

FIRE NOTICE

RENNIE'S SEEDS
We desire to advise our customers that although we have suffered a very large loss in Sunday's (Feb. 20th) fire, we have sufficient stocks stored at our warehouse at Long Branch and other warehouses in the city, to enable us to fill orders complete and to take care of the coming season's trade. We commenced shipping Monday, 21st, at noon and orders will be handled in our usual prompt manner.

RENNIE'S SEEDS
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, CANADA

All our branches have been supplied with their season's requirements.

A Tenderfoot's Wooing

By CLIVE PHILLIPPS WOLLEY

(Author of "Gold, Gold in Cariboo," Etc.)

(CHAPTER IV.—Cont'd.)

For a moment he was non-plussed, but the devil of island insolence had possession of him, and he knew that Kitty was watching him. Still on his knees he reached for a long stick from the fire, and bending forward, tossed it so it so the hot end of it fell upon the nearest Indian's bare foot.

Quick as thought the Chilcoten turned, and for a moment the women drew their breath and feared for what was to come, but the camera clicked and the fire still divided the aggressor from his victim.

"Got you my beauty," said the unconscious artist, "with quite your most engaging smile on," and utterly careless of the dumb wrath in the man's eyes, he put his camera into its case and walked back, laughing, to his friends.

Mrs. Rolt and Jim, who had returned too late to interfere, did not join in his laugh, but the sudden faces of the out-raged four, and the sight of Emma, the beautiful, peeping out to see if all was safe again, were too much for Kitty who laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Oh, surely, Mrs. Rolt," protested Anstruther, between his peals of laughter, "there is nothing to look so serious about. One would think that you have been photographed. I didn't hurt the sulky brutes, and if they didn't like being photographed, what matter. You aren't afraid of Indians are you?"

"No, but we don't want enemies. At any rate, for goodness' sake, stop laughing. You can see how they hate it."

It is a curious trait of the Indians, at any rate of the Far West, that they themselves seldom or never laugh, whilst the merest hint that you are laughing even in the mildest way at them, puts their backs up immediately.

"Like the vast plains and dumb forests through which they roam, they are by nature sombre, and a laugh is as much of an outrage to them as a thrush's song would be to the forest silence."

CHAPTER V.

If Anstruther had not been young and reckless, and the ladies accustomed for years to look upon all Indians as inoffensive, there would have been but little sleep in the white people's camp that night.

The Indians did not sleep. Through all that long night the hunters of the Chilcotens sat round their fire, smoking and muttering among themselves, casting now and again evil glances toward the spot where the white people lay.

Constant contact with men, armed with weapons of precision, has taken the courage out of the grizzly; it has had the same effect upon a tribe which is naturally one of the boldest and fiercest in Western Canada, but the instincts of the savage remain, and anyone with half an eye would have recognized that dull glow in the forest gloom as a storm centre.

An hour or two passed by, the night deepened, the drone of growling voices went on and then a figure detached itself from the gloom and slipped without a sound into the firelit circle.

Just then Jim Combe stirred in his sleep, and throwing one arm restlessly from his blankets, turning over on his side towards the Indian's fire, muttering in his sleep.

As he did so, the figure glided back into the shadows.

The bushes which seemed to have

crept nearer to the fire listening, until their back leaved were tipped with red light, enveloped him up and for a full minute the droning ceased.

The silence which followed was more ominous even than that incessant muttering. The intent scrutiny of those watching eyes made itself felt. At last the chief spoke.

"The white dog dreams in his sleep," he said, "but his eyes are shut," and once the figure returned and took its place in the muttering circle. Good hunter as Khelowna was, he made a mistake.

His forest training should have taught him that the hunted feign often. If he had remembered that Jim Combe might not have recognized in the fifth figure Davies' murderer, an Indian who had been wanted by the police for that last three years. As it was, Jim Combe knew what kind of a gang was travelling the Risky run that fall, and the hand which was beneath the blankets closed quietly round the lock of his Winchester.

But he did not stir in his place. He wanted that man's life as every cowboy in the district did, who had ever heard of poor old "Lofty" Hart, shot through his cabin window as he read his home letters by lamplight, but he was not prepared to risk the safety of the women for the chance of taking a murderer.

So he lay still and watched, his whole body craning out for sleep and his half closed lids heavy as lead.

Just before the grey dawn came into the sky, he saw Khelowna hand something to his visitor, who put it into his shirt front and rising stole away.

One of the dogs, which had lain all night just outside the edge of the firelight, rose and attempted to follow him. It was his own dog probably, for though it cowered at the chief's low growl, it took no other notice of his command. Stealthily one of the younger bucks, reached for a billet of wood, and hurled it with so sure an aim, that the beast rolled over screaming with pain.

With a well feigned start Jim Combe sat up in his blankets, but he was too late. Davies' murderer had vanished.

"Cutliss dog," said the Indian who had thrown the billet, and rising went after the beast, which was crawling away on its belly, dragging its hind leg after it and howling at every movement.

The dumb beast is not allowed to complain in an Indian camp, and as this one would not cease howling, the bigger brute clubbed it over the head with a great tent peg; clubbed it until it lay very still.

That is the Indian method of making a sleigh dog obedient and one reason perhaps why no Indian dog ever shows any sign of affection for its master. When the beast lay still the Indian passed a rope round its neck and tied it up to a tree. The dog was not dead yet, and as it might possibly be made to work again, he did not want to lose it, but it was too nearly dead to bite, so he took one of its hind legs and moved it sideways. The leg moved easily from the thigh in a ghastly unnatural fashion, and the Indian laughed.

"Leg broke," he said. His shot with the pine billet had been a good one. Under that grey blanket by the white man's fire a lover of dogs felt his flesh creep and his hands clench, but Jim Combe, having been trained in a hard school, had learned when to interfere and when to bide his time. He could

not help the poor beast now, and his first duty was to look after his boss's wife and that dear curly little head under the blue robe. After this the grey dawn began to come, a sad weird light, sifting through the pine trees, whilst the fires died down, and the tink chick-a-dees began to call among the boughs, warning their woodmates that those silent footed things who use the "fire-stick" were moving again in their lairs, and would soon be creeping up towards the high places whither the full-fed stags were already sauntering for a day's siesta after a long night's feed.

With the first hint of light, a busy stir began in the Indians' camp, even before that the women must have been moving in their lean-to, for Emma bent and old, began to put out strangely compounded packs, blankets rolled and corded, and bloody parcels of meat.

Then the lean-tos came down, and they too were dissolved into packs, and before the dawn had come, the Indian camp was completely dismantled, the pack-horses loaded with hides and meat, and everything ready for a start.

The Indians were apparently not going to stay to cook breakfast.

It had been a successful hunt even for the Chilcotens, and every living thing in camp, except the braves, carried packs. Of course the "braves" would neither pack any thing nor allow their saddle-horses to be packed so long as there was a tottering old woman, a child, or a dog in camp, which could possibly be made to stagger under another pound.

When the procession had wound away into the woods, the toothless old princess leading, bending under a mountain of rugs, followed by bundles under which tiny bare legs tottered, and dogs upon whose backs clattered pots and pails, by the fire there still lay one bale of cedar matting.

The young buck who had thrown the pine billet came round, kicking the charred sticks and peering amongst the young pines stripped of their feathery frondage, and growing giants, brutally gashed and wounded so that their life-blood would ooze slowly away from them, leaving them dry and fit for the camp fire, but though he turned over the brush bedding and looked at every extemporized peg on which anything could have been left hanging he found nothing.

The camp was empty, nothing had been left behind. Then his eye fell upon the bundle of cedar matting. It weighed nothing, so that he might have tied it on behind his saddle; it was worth nothing, so that he might have left it where it was, but his eye wandering around to find some one on whom to lay the worthless burden fell upon the victim of the night before, crouching where it had been tied, his head stretched out along the ground, not dead, but cowering to escape notice.

That was just what the Indian was looking for. Seizing the dog's rope, he untied it from the tree and dragged the unhappy beast towards the pack.

At the first jerk the dog howled with anguish, and Mrs. Rolt, whose ears were always open to a beast's cry of pain, turned sharply on her heel. The howl was of course rewarded with a cure and a kick, and then, screaming at every movement, the poor brute was jerked along the ground, its broken bones rinding together as it went.

In its agony it tried to bite its tormentor, and in a moment a club was in his hand again.

"Oh, won't someone stop the brute!" cried Kitty, almost in tears, but the elder woman, white with rage, said nothing. With her riding crop in her hand, and her fine nostrils wide and twitching, she was almost within striking distance of the Chilcoten; when a strong hand caught her and swung her unceremoniously out of the way.

"You swine," she heard, as she was pushed on one side, and though it was not pretty English for Anstruther, her heart went out to the boy for it, as his fist crashed into the big Indian's face, dropping him like a pole-axed ox.

Kisheenev, for it was the chief's son, struggled to his feet. "Want more do you," drawled the English voice, now quiet and steady, and again the fellow went down and Anstruther stood over him heady to repeat the dose as often as the man should require it.

But a woman's voice cried to him. "The rifle, Frank; the rifle," and he was only just in time to put his foot upon it before the figure at his feet had got possession of it.

At that moment a man who had come running back from tending his horses stepped, white-lipped and stern, in front of Kitty Clifford, so that she saw neither Kineeshaw nor the other Indians who had returned at the sound of the fighting, but she heard a rifle shot ring out, and if she could have seen from where she stood, she might have seen Jim square his shoulders and put his head back like a man who prepares to take a shock. But neither Anstruther nor Jim fell. Khelowna, though he had fired point blank into the group, had not dared as much as that yet. It was only the wretched dog which, with a strange instinct, had crawled for preservation to Mrs. Rolt, that turned over under her very feet, and stretched itself in death. The blood of it splashed her skirt.

Then Jim jumped forward.

"Drop them guns, you dogs," he roared. "Anstruther, cover those men and stand still. If they stir, shoot. Now Khelowna, drop that gun, or—"

and his rifle said the rest.

(To be Continued.)

Rich Yet Delicate—Clean and Full of Aroma.

"SALADA"

is blended from selected hill-grown teas, famed for their fine flavoury qualities. Imitated yet never equalled.

Of Interest to Farmers

The Man Who Did It.

"He never will win out. He can't. If he should dig nuggets of gold out of his potato hills and raise a hundred bushels a year he never could pay for that farm. It's so steep he would break his leg if he should fall off."

So they said, and went away shaking their heads as if they had figured it all out. And yet, he did pay for the place and bought another fifty off the man adjoining him on the north. How? Why? It was a big mystery to the neighbors who had prophesied his utter failure when he first came on the farm. Somebody thought he might have had a windfall from some unknown source. "Wife may have had some money fall to her." But those who had lived near him and kept their eyes open knew this was not so. They could tell you just how it was done. They had watched and they had wondered, and they had become more and more ashamed of themselves the more they watched and the more they wondered. For what they never had done, this quiet man had accomplished as easily as falling off a log. Listen. This is the secret of that man's winning out:

He found out what his farm was good for and then made it do it. He sent a little package of the soil of his farm to the experiment station for analysis. The report came back: "Grow potatoes." Now, he never had made a specialty of potato growing; he was not particularly struck with the outlook; but the wise men had said potatoes were the thing, so potatoes it should be, and he went at it. He learned the potato business to the last syllable. He could tell people more about potatoes than they ever knew. If the message had come to him to raise wheat on his place, wheat it would have been. He would have mastered the wheat business. But how those hills did roll out potatoes! No need that the fields should turn out nuggets of gold. They did yield potatoes, and potatoes bring the gold. And gold was what he needed to pay for the farm.

The folks about him were buying automobiles and other expensive things. The young folks spoke to father about it once or twice that it would be fine if they had a machine too. "Let's pay for the farm first, boys," he insisted, and that was the end of it. They knew that the old wagon and harness would be the thing until the last payment was made on the mortgage.

Then, too, he held a steady man on his job. He did not make a great splurge this year and next year drop down to two or three acres, just because the price was low the year before. Every year he had just about the same acreage, and the long run found him with a profit on the right side. When the neighbors said they were sick of raising potatoes to give away, he smiled and said, "Let's stick to it, boys! We'll come out all right if we do." And when they followed his lead, they found him to be a true prophet.

The finest part of it was—and don't you think it was this that helped him to win out?—that he forgot to sit up nights worrying. There were those who sometimes went around with their under lips hanging down, mourning because everything was going to the dogs. Might as well give up farming. The more glum they looked, the more he smiled. "No, boys, I never paid to find fault and give up. Sticking it what wins! Might be a great deal worse with us than it is. This is a pretty good old world. Let's make it a little bit better. We can do it!"

That kind of talk is catching, and before they knew it the folks round about were just as cheery as the new man. They were beginning to see that that sort of a thing gets a grip on success. They went over and made inquiries into the simple art of getting there. Now was the time when we might suppose that a man would turn on his neighbors and say things; but he did not. He only smiled the more and told them all about it the very best he could.

That is the way he did it—Edgar L. Vincent in Canadian Countryman.

A Lesson in Economy.

Two years ago I visited a young farmer in the northern part of Ontario county; a cousin of mine, by the way. My first visit had been made nine or ten years previously, writes C. C. L., in Farm and Dairy.

"You have a fine line of new im-

plements," I remarked on our tour of inspection of the buildings.

"I had the most of them when you were here 10 years ago," was the astounding reply. "There is nothing new on them, but the paint. I calculate to keep the implements looking new. If you want to get comfortably wealthy on a farm, you must do it by economizing. The best way to economize in implements, I have found, is to spend a little more on paint."

Almost unbelievably, I examined all of that machinery. There was no checks in the wooden parts, no rust on the metal parts. Every place there had been paint when the implement left the factory, paint had been applied ever since as needed. At the time of my visit the spring plowing was over and the plows stored in the implement shed. I found them all carefully cleaned, the bright parts greased to prevent rust, and a dab of paint applied here and there as needed on the plow handles.

The average life of an implement on the farm I am told by implement dealers, is about five years. I should estimate that on a 100-acre farm similar to that run by my cousin, the investment in machinery runs about \$800. At that rate the young fellow has already saved himself \$800 on implement bills by using paint and grease judiciously. Perhaps this explains in some measure why he got rid of his mortgage so rapidly.

A House for the Farm Butcherer.

Farmers' hog killing for home consumption is not usually done until quite cold weather. But the old man shook his head. "The day appointed is cold, raw, and snow-squally. In bad weather butchering out of doors is very disagreeable work, causing people to catch cold, making butchering day dreaded. I am of the opinion that on every farm where there is much butchering to be done, there should be a building on purpose for it, says a writer in Michigan Farmer. It should stand near the water supply as possible, and if not built in a conspicuous place, may be a plain, cheap structure.

My father built such a one, in which we could scald, dress and cut up our hogs, and be warm and comfortable, even on the coldest day. At one end there was a chimney, a big fire-place, and crane, that would hold two big kettles for heating water. One end of a large scalding barrel was let down through the floor to the ground, in order to make it stand firmly, with the top leaning against the platform on which the hogs were dressed. There was a rope and pulleys attached to a rafter overhead for hanging up the hogs, that could be used for handling large hogs in the scalding barrel. The building was also used for cutting up the hogs, trying out the lard, as well as washing clothes, making soap, boiling potatoes, and pumpkins for hogs, and cider for apples butter and mince pies.

WORLD'S CHAMPION COW.

In a Test Gave More Than 46 Quarts of Milk a Day.

By producing 721.4 pounds of milk, containing 35,536 pounds of butter fat, in seven days, Ormsby Jane Segis Aggie, a pure-bred Holstein-Friesian, has surpassed the world's best dairy record and become the champion.

The lady with the ponderous name is owned by Pine Grove Farm in Elm Centre, N.Y. She is 6-years old and the test was officially made under the direction of the New York State Agricultural College.

The rules observed were: A large, roomy box stall, light blanketing, thorough grooming, cows exercised every day, water always before them, fed four times each day, milked four times and the animals allowed plenty of time to rest by so arranging the work that nothing interfered with the quietness of the stables.

That the official figures may be readily understood by the reader, it is well to explain that 721.4 pounds of milk is equivalent to over 326 quarts of milk. Therefore the seven-day yield of this remarkable cow averages more than forty-six quarts each day, and, furthermore, 35,536 pounds of butter fat, when churned, will make over forty-four pounds of commercial butter. At 35 cents per pound the seven-day butter yield of this very profitable cow would be worth about \$15.50.

While Ormsby Jane Segis Aggie's breeding is not remarkable in ultra-fashionable lines, she traces to some splendid individuals of the great "black and white" breed.

She weighs 1,500 pounds, has a straight back line and is well shaped enough to please the most exacting critic as to fulfilling the requirements of the ideal Holstein type. Naturally, she is a great feeder, consuming large quantities with apparent relish. Her ration consisted of bran, ground oats, oat meal, hominy meal, cotton seed meal, salt, powdered charcoal, beets, ensilage and alfalfa.

There are now seven Holstein cows that have produced over 40 pounds of butter in seven-day tests and their average is 40.96.

Telling the Tale.

The old soldier was telling his thrilling adventures on the field of battle to a party of young fellows, one or two of whom were very sceptical as to his veracity. "Then," he said, "the surgeons took me up and laid me carefully in the ammunition wagon, and—" "Look here," interrupted one of the doubtful listeners, "you don't mean the ammunition wagon. You mean the ambulance." "But the old man shook his head. "I ought to go in the ammunition wagon."

WHY NOT WOMEN COOKS FOR ARMY?

BEING SERIOUSLY CONSIDERED IN ENGLAND.

Better Food for the Men Would Be One Desirable Result.

Why should not women be allowed to take the place of men as cooks in army hospitals and in camps? This question has been raised repeatedly of late in England, but so far this economy has not been carried out, and there is reason to believe that it has not even been seriously considered by the authorities. It has, however, been taken up by a number of influential women, who have the advantage of a practical knowledge of the problem and who do not mean to rest until they have attained their object.

At the present moment a large number of soldiers are being employed upon tasks which are not strictly military, and which could be carried out by women. The precise number of these soldiers is not known, but it must be considerable. If we allow on the average only 10 men employed in cooking to each of the

2,000 Hospitals in Britain

and if also reckon those those engaged in similar work at the numerous camps, depots, messes, and other military institutions, it becomes obvious that the total force might be released for combatant service would be by no means negligible.

Again, it is notorious that the cooking in army hospitals and camps is, generally speaking, of an inferior quality, and is conducted upon most extravagant lines. Economy, as the word is understood by women, does not appear to exist. Much has been heard already concerning this aspect of the subject and more will assuredly be heard unless steps are taken towards improvement. The women believe, and their view will surely be questioned, that they sum—the sum is put as high as half a million pounds a year—in food expenditure were they allowed to take control of the feeding arrangements. They would also cook better and furnish a greater variety of dishes, thereby increasing the health and efficiency of the troops.

At Cambridge this view was, and is held so strongly, that steps have been definitely given expression to. These proposals do much credit to their originators and mark the beginning of what will no doubt become a national movement.

A Form of Economy.

The central fact that we are at this moment holding back from active service a body of men not very much smaller than the expeditionary force with which Sir John French faced the German advance at Mons must be kept in mind. We can have these men, provided they are medically fit, at any time and without the slightest difficulty. In taking them we shall certainly study economy and the comfort of our soldiers, which, again, in a form of economy. The women who have taken this matter in hand have indeed done a great service, both to the army and the nation, and the objection that their introduction to camps and hospitals would not make for good discipline is hardly one that can be maintained in the light of recent experience. Women are already in the hospitals; they are not likely to prove less capable, less self-sacrificing, or less businesslike in the camps.

BRITAIN'S CRITICS REBUKED

Italian Editor Pays Tribute to England's Efforts in War

Continuing his series of impressions on his recent sojourn in England Dr. Mario Borsa, editor of the Milan (Italy), Secolo, writes:

"The English, like the Italian people, are doing their duty. So far the price Britain has paid is five times greater than ours in eighteen months. England got together a vast voluntary army—four million citizens—drawn from every class, and of their accord. Sixty per cent of the population capable of bearing arms responded to the appeal of the country."

"Surely a country that has given such a spectacle, unique perhaps in the world's history, is entitled at any rate to a certain respect. Yet, strangely enough, what is most admirable in the British army from the moral point of view, namely its composition of volunteers instead of conscripts, is precisely the aspect that leaves the Italian public most indifferent and indifferent. Do we not ourselves feel a livelier admiration and gratitude toward the Italians fifty years old, who at the outbreak of war, though without military traditions, enlisted spontaneously in a youth of 20 who turned up when legally summoned?"

Much Obligated.
Wealthy man, just rescued from drowning—"Well, mister, I'm much obliged to ye for hauling me out of the water, and here's half-a-crown for ye—all the change I've got about me now." Rescuer—"Oh, no; keep your money!" "I wouldn't think of robbing you!" "Wealthy Man—"Not at all, not at all!" "T'would have been lost any how if ye hadn't rescued me!"

THREE VITAL QUESTIONS: Are you full of energy, vital force, and general good health? Do you know that good digestion is the foundation of good health? Pains and oppression in stomach and chest after eating, with constipation, headache, dizziness, are sure signs of indigestion. Mother Seigel's Syrup, the great herbal remedy and tonic, will cure you.

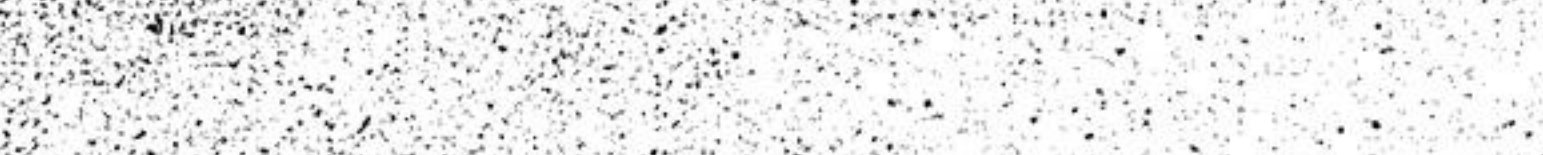
AFTER MEALS TAKE MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP AND BANISH STOMACH TROUBLES

At all drug stores, or direct on receipt of price, 50c. and \$1.00. The large bottle contains three times as much as the smaller. A. J. WHITNEY & CO. LIMITED, Great Street West, Montreal.

Watch Your Colts

For Coughs, Colts and Distemper, and at the first symptoms of any such ailment, give small doses of that wonderful remedy, now the most used in existence.

SPORN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND Sold by any druggist, harness dealer, or delivered by SPORN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.



RHEUMATISM
STIFF JOINTS
SPRAINS
KILLS PAIN

Does Pain Interfere?
There is a remedy
Sloan's Liniment

Read this unsolicited grateful testimony—
Not long ago my left knee became lame and sore. It pained me many restless nights. So serious did it become that I was forced to consider giving up my work when I chanced to think of Sloan's Liniment. Let me say—less than one bottle fixed me up.
Chas. C. Campbell, Florence, Tex.