

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND "SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Farm Problems

Conducted by Prof. Henry G. Bell, Dept. of Chemistry,
Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph

Questions and Answers

J.D.—I have a few sow thistles in part of a field and quite a patch in another part. Will you kindly let me know the best way to kill it? Will salt kill it? If so, what is the best way to put it on and how much?

Answer—We have no records to show that salt will kill sow thistles. Within the last three years an experiment has been conducted near Stratford where a field was badly infested with sow thistle. It was divided into four parts. One part was plowed on October 25th, 1925; another plowed twice in September, 1925, and plowed on October 25th; a third section was disked twice in September and plowed on October 25th, 1925, and the fourth was plowed on July 30th and cultivated on August 25th in 1925. One acre of each of these plots was fertilized with 400 lbs. per acre of 2-12-6. No. 1 was seeded to barley in 1926, No. 2 to buckwheat, No. 3 to barley along with alfalfa, and No. 4 to barley with alfalfa. The yields of No. 1 and 2 were particularly unprofitable in 1926 on account of the competition of sow thistle. No. 3, unfertilized, gave 17.5 bushels of barley per acre, while the fertilized area gave 55.7 bushels. No. 4, unfertilized, gave 33.5 bushels, and No. 4, fertilized, 56.1 bushels. In 1931, 1 and 2 were back in grain again in an attempt to get a seeding to legumes. The infestation of sow thistle was very bad. No. 3 and 4 bore large crops of alfalfa, especially on the fertilized areas. Unfertilized No. 3 yielded 7,350 lbs. alfalfa per acre, fertilized No. 3 yielded 15,040 lbs. alfalfa per acre. Unfertilized No. 4 yielded 6,720 lbs. alfalfa, fertilized No. 4 yielded 13,760 lbs. If you divide the green weights in half you will have about the weights in cured hay. The point is that on examination, while the sow thistle was present in the fertilized areas of sections three and four, it was almost choked out and so not allowed to flower, hence it appears that so far as we have gone, this method of dealing with the sow thistle has proven successful.

In brief, it consists of working the land immediately after the summer crop is harvested and again in the fall. Give it a thorough disking and cultivating. In spring, fertilize the land and sow grain. Allow this to stand for at least two years.

R.S.—I have 8 acres of light sandy soil that has been plowed for 6 years, where I would like to plant beans. Do you think I should fertilize it? Will you please tell me the kind to use and the amount and the best way to apply it?

Answer—Beans have been grown successfully on fairly light land. During the past year the Department of Chemistry, O.A.C., conducted an extensive experiment with fertilizers in growing beans in Elgin County. This test was duplicated on two soils; the first was gravelly loam where 1/2 acre blocks of beans received different fertilizers and different treatments. The same test was conducted on a silt loam soil which was very acid.

On the gravelly loam soil where lime had been applied at the rate of 1500 lbs. per acre, 49-10 fertilizer at 500 lbs. per acre gave 24.5 bushels, 4-12-6 gave 26.1. These fertilizers were applied by drilling them in broadcast two weeks before planting. There is quite a division of opinion as to best methods of application of fertilizers on beans and we propose conducting this test still further. Undoubtedly, to give best results, fertilizer must be worked into the soil fairly near the seed beans but not near enough to injure their vitality.

J.K.—How does sweet clover compare with corn silage? I mean as to feed value. What can I do to increase my corn ensilage yields?

Answer—As a general rule sweet clover is better made into hay and stored in hay form rather than as silage. However, good results are reported in some instances where silage is made with sweet clover. Comparing it with corn (both dried), Henry and Morrison's "Feeds" reports sweet clover to contain the 100 lbs. total weight: 14.5 lbs. crude protein, 27.4

MOURNING WARDROBE

"A death occurred in our family and I had to go in mourning. I could hardly afford to buy all black clothes, so decided to dye what I had. I consulted our druggist and he advised using Diamond Dyes. Everything came out beautifully; coats, wool dresses, stockings and all. I have since learned to appreciate the excellence of the black Diamond Dyes. I tried another black dye and the results were impossible. I had to get Diamond Dyes and do the work over. Recently I have tinted my curtains a beautiful raspberry shade and dyed a rug a lovely garnet with Diamond Dyes. They are real money savers—the finest dye money can buy—I truly believe."

Mrs. G.K.L., Montreal.

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JIM THE CONQUEROR

By PETER B. KYNE
Illustrated by Allen Dean

SYNOPSIS

Don Jaime Miguel Higueras, Texas rancher, and Tom Antrim, sheep owner, have been bitter enemies. Capt. Ken Higgins, former Texas Ranger, now Jim's manager, finds the dog wounded after shooting it out with Antrim, who is killed. Don Jaime takes possession of her uncle's sheep. "Crooked Bill" Latham, another uncle, wants Roberta to marry his friend Glenn Hackett. Roberta arrives in Texas and sees Bill Higgins, her uncle's foreman, see from a man whom she understands to be Higgins, her uncle's slayer. When she arrives at Don Jaime's ranch she finds that Higgins is a Higueras and she the same person. Tom Antrim, Don Jaime's foe, recalls an incident of Roberta's photograph in the picture.

CHAPTER XIX—(Cont'd)

Don Jaime was blushing as he met Roberta's glance. "The subject of sheep having been discussed thoroughly," he suggested, "what opinions, if any, have you, Miss Antrim, of the League of Nations and the World Court? Do you admire Mrs. Hildebrand and is a stump-tailed yellow dog the best for coons?"

He was too much for her, and deep in her soul Roberta grudgingly but admiringly, admitted it. She had a feeling of helplessness in this man's presence, for he was a new experience with her. She had never met a man who remotely resembled her—so ruthless, forceful and dominating.

Not knowing what to say, Roberta was silent and attacked her meal. When presently, her glance met Don Jaime's again he was smiling at her, whereupon she lashed with a desire to pull his nose. "He has all the audacity and assurance of the Irish and all the ego of the Latin," she thought. "And he isn't good-looking at all. Still he isn't bad looking. He's just masculine and knows it. All of his 'ifs' he has been accustomed to being high and low justice on this ranch; because these people of his know him he thinks he can get away with murder. He's just a feudal baron who has established his feudal sway just far enough north of the border to make good with it."

Prudentially, it was not a long course dinner, such as Roberta had expected would be served and which she had looked forward to with dread. A soup, a salad, a roast, two vegetables, a light dessert and black coffee. That was all.

"He runs his household like a sensible man, at any rate," the girl reflected. "And I hazard the thought that the average rancher possessed of a fine old gallery, facing on such a lovely old-fashioned garden as this patio contains, would eat inside!"

She watched a humming-bird flitting from flower to flower, saw a quail come forth and hear away a crust tossed him by Don Jaime. Then, as the shadows lengthened, the ticking birds, reptile with food and happy, perched in a lime tree and paid for their meal in melody. Roberta had never heard a Spanish mocker before and was delighted with the beauty and variety of their extensive repertoire.

CHAPTER XX

"You are fond of music?" Don Jaime queried. Roberta nodded and he tossed a quick order in Spanish to one of his dusky maids. "Going to turn on the radio," the girl thought. "Why does he do it? Again she had evidence of the fact that, whether she wanted to or not, she was destined to tune in with this man's peculiar personality. "Not the radio, senorita, nor yet the victrola," he said gently. "I prefer the music of my people."

From behind the climbing passion vines on the gallery across the patio a guitar was strummed; Roberta heard the mellow notes of a harp as unseen fingers ran the scale. Then a girl's voice—without much volume, but wondrously sweet and sympathetic—commenced to sing "La Golondrina."

"When I am unhappy," Don Jaime explained, "they sing that sad song to me and make me unhappy."

"Why don't you have them sing something joyful? They will sing whatever you desire, I take it."

"My dear Miss Antrim, no Higgins ever wants to be made happy when he's unhappy. It's like enjoying poor health. We must feed our racial melancholy."

"You incorrigible Celt! Are these professional entertainers brought out from Los Algodones?"

"No, they're part of the ranch assets. That harp has been in the family since the first Higueras migrated to Madrid. Carmen Carvajal, my riding boss's daughter, yearned to play it, so I sent her to El Paso six months to get the hang of it. After that she had to figure it out for herself. She'd never do for the Metropolitan Opera, of course, but she's pretty good for this corner of Texas. When she has finished singing 'La Golondrina' to her own accompaniment her sister Conchita will strum a wicked guitar and sing 'El Cielo'—Hello, bub, you getting sleepy? Tired after your long ride today, eh? I told you so."

Robbie had left his chair and clumped up into Don Jaime's lap; his thin little arm was around the brown, powerful neck, his head cuddled under the big square chin. Don Jaime held him close with his left arm, and Roberta noticed that with his right hand he gently massaged the atrophied muscles of the boy's left leg.

The purple shadows crept over the patio, the music sobbed and mourned behind the passion vines, and the saddle-colored maid came out with some meat scraps on a plate and set them on the table beside her master, who whistled shrilly, whereupon two English setters crashed the screen door leading to the gallery and came leaping to accept, in the polite manner of Jimmie, the meat scraps. Don Jaime fed them; retiring, when the meal was finished, to a discreet distance, where they sat and gazed at the master with love in their lambent brown eyes.

Presently Don Jaime shook Robbie gently. "Come, son," he said softly. "Say your prayers—in Spanish, as I have taught you. *Nuestro padre*—"

The sleepy voice spoke haltingly the unfamiliar words, the man prompting from time to time. When the prayer was finished he rose and, with the boy in his arms, stooped over Mrs. Ganby that she might kiss her son good night. Then he passed around the table to Roberta's chair. "Innocence and helplessness," Roberta heard him murmur. "Who could not love it!" He stooped over her and lowered the boy until the childish lips brushed her cheek; then he rose the lad off to bed.

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He stooped over her and lowered the boy until the childish lips brushed her cheek; then he rose the lad off to bed.

The two women exchanged glances, the mother's eyes were moist. "That is the Latin in him, Miss Antrim. He's not ashamed to demonstrate his affection. What a pity he hasn't a son of his own to waste the thrills of his big boy's heart on!"

Roberta did not answer. She was thinking of a remark that Crooked Bill had once made in her presence. "When children and dogs love a man a woman is usually safe with him."

She wondered now if Glenn Hackett loved children and dogs and decided presently that he would love his own children, if and when he had them, but that he would not be interested in dogs or human beings beneath him in the social scale. And she thought of Julio Ortiz, with a bullet through his belly, dying in a Baylor foray for Don Jaime Miguel Higueras, filled with pride in his sacrifice, slained at the last by that perfect form of democracy which had decreed he should perish in his master's arms.

"He is a strange man, Mrs. Ganby," she said at last. "I have never met his kind before. I do not know what to make of him—whether to like him or dislike him, to fear him or to trust him. He killed my uncle and then, masquerading under the name of Jim Higgins he induced me to accept the hospitality of Jaime Higueras at that sort of thing, you know."

"Don Jaime is a free soul. He does as he pleases."

"How long have you known him, Mrs. Ganby?"

"Since three days since he killed your uncle. I am a trained nurse and I came down here to tend his wounds, although he would have recovered without my aid, for he is as healthy as a horse. Later he asked me to be his housekeeper, but since he does not appear to regard me as a servant, I imagine I am a sort of paid hostess. I think he had a hope that you might visit the ranch some day, and, of course, you would never have been invited unless he had a duenna here. He is very punctilious in matters of social propriety."

"And Robbie?"

"When he discovered I had a little crippled son he sent his general manager to El Paso to bring the boy here. He knew I'd want him with me, of course."

"I understand. Innocence and helplessness. Of course his heart went out to Robbie."

"Children understand, Miss Antrim. I think Don Jaime is a man who likes a fight—any kind of a fight. He is tremendously interested in that atrophied leg of Robbie's. Lately he has started massaging it stretching it, studying it. He has been sending for medical treatises on infantile paralysis and talks of sending Robbie East to be treated."

"Apparently he has a mania for making people happy."

"He says money is round and made of gold."

Further confidences were interrupted by the return of the host. He called something in Spanish to the singers and presently one came and handed him her guitar, received the thanks in her audience and departed, covered with embarrassment.

"Now then," quoth Don Jaime, "we'll have a little old Anglo-Saxon minstrelsy from the boss himself."

He smote the strings with a firm, assured hand and in a perfectly "haunting" basso began "The Yellow Rose of Texas." To his great delight Roberta joined in the song. He cocked one lazy eye at her inquiringly; at a half-rest in the music he demanded: "How come?"

"Uncle Bill," she replied, and he nodded comprehension. Yes, of course, Uncle Bill would know that one. But Don Jaime played now while Roberta sang; he drew Robbie's vacant chair toward him with one foot, swung his legs up onto it and settled back for a good old evening of music.

(To be continued.)

London to Lead Fashions of World

Final Arrangements Made to Become Style Centre—New Designs and Materials

London.—A bridesmaid frock, a collection of silk and so frothy and light as to identify it to sea-foam was one of the sensations of the show here. This creation made its debut at a historic occasion: the first trade show of all-British models—British design, British materials and British workmanship—ever held in London. This marks the opening of a big drive to make London the fashion centre of the Empire. London is going to rival Paris. It is making a co-operative effort to enable fashion houses, whether in Britain or overseas, to buy their designs entirely from British model-houses, instead of being forced to go to foreign capitals where the exchange is against them.

First British House Hence the first display of all-British, exclusive new models, held at the Mayfair Hotel. The big room set aside was packed, and the crowd of buyers from all over the country overflowed the main stairs parading in every sort of frock, from wedding dresses to beach pyjamas.

Several of the best known exclusive West-end shops are joining in the new movement. Hitherto they have always kept their designs to themselves, but now Jane Munns, Reville's, Isobel's of Bond Street, Hartnell's and other leading dress designers are organizing shows for the retail trade. Some of the London designers have already achieved a world-wide reputation. One is a young man, Norman Hartnell, who only left Cambridge University four years ago. His bold, original designs are the talk of London. Another famous English designer, Captain Moyne, is head of one of the best known Paris firms. Now he is coming back and opening a London house.

London Fashions Group At the same time as this movement British dress manufacturers and wholesalers have banded themselves together into a co-operative organization called the London Fashions Group. Fifty firms, whose turnover runs into millions of pounds a year, have joined. While each firm chooses its own designs and manufactures its own dresses, all will co-operate in attracting buyers from shops, big and little, who might otherwise go abroad.

The opening date for the launching of these dress-shows coincided with the British Industries Fair. Buyers from the Dominions and Colonies and from all over the world will be able to judge for themselves the success of London's bid to say the last word in women's fashions, as she has always done in men's.

Hints Tomato juice removes ironmould on line and cotton. A few drops of sugar added to the water in which a ham or a large piece of bacon is boiling will improve the flavoring. Fruit stains on table linen can be removed by making a little bag of the stained part and filling it with cream of tartar. The round and ribs in soap-suds for a few minutes. Rinse in the usual way. Doormats that have become very dusty should be laid face downwards, beaten with a stick until the loose dirt is removed, then scrubbed with a brass broom, using tepid water and salt (2 tablespoons to a pail of water), changing the water frequently. Dry thoroughly on a flat surface before replacing.

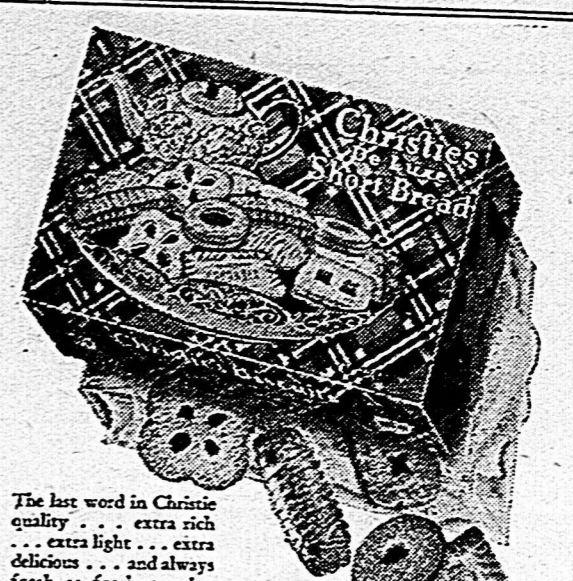
A lump of soda dissolved in blue water will prevent the blue from marking clothes. Suet is a good medium for greasing cake tins; it is not so liable to burn, and makes cakes come out easily. When ironing embroidered pillow cases and sheets, place a thick fold of towelling underneath, and press the embroidery on the wrong side; this brings up the raised pattern.

First Tramp—"Say, Bill, what is a pedigree?" Second Tramp—"Same as hydrophobia."

First Tramp—"Hydrophobia—no! You're way off."

Second Tramp—"Well, its something dogs have, anyway."

The Christian Science Monitor—Street car mail boxes are now in prospect. If they become standard equipment on every electric car, husbands will have to think up a new excuse for forgetting to mail letters.



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Men and Dogs

Daily Herald: Cruik's Dog Show, at the Agricultural Hall, London, is a pleasant reminder that life has its compensations. A well-known novelist once wrote a book in which he drew an image of the world without a child. It was, of course, intended to be a cynical, dreary tale with a moral. What would the world be without dogs? The great show, with its beauty, its inspiration to kindness and understanding, is an object-lesson to a world which has too much of selfishness.

Gossip (1888 A.D.)

Good-morrow, neighbor! Hast thou heard the prate? Some wags at Charlecut have slain a deer! They've found young Shakespeare's lantern by the gate—Sir Lucy's in a proper wax, I hear! Ay, that's what comes of dallying with skites And drombling after player folk in pabs; Young Will, they say, would tarry on o' nights And tiddle were the glass Beezebub's. Ah, wellaway! He'll set no worlds aape!

Waiting

Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait—not in listless idleness—but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavors, always willing, and fulfilling and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes he may be equal to the occasion—Longfellow.

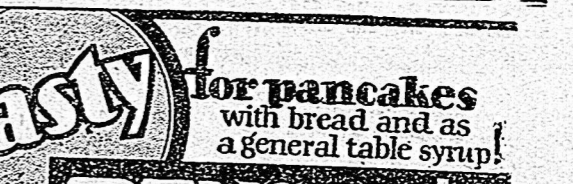
A Kind Word

Always say a kind word if you can, if only that it may come in perhaps, with singular opportuneness, entering some mournful man's darkened room like a beautiful firefly, whose happy convolutions he cannot but watch, forgetting his many troubles.—Arthur Helps.

Station Sergeant—"Are you married?" Prisoner—"No, sir." Officer—"He's a liar, Sergeant. When we searched him we found in his pockets a clipped recipe for curing croup, a sample of silk, and two unposted letters in a woman's handwriting a week old."—Bennington Banner.

Lovely Things

All things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility.—Ruskin.



"Do you believe in luck?" "Of course, I do. Aren't the other fellows getting it all the time?"

tasty for pancakes with bread and as a general table syrup!

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