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CHAPTER XXXVII.—Continued.

"Why, Angel, I really think you are a lucky girl! To think that you hold all the trump cards in your hands, and have such a grand gambling game before you! Chance, indeed! Are you not young and pretty, and always with him?—as good as gold and as sweet as hawthorn blossom? Do you think any man could resist you if you set to work to try and win him? Oh, I would not sit and cry if I were you! I would try with all my might and main to see if I could get the better of that 'other woman.' Win Geoffrey yourself, defy the spiteful words of a spiteful sister-in-law, and show her that it was a wicked lie that she told you! Begin this very day, my dear?"

"Do you think I could, Dulcie?"

"I am sure of it, Angel. Think what a grand advantage it is to be actually a man's wife. Oh, if you try hard enough, you will succeed, I promise you!"

Then Angel hid her face upon her sister's shoulder.

"Dulcie," she whispered, "I have a secret to tell you—do you know that I have made a wonderful discovery? I always thought, you know, that I loved Horace Lessiter—I did once, you see—and therefore I thought that I could never love anybody else. When I was married, I said to myself that I would be a good and dutiful wife, but that I could be nothing more—but since—since I think the very hour that dreadful man said he loved me, and tried to say disparaging things of Geoffrey—something has suddenly come to me. Perhaps it was the horror I felt, the disgust at his insolence, or perhaps it is Geoffrey's coldness that has hurt me, and this horrible jealousy which is eating away my heart—I don't know how or why it is, but I have discovered all at once that I am in love with him! Oh, but desperately, dreadfully in love!"

"Oh, Angel! Angel!" and Dulcie covered the blushing face with kisses of unfeigned delight. "So you see you have love as well to help you to win your battle!"

For some minutes neither sister spoke; they remained silent, fast locked in each other's arms.

Then very seriously Angel raised her face and looked anxiously into Dulcie's eyes.

"Dulcie."

"My dearest."

"Don't think me a great fool, but—but don't you honestly think that Geoffrey is a very handsome man?"

"He is an Adonis, my dear, a very Adonis, with a touch of the Apollo and flavouring of a Cupid!"

And then she jumped up from her lowly position and laughed merrily and heartily.

But all this time she had said not a word about her own concerns.

Truth to say, Dulcie was a coward. She knew that she was about to fling an explosive machine down into the bosom of her family, and she was a little bit afraid of the storm and confusion she was certain to bring upon herself. That Dulcie, the practical, the sensible, should be the one to fling herself away in a reckless and improvident fashion upon a man so poor, that without her father's assistance, he would certainly be unable to keep her in bread and cheese was to say the least of it somewhat galling to her vanity. She felt, too, that really there was no special reason to show to the world's eye for her folly. If it had been Geoffrey now, there would have been some excuse. Geoffrey had all the needful charm of look and manner wherewith to storm successfully the citadel of feminine hearts; there was something interesting and poetical, and intensely fascinating about Geoffrey—but what on earth could there be in honest Miles Faulkner, that a girl like Dulcie Halliday should throw herself away upon and consider "the world well lost" for his sake?

"I do verily believe it is on account of his size!" Dulcie would say, with a rueful disgust to herself. "They say savages are impressed by brute force and gigantic stature—it is their only standard of excellence. At heart, there is not a doubt of it, I must be an Ojibeway Indian!"

Nevertheless, Dulcie did not repent of her infatuation, and had not the smallest intention of drawing back from her bargain—only she shrank from the confession of it.

After her little talk with Angel, she went out and walked dreamily about the garden, pacing thoughtfully along the newly-laid out paths. Not a doubt of it that her intentions could no longer be kept a secret; her father must be written to and Angel and Geoffrey must be told.

"A hundred and twenty pounds a year," she said aloud, with a certain grim sense of amusement. "It's preposterous, of course; I almost wish it were nothing at all; the measure of romantic idiotcy would at least be poetically fuller!" The words were scarcely out of her mouth, before she had a practical opportunity of testing her aspirations to their uttermost.

The second post had just arrived, and a servant came out and brought her a letter. It was from Miles, and the very first glimpse showed it to be of a most unprecedented brevity. With a vague wonder at its shortness, she began to read:

"My dearest Dulcie.—All must be over between us for ever—our engagement must be broken off. Mr. Dane has dismissed me from the business. I do now know why, but think it is Albert Trichet's doing. Of course this puts marriage out of the question with me for years—I am a pauper. God bless you—I can't write more. I feel a bit bowled over. You needn't write, I'd rather you didn't—M.F."

For some moments Dulcie remained staring down silently at this letter, with no other sign of emotion save a slightly heightened colour. Then, I much regret to be obliged to state the three words that fell slowly and deliberately from her lips.

They were neither lady-like nor refined words, and I only record them from a strict sense of duty, and because to render a tale absolutely and unvarnishedly truthful, it is necessary, occasionally, to offend the susceptibilities of punctilious persons. In hopes that the apology I tender may in some measure mitigate the shock that Dulcie is about to inflict upon my readers, what she actually said must now be revealed:

"The infernal blackguard!" was what Miss Halliday said aloud, in a calm and remarkably sweet-tempered manner. And it is quite certain that it was not to poor Miles that she made allusion.

Then walking back towards the house slowly putting her letter back into the envelope as she went, she came across a groom just coming round from the stables.

"Can you take a telegram down to the post-office for me at once?" she enquired of the man.

"Yes, miss."

"Then wait here, and I will bring it to you in a moment."

She went into the drawing-room, and sat down to the writing-table.

"Ah!" she said, savagely clenching her little fists together, "so that wretch thinks he can force me into giving Miles up, does he? He imagines that of course I shall drop him the very moment he has succeeded in ruining him! You don't know much about Dulcie Halliday, my young friend!"

And then she got out a telegraph form and wrote this characteristic message:

"All rubbish. Refuse to be given up. Prefer paupers. Come down here immediately."

"Strict obedience!" she murmured to herself, with an odd little smile of amusement. "He did not say I was not to telegraph!"

Then, after she had given her missive to the groom, she came back to the writing-table and took out a sheet of paper.

"This settles it!" she muttered, dipping her pen into the ink. And then she wrote:

"Dear Father.—I suppose you will think me quite mad, although I can't help it if you do. I am going to marry Miles Faulkner. I hope you will give me something to marry upon, in addition to the four hundred a year which comes to me under my mother's marriage settlement, and which, as I am of age, I suppose I shall have a right to. Of course I am aware that this is very little, and so I hope you will kindly make some further provision for me. I have thought it all over for some time, and have quite made up my mind to marry nobody else on earth but Miles, so it is too late to make me change my determination, but not too late, my dear father, to give me your blessing and your help. I fear I may be disappointing some of your ambitions, but you are too good a father not to see that happiness and affection are, after all, the best things to make a marriage successful.—Your affectionate child, Dulcie.

"P.S.—By the way, I hear Miles is turned out of the business. This will make not the slightest difference to me, as it would be a mean thing, as you will agree, to throw a man over because he is in trouble. I suppose it is a trick of that detestable little cad, Trichet. I always hated the little beast! He is more like a monkey than a man, I think!"

Dulcie felt proud of this composition more particularly of the postscript.

"That will prevent the chance of any misunderstanding on that score!" she said to herself, as she folded and addressed the letter. "It will show papa that I consider Miles' dismissal as a matter of minor importance, and also put any little dreams he may have had on the subject of my becoming Mrs. Albert Trichet out of his calculations. No woman who describes a suitor for her hand as a monkey, could, by any possibility, be expected to retract the expression and marry him, under any pressure of circumstances whatever! It's just as well papa should see exactly how matters stand!"

After that, Miss Halliday felt as happy as a bird—a happiness which was in no way diminished by the sight of Geoffrey and Angel coming towards the house together from the stables.

Dulcie saw that Geoffrey looked pale and ill, but that he was apparently making an effort to talk to his wife; and presently, as she watched them, she saw Angel half shyly, and with a quick, nervous glance at her husband's face, slip her hand through his arm, of her own accord.

Geoffrey was evidently surprised, and a little colour mounted to his brow, but after a minute he laid his other hand upon his wife's, and looked pleased.

Perhaps coming straight from that sad interview upon the Downs, Geoffrey Dane might reasonably have cared for a little interval of solitude and thought ere he was called upon to begin to tread the path which his lost love had pointed out to him. But life sometimes hurries us on in an unaccountable fashion, and when, as he turned into the stable-yard and flung himself off his foam-flecked horse, he was met by Angel, coming out hatless from the house to greet him on his return, something in her timid smile made him remember Rose de Brefour's words: "It is always possible for a man to make a young wife love him."

Was it? he wondered. At any rate, he had made up his mind that he would try.

A certain surprise came upon him, too, at the manner in which Angel greeted him; there was a shade of empressement in her welcome, and a sense of being met half-way in her manner, that he had not noticed in her before.

He spoke to her at once about the horse, and told her that he would rather she waited a day or two before riding him to hounds.

"Take him out for an hour along the roads if you like, he is very fresh, and wants exercise, and wait to hunt him till next week."

She agreed, with all her accustomed gentleness, yet pleaded that she might at least hunt on the following Monday. "The mare will not be right for a week, Gibson says, and Weldon Gorse is such a good meet, Geoff, and if you will be so good as to look after me a bit——"

"There is Captain Lessiter to do that, is there not?" he said, a little shortly, making not a question but an assertion of the remark.

"Captain Lessiter has gone away," said Angel quietly.

"Indeed!" He looked at her inquiringly, and a certain dim perception of things he had never yet thought about came into his mind, when he saw the hot colour rise like a flame in his wife's fair face.

"Captain Lessiter will not come back, Geoffrey," she went on with an effort; "he—he has offended me mortally. I shall never speak to him again."

It cost her a great deal to say this. Geoffrey was looking at her curiously—something became suddenly revealed to him; she was not then cold, as he had always believed her to be, only, as with himself, things had gone wrong. His infinite tact and sympathy saved him from the fatal error which nine men out of ten would have fallen into in the circumstances. He refrained from asking her a single question, or from demanding the slightest explanation from her. Only he said very quietly and simply, just as if he knew all about it—

"Thank you, my dear. I am quite sure you have done right."

And then it was that Angel, touched by his trust and his generosity, slipped her hand, in a shy, caressing fashion, under his arm."

Geoffrey had never felt so drawn to her before. "Perhaps, after all, she will grow to love me a bit," he said to himself, as he laid his hand softly upon the little timid fingers upon his arm; "and I may at least be able to make her happy."

And so Dulcie met them on the lawn as she came out of the long French window of the drawing-room, with all sorts of great purposes in her determined little face.

"Look here, Angel and Geoff," she began, plunging after her habit right into the very middle of her theme, "I have got something very startling to tell you. I don't know what you will say about it, although I may as well tell you at once that it doesn't matter very much what you say," here she looked quite defiantly at them both, "because I have quite made up my mind——".

"Good gracious, Dulcie!" murmured Angel, turning a little pale at this alarming preamble, whilst Geoffrey only bent his brown eyes very attentively upon her.

"The fact of the matter is, that—I am going to marry—Miles Faulkner!" said Dulcie, a little breathlessly, but flinging the words in a staccato fashion at them, as if in very truth they were little burning squibs, and then shut her lips up with a snap, and looked quickly from one to the other, as though to ask, "Now, what have you got to say to that?"

Geoffrey's answer was to reach out both his hands to her, and to shake hers very heartily.

"Then you are going to marry one of the very best fellows in the whole world, Dulcie, and I only hope that you are good enough to deserve him."

Dulcie's eyes literally shone with delight, and her face broke out into smiles. No answer in the world could have pleased her better.

"I don't deserve him in the very least, of course," she answered, with a little saucy toss of her chin; "but that's his affair, Geoff, and meanwhile, I am looking to you to help us. Do you know that those terrible old men—your uncle and papa, I mean — have given him his dismissal from the house."

"Yes; I heard of it the other day. I couldn't make it out," murmured Geoffrey, and a sense of shame and contrition filled him that the trouble of his friend had made so little impression upon him—how selfish, after all, he had been in his own grief! It was not thus surely Rose de Brefour would have treated a friend who was suffering under ill-fortune. He had gone away and absolutely forgotten the bad news he had heard about a man who had been his greatest friend. He had not made an effort in his behalf, nor even proffered one inquiry concerning his probable fate. Poor old Miles!

"You see it is that hateful little sneak Trichet who has done it," Dulcie was saying; "they wanted me — those two silly old idiots!—to marry him, and he was jealous of Miles, and thought he would get him out of the way. But you are such a favourite with your uncle, Geoff, that I am sure if you try you could get things put right for him."

"And so I will try!" cried Geoffrey. "I will go up to London to-morrow about it. Albert Trichet starts for South America this very night, and when he is safe out of the way my uncle is far more likely to listen to anything I say. Don't you worry ourself, Dulcie. Write and ask old Miles down here for a day or two——"

"I have telegraphed to him to come already," said Dulcie, demurely.

"That's right. I'll be off by the 8.10 in the morning, Angel. I'll get that put right for you somehow, Dulcie; the House shall not leave the dear old boy out in the cold if I can help it."

He was full of a new enthusiasm and energy—already work for others, that grand panacea for private trouble, lay under his very hand. "There are other things in life to live for," Rose said when she bade him turn his back upon love for ever. Was she not always right?

"Order breakfast for me at seven to-morrow," he said to his wife, as they went into the house, "and I'll have the dog-cart to take me to the station." Then, turning to Dulcie, he added with a smile, "Angel will have to wait till Monday to ride The Moor. You see, she has nobody now to pilot her but me!"

So Angel had her reward too.

To be Continued.

REMARKABLE OPERATIONS.

Two remarakble surgical operations for the purpose of stopping internal hemorrhage have been performed by Dr. Habart, of Vienna. In the case of a young man who had fired four slugs into himself, the surgeon cut into the thoracic cavity, removing one of the ribs, and stuffed a yard and a half of iodoform gauze between the heart and the lungs. The other case, that of a man stabbed through the armpit, was treated in the same way. Both patients recovered and are now perfectly well.

AN AWFUL FLING.

Mrs. Styles—I'd have you understand that I know a good many worse men than my husband.

Mrs. Myles—My dear, you must be more particular about picking your acquaintances.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

What the Legislators of the Country are Doing at Ottawa.

THE PREMIER'S HOUSE.

In the House of Commons the Prime Minister made a brief personal explanation with regard to a charge made by the chief Conservative whip, Mr. George Taylor, to the effect that the Messrs. Bate had bought and furnished a house in Ottawa for him, containing a reflection upon the honor of Sir Wilfrid as forming a reason for the award to the Messrs. Bate of a contract for Yukon supplies. Sir Wilfred said: "I may say at once that I do not feel called upon to contradict anything that has been said by the honorable gentleman, but in order to show to what levity gentlemen on the other side of the House may descend and how they can utter absolutely foundationless accusations, I will ask the pardon of the House if I ask it to follow me into my private affairs. In the spring of 1897 I bought a house in Ottawa from the Leslie estate for the price, if I rightly remember, of $9,500. I paid $5,000 cash and gave a mortgage on the balance for $4,500. I bought the house in the name of my wife, because, being poor, and well knowing that if I died I would have nothing to leave to her, I thought it would be right to give her a home. The balance I raised myself upon a note which has not yet been altogether extinguished. That is all there is about it. The house has been furnished by myself with the exception of a few gifts which were given to my wife by some of her lady friends. That is all there is in this transaction. For the accusation of the honorable gentleman there is not a shadow of foundation. The Messrs. Bate have never furnished a house for me nor bought it."

Mr. Taylor—"I accept the honorable gentleman's statement, but I am sure he has not lived in Ottawa without having heard what I have stated, and I think he ought to be under a compliment to me for having brought them to his attention publicly, so that he might give it a flat denial, as he has done to-day. You cannot go down street and ask any merchant without hearing the same story I told last night."

The Prime Minister—"I beg to say one word more. The rumor that has been current in the streets of Ottawa was that the house had been offered to me, but the truth is that I would not accept it."

Mr. Bergeron was sorry the matter had occurred, and accepted fully the statement of the Prime Minister.

OTHER CHARGES.

Mr. George Taylor, followed this up by a charge of gross fraud against Messrs. Aitkenhead & Co., of Toronto, for goods supplied.

To this the Minister of Militia replied that if gross frauds had been perpetrated he would take steps to have the money recovered and he would go to some trouble to find out whether the prices were exorbitant. He did not know the firm. It had been recommended to him as decent, honest, and reputable.

IN THE YUKON.

Mr. John Ross Robertson assured the government that it had acted wisely in sending the militia force to Yukon. Its presence there had been of great value. Major Walsh, as an old Mounted Police officer, would naturally desire to give all credit to the police, but to his mind the government would do right to move slowly in the matter of withdrawing this force. Mr. Robertson also referred to the Associated Press despatch stating that a force of Mounted Police was to be placed in the Porcupine district of Alaska and that if this was done the United States would send out a force to Pyramid Harbor.

The Premier made an explanation as to the topography of the country. It seems there is a Porcupine River and a Porcupine creek, the latter a tributary of the Lehinney river, which discharges into the Chilcat about fifteen miles above Pyramid Harbor. There has been a Mounted Police force of ten men on the Lehinney for a couple of years. Pyramid Creek is in that direction, about five or six miles from the post. The government has no intention of fortifying the post. There are mining camps in two forks which form the creek known as Bryan and McKinley. "For my part," concluded the Premier, "I will strongly object to the United States Government sending a force of military into that disputed territory as long as the question of the permanent boundary is not settled."

PURCHASE OF SUPPLIES.

There was some discussion as to the methods of manufacture employed by Mr. Mark Workman, of Montreal, who has a contract for militia clothing. The minister held that the contractor's system of manufacture was not open to fault and that sweating was not employed.

AT ESQUIMALT.

Dr. Borden explained the arrangement with the Imperial Government for the defence of the Imperial garrison at Esquimalt. Canada is to pay one-half the cost of the garrison of 329 officers and men or about twenty-one thousand pounds, one-half the cost of barrack accommodation, for the force, £12,500, the Dominion paying as at present the whole cost of the maintenance of the local militia, £9,345.

RAILWAY ESTIMATES.

The railway estimates were taken up, when the Opposition discussed the question of the purchase from Messrs. Pugsley, Stockton and Judge McLeod of a property utilized in the improvement of the haarbor accommodation at St. John. The property was offered for $100,000, but the value by competent assessors was set down at $118,000. The question at issue was as to whether the addtional $18,000 should be allowed. The full amount has not yet been paid and the Minister of Finance was inclined to think it should not be allowed. In view of this fact the debate seemed almost a waste of time.

A proposition was finally agreed to for passage of all the other railway estimates amounting to $3,360,000.

LAW OF USURY.

In the Senate, Senator Dandurand moved the adoption of the amendments to his bill respecting usury made by the committee to whom the bill was referred. Senator Lougheed asked that the bill be not proceeded with until the bill with the amendments was reprinted. Senator Dandurand said the amendments were printed in the minutes. The bill fixed the maximum rate of interest that could be charged at 20 per cent., and interest after maturity at 6 per cent. It confined the action of the bill to sums under $1,000. This would cover the operations of all usurers whom he wished to reach, those who loaned small sums. He wanted to reinstate one clause which had been omitted, and which made provision for the charging of a rate of 6 per cent. per annum on future judgments.

Senator Lougheed asked if a mortgage was made for 8 per cent., and foreclosed after suit being brought, whether on judgment the rate of interest would be reduced to 6 per cent. Were solemn covenants to be set aside by this legislation? Senator Forget said it was only in cases where the interest charged was 20 per cent., that this reduction applied.

THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY.

Lieut.-Col. Prior cited an Association Press despatch appearing in the morning papers with regard to the Alaskan boundary question to the effect that negotiations had been declared off owing to the failure of the United States Government to accede to the British proposition.

The Prime Minister did not think that there was any more truth in this statement than in others of the same nature which had preceded it. The matter of the permanent boundary was pretty much where it was when the conference adjourned. With regard to the provisional boundary he was sorry to say that neither the United States nor British propositions had proven acceptable. He was still in hope, however, that the matter would be brought to a settlement.

FRENCH SHORE TROUBLE.

The Minister of Marine and Fisheries, in reply to a question by Mr. Borden, Halifax, stated that the Canadian Government has protested to the Government of Newfoundland against the latter's treatment of Canadian fishermen in the purchase of bait.

THE YUKON CONTINGENT.

Sir Charles Tupper quoted from the report of the general officer commanding and of Major Walsh to show that the presence of the contingent of the permanent force now in the Yukon could be used to better advantage in the instructional work for which it was created.

The Prime Minister was inclined to think that the maintenance of a permanent military force in Yukon was on the whole desirable. He thought that as the United States Government has a large force in Alaska and at Skaguay, and another force in contemplation at Pyramid Harbor, we could not do better than take a leaf out of its book.

Sir Charles Tupper thought that the work in question would be much better done by the mounted police.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

Sir Charles Tupper devoted some attention to the Royal Military College, which he recognized as a proud monument to a great Canadian premier, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie. He congratulated the government on its policy in reducing the fees, but questioned the wisdom of reducing the course from four to three years. The institution was one whose high reputation it was important to maintain.

The Minister of Militia returned that the information which he had obtained from the commandant of the Royal Military College was to the effect that the three years' course had proved successful. The minister added that of the 3261 graduates who have passed the Royal Military College up to June 30, 1898, 88 hold commissions in the imperial service, 21 are in the Canadian permanent force, 20 are in the civil service, 55 are railway and civil engineers in other British possessions and 12 in the United States, 35 are in commercial life, and seven are dead.

AN INTERESTING PROPOSAL.

The Minister of Finance made what looks like a very sensible proposition, which should tend toward encouraging the Royal Military College. There were so many positions in the civil service calling for scientific training that he thought some means might be devised from year to year of securing their transfer from the college to the civil service. He thought that the proposal was one which could be worked out with advantage to the public service and to the Royal Military College.

INQUIRY FOR THE WEST.

Hon. Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior has decided to recommend the appointment of a commission to investigate the complaints of farmers in the West against the owners of elevators. The commission will be composed of independent men who will go into the question thoroughly and report all the facts, so that legislation dealing with the subject, and remedying whatever evils may exist, may be introduced at the next session of Parliament. The statements made at the committee which had the matter before it this session were of a conflicting character. The commission will go to work during recess.

FISH LINES EIGHT MILES LONG.

Some of the cod lines used in the fishing industry measure 7,000 fathoms long, or about eighty ordinary miles, having 4,680 hooks, the whole costing, in some cases, $1,500.

Chicago will have to look to its divorce laurels. The London courts are burdened with cases involving matrimonial woes. There are 221 of these cases awaiting trial, 152 of them being undefended. Seventy-seven of the cases are actions for divorce and are brought by the wife, One hundred and fifteen husbands are seeking release. The others are for separation or the nullification of the marriage.

On the Farm.

HOW TO FEED.

The most difficult question to answer is, "How much food shall one give?" When we consider that no two fowls have the same appetites or eat the same quantity of food the question is not one easily answered. Four ounces of solid food has been given as an estimate for a hen for one day, which is intended not only for the supply of eggs, but for nourishment and repair of waste tissue. A hen not laying requires less. There is quite a difference in the habits and characteristics of the several breeds, and that which will prove successful with some fails with others. Leghorns, when laying, may be fed as much as they will eat, and they will seldom become too fat, but the Brahmas cannot be so treated. As was stated in a former number, a hen seldom begins to sit until she becomes very fat, and it is this peculiarity of the non-sitting breeds, inaptitude to fatten, that induces them to refrain from sitting.

The great difficulty in feeding is to know what to give. The two principal materials are nitrogen, for flesh, albumen, etc., and carbon, for fat. The nitrogenous foods are meat, beans, clover, and, to a certain extent, the grains. The carbonaceous foods are grain, fat meat, grease, rice etc. If a hen is fat she needs no food excelling in fat. Hence, finely cut clover hay, scalded, given in the morning, with a tablespoonful of meat in winter, is better for egg production than grains. If a hen is poor give some grain at night. All foods, however, contain fat, and also some nitrogen. It should be borne in mind that the more quiet and sluggish the disposition, the less heating food is required. A laying hen should never be fat, for the accumulation of fat is injurious to reproduction. If too fat the hen is a poor layer. She becomes egg-bound, breaks down and soon proves unproductive.

Any breed of fowls that are active foragers, and are laying, may be fed all they will eat of nitrogenous foods; but if the hens are apparently in good health, and do not lay, feed no corn, give plenty of meat, and allow bulky food or they will quickly fatten. If fed heavily, a hen will either lay or fatten in a short time; and if the hens are Asiatics, and cease to lay, the feeding must be done cautiously. It is even better to bring them down to a poor condition rather than to allow them to become too fat. The best mode of feeding is to allow plenty of bulky food and to give each hen an ounce of raw, chopped meat in the morning and whole oats at night. In the summer good foraging ground will provide all the food necessary.

DON'T LET COWS GET TIRED.

Remember that if a cow is compelled to travel back and forth over a thirty-acre field from morning till night in order to hunt a ration for herself she will not give you big pay in the pail. If she has to use the energy to secure a living that she should have expended in elaborating milk, she cannot be profitable. To do her best, the cow should be enabled to fill up well in a few hours and rest the balance of the time, as it is during the rest spells that she is grinding out your profit. There is some profit in summer dairying, but we must give very careful attention to all the details, if we would realize it.

STACKING SMALL GRAINS.

The sooner small grains are in the stack after cutting the better. There will then be less waste if storms should occur, less waste from bleaching or growing of grain in the cap sheaves and less waste from quails, prairie chickens and other fowls. If grain is well stacked it matters little whether it is put in round stacks or long ricks. The whole secret of successfully stacking small grains is to keep the middle of the stack high and solid. If this is done, and the bundles are of moderate size, the grain will keep for months without much danger of spoiling. There is an occasional season, however, of driving rains, during which no stack that is not under cover of canvas will turn water, and consequently the best method is to thresh as soon as possible after the grain is in the stack.

Unless you have rail foundations for your stack, start by standing bundles on end just as you would in shocking. Keep the middle solid, but not very high until the stack is about six feet above the ground. Then by adding additional rows of bundles to the middle and tramping carefully, make the middle high and solid, keeping it 3 or 4 ft. above the outer row of bundles until the top is almost reached. As stated before this is a very important point and must not be neglected under any circumstances. Of course stacking is more difficult with a high middle, particularly with grains that have a stiff, harsh straw, as wheat and rye. The outer layers are very apt to slip, but this can be partially overcome by putting on the outer layer with a fork and not stepping on it at all. In placing these put down the butt of the bundle first so that some of the straws will stick into the lower bundle and thus tend to prevent slipping. Keep this up till the top is reached, avoiding any very high stacks, then cover with two layers of bundles well broken and keep in place by using stakes not less than 4 ft long. Treated in this manner stacking will be found satisfactory and as a rule there will be little cause of complaint.

Although wheat is more difficult to stack than oats because of the stiffness of the straw, a wheat stack turns water better than an oat stack and as a consequence the topping out of an oat stack must be given more attention. It is much better to top with some kind of hay, particularly prairie hay, if it is too large to weight down. This is not necessary where threshing is to be done at once, but if the stack is to stand very long it should be well topped.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO