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WATCH FOR THE NAME

CEYLON TEA

CEYLON TEA on the sealed lead packets It's a guarantee of incomparable quality. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. Black, Mixed or Green. At all grocers. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN.

Won at Last

"Ah! my child, don't give way to these whims. Sure you'll have to pass your whole life tete-a-tete with him; and he is good. Make much of him. Go back now, and I'll not fail to be with you to-morrow at ten."

At the other side of the door, Lisle was congratulating Waring in the frankest and most cordial manner. "I consider a great deal is due to me for spiriting you up, my dear fellow. No-thing venture, nothing have—so you won a prize any man might be proud of."

"Haven't I, though? I went to the right man for advice," said Lisle, won't you be my best man?"

"I am afraid I'll be half-way to India when the happy event comes off."

"Oh! we are going ahead at a great rate. We—or I should say I—hope to fix it for Tuesday fortnight."

"Sharp work, eh?" Here Mona returned. "I do not think my grandmother will come down just yet, Captain Lisle."

"Sorry I shall not have the pleasure of seeing her. I shall be going to India in about six weeks, and I have to go to Paris to see my sister, etc., etc."

The talk flowed on in ordinary channels for a few minutes, and then Lisle rose to take leave. "Should I not see you, again as Miss Jocelyn," he said as he pressed her hand, "you will remember that your have my warmest good wishes for your happiness. I shall pay my respects to Mrs. Newburgh on my return to London; so good-bye."

Mona flushed and paled quickly. "And I wish you all possible success; so good-bye," she said slowly.

Waring, in his gratitude, went with him downstairs, and bid him an effusive farewell at the hall door, returning in high glee to Mona, who was putting some more coal on the fire.

"Oh let me do that. Why do you trouble Lisle's room hot enough?"

"Grannie will be down soon, and she never finds it warm."

"Not just yet, I hope. Somehow or other I never seem to get a moment alone with you, Mona. I was glad to see the back of Lisle, though he is a capital fellow. I don't know that I like any fellow better; but I was dying to tell you how happy you made me just now when I came in; you really looked as if you were glad to see me. If I thought you were going to be fond of me as I am of you, why, I should be almost off my head with joy."

"You are too good to me," she returned, sadly, for his words and tone touched her.

"I know," he went on, "that you do not care much for me now, but I begin to hope you will give me your hand; how long and slender it is. You could not do much with it, Mona. Why do you draw away? Hello, your ring has slipped off. I don't like that. Let me put it on again. Now, give me a kiss for luck; you have never given me put one kiss, and I have dreamed of it ever since—just one more, Mona."

And Mona—shocked at her own reluctance, ashamed of her own coldness toward the man who had given her his whole heart—compelled herself to turn her pale, fair face to him.

Clasping her hand in both his own, Waring bent down and pressed his lips lingeringly on hers. He secretly dared to embrace. His frame trembled; his eyes were moist.

"Say, Leslie, I will try to love you," he whispered.

"I will try—I will indeed, Leslie," she repeated. "I have been so uneasy and unhappy about poor Grannie, and I never thought of marrying so soon; and altogether I have been fidgety and nervous—so you must forgive me if I seem stupid."

"Stupid. You stupid. What an idea." Meanwhile Lisle walked down the street in anything but pleasant self-commune.

"I certainly troubled myself unnecessarily about my charming young friend. She has thrown me over easily enough; she must think me a soft idiot to have troubled myself advising or directing her. Were I to remain in town, I might teach Mrs. Leslie Waring that I was no foolish stripling, to be tossed aside with indifference and impunity when fate offered her fairer fortune. She knows that it cost me a bad quarter of an hour to give her up for her own good. Who can calculate on the strange variations of feminine nature?"

So argued Lisle, with the degree of logic usual in men whose vanity has been wounded. He was quite willing that Mona should be taken out of his way, but he should have liked to see her weeping, broken hearted at the loss of his fascinating self. Yet, although horribly irritated, he probably never longed more passionately to be in Waring's place—always provided the engagement, marriage, what you will, was not to be permanent.

Both Mrs. Newburgh and Sir Robert Everard were very urgent that the wedding should take place as soon as possible. Waring, though eager on this point, was too fearful of incurring Mona's displeasure to express himself as warmly as he felt. It was always, "What would you like, Mona." "Whatever you choose, dear." This excessive deference to her wishes almost wearied her. In her present mode she did not care to think or decide about anything. Nor stirred and incited to burning with some

did she oppose the wishes of her relatives. She had fully committed herself; perhaps the sooner the question of her future was fixed beyond recall, the sooner she would throw off the disturbing pain which the possibility of escape created, so long as she was still unmarried. Moreover, she hated to receive the presents with which Leslie Waring tried to overwhelm her. It cost her an effort to thank him, and still another to explain that it would be more pleasing to her to take them from her husband's hands.

She was completely cured of her love for the man St. John Lisle had proved himself to be; but both heart and fancy clung still to the being her imagination had depicted. It was too soon to endure the thought of another lover. Had time been granted her for the effervescence of her spirit to subside for her cruel wounds to heal, she might have been won to regard Waring with kindly affection; as it was her whole nature revolted from being forcibly plunged into the tremendous intimacy of married life with a stranger.

This period of engagement was by no means as blissful as Waring anticipated. Mona, though gentle and complaisant, was cold—colder than she knew—and Waring was sometimes tempted to ask her if the sacrifice to which she had consented was too cruel. Then some strain of compassion would steal over her heart and thrill her voice or soften her eyes, and the poor boy—for he was but a boy, in spite of his years—would be lifted to the seventh heaven of joyous anticipation. He had the most unbounded faith in Mona, and he had her assurance that she did not love any one. His devotion, then, must win her. How formidable the rivalry of that first unfulfilled dream of love was he could not know. Would he learn it hereafter?

"Well, Mrs. Newburgh," said Sir Robert Everard, who had again come up to town on his relative's account, "I am very glad that everything is so satisfactorily settled. I must say Mona is a capital, sensible girl, and makes no fuss or bother about clothes. Waring's idea of doing their shopping together in Paris is first-rate. He will sign a will in his wife's favor as soon as they return from church, and meantime the post-nuptial settlement is being prepared. Really, Waring is most generous. What are you going to do?"

"I am going to stay on here. I think my poor house is tolerably safe for a few months. Mr. Waring talks of renting a place in some good hunting county—indeed, I think he is in treaty for one very nice one. I must say I am glad to make my home with him. For the present, I have accepted. So old a woman as I have become in the last month, cannot be much in the way, and probably I shall not trouble them long. Though infinitely relieved, and thankful that Mona is provided for so happily, I do not gather strength. These terrible palpitations and faintness seem to sap my life; but I am not uneasy; my work is done—quite done!"

"Come, come! I hope to drink your health on your eightieth birthday, my dear lady. You've must have no doleful ideas of that kind. So the happy day is fixed for the first. Lady Mary and the girls will come up the day before, and that will be all the company."

"Yes, all! It is very good of you to curtail your visit to the moors on our account."

"Blood is thicker than water," returned Sir Robert, and after a little further cheerful talk and gossip, which did not seem to interest Mrs. Newburgh as much as it used, the baronet took leave.

"Your mistress does not pick up as fast as we could wish," he said to Waring, who helped him on with his overcoat in the hall.

"No, Sir Robert. She is not strong; she is very weak—wearer each day. It grieves me to the heart."

"Ay! She is a good mistress. Now she will be sent adrift before long, I am afraid."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'll bear you in mind."

"Thank you, Sir Robert."

This conversation had taken place when Mona was engaged in some unavoidable shopping with Mrs. Debrisay. Having done all they could before the light failed them, Mona begged to be allowed to take tea with her friend.

"You know I have never seen your new rooms, Deb."

"Then come, and welcome. We will go into Whiteley's and get some tea cakes. Tea cakes are, to my mind—or may be I ought to say to my palate—the new ultra of good! I suppose Mrs. Newburgh will not mind you being late?"

"No," she knows I am with you; besides, Sir Robert Everard is to be in town to-day, and she likes to have his visits all to herself. They have many memories in common—though he is much younger."

"And Mr. Waring?"

"He has gone down to Leicestershire to look at a place that is to be let there."

"Well, well; you are the lucky girl, Mona."

"I suppose so."

The drove on in silence to the Universal Provider's and thence walked to Mrs. Debrisay's new quarters. "How nice and quiet it is here!" cried Mona, taking off her hat and drawing a chair to the fire, which Mrs. Debrisay had just stirred and incited to burning with some

st: is drawn from a cupboard beside the fireplace. "Quite a good-sized room, too; but, Deb, dear, it might be tidier!"

"So it might; but, ma belle, I have no time; and what does the poor slave of a girl know of tidiness? Besides, if she tried her hand, I'd never find my bits of things."

Mona's remark was not uncalled for. The apartment was sadly littered. A cottage piano had an old Indian shawl arranged as a drapey at the back, one side of which was unfastened; piles of music lay on it, and on a broken-backed affair, the crumpled newspapers of another; a small round table was crowded with plants, many of them withered; and sundry garments in process of mending or making were loosely rolled together on the ottoman. This, and a generally undusted aspect, did not improve the appearance of the room. It was on the ground floor, and looked out on a general garden, which at that season was anything but cheerful.

"I have an elegant bedroom to the front," resumed Mrs. Debrisay. "Come and look at it." Passing a glass door at the top of the kitchen stair, she opened it, and called—"Amelia, bring up the tea-kettle; I'll hold it myself. It's a great convenience being able to cry down for what you want. Now, there's my bedroom. I am afraid it is not much better in order than the other."

"I can't say that it is, Deb, but it is nearly as large as the other. I wonder you do not make this your salon. The lookout is more cheerful."

"I am not much in by daylight. Then you see the other room has a fine white marble chimney-piece. It was intended for the drawing-room. These houses used to be expensive, but they have come down like myself. Come along, and I'll make the tea."

"I don't think," said Mona, presently, as she slowly stirred her cup, "it would be nice to do some of the housework one's self; I suspect a little of it would go a long way with you. It's little work you'll have to do. There's an easy life before—"

"To sit on a cushion and sew up a seam, and eat ripe strawberries, sugar, and cream all day long, is not exactly my idea of a blissful existence," said Mona.

"Now, my darling. I am going to give you a good scolding. You are looking pale and thin, and your eyes are solemn, as if you were going to a funeral. Is that the way to treat the dear, generous, elegant young man who's ready to worship the ground you walk on? What is it you want? I did not think you were the sort of girl who would cry for the moon."

"Nor am I," returned Mona, thoughtfully. "I know, Deb, that Mr. Waring is too good for me—"

"I don't say that. No one on earth is too good for you, in my mind," interrupted Mrs. Debrisay.

"But let me confess myself to you. I would give anything—anything not to be obliged to marry him. It is foolish, unreasonable. I know it is. Yet I have such a vision of weariness before me. I know I shall be sick to death of being with him. I never know what to say to him."

"I warrant he knows what to say to you!" cried madame. "He can only tell me that I am perfection, and that he adores me."

"It's a style of conversation few young ladies would object to."

"Well, I do. Yet I am sorry for him. Poor fellow, he does love me."

"Ah, but he sees some of that will rub off when he is married. A lover is one thing, and a husband is quite another. Then oughtn't you to be glad to make a human being happy?"

"Shall I make him happy? I doubt it. Oh, Deb, Deb! I would give to be free from him and work. I am tired of pleasure and aimless existence."

"Dieu des Dieux! Does that mean you are in love with some penniless scamp?"

"No, dear. At least I am guiltless of marrying one man while my heart aches for another."

"I don't think there is something underneath for any one else, all will come right. You talk to me a year hence, and you'll have a different story to tell. Now, I'll not speak another word on the subject. I have talked of what I don't understand. Take another cup, my angel."

"For reply, Mona burst into tears, not a violent outburst, but a quietly bitter flow, with deep suppressed sobs.

"My dear child, what's all this unfeigned concern. What's troubling you? Sure, you used to tell me all your sorrows when you used to come to me for your music lessons in Paris. Tell me now."

"I really have nothing to tell," said Mona, struggling with her tears. "It is just a nervous attack—a 'crise,' as it is called to call it. I have felt tremors and unstrung ever since I was startled by grannie's telegram at Harrowby Chase, and I have been on the stretch ever since. I suppose it sounds very foolish, Deb, but I wish I could come and live with you, and help you in some way, rather than—"

"Oh, hush—hush—my darling. You are meant for better things. There's no one would be so welcome as yourself; but there is a different life before you."

"Should I really be welcome to you, Deb, suppose every one turned from me?"

"Hoot toot! Yes, of course. Come—I must not let you talk any more nonsense. I'll make the girl call a cab, and take you straight away home."

CHAPTER V. Time flew swiftly. A red, frosty sun rose on the morning before Mona was to be changed into Mrs. Leslie Waring. She had been persuaded to sleep in her own room again, as Mrs. Newburgh seemed so much better, and quite reconciled to the country by Lady Mary Everard.

"How is my grandmother?" was Mona's first question, when this functionary brought her hot water.

"Nicely, miss; she was fast asleep when I left the room."

Some Important Discoveries

Are made only after a long time of patient and intelligent search. Yet we cannot say that the public were slow in discovering the excellence and superiority of

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

Mona therefore put her arm under her shoulders to help her in rising, which was always a little difficult.

"Thank you, my love," she said, in the same indistinct way, smiling as she spoke, and sitting on the edge of the bed; her feet did not at first touch the floor.

Assisted by Mona, she put them down resolutely, but fell back immediately, silent and motionless.

It took all Mona's strength to keep her inert form from slipping off the bed, while she stretched her hand to the belt-ropes which hung beside it. The new lady's-maid came running at the summons.

"Help me to lay her down!" whispered Mona.

She felt terrified; this was somehow different from Mrs. Newburgh's usual fainting fits.

The maid assisted to place her in bed. She was rigid and very heavy.

"Fan her, Ellen," said Mona, as she turned away to get some restorative.

"Lord bless us, ma'am!" exclaimed the woman, in an awestruck tone; "I do believe she's gone."

"Impossible!" cried Mona, rushing to her side. "Why, she has only just been speaking to me. She often faints; send for the doctor!"

"Ah, no doctor will do her any good, poor lady; her heart is quite still," laying her hand on it, "and her eyes—just look at them, miss—open and glassy."

Mona took one of the helpless hands in both her own; the touch chilled her.

"I cannot believe it. Try and give her this," hastily measuring out the prescribed quantity of medicine.

Ellen shook her head—and obeyed. It was in vain. Wehner was despatched for the doctor, but before he came, Mona's hopes were over. Her grandmother, her one real friend, was dead. She could not doubt that that gray pallor, the deadly stillness, the stiffened form, meant still she could not realize that she should never hear her speak, never turn to her for guidance, never attend to her little wants again.

(To be continued.)

HEALTH IN SPRING. Nature Needs Assistance in Making New Health-Giving Blood.

Spring is the season when your system needs tuning up. In the spring you must have new blood, just as the trees must have new sap.

Nature demands it. Without new blood you will feel weak and languid; you may have twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia, occasional headaches, a variable appetite, pimples or eruptions of the skin, or a pale, pasty complexion. These are sure signs that the blood is out of order. A tonic is needed to give new energy. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best tonic in all the world. They make new, rich, red blood—your greatest need in spring. They clear the skin, drive out disease and make tired, depressed men and women bright, active and strong. Mrs. Charles Masson, Yamaochee, Que., proves the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in building up people who have become weakened and run down. She says: "In the winter of 1905 I was very much run down and lost flesh rapidly. My blood was poor. I suffered from indigestion, severe headaches and general debility. In this condition I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and thanks to this valuable medicine I am again enjoying perfect health."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all the ailments due to poor blood or shattered nerves. That is why they cure anaemia, rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney trouble, indigestion and secret ailments of women and girls. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BEAUTIFYING CONCRETE. New Solution of the Problem Which Has Puzzled Constructors.

With the constantly increasing use of concrete in all sorts of buildings and structural work, the question of its appearance has arisen. Many users of the material have spent some thought in determining means to make the finished work look better than it does. It is naturally of a yellowish or greyish color, which is extremely monotonous and without distinction, suggesting, more than anything else, a surface of discolored plaster. To overcome this the tendency has often been to conceal the character of the material by smoothing or coloring, but this idea has been condemned by artists from the great Ruskin all the way down. Ruskin, in particular, owes much of his claim to fame on the successful propagation of his idea that in architecture, as in all else, things, to be beautiful, must be exactly what they seem.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that concrete is not beautiful, and in its natural state, or plastered over, it presents an appearance of weakness, without hint of the great strength or of the endurance against time and weather which it really possesses. What is being done along this line by the Bureau of Surveys of color, which is under the direction of George S. Webster, chief of the bureau, is, therefore, particularly interesting at this time. Mr. Webster, in the concrete bridge-work recently finished and now going forward in various parts of the city, has discovered entirely the idea of concealment, and he and Henry H. Quimby, his assistant, have made many experiments to determine how the material may be made to stand forth for what it is and yet present a satisfactory appearance.

One ordinary method of laying concrete has been to divide the finished surface into squares of rectangular spaces, marked out by indentations, to give it

the appearance of stone laid in courses. Unfortunately, however, it does not look like stone. Another method, used to conceal the line where one day's work ended and the next began, was to plaster the place of joining. This is never satisfactory, as it leaves a discolored streak and suggests an attempt to hide a weak spot. Mr. Webster's method of overcoming this is to make a sharp clear line of indentation between each day's work by the temporary use of a triangular strip of timber, kept for the purpose.

The result shows the concrete laid in courses, symmetrically marked off, and yet not attempting anything like an imitation of dressed stonework. An excellent example of this method is to be seen in the bridge, just about completed, which carries the boulevard over the N. P. Railroad. This style of building is further improved by the use of a means of calculating approximately the time required to construct the bridge.

Another successful experiment in the treatment of surfaces, especially those of railings, ballusters and columns, has been washing, to remove the fine material and leave a roughened exterior which shows the grain of the substance and the larger pieces of which it is composed. This brings out at once a suggestion of the great strength of the concrete and whether the pieces of rock shown be the black trap or the rounded pebbles, either of which may be used in the mixtures, the color is highly satisfactory and the impression that of genuineness. It does not look like rock of any kind unless it might be that known to geologists as conglomerate, which, in fact, it is, though made artificially. It has been found that this washing off of the surface does not destroy the sharpness of the corners and the roughness produced is not so great as to permit of the lodgment of moisture.

About all of the new bridges now under way or to be provided are to be of this decorated reinforced concrete. Aside from this happy solution (the question of beauty the material for concrete work is as strong as steel and much more enduring, especially when subjected to the acid gases of locomotive smoke and the action of steam, the concrete remains unaffected, whereas the steel is subject to corrosion. Of course, too, in the matter of cost, the figures are greatly in favor of the concrete. The concrete bridge on Frankford avenue, across the Poppleton Creek, for instance, more beautiful than any steel structure could be, cost about \$12,600. For steel the cost would be about \$25,000. In general, the difference in cost for concrete bridges is about 33 per cent. less than for steel and fully 50 per cent. less than for any kind of heavy stone. As concrete is stronger than steel, the difference between stone and concrete in this respect is made up largely in the cost of construction rather than in the material.

BEWARE OF SCARLET FEVER. Germs Possessed of Remarkable Vitality, as Many Instances Show.

In a farm house in one of the New England states a case of scarlet fever unexpectedly developed not long ago. On seeking for its origin the physician found that some old cotton quilts, laid away in the garret for years, had recently been taken down and aired and put to use by the family. These bed coverings, it was remembered, had been put away after a siege of the disease. This is only one of many instances that could be related to show how long the infectious agent retains its vitality and how common a thing it is for scarlet fever to be disseminated by bedding and other objects. These quilts should have been burned as soon as the first patients had recovered.

The children of a certain physician were one day allowed to unlock an antique secretary that had not been opened for years. In it they found tresses of hair that had been cut from the heads of children who had died twenty years before of scarlet fever. In a few days they were both stricken with the dread disease.

The case with which this disease is disseminated is appalling. It has been known to be spread to a neighboring house simply from the airing of bed clothing in a window. Infected bed clothing should never be washed with any other. The disease has been transmitted in this way. A bouquet of flowers that was sent from a scarlet fever patient to a hospital carried the disease—Good Housekeeping.

HEALTH IN THE HOME. Baby's Own Tablets are equally good for little babies or big children. If a child is suffering from any of the minor ailments of childhood a few doses of the Tablets will cure it. And an occasional dose to the well child will prevent sickness. Mrs. A. Mercier, Rivier, Ouelle, Que., says: "My baby was cross, irritable, did not sleep at night and did not seem to thrive, but since giving her Baby's Own Tablets all this is changed. She now eats well, sleeps well and is growing fat. The Tablets have proved a blessing to both myself and the child. So say all mothers who have used this medicine. Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all druggists, or you can get them from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 25 cents a box."

The Inevitable. Porkand-Library! Wake up, wake up! Why, Carnegie's made 'em so common, all the best families are ashamed 'em out!—Puck.

Incubators and Brooders

Press bulletin from the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Canada, by V. R. Graham.

The hatching season is at hand and those who contemplate raising over two hundred chicks will find incubators and brooders more convenient than the natural method, and at the same time they can hatch their chickens early which means a better chance of getting eggs next winter.

There are a few points that need consideration in artificial incubating and brooding.

The incubator should be operated where the air is pure. If the air in the room where the machine is run has an offensive odor due to the smell of kerosene, of decaying wood or vegetables, the room is not a good place to run a machine. The machine may hatch fairly well but to raise the chicks is another question. Thousands of chicks are ruined by being hatched in ill-ventilated rooms, especially if very moist.

The machine, especially a hot air make, must not be run in a direct draught, as it may heat unevenly. It is well to have four or more thermometers and place them in different parts of the egg tray before putting the eggs in, to make sure your machine has no "hot spots." Raise or lower the ends of the machine until it heats at least within a degree and one-half at all parts. If a hot spot is in the centre, this can be screened by attaching a cloth or a piece of metal under the top of the egg chamber. This will usually cause the heat to distribute better.

It is wise to follow the manufacturer's directions as to operating the machine. Different makes require different treatment and the maker actually knows what his machine requires to do good work. Care should always be taken to keep the lamp and burner clean. At times the wire at the base of the burner gets dirty or covered with dust; this should be well cleaned, otherwise, the lamp is liable to flicker or smoke.

Chicks, as a rule, are more easily hatched than reared. Mortality in young chicks is frequently due to bad incubating; i.e., machines run in rooms in which the air is foul, or run uneven in temperature, the parent stock being sickly or lacking in vigor, one can not be too particular about this point when selecting breeding stock; or it may be due to bad brooding and feeding, such as too low and too high temperatures, feeding sloppy feed or indigestible feeds, or too much at a time followed by short feeds.

Our method of feeding is usually to remove the chicks from the incubator to the brooder, which has been bedded with cut straw or hay and warmed to 95 degrees at the age of 36 to 48 hours. We place on a board some grit, also some bread crumbs or cracked wheat and oatmeal. We keep this well supplied for perhaps two days, until all the chicks know where to look for food. We also keep a constant supply of pure water in easy access. After the second day in the brooder we begin feeding about five or six times daily, just what the chicks eat at quickly. It is still somewhat of a debatable point whether it is wise to feed a young chick all it wants to eat before it is two weeks of age. We try to feed a little less than they would eat. Such feeds as bread and milk are given early in the morning, which is fed on clean boards or troughs. At 9 o'clock some cracked wheat or pin some oatmeal is fed, or if these are not to be had, small wheat screening. This is buried slightly in the litter on the floor, so as to induce the chicks to exercise. The above feeds are used alternately. Before there is any grass, we feed usually two feeds a day, after the chicks are a week old, of graded or chopped root or onions, sometimes boiled potatoes; enough grass and bran is added to this to absorb the juices of the root. We try to have the chicks drink some milk, or if this is not at hand