

FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN

FEEDING YOUNG FOWLS.

After seven years' experience in feeding chickens, and noting the effect of different foods upon the growth, health and feathering of the youngsters I find that the closer I follow the natural methods of feeding the more chickens I succeed in raising, writes Mrs. L. Johnson. Nature does not provide mashes either hot or cold for the chicks. Her animal food isn't boiled, dried and ground. There are no green cut bones lying around and no johnny-cakes prepared for their sustenance. There are no hard-boiled eggs crumbled up, nor nice sweet milk on their bill of fare. What does she provide? Delicate tender grasses and juicy clover leaves that contain so much of the protein so lauded as a necessary part of their food; tiny seeds and myriads of worms and larvae scratched out of the ground by the old hen.

As the seeds are apt to be scarce in the spring, I supply the grain portion of their food by giving them at regular intervals wheat, cracked corn and oats. The oats are fed at first in the form of granulated oatmeal. It is spread on a clean board or a clean spot of bare ground and eaten dry. The crop provides a digestive juice which changes this dry oatmeal into a soft, creamy mass in less than two hours. This fluid secreted by the crop acts in the same way on wheat or whole oats; that is, it softens them so that one can mash them up with the fingers.

Corn, however, is not affected by it, but it is passed on to the gizzard to be ground up. Since the chick is so well provided with the means of softening and grinding its food, why do the work for it by feeding a mash? It takes just as long to digest the mash as the dry grain, if not longer, for they eat it so much faster and so much more of it that the juices do not mix with it so thoroughly.

My chickens are fed from the very start five times a day; at 6 and 9 a.m., 12 m., 3 and 6 p.m. They know the hours as well as I do, and come home regularly for their meals, going away again to their ranging ground when satisfied. They never, even at night, fill their crops with grain. I have killed two and three-pound chickens immediately after feeding and the crop contained about one ounce of food. When a mash was fed, the crop often weighed three ounces, sometimes four. And the mash-fed chickens were very apt to have indigestion. The droppings of these chickens are always natural in color and consistency. Experience has proved that chickens raised in this way take on flesh and fat more rapidly than when fed only at night and morning. They needed no extra fattening. They are ready to kill at any weight and even the squab broiler has a layer of fat all over the body. I never penned a chicken to fatten it nor changed the bill of fare.

My reputation for fancy chickens and fowls is so well known that I have never been able to supply the demand. The appearance of these chickens contributes largely to their popularity. Being well fed and free from vermin, they feather out quickly and the plumage is smooth and glossy and clean. There are no drooping wings or scrawny, dirty feathers. The white chickens are as white as snow, their legs and bills a bright yellow, their faces and combs red. People have often remarked that they have never seen finer looking stock outside the show room.

I have been breeding for this style of fowls for years and last summer produced about 90 per cent. quite up to the type I admire. My chickens are stocky in shape, short legs, low combs, deep, full breasts. The pullets weigh about five pounds, the hens from six to eight. The hens never have crooked backs or breasts. The young chicks go on roosts quite early.

THE ORCHARD.

Plant young trees. Look out for frozen trees; get the frost out gradually by burying in the earth.

Don't be afraid to fertilize the orchard. It will not poison the trees. The poison is not to do it.

Fruit growing is going to be profitable, but it must be done intelligently; no haphazard, careless work will do.

Clean the sod out of the orchard—that is, plow it down and keep the ground harrowed until midsummer; then letter go.

Never plant a large block of any variety of fruit trees. Mix the varieties. Do as we say and you will make no mistake; do otherwise and you will rue it.

Lose no time in buying that sprayer. Every farm should be supplied with this requisite. Might almost as well try to do without a plow. It is as important for the garden as for the orchard.

Spray in late March with the Bordeaux mixture—make it strong. This for fungi and leaf curl of the peach and also cracking of the pear. Use no Paris green in the March spraying. That is only to be used for insect pests after the leaves come out.

Marina:

The Daughter of Kison Ludim.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—

Prince Phalis of Tyre pursues Marina to make her his wife. Gio aids her escape and is imprisoned by King Mapen. He escapes; is traced to Marina's hiding place. King's officers take her on board their boat. A corsair comes up and takes her to Tarsus. She is sold and taken to her master's estate where she finds her father, supposed dead, in captivity; they escape, but are taken by a Tyrian war-ship. The king at once sends for a priest to marry Marina to his son. The nuptials are interrupted by a rising of the people who slay the king and nobles.

"You did not see me dead," answered Gio. "It was the priest of Hercules you saw. His body lay cold before your gloating eyes, not mine. Balbec is no more."

"What mystery is this? What—what fated conjuration gave him those features?"

"He bore them from his mother," said Gio, while a shade passed over his face. "The same mother gave us both, and we both saw light at the same hour. The priest was named Gio Balbec. I am another Gio."

"Another Gio!" iterated the monarch, removing his left hand from the wound and raising it tremblingly towards the wonderful man. "You are not the—the—"

Mapen's lips trembled in vain to finish the sentence—a look of awe and reverence was blended with the death struggle—the last syllable ended in a low gurgling sound, and the fallen monarch rolled over upon the gory pavement. Tyre had no king!

CHAPTER XX.

Waves of rebellion had rolled over the city. The avenging angel had struck its fearful blow and beneath the fell stroke thousands had fallen in a single night. Wickedness and crime, lust and debauchery, and tyranny and oppression had all been swept away together. The people had studied well their vantage; all their plans had been formed with that precision which the coolness of determined spirits imparts, and they had acted with that perfect unanimity to which the hope of liberty lights the way. Terrible and bloody as had been the stroke, it was well deserved where it fell.

The last vestige of the strife had disappeared from Tyre. The blood had been washed from the pavements and the dead had been all buried.

In the great square of the temple, gathering around the huge brazen statue of Apollo, crowded the self-reverent Tyrians.

"A king! a king!" sounded from a thousand lips as the mighty crowd swayed to and fro. "Let's have a king to rule us justly and protect us in our rights."

"Who shall it be?" ran from lip to lip.

"A king! A king!" came from those who stood outside.

The form of Uz was seen to rise upon the pedestal on which stood the brazen Apollo.

"Uz shall be our king."

"No, no," cried the old man. "Let us choose one."

"But how shall we choose him?" asked Gaba. "Little can be done in such a mass of mind. A few cannot do it to satisfy the whole, nor can the whole work together; 'twould be worse than chaos."

An old man, over whose head the frosts of near a hundred years had bleached, stepped tremblingly through the crowd, and having gained a position to command attention, he said:

"Brothers, let him whose sight is quickest be your king."

"But how shall we decide?"

"I will tell you; on the first break of day on the morrow, go you forth to the field east of the city, and he who first detects the rising sun shall be your king."

"Good," exclaimed Uz; and those who stood around also cried out to the same effect.

Uz once more ascended the pedes-

tal, and proclaimed what the old man had said. The words were passed from mouth to mouth, and gradually there arose one universal shout upon the air:

"He who on the morrow first detects the rising sun shall be our king!"

The first gray streaks of coming day had hardly drawn their pencilings along the eastern horizon when the freedmen of Tyre began to pour forth from the city. The curious proposition had given entire satisfaction to all, and they looked joyous as they wended their way to the scene of the novel trial.

The field to which they had been directed lay to the east of the city, and as the citizens, one after another, arrived upon the spot, they fixed their eyes upon the eastern horizon, where the warm glow was already appearing. Some of the more ambitious climbed up into trees, some stood upon rocks, and others crowded upon the gentle swells of land that rose up about them. One man alone stood calmly behind his brethren, with his arms folded across his breast. He made no exertion to gain a position for observation, nor did he even seek the bright orb of day, for his eyes were turned back upon the city.

That man was Alzac, young Strato's friend.

"How is this, Alzac?" asked Uz, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the former. "Why look you not for the sun?"

"So perhaps I may."

"But you will not find it in the west."

"'Twas in the west last night," replied Alzac.

"Why, foolish fellow," uttered Uz, in mingled surprise and pity, "have you lived so long and do not know where the sun rises?"

"Are not all the rest looking towards the east?" asked Alzac.

"Yes, of course they are."

"Then may not one be permitted to look towards the west?"

"Certainly, if he chooses."

"Well, I do choose so to do, for I tell thee last night I saw the sun in that spot."

Those who heard this reply laughed aloud and cried:

"Let him alone; such a fool deserves not to be king."

Alzac made no reply, but with his arms still folded he gazed back upon

the city he had left. The eastern horizon grew brighter and brighter, and those in the tree tops gazed forth with aching, straining eyes.

Suddenly all ears were startled by the voice of Alzac.

"There are the first rays of the morning sun!" he shouted, as he raised his finger and pointed to the highest spire in the city, upon the gilded point of which gleamed the bright rays of the rising orb!

In an instant all saw the secret of Alzac's course. He had indeed detected the rising sun before it appeared in the east, and they all shouted:

"Alzac shall be our king!"

"Tell us truly," said Uz. "Did your own thoughts conceive this idea?"

"No," answered Alzac.

"Who, then, was it?"

"I dare not tell. Harm might come to him."

"No, he shall not be harmed."

"Then," answered he, "it was my young Lord Strato, whom I saved. He told me that you would all look to the east, but that if I would fasten my eyes upon the highest spire in the city, I should see the sun-beams there ere the sun was fairly in sight from below."

A low murmur ran through the assembled multitude, and while yet Alzac trembled for the result of his information, Uz mounted upon a high rock, and in a loud voice he shouted:

"Brothers, this man has been preserved to us by the gods. He has traded in other countries, he is deeply studied in business, and he is one upon whom the great God has set the crown of humanity. Strato shall be our king. All hail to the voices of the gods!"

"Hail—hail!" Strato, King of Tyre, arose upon the air. Lip after lip caught it up, and gradually every tongue let loose the cry. The Tyrians had elected their king!

CHAPTER XXI.

Around the royal throne of Tyre show we now a different scene from that which we last saw there. Strato wore the crown and held the sceptre. The fair Marina stood there, with faint blushes upon her cheek and happiness sparkling in her eye. By her side stood the strange but faithful Esther, and near at hand was Kison Ludim. Nearer still to the throne was Gio, and as he gazed about him all regarded him with wondering interest.

Both Ludim and the young king looked troubled and perplexed, and even the beautiful Marina wore, amid all her happiness, a slight shade of doubt and anxiety. A priest was in waiting, and about lay the paraphernalia for a royal wedding, and yet all looked towards the armorer in silent expectation. At length he stepped forward and fastened his eye upon Ludim. The old man trembled with a strange emotion, and then he looked upon his daughter. Marina wondered at its import, but ere long Gio spoke, and all ears were bent to catch the sound of his voice, for they would know the strange mystery that clung about him. Even the servants, and those who were in attendance, drew nearer and listened.

"Kison Ludim," he said, "you no doubt wonder why I have taken such an interest in the welfare of that fair girl. I have done it almost upon a supposition, though now I hesitate not to believe my impression is correct. Tell me one thing: 'Is that hand of hers yours to give to the young king?'"

"I believe such a right is mine," returned the old man, but yet trembling with some undefined fear.

"Is Marina your child?"

"I have been a father to her."

"So you have, Ludim. But is she your own flesh and blood?"

The old man started.

"Answer me," continued Gio.

"Then she is not."

"How long is it since you adopted this child?"

"It must now be over eighteen years," replied Ludim, after a moment's thought.

"Was she brought to you or did you find her yourself?"

"I found her myself," answered the old man, with considerable emotion. "I had been over to the coast for the purpose of obtaining information of a caravan that was expected daily from Arabia, and in which I had much merchandise. I only had some half a dozen slaves with me, and after waiting till near nightfall without seeing anything of the Caravan, I turned back towards the city. The barge I had left nearly a mile behind, and while walking leisurely back to it a curious looking object in the water arrested my attention. It appeared to be a chest of some sort, and to have been just washed up. I bade the slaves wade in and bring it to the shore, where I had it opened, and you may judge of my surprise upon finding within a female infant, near whose head, and arranged with consummate skill, was a leathern bag of goat's milk, from which the child seemed to have been drawing sustenance. The bottom of the box was heavily loaded with lead, while the bedding was of the most costly material. The infant I took to my house, and having forbidden my slaves, upon pain of death to mention the subject, I gave it to one of my females, who at that time had just given birth to a son, and she nursed it till it gained in strength, and then I procured for it a suitable attendance. From that time the child has grown up under my own care, and she is such as any parent might be proud of."

"And Marina is that child?" uttered Gio, in trembling, anxious tones.

"She is."

"And she is my own daughter!"

BLOOD TROUBLES, MANIFEST THEMSELVES IN MANY DISAGREEABLE WAYS.

Such as Scrofula, Eczema, Boils, and Pimples—The Blood Should Be Purified During the Spring Months.

The Spring season is the time for blood cleansing and blood renewing. Blood troubles are many—and dangerous—and manifest themselves in a score of painful and offensive ways, such as scrofula, eczema, boils and pimples. The impurities that get into the blood pursue their poisonous way all over the body and are responsible for a large proportion of all diseases, various in their nature but dangerous in the extreme. To have pure blood and plenty of it, you need a tonic and blood builder, and for this purpose there is nothing can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills cure all diseases due to impurities in the blood by promptly cleansing and freeing the blood from all poisonous and offensive matter. If your blood is thin or insufficient; if you suffer from exhaustion at the least exertion; if you are pale, easily get out of breath, and feel constantly languid and fagged out, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure you by filling your veins with new, rich, red blood. Mr. Robt. Lee, New Westminster, B. C., says:—"Before I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my blood was in a very impure state, and as a result, pimples, which were very itchy, broke out all over my body. My appetite was sickle and I was easily tired. I tried several medicines, but they did not help me. Then my wife urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a Half dozen boxes and by the time I had used them I was completely restored to health, and my skin was smooth and clear. I shall always speak a good word for these pills when opportunity offers."

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cried the strange man as the warm tears started from his eyes. As he spoke he opened his arms and looked upon the child. None could have resisted the silent appeal; but in the heart of Marina the flame of the love she had never before known sprang into being. She looked upon Gio—she forgot that he was a humble artisan—she forgot that she had been bred a lady—she only knew that she looked upon the man who was the author of her being, and with a cry of joy she sprang forward and rested her head upon the bosom that was waiting to receive her.

"Oh," murmured the mysterious man, as he raised his eyes towards heaven, "how have I longed for this moment! How has my soul travailed in anguish and fear when hope would dare to paint such a reunion as this. Great God above all gods, I thank thee for this, and in this merciful dispensation I see that I am forgiven! Marina, my child! Oh, bliss! Oh, happiness!"

The tears gushed forth from the strong man's eyes, and every muscle was strained with the excitement of his happy heart. Marina looked up into his face, and if there had lingered even the vestige of a shadow in her soul it was all gone now. The tears of joy, of a new-found rapture, were coursing down her cheeks, when she felt a light hand upon her shoulder.

"Sister!" spoke a soft, musical voice; and as Marina turned she beheld the radiant countenance of Esther beaming in lovely joy upon her. "And is this, too, true?" murmured the half bewildered girl.

"Yes, yes, Marina," returned Gio, gazing with fond pride upon the two fair girls. "You are both my children—both."

"Ah," said Esther, with a happy smile, as she drew her arm around the other's neck, "while I was bearing you company amid those dark dangers through which we have passed, you little thought it was a sister who smiled upon you, and who bade you hope."

"And you knew it all the time?" said Marina, with a thankful look.

"Yes," returned Esther. "I have known it ever since you first took refuge in our house."

As Esther spoke she drew Marina aside, and Gio approached the king. "Strato," he said, "you see what has just passed?"

"I do," returned the young monarch; "and I'm lost in astonishment."

"Astonishment?" repeated Gio. "Ay; I'm deeply buried in wonder."

"But the thing has explained itself. All is plain now."

"And yet I'm astonished at what has transpired."

"And now," said Gio, bending upon the king a searching look, "what say you to the nuptials?"
To be Continued.

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