

You ain't no good, You c'aint cut wood, Just kiss yourself good-bye."

The slight upward curl at the corners of Jim's mouth did not mend matters. He knew the air, though Anstruther did not.

"Now, I'm going to be lazy and have a good time," declared Mrs. Rolt, putting away her plate. "I know that women ought to wash up—"

"I'll do that, Mrs. Rolt."

"No, you won't, neither will you, Jim. Just put that plate down instantly. I know your idea of washing up. Do you know, Mr. Anstruther, when he batched, lived alone, I mean, Jim had more crockery than all the other ranchers in the neighborhood put together. Fifty plates I think he had. Kitty counted them one day when she was in short frocks, and we never knew what he wanted so many for, until that poor young Webster took his shack for a winter shoot. Then I found out. Shall I tell, Jim?"

"Makes no odds," laughed Jim, "so long as you ain't what Mr. Anstruther calls too poetic."

"Kitty knows it's true, and you daren't contradict her. When we went to see how Mr. Webster was getting along, we found him eating his food off the kitchen table."

"Good place, too," chuckled Jim.

The fire was the most daring gaudy in that crowd. It was he who touched Kitty's white throat with his rosy fingers, he who lit the deep blue of her laughing eyes, who threw that velvety shadow which so emphasized the full curve of her saucy chin, and because even he became timid and uncertain in such a place, made you wonder whether that was a dimple just beyond the curve of those sweet red lips.

Yes, Kitty was pretty, and knew it perhaps too well, pretty with that face which has haunted England for so many happy centuries, going on Chrismassing on the pillow behind old-fashioned fathers long ago, looking down perhaps as Guinevere or Gwendoline upon the mailed knights of the tourney, or to-day making young men's pulses beat as they pass through the Army and Navy stores, where perhaps one meets more pretty women to the acre than in any other space on earth.

"Now sing, some one," ordered Mrs. Rolt.

"You don't mind my tobacco, do you?"

"No, of course not."

Taking his pipe from his mouth, Jim had started at Anstruther's words and looked a surprised question at the Boss's wife. He had never dreamed that a man might not smoke in camp.

at home.

As he sang you knew what that spare horseman's figure meant; you realized where that lean high-bred face would seem a true type, and to Kitty, dreaming as he sang, came a vision of an old, many-gabled house, set, as one's ancestors loved to set them, in a wooded hollow, all the lawns of it alive with hounds, and round the porch of it a group of such men and horses as only England can turn out. Amongst them all that duffer who could do nothing right in Canada, had been the best man in the county.

"Say," said Combe, when the song was finished, "ain't it pretty hard to find a fox nowadays in the Old Country?"

Anstruther came back from the Vale with a start, and perhaps because you cannot adjust yourself to your environments in five seconds, answered a little superciliously.

"No, why should it be. People don't shoot foxes there."

"They are wild, Jim, like our Coyotes," put in Mrs. Rolt.

"There ain't no bounty on them then. Don't they play old Harry with the ranchers?"

"If they do we pay for it."

"Oh, well you see, I ain't been in England myself. I was raised in Canada, and it is good enough for me. I knew there were plenty of foxes when my grandfather hunted the Old Larkshire, but I fancied that the people would have been too thick on the ground now for any wild thing to live."

"When my grandfather hunted the Old Larkshire." It was said in such a quiet, matter-of-fact way that it took Anstruther's breath away, and yet he, who knew the annals of fox-hunting better than he knew his Bible, remembered that one of the best masters the Old Larkshire ever had was Sir Greville Combe.

Could this fellow in shaps and flannel shirt, who spoke such appalling English, be grandson to Sir Greville?

A quiet smile on Mrs. Rolt's face told him that it was so. In after years Anstruther learned to look through the clothes of the West and see the men beneath, but at the moment a horror took him, and he wondered how long it would take to make him a cowboy.

That was what he came out to be, or so he had told his father and his friends, but looking up he caught Kitty's blue eyes fixed upon him, and knew that he had lied.

"Do you think that I should ever make a cowboy, Miss Clifford?"

The question was very direct, and merited a snubbing, but Kitty had been caught at a disadvantage. There had been more in her eyes than she meant to show just yet, so she stumbled, and Mrs. Rolt answered for her.

"I call you." "Where are you going to sleep?" "We'll sleep right here, if Mr. Anstruther don't mind, so as to be handy in case you want anything. Let's go and look at the horses, Anstruther. Good-night," and the two strolled away into the night whilst the ladies turned in.

(To be continued.)

### GERMANY BIGGEST LOSER

Figures Show Allies Must Win in the Long Run.

On the basis of arithmetic, "which is the only thing that never changes in this world," Col. Feyler, a military critic, endeavors to prove to the Journal De Geneve that Germany and her allies, because of the ever-decreasing number of men, can never hope to emerge victorious from the war.

"The longer the fronts," says Col. Feyler, "or the less the troops are massed in depth, the more rapid is the disappearance of the elite. In the beginning of the war, Germany lost her young men, then somewhat older ones, until death began to reap the grizzled heads, victory, meanwhile, slipping from the grasp of her decimated battalions."

The allied powers, while also suffering great losses of men, Col. Feyler argues, do not suffer nearly as heavily as Germany, whose army, fighting on the longest front, suffers the most rapid diminution. He continues:

"For three Germans killed or put out of action per kilometer and per day on a front of 1,200 kilometers, the empire loses in one year, roughly 1,300,000 men out of a population of 70,000,000, or one-fifty-fourth of the total."

"On a front of 1,000 kilometers Russia, with a population of 160,000,000, loses only one-one-hundred-and-sixtieth or three times less. On a front of 400 kilometers France, with 40,000,000 inhabitants, without counting her colonial population, loses 450,000 or one-three-hundred-and-ninetieth."

"Lastly, Great Britain, on a front of 120 kilometers, loses one-three-hundred-and-forty-sixth of the population of the United Kingdom, exclusive of the colonies."

With these figures as a basis, the military observer says Germany might be able to hold out another year; France, after Germany, would be hardest hit, being able to last only two years, while Russia and Great Britain would last much longer. Col. Feyler argues that England might considerably extend her front, and when France is worn out could take her place from the Swiss frontier to Dunkirk.

When a man is compelled to eat his words his appetite is soon satisfied. Any crook's biography ought to prove conclusively that he could have acquired a lot more money as an honest citizen.

Northern farm free of registered seed, told me that he could not get a neighbor to bring his team on to his farm in the spring to help with his seeding, because if he did, when harvest came he would find small patches of wild oats and ball mustard in his field wherever the horses' droppings fell.

An Ontario farmer who wanted to take up the Canadian Seed Growers' Association work got registered seed, put it in his best field and gave it a dressing of manure, which he hauled from a livery stable where western oats had been fed. The result was he spoiled his registered seed, and will have his field polluted with wild oats for several years. Last winter, Mr. Newman brought into the Seed Laboratory a sample of rolled oats that a farmers' club had bought. Analysis showed it to contain 120 weed seeds per ounce, 95 of them being wild oats. Some of them had been crushed, but we picked 100 of them out of the sample just as they came, and planted them in soil—12 produced plants.

In purchasing elevator screenings for feed, it is essential to buy only recleaned screenings from which all the small seeds have been removed. This not only improves the palatability of the feed, but makes it possible to destroy the vitality of all of the remaining weed seeds by grinding in an ordinary grinder.

those that yielded the lightest milk were much better fed than the others, the average cost of their feed for the milking period being \$48.96 per head, while the food received by the less profitable animals was valued at \$3.33 per head. Calculating from the standpoint of cost of the milk the eight cows with the low yields made only 32 cents profit on a hundred pounds of milk, while the higher yielding cows made 54 cents profit from an equal amount of milk.

This information and a great deal more of equal value is contained in the recently issued annual report of the Dairy and Cold Storage Commissioner of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa. This report, in addition to the Dairy and Cold Storage Commissioners' general report, contains twelve appendices which deal with the work of the Assistant Dairy Commissioner, the extension of markets, dairy and cold storage divisions, etc. An appendix of unusual interest gives statistics of the export and import trade in dairy produce, which shows that the exports of butter increased from 1,957,585 lbs. in 1890 to 2,724,913 in 1915, while during the same period the exports of cheese increased from 94,264,187 lbs. to 137,601,661 lbs.

"I always believe in saving something for a rainy day." "How much have you saved?" "Oh, I haven't saved anything, but I believe in it."

## AFTER MEALS

regulates the liver and bowels, and clears the system of the decayed products of indigestion—the fruitful cause of headaches,

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### DISTEMPER CATARRHAL FEVER AND ALL NOSE AND THROAT DISEASE

until the evening. In some cases, those that yielded the lightest milk were much better fed than the others, the average cost of their feed for the milking period being \$48.96 per head, while the food received by the less profitable animals was valued at \$3.33 per head. Calculating from the standpoint of cost of the milk the eight cows with the low yields made only 32 cents profit on a hundred pounds of milk, while the higher yielding cows made 54 cents profit from an equal amount of milk.

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### Medals From the President.

"The Prefect explained that M. Poincare, the President of the French Republic, had charged him to hand two letters with his compliments and little souvenirs to Madeleine Daniau and her brother. So the girl and boy were pushed forward to the platform where babies are presented for civil registration at their birth and where grown men and women stand married by civil law. The pinned a Lorraine cross on Madeleine's breast and handed the President to the wonderful ten-year-old."

"President Poincare is in Lorraine, where his home and that of his family have been since this war. To Madeleine he wrote: 'Monsieur le President de la Republique bide me present your very sincere compliments and send you from him this little jewel—this cross of Lorraine, which will remind the valiant child of the Deux-Sevres that she is just as good a Frenchwoman as her little sisters of the Meuse.' To the little boy with the souvenir the President had his secretary write in a separate letter: 'He is sure that so laborious and courageous a boy as you cannot help being later a valiant soldier and good helper of our country.'"

"The country Mayor found words to say that these two children had given them all an example of energy, understanding by their natural feeling that that the life of the country had to go on."

Clara—They say that the codfish lays five thousand eggs a year. Claude—That's nothing. Clara—Nothing, eh? I'd like to see you do it.

Miss Plainleigh—"I would never get married if I had to ask the man." Miss Pert—"Perhaps you wouldn't even then."

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