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That you get more SOLID VALUE per dollar when you invest it in BLUE RIBBON TEA than any other kind on the market?
Only one Best Tea—Blue Ribbon's it.

LOVE AND A TITLE

"Come in," said Vane's voice, and the next moment the two friends were hand in hand.
"Well, old man," exclaimed Charlie, cheerily, "awfully glad to see you—awfully! How are you? Let's have a look at you." And with a laugh he took Vane by the elbows and turned him around to the light.

Vane laughed, but with an undertone of uneasiness that the other noticed instantly.
"Hem!" said Charlie, dropping his hold and flinging himself into a chair, "I've seen you looking chirper, old man."
"I'm well enough," said Vane, catching up the hairbrush and brushing away like mad; "in fact, 'm quite well."
"And the marchioness?" asked Charlie.
"I ought to have asked after her first. Always forgetting my manners. Awfully good of her to come to us so soon. And now, old man, I'll congratulate you. Jove! I was a prophet when I prophesied mischief would come of the hermit business at Newton Regis!"

"Mischief!" said Vane, with a slight smile.
Charlie laughed.
"According to all accounts, you're the luckiest of lucky men, Vane. We've had no end of reports of her beauty and popularity. You always were fortunate, old fellow!"

"Yes," says Vane, and he turned to tell Willis, the valet, who had entered, that he might go again; "yes," he said. "So they say she is very beautiful, do they?"
"By George, they do! Wentworth—he's here—was melted almost to tears last night. He's been staying at Ferdale, hasn't he?"

Vane nodded.
"Who else have you got here, Charlie?"
"Oh, a household," replied Lord Nugent, laughing. "The mother thought the marchioness wouldn't like it if we didn't have a crowd to do honor to the marchioness, and I let her have her way. There's Wentworth, and Dallington, and Lady Caroline; and I say, Vane, I ought to tell you—Lady Lucelle is here—"

Vane changed color for a moment, then he said, quickly enough:
"Is she?"
"Yes, I'm awfully sorry, but it wasn't my fault; the mother had asked her with the rest, and I couldn't do anything without making a fuss—"

"Why should she be coming to see me?" said Vane; "I shall be very glad to see her."
"Oh, all right," said Charlie, with a little sigh of relief; "didn't know, you know, I'm not over fond of her myself, but she keeps a house going, you know, and there can't be any rest of it about her at present. For just now she is setting her cap at Lane."

Vane started, and irrespectably spoiled the white necktie he was putting on.
"Lane—Clarence, you mean; is he here?"
Charlie nodded.

"Yes, and not a bad fellow, either. They tell me he is much improved upon what he was before his brother went over to the making of the bridge. I didn't know him when he was only Fitzjames. But he is a decent fellow now, and a good shot. There's rather a joke against him just now. Seems he was rather hard on the country, down somewhere in the country, don't know where or the lady's name; he's awfully quiet on these points, but Lady Lucelle will take him in hand, I expect, and if he resists her, he'll be the only man who ever did."

"Vane seemed to be listening; and two white neckties had joined the first, and were lying all crumpled and ruined.
"I shall have to call Willis, after all," he said, quietly; "I can never tie these confounded things."
"All right," said Charlie, "I'll send him, I must go and get cleaned myself. Ta-ta, old fellow. Sparks knows you're here, and will let us have some of the yellow seal for dinner. Confound the fellow, I believe he's saving the rest of the bin for you!" and with a light laugh he sauntered out, shouting for Willis as he went.

But when Willis came in the necktie was tied, and his services were not required. Indeed, it seemed as if Vane had given up all thought of concluding his toilet, for he dropped into a chair, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, fell into a brown study; and certainly it was not until he had seen him at that moment, he would have declared that he looked anything but "chippy." At last, with a sigh, he reached for his waistcoat and fixed his watchguard; as he did so his fingers played with the locket attached, and half absently he opened it, and discovered the portrait of a sweet face as man would wish to look upon. It was remarkably like Jeanne. After looking at it long and wistfully my lord marquis raised it to his lips and kissed it. Not with the demure, placid affection of a husband, but with the passionate wistfulness of a lover. Then he sighed, put on his coat, and going into the corridor, knocked at the door.

It was opened by Mrs. Fleming.
"Her lordship says if you are ready, will your lordship please go down?"
Vane nodded, and went on without a word. Most husbands would have gone in—we are afraid—grumbled at the delay, while they admired their wife's dress; but Vane receives her ladyship's command and obeys.

Mrs. Fleming closes the door and goes back to where Jeanne stands, clasping a diamond bracelet on her round white arm. A diamond tiara sparkles in her silken, wavy hair, diamonds on her taper fingers, diamonds clasp her white, slender throat.

As she stands robed in one of Worth's masterpieces, she looks so tall and stately that she scarcely recognizes in the marchioness the slim little girl who naps from bowdler to bowdler, or crouched at the helm of the Nancy Bell.

But as she turns, one sees it is the same face, the same sweet, fresh loveliness, not one whit hardened or dimmed by her sudden rise. There is the old light-hearted girl's look, as if sadness, lips, the old natural trick of the eye-lashes drooping over the dark eyes, and it is not until she scans the beautiful face critically that she detects a certain something that is strange, that the old light-hearted girl's look, as if sadness, lips, regret? What is it that gives the dark eyes, and the red, mobile lips, an undefinable expression of wistfulness?

It is not always there. It is not there now that Mrs. Fleming comes back, and fastens the armband, but it was there when Vane's step was heard at the door. It is three months since Vane, Marquis of Ferdale, brought his bride to his ancestral home; three months since, mad with passion and disappointment, he charged her with being false and dishonorable, and declared that they should be apart, and they are apart still.

To the outward world, to those immediately about them, they are a pattern couple. No servant, no one of the many guests, has even heard of a harsh or unkind word spoken between them.

A Spanish hidalgo could not be more courteously polished than is Vane when he addresses his wife, no lady of Castile more superbly bred than Jeanne when receiving those courtesies. That it is a love-match pure and simple, the many who have hung about her with adoring admiration, are all positively convinced.

It is only too palpable that his lord is her law, and that she has only to express a desire, and he knows no rest until he has satisfied it.

Have not the whole side of the Ferdale grounds been replanned, because cause Jeanne once remarked that she did not care for landscape gardening? Were not fifty men working night and day in gangs, cutting a glade through the home wood, that she might get a glimpse of the river from her room. Was not my lord himself in the saddle for three days looking for a match pair for her pony carriage? And did he not, the night when her ladyship cut her little finger in the conservatory, go without sleep for three days, waiting for the pelting rain for the doctor, because no one could ride Kaiser—the swiftest horse in the stable—but himself?

The servants' hall and the smoking-room are full of these and similar stories of my lord's passionate devotion to the beautiful young marchioness.

But no one has ever heard one word of love, one touch of tenderness, exchanged between them.

And no such word has been spoken. The last word, the last touch of love, was given before Vane uttered the fatal letter.

She is the Marchioness of Ferdale, the most popular and sought after woman in the country; but for the rest, she might as well be hiding in the Nancy Bell, or snowed out of the world, as she is climbing the Pyramide or lounging about the Paris clubs.

Jeanne had kept her vow, and played her part well. To the world she is the loving wife of Vane, Marquis of Ferdale. To him she is the proud, insulted woman, who keeps him at arm's length, behind a barrier of injured pride which he is powerless to break down as he is to remove the hill upon which his castle stands.

"I am quite ready, am I not?" says Jeanne.
"Quite, my lady," says Mrs. Fleming, envious her with affectionate admiration, Monsieur Worth knows what suits your ladyship," she adds, giving these and lingering touches to the exquisite dress.

Jeanne laughs. It is the old, sweet laugh, with just a little trace of melancholy.
"Are you going to say, as usual, that it suits me better than anything else?" she said, "you're a stupid old thing, after all, for you haven't learned to flatter properly."

"I don't flatter, my lady," said Mrs. Fleming. "I'm not the only one who thinks you beautiful, my lady," and she looks up with a certain timid wistfulness.
"That's worse still," says Jeanne, smiling. "Are you going to repeat all the nonsense you heard that foolish old duke simpering the other night?"
"No, my lady. I wasn't thinking of the duke—though Tully overheard him say that you were the loveliest woman he'd ever seen. I was thinking of my lord, the marquis."
A soft flush stole over Jeanne's face, and she bent to arrange a flower at her bosom.

"If you were a young girl I should tell you not to repeat everything you hear," she says, quietly; "but you are past mending, I am afraid. Where's my fan?"
"Here, my lady; but won't you take the bouquet my lord sent up for you? He went straight to the conservatory and cut most of the flowers himself." Jeanne glanced at the exquisite posy of hot-house flowers, which had been lying on the dressing-table, and if old Mrs. Fleming's eyes had been sharper, she might have seen a wistful look cross the sweet face, but Jeanne shook her head.
"No," she said; "give me my fan, please," and passed out.

Charlie only spoke the truth when he said that the house was full—only Charlie's mother, the countess, could have told how eagerly invitations had been sought for.

People were always anxious to meet the great marquis, the musician, artist, and traveller, about whom so many stories were told that his presence gave a smack of romance to any house which he visited. Added to this, the same old his bride's beauty had been spread, and made people curious to see the woman who had at last conquered and tamed the eagle. That she did not belong to the exclusive world only added a piquancy to the curiosity.

"She was a dairy maid, wasn't she, dear?"
"No, a fisherman's daughter, I believe, and Lord Ferdale used to help her mend the net. So eccentric and romantic, isn't it?"

This is the sort of thing that had gone on.
There was one who could have revealed the truth, Lady Lucelle; but she professed an ignorant ignorance of the marquis's bride as any one.

Jeanne swept down the stairs in her lace and diamonds, calm and composed, just as Jeanne of old, with the additional confidence that the sound of his admiring homage and popularity will give any one.

Swept down the stairs to find a tall, stalwart figure standing like a sentinal in the hall. It was Vane.
"Jeanne, for a moment, and a slight, just a slight touch of color swept over her face as she came forward, "I thought you would like me to wait for you," he said, and Jeanne noticed a certain significance in his tone.

"Thanks," she said simply, and laid her finger tips on his arm.
He glanced at her, taking in the beautiful whole with a thrill of admiration; but not a word more was said. Merely that cold "Thanks."
Bowing low, the footman ushered them into the drawing-room. The hum ceased as if at a signal. Sincerely Jeanne looked around: the room was full of handsomely-dressed women and distinguished-looking men. An old lady in velvet and lace came up and took her hand—it was the countess, Charlie's mother—and welcomed her in kindly, stately fashion.

"I would have come up to your room, Lady Ferdale, but I thought you would be tired. Marquis, how many years is it since we met?"
"I am ashamed to say," said Vane, with his grave smile.

"It is to be hoped he hasn't forgotten us all," says a soft, sweet voice from his elbow, and Jeanne is almost guilty of an unbecoming stare, for there, in front of her, smiling sweetly, and gently waving her fan with a subtle, placid serenity, is—Lady Lucelle, the woman who has wrought her the greatest injury she has ever received.

One after another are introduced and make their bows; servants hover to and fro waiting for the arrival of some one or their announce dinner. The someone is Lord Charles. He comes in with his usual light, hurried step, and comes directly across to the new marchioness.

Jeanne looks up with extended hand. It is her husband's oldest, dearest friend. Charlie's manners are not of the new school. He takes Jeanne's hands—both hands, and wrings them up and down, till Jeanne's eyes dance with their old girlish fire.

"Delighted to see you!" he says. "We shall be friends, Lady Ferdale! Don't say there's a doubt of it, though I am Vane's bachelor friend; and wives don't like to see their husbands' friends, do they? But you'll let me put my toes on the fence, shall I smoke a pipe, eh?" he says, looking with frank and hearty admiration on the fresh, loving face.

"As many as you like," says Jeanne, and Vane, standing by, smiles—as he hasn't smiled for three months quite.
"Come, I'm awfully hungry," says Lord Charles; "so are you, I'm sure. What are we waiting for, mother? Old Sparks is dancing about with impatience like a bachelor or not bachelors?"
Lady Nugent looks here—oh, yes, here he comes.

And the next instant Clarence's handsome face is seen above the crowd. It is flushed, not to say red; he has evidently had a struggle with a refractory collar or necktie and he looks tired and exhausted.
For a moment he recognizes nobody, and it is not until Clarence takes him by the arm and draws him to the side with a "Lane, let me introduce you to Lady Ferdale," that he looks at Jeanne.

As he does so, the red flies from his face, and he stares as if he had seen a ghost. The silence causes him to start up, and she turns pale. It is only for a moment, but two persons see it and notice. One, Lady Lucelle, smiles behind her fan; the other, Vane, frowns behind nothing.

It is only for a moment. The next Jeanne holds out her hand.
"Lord Lane and I are old friends," she says, quietly.
"Yes, yes," stammers Clarence, taking her hand and lowering his eyes.

"Then you know Ferdale, after all, perhaps," says Charlie, laying his hand on Vane's arm, which is like a bar of iron.
"Eh?" says poor Clarence. "Is this—Oh, Jerusalem!"
But he manages to suppress his amazement behind a grin, wring Vane's hand, which feels like stone, and almost entirely loses his head in good-natured Lady Nugent says:

"As you are such an old friend of Lady Ferdale's, and the youngest man here, you shall take her in to dinner, Lord Lane. Marquis, will you take charge of Lady Lucelle?"

CHAPTER XXII.
Fate, which has impelled the good-natured old countess to pair Vane with Lady Lucelle, and Jeanne with Clarence, also ordains that they shall be placed each pair exactly opposite the other.

It is true that there is a significant opening between them, but Jeanne can just see Lady Lucelle's handsome, languid face behind it; and Vane, by turning his head, can obtain a fair view of Clarence's mustache. That there is a slight taint of hereditary jealousy in the Ferdale blood we all know; and Jeanne—well, surely knows that women are never jealous!

At present, however, there is nothing much to excite jealousy on either side. Clarence devours his soup in profound and solemn silence, and Vane, beyond remarking that the weather is like summer, is dumb. But with the fish, Clarence plucks up courage; he has scarcely dared to look at her yet. It is not the diamonds that flash in the candlelight—diamonds that eclipse all others in the room, as does their owners face—but it is Jeanne's dark eyes that he fears to meet. For nine months their sweet, serious smile has haunted him. Is it to be wondered at that now it is here, shining on him in reality, it sets his heart a-beating?

"I hope Mrs. Dostrell is quite well?" he says suddenly, to Jeanne, who is looking across at Lady Lucelle, whose yellow hair, in close juxtaposition to Vane's, is bent over the menu.
"Quite well when I heard last," she says, in a low voice.
"And—your brother Hal?" he asks, gaining courage from the sound of his own voice.

"Quite well, also," says Jeanne, turning her eyes upon him with sudden courage on her part. "Have you been well? You have been away, haven't you?"
"Yes, and I have been in the States, a good deal of Clarence, 'I've been about the States, and I've been in the States." Can Jeanne help blushing when she thinks of how she saw him last? And feeling embarrassed, of course she hurries on, womanlike:
"And are you going to stay in England?"

"I don't know—yes," she says, suddenly. "Yes, I'm going to stay."
Then he pauses, and screws himself to the point.
(To be continued.)

A MODERN MEDICINE

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cure Disease Through the Blood.

Medicines of the old fashioned kind will sometimes relieve the symptoms of disease, though they can never touch the disease itself—they never cure. Ordinary medicines leave behind them indigestion, constipation, biliousness and headache; purgatives leave the system feverish and weakened. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, on the other hand, do direct good to the body, blood and nerves. They fill the veins with new, rich, red blood; they brace the nerves; they drive out disease by going right to the roots of the trouble in the blood. They always do good—they cannot possibly do harm.

Mrs. Geo. Henley, Boxgrove, Ont., says: "It is with thanks that I tell you that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured me after my doctor had said I could never be cured. I suffered from an almost constant fluttering of the heart, and sometimes severe pains. The least exertion would leave me breathless and tired out. My appetite was poor, my head ached nearly all the time, and I had lost all ambition to do any work, and felt very hopeless. I had taken a great deal of medicine without any benefit, until I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These have made a remarkable change in my condition, and I am feeling better than I have done for years. I gladly give my experience in the hope that it will benefit others."

Now Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up strength as they did in Mrs. Henley's case in just one way—they actually make new blood. That is all they do, but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels, they don't bother with mere symptoms, they go right to the roots of the trouble in the blood. That is why those pills cure anaemia, headache, heart palpitation, indigestion, kidney trouble, rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, paralysis, general weakness and the special ailments of growing girls and women. But you must have the genuine with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail for \$2.00.

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FATHOMING EARTH'S DEPTHS.

Scientists' Curious Suggestion for Investigating Sphere's Interior.
A suggestion was recently advanced by Charles A. Parsons at the recent British Association meeting, that deep borings should be made into the earth's crust for the purpose of investigation of the earth's interior, and that a shaft sunk to the depth of 12 miles, has already been noted in these columns.

Another scientist has pointed out that the pressure of the rock at such a depth represents some 40 tons per square inch, which would render the task impossible, owing to the inward viscid flow of the rock material. In reply the Hon. C. A. Parsons suggests an experiment to solve the problem. He points out that the crushing stress required to make hardened steel flow lies between 120 and 600 tons to the square inch, while for tough brass or cartridge metal the flow is at about 60 tons per square inch pressure. His experiment would be, says the Scientific American, to take a column of granite or quartz rock and carefully fix it into a steel mold. A small hole would then be bored through its centre and a pressure of 100 tons per square inch then applied, to observe what shrinkage would result. Such a pressure as this would correspond to that encountered at a depth of 35 miles.

Scientific Briefs.
The Austrian Government has decided to exclude all kinds of frozen Colonial produce from the Empire.
Professor Wedding, a well-known German physicist, has perfected an incandescent lamp in which Zirconium filament is used in place of the ordinary carbon filament. The new lamp consumes less power than the old and has a life of from 700 to 1,000 hours.
Sulphur fumigation has been found by the New York experimental station to seriously injure apples, by producing black spots upon them.

The jury which is to examine and report on the competitive designs for the Peace Palace at The Hague is to consist of seven members, one of whom is to be a lay member, representing the commission, while the other six are to be architects representing Great Britain, Germany, France, Austria, Holland, and the United States.

Results of Agricultural College Experiments With Autumn Sown Crops.

The wheat harvest has been completed at the Ontario Agricultural College. The weather conditions of the past year have been favorable throughout Ontario for the successful growth of most of the autumn sown crops. The brief report here presented gives some of the principle results of experiments conducted at the Agricultural College and throughout the Province of Ontario.

Sixty-one varieties of winter wheat were grown in the experimental department during the year. The five highest yielding kinds were the Dawson's golden chaff class, having beardless heads, red chaff and white grain. The yields in bushels of grain per acre of these varieties were as follows: Abundance, 62.7; No. 6, white, 61; Superlative, 59.1; Dawson's Golden Chaff, 58.5 and American Wonder, 58.7. In weight of grain per measured bushel, all the five varieties went over the standard of 60 lbs., the Dawson's Golden Chaff and the Abundance reaching 61 1/2 lbs. These varieties are very superior in the grain, but yield more bushels per acre than such sorts as Tasmania Red, No. 5 Red, Turkey Red, Crimean Red and Buda Peth. Those varieties of red wheat which give the highest yields of grain in the past year were as follows: Imperial Amber, 68.2 bus.; Auburn, 57.5 bus.; Genesee Reliable, 57.1 bus.; Early Ontario, 56.8 bus. and Prosperity, 55.9 bus. per acre. The average yield of grain per acre in 1905 was 56.7 bushels for the eighteen varieties of red wheat. Generally speaking, the white wheats yield more grain per acre, possess stronger straw, weigh a little less per bushel and are slightly softer in the grain than the red varieties.

Within the past few years efforts have been made to improve both the quality and the yield of grain of some of the best varieties of winter wheat by means of systematic selection and by cross fertilization. There were forty-one new strains of winter wheat grown at the college this year as a direct result of the work done in plant selection. Some of these are very promising. Of twelve new strains of Lawson's Golden Chaff, eleven yielded better than the ordinary variety reported in the previous paragraph and two yielded at the rate of fully 68 bushels of grain per acre.

Some of the most interesting crops of winter wheat grown at the College in 1905 were those obtained from crosses made between different varieties in previous years. Several thousand hybrid plants were grown separately and are now being carefully examined and classified and the seeds selected for autumn sowing. These hybrids were secured by crossing such varieties as Dawson's Golden Chaff, Bulgarian, Turkey Red, etc. The object in this work is to secure new varieties which possess the good qualities and eliminate the poor qualities of the parent varieties. The results so far are very encouraging.

Some of the most interesting tests made at the College show an average increase in yield of grain per acre of 6.8 bushels, from large as compared with small seed; of 7.8 bushels from plump heads as compared with shrunken seed; and of 35.6 bushels from smooth as compared with broken seed. Seed wheat which was allowed to become very ripe before it was cut produced a greater yield of both grain and straw and a heavier weight of grain per measured bushel than that produced from wheat which was cut at any one of four earlier stages of maturity. In 1897 and again in 1904 and of 50.8 bushels of the winter wheat in Ontario became sprouted before it was harvested owing to the wet weather. Carefully conducted tests showed that an average of only 76 per cent. of the slightly sprouted and 18 per cent. of the badly sprouted seed would grow and produce plants. Sure-ly he is the wise farmer who will sow none but large, plump, sound, ripe seed of good vitality.

In each of six years experiments have been conducted in treating winter wheat in different ways to kill the smut and other fungi and the results have been very satisfactory. Untreated seed produced an average of 3.6 per cent of smut in the crop of last year and 9.3 per cent of smut in the crop of this year. The results of an experiment conducted in 1904 and of 50.8 bushels of the winter wheat in Ontario became sprouted before it was harvested owing to the wet weather. Carefully conducted tests showed that an average of only 76 per cent. of the slightly sprouted and 18 per cent. of the badly sprouted seed would grow and produce plants. Surely he is the wise farmer who will sow none but large, plump, sound, ripe seed of good vitality.

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is sown with the drill is likely to give the best results. The highest yields per acre have been obtained from sowing between the 20th of August and the 9th of September.

The average results for six years show that the yield of grain per acre of 60.4 bushels for the Mammoth variety and 67.5 bushels for the common variety of winter rye. The returns from winter barley in Ontario are uncertain, as sometimes the yields are very high and sometimes they are very low. The five highest yielding kinds were the Dawson's golden chaff class, having beardless heads, red chaff and white grain. The yields in bushels of grain per acre of these varieties were as follows: Abundance, 62.7; No. 6, white, 61; Superlative, 59.1; Dawson's Golden Chaff, 58.5 and American Wonder, 58.7. In weight of grain per measured bushel, all the five varieties went over the standard of 60 lbs., the Dawson's Golden Chaff and the Abundance reaching 61 1/2 lbs. These varieties are very superior in the grain, but yield more bushels per acre than such sorts as Tasmania Red, No. 5 Red, Turkey Red, Crimean Red and Buda Peth. Those varieties of red wheat which give the highest yields of grain in the past year were as follows: Imperial Amber, 68.2 bus.; Auburn, 57.5 bus.; Genesee Reliable, 57.1 bus.; Early Ontario, 56.8 bus. and Prosperity, 55.9 bus. per acre. The average yield of grain per acre in 1905 was 56.7 bushels for the eighteen varieties of red wheat. Generally speaking, the white wheats yield more grain per acre, possess stronger straw, weigh a little less per bushel and are slightly softer in the grain than the red varieties.

Within the past few years efforts have been made to improve both the quality and the yield of grain of some of the best varieties of winter wheat by means of systematic selection and by cross fertilization. There were forty-one new strains of winter wheat grown at the college this year as a direct result of the work done in plant selection. Some of these are very promising. Of twelve new strains of Lawson's Golden Chaff, eleven yielded better than the ordinary variety reported in the previous paragraph and two yielded at the rate of fully 68 bushels of grain per acre.

Some of the most interesting crops of winter wheat grown at the College in 1905 were those obtained from crosses made between different varieties in previous years. Several thousand hybrid plants were grown separately and are now being carefully examined and classified and the seeds selected for autumn sowing. These hybrids were secured by crossing such varieties as Dawson's Golden Chaff, Bulgarian, Turkey Red, etc. The object in this work is to secure new varieties which possess the good qualities and eliminate the poor qualities of the parent varieties. The results so far are very encouraging.

Some of the most interesting tests made at the College show an average increase in yield of grain per acre of 6.8 bushels, from large as compared with small seed; of 7.8 bushels from plump heads as compared with shrunken seed; and of 35.6 bushels from smooth as compared with broken seed. Seed wheat which was allowed to become very ripe before it was cut produced a greater yield of both grain and straw and a heavier weight of grain per measured bushel than that produced from wheat which was cut at any one of four earlier stages of maturity. In 1897 and again in 1904 and of 50.8 bushels of the winter wheat in Ontario became sprouted before it was harvested owing to the wet weather. Carefully conducted tests showed that an average of only 76 per cent. of the slightly sprouted and 18 per cent. of the badly sprouted seed would grow and produce plants. Surely he is the wise farmer who will sow none but large, plump, sound, ripe seed of good vitality.

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