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The Failing Flashlight

By GEORGE C. LANE.

It was Warner Thresher's first visit to the lake in four years. Since his father had died he had worked his way through college, and consequently there had been no chance for such camping trips as he and his father used to take in the Northern Ontario woods. He had been so busy that he had not realized it until now, when the smell of birch and pine was in his nostrils, how much he had missed the big out of doors.

Skirting the west shore in the shadow of the full-leaved trees, he shoveled the nose of the canoe up on the yellow sand of a little beach. In the oak tree, the gnarled branches of which hung over the water, he recognized an old friend. A quarter of a mile offshore was a familiar little island overgrown with pines.

Turning the canoe over his supplies to protect them against a possible shower, Warner started along the path, now almost obliterated by brush, toward the shack that stood on a rise of ground a few hundred yards back from the water. He could not see the shack because the foliage was so thick, but he was sure of his way. Behind him, across the lake, a red moon was just rising. He had left his gun with his provisions under the canoe and carried only the flashlight he intended to spend the night in the shack.

Here was the white birch. He felt along the bark and found his initials, which he had cut in it six summers ago. A young deer started at his unexpected approach, wheeled suddenly in the tracks and bounded gracefully off into the brush. That and Warner's almost noiseless tread were all that broke the stillness of the woods. The birds were silent now, and whatever animals there might be abroad went stealthily.

Dimly through the branches of the trees he could make out the shack a little farther up the slope. The door, which was a few inches ajar, squeaked on its rusty hinges as he pulled it open and stepped inside. In the increased darkness he could see nothing, but a pungent animal smell assailed his nostrils.

Instantly he drew out his pocket flashlight and swept its rays over the interior of the shack. Beneath a bunk at the further end of the single room the shaft of light revealed a pair of cub lynxes. There was no mistaking the catlike head, the tufted ears and round staring eyes, but they were still too small to be dangerous. Warner stepped across the room and bent over them.

When he reached out a hand toward them they were not in the least afraid. Undoubtedly he was the first man they had ever seen. But at a low, fierce snarl from the door behind him he wheeled swiftly and flashed his light into the room, fierce eyes of the mother lynx, which stood in the doorway in mingled anger and alarm.

Warner's situation was perilous. He had never known a lynx to attack a man, but the fierce beast thought that her young were in danger, and he had left his rifle with the canoe. For two minutes he remained motionless, holding the lynx in the glare of his flashlight.

The light seemed to dazzle the animal for the time being, and Warner began to move one foot cautiously away from the bunk. He must manage somehow to convince the animal that her young were no longer in danger from him.

The only way out of the shack was through its one doorway, which the mother lynx occupied. The two windows of the shack were not wide

enough to let his shoulders through, and he dared not for an instant turn his back on the lynx. He succeeded in retreating a step from the bunk, but slow and cautious though his movement had been it had not escaped the suspicious, fiercely watchful eyes of the lynx.

She angrily flattened back her ears and bared her long, white fangs in another snarl. Her powerful legs were gathered to spring. Warner must manage to prevent the assault or at least to put it off. With his bare hands as his only weapons, he was no match for the animal.

Tilted over against the table about eight feet away was a heavy chair. If he could only reach it, he might serve a weapon of defense. But he knew that if he moved toward it the lynx would jump; indeed, he dared not let his gaze waver an instant from the eyes of the beast.

If the glare of the flashlight bathed the animal, she did not flinch. There was no sign of fear in her alert, angry eyes. Warner racked his wits for a plan to draw her from the doorway. He moved an inch or two toward the chair, then stopped. The risk was too great, for at the first noticeable movement the beast would spring. For several seconds he stood motionless; then a plan occurred to him, and he began slowly to move the hand that held the flashlight toward the doorway.

The shaft of light traveled to the ground in front of the lynx and back again to her eyes. How much it blinded or disconcerted her, Warner could not say, but he realized that she had cautiously advanced one foot toward him.

He thought of shouting, but dared not. The instinct to protect her young was dominant, and it was not probable that he could frighten her off; the sudden snarl would be more likely merely to precipitate the attack. The next moment he realized in his alarm that the battery of his flashlight was failing.

The danger of his predicament was increasing every second. In the dark all the advantage would lie with the lynx. Without much more delay he must force the issue. The light was rapidly dying out. Perhaps, if he could trip her, he could frighten her off. That and a dozen other useless ideas occurred to him in the next few seconds; and all the time the light was growing weaker. A slight movement from the cub under the bunk startled him, and only instant presence of mind kept him from looking round. If he had turned his eyes, the lynx would have had the chance she was waiting for. He resolved not to be caught off his guard.

The table and chair were at his right, and he cautiously shifted the flashlight to his left hand so that the light would be free to sweep the chair. He still held the blanket firmly under his left arm.

The lynx stealthily advanced another step. She was now no more than twelve feet from him. He could see her advantage, she was growing bolder in the failing light; but only her head and shoulders and big front paws were inside the doorway. The

electric torch now gave little more than a red blur of light. Warner was on the point of letting the blanket fall, so that both arms should be free, when another idea occurred to him. He wondered that he had not thought of it sooner.

With a lightning-quick movement he seized an edge of the blanket in his right hand and shook it out. He was a fraction of a second quicker than the lynx. The next instant she had sprung toward him, straight for his eyes.

But with his feet firmly braced, Warner was ready. He met the attack with upraised blanket and bore the animal to the ground beneath the thick, woolen folds. Her long, sharp claws pierced the cloth and tore it savagely. The strength of the animal was amazing, and Warner feared each second that she would squirm from beneath the imprisoning cloth.

Gathering up the folds, he covered her with them as he struggled to his knees; then in a daze he looked about for the doorway, setting stiffly to his feet, he bolted through the door and stumbled down the path. He was safe at last, for he knew that the lynx with her little family to attend to would not pursue him.

At the edge of the lake the moon shone brightly. The sleeves of his gray woollen shirt were torn nearly off, and his forearms were bleeding freely. His shirt front, too, was tattered. There was three deep scratches on his chest.

He bathed his wounds in the lake, righted his cap, and paddled to the little island a quarter of a mile offshore. In the morning he took his rifle and made a second visit to the shack, but he found that he was deserted, as he had expected it to be. On the floor lay the blanket, hopelessly torn, and beneath it was the flashlight, with its battery entirely used up.

(The End.)

Charm and Romance of Sundials.

So far as can be ascertained, no one knows the date or even the near-date of the first sundial, says a recent writer. I think the Bible gives us about the earliest records of them, while the earliest sundials still in existence are Grecian and the earliest sundials found in China and Japan, and Time himself only knows how far back they were known there.

There is an altar-like quality about a sundial, a solemnity, impressiveness, and serenity which confer dignity upon a garden and invest it with a peace that wraps soothingly about one the moment one enters the gate. I once heard an old man say that a garden without a sundial was like a person with a shallow personality.

A sundial, like a candlestick, is the lover for being older, for age gives a mellowness which man cannot duplicate. Some of the mottoes upon the very old dial, however, were very insistent that one bear death in mind rather than life. Especially is this true of those found upon some of the older churches, whose dials, by the way, were often wall dials instead of pedestal ones.

Speaking of English dials, Charles the First presented a most elaborate one to his queen, Henrietta Maria, and had inscribed upon the dial—"United in Time. Parted in Time. To be united when time shall be no more."

Some dials are stern taskmasters who resent any dawdling even for our pleasure in their society, for, admonishes one old dial, "Behold and begone about your business;" and another, "To no one is given right of delay," and another, with startling abruptness, "Mind your business!" Other dials give advice more gently, as "Now is yesterday's to-morrow," and "The garden of the passing hour Seize gladly while 'tis in thy power!"

The other, a more stately dial, says, as though blessing youth and romance with a benediction, "Too slow for those who wait; Too swift for those who fear; Too long for those who grieve; Too short for those who rejoice; But for those who love Time is Eternity."

Speaking of inexpensive pedestals for sundials, one of the most attractive I have seen was an old gate post, which had been transplanted, leveled, a piece of wood placed upon the top of it to support the dial, a piece thick enough to raise some crude carving about the sides, where the carver had inscribed: "Gather ye roses while ye may For old time is a-flying!" And the wooden post was entirely wreathed in pink rambling roses.

The Shining Way.

O steadfast Faith! Let me behold: Your face serene and fair; Your eyes reflect the light of heaven—I read a promise there.

Ab, Hope, brave Hope! When all was dark Your lamp burned clear and bright Encouraged by his cheerful beam, I sought, and found, the light.

And Charity, kind Charity (Whose other name is Love), You drew me with your tender cords, And bound my soul above.

Fair guardians of my destiny! O bring my steps, I pray, To where the paths of earth are merged Into the shining way.

—A. L. Read.

Too many people say, "Good-morning," without realizing what it means. Think it over!

About the House

School Lunches.

Surprises are the delights of children's lunch boxes and the pleasure the mother gets in devising new dishes is as great as the child's in opening the lunch in school and demolishing the contents. A mother is always rewarded for any effort she might expend to make her child's lunch box attractive when the kiddie comes home from school and says: "Oh, mummy, my lunch was so good and all the other boys and girls liked it too. Make me the same to-morrow."

But the first thought we must have in making up a lunch box is the nourishment of the food, and as one woman says, "As much care and attention ought to be given to the child's lunch as to the other menu for the day in fact, more, for a child's food is even more important than a grown up's."

Here are some suggestions for the school lunch:

1. Two chicken sandwiches; two of chopped figs; a little sponge cake; a pear.
2. Two brown bread and egg sandwiches; 2 of white bread with orange same made filling; a chicken drumstick; a square of fruit wafer; a peach.
3. Two roast beef sandwiches; 2 cream cheese and chopped peanut sandwiches; 2 small celery stalks; 2 cookies; and apple sauce.
4. Two minced ham sandwiches; 2 sandwiches with chopped celery filling and French dressing; a square of gingerbread; a pear; half a dozen marshmallows.
5. Three sandwiches of plain bread and butter; a jar of mixed fruit salad; a slice of cold meat and 2 ginger cookies.

To make the chicken sandwiches the chicken should be minced or cut in cubes and mixed with salad dressing and salt to taste and placed between white bread with a little lettuce if available. The fig sandwiches are made by chopping the figs fine and wetting with a little cream and placing between white bread layers. The egg sandwiches are made by boiling an egg hard, mashing it and mixing with Mayonnaise dressing and a little salt. Minced ham could also be added to this filling.

The fruit salad is prepared by cutting a seedless orange in half, crosswise, and removing the pulp. It will come out easier if the orange is first allowed to stand a few minutes in hot water to loosen the skin. Chop the pulp and cover with a French dressing of 1 teaspoon of oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of lemon juice and a little salt, mixed with the orange juice. This is very good for those who like unsweetened fruit salads.

Oil paper should be used to wrap the various foods for the child's lunch. Fruit salads should be carried in glass jars with screw tops and each child should have a glass of milk carried in the same way.

Dill Pickles.

Cover the bottom of the container, glass jar or stone crocks may be used, with dill leaves. Fill half full, and another layer of dill, fill with cucumber, leaving a half inch space between cucumbers, and cover all with cold vinegar. Seal and store in fruit jars. In a crock, cover closely with a plate. This use mixed spices with the dill. This is not necessary.

Causes for Poor Bread.

Sour Bread.—Poor yeast, dirty utensils, impure liquids, too long rising, too slow baking, incomplete baking, wrapping while warm.

Heavy Bread.—Poor flour, too much liquid, insufficient rising.

Coarse Texture.—Too long rising, too soft dough, too cool an oven when dough has already risen sufficiently, too hot an oven at first.

Little Burned Blisters.—Too hot an oven at first.

Cracked Loaf with One Side Higher.—Too stiff dough, uneven heat in the oven.

Loaf Run Over on Sides.—Too long rising, too soft dough, too cool an oven at first.

Eating in Public Places.

Many good people, particularly

elderly people, lose much enjoyment by staying at home rather than eat at public places. Or if they do venture forth and have to eat in hotel, dining car or restaurant, they worry continually for fear the food is not clean or that they will be poisoned by it. Of course, the accounts of ptomaine poisoning are far too numerous, particularly that it is risky to eat something in public places there are still enough safe foods to insure against starvation, and no one need stay at home or carry a lunch for safety if a few general rules are observed.

First of all, avoid the particularly dangerous foods, and especially if the weather is mild. Most farmers have had experience of meat spoiling in a mild winter at some time, and every housekeeper knows how food decays in summer time, even food cooked in a clean kitchen and handled by clean hands. Cold boiled ham, pressed chicken, oysters, fish, left-over meats made into loaves or salads, and such foods need not be touched at all if there is the slightest danger that warm weather or careless handling have ruined them.

Good honest roast beef is as satisfactory as anything, with baked potatoes or potatoes roasted in the meat broth, while beef stew or short ribs with potatoes and gravy rarely cause trouble. Indeed, beef is far more satisfactory than pork or chicken away from home in almost any method of serving, unless it be hash or some "made-dish" obviously composed of left-overs. Roast mutton is also good, but not so common. Veal should be avoided as it is immature meat and not satisfactory. Fish, oysters and lobsters far from water and in warm weather should be viewed with suspicion.

Eggs in every form are always good, as a very stale egg will not poach or fry in a satisfactory manner. Eggs with toast for breakfast and cereal with cream will usually satisfy even a hearty appetite and fruit can be added with rolls and butter if liked. For dinner a good dish of roast beef with baked potato, or browned potato, a simple vegetable, such as a baked sweet potato, lima beans, from the cob, creamed turnips, browned parsnip, celery, radishes, lettuce, green onions or creamed onions, or baked beans will do very nicely, capped by a dessert of baked apple, a ripe banana, an orange, or a ripe apple, a bunch of grapes, figs or some fruit that is above suspicion.

The Lure of the Prairie.

Have you tasted the breath of her sun-drenched air?

Have you felt the soft touch of the wind?

And the alkali dust in your face?

Have you wondered the hills that are misty and dim?

And soft on the prairie's breast?

Have you felt in your soul of her wondrous charm?

And the peace of her quiet rest?

Have you seen of the midnight, so black and deep,

'Neath the sweep of the star-strewn sky,

Out there in the dark where the wild things creep

And the Northern Lights go by?

Have you followed the beat of the unknown trail

That leads you to God knows where,

Up over the hills with the mist between,

And out on the prairie bare?

If you've tasted of these you may wonder far

O'er the sea and the mountain and plains,

But ever the prairie will call to your heart

And you will come back again.

The More the Less.

This is the day of us workers;

Great our increase of pay.

But, oh for the steaks we used to eat

When we got two dollars a day!

Ontario's 1919 Mineral Production

According to a bulletin recently issued by the Ottawa Bureau of Mines, metalliferous mines, smelters, and refining works of Ontario show, in the aggregate, an increase in value of output for the first quarter of the year, of nearly one million dollars over the corresponding quarter of 1918.

Owing to Ontario's contribution, Canada was the only country able to report an increased output of gold in 1919. Production for the first quarter of this year shows an increase of nearly 46 per cent over the first three months of 1918. The output for the period was \$2,953,636. In addition, the gold mines produced 24,918 ounces of silver, valued at \$31,373. The total quantity of silver marketed during the period shows a falling off, the production being 2,280,665 ounces, valued at \$2,954,695, as against 3,195,092 ounces,

value of \$3,152,700, in the corresponding period of 1918.

During the quarter, 301,133 tons of nickel-copper ore were raised and 258,700 tons smelted, as compared with 229,822 and 226,954 tons respectively for the corresponding period in 1918. Shipments of matte, totalling 10,168 tons, were made to the refineries in Canada, the United States and Great Britain. The Algoma Steel Corporation and Moore Mountain, Ltd. carried on iron mining, 53,754 tons being raised. No ore and only a small tonnage of briquettes were shipped. Seven blast furnaces were in operation which smelted 35,698 tons of Ontario ore (8.8 per cent of the total) and 295,275 tons of foreign ore, producing therefrom 152,023 tons of pig iron worth \$3,897,211. The steel production was 179,244 tons, valued at \$6,085,308.

French Army Loses the Kepi.

The kepi is to go. The French army is to wear either trench helmets or gilengarries. For a hundred years the kepi has in various forms seen the French soldier through his few defects and his many glories. To see a garment fall so well can only be said with regret.

There are some sentiments which the most hard-headed can hardly deny. All the rest of the old uniform has gone—the baggy red trousers, and now about the cap, of course, was that it had to be so broken and squashed as was consistent with a passing on parade. The little shiny peak had to be cracked, and the red crown shapeless and faded.

The new-looking kepi could only be worn without ridicule by some glorious veteran. The younger the soldier the more thought he gave to rendering his headgear respectable. No youth ever colored a meercbaum more carefully than the twelve-year-old French conscript disclosed his feet. We are so used now to pale blue soldiers, with medieval helmets, or with the dashing little polkaecap, worn at an impertinent angle, that it seems incredible that in 1914 the men were cheered as they marched away, branches in rifles and flowers in caps, were the red and blue soldiers of half a century's cartoons and drawings, with their little caps, such as an aged English postman might wear in his garden—the crushed relic of his official headgear, only without the hinder peak—jauntily crumpled upon their heads.

It will be a very little time before we actually see the last kepi, and probably when we do we shall not realize it. These things slip away unnoticed. It ought to be represented in the war museum. Its remains can still be seen hanging on some of the wooden crosses by that long eastern road which follows the valley of the Marne.

Home, Sweet Home.

The dearest spot on earth to me,
Is home, sweet home!

The fairland I long to see
Is home, sweet home!

There, how charmed the sense of hearing,
There, where love is so endearing;
All the world is not so cheering,
As home, sweet home!

Minard's Liniment For Burns, Etc.

And in Germany They Often Carry Marks.

"The police," declared a Hongkong paper, with one of those fortunate misprints that give the joker opportunity, "announce that dogs without collars found wandering after ten o'clock in the evening are liable to be destroyed."

On which Punch makes an appropriate comment: "We understand, however, that in China dogs are almost invariably provided with tails."

The unexpected frost hurts not the gathered garden.

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DO OCEAN DIVERS SEE GHOSTS?

REMARKABLE TALES OF THE SEA.

Spectres Which Even Depths of the Ocean Cannot "Lay."

Considering the number of people who have found a last resting-place at the bottom of the sea, it is not surprising that divers should occasionally come across what are popularly known as ghosts, says an English writer.

A diver, while employed one day in bringing up various articles from the wreck of the Royal George, which went down off Spithead on August 21, 1782, being seized with a sudden fit of drowsiness, fell asleep. He dreamed three times in succession that just as he was about to pick up a curiously wrought silver dish from among a mass of debris, a very tall figure, dressed in a diving suit, sprang at him and tried to cut the life-line.

At all times the other two men he was working with were both of short stature, not in the least degree like the figure in his dreams, he soon forgot it.

Foretold by his Dream.

But great was his trepidation one morning when, on turning up at his work, he found one of his mates absent, and a newcomer—a very tall man—in his place. Indeed, so alarmed was he, that, on descending, he took with him a stout cudgel, and warned those in charge of the communication rope to be on the alert for a signal, however slight. On arriving at the bottom he was soon at work on the wreck, and, amid a pile of loose gear, he came upon a dish exactly like the one he had seen in his dreams.

He was starting at it in a kind of dazed fashion, when suddenly he saw his companion, the new diver, coming towards him, just as he had seen the figure in his dreams, and the next moment he was engaged in the most desperate struggle for his life.

He succeeded in administering such a severe blow on the head of his assailant with his stick that the latter dropped the knife with which he had been armed, and before he could pick it up again our friend the dreamer had pulled the communication cord, and was drawn up out of danger. It subsequently transpired that the new diver had gone ravaged mad.

Another curious case occurred not so very many years ago off the coast of Galway. Some divers were employed in looking for the remains of Spanish treasures, when one of their party, wandering a little apart from the rest, saw a dim light in the distance.

Advancing towards it, he discovered that it proceeded from the purchase of a wreckage of very ancient date.

What Was the Explanation?

Approaching the ship, not without trepidation, he peeped in, and saw, to his amazement, an old man, with a very long beard, kneeling down examining an iron-clasped oak chest. By-and-by he raised the lid, and dipping his hands in, drew them out full of golden coins. The man, who was like a child plays with some new toy.

The diver, happening at this juncture to make a noise, the old man turned slowly round, revealing a face of the most ghastly pallor, which so terrified the diver that he turned tail and fled back to his mates with far more haste than dignity.

Pooh-poohing his story, they went back with him, and there, sure enough, in the very spot he had described, was the ship, and the remains of Spanish treasure, the chest of gold, and the rest of it.

Lastly, there is the case of the diver who was repairing one of the London bridges. He had made his descent into the water, and was kneeling down examining the masonry, when he felt something tap him on the shoulder. He looked round, when, to his utmost terror, he saw standing at his shoulder, peering down at him, an exact counterpart of himself.

The following day, against the advice of his wife, who was a Scot and very superstitious, he again went down in the same place, and, a piece of loose masonry falling on him, he was killed.

Making Farm Life Happy.

The average farmer's barn is much better equipped with power and other conveniences than his dwelling. That is one reason why so many farmers well on in years are living with their third or fourth wives.

Farming wears out wives rapidly. And no wonder. The average farmwife has no regular vacation the year around. Her average working day is more than eleven hours. She does the cooking, sewing, washing and ironing for the family. She cultivates the kitchen garden, cares for the poultry and helps with the milking.

The gasoline engine in the barn might easily be connected with household machinery, such as washing machine and sewing machine, to furnish power. Side lines from trolleys are often available to supply both power and light. For the latter, a 2-inch acetylene outfit is cheap and efficient.

There is too much waste of woman power on the farm. If it were remedied perhaps the girls would not be so anxious to leave the rural districts and get jobs in the cities.

Farm

CONDUCTED BY PROF. H. E. The object of this department is to give our farm readers the advice and answers to all questions pertaining to agriculture. Write to Prof. H. E. Wilson, Publishing Editor, at the address given below. Answers will appear in this paper. An answer is limited to 100 words. Write on one side of the paper. An answer is limited to 100 words. Write on one side of the paper.

Address all questions to Prof. H. E. Wilson, Publishing Editor, at the address given below. Answers will appear in this paper. An answer is limited to 100 words. Write on one side of the paper.

R. F.—Does it pay to use grade fertilizers in an effort to down labor costs?

Answer—It does pay to use grade fertilizers in an effort to down labor costs. For instance, a Ohio Experiment Station 12 hours necessary to grow an acre of wheat without fertilizer. On an average in 18 years, acre produced a little more than 24 bushels. With fertilizer it produced over 100 per cent more fertilizer, it is obvious that you reduce the number of bushels of crop to raise one bushel of wheat. Therefore, the cost of reducing labor costs is a practical method of meeting present labor conditions.

W. K.—What are the duties, mania, phosphoric acid and potash? Where do plants get these from?

Answer—Ammonia is the plant food which causes foliage growth. Phosphoric acid stimulates root growth and hastens ripening of the crop. Potash in the forming of starch in the stalk and gives strength to resist disease. Ammonia which has been used from the phosphoric acid and potash, comes from the store of the lime phosphate, which has broken down by weathering at work in the soil. The potash from the potash supplied in fertilizer or from that which has been let loose from the soil by natural agencies at work.

Footling the Fly.

Hundreds of thousands of millions of dollars worth of damage done in Ontario and other Western wheat in the last few months. This damage has been done by the house fly, which is known as the fly. Early in spring—the end of early April—the adult female eggs which hatch out into white, hungry maggots in a week. These maggots eat down the stalk of the wheat, causing the dying off of the heads which should bear sound grain. The maggots then change into the seed-like stage early in June or early in July, and emerge as flies again in September. These flies lay their eggs on wheat and the same is gone through again.

Now, it is this second brood that does the tremendous damage, and hatched in August and September on early sown wheat, which attack the growing crop and its yield to a very large extent. Plant your wheat late—the last half of September—are far enough South, until October. This, of course, gives much growing season, young wheat before the winter seal up the ground, and there has been a sufficient