba. Diploma ribbon, Hartney C. H. A., Hartney. Brood mare, with foal by side, any age, Clydesdale or Shire, special by the Horse

Breeders' Association of Manitoba—Diploma ribbon, J. B. Thompson, Hamiota.

PERCHERONS.—Stallion, four years or over—1, Angers & Johnston, Opawaka; 2, H. E. Waby, Holmfild. Stallion, three years and over—1, Dauphin Syndicate; 2, Oak Bluff Syndicate. Stallion, two years or over—1, Harry Staples, Kewende. Foal—Recommended for award by judges to Geo. P. Grout.

DRAFT HORSES.—Brood mare and two of her progeny, three years and under—1, D. T. Wilson, Asessippi. Three-year-old gelding or filly, first prize by Canadian Molne Plow Co.—1 and 2, D. T. Wilson. Two-year-old gelding or filly—1 and 2, D. T. Wilson. Yearling gelding or filly—1, D. T. Wilson. Team, geldings or mares, suitable for dray purposes, to be shown in harness to a dray or wagon—1, David Little, Portage la Prairie; 2, J. B. Thompson; 3, John

Stott. Team, geldings or mares, suitable for farm purposes, in harness to a wagon—1, D. T. Wilson; 2, David Little; 3, Colin Murchison, Petrel, Man. Mare or gelding, any age—Diploma, D. T. Wilson. Stallion and three of his get, to be foaled in Man., N-W. T. or B. C., the award to be made on the proportion of 25 per cent. for the stallion and 75 per cent. for the progeny—1, Geo. Cartwright, Millwood.

Special.—Best stallion, mare or gelding, any age, competing in any of the previous classes—Hartney C. H. A., Hartney.

HORSES FOR GENERAL PURPOSES.—Brood mare, with foal by side—1st prize, special by Cockshutt Plow Co., value \$20—J. B. Thomson, Hamiota. Brood mare and two of her progeny, three years and under—1, D. T. Wilson, Asessippi. Three-year-old gelding or filly—1, John Stott, Brandon. Two-year-old gelding or filly—1, Murdoch McLennan, Carman. Yearling gelding or filly—1, D. T. Wilson; 2, J. B. Thomson. Foal—1, J. B. Thomson. Team, geldings or mares, in harness to wagon or carriage—1, D. T. Wilson; 2, John Stott; 3, R. M. Woods, Carman. Mare or gelding, any age—Diploma, John Stott.

STANDARD-BRED HORSES.—Stallion, four years or over—1, Robt. Park, Wawanesa; 2, C. W. Speers, Griswold; 3, Greg Barrett, Carberry. Stallion, yearling—1, C. W. Speers. Brood mare with foal by side—1, Jas. Henderson, Brandon; 2, C. W. Speers; 3, Robt. Park. Two-year-old filly—1, Robt. Park; 2, Thos. Stott, Atwell; 3, Colin Inkster, Winnipeg. Foal—1, C. W. Speers; 2, Robt.

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