



FROM THE ORIENT TO YOUR TABLE
Every sealed packet of SALADA TEA is filled with fresh, young leaves of surpassing fragrance.

"SALADA"

SEALED PACKETS ONLY. BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN.

A Tenderfoot's Wooing

By CLIVE PHILLIPPS WOLLEY
(Author of "Gold, Gold in Cariboo," Etc.)

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Cont'd.)
"That's so," put in Al. "There ain't so much as an old klooch left at the rancherie since the burning."

"How do you know, Al?"
"I sent one of the breeds to prospect."

"Where is he?"
"He never came back. I didn't calculate as he would, but I thought he'd be better with them than with us if that was the kind of swine he was. Then I sent Dan here and he says they've all vamoosed. Don't you, Dan?"

"Every last hoof of them."

For a moment there was a dead silence in the room, the men puffing quietly at their pipes and staring in the log fire. After so many years of undisturbed peace, it seemed impossible to believe in a general rising amongst B. C. Indians. It was almost as if the cattle had turned on the cowboys.

"What are we to do, Jim?"
"Well, Rolt, if these Indians were not Chilcats, I should say that we had seen the worst of it, and it might all blow over, but they are Chilcats, and Chilcats are not like other B. C. Indians."

"Oh, then, Coast Indians is like a pack of wet hens," put in Al. "These fellows are mean as wolves. They wiped out that sudvey party on Bella Coola pretty clean."

"That was a long time ago and all the ring-leaders were hanged."

"That's all you know, Boss. Khelowna was one of the ring-leaders, and he wasn't hung, worse luck. None of the ring-leaders were hanged. The fellows gave up were slaves, that's all. There wasn't a Chilcat amongst them. Government knowed it, but couldn't do nothing."

"Do you remember, Doc, that smoke that I thought I saw late yesterday evening?" asked Jim.

"In the timber towards Grouse Creek?"

"Yes."

"I remember, but you don't think that that is where they are? If they had been there they would have seen us and cut us off."

"I'm not sure of that. They might have been scared that one of us would break back to Soda Creek. It would be safer for them to round us all up here at the ranch."

"You think that they have cut off our communications then?"

"With Soda Creek and Faircloughs; yes. That's what I'd try to do if I was in their place. Al's plan is the right one. We had better go after

them. The first blow is worth a dozen later on, and it won't do to let them think we are scared, but we must leave a strong guard with you and the ladies."

"Yes, I mean to," said the Boss, waking up and taking command. "Pick your men to stay Combe."

"How would it be if the doctor, old Toma, two of the breeds, and the Fairclough boys stayed with you and Anstruther. I'm afraid about the Faircloughs. I doubt if they will ever get here."

"They're in the corral now. Won't believe a word about the rising, and think as we're scared at our own shadows."

"Go and bring them in, Al."

Al went out and returned presently with two fair-headed young Englishmen, beefy fellows, with gaiters and other relics of the Old Country still clinging to them. Until now they had been looked upon with a certain amount of disfavor at the Risky as not belonging to quite the same class as most of the English importations and as intruders whose small hay meadow hardly justified their existence and the presence of their herd upon the range, but in the straits to which the Rolts had been reduced, the Faircloughs were accorded a very hearty welcome, although their obvious scepticism and too loudly proclaimed indifference to anything that "a pack of many Indians" could do, was a little trying to the old hands.

"The Chilcats have not been near your place yet, Al tells me."

"No, sirree! I guess they know better," replied Bob Fairclough, handling a new Winchester with meaning.

"I hope so, indeed, Mr Fairclough, but I dare say that we exaggerate the danger having ladies and an invalid to take of. Would you mind staying with us for a day or two? Half of us are going out to try to round up Khelowna and his band, and your presence and your brother's would relieve the tedium of our absence for the ladies, and give them a greater sense of safety."

"Why, certainly. Delighted, I am sure, unless you would like to have us along with you and leave two of your men behind. Jack is a capital shot, you know, used to shoot at Wimbledon, and I can beat him a bit most times."

Rolt smiled at the ingenious statement, but he wanted men who could hit something more difficult than a target at a measured two hundred yards from a rest. That style of shooting would do from the ranch windows, but if it came to shooting

off-hand from the saddle, he preferred to trust some of his boys who had never heard of Wimbledon.

"Thank you, very much. But I think you must be content with the place of honor. It will be good to know that two such shots are watching over the ladies' safety. I'll take the trail to-night, Jim."

"Better let me go instead, Boss."

"One of us two must stay, Jim, and you have had your share of fun." Jim hesitated, and prepared to argue.

"Beside, I don't want the wife to think that there is any serious danger, and if you stay behind she will not think so much of my going. She will argue that if there was anything really to be done I should take my best man with me. See?"

Finally it was arranged in this way, and in the dark, long after the ladies had retired to rest, Dick Rolt stood for a minute looking down at the face he loved, so white and calmly lovely in the moonlight.

It was too white, he thought, and then a bluish vision came to him of how that face might be when he next saw it.

"What a fool I am," he muttered to himself, "and all because a parcel of white livered swashes burned my stacks. Even that was rather heroic for them."

But when he reached over his horse's shoulder for Jim's hand, which he gripped hard, his voice had a queer ring in it.

"You won't let any harm happen to her, Jim?"

"No, whilst I'm alive," and if "her" meant Polly to one man and Kitty to another it made no difference since the two were together.

Thn Rolt turned away from the corral and rode silently with his men through the night, believing that he had spared his wife the pain of parting and hidden from her the risk which he was running not knowing, kindly fool that he was, that she had read him like a book; that her heart had yearned to him as he stood silently praying over her, marking but not guessing the cause of her paleness and that she, not he, was the one who had spared the other the pain of that which they knew could not be avoided.

A rancher's wife, like a soldier's, is obliged sometimes to take chances even with the life of her best beloved. It not there would be no ranching.

CHAPTER XIX.

"What is your programme, Al?" whispered the Boss, when the ranch lights had died out behind the hog's back.

"I was calculating to make for that gulch as leads into Grouse Creek. We could leave our horses there, and do a sneak down it to Khelowna's camp."

"How do you know he is camped there?"

"It's the nearest water to the place where Jim saw the smoke. He might not be there, of course, but it's worth trying. We might get the drop on the whole outfit if we did a good sneak at night."

"We might, as they won't dream of our assuming the offensive but it isn't likely. They aren't white men and the woods talk."

"That's so, but if they spot us before we get the drop, it's only three to one. They'll run, sure."

That is the spirit of the West. Three to one is about a fair match in the eyes of the Western man; if the one is white, with rather heavy odds on the one, and history has proved that the handicap is not too heavy in most cases, although some "fool whites," as Al would have put it, may sometimes "get left."

The Boss, at the rate, seemed satisfied, and the five went on silently in the darkness, which was of the kind which absolutely obliterates everything. A chipmunk wind was blowing, one of those curiously soft warm winds which occur in British Colum-



FOR HEADACHES, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION

Nearly all our minor ailments, and many of the serious ones, too, are traceable to some disorder of the stomach, liver, and bowels. If you wish to avoid the miseries of indigestion, acidity, heartburn, flatulence, headaches, constipation, and a host of other distressing ailments, you must see to it that your stomach, liver and bowels are equal to the work they have to do.

It is a simple matter to take 30 drops of Mother Seigel's Syrup daily, after meals, yet thousands of former sufferers have banished indigestion, biliousness, constipation, and all their distressing consequences in just this simple way. Profit by their experience. As a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy, Mother Seigel's Syrup is unsurpassed.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

THE NEW 1.00 SIZE CONTAINS 4 TIMES AS MUCH AS THE TRIAL SIZE SOLD AT 50c PER BOTTLE.

bia, cutting the snow off the hills in a few hours like a red hot knife. By their ears they could tell when they were rising over prairie, for then there was only the whisper of the grass at their feet, or through timber, for then the sighing of the trees made weird music for them, but in that solid damp blackness you might have burst your eyeballs in trying to discover the outline of a pine, or the edge of the timber against the sky and your efforts would have been in vain.

And yet with the instinct of a homing pigeon, old Al led them steadily on, never complaining of the darkness, never hesitating, or asking questions, and his companions felt implicitly in his guidance and to the instinct of their horses.

"Better get off here, Boss," Al said at last. "It's bad going. Hold on to your stirrup leather and let your horse come along after me," but he himself remained in the saddle.

It has to be more than bad going to persuade an old cowboy to foot it.

"Who's that blundering idiot?" he hissed a minute later as some one broke a stick, "can't you move your hoof without knocking the trees down. If they ain't deaf they'll hear that in Soda Creek bar."

Though the old man's language was more picturesque than accurate, a good many things seemed to have been broken, but for the ad man sighing of the trees, the dumbness of the woods had matched the darkness of the night. You would have thought that woods and prairie were alike untenanted, had you not remembered that all these who move in them by night are stilling or stalking, seeking the life on another or shudderingly trying to save their own.

As the stick crack'd, there was a rustling in every bush, a stir in every tree, unseen feet pattered, unseen wings fluttered for a moment, and then again all was still—listening.

As the five paused with all their senses on the alert, a tiny bright red star showed for a moment in the gloom ahead of, and above them.

"Gosh! I didn't know that we were that close," muttered Al. "If that fool hadn't have touched his fire I'd have blundered right into them. Lie-low, boys."

For a quarter of an hour the five riven lay motionless, and so still was everything that before the fifteen minutes had passed, the Boss felt convinced that the light which they had seen must have been born in their imagination. It could not be that there was any live thing in such a silence as that. But Al did not share in this feeling.

"It's a mercy none of the cayuses whinnied," he whispered, "but it won't do to trust them any longer. Let me get past you, Boss. Now follow me back. Go easy, and for the love of life, don't break any more trees Dan," and so saying he led them back by the way the yhad come.

At last he stopped. There had crept into the sky the faintest suspicion of light. Black darkness it would have appeared to most men still, but to those whose eyes had become accustomed to the utter dark it sufficed to show a hollow land.

(To be continued.)

Intervention Unnecessary.

Excited Lady—Why don't you interfere to stop that dog fight?
Bystander—I was just a-goin' to mum; but you kin calm y'f fears now. My dog is on top at last, mum.

The Queen Bee.
My wife is like the honey bee—
But while it gathers honey,
She cajoles me with honeyed words
And stings me for my money!!

The Farm

Milking on Either Side.

"Hey, there! You're milking on the wrong side!" shouted a neighbor one morning as he came upon me sitting quietly on the left side of a cow while I milked, says a writer in the Iowa Homestead.

Why, now, should there be any difference which side of the cow we sit on while milking? I asked this neighbor why, and he finally had to admit that it is all a habit, this having one particular side to milk on—the "right side."

Here on our place we train the cow from calfhood to be approached and handled from the left side the same as from the right, and by the time she drops her first calf there is no "right side" for her—we milk her from just whichever side is handiest.

Let us consider the numerous advantages we gain by milking the cow from either side. First, a cow is not so apt to be a confirmed kicker if milked from either side. It is a fact that the mere touch of the hand, extended too far over on the left side, causes the cow to kick. If she were milked from either side at will, anything of this sort would not excite her. Many times it is much more convenient to approach a cow from the left side than from the right side, especially in a pen or stall.

Sometimes we must disturb two cows to reach one, where the milking is done only on the right side, but if the animals are accustomed to being milked on either side, the cow to be milked need be molested. Still another advantage gained by milking on either side is that of milking one cow on the right side, simply turning around on the stool without getting up, and milking the next cow on the left side. Again, a cow often is very damp and filthy on the right side, and if she has been used to being milked on either side, one can choose the cleaner side to milk on, thus saving considerable time and insuring cleaner, more sanitary products.

Some people claim that they can milk faster from the right side of a cow than from the left—that it is unhandy to milk on the left side. This is all because one learns to milk only from the right side in the beginning.

With a little practice, I found that it was just as easy to milk from one side as the other—in fact, I now like to milk from both sides better than from a single side, as the change rests one's hands by handling the large teats at the fore part of the udder with the right hand awhile, then switching and milking the rear and smaller teats with that hand while the left hand manipulates the front teats.

Where one has been accustomed to milking from but one side, however, he should be careful when first beginning to learn to milk from the other side, as the unusual position of the hands may cause him to take hold of the cow's teats in a way that will twist and pinch them, causing the cow to kick. With a little practice this is easily overcome.

Cost of Marketing Milk.

In bulletin 364 of Cornell University, A. L. Thompson, Ph. D., gives figures which show the actual cost of hauling milk various distances to factory or market. When each dairyman hauled the milk from his herd, the average cost per 100 pounds of milk for 38 farms was 7 cents, when the distance was one mile or less; 16 cents from one to two miles and 21 cents from 3 to 4 miles. Where the dairyman co-operated with one or more of the neighbors in hauling the milk, the cost per 100 pounds of milk was 12.4 cents for an average distance of two miles, 14.1 cents when the distance was 3.5 miles, and 9.5 cents for 5.6 miles. It will be noticed that the cost does not increase proportionately with the distance. As the distance from the factory increased the num-

ber of dairymen working together increased, which resulted in more economical hauling, as the number of trips were decreased, while the size of loads increased. Where it was possible for a number of dairymen to hire the milk hauled, the cost was again reduced. For an average of 1.7 miles milk was hauled for 5.6 cents per 100 pounds. It cost 8 cents to haul a similar quantity 3.6 miles, and 10.5 cents to haul it 5.8 miles. Labor was charged at 15 cents per hour for value. The time spent on the road man labor, 10 cents for boy labor, and 12 cents per hour for horse labor.

Milk was hired hauled for 11 cents less per 100 pounds than the individual could draw his own supply, that is, if his time was given any added the time of hitching and unhitching a team, and the time frequently lost at the factory. In all it makes the cost of marketing rather high for the individual. The cheapest way is for a number of dairymen to hire a man to haul the milk for the season. If this cannot be done, two or three dairymen taking turns in hauling the supply considerably reduces the expense of marketing milk below that of the individual method. Co-operation along this line might be worked to advantage in many dairy sections.

Selecting the Breeding Sow.

Look for a quiet, contented temperament. Discontented, noisy sows are cross at farrowing time, are seldom good milkers. Sows vary greatly in their milking abilities, and is more a family trait than a breaking quality. Sows that produce large litters are not always good milkers. A well formed udder is, of course, essential. There should be not fewer than twelve well developed, evenly placed teats.

The sow should be large and roomy, with great depth and length of side, but still neat and trim in outline, showing no tendency to flabbiness. She must be active, but not wild, in her movements.

Select from prolific families. She must raise a certain number of pigs each year to pay expenses, and each additional pig raised represents a profit. There is, however, a limit to the number of pigs in a profitable litter. Very large litters are apt to be weak and uneven in quality. Few sows can nourish more than fourteen pigs and an even litter of eight to ten pigs, large, lusty and strong, is more profitable than sixteen weaklings.

"SILVER GLOSS" (EDWARDSBURG) Laundry Starch

"Silver Gloss" has been doing perfect starching in Canadian homes, for nearly 60 years. In one pound packages and six pound fancy enameled tins.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL, QUEBEC, PORT WILIAM.

Good Positions in our Hosiery, Sweater, and Underwear Departments. Steady work. Eight hours daily. Operators with experience guaranteed \$9.00 and upwards weekly. Write us.

RELIANCE KNITTING CO., LTD.,
King and Bathurst Streets, Toronto.



The best sugar for the sugar bowl is Lantic Sugar

Its purity and "fine" granulation give it the highly sweetening power. It dissolves instantly in your teacup or on your breakfast cereal.



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

"The All-Purpose Sugar"

ber of dairymen working together increased, which resulted in more economical hauling, as the number of trips were decreased, while the size of loads increased. Where it was possible for a number of dairymen to hire the milk hauled, the cost was again reduced. For an average of 1.7 miles milk was hauled for 5.6 cents per 100 pounds. It cost 8 cents to haul a similar quantity 3.6 miles, and 10.5 cents to haul it 5.8 miles. Labor was charged at 15 cents per hour for value. The time spent on the road man labor, 10 cents for boy labor, and 12 cents per hour for horse labor.

Milk was hired hauled for 11 cents less per 100 pounds than the individual could draw his own supply, that is, if his time was given any added the time of hitching and unhitching a team, and the time frequently lost at the factory. In all it makes the cost of marketing rather high for the individual. The cheapest way is for a number of dairymen to hire a man to haul the milk for the season. If this cannot be done, two or three dairymen taking turns in hauling the supply considerably reduces the expense of marketing milk below that of the individual method. Co-operation along this line might be worked to advantage in many dairy sections.

Selecting the Breeding Sow.

Look for a quiet, contented temperament. Discontented, noisy sows are cross at farrowing time, are seldom good milkers. Sows vary greatly in their milking abilities, and is more a family trait than a breaking quality. Sows that produce large litters are not always good milkers. A well formed udder is, of course, essential. There should be not fewer than twelve well developed, evenly placed teats.

The sow should be large and roomy, with great depth and length of side, but still neat and trim in outline, showing no tendency to flabbiness. She must be active, but not wild, in her movements.

Select from prolific families. She must raise a certain number of pigs each year to pay expenses, and each additional pig raised represents a profit. There is, however, a limit to the number of pigs in a profitable litter. Very large litters are apt to be weak and uneven in quality. Few sows can nourish more than fourteen pigs and an even litter of eight to ten pigs, large, lusty and strong, is more profitable than sixteen weaklings.

"Silver Gloss" has been doing perfect starching in Canadian homes, for nearly 60 years. In one pound packages and six pound fancy enameled tins.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL, QUEBEC, PORT WILIAM.

Good Positions in our Hosiery, Sweater, and Underwear Departments. Steady work. Eight hours daily. Operators with experience guaranteed \$9.00 and upwards weekly. Write us.

RELIANCE KNITTING CO., LTD.,
King and Bathurst Streets, Toronto.

POULTRY

Scrubs Versus Pure-Breds.

Occasionally one comes across a farmer who believes that common scrub fowls are harder and more profitable than the pure-breds, but the number is getting less every year. It costs no more, after the first purchase, to keep a flock of improved fowls than it does to harbor dunghills or cross breeds. Either kind when properly fed will eat just about as much as the other. Or if there be any saving, it is so trifling as between one or the other kind, that it is not worth noticing. If judiciously provided for and tended from the shell upward, as all fowls should be cared for, any of the larger breeds will make good eating at the proper age, and the hens of any one kind will lay an abundance of eggs, take them on the average, throughout the year. Among any of the pure breeds there will always be found some exceptionally good ones for breeding purposes or for exhibition. All these finer specimens will command the highest current prices among fanciers or amateurs who are about to commence the propagation of pure stock, and who are disposed to pay better prices for such prime specimens. At the same time, the imperfect birds, as to form, color and other Standard requirements, come to good size at maturity, and will pay much better for their keeping, at the right killing age, than will the runts of the small barnyard fowls, which cost quite as much to feed and to bring them to the proper state for slaughtering. The improved hens will, in a season, lay one-third more eggs in number, and of a larger size usually, than will the dunghills. As broilers, the young cockerels of the heavy breeds are fitted for this purpose at a much earlier age, and so are far more valuable in this respect than are the lesser sized or common varieties. In view, then, it has come to be well determined that pure-bred fowls are the most economical, the most valuable, and the most desirable for all purposes, and although any of these better breeds cost a little more at the outset, the product they yield in twelve months in eggs and meat alone, saying nothing of the income that may be had from extra good specimens and for eggs for hatching purposes, will be found far more satisfactory and more profitable than will the same number of the ordinary dunghill breeds. To think or argue differently would cause to go for nothing all the labor and research that has been given to poultry culture for fifty years by experts all over the country, in poultry plant, as well as in colleges. Their work has all been in vain, if the pure-breds are not better than scrubs—Canadian Farm.

Poultry Pointers.

Well-bred birds will produce eggs on less food than those of a common strain.

A fowl's first meal of the day should be a hot one, winter and summer.

White Wyandottes and Rhode Is. and Reds are both good, useful strains.

If you have a good feeding system, giving satisfactory results, don't change it; a new diet may not suit, and the hens may refuse to take on the old with such relish.

The best position to raise chicks is on a fine grass turf in which there is plenty of white clover.

A good food for chicks is equal parts of finely-kibbled wheat, finely-kibbled maize, and rolled breakfast oats.

Never let your fowls paddle about in the mud and slosh; there should always be a covered run if possible.

Do not give a very heavy breakfast to hens; it makes them too lazy to do their duty. A lazy hen is soon a diseased one.

The Minorca fowl lays the best and largest white egg, but it is a non-sitter.

White Leghorn chicks are creamy white, with yellow legs and single combs. White Wyandottes are very like them, but have rose combs.

Buff Orpington chicks are a golden buff, with clean, white legs. Rhode Island Reds are much the same, but have a darker stripe of brown running down the back.

When fowls take to feather eating, it is a sign they have not enough green food and not enough scratching material to amuse themselves with.

Not To Be Beaten.

A Highlander who prided himself on being able to play any tune on the pipes perched himself on the side of one of his native hills one Sunday morning and commenced blowing for all he was worth.

Presently the minister came along and, going up to MacDougall with the intention of severely reprimanding him, asked in a very harsh voice, "MacDougall, do you know the Ten Commandments?"

MacDougall scratched his chin for a moment, and then, in an equally harsh voice, said:

"D'ye think you've beat me? Just whistle the first three or four bars, and I'll hae a try at it."

The Sugar Mother Uses

ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR

DIAMOND

FOR PRESERVING

Look for the Red Diamond, which is now prominently placed on every package of St. Lawrence Sugar.

Absolutely pure and perfectly refined cane sugar is guaranteed by this mark.

Cane sugar is best for every purpose—sweeter and more wholesome—but it is indispensable for preserving and jellies; other kinds often cause fermentation and prevent jellifying.

A size and style for every need, and in fine, medium or coarse grain.