

## Lantic Sugar

is packed by automatic machinery in strong white cotton bags and cartons at the refinery.

This is far safer and more sanitary than sugar packed by hand in a weak paper bag which leaks at a touch. No hand touches LANTIC SUGAR until you open it yourself. Just cut off the corner of the carton and pour out the sugar as you need it.

2 and 5-lb Cartons  
10 and 20-lb Bags

"The All-Purpose Sugar"



## A Tenderfoot's Wooing

By CLIVE PHILLIPS WOLLEY

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

### CHAPTER XIX.—(Cont'd.)

"We'll tie the horses here, and wait a bit. When we can pretty nigh see our sights, well begin our sneak. They're a blanketed sight nearer than I thought they was."

As he spoke his words were justified.

The black-belt of gloom which surrounded the hollow in which they lay, was suddenly starred in a dozen places by quick red jets of flame, and the silence shattered by the ringing reports of as many rifles, after which the darkness came back again and the silence, but for the screaming of a wounded horse.

"Guess they beat us on the sneak," muttered old Al coolly. "Get into cover, boys, quick."

Probably no white man but Al could have led the ranch posse through those woods at night as silently as he had done. They had stirred no heavy beast to precede them and carry a warning to their foes. There had been no fluttering of disturbed wings in front of their advance, except that once; but a warning need not be printed in large type for an Indian to see it.

Ever since Dan "broke that tree" the stalkers had been stalked without suspecting it.

When the volley was fired Dick Rolt had had his eye on the exact spot in which one of the red stars of light had burst. He had heard the bullet sing past him, and for a fraction of a second had seen the prone figure of the man who fired the shot. But he had not replied to it.

The brilliance of the momentary flash had accentuated the darkness for him, and taken away from him all idea of locality, so that to have replied would only have been to waste a shot and betray his own hiding-place.

He was lying now behind the dead horse waiting to snap at the next star which should appear or to meet the rush which might have followed had the attacking party consisted of white men.

He had no notion how close his fellows were. He could not hear them, nor see the outline even of the nearest bush. It was still pitch dark on the ground.

Suddenly a hand closed round his ankle, and a voice whispered.

"We've got to wriggle out of this. Don't lift your head, but just slew round on your belly and snake it after me. There's no hurry. I'll go slow."

"But, the horses?" asked Rolt.

"Yours is dead, ain't it? If they want to shoot the others we can't stop 'em, blank them. Come" and Rolt who by this time had his head near old Al's heels, saw these draw quietly away from him.

Imitating his companion, Rolt squirmed on his belly through the bush which closed over him, so that it was only with the utmost difficulty and half by instinct that he managed to follow Al, of whose tortuous progress he could see but little, even when he was within arm's length, of him.

He knew that he was going down hill, and that the ground under him was growing softer and softer, until at last he might almost as well have been swimming, but he could see nothing else.

He had no notion how close his fellows were. He could not hear them, nor see the outline even of the nearest bush. It was still pitch dark on the ground.

At last on the extreme edge of the pine belt, Al paused. Beyond the timber the open country rolled down towards the Fraser and the dawn had come.

"All right," he said, as he crawled under his mound, "the seats is all took and the curtain's up. It's just three hundred yards to where I dropped my cap, and now I'm goin' to put in time dreggin'." If I was you I'd do the same. It's goin' to be safer underground than up a tree by and by, and after that for a long time the Boss saw no more of Al.

"Bunched them so far," panted Al, cheerfully, "and now I guess we'll take some killing. Out with your jack knives, boys, and I'll show you a trick as I learned of the Crees," and he began to hack down the boughs and young trees all round him, building with them a kind of "wicky up" or small circular "bothy" such as Indians use for bath houses. Over the top of this he threw his blanket, which he had carried strapped to his back until then, and over that again he piled loose soil and sod, keeping a nervous eye all the time on the edge of the timber.

"Chuck your coat over your sticks if you haven't got a blanket," he said to Rolt, "and then fix it this way," and he went down on his knees and began to scratch with his knife like a dog who is going to bury a bone.

All the earth he took out he piled upon the blanket, throwing with it moss and leaves and small boughs, until when he had finished with it it looked like a great ant heap just sufficiently within the cover of the brush to save it from detection.

Then he lent Rolt a hand with his mound, ordering the boys to do the same at their respective corners, and "Shove boys; shove like hell, if you ever want to eat bull beef any more. They ain't here yet, but they can't be long now."

When men are working for their lives it is marvellous how much can be done in a minute, and these men, knowing how much depended upon their speed, had their shelters finished when a low "his" from Al sent them all into their holes like rabbits into their burrows.

There was no sign of Indians that Rolt could see, but as Al lay motionless he limited him, and for a full fifteen minutes almost held his breath in his burrow.

"Keep your head low till we're in the timber. Now come, and we'll beat them yet," and stooping as he ran the old frontiersman fed his companion along the creek bottom under the shelter of its banks, into the heavy pine timber. There they threw themselves on the ground, soaked to the bone and panting heavily.

"What now?" Are we going to fight them here?" asked Rolt at last, standing up to let some of the water drain out of him.

"Fight Injuns in timber? Not much.

We're another five minutes before they'll miss us, but the light's coming. They're getting impatient. Hear that?"

"That" was another volley poured into the hollow.

"Hain't missed us yet, anyways. Are you good for another burst, Boss?"

"If it's not too far." Rolt's running days were over, and he was a lousy man, used to riding.

"No, it ain't far," and the old man began to run again as if he had been five and twenty; Toma and the other Indian loping along as easily as wolves, whilst Dan the big-footed, sobbed wearily far behind.

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### CHAPTER XX.

The Chinook wind which had been blowing before midnight had dropped, and in the last hours of darkness had been succeeded by a crisp clear air with more than a suspicion of frost in it, so that when the dawn came, it spread through skies of such rare lucidity as are never seen except in high northern lands.

Along the horizon the light grew gradually, until in the east the heavens were of a pale lemon color, so clear, so utterly fine and transparent, that the gloom of the rigid border of pines hurt the eye with its contrast of stiff solidity.

Even the pine belt itself was not quite-proof against the dawn. The tops of it were touched with a pale glory and, though, the gloom of the black boughs swallowed up the light that struck them, a hole here and there was caught by it and brightened with a wash of tender golden grey.

But the prairie welcomed the dawn which flooded its frost-touched sage brush, so that it rolled in sheets of sparkling silver, from the pines, to the cherry patch and away beyond as far as the eye could see towards the still shadowy bed of the Fraser.

The dawn had made all things plain, had emphasized every outline; the peace of it called attention to every least sound which might break the holy stillness of the wak'n day, and yet Rolt, listening in his burrow, could not hear so much as the breaking of a twig, or see a sign of life in the direction from which he had fled.

(To be continued.)

### Idiot Cleopatra.

Edward—"Pa, do you know everything?"

Edward—"Yes, my son, why do you ask?"

Edward—"Why, I wanted to find out why the heavy end of a match is the 'light' end."

High explosive shells were first actually employed in the Boer War.

## IT MAKES ROUGH HANDS SMOOTH

There is no better remedy for chapped hands and lips than

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Keeps the skin smooth and soft.

Sold in handy metal boxes and tin tubes at chemists and general stores everywhere.

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## The Farm

### The Value of Good Stock

Eight years ago a certain dairyman had a herd of ten grade cows that averaged between six and seven thousand pounds of milk in a year. This herd was considered to be the most profitable one in the district, as it produced about a third more milk than other herds of the same size.

A pure-bred bull of a dairy breed was being used and the heifer calves from the most promising cows were raised.

However, the owner was not satisfied, and, as a good deal was being written about the milk yield of pure-bred cows it was decided to purchase a cow and a couple of heifers.

The three animals cost \$400. This was not a high price, as prices for good animals run, but it was considered in that neighborhood to be an enormous figure to pay for a cow and two heifers,

when the average cow was selling around \$75. This cow dropped a heifer which grew to be a big-framed cow that gave over 10,000 pounds of milk, testing four per cent fat; her first year in milk.

One of the heifers purchased gave over 12,000 pounds of milk in one year, and the other one 7,500 pounds as a two-year-old; and came up to 11,000 pounds for 316 days as a four-year-old.

The investment turned out to be a profitable one; as these animals gave milk enough to pay for themselves in one year, if it had been sold at the present market price.

Besides this, \$50 was refused for the heifer calves the day they were dropped, and the bull calves sold from \$75 to \$100 a piece when less than a year old.

The sire of this herd is from high-producing, high-testing cows, and as a result many of the heifers have proven more profitable than their dams.

In eight years the pure-bred females have increased in number from three to nineteen.

The standard in this herd is set high and the cows not qualifying are not allowed to remain long.

Not only is the present herd more profitable than the grade herd previously kept, but it is much more interesting working with stock that have some breeding behind them.

The expense of securing foundation stock is the reason given why many dairymen do not keep pure-bred animals.

However, it is not necessary to purchase a whole herd in order to go into the business.

One or two good females are sufficient for a start, and cows that are giving a large flow of milk can be purchased for about one-half than the ordinary grade cow is selling for at sales.

True, many grade cows will give as much milk as pure-breds, but they are the exception not the rule.

It costs no more to keep pure-breds than it does grades, but they usually produce more milk and butter fat and their offspring commands a higher price than the ordinary calf.

Good stock is within reach of every dairyman.

Although it costs a little more to secure such animals as these it does not pay to remain long.

The extra cost is made up many times by the increased production.

Farmers' Advocate.

tice of the plants; some are stockier and bushier than others. These are preferred, as we believe that such plants resist disease best and can be cultivated longer.—Alex. Lomont in Farm and Dairy.

### Stockers and Feeders.

1. Best purchasers of stockers and feeders on all markets either refuse to purchase horned cattle or buy at 40 to 50 cwt. less.

2. Feeders have better results from cattle without horns, for the following reasons:

(a) Dehorned cattle are more docile, easier handled, less wild or nervous.

(b) Dehorned cattle are more thrifty and show better gains.

(c) Dehorned cattle ship better and sell better when finished.

(d) Dehorned cattle cannot gore and mutilate one another.

3. Young calves should have the benefit of caustic. Properly applied, this prevents growth of horns.

4. Horned cattle result in enormous losses, in meat and hides a waste which Canada must eliminate.

5. Horns on cattle are absolutely without use. The day is past when horns were a protection from one another.

6. The modern dehorning plant used at the Union Stock Yards, Toronto, makes dehorning quick, sure and humane. The work is done free of charge—Bulletin No. 7, Union Stock Yards, Toronto.

### The Value of Salt.

The action of salt on all forms of parasite life; and the immunity enjoyed by sheep on salt marshes, suggests useful results from top-dressing the land with agricultural salt. Sheep should also have access to lumps of rock salt. This destroys many of the cercariae taken into the stomachs before the young flukes migrate to the liver. Sheep getting trough food should have salt, say a quarter of an ounce a day mixed with it where fluke is feared. Sheep badly affected with fluke are best killed and buried, as there is no likelihood of their recovery, and besides they are only further poisoning the pasture.

All the apparently non-infected ones in a flock where fluke disease is present should be placed on fresh high-lying pastures and fed generously on pulp turnips when available, with a daily allowance of the following mixture in the proportion per head of 1 lb. crushed oats, 4 oz. crushed oilcake, 4 oz. barley meal.

To the above ration add one dessertspoonful of the following powder, which any chemist will make up: Sulphate of iron, 8 oz.; chloride of sodium, 6 lbs.; powdered calumba root, 12 oz.; powdered liquorice root, 8 oz.

### Farming as a Business.

The principles which underlie profitable farming are not unlike those which underlie the profitable conduct of any other business. The difference is merely in the application.

The one fundamental principle underlying all successful business undertakings is that the cost must be less than the selling price. In the operation of this principle agriculture is no exception.

Farming, however, is such a complex business, and the different enterprises making up the farm unit are so intricately related, that it is often well-nigh impossible to determine the

principles which underlie the

conduct of the farm.

Mother Selich's book, "Farms and Families,"

which is a valuable guide to the

management of farms, is highly recommended.

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