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PERFUMERS
ONTREAL

VALLEY FARM;

Or, Felicity's Inheritance.

CHAPTER III.

It was an intensely hot afternoon — so hot that the two girls thought it little short of heroic of Robert Stone to keep on toiling in the hayfield. He had set on two extra men—strong, taciturn fellows, who were strangers to the place, and who looked like tramps, and with their help, in addition to old Ike's and Joe's, the fields were cleared and the stack-yard filled.

If not cool, it was pleasant, quiet, and shady in the little dell that Joyce had discovered behind the house a week ago, and where she had spent several afternoons since. The interlacing boughs of the tall trees shut out all but stray shafts of sunlight; lush grasses and giant ferns carpeted the gentle slopes, and the banks of the stream that lisped and gurgled at her feet were blue with forget-me-nots and pink with ragged-robin and cuckoo-flowers.

She had found a comfortable seat amongst the mossy roots of an old elm, and with her back against its ivied trunk was busy with the delicate crotchet, at which she was an adept. A magazine lay open on her knee, and a box of chocolates—a gift from Felicity because they were not the kind she liked—was within easy reach, but in spite of her unwonted leisure and ideal surroundings there was a shadow on the girl's face, and the wistful look had come back to her eyes.

A fortnight had passed since the two girls had arrived at the Valley Farm, but to Joyce it had not proved the time of unclouded happiness she had expected. In vain she took herself severely to task, calling herself an ungrateful discontented girl; in vain she told herself this was a thousand times better than teaching, that she was used to being lonely, and ought not to mind it; she could neither scold nor coax herself into being happy. A vague feeling of trouble, of unrest, of disillusion, had her in its grip, and though she hated herself for it she had to admit that Robert Stone was at the bottom of it. His coming had spoilt her holiday. Felicity, on the contrary, was having the time of her life. She said so frankly, and no one could doubt it who saw the smiles on the bewitching little face, or heard her gay laugh and merry, ringing voice. She ran about the farm like a child and where Robert Stone was she was never very far away. Joyce wondered many a time what he thought of the girl who wheedled him one moment like a spoilt baby and the next commanded him like an imperious mistress, but she could gather nothing from his impassive face, nor from his words, for he was on the whole a silent man. He seemed to regard her with good-humored tolerance, and generally let her have her way—unless it interfered with his work. So Felicity hunted for eggs and fed the poultry, and even fetched home the milking cows, and when she went a step further and insisted on driving the horses in the mowing machine he let her try, and lifted her in and out of the empty hay-carts at her bidding. Joyce came to the conclusion that either he was a man who treated all women with deference or else he considered it part of his duty to do as he was told. She had to own that his manner was perfect, and she had ceased to remonstrate with Felicity—it was only waste of breath.

"Don't worry about me, you dear old prim maid," she had said, laughing, when Joyce had taken her to task for riding one of the cart-horses home. Robert Stone's coat acting as a saddle while he led her unconventional mount. "It does not matter what I do here—this is the Garden of Eden, and Mrs. Grundy is miles away. If I like to run wild for a bit there's no one to misjudge me or say spiteful things."

Joyce's face had burned as she made one more attempt.

"What about Mr. Stone? You would like him to think well of you; you wouldn't like——"

"Oh, Mr. Robert's a dear!" Felicity had interrupted. She had chosen to call him that as being less formal, and had insisted on "Miss Felicity" from him. "He will think just what I choose him to think—they all do. Don't be a stupid spoil-sport, Joyce—and don't interfere with what doesn't concern you."

It had been said with a laugh, but it had hurt Joyce, and she gave up trying to "chaperon" her friend, or to lead her in the way she should go.

As a consequence she was left more and more alone. Eliza had taken her offer of help very literally, and Joyce's mornings were fully occupied. It struck her sometimes that the woman purposely kept her away from Felicity. Joyce knew that she was jealous of her, that she had never approved of her joining them—Felicity had told her so; but it went deeper than that. Eliza seemed like a foolish old mother who was determined her child should have a good time whatever any one else had! Joyce's lip curled. She need not be afraid. She had no wish to share Robert Stone's society or make a third in their plans.

This was an admirable sentiment and very consoling to her pride, but it did not prevent her feeling rather forlorn at times. She was thinking of it now as she sat in the wood, her work unheeded on her lap, her hands clasped behind her neck, as she listened dreamily to the song of a white-throat perched on a hazel spray. She had not seen Felicity since morning, for, as they had had a cold dinner, she had instructed Eliza to send here to the field, and had presumably eaten it when Robert Stone had his. He always brought his midday meal with him, for the cottage where he lodged was more than a mile away. Felicity had begged him then the first to share their dinner, but he had remained firm in his refusal, though he often joined them at tea in the garden. Joyce had enjoyed the informal little meal under the horse-chestnut, though here had been the role of listener and looker-on; but for the last few days Felicity had ordered tea in the hayfield, and though she had invited Joyce carelessly to "Come to the picnic," she had preferred to stay with Eliza, feeling strangely shy and convinced that she was not wanted.

"I would go home to mother if I could afford the fare," she murmured half-aloud the tears filling her eyes. "I'm not really wanted here. Eliza could do without my help, and Felicity has forgotten she asked me for company. As for Mr. Stone—"

Her musings ended abruptly, and a whimsical little smile brightened her face as she took up her work again. He's thoughts on the subject were certainly past finding out. He was always kind and courteous, and though he seldom addressed her she had realized more than once that his gray eyes had a trick of following her, of resting on her with a coolness, a speculation in their depths that gave her a queer little shock. It struck her sometimes that it was not his fault that she was so persistently "shelved." Perhaps they might have been good friends had she not been so foolishly tongue-tied—or had Felicity permitted it.

Not all Felicity's new-born love of fresh air and country pursuits could make her rise early; she had her breakfast taken up to her as at home, and never appeared before ten. Joyce, on the contrary, always got up when Eliza did, and revelled in the soft morning air, the dewy fragrance of the garden. No noise must be made while the young mistress slept, so she had, for the last few mornings, been working in the flower-beds, trying to restore poor uncle George's treasured blossoms to something like order. There Robert Stone had found her, and had lingered awhile to give her a little advice and help. Joyce, who had never done any gardening in her life, was grateful for both, and found herself looking forward to that friendly chat among the roses. She would not have been a girl if a mischievous thought as to what Felicity would say if she knew had not added to her enjoyment.

Those few minutes spent in Robert Stone's company had made Joyce very tolerant of what she had considered Felicity's "foolishness." She wondered no longer that the girl seemed to have forgotten her many admirers, that she never spoke of the gaieties she was missing, or grumbled at the dullness of the Valley Farm. Felicity's confidences about her lovers had often jarred on her, but she found herself listening without any impatience to a list of Robert Stone's perfections. Strong, yet gentle and considerate, [illegible] as any lover, but a gentleman in every sense of the word, apparently content to fill a menial and dependent position while showing himself to be a well-read man of the world — all this was a revelation to the two girls. Felicity accounted for it by his admission that he had spent the greater part of his life abroad, and by his close friendship with her uncle.

There was a strong vein of romance in Joyce though she would not have owned to it for the world, and, soothed by the peace of her sylvan retreat, the thought came to her that perhaps it had been ordained that Felicity should find her true mate, should come into her woman's heritage, in this quiet out-of-the-world place. Robert Stone might be poor and alone in the world, and they had only known him a fortnight, but she felt instinctively that he was a man to be trusted, to be looked up to; and Felicity would be hard to please if she did not consider him an ideal lover in looks and bearing.

Well, she would not be selfish any more! What matter if she felt lone and "out of it?" She would not begrudge them their happiness! Having made this praiseworthy resolve, Joyce had a refreshing little cry, then resolutely put Felicity and her affairs out of her mind, and read all the short stories in the magazine, till the birds beginning to fly about in the wood warned her that the afternoon was at an end.

She did not expect to find any one in the house but Eliza, and was surprised as she entered the porch to hear Felicity's voice coming from the sitting-room in raised and excited tones. She was about to retreat, and go round to the back when Felicity called her in. She expected to find her and Eliza having a heated argument—a by no means rare occurrence—but to her surprise Robert Stone stood in the doorway leading into the kitchen, apparently listening in silence to Felicity's vigorous remarks.

She had put the length of the room between them, and stood near the window, a lovely picture of indignation, with her cheeks crimson, her blue eyes blazing. Stone glanced at Joyce as she entered and stood by her friend—a look half vexed, half amused; but there was a grimness about his mouth that warned her that, whatever the argument, Felicity was not likely to get the best of it.

"Oh, Joyce, do come and back me up! Mr. Robert is horrid—he won't give in. Do tell him he must. I can't bear it—indeed I can't!"

"What is it all about?" Joyce questioned, feeling rather bewildered.

"Why, when I went into the sheds just now I found they had taken that calf I'm so fond of—Curly, you know—away from its mother. It's all by itself in another place. The cow is going to the sale to-morrow, so they won't let the calf have all the milk it wants, if you please! Mr. Robert says it will spoil the look of the cow—it will fetch less. As if I cared about that!"

"And what is to become of Curly?"

"She's going too. She's ready for the butcher, he says," with withering emphasis. "I won't have her killed! She's done nothing to deserve it. Why shouldn't she grow up into a cow and enjoy herself in the fields?"

"For the very good reason that 'she' can't," Robert Stone said quietly. "The calf is a 'he,' and it's time he was turned into veal."

Felicity looked taken aback, but renewed the attack from another point of view.

"The poor mother will fret—you admitted she would, and I won't have it. You said she will cry after it all night."

"I don't think I said 'cry,' but you will certainly hear her, I'm afraid. However, as she's going in the morning she will only make you miserable for one night."

Felicity clasped her hands entreatingly.

"Oh, do let her stop here, Mr. Robert! Why do you want to sell her?"

"Because she's a good milker, and will fetch twenty-two pounds."

"Don't we want the milk?" Joyce ventured to ask.

"No. There is a lot wasted as it is. There is no one to make butter or cheese here now; and if we fatten the calves with it what's the good if Miss Felicity won't let them be sold?"

Was he laughing at them? Joyce wondered. Felicity seemed to think so, for she turned on him like a little fury.

"Don't sneer at us because we can't do the horrid work! A farm's a gruesome, ghastly place. You feed the animals up, and then go looking about to see which one is ready to die—the poor, poor things!"

"Why should you pity them? We have to die ourselves, for that matter."

"We don't have to be killed and eaten. How you can go amongst the lambs and pick out which are ready for the butcher, like you did on Monday, passes my comprehension. You must be a cruel, hard-hearted wretch!"

"Some one has to do it. The world must be fed. You like roast lamb and mint sauce yourself, Miss Felicity."

"How dare you remind me of that? I will never touch it again as long as I live!"

"Besides, if we didn't eat the animals they might eat us. They would certainly over-run the face of the globe, and prove too numerous for us to cope with."

Felicity clapped her hands over her ears.

"Oh, go away! Don't try to excuse yourself—to argue it out. I'm too miserable to listen. And I was so happy! Joyce, tell him he must let the things live—you feel wretched about it, too, don't you?"

Joyce looked at the tall figure in the doorway, at the firm, unyielding face, and though her cheeks had lost some of their color and her voice trembled, she knew there was only one answer possible, with those truth-compelling eyes on her.

"Yes, Felicity, but I don't think we ought to interfere in these matters. Mr. Stone knows what is best—he will do what is right. Perhaps——"

But Felicity interrupted her passionately.

"I might have known you would agree with him, and go against me. But I won't be made miserable! I will have my own way! Do you hear?"—turning again to the silent figure in the doorway. "Curly shall not be killed—her mother shall not be sent away. I'm mistress here, and I pay you to carry out my orders, not to do as you like. I—I——"

She faltered and broke down.

Robert Stone no longer leaned and listened patiently. He stood upright, and looked every inch of his six feet. His eyes blazed with indignation, and such a look of hauteur had come into his face that even Joyce quailed, and cast a frightened glance at Felicity. She stood as if transfixed, her eyes wide, her mouth a little open, mesmerized for the moment, at least, by the man's intent look—a look of unspeakable scorn. Then she gave a little wail, and put both hands to her head.

"Oh, what am I saying? But it's all your fault for making me so unhappy. I will leave this hateful place where everything has got to die."

She burst into tears, sat down suddenly on the couch under the window, and hid her face in her hands.

Joyce saw Robert Stone's face change as if by magic, saw him cross the room in three strides and kneel beside the couch, then she fled. Out by the way she had come, through the porch and down the long garden she sped, with flaming cheeks and but one desire—to get away.

For what seemed like hours she worked feverishly among the flower-beds or sat listlessly on the rough bench. That old feeling of depression and loneliness that she had conquered in the wood had come back again, and with it a new pain, a queer, dull ache that she could not understand. She forgot she had had no tea; she shrank from going back to the house; and she would have given all she possessed to be able to run away. But as the shadows lengthened and the garden turned cold and gray, she pulled herself together, and walked bravely round to the back door.

Eliza was in the kitchen, getting a dainty supper-tray ready. She told Joyce, somewhat sourly, that Felicity had a headache, and had gone to bed; that she did not want to be disturbed. Joyce meekly got some supper, and ate it in silence, then stole softly upstairs. She could well believe in that headache. Felicity was too sweet-tempered and easy-going, as a rule, not to pay for her outburst of temper.

Her bedroom was opposite Felicity's; they had given her uncle George's room, and she had raised no objection, though she shrank from the thought of sleeping where the old man had died. Felicity had declared nothing would induce her to do it, so there had been no more to be said. As she was entering it Felicity's soft voice called to her, and after a moment's hesitation she obeyed the summons.

No picture of a suffering, dejected maiden met her eye. Felicity had never looked more radiant. Her sunny hair gleamed like some silk on the pillow, framing a face as rosy and smiling as a child's. Delicate laces, threaded with pink ribbon, frothed round her neck and fell back from her soft white arms. All the old love, the schoolgirl worship, rushed back to Joyce's heart like a flood, and she bent and kissed her with almost motherly tenderness.

Felicity put her arms round her neck and clung to her.

"I've found my master, Joyce—at last," she whispered.

"Yes, dear. And you are happy?"

"So happy!" Then she added, with a little joyous laugh—"What sort of a farmer's wife shall I make?"

"A pretty one. Good night, dear. I hope you'll sleep well."

"Good night, Joy dear. I sha'n't sleep a wink."

If that had proved true there would have been two very sleepless people in the house that night, for Joyce lay awake till the dawn.

(To be continued.)

SIR HERBERT S. HOLT.

The Most Unpretentious Big Millionaire in Canada.

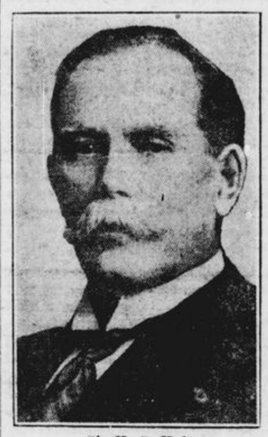
Sir Herbert S. Holt, of Montreal, recently honored with a knighthood, is said to be the most modest and retiring of Canada's millionaires. He is one of the biggest power and transportation men in the Dominion, but he doesn't go in for social or club life of any kind, and is personally known to very few people.

Sir Herbert Holt came to Canada in 1875 as a nineteen-year-old immigrant from Ireland. He had been given a training in mathematics and engineering at Trinity College, Dublin and he was given a job by James Ross, of Montreal, on the Victoria Railway, a crude little lumbering line, extending north from Lindsay into the forests of Haliburton. Young Holt made himself very useful, and when Ross moved to Toronto as superintendent of the Credit Valley Railway, later absorbed by the C.P.R., he brought Holt with him. The young engineer had a good deal to do with the construction of its various extensions. In 1883 James Ross moved again—going to the West as superintendent of construction on the prairie division of the C.P.R.—and again he took young Holt with him.

Power His Monument.

About the same time William Mackenzie and D. D. Mann went West. Holt soon saw that there was more money in the contracting business than in working on salary as an engineer, and he spent seven years in that business, being all the time more or less in touch with Mackenzie, Mann and Ross. Returning to Montreal, he directed his energies to getting control of that city's power and light facilities. He first bought out the old Montreal gas company. Then he acquired the Royal Electric Company, and by degrees buying out competing companies or crushing them, he evolved the present Montreal Light, Heat, and Power Company, with its seventeen million dollar capital and its almost absolute monopoly in the city and district of Montreal.

Montreal Power is the monument H. S. Holt has reared to his prowess as a financier. He knows all about that company and its equipment. He is the company's own resident engineer, and has traveled



Sir H. S. Holt.

all over the world improving his knowledge of electrical engineering problems.

He is also a bank president, being head of the Royal Bank. By the way he has the unique distinction of having been president of two banks, for he was the first president of the ill-fated Sovereign Bank, and held that office for three years. Sir Herbert is a director of the C.P.R. and is a liberal investor in stocks of any kind that have a basis of industrialism. He is one of the biggest of Montreal's financial magnates—one of the inner circle. Personally he is also a big man. He is rather better than six feet in height, and his frame is powerful and well knit—that of a man who lived his early life outdoors and was very much at home there.

There is nothing of the mixer about this new Montreal knight. He spends most of his time between his house on Stanley Street and his office in the Power Building on Craig Street. Usually he makes a trip across the Atlantic once a year, but the rest of the time he lives quietly at home. He doesn't care for clubs and has few intimates.

A Combination Name.

A new teacher found that a little negro girl was named Fertilizer Johnson.

"Are you sure that Fertilizer is your right name?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the little girl.

"Well, tell your mother to come here," said the teacher.

The mother came the next day.

"Yes, Fertilizer is right," she said. "You see, I named her after her father and mother both. Her father's name is Ferdinand and my name is Liza, so we called her Fertilizer."

System of Study.

"I have another idea about handling these cannibals," said the missionary, thoughtfully.

"A new course of education?"

"Yes. I'm not going to begin right off on the higher lines of instruction. I'm going to start in by teaching vegetarianism."

HOME

Recipes for Icings.

Egg Frosting (With Cocoanut) — Ingredients: Whites of two eggs, one-half pound of fine confectioners' sugar, one-eighth teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Method: Beat the whites with a revolving egg beater until stiff, then add the sugar, two tablespoonfuls at a time until you have used half, always beating one minute between. Then add the cream of tartar, two more spoonfuls of sugar and lemon juice. Now beat in rest of sugar, and as soon as a knife, if drawn through, leaves a cleft, it is ready for cake. One cupful of fresh grated cocoanut is then added and the cake is iced between layers, top and sides, strewing a liberal amount of the cocoanut over the top.

Boiled Custard Filling.—Ingredients: One-half cupful of milk, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, two level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, yolks of two eggs. Method: Dissolve cornstarch in a little milk, place rest in double boiler and when hot stir in the starch. Beat yolks with sugar, add some of the hot mixture, then pour back in kettle and stir until smooth. To this may be added any desired flavoring, a little melted chocolate or shredded nuts and fruits, or desiccated cocoanut can be strewn over while applying custard to cake.

Ornamental Icing.—Method: Use above egg frosting, but beat so long that a bit dropped on paper will stand up perfectly, then place in pastry squirt or bag and apply in any desired design.

Mocha Cream Filling.—Method: Whip one pint of double cream, then add three tablespoonfuls of confectioners' sugar and one or two tablespoonfuls of very strong cold coffee. This may be varied by adding some crushed macaroons or ground-nuts.

Lord Baltimore Filling.—Ingredients for filling: One cupful of stale almond macaroons, one-half cupful of ground pecan nuts, six finely shredded dates, two teaspoonfuls of orange juice or sherry. Method: Prepare these beforehand and have them ready to add to icing. Ingredients for icing: Two cupfuls of granulated sugar, two-thirds cupful of water, whites of two eggs. Method—Place sugar and water in a saucepan and boil, being careful not to scorch, until syrup will spin a thread when dropped from a spoon. In the meantime beat the whites with a revolving egg beater until stiff. When syrup is ready let some one pour it gradually over the whites, beating all the time. As soon as icing is stiff enough to spread without being too thin add the prepared ingredients and spread quickly between layers and over top and sides of cake.

Lady Baltimore Filling.—Ingredients for filling: One cupful of sultana raisins, one cupful of blanched and ground almonds, three figs, twelve candied cherries. Method: Cut the fruit into small bits with scissors, then make the icing and proceed as directed for Lord Baltimore cake. To make the Lord or Lady Baltimore especially nice, as for a company cake, after frosting has hardened make one-half of the recipe given for icing. When stiff enough to hold its shape, but still run slowly pour on top of cake, tipping it to all sides to let icing run toward edge, then apply lightly to sides as it runs down.

French Butter Frosting — Ingredients: One-quarter cupful of fresh butter, two cupfuls of sifted confectioners' sugar, hot water as needed, any desired flavoring. Method: If you have no unsalted butter wash good table butter. To do this heat a bowl and hands in hot water, then chill, and, taking butter into bowl, work and knead under cold water. Place butter between a clean napkin and pat dry, now cream the butter and sugar, adding a little hot water as needed. The mixture must be light and creamy, and after being applied to cake set in a cold place and the frosting will harden. This gives you the foundation for all kinds of French frosting. If you use hot coffee instead of water you have a mocha frosting, to which one or two spoonfuls of powdered charcoal may be added. Ground nuts are also nice in this frosting or nuts and candied cherries can be set on top as decorations.

Household Hints.

When making suet pudding add an equal quantity of stale bread soaked in cold water.

To make mashed potatoes far more appetizing use hot milk instead of cold when mashing them.

What is the best early closing movement?—To go to bed at ten o'clock and close your eyes in sleep.

Be neighborly, be obliging, be kind and courteous, and then when sorrow and sickness come you will have sympathy and help.

A piece of suet run through a chopper before and after it has been used for mincing meat keeps the machine clean and in good condition.

When baking potatoes place them in hot water for 15 minutes before putting in the oven. They will then bake in half the time, and so effect a saving in fuel.

Umbrellas last much longer if during the fine weather they are never kept rolled up. When this is done the silk frays at the folds, and soon a rent will be the result.

To save the trouble of carrying mattresses down stairs tie a rope round them and lower them from the window when possible. Carpets and rugs may be removed in the same way.

Cayenne pepper is excellent to rid cupboards of mice. The floor should be gone over carefully, and each hole stopped up with a piece of rag dipped in water and then in cayenne pepper.

A sure test of linen is to wet a portion or piece, and if moisture is quickly absorbed and shows through to the other side you will never be mistaken about linen. This is a never-fail test.

If when making soup or beef-tea for an invalid it is necessary to cool it at once pass it through a clean cloth saturated with cold water. Not a particle of fat will be left in the beef-tea.

Stale bread and stale cheese can be made into an excellent pie for dinner. Fill a baking dish with alternate layers of stale breadcrumbs and crumbled cheese. Beat up an egg, pour it in, and bake.

Instead of always folding tablecloths lengthwise it is an excellent plan to sometimes fold them the other way, as they are less likely to wear out if the folds are occasionally changed.

Instead of using two eggs for the family cake use half an egg beaten up in two tablespoonfuls of golden syrup. When making rice pudding place a piece of bread in the bottom of the dish and use less rice.

Don't throw away rusty curtain hooks. Put them in a bowl, cover with cloudy ammonia, and leave soaking for half an hour. Then stir round with a stick, pour off the ammonia and dry the hooks. They will be as good as new.

In weighing molasses for puddings or cakes if you dredge a little flour on to the scoop of the scale you can then dispense with the trouble of weighing a basin or saucer, as the treacle will slip off the scale quite clean if weighed immediately.

To store parsley for winter use place sprigs in a paper bag, tie up, and hang near the kitchen range to dry. After one week remove the stems and place leaves in a glass jar, cover closely, and when required it will look and taste like fresh parsley.

LOVING WORDS.

Loving words will cost but little,
Journeying up the hill of life;
But htey make the weak and weary
Stronger, braver, for the strife.

Do you count them only trifles?
What to earth are sun and rain?
Never was a kind word wasted,
Never was one said in vain.

Bulletins From Seed Branch, Ottawa.

Elevator Screenings.

Screenings from the terminal elevators at Fort William and Port Arthur are composed of shrunken and broken kernels of wheat, oats, barley and flax with a varying proportion of different kinds of weed seeds. An eighth ounce of screenings which had been ground as chopped feed was found to contain 233 noxious and 484 other weed seeds. But when the smaller weed seeds have been removed it is not difficult to destroy by grinding the vitality of nearly all those remaining. The smaller weed seeds, comprising from 20 to 40 per cent of the whole, are not completely ground by ordinary mills and some of them are believed to be decidedly unwholesome. When graded to remove these smaller harmful seeds and the balance finely ground, screenings make a cheap and nutritious stock feed.

Weed Seeds in Feed.

Bran, shorts and chop feeds are sometimes contaminated by ground screenings which are mixed with them in some of the flour mills. Of 396 samples collected throughout Canada in 1913 by the Inland Revenue Department 140 contained an average of 57 noxious weed seeds per pound, and only 144 of the samples were entirely free from vital weed seeds. One sample of chopped feed contained 1104 noxious weed seeds per pound. Bulletin No. 254 of the Inland Revenue Department gives the names and addresses of the manufacturers and the quality of their mill feeds.

Turnip Seed Situation.

Turnips and other roots occupied 175,000 acres in Canada in 1914 and yielded 69,003,000 bushels valued at $18,934,000. Turnip seed imported into Canada for the year ended March 31, 1914 follows:

From	Qty., lbs.	Value
United Kingdom	1,123,958	$95,471
United States	62,818	5,023
France	126,687	10,454
Holland	224,162	16,855
Other Countries	39,698	3,071
Total	1,577,323	$130,874

There is good reason to believe that a part of the turnip seed coming to Canada from the United Kingdom had been grown under contract on the continent. The prospective scarcity of labor and the need for food production leaves open to speculation the proportion of seed supplies available from Europe for use in Canada in 1916.

Sow the Best Variety.

The 1913 investigation into the condition of seed grain and flax actually being used on Canadian farms showed that the variety name of 34 per cent. of the 2065 samples taken was not known by the farmers. Varities of cereal crops differ in time of maturity, strength of straw, freedom from disease, yield, per cent. of hull in oats and hardness in wheats. The three highest yields of oats obtained at each Dominion Experiment Station in 1912 averaged 33½ bushels more per acre than the three lowest. Experiments have shown that four or five varieties of oats cover all the conditions of Canada yet forty farmers in one district were found growing seventeen different varieties. Each district should grow only the variety of crop best suited to soil, climate and markets. The variety might be chosen on the advice of the nearest Experiment Station.

SCANDINAVIANS FOR ALLIES

EDWIN BJORKMAN TELLS HOW FEELINGS CHANGED.

Were for Germany, But the Bullying Prussians Antagonized Them.

The Scandinavians countries, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, are now strongly anti-German, although their Governments are enforcing strictest neutrality, according to Edwin Bjorkman, critic and writer, resident of the United States, who has just returned from a five months' sojourn abroad, chiefly in the kingdoms named. Mr. Bjorkman is known as the translator and editor in English of Ibsen, Strindberg, and Bjornson. He had written of general Scandinavian literature and was then preparing a "History of Scandinavian Literature of the Nineteenth Century." A native of Sweden, he was thoroughly acquainted with the three countries.

German missionary work, which began with pleas and ended with threats and certain overt acts, Mr. Bjorkman reports, transformed a sentiment which was in the beginning silent, at least, into rampant popular feeling for the allies. This, coupled with strong official action, has cut the exports from the Scandinavians countries into Germany down to a mere trickle of merchandise.

Mainly Copper and Iron Ore.

Finally it has driven the three countries, notwithstanding years of national antipathies, into a peace coalition which will be backed by adequate naval and military forces to preserve the countries from the fate of Belgium. That converted the strong peace sentiment of the three countries to a recognition of the necessity for preparedness.

"The people of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark are to-day strongly anti-German, said Mr. Bjorkman. "I speak of the people, not of Governments, each one of which has preserved an absolute neutrality. It may be said they intend to remain absolutely fair throughout.

"The people of these countries were not so entirely favorable to the cause of the allies at the outbreak of the war. The sentiment may have been there, but it was concealed. The tactless policy and propaganda of German emissaries throughout, added to certain overt acts, have affected the change, or at least caused influential citizens to become outspoken in their opinions.

"At the beginning, with Schleswig-Holstein always in mind, Denmark was anti-German at heart.

"Norway, which looks toward England, may also be classed as anti-German as to the masses, but with divided opinions in the educated classes. For instance, the literary classes of all three countries were undeniably pro-German.

Sympathy Transferred.

"Germany first recognized the worth of Scandinavian literature and the great Scandinavian writers. When they were struggling for expression in other languages Germany knew their works, and when the appeal came for the support of German culture there was a quick response.

"Sweden, having Russia in her face at all times and fearing that powerful neighbor, saw its ruling classes, the military, the businness men, the scholars, all pro-German, and their influence dominated the country.

"Just above the masses of the country was another class of citizens who may be said to have been very nearly neutral. The cause is easily discoverable. Germany in making ready for the great war had conducted a strong German propoganda in Norway and Sweden for years. Carried out with the systematic thoroughness of the Tueton, this missionary work was seen in the vast number of pamphlets freely circulated in praise of German ideals and policies."

Mr. Bjorkman here said that he wanted to clear up a misunderstanding. Large purchases of wheat this fall by Sweden have given rise to the belief that that country is reselling that staple to Germany.

This Is Not True.

"Sweden has been buying most heavily of wheat and coal this fall," he said, "because there was a great drought in the country which ruined the wheat crop and dried up the water power. They have had to buy wheat for food and coal for fuel to keep their factories going. It would be a grave crime for any person to violate the law against the exportation of these articles.

"It may be added that Russia's attitude in this situation went a long way toward ending the ancient fear and distrust. She likewise prohibits the exporting of foodstuffs, but when she heard of Sweden's plight she lifted the ban for one year in favor of that country.

"Germany declared lumber contraband of war, which was a severe blow to Norway and Sweden. England had declared iron ore contraband, but had withdrawn that when Sweden protested earlier in the war. Sweden's protest about lumber has not been acknowledged, so far as I know.

"It is pleasant to note that since the first meeting between King Haakon of Norway, Gustave of Sweden, and Christian of Denmark and their Ministers a further meeting has been held. Then it was agreed that the alliance shall endure after peace is restored to Europe.

"I found England grimly determined," said Mr. Bjorkman. "They are bending all their energies to place that army of a million or more men in the field this spring."

Russia's Submarines.

In aircraft and submarines Russia is a leader. The giant Sikorsky aeroplane, a recently-invented type, is capable of carrying seventeen men, and seems likely to make a more useful fighting machine than the German gas-filled dirigibles. As to submarines, Russia is constructing one which will be far larger and better than any at present in existence. It is 400 feet long, 34 feet beam, and 5,400 tons displacement, which means that it is eleven times the size of the next largest craft of the kind. Its engines of 18,000 h.p. will drive it at twenty-six knots on the surface, and its motors of 4,400 h.p. will give it fourteen knots submerged. It has a cruising radius of 18,500 miles, can run under water for 275 miles at a stretch, has five 4.7 guns for surface fighting, and carries sixty torpedoes and 120 mines.

An Inaccurate Report.

While conversing with a friend of not long standing a few days ago a certain millionaire was seen to smile in his characteristic way.

"I understand you began life as a newsboy, observed the friend admiringly.

"No," replied the millionaire. "Someone has been fooling you. I began life as an infant."

Offensively Officious.

"You always go home exceedingly early, old man."

"Yes; our neighbors are the cause of that."

"How so?"

"If I stay downtown a minute late they come right over and condone with my wife."

He is a fortunate man who can catch up with his debts.

In a certain California town lived a man who was willing to have his neighbors think him a fine musician. He installed a mechanical piano near a front window of his home, and spent hours pedaling out melodies. He received compliments for a time, but his eight-year-old boy betrayed him in the end. "Your father is a great piano player, isn't he?" asked a woman who lived across the street. "Yes," said the kiddie, "but it makes his feet awful sore."

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